

# AQUILINE MAGAZINE

SOLSTICE ISSUE  
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**SHANA**  
LOVE IS THE RELIGION

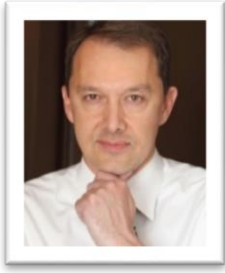
**ARTIST**  
A.D. BLACKMAN  
OF THEARTDEPT  
-ADARTWORX  
SHOWS US ARTISTIC  
INSPIRATION

THE HUNT FOR  
LEADERSHIP IN  
THE SEA OF  
MEDIocre  
EMPIRE BUILDERS

ARTICLE: RANTING ON MAYHEM AND BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO



Welcome to the eleventh edition of AQUILINE MAGAZINE! Take some time to let your eyes absorb our new images! One of my models



recently asked what I thought about “*leadership*” for a college paper she was writing. I have some very specific feelings about this topic and decided to pass it on here too. First, a leader and a manager are entirely different creatures. This is a perfect topic because as a photographer people are not forced to shoot

with you. People choose to shoot with you because of previous work successes, reputation and you generally have no power over them. A manager is put in charge of resources. A leader is someone who people would follow even if they didn’t have to. People literally move their households around to be near leaders and work for them. Managers get people to do work because they have money. Leaders get people to go above and beyond because they inspire them. Managers on the other hand get bare minimum because they are just work-drivers. Leaders often raise their people up in morale and give their people credit for work done. Managers are opposite and often try to pull the spotlight to themselves and hide those people doing the hard work. Leaders not only take charge but they listen to those who work with them. Leaders find out your weaknesses and strength as well as your personal goals to fit you in with the larger team and successes. Managers don’t want to get to know you and often interdict between you and others fearing you will become bigger and better than they are. Managers are known to snicker and behave like other coworkers because they often don’t understand the larger role they should be playing to bring everyone together as a team.

Talking about leaders is a great lead into another topic. I call this topic “*Model Bullies*”. At first glance this doesn’t seem like a real topic but trust me it’s measurable, draining, and even dangerous. Models in the context of photography are often young girls. Few would suspect that some models burst onto the scene like it’s their first day in prison. They kick, badmouth, and show incredibly disrespectful behavior hoping to get attention and stand out from their peers via shock and awe in a sea of beautiful women. After a while one gets used to these types and start side

stepping the obvious troubled females. They are just disasters in every way. They try to form cliques as well as polarize groups to hate this person or that person. They sometimes go onto websites to spread dirt about other potential models and photographers. It’s an interesting study since most of these girls won’t last long even as wannabes. However, it does show a broader behavior pattern that’s worth noting about the person in question. I have always smiled at the irony that a sweet young female can be poisonous in personality just like a tiny scorpion found in the wild and appearing cute at first. The model bully comes in many more types. Some of these come in sweet and seem like hard workers. They are even more difficult to spot. Their calling card is manipulation. For instance, I had one model who came back years later and decided she wanted all her images removed from my portfolio. One would think asking kindly would be the way to go. One might even think maybe offering payment would be another. Instead the model-bully writes a toxic note suggesting that she was illegally underage when the risqué images were taken. This is of course a bully threat because you and I both know that if the law had truly been broken she would be at the police station and not in private messaging attempting blackmail. The bully pushing people down on the playground had begun.

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Next this same bully went onto multiple social media and cried how she was exploited underage. Every lobotomized moron who read the post was enraged and of course asked no questions

whatsoever. Senseless mobs usually don’t ask a great many questions and model-bullies know this. As you might expect, once her mindless-mob was shown the truth they scattered like cockroaches when the lights are turned on. It goes without saying that when you are in the *right* legally you should be a leader and not back down. Now look back at yourself after reading all this. Do you work for a leader or manager?

*Tracy Rose is a technologist, artist, photographer and general imagery aficionado from Colorado Springs, CO. His photography can be seen in numerous online publications and restaurants at the end of the universe.*

*About the cover:*

*Shana is a mind-blowing model. She latches on to your style and then creates home-run images!*



*Aquiline Photography 2017 ~*

## Interview with A.D. Blackman of ThaArtDept-AdArtWorx

*I like to feature artists in this online magazine. As one might expect that can be a challenge because many artists are not always extraverts. I know this being an introvert myself. Some artists over the years use their art as a tool of therapy. That said, hitting an artist head-on with questions is one of the most stunning and interesting ways to get them to self-reflect and maybe even grow. This month's dynamite artist loves to paint not only on glamour models but also interestingly on footwear.*



**AQ Photography:** Tell us a bit about yourself.

**A.D. Blackman:** I'm Adrian Cannon. But, I work under the name A.D. Blackman. I was born in Washington DC in 1981. I came up in a time where Hip Hop was still new. And in DC in the early 80's, Crack was also very new and ripping a hole through the community. Art was definitely an outlet from an early age. I've separated my work into two categories to make it easier for clients to locate. *ThaArtDept* is where you go for face and body painting. *ADArtWorx* is where you go for illustrations, custom footwear, Logos, etc.

At this point, art is my life. I'm a creature of habit. And no matter what, I find myself drawing, painting or mentally constructing a scene or experience of wonder. I'm rarely completely in the room that my

body occupies. Over the past few years, I've been transitioning my art soaked ways into a business. So, my motivations are primarily therapeutic. But, being that this machine must be funded to fully reach its potential, it must thrive economically. Fame can sometimes help that process. Although, I love my privacy. That been said, I'll never leave this ArtLife whether I make another dime, or not. On my quest of exposing my art to the world, I realized that different people appreciate art on a variety of platforms. There are "sneaker heads" that would never be caught at an art gallery. Yet, if you put that same artistry on a pair of custom designed shoes that NOBODY in the world has.... Exactly. Custom Kicks have grown to be a very distinctive way to pay tribute to your favorite character, sports team, or athletes, entertainer, etc. There's also a part of myself that wants to paint every kind of Canvas. Footwear is definitely on the list.



**AQ Photography:** Aside from painting you do photography too?

**A.D. Blackman:** In the realm of photography, all my favorite shots must be candid "I'm laughing hard!" photos. It's so telling to see someone genuinely laughing their ass off. It's like they're acting, or trying to convey a certain emotion during the shoot. But, the laughter is always the truest shot.



...etc. What may set me apart from my peers is my thought process and execution. My ideas come from a place where rules and fear simply don't exist.

**AQ Photography: What are some of the challenges with your artwork and the public?**

**A.D. Blackman:** Navigating through this life of art (ArtLife), we come across many lovely people that tend to think that people blessed with the gift of visual expression shouldn't be compensated for the small pieces of our souls that we put on canvas. I've continuously been asked for a "family discount" on prices that have already been discounted. And this is the main reason I love running my own company. I can respectfully tell a client to go away forever.

**AQ Photography: Do you think it's an asset or liability to shoot with the same models?**

**A.D. Blackman:** Shooting with the same models gives power to the image. The more you work together, the higher the comfort level. The best work comes from sessions that feel like "Friends hanging out." I've been fortunate to build awesome working relationships with models and photographers. I'm slowly assembling an art squad.

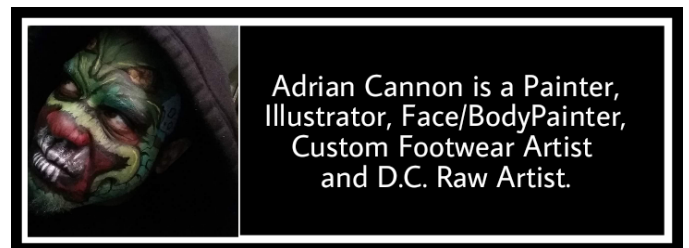
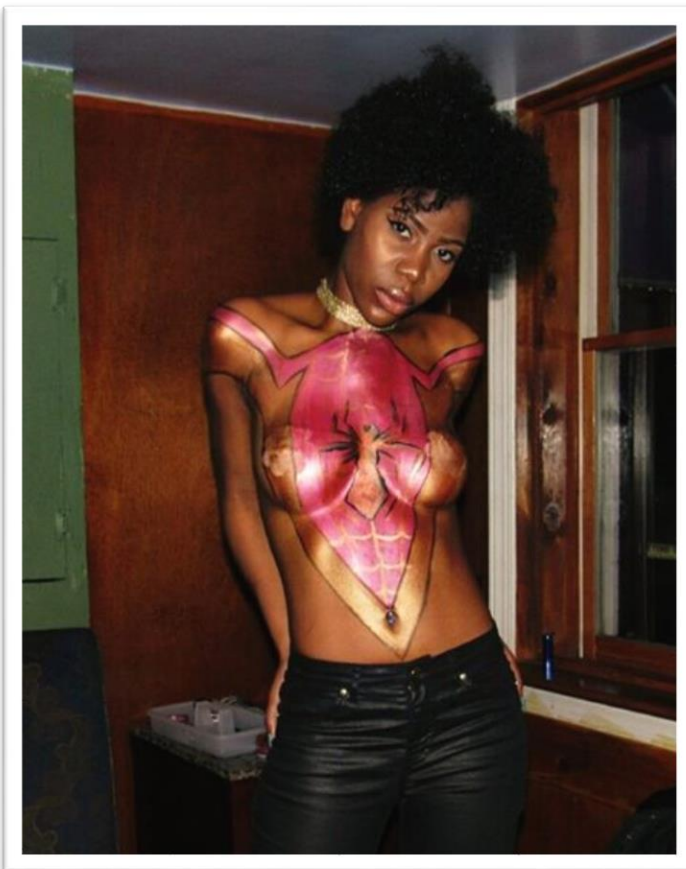
**AQ Photography: What is the goal of your art work?**

**A.D. Blackman:** Ultimately, my goal is to expose people to the world of art, that wouldn't normally be around. I want to let kids know that sports and entertainment aren't the only options to being successful. I have faith that I can create jobs and opportunities that will change lives for generations to come.

**AQ Photography: Thanks, Adrian, as it's been great to know more about your work.**

**AQ Photography: What sets you apart from your peers?**

**A.D. Blackman:** In my attempts at being a Jack of All Trades, I concentrate on styles and concepts for extended periods of time. My "Niche" is that I have so many styles and platforms. Pencil illustrations, digital artwork, Bodypainting, custom footwear



Adrian Cannon is a Painter, Illustrator, Face/BodyPainter, Custom Footwear Artist and D.C. Raw Artist.





*Aquiline Photography 2017 ~*

# In A Perfect Moment

By Dan Lee

I've covered models and muses, inspirations for great works of art and some of the greatest endeavors in human history and nauseum. But the writer in me, the poet, keeps coming back as I scroll through pictures and those pockets of time they capture. In all of time and space that one perfect moment will never exist again. Sure, you can snap a hundred shots in the same locale, with the same weather and light and angle as you did before but that instance is gone, remembered only on film and imperfectly in the mind of the one who shot it. Being a writer is no different than being a photographer. You have your tools, your subject, and a moment of perfection that you want to capture forever that someone else can see and feel as if they were standing there when the shutter snapped or when pen struck paper. There has to be something there to make you want to take that photo, write that verse. Something must inspire you to create. That's when I remembered this gem:

"Sitting in a midtown bar was a new experience for me. Not the bar part, mind you as I was intimately familiar with most of the dives and out of the way holes along the outskirts of town. Smokey cut outs in the side of old buildings, their decor a quarter century out of date with toothless waitresses, burly bar backs and a host of white haired, red nosed, leather faced drunks with scruffy beards doing their most shameful Santa impersonations in the dim track light hovering above. But this place was different, almost classy sitting on a busy corner on the west side of town. The bartender was a proportionate twenty something with thick black glasses and bleach blonde hair pulled into a ponytail behind her. A college girl in a college bar with fancy wines on designer shelves under impressionist pieces, paintings of beer steins and bongos that were supposed to resemble guitars for sale by local artists. There were band stickers slapped on the side of the cash register and a dog-eared Ayn Rand novel weighing down the soda machine."

It's the opening to a short story I wrote several years ago, in another lifetime when I was another person. The memory is hazy but the inspiration is clear. I was 28, sitting in an upscale bar in a heavily gentrified part of Nashville. Don't ask me where,

exactly, because the name and the part of town completely elude me. There was a strip of old brick buildings full of boutiques and a used book shop across the street. The air outside was cold, damp the way that December in Middle Tennessee usually is and I was half frozen when I went inside. I had been dating a woman, a lawyer, who was accustomed to a certain level of sophistication and class that I clearly didn't have. Waiting for her then I found myself sitting on a barstool with an overpriced "craft" beer doing what a good artist does best: people watching. I started describing the scene around me, painting a picture of that night. Looking back now, it's an amazing window into my personal history as well as the time when I first wrote it. The description went on.

"In that sea of people a dozen voices in an infinite number of tones and inflections crashed in waves over the steady whirl of motors from the heater overhead and the muted indie rock thumping from speakers in the corners of the room. Bland platitudes from servers and cooks, laughs a bit more raucous than needed for jokes that just weren't funny. Men with their dates feigned interest in the conversation all the while undressing their women with lusting eyes as they fantasized about rushing home to fuck. Collegiate girlfriends clucked and cackled, reminiscing about sorority life as the guy at the opposite end of the bar, the one with the paperback of French poems looked longingly at one bubbly redhead who seemed to be the focus of the conversation. He knew all the right words, the ways of the great poets and lovers that would sweep her off her feet if he only had the nerve to stand up on his own. Another man sat in the far corner booth in sweats and headphones listening to the scores of various races and games. He'd looked once for companionship, for some deep and intimate meaning to be found with another person and, finding nothing, sank into a world of alcohol and gambling."

I can vaguely remember these images as I read the words again and again. I can feel the cool December splash against me every time the door was opened, driven back by the large industrial heater hanging overhead. I can still faintly see these people, their finer details blurred in memory. No, I couldn't pull them out of a line-up but that isn't entirely the point of this.



"The empty space between us all, that sucking, soundless void that prevents voices from carrying with any measure of meaning from one seat to another is where I found my comfort. Dim the lights, strike a match and blow a little smoke in the air, this would be home. The regulars chatted up the little blonde bartender, flirted and made pass after pass only to be rebuffed and redirected to more platonic vistas. Save for the geography, it was just another in a series of dives that I knew all too well."

There's always a negative space in a bar like this, an invisible wall that seems to mute the din of the crowd and the noise of the building, that obfuscates the actual understanding into a static noise and can make you feel completely alone in a crowded room.

"Glancing up from my phone to the place where the bar curved were two men in black shirts who had been chatting for a while. One was black, tall and a bit heavy set with a short trimmed beard and dreadlocks that snaked out from under a dark colored knit cap. He had a chubby thumb and index finger stroking his chin as he listened dispassionately to his counterpart. The other was white, scruffy and unkempt with the top buttons of his shirt undone to expose a gold chain that dangled in a tangled mess of chest hair. He was rambling on and on about some reality TV show he'd watched last night. Both drank deeply from the amber fermentation in their glasses, secretly hoping to find some hidden truth or beauty where the beer had been."

These guys I remember! The urban Rastafarian and the surfer bro with that disco flair. Damn, they were kind of interesting. The finer details of who or what they were are as elusive as anything else in my memory but there they are, forever frozen in a single moment in a way that, at least briefly, describes them for all the world to see. Then there was the couple that sat down beside me at the bar:

"The middle-aged businessman with his distinct Northern accent in a Southern bar announced loudly his intention to drink the place out of business as his twenty something trophy wife sat quietly beside him. It was that nails on a chalkboard New England accent that turned "R" into "AWE" in every word where the letter was found."

"His trophy, bride or girlfriend or mistress sat there with a look of disinterest that her man was oblivious of... She would moan his name breathlessly in the dark tonight, gasp and scream at the appropriate intervals as he gave her the same lackluster performance that had been disappointing women for decades before she was even born. She would choke on the bile and sully herself for whatever trinkets he offered."

I had a very dismal outlook of the world back then but established a clear tone and timber in these fragmented descriptions. Still, it painted a clear picture of the night, of the scene as recalled from that cynical, some might even say judgmental perch at the bar. But the point of the story isn't in judgement but in clearly describing a moment. Look at any picture in this magazine, at any shot on Instagram or any other social media. You can find an image captured in time that will take your breath away. You'll feel the cool mountain air, the dust kicked up by the steady breeze that crackles across the broken land over the humming rush of a stream nearby. You'll look at the woman sprawled out across the pure white linens, bedroom eyes looking longingly into the camera lens and feel your heart flutter, smell the fragrance of perfume on her neck or feel the passion and fire in her embrace. You'll never see the freeway behind the photographer, the lighting rigs or the buzz of assistants and onlookers. That's never the intention.

Yours is that panoramic fantasy, the millisecond of perfection frozen in time. The flowers along that mountain pass will never bloom that way again. She's long gone from a set that's been struck and repurposed for another shoot. The bar is closed, its patrons scattered to the winds to never assemble in such away ever again. But forever they will remain in that perfect moment.



*Dan Lee is an author and amateur photographer from Nashville, TN. His fiction has been seen in numerous online zines and publications and links can be found through his blog*

*at [dannooftthedead.wordpress.com](http://dannooftthedead.wordpress.com)*

## Rant - Cobwebbed Mayhem

Recall the fun at Radio-Shack when they would demand an address or phone number. Yet you still remember you were there for something small and stupid like a wire or a battery you couldn't find elsewhere. How about Circuit-City? Remember the hordes of sales people in your face with so many "Can I help you" nerds that you couldn't shop? There is that air of desperation when a company is on its way out. Remember MySpace and how irritating seeing the same old "weed" background with lame street language appeared? I mean there was no news for substance or science articles.

All these contenders had the same things in common, didn't they? They came out of the gate with everything they needed to succeed epically and just annoyed the customer wading in anger till they finally left and didn't come back. I mean remember how cruel Blockbuster was with the serious penalties to being one minute late returning ancient tape videos. That slap in the face for just being their customer? So, you don't like it, what are you going to do little man?!

That my friend is where I'm at with Model-Mayhem. They carried around their 1990's GeoCities link interface forever and it was tolerable. However, you had to contend with a-hole admins constantly threatening you because you were a customer. I mean I got a threat to delete my account because I didn't mark a simple implied as "Not Safe for Work". Hey Blockbuster, did you hear this? Apparently, someone thinks people should be surfing swimwear, and other model images while at work. WTF?! It's a whole good-old-boy smack down to those of us who pay good money to be on Model-Mayhem. The interface is just slow and junky now. You know what's not funny? I can post those same "thong" and "implied" images on Instagram and they have no problem with it. Wait, what? On Instagram, I have thousands of fans looking. On MM, I have a few

passers-by that are mostly inbreeder photographers. Oh by the way, I don't pay to be on Instagram.

I know what you're thinking. I heard one horrified photographer this week talk about how he was deleted from Instagram after having some 150,000 fans. Okay, but you get deleted on MM and you're also paying a hundred dollars per year.

Let's go further. They have balances on MM where an approved account supposedly must get five moderators to approve it. Yet they dub people Gatekeepers and Moderators who are just common people in your own home town. These

sometimes-freaks have been known to try and get models naked by telling them that they will "approve" their accounts if they do a shoot with them. I'm a Gatekeeper after all the guy would say to the models. What about the bizarre slaps my account kept getting for mere implied images where I had to register

them as "nude". Yes, that was no doubt a Moderator who is a hateful wannabe model here locally and had a conflict of interest. Absolute power corrupts absolutely as they say. It's a shit system in my opinion.



My major anger with this F-rated Better-Business-Bureau company is that they don't protect or care about the photographer. There have been super-numerous fake model accounts to waste my time over the years. It's mind blowing in quantity. Yes, I know who this organized crime ring is and what they want the girls for now days. However,

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“

once a fake account or mean-girl wastes your time there is no way to black-ball her or make her accountable. They just smirk and move on. So not only am I paying but I'm being continually disrespected due to the very reason I'm there.

Could they have made a mutually posted feedback system? Sure, they could have. Do they give a crap? No. Consider that worksite called virtual worker. You must make an agreement online and then public rating system gives feedback on how it went. I mean if someone stands you up it would be great to put that on her portfolio so people can see "trends" with her.

Hey there is this new site where you can put up pictures, attract models, do photo-shoots, and get massive fans for free. What's it called? It's Instagram where people talk in pictures. Really? I mean, must you click a bunch of stupid buttons like MM to find your images button nestled in a pile of other buttons? No, strange thing here is they know you are there to talk in pictures and make pictures. Well shut the damn door! Wait, on Instagram do you have to wrestle uploading images only to fight with how they are organized in folders throughout your portfolio? Well-MM, don't listen to the paying customers...what do they know! You could have been the Instagram we wanted my MySpace look-alike friend.



I was recently on Model Mayhem and they had all these articles on which models one should follow on Instagram. Nothing says the writing is on the wall like watching the very type work you do

float to your competition. I don't see a part of Instagram saying what to do whilst on Model Mayhem. Coincidence? I think not.



In the past, many have tried to come up with lookalike model boards and failed. This wasn't because of website function, they failed because of who was on the boards. If you enter a new model board and there is no one on there from your home town, then it's going to fail. Here is where Instagram wins. It has people from everywhere already! It has geolocation showing where they are from if they forget to annotate it. Instagram is also owned by Facebook so you can check out the validity of their background. Remember only that Myspace.com is still around, sort of. Times are changing.

There is an old saying, "Don't tell your enemy what they are doing wrong, they might fix it...". Well, Model-Mayhem is not my enemy and there is a side of me that hopes they look at some of their failings and join the current century. I say this because it's a great place to meet random people. It's a great place for the rich to mix with the poor. It's a great place for the educated to mix with the soon-to-be-educated and that cultural soup is a place worth fixing. Okay, that is all ... as you were. Nothing to see here.



*Aquiline Photography 2016 ~*