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Photographer MARTIEN MULDER
Ryan McGinley wears suit and shirt by Theory

men



10



WONDERFUL
YELLOW
MOUSTACHE
SUCKERS
CUT
GAME



RYAN MCGINLEY
**IS IT WEIRD THAT,
WHEN I THINK OF
RYAN MCGINLEY, I
THINK OF MARLÓN
BRANDO?**

Not in a ruggedly handsome way (McGinley is much more twink than bear), or in a fetish-for-underage-Pacific-island-girls kind of way either (although the photographer has shot lady parts, word on the street is that he doesn't get too close to them); rather, both men inherited talents – Brando's method acting vs McGinley's ability to photograph seemingly casual and unposed moments – that were recognised at an early age. And both men seemed uncomfortable with the subsequent attention.

McGinley recently told *The New York Times* that, when it came to nighttime schmoozing, "for me the reason to go out to a party was to photograph". At the Guggenheim Museum's Young Collectors Council Artist's Ball last December, at which McGinley was the guest of honour, the tables were turned: all cameras were aimed firmly on his handsome, smooth mug, arousing an occasional uncomfortable blush. "I'm just a photographer, not a movie star," he said in the same article. Well, he could've fooled us; the guy literally couldn't spit without hitting a doe-eyed, skinny-jeaned city kid idolising him or a McGinley-esque wannabe snapper with a hand-held camera in his face. By the looks of it, he didn't know half the well-wishers (his friends, who were elbowed out of McGinley's constantly crowded social orbit by overzealous "fans", verified this fact later).

But such has been McGinley's veneration since 2000, when, while still a student at what is now known as *Parsons The New School for Design* in New York, he put together his Streetcar Named Desire (hint for you non-fags: that's another Brando reference): a show called *The Kids Are Alright*, a documentary-style collection of photographs of his hedonistic and nude-friendly skater and graffiti friends. From that moment, which led to an infamous Whitney show (at which time he was only 24), group shows, exhibitions the world over, magazine commissions and ongoing personal work, his life has been – by his own admission – hectic. While many appreciate the soft-focus fantasy world he creates with his lenses, McGinley admits he wasn't exactly revelling in the idolisation (the sort of attention that drove Brando to swallow hard-boiled eggs by the handful and die wildly obese). "It's all rather overwhelming," he said at the Guggenheim fete. "I feel like it's my wedding night."

Ten people you should meet

Photographer MARTIEN MULDER
Text DEREK BLASBERG

WE'VE ALL STUMBLED UPON THE OBLIGATORY SENSATIONAL PORTRAIT OF TODAY'S NEW YORK ART SCENE: A BUNCH OF SCRUFFY-BUT-HOT RICH KIDS ENGAGED IN A CIRCLE JERK AT SOME GRUNGY LOWER EAST SIDE APARTMENT AND SPLOODGING ON OLD COPIES OF THE NEW YORK POST AND THEN SELLING THESE BABY JUICE-SOAKED FAG RAGS TO AN OVER-EAGER ART MARKET. (THIS IS, OF COURSE, THE SAME KIND OF CUT-AND-PASTE JOURNALISM WE SAW WITH THE SHARK-TANKING, ALE-SWILLING ENGLISH TWATS WHO DOMINATED ART NEWS IN YESTER-DECADE.) BUT WE HERE AT TEN TOWERS HAD A FEELING THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING MORE TO THE FOLKS MAKING ART IN MANHATTAN. (WE ALSO HOPED THEY WERE JERKING OFF ON OUR MAG, TOO.) AND WE WERE RIGHT. WHAT WE UNCOVERED WAS A GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN WORKING HARD AT THEIR CRAFTS. SO WHAT IF A FEW OF 'EM HAVE SUBSTANCE-ABUSE PROBLEMS?

