

TRANSMISSION presents:



All men live enveloped in whale-lines. All are born with halters round their necks; but it is only when caught in the swift, sudden turn of death, that mortals realize the silent, subtle, ever-present perils of life.

Captain: Bekim Trenova

Harpooners:

Jamesone “Rage” Daniels
Charlie “Rockstar” Himmelstein
Gabriel “Caveman” Huallanca
Joserph “A1” Quiles
Malik “Staxx” Rodriguez

Performers:

Mobb Deep
Mike Jones
Rome Fortune
Artem “Mess Kid” Emelianov
“Ref” Ray Rainey
“Doctor” Dave J. Ores

Crew:

Justone Bossert
Nina De Raadt
Gabe Fraboni
Nora Kaywin
Laragh McCann
Mike Murphy
Chloe Pollack-Robbins
Matt Sebastian
Christopher Zeus

Text excerpts from *Moby Dick* by **Herman Melville**

Photographed and Curated by **Dylan Forsberg**

WWW.TRANSMISSIONZINE.COM











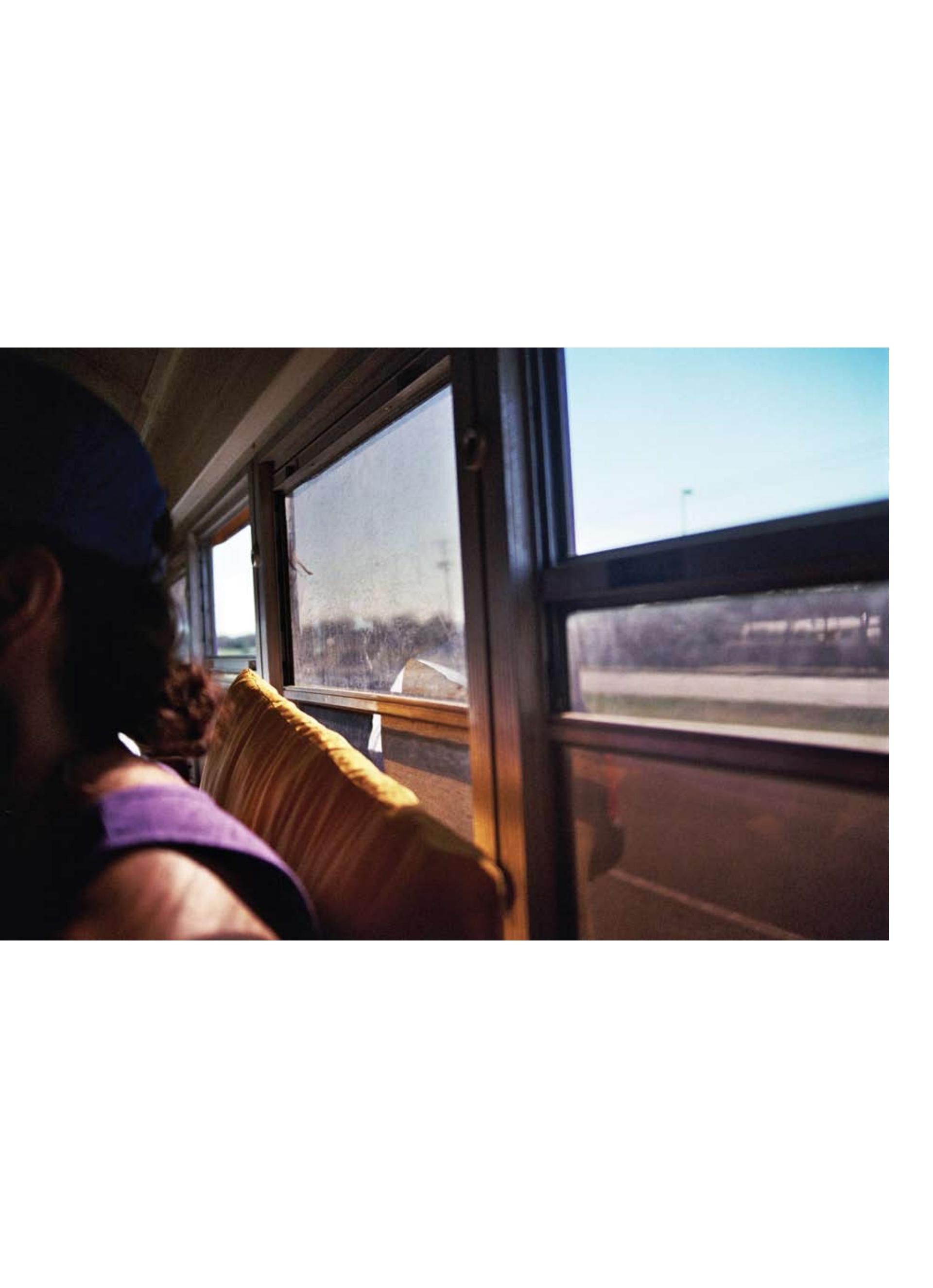
They were one man, not thirty. For as the one ship that held them all; though it was put together of all contrasting things - oak, and maple, and pine wood; iron, and pitch, and hemp - yet all these ran into each other in the one concrete hull, which shot on its way, both balanced and directed by the long central keel;

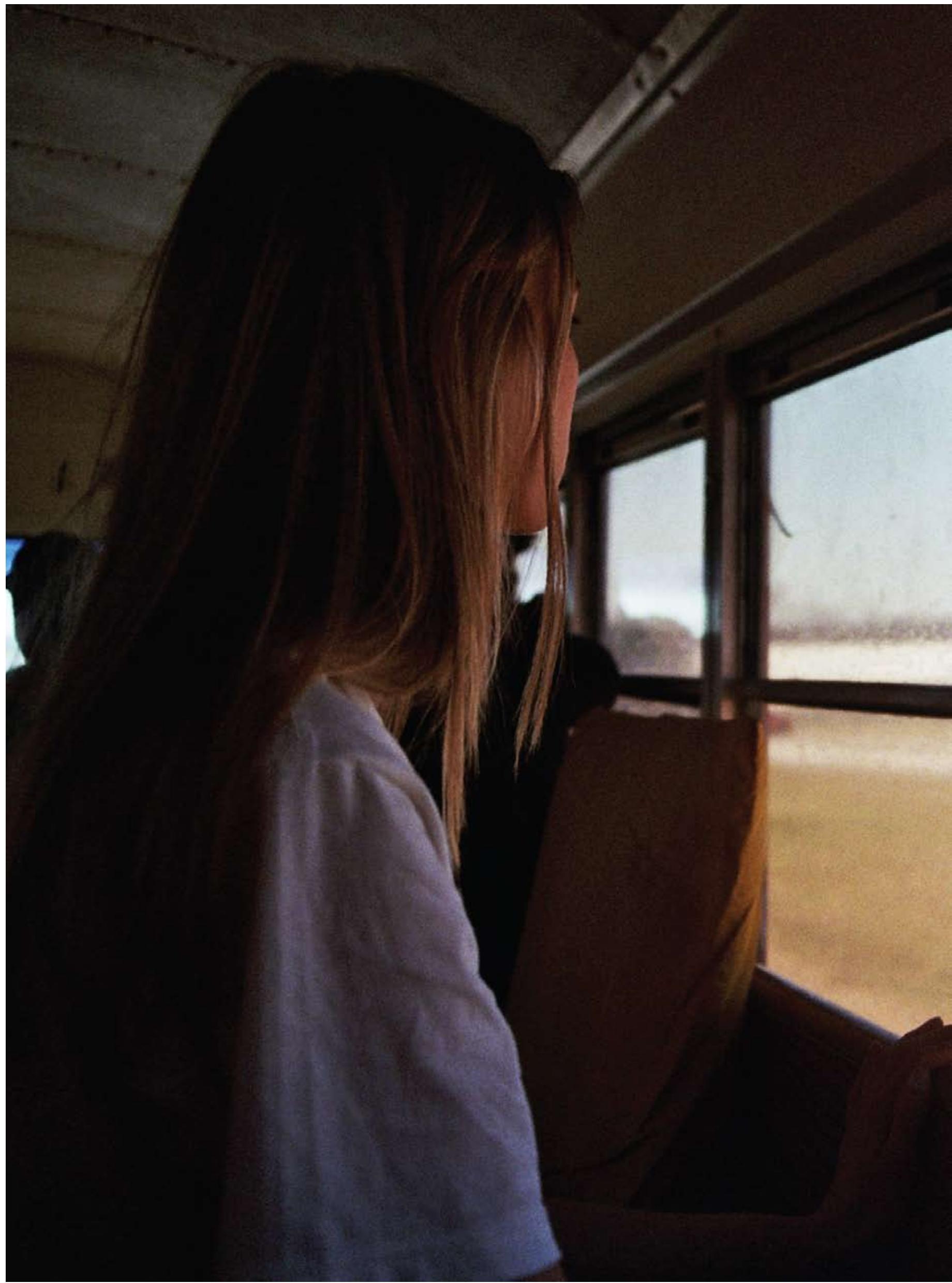
Even so, all the individualities of the crew, this man's valor, that man's fear; guilt and guiltiness, all varieties were welded into oneness, and were all directed to that fatal goal which their one lord and keel did point to.

The wind that made great bellies of their sails, and rushed the vessel on by arms invisible as irresistible; this seemed the symbol of that unseen agency which so enslaved them to the race.

Ah! how they still strove through that infinite blueness to seek out the thing that might destroy them!











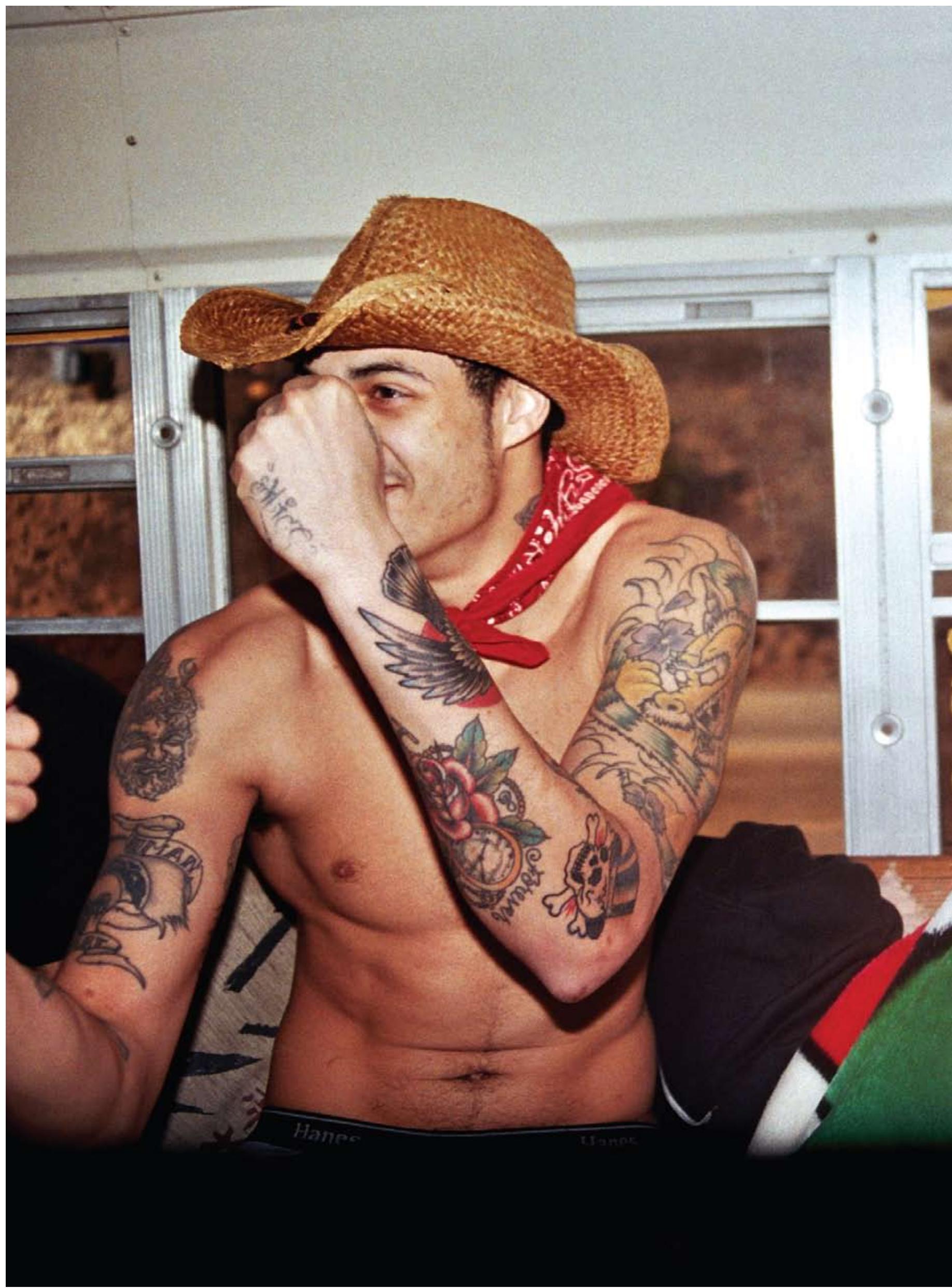










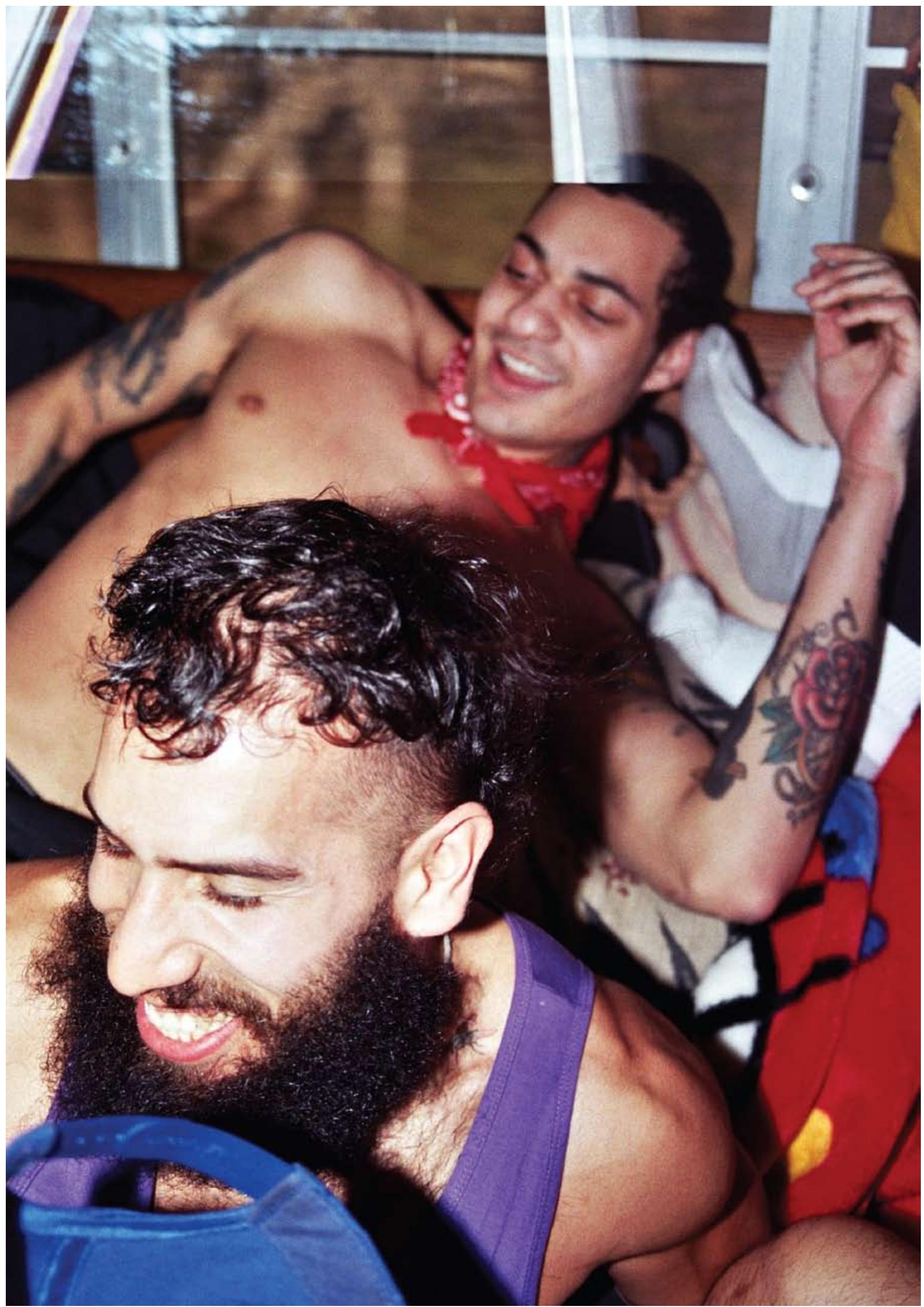




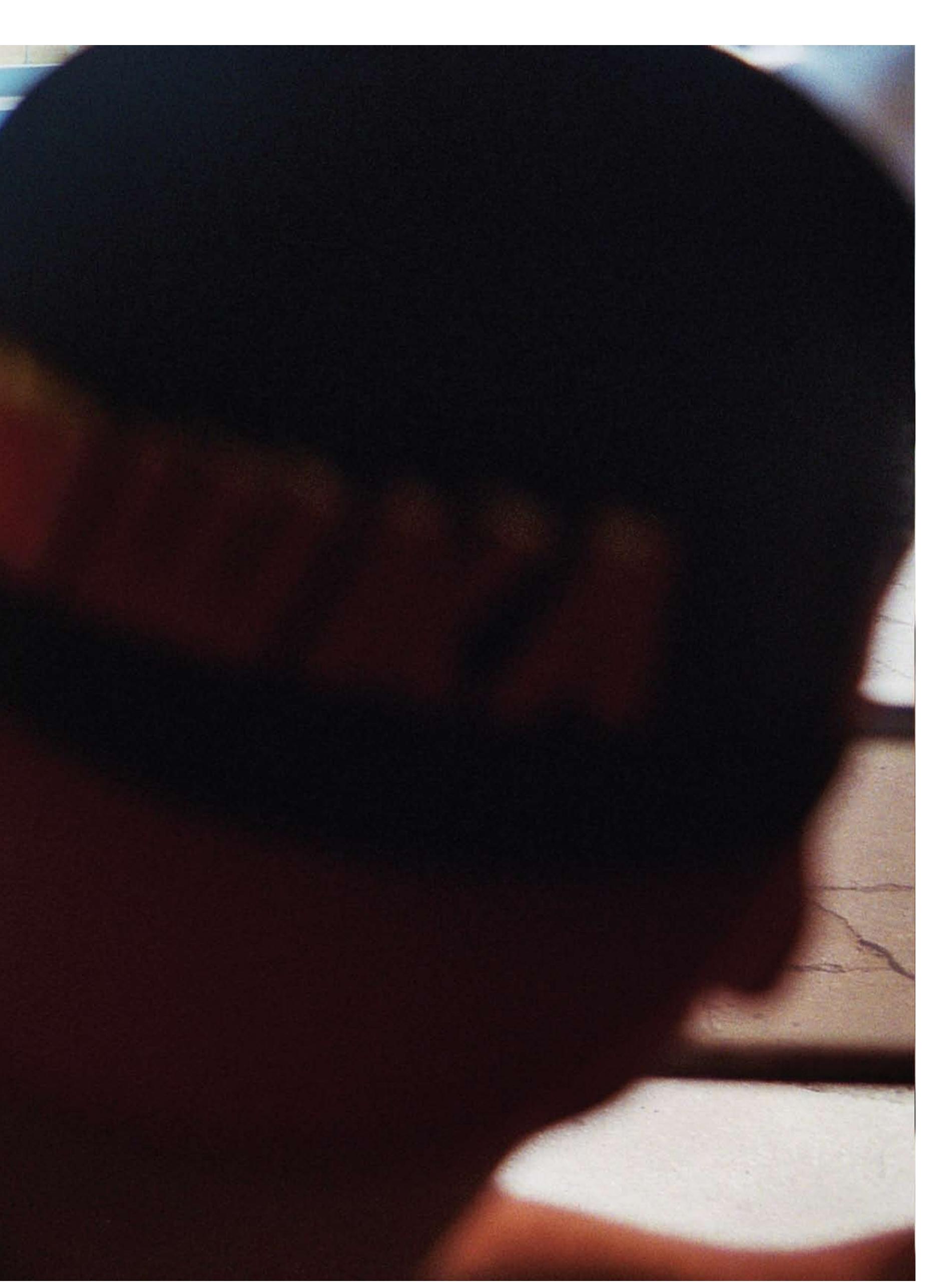








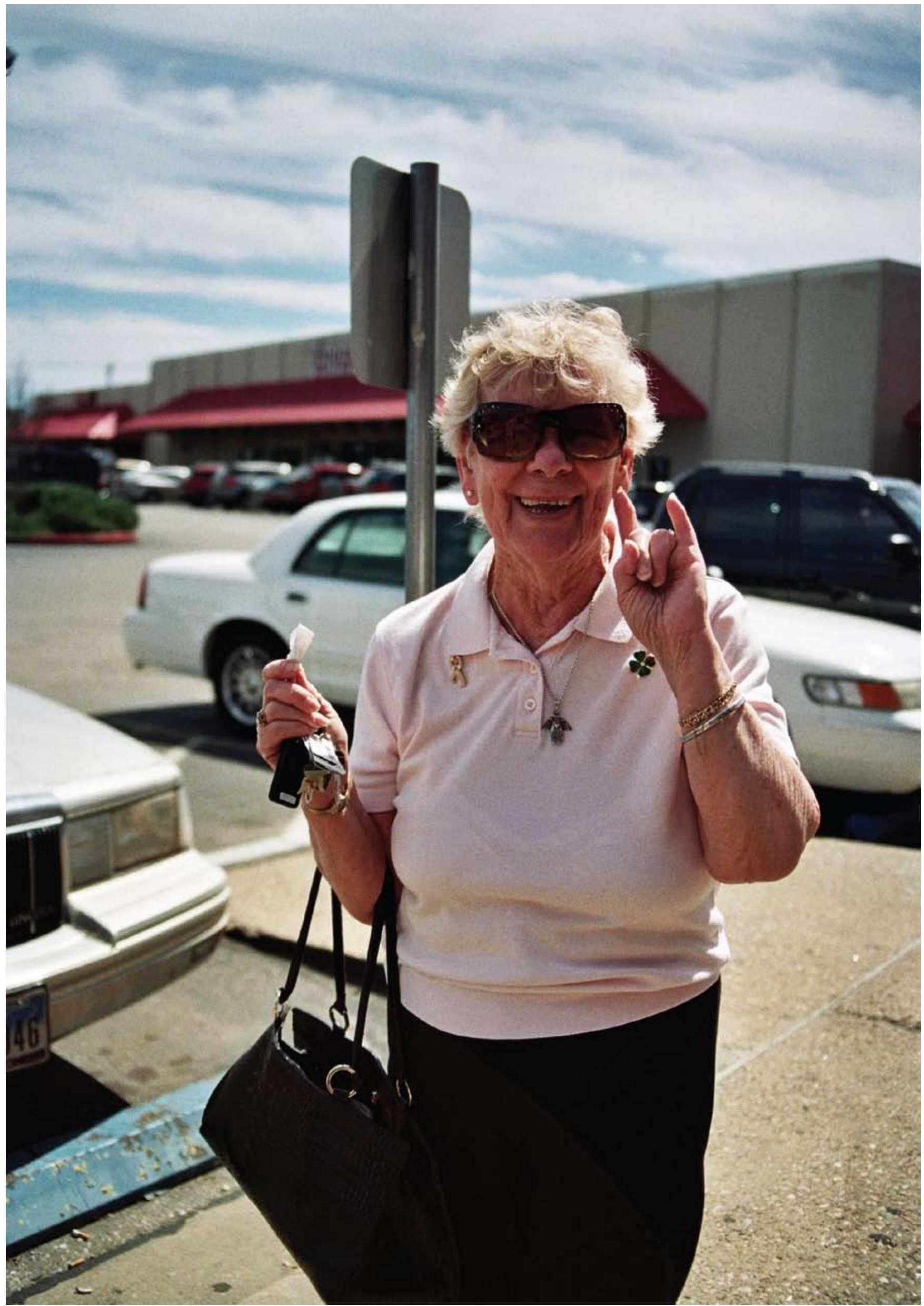








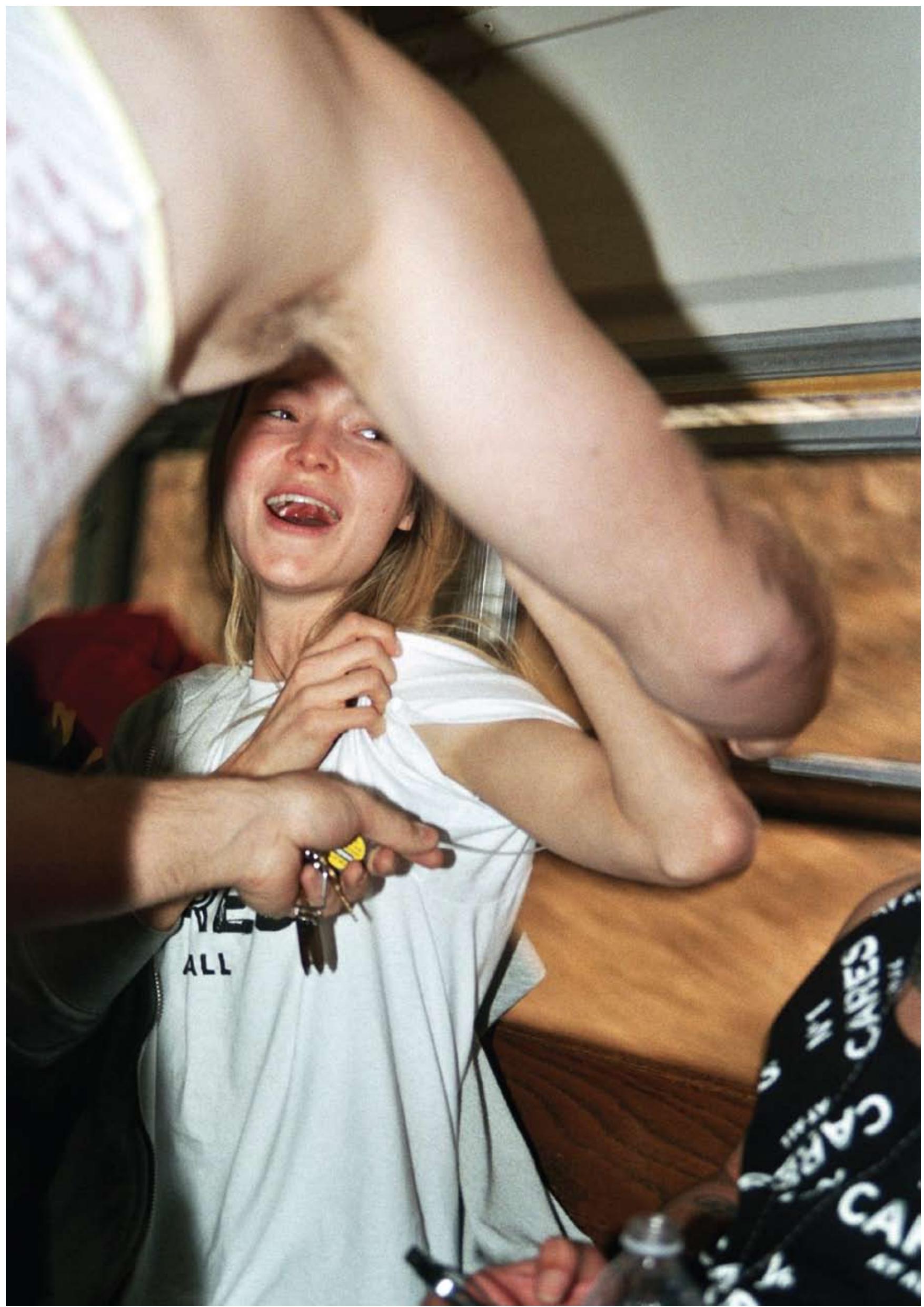








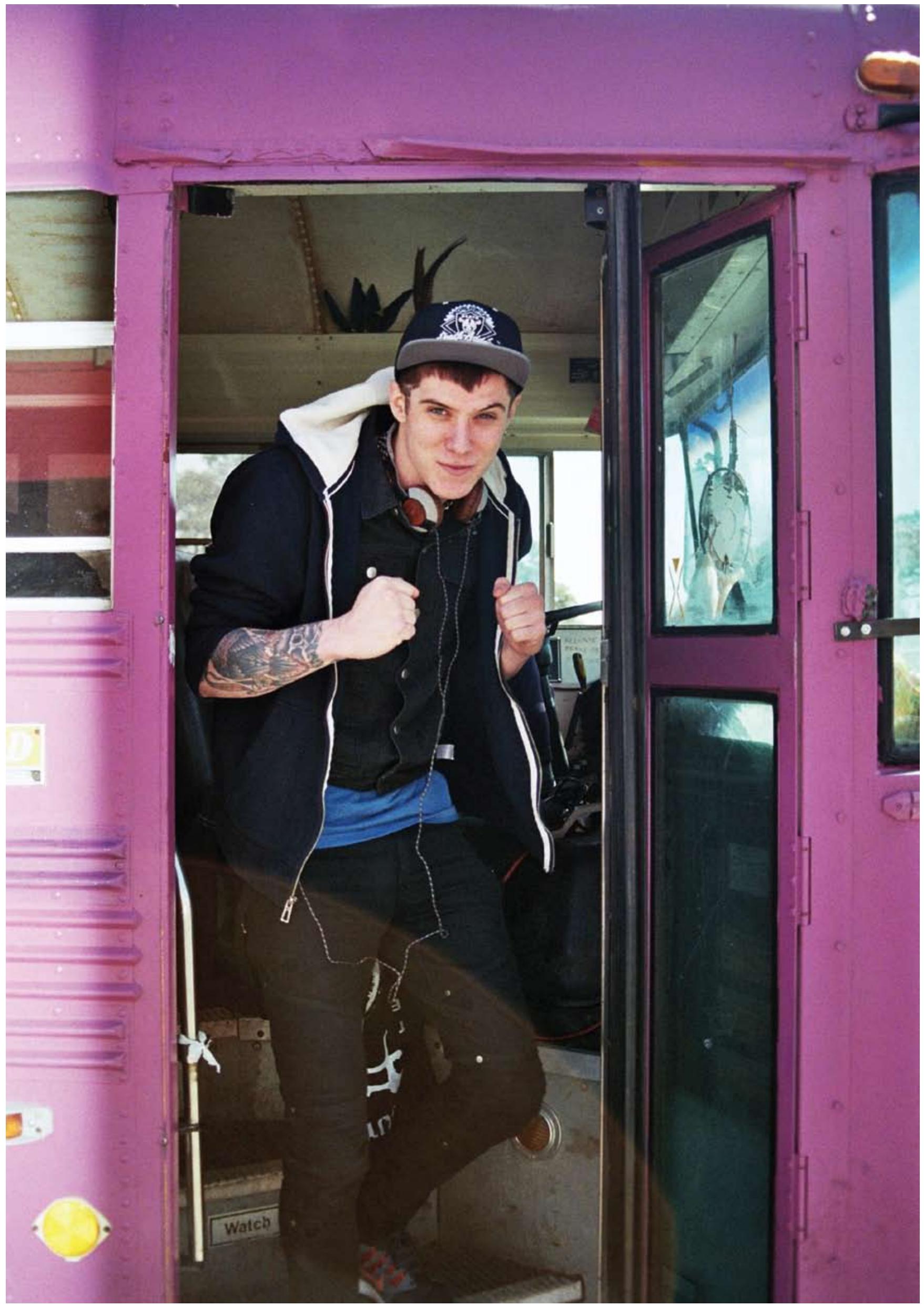


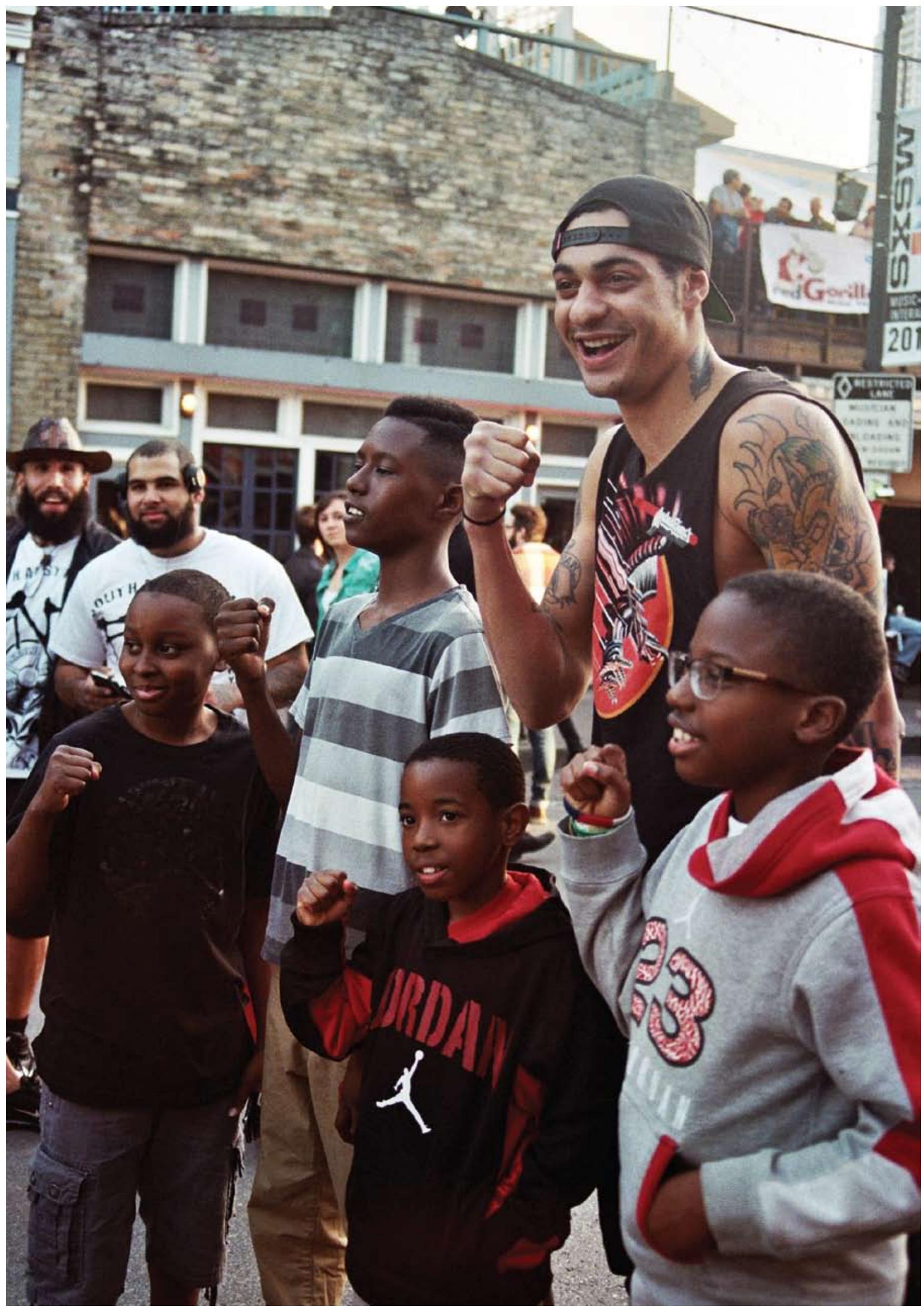








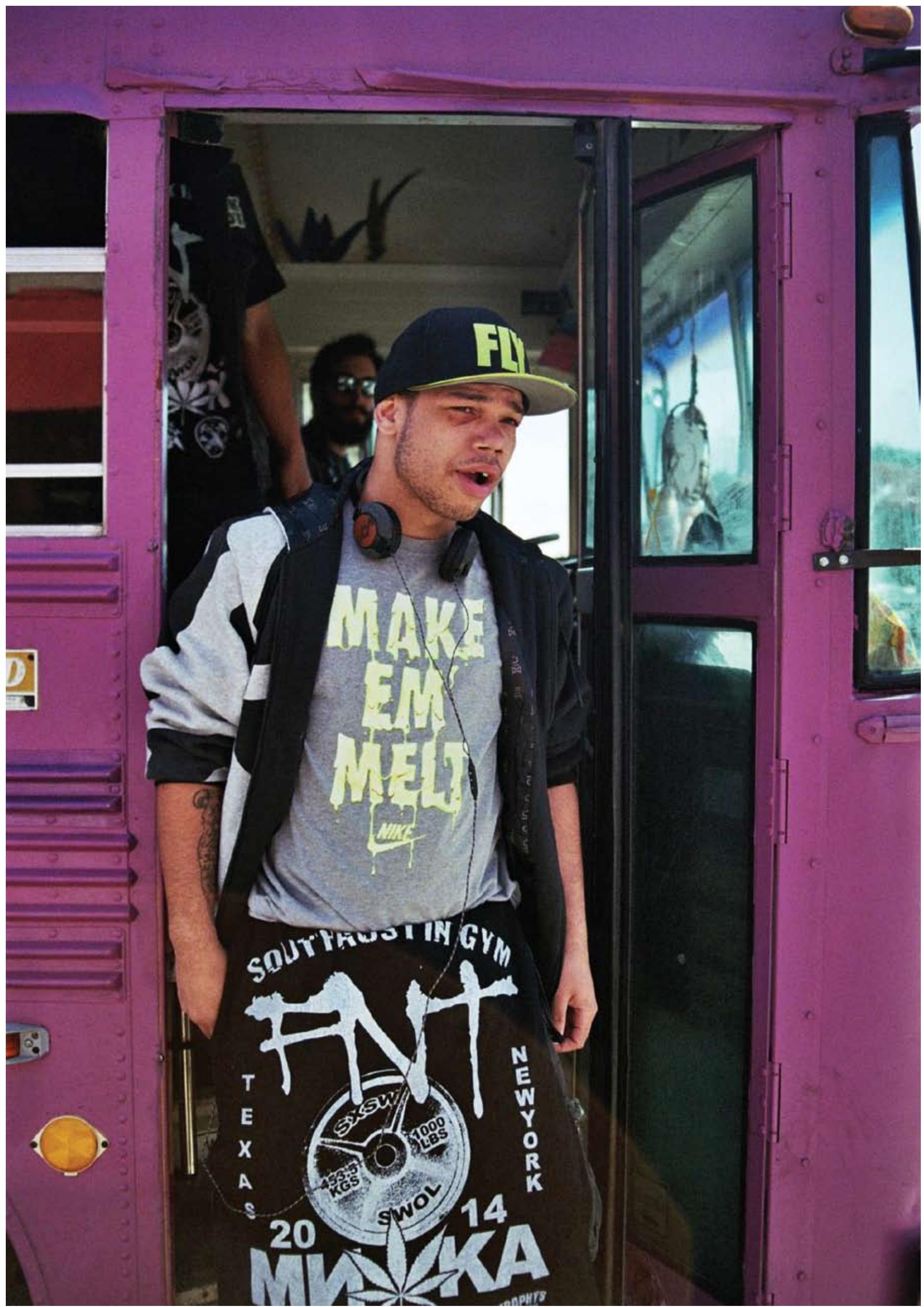




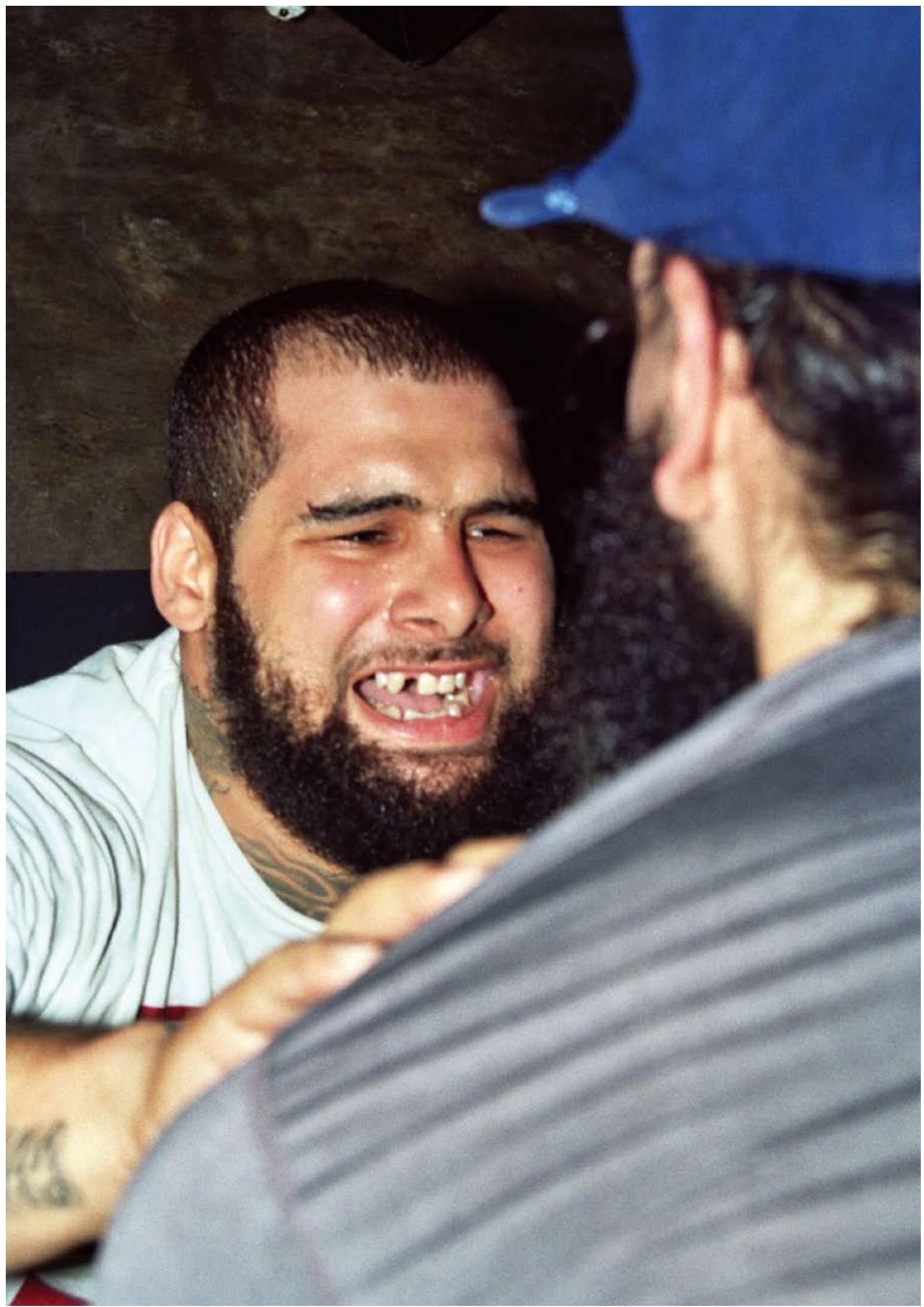










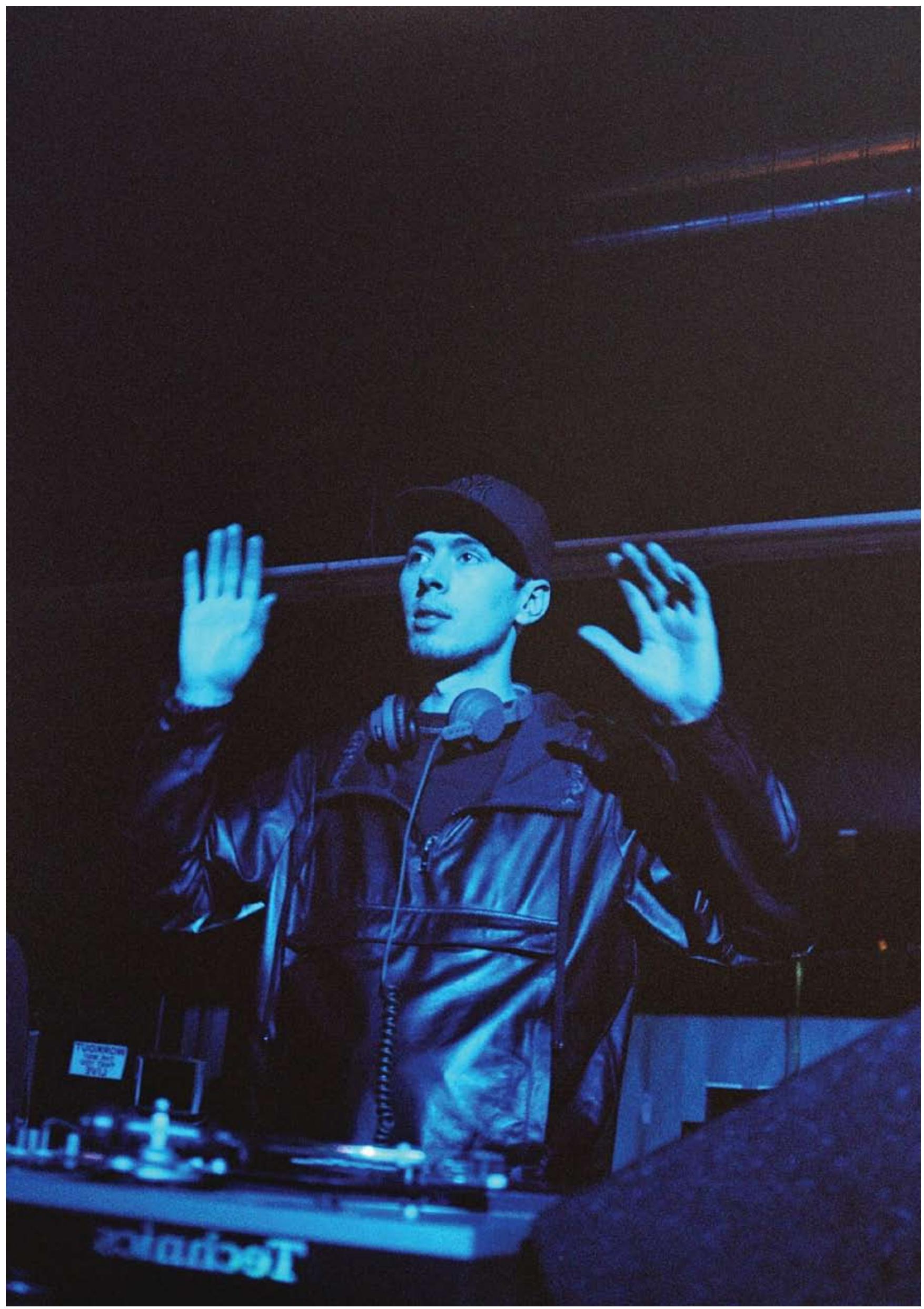










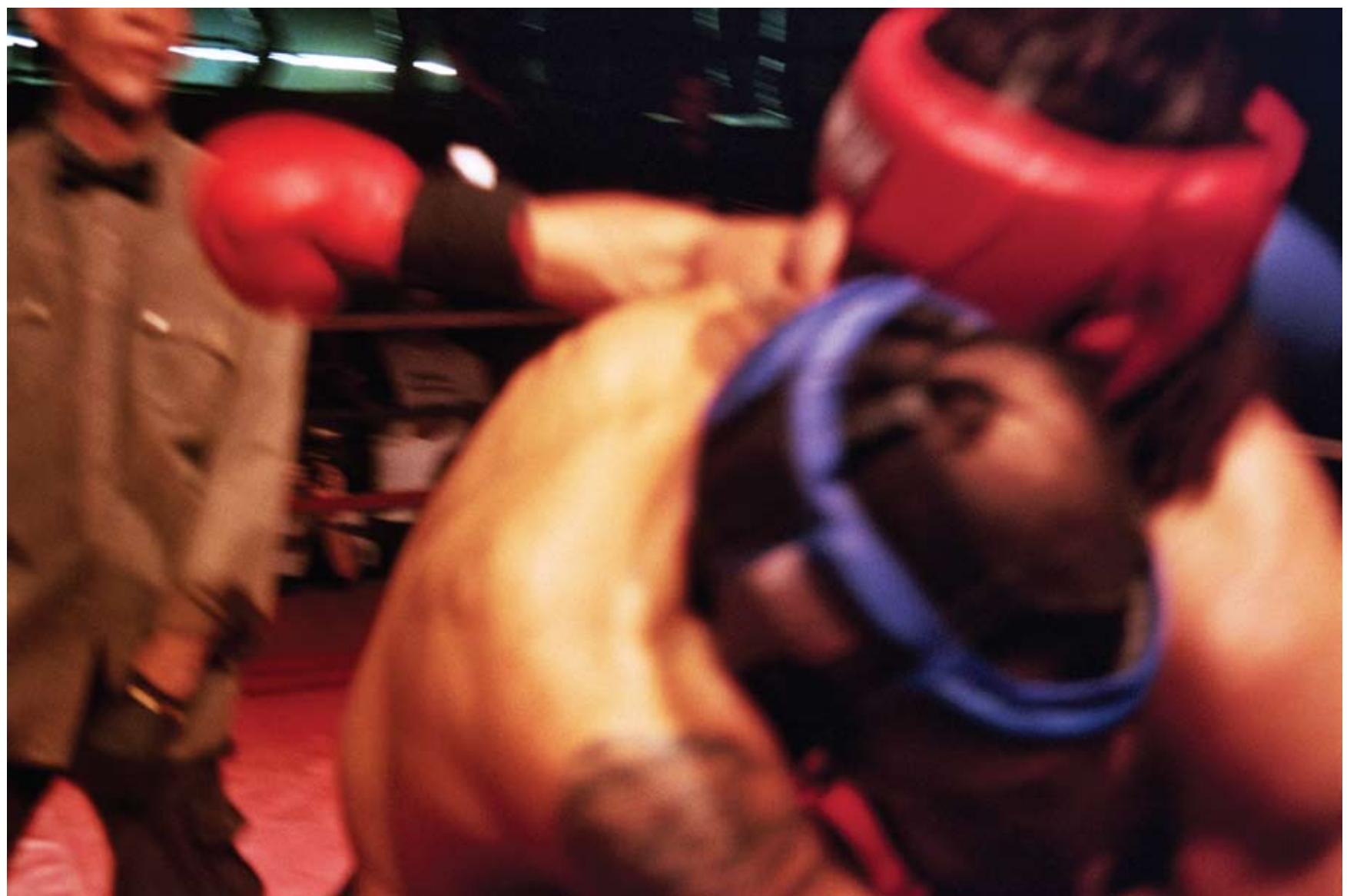


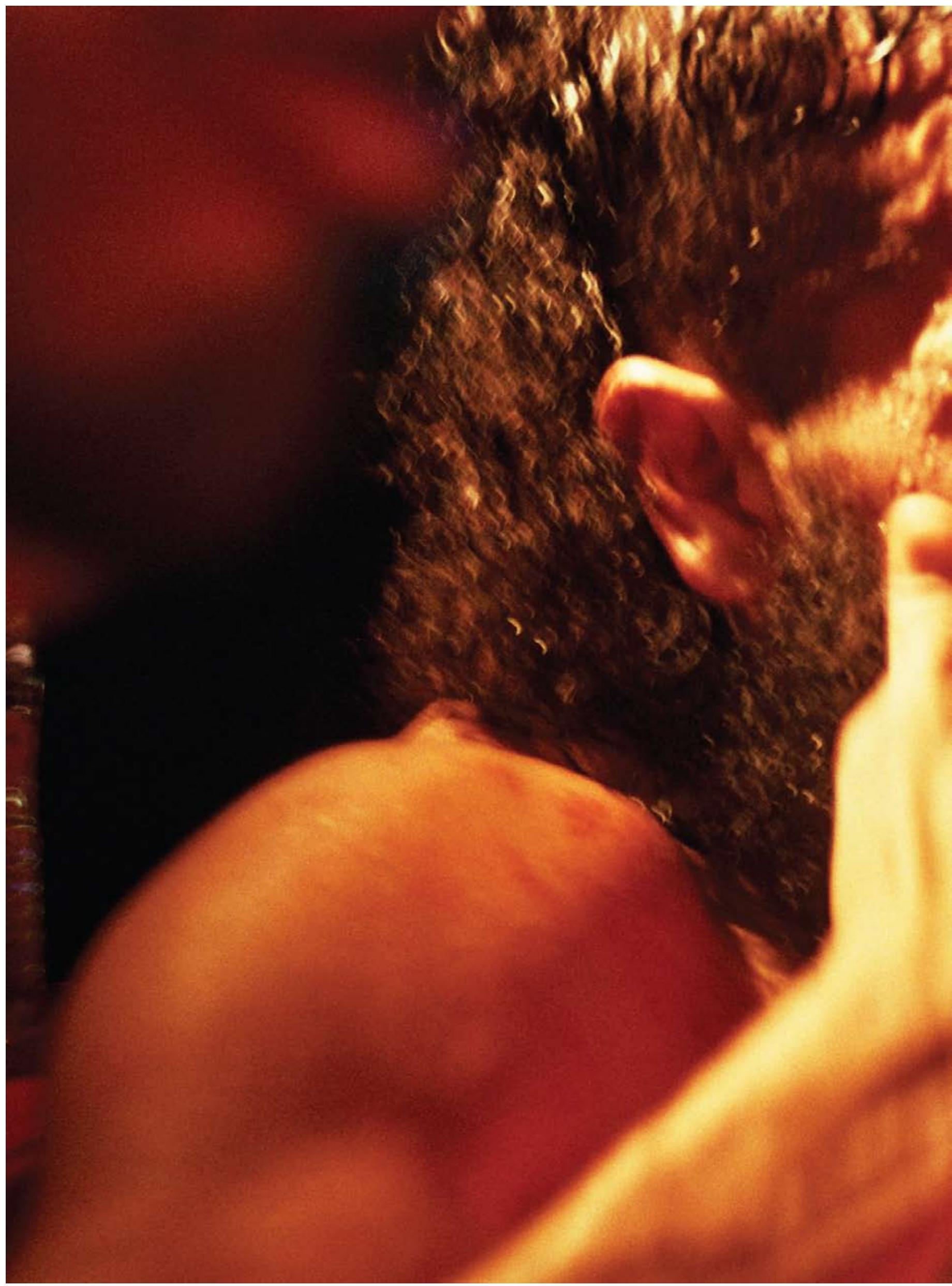
Levi's®

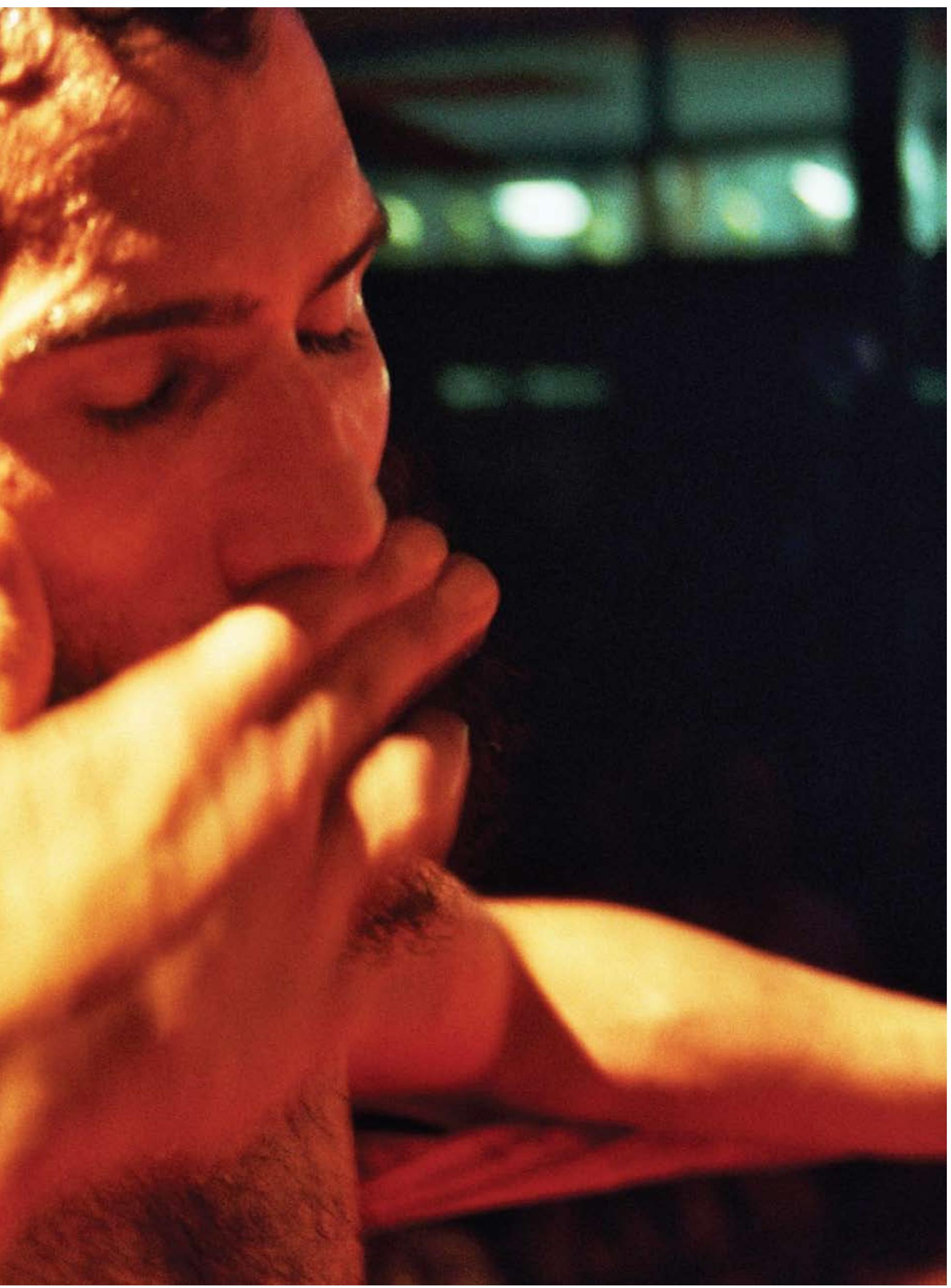


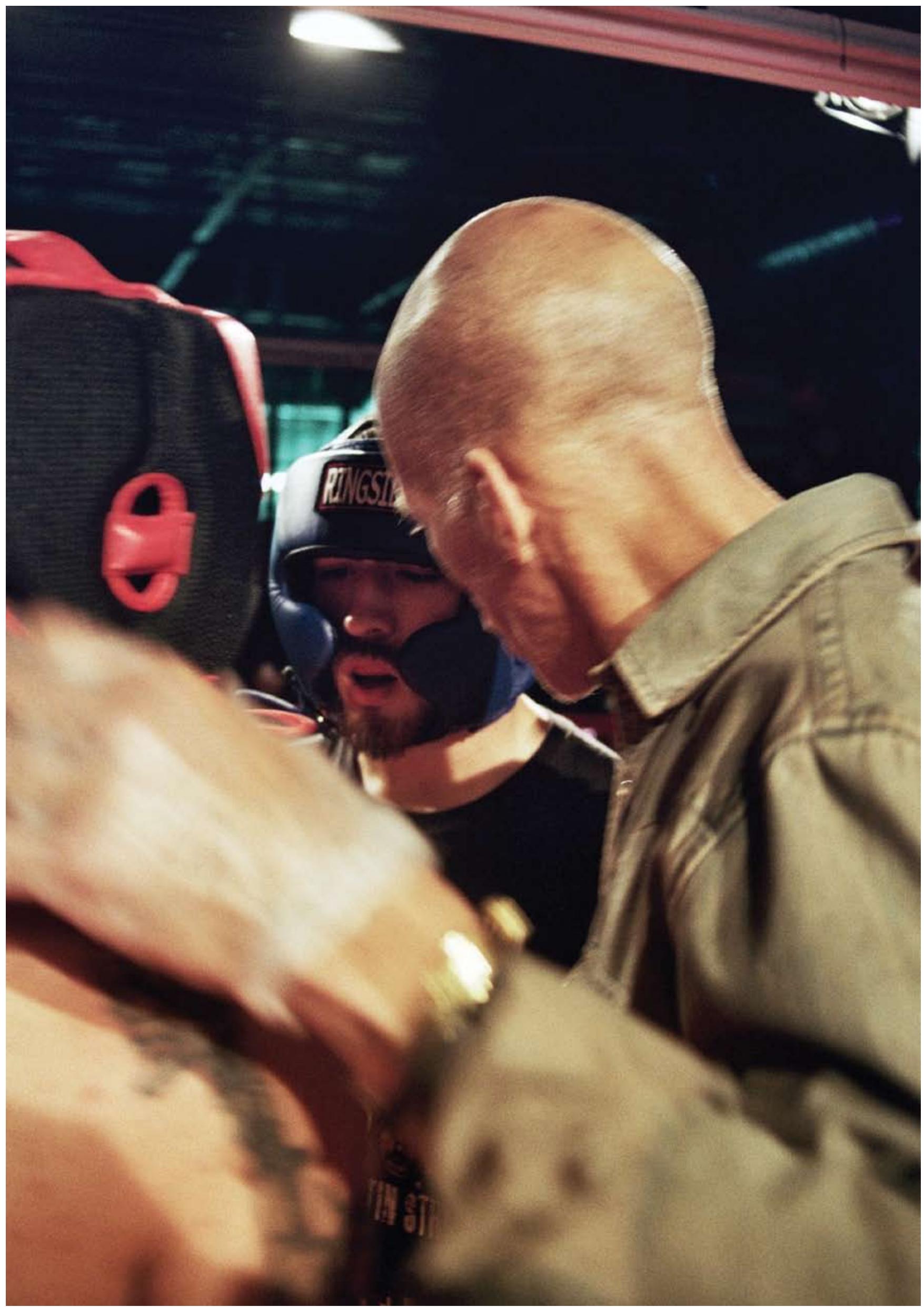


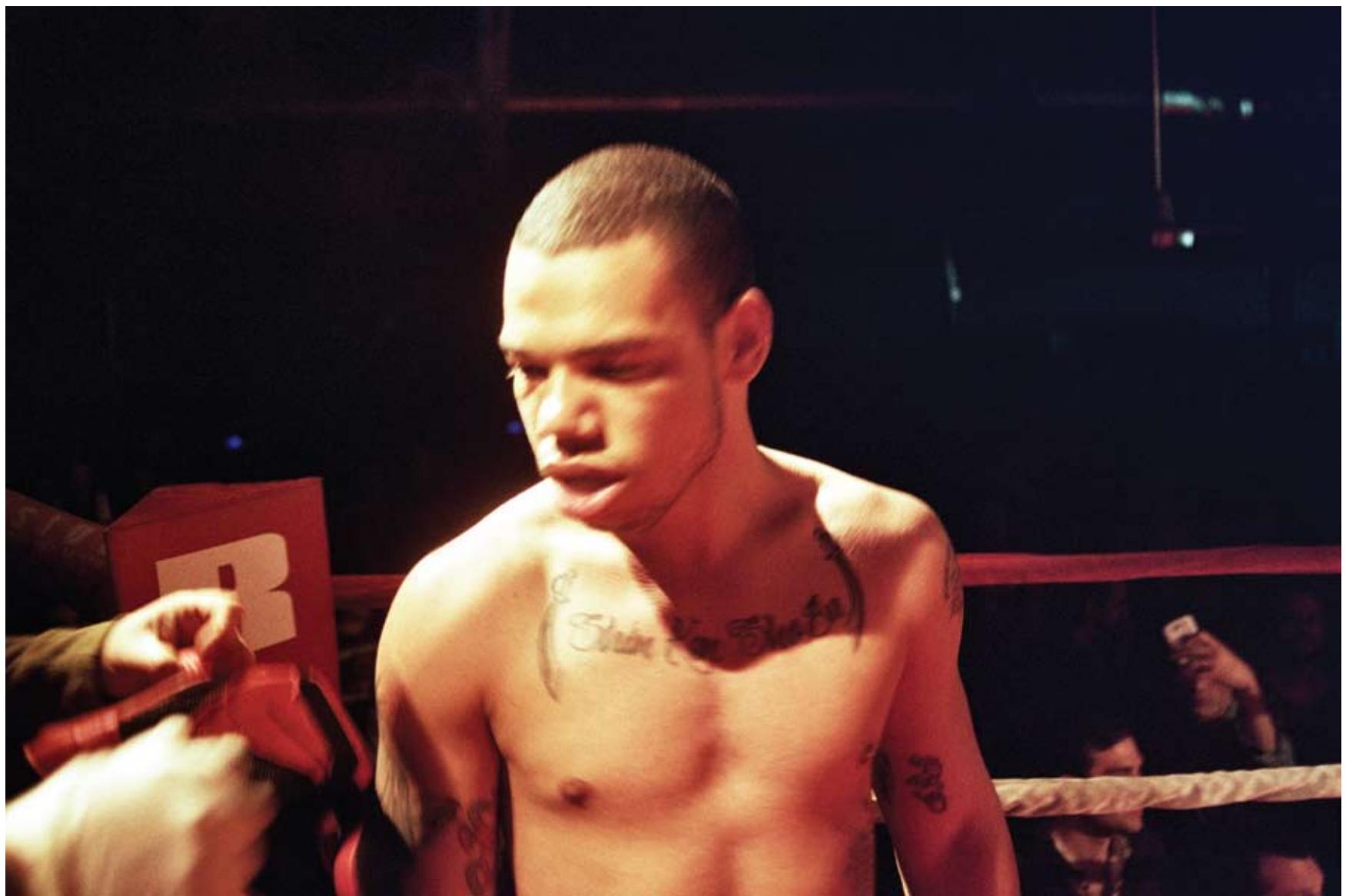












His torn body and gashed soul bled into one another.

Retribution, swift vengeance, eternal malice were in his whole aspect.

“To the last I grapple with thee; from hell’s heart I stab at thee; for hate’s sake I spit my last breath at thee.”

He piled the sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down; and then, as if his chest had been a mortar, he burst his hot heart’s shell upon it.



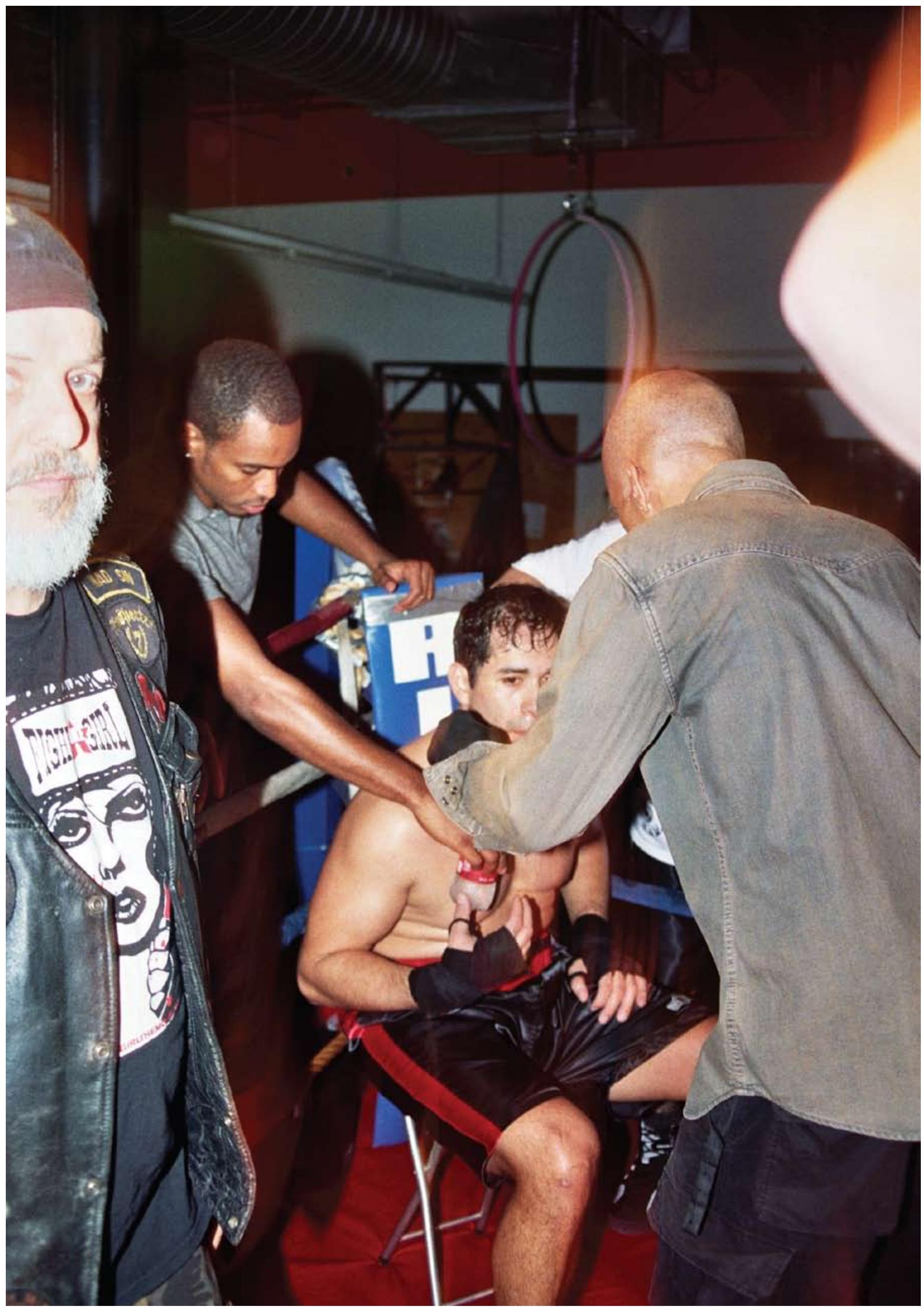


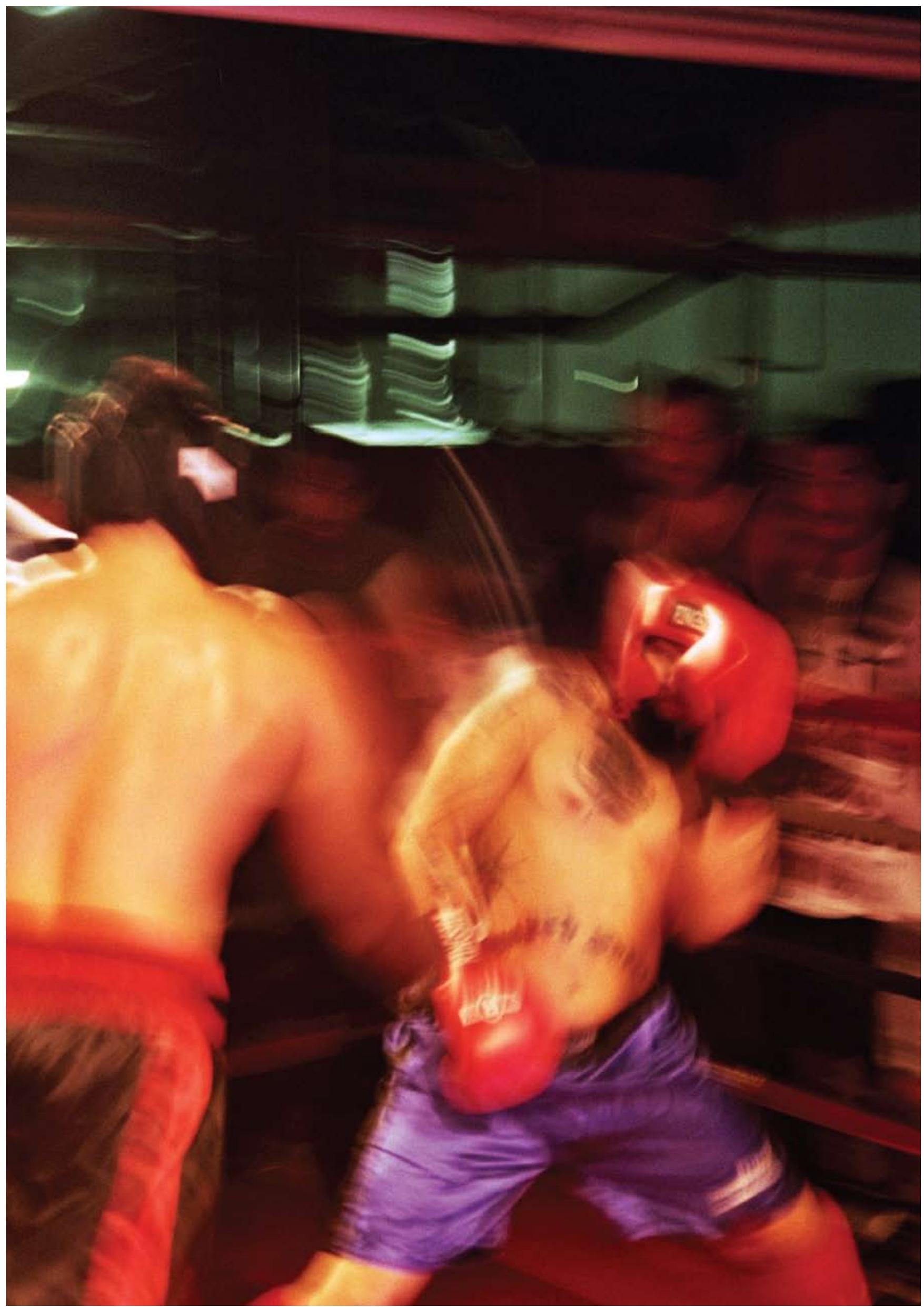












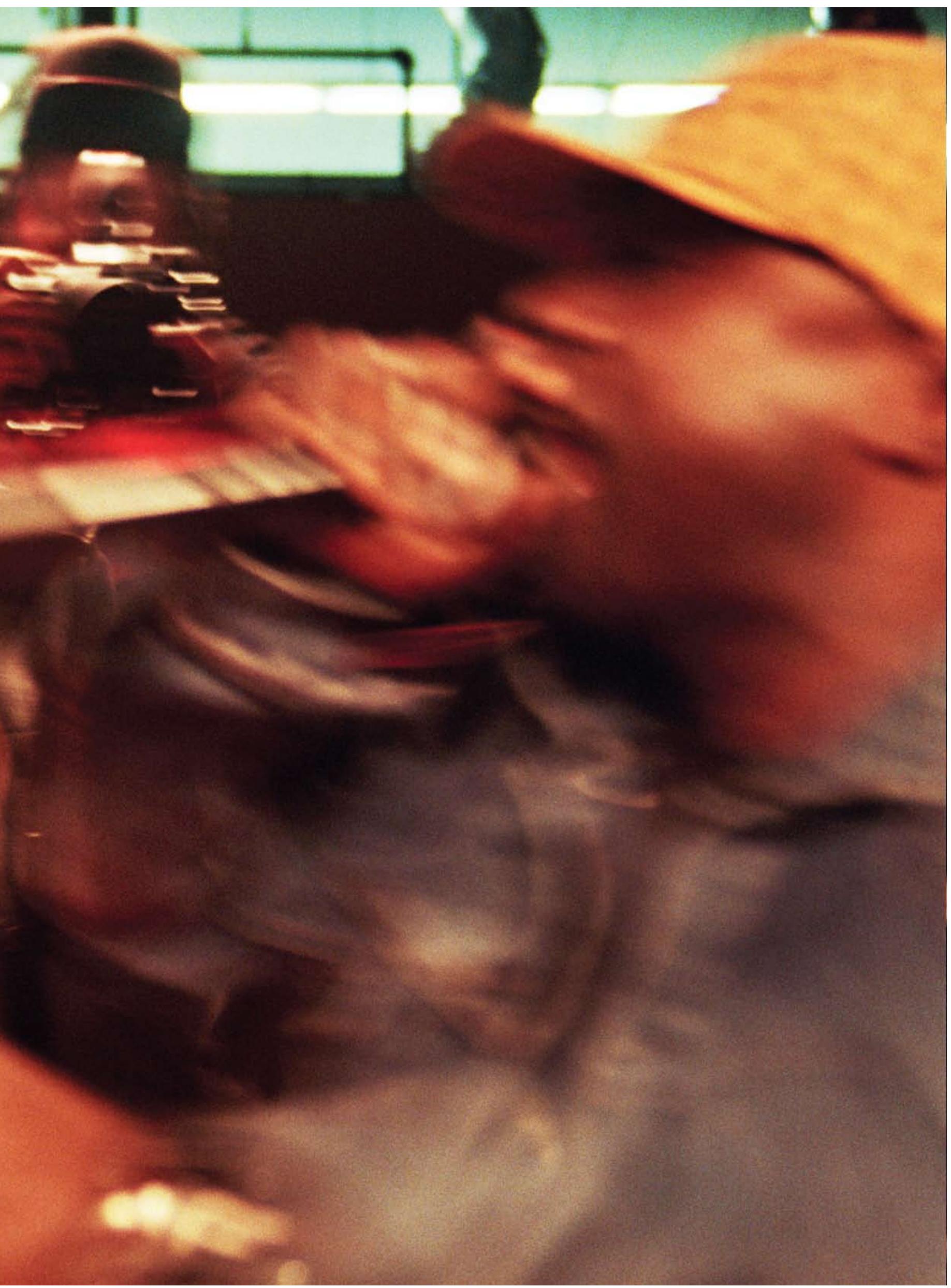




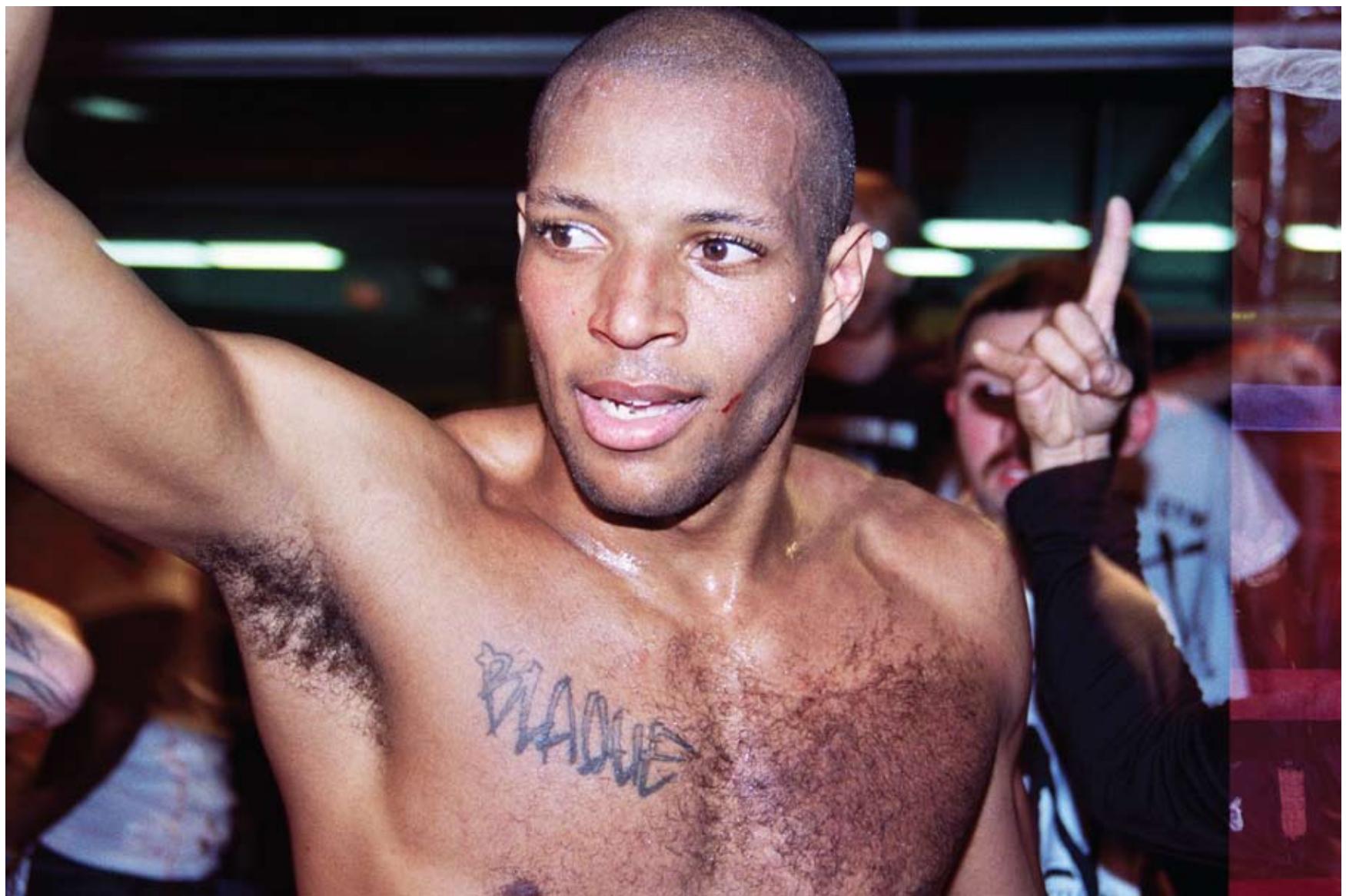






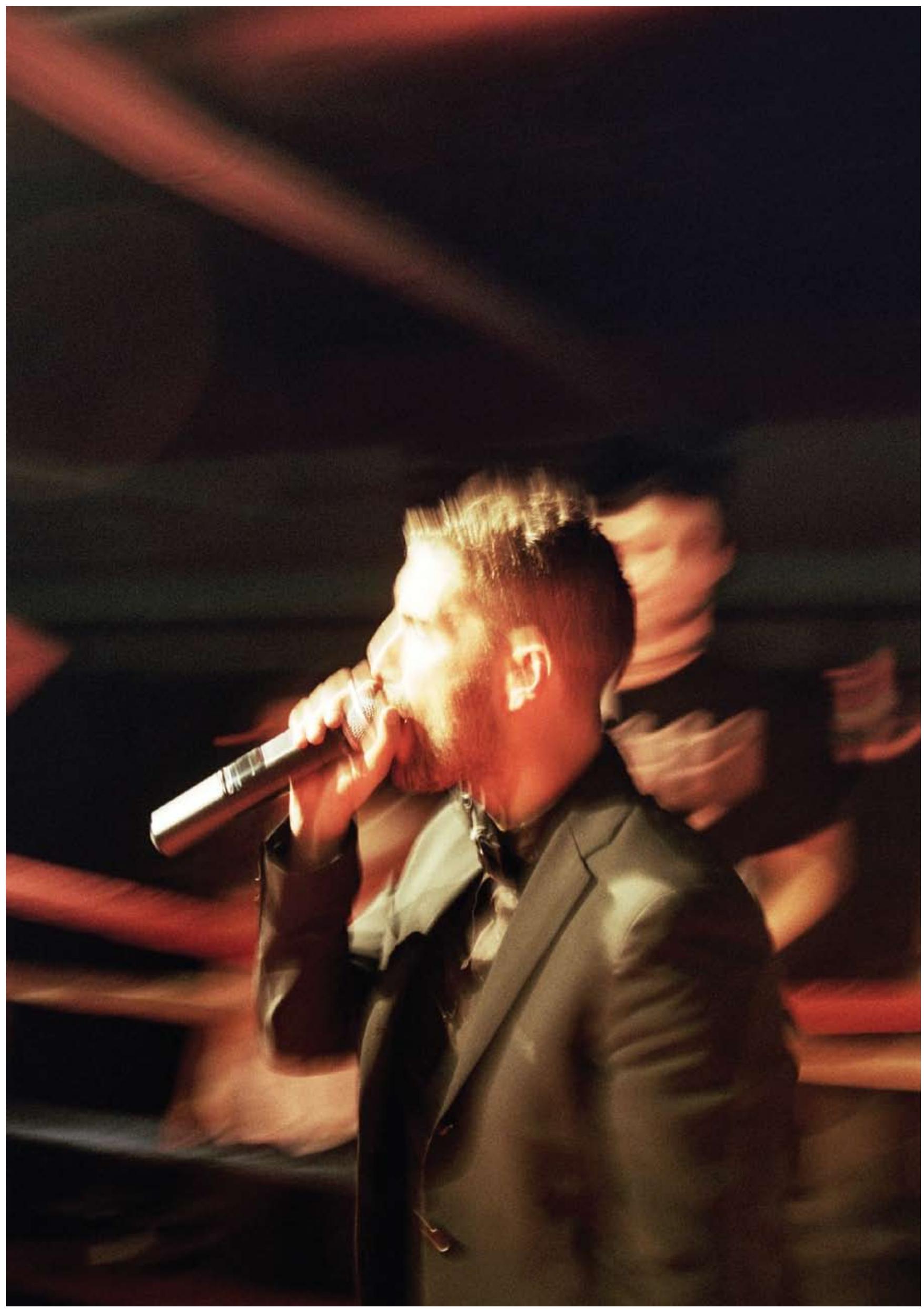


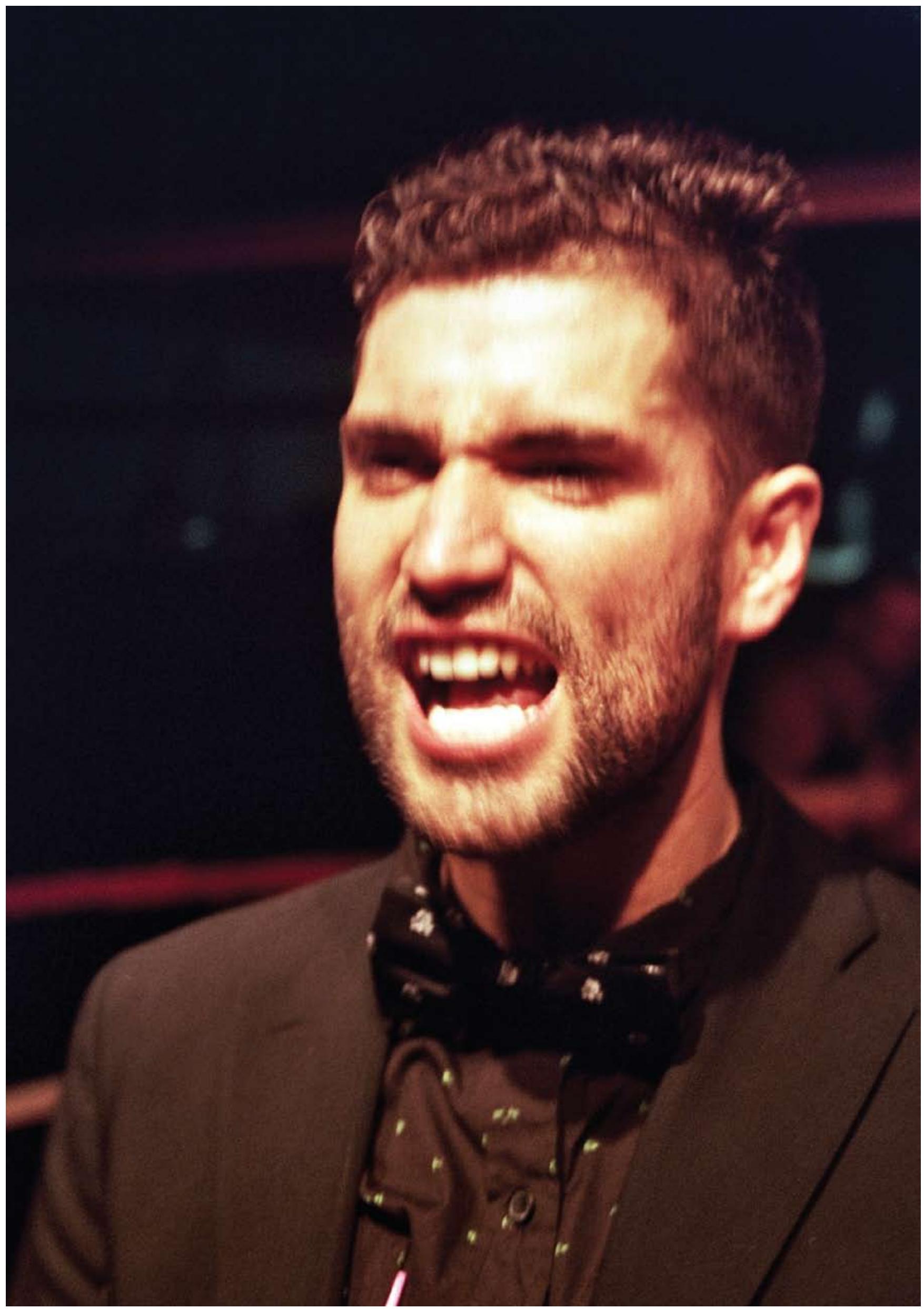






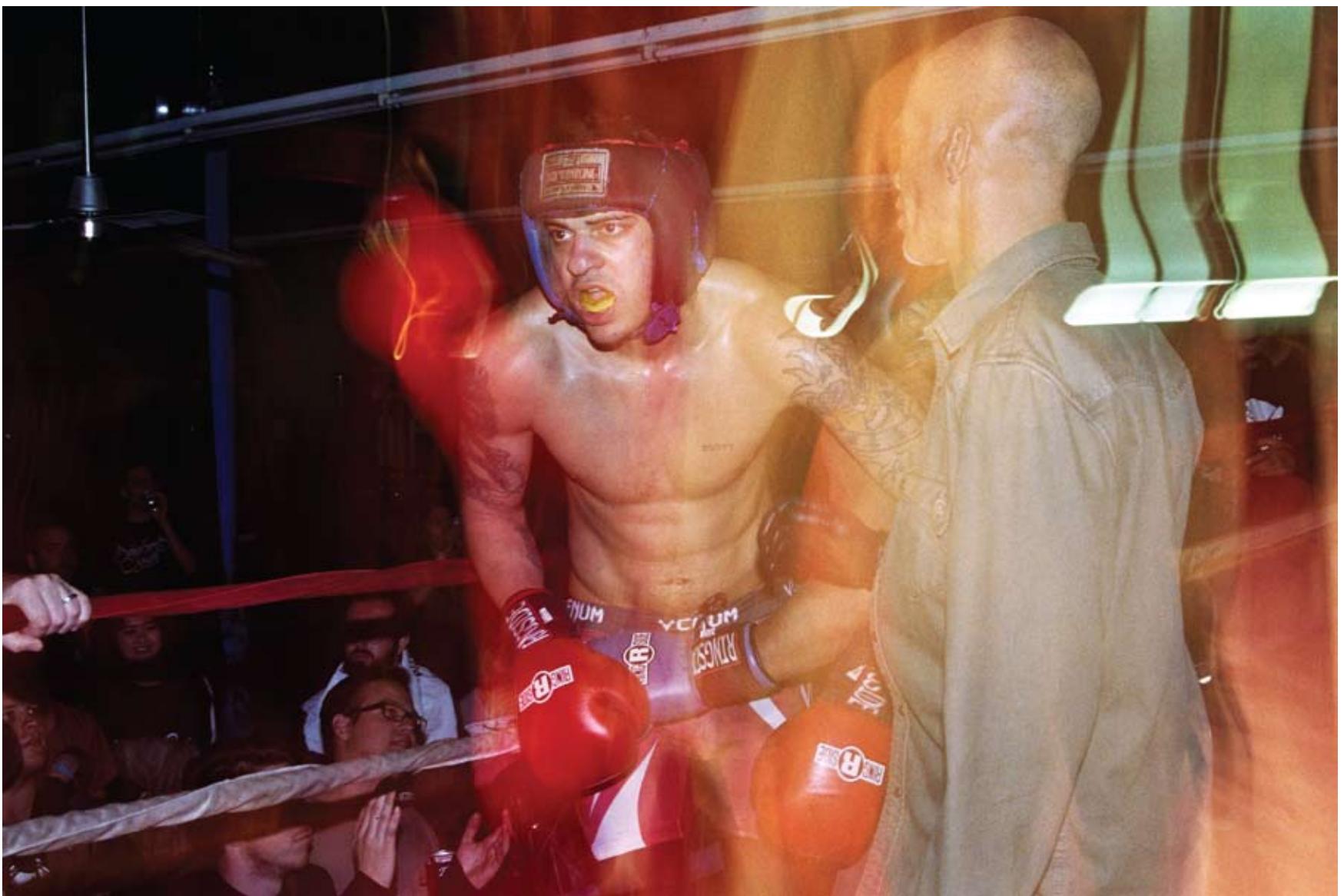






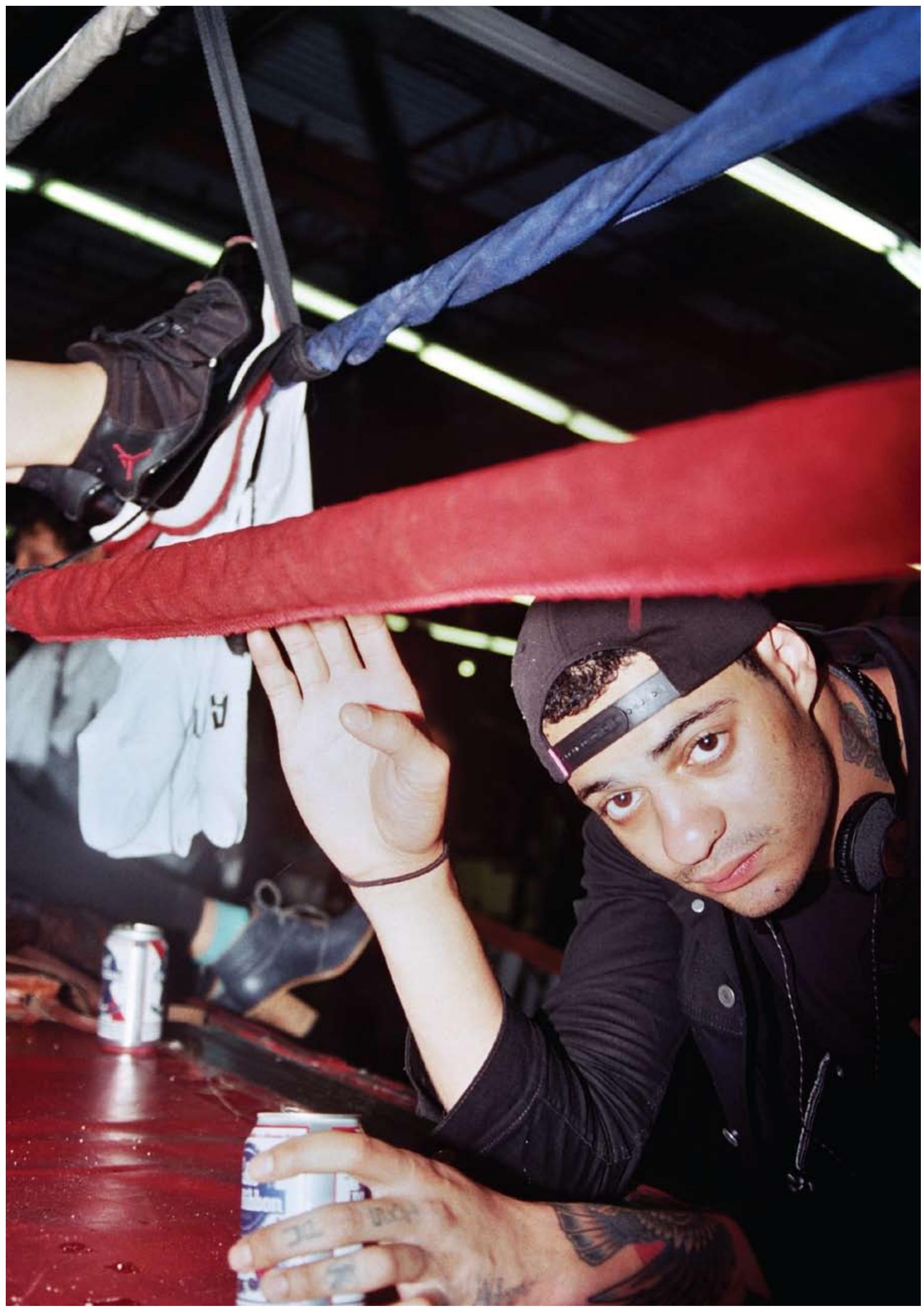


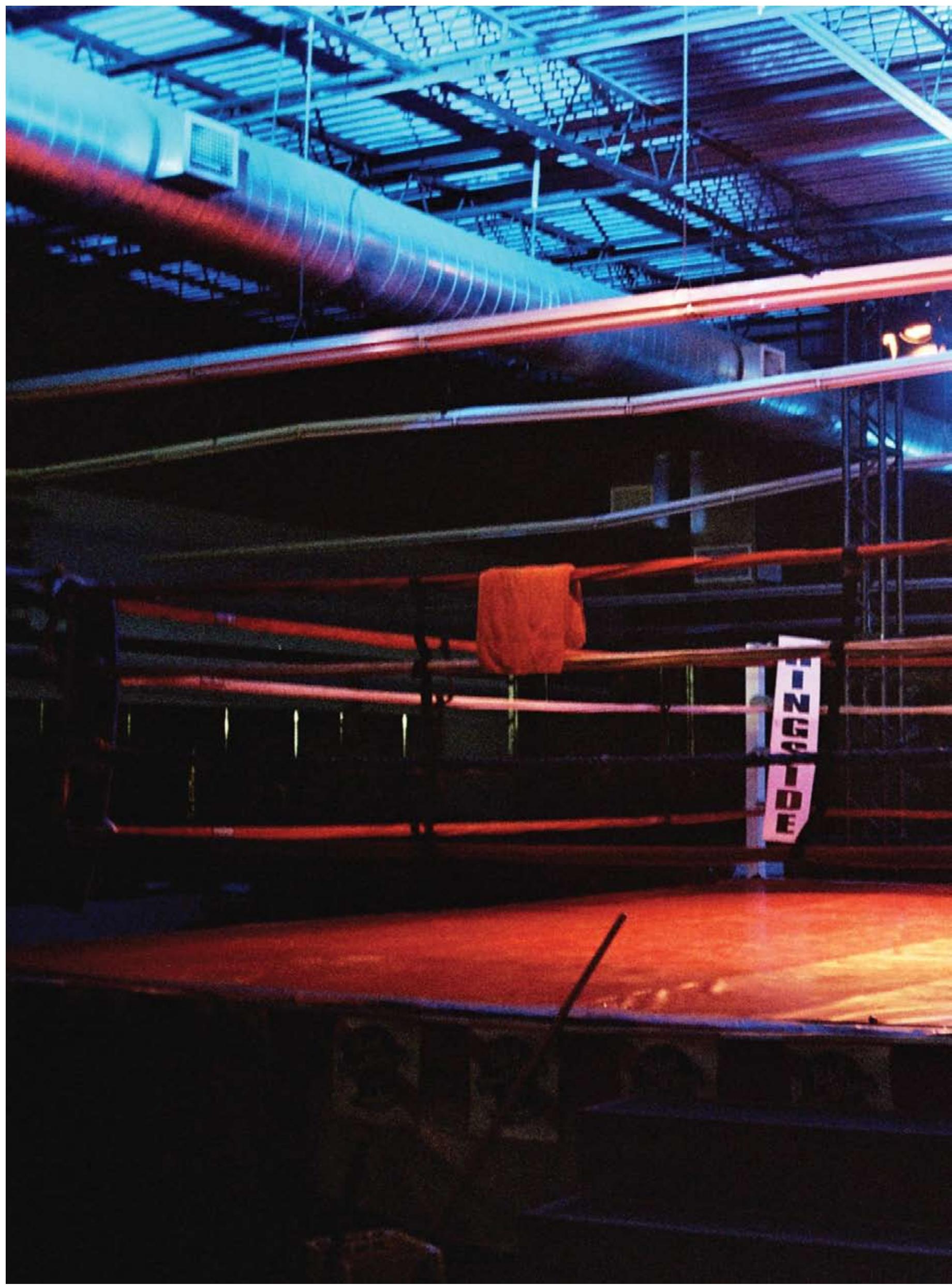


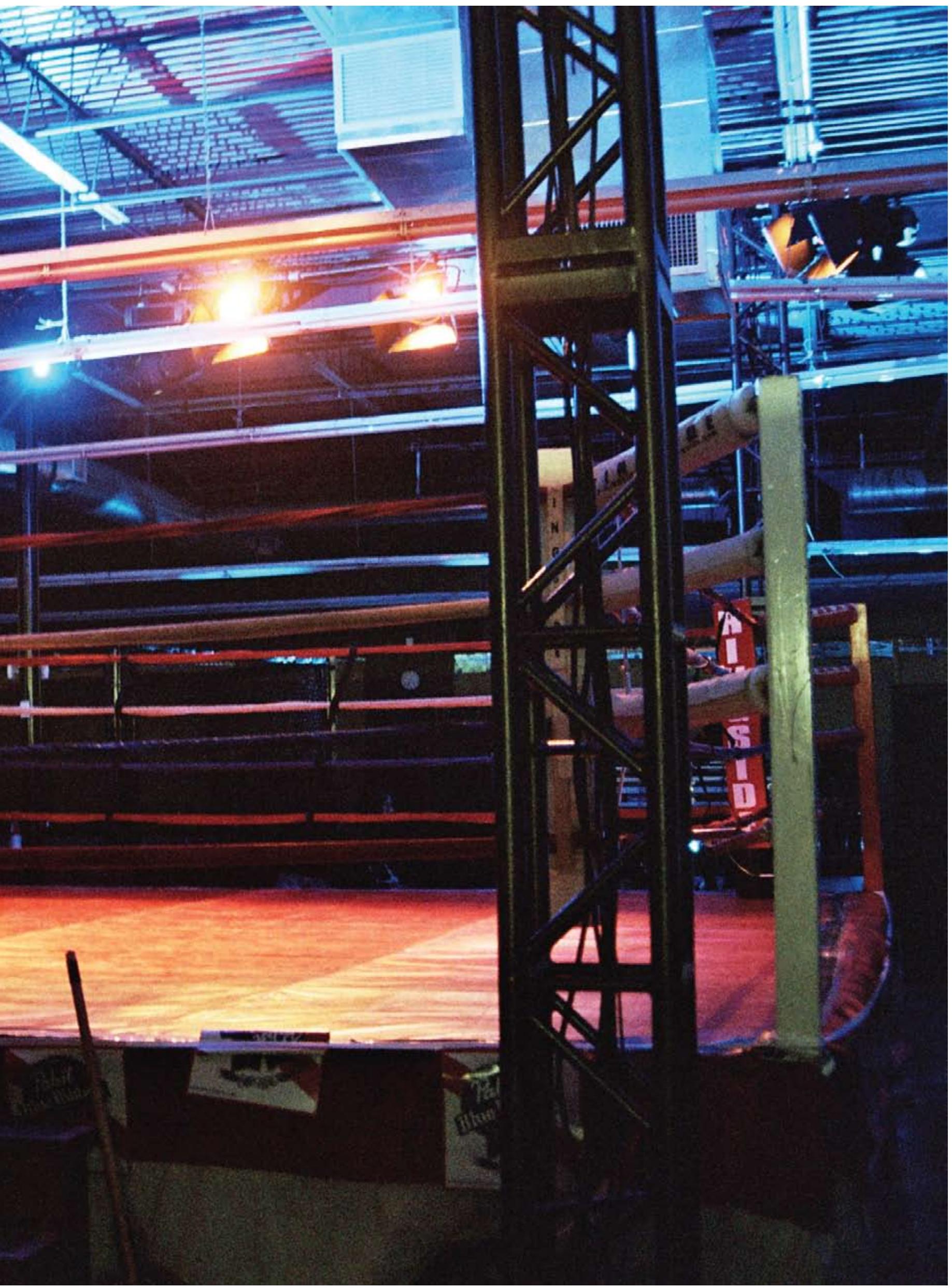


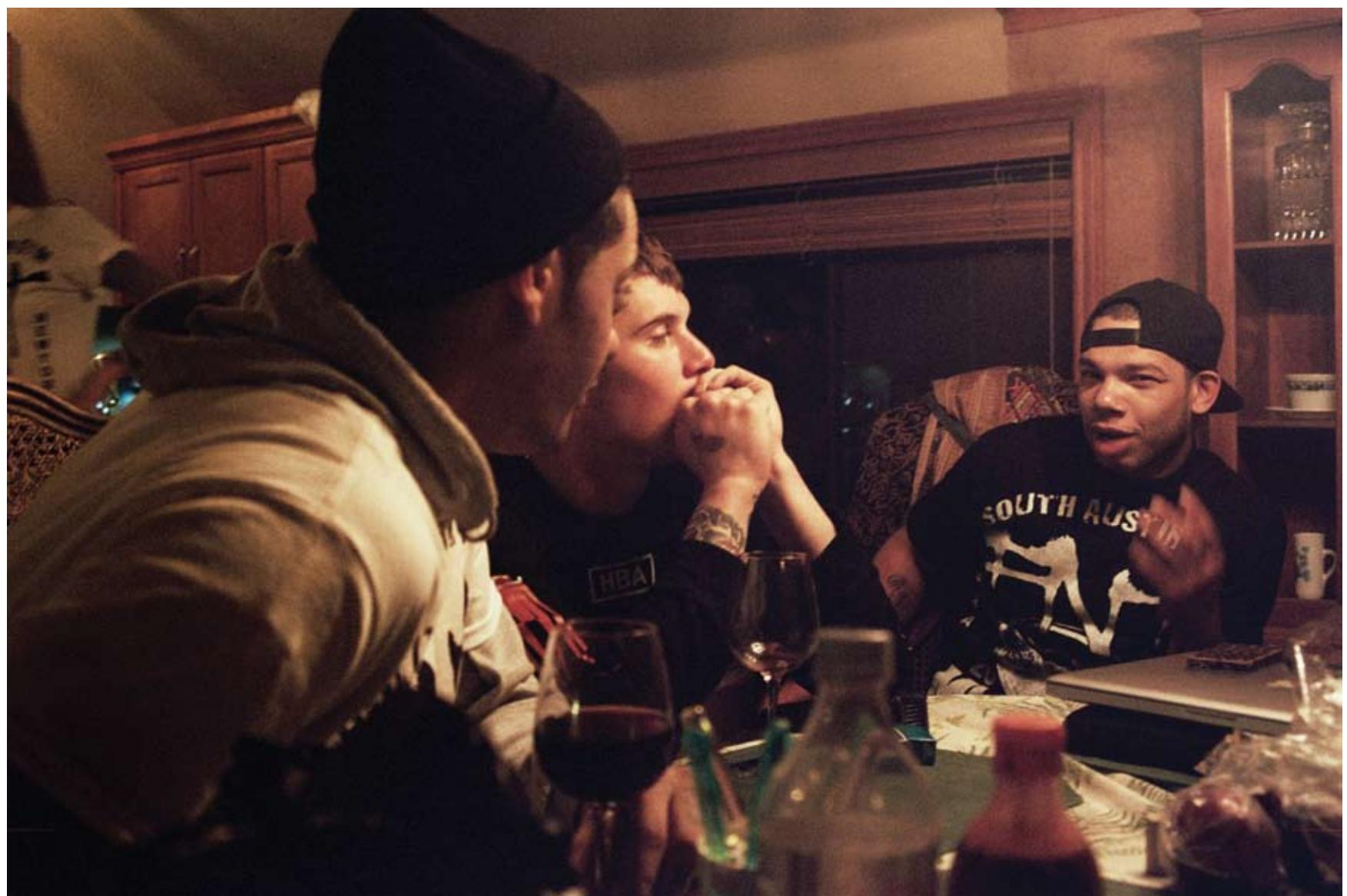




























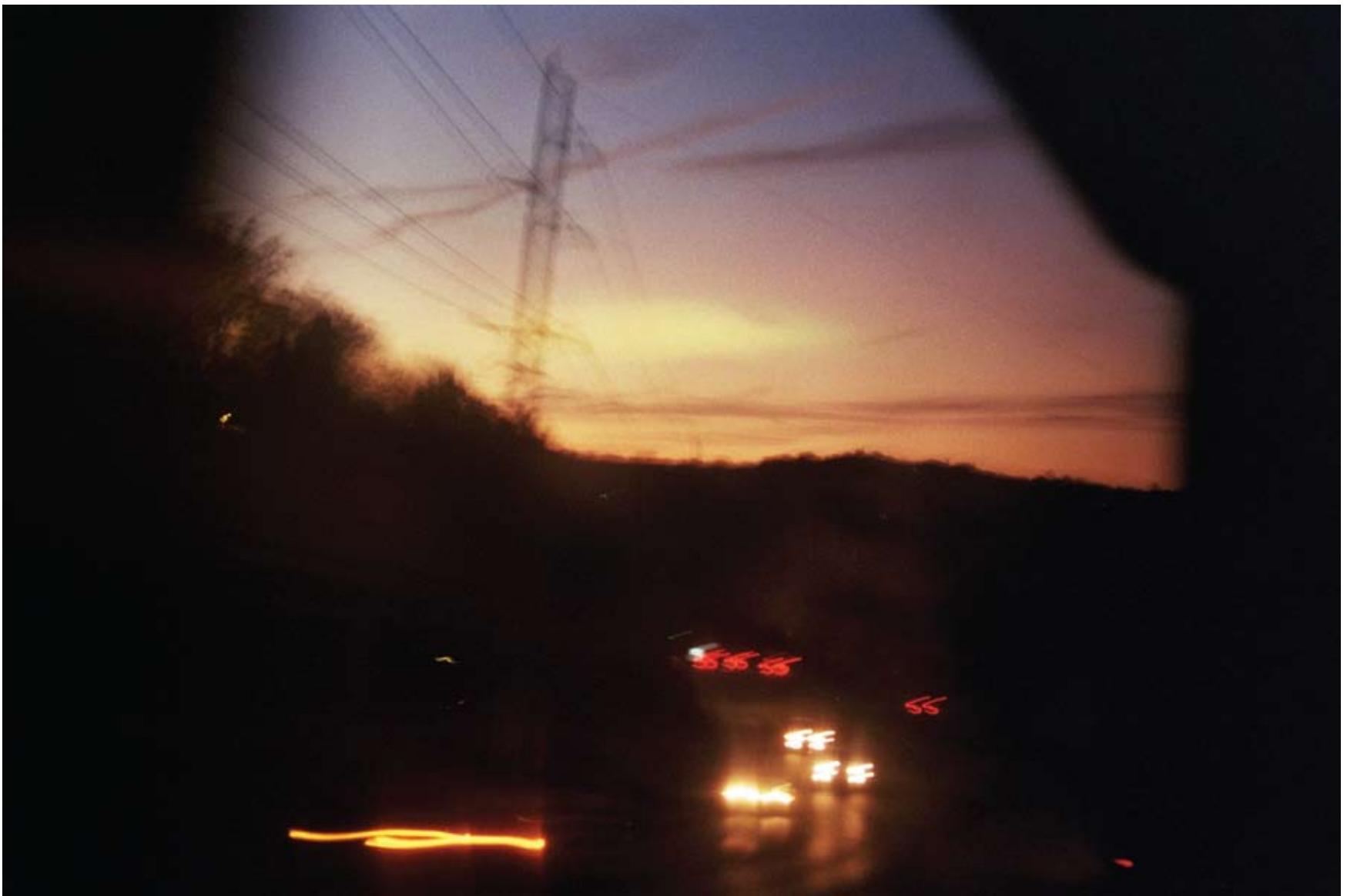








WELCOME
SXSW 2014!!



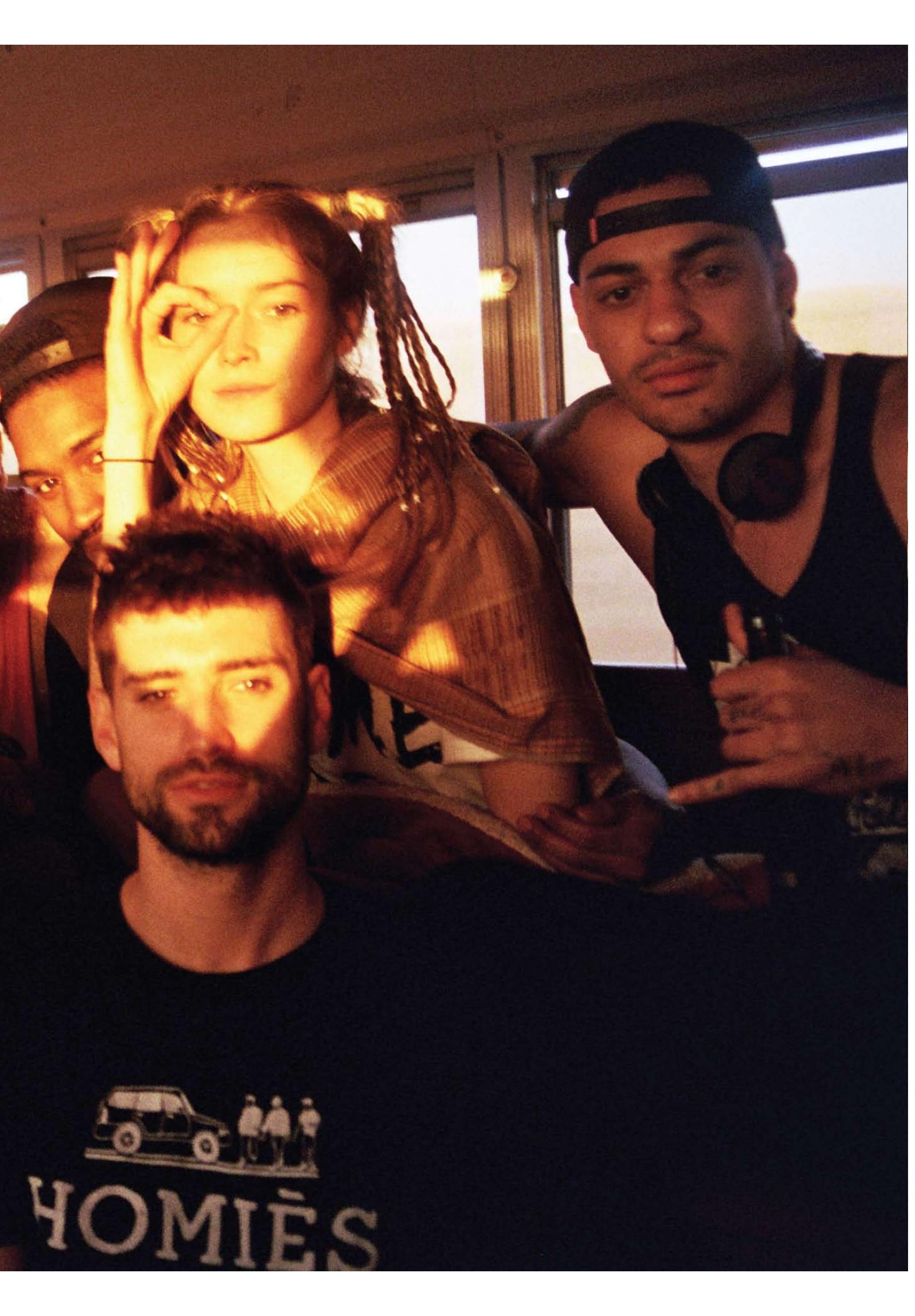




But even Solomon, he says, “the man that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain” (i.e. even while living) “in the congregation of the dead.” Give not thyself up, then, to fire, lest it invert thee, deaden thee; as for the time it did me. There is a wisdom that is woe; but there is a woe that is madness. And there is a Catskill eagle in some souls that can alike dive down into the blackest gorges, and soar out of them again and become invisible in the sunny space.

And even if he for ever flies within the gorge, that gorge is in the mountains; so that even in his lowest swoop the mountain eagle is still higher than other birds upon the plain, even though they soar.





HOMMIES

What started off as a lighthearted dispute between two friends that was settled on a tiny, hand-built plywood ring in Chinatown, has since turned into a worldwide spectacle.

Since 2009, Fight NighT has been on a mission to deliver something unique to the entertainment world in New York City and beyond. FNT brings people from all walks of life together under one roof to partake in a raw, emotional experience that blends boxing with music and performance art.

Our story couldn't have happened without the dedicated support of the underground community that makes FNT what it is. I want to thank everyone who has been a part of this journey. From the fans and the fighters to the supporters and the crew—anyone who has helped to keep this piece of magic alive. I love you deeply and will always be appreciative. This is only the beginning...

- Bekim Trenova

*Dedicated in loving memory to Joe Madeo and Chris DeMarco,
who helped build FNT from the beginning.*

We couldn't have done it without you.

Broadway



www.STEVENSTEALS.com

©STEVENSTEALS



HOUSEOFMARLEY.COM

SCULPTED DESIGN, ENERGIZED SOUND.
THE LIBERATE HEADPHONE.

@houseofmarley
#livemarley

