APPRECIATIVE THANKS TO DEAN WALLACE, PATT GATELEY, GENA MEROTH, AND STEVEN CARAS
The first memory I have is of my father, looking into a mirror with me on his shoulders. I was three years old. I still remember the strength of my father’s arms and the way we looked as I saw myself for the first time.

Many of our first memories are of the men in our lives...the fathers who raised us and the brothers who grew up with us. Later we will remember the lovers who held us, the men who kept us safe and those who obstructed or challenged us, the men who taught us, and the fathers of our children, the partners who grew with us to our life’s end.

This edition of this journal celebrates men of all ages and walks of life, in all their forms and glory.

Enjoy the male form. Remember...
THE DEAN’S FIRST IMAGE OF THE MALE FORM…

TWO OF THEM
MEN-AGE 5 MONTHS AND AGE 50
WHAT!
In the inaugural issue of this journal, we saluted the images for “the Female Form” and explored how the female form is depicted in art, photography, poetry and verse. This issue explores the many images for “the male form” and includes the photography of world-renowned photographer and dancer, Steven Caras. We are thrilled to have him as the Guest Editor for this issue of “the Male Form”.

EDITOR IN CHIEF: JANET LYNN ROSEMAN-HALSBAND
GUEST EDITOR: STEVEN CARAS
STEVEN CARAS IS A DANCER, PHOTOGRAPHER, KEYNOTE SPEAKER, PUBLISHED AUTHOR, AND THE SUBJECT OF AN EMMY AWARD-WINNING PUBLIC TELEVISION DOCUMENTARY ENTITLED STEVEN CARAS: SEE THEM DANCE. FOR FOURTEEN YEARS, HE PERFORMED WITH THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF ITS LEGENDARY FOUNDER, GEORGE BALANCHINE™. NOTING CARAS’ PASSION FOR PHOTOGRAPHY, BALANCHINE ENCOURAGED HIM TO TAKE THIS ADDED TALENT SERIOUSLY WHICH LED TO A SECOND CAREER FOR HIS YOUNG PROTÉGÉ.

TODAY, CARAS’ 40-YEAR BODY OF WORK IS ONE OF THE MOST VALUABLE AND HISTORICALLY SIGNIFICANT PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVES IN THE HISTORY OF DANCE, FEATURING MANY OF THE DANCE WORLD’S ICONIC ARTISTS AND INSTITUTIONS. HIS IMAGES CONTINUE TO APPEAR INTERNATIONALLY IN PROMINENT BOOKS, PUBLICATIONS, FILMS, EXHIBITIONS AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS. HE SPEAKS BOTH PERSONALLY AND HISTORICALLY ON DANCE IN AMERICA AND THE EXCEPTIONAL INDIVIDUALS WHO HAVE BROUGHT IT TO LIFE, WHILE ALSO COVERING IMPORTANT INTERRELATED YET OFTEN OVERLOOKED SUBJECTS, RANGING FROM THE EXTREME PHYSICAL AND EMOTIONAL CHALLENGES A DANCER ENDURES, TO BULLYING AND OVERALL DISCRIMINATION.
Through the Lens of Dancer/Photographer Steven Caras

- I’ve always been drawn to images that live – remain timeless – and I seek to realize the very same essence in my work. Exploring beyond physical form to discover the actual person is my ultimate objective. On those divinely aligned occasions when the shielded fully surrender, layers of defense diminish, revealing a trusting, triumphant human being – each exceptional and unique – enduring well-beyond the shutter’s fleeting second.

- In this issue of be Still, we address the male form. The photographs I’ve selected involve a varied sort of man, yet hopefully all displaying a sense of continuous momentum while sharing a commonality of innermost truth.

Steven Caras
MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV DANCING APOLLO*, PARIS, FRANCE, 1978

© STEVEN CARAS

* CHOREOGRAPHY DEPICTED IS COPYRIGHTED BY THE GEORGE BALANCHINE TRUST
MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV DANCING A CLOUD IN TROUSERS, WHITE OAK DANCE PROJECT, 1996
© STEVEN CARAS
LEROY ROBERTS, WEST PALM BEACH, 1995
© STEVEN CARAS
DONALD WILLIAMS, DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM, 1999
© STEVEN CARAS
CONNOR WALSH, HOUSTON BALLET, 2010
© STEVEN CARAS
DEAN ELAINE WALLACE,
PHOTOGRAPHER
ADVENTURES IN MONGOLIA
A MAN AND HIS EAGLE
EAGLE FESTIVAL-MONGOLIA
OUTER MONGOLIA 2
MONGOLIAN HUNTER
EAGLE HUNTER’S
SHAPELESS

The path you walked, longer than mine, a mystery to me, now ours entwined. A few years prior, anxieties did match, as my future ignited, yours dispatched. Selfless you gave, your last belonging, a gesture of faith, a soul evolving. Humbled I was, upon our meeting, many life perceptions, soon retreating. Your frailty, your pain, pathologies the same, a body in failure, but a spirit untamed. You were my patient, or so I was told, but with just a touch, my new life unfolds. This right of passage, a privilege to me, my silent mentor, has helped me to see. That life transcends, our physical address, we must expand, to become *shapeless.*
Christopher Larrimore, M. Sc. is a second year medical student at Nova Southeastern College of Osteopathic Medicine.

CHRISTOPHER LARRIMORE, AUTHOR
NEW ORLEANS
CHRISTOPHER LARRIMORE, PHOTOGRAPHER
JANIE PACKER
My work is mostly improvisational. When I step back and look at what I’ve made, it’s not until that moment that I know what the piece means. I am at a loss for words to express how I am impacted by each of my creations. Every individual will draw their own conclusions when they see my sculptures for the first time.
At 5 am the alarm clock rings
His eyes peel open, he can’t see a thing
And he doesn’t know what today will bring
But his sleep is broken
He gets to the hospital at half past five
A coffee to help him revive
Slowly he starts to come alive
When suddenly a scream is heard
A child is seen covered in red
The nurses rush him to a bed
His mother stares with no words said
For her heart is broken
The doctor races to the scene
His composure calm and his senses keen
Another patient to be seen
And it’s not even 6 am
The doctor works, the boy turns blue
His hands so steady, his methods true
But there’s nothing left that he can do
And the world seems broken
He finds the mother all alone
A sincere hug and a calming tone
She leaves the hospital on her own
But the warmth of the doctor is with her
He takes a deep breath, but no time to rest
The doctor knows that he did his best
And despite the tightness in his chest
He is unbroken.
Masood Mohammed is a second year medical student. He enjoys writing, listening to music and exploring coffee shops.
In August of 2004, I moved from my native Montreal to South Beach. I was fortunate to have had the opportunity to attend graduate school on scholarship anywhere within the State of Florida, but I had selected South Beach to be my home. I wanted to live as a dispassionate observer and study the “real” South Beach Diet. My struggle with my own weight runs as far back as my memory of childhood. I grew from an overweight child into an obese young man without a concept of self-worth; my only concept of worth was the worthlessness I’d felt about my size.

Before relocating, I’d begun a journey of weight loss that marked my transformation into a thin person whose only concept of worth was my size. I felt drawn to a place whose concept of worth was just as thin to understand just how heavy the subject of body weight and body image are to men’s health – my health.

Two decades ago “No pecs. No sex.” appeared on a billboard advertising David Barton’s gym in New York City, and on the walls of the Crunch gym on South Beach: “In Bod We Trust.” I have long held the assertion that advertising and marketing professionals sometimes best understand human psychology and how to motivate behavior.

As a society we have this phenomenal preoccupation with control which carries to our bodies. It was no mistake that products emerged in the 1970s and ‘80s toward the masculine ideal of having abs or “buns of steel.” Then companies like Proctor & Gamble, makers of Secret deodorant, had developed special “feminine” products to aid women in the pursuit of a “hard” body - strong enough for a man, made for a woman. We’re also told that you are what you eat, but when are you simply -who you are? It’s all so confusing!
Fashion is a major contributor to this internalization of body controls; a hard body is one that dictates power. Over the past decade, men’s body image concerns have gained the attention of many researchers in the field of psychology. Research shows that men on college campuses are reporting greater levels of body dissatisfaction. Fitness magazines cunningly sandwich content between advertisements for male enhancement products and sexual innuendo; it is not hard to read between the lines. The problem with so much of this research is that in practice, men are not usually inclined to seek treatment for these concerns - going to the gym is the treatment of choice.

It is often suggested that the goal of advertising is to create a sense of deficiency within its audience, resulting in efforts and acquisitions aimed at fulfillment. Shame, guilt and fear are all emotions that are used to elicit a response in much of mainstream advertising. The Dove Campaign for Real Beauty launched in 2004, by Unilever, targeted only women in an attempt to embrace the natural physical variation embodied by all women and inspire them to have the confidence to be comfortable with themselves. The campaign generated the least amount of revenue for Unilever than any other campaign before it; if you make people feel good, they don’t need to buy something to feel better.
Feminist theorists have long supported the concept that traditionally male-driven industries including media, advertising, cosmetics, etc. have conspired to promote widespread dissatisfaction of women's bodies. It is common and expected that women be unhappy with their bodies; this feeling has been termed "normative discontent". The concept of normative discontent has been referenced a great deal within women, however, the extent to which body dissatisfaction and its correlates of body image concerns and eating disorders among men is quite similar. As is the case for women, men's body dissatisfaction has been linked to health consequences including excessive exercise, eating pathology, steroid use, depression and low self-esteem. Some research suggests that men and women's body image concerns are more similar than one might believe.

As cultural tastes evolve, that which is normative – or normally occurring – falls less and less in favor as compared to what can be improved upon through products and procedures available in the marketplace. While body hair on men was once perceived as a sign of masculinity and virility, there has been a clear shift in the use of hairless, bare-chested men in advertising. A 2008 study found that on average men wanted to be thinner, more muscular, have a fuller head of hair and less hair on their bodies. It is not a small subset of narcissistic men who experience dissatisfaction, but rather a substantial proportion - over 50 percent. Additionally, these men who were dissatisfied by their weight, natural muscularity, height, and body hair also demonstrated lower overall self-esteem related to appearance.
The field of men’s health is exploring issues related to body weight, body image and self-concept but is slow to uncover these dynamics which are rapidly becoming critical in our society. Perhaps the transgender movement that is becoming a part of the mainstream is challenging more than policy and social acceptance. Gender roles are in the spotlight, as are our bodies. In 1972, Charles Aznavour wrote what would become one of his most famous songs – “What makes a man a man?” 44 years later, I present Laith De La Cruz, the 26-year old model featured in the next photograph.

I still live on South Beach, heavier in weight, but firmly grounded.
Laith De La Cruz, the 26-year old model featured in this photograph is transgender and was born a female.

“To me, masculinity is the ability to verbalize who you are, your feelings and your emotions, without the fear or the feeling of being bound to what society’s expectations are.”

-Laith De La Cruz

Elliot Montgomery Sklar, PHD, MS, is Assistant Director of Public Health Program at NSU-Com
MY FATHER’S HANDS
SIDNEY ROSEMAN AND DAUGHTER, JANET
My Rescue In A Dark World: A NARRATIVE

It is with Pride, Honor and Dignity that I salute you. You Gallant Man – Strong Man - Man of High Esteem. You seemed to have been placed strategically in my life at every turn – teaching, molding and preparing me for what was to be my assignment in this life. The roads were long and weary. There was danger on every side but I kept reaching for your guiding hand. You never let me fall; you constantly reached out for me – making sure that I kept my stance. It seems almost like Divine Intervention that you positioned me on the learning end. You seemed destined to tutor me – determined to teach me the ropes in a world where my own earthly father failed me. I was humbled to be your student. I know my earthly father is looking down from heaven with pride and admiration. I realized so many years later how much I missed his love, his teaching and his understanding to shape me into the woman I am today, however, you did it. I can never repay you; I can never thank you enough. Now I must take the baton and move forward blessing others in my wake – telling them that they can do it; they can stand strong against all odds - that the sky is the limit for there is beauty and grace because there is life and hope.
Barbara Gilbert is an activist, radio personality, mentor and volunteer. She is the author of the book; *Spiritual Journey of a Child*. 
ANN KAFKA, ARTIST
This drawing aims to portray one of the traditional male roles in our society: that of provider and protector. Though much has changed over the past few years regarding gender equality, many males feel societal or personal pressure to be equally, if not solely, responsible for the happiness and safety of their loved ones. Physicians, both male and female, serve this role on a much larger scale. We have the unique opportunity to educate a sometimes medically naïve patient population. We also have to maintain a delicate balance between providing all of the relevant information and trying not to cause fear or bewilderment. We have the duty to protect our patients from harm, in whatever form it may come.

ANNA KAFKA, IS A FOURTH YEAR MEDICAL STUDENT AND ASPIRING NEUROLOGIST.
In this painting, you find bright and vibrant colors, but the within the tails of the feathers you see the "eyes" of the peacock feather. In Greek mythology Argus, the giant with one hundred eyes was described as all-seeing and his eyes were placed into the peacock’s feathers, considered her sacred companion by Hera, the wife of Zeus for his service to her. This image is a statement on how the male form is one that naturally seeks to express colors and emotions, but gets interrupted by watchful eyes. Men are constantly "watched" and pressured by society to remain stoic and hold in their feelings. From childhood, if a boy cries, he is told to "be a man" and stop, whereas their sisters are not conditioned to hide their feelings this way. This societal conditioning confines men and keeps them from fully expressing themselves.

The red at the bottom of the painting is symbolic of anger/violence that starts to pool up when emotions have to be bottled up. The red starts at the bottom and is starting to block off the colors of the peacock slowly. It looks as though this color could engulf the entire peacock if it pools up, however the separation of colors seem to be keeping it at bay. The gold line separating them symbolizes the balance between societal expectations, and the psychological response to them. As seen in the painting, the line is not straight- it is turbulent and swirls chaotically in the chest of the peacock.
Jeena Kar is a first-year medical student. She has a B.A. in Religion from the University of Florida and a certificate in Spirituality in Healthcare. She is currently pursuing a Masters degree in “Arts in Medicine” from the University of Florida. Her artwork is usually acrylic or mixed media and is inspired from her Indian heritage.
According to Vatche J. Melkonian:

“The “male form” classically elicits thoughts of certain characteristics, including strength, security, power, all of which lie deep within a hardened outer shell. But, on closer inspection there is something much more primal to the nature of a “man.” Man tends to fall short of their female counterparts when it comes to understanding and verbalizing their emotions. Thus, they are faced with strange tumultuous insecurities, fears, judgments, and expectations, with no way to express the struggles they may face within themselves. Man has many stories to tell, but lacks the language to speak. This poem is the closest I came to finding words for these primal emotions.”
Many moons have fallen
Beyond unreachable horizons
That I’ve last felt the earth fall so still,
Once again I find myself awoken
All my senses asphyxiated within
The familiarity of a nightmare,
They are here,
They have come back for me.
Shadows gather together
Between the cracks of the sunlight’s rays
Slithering past the ivy covered walls and boarded up window panes
That I was sure could hold back their approach this time,
Catapulted into the paralysis of sickening nostalgia,
An ignited arrow shot across the blackened sky,
My breath runs off before me,
And I am left reaching out
Desperately trying to grab hold
Before it escapes me for good,
But just as water finds ways to dance away from one’s grasp
The strength of my will drips beyond my fingertips
And falls victim to the hardened gravel
Whose thirst grows beneath my feet,
Like in a storm cloud’s final moments
The rainfall softens,
Leaving behind transient pools of fluid
Of whatever substance it was
That once powered the light behind my eyes.
Their presence grows stronger
Recharged
Replenished,
And from my ashes
He is reborn
Vatche J. Melkonian is a third year medical student and hopes to become a trauma surgeon. During his undergraduate studies he majored in vocal performance where he studies French and Italian arias and classical operas. He loves to write. He believes that “although it may seem that the arts of music and poetry are in stark contrast to the science of medicine, they are more alike than you may think.”
Bhavik Upadhyay is a second year medical student born and raised in India. Prior to starting osteopathic school, he worked as a physician assistant. He is passionate about international medicine and sees himself as a doctor without borders. He loves photography because it has helped him feel free from the pressure of everyday tasks and brings balance into his life.
Children with cancer often lose their hair during treatment. Anthony Dieguez, a second year medical student shows his support by shaving his head voluntarily, and inspiring friends and family to donate money to support childhood cancer research.
Anteneh Fisseha’s old car with more than 200,000 miles finally gave up. Here is a picture of him with his new and reliable ride to get him through medical school.
Vincent Alexander is a second year medical student and an anatomy fellow learning and teaching allied health care students.
Second year osteopathic medical student Hytham Rashid participating in a community health fair.
HEALING THE SOUL WITH YOGA

Second year osteopathic medical student, Gavin Yseth conducting a yoga session with fellow classmates.
Third-year osteopathic medical student and Guinness world record participant Ashwin Kalandurg demonstrating his handstand walking skills in the NSU GOT TALENT program.
Third year osteopathic medicine student Michael Stan participating in NSU Got Talent providing the vocals for the band, “The Heartbeats.”
Second year osteopathic medical student Michael Hellman playing his guitar for the band, “The Heartbeats” during NSU Got Talent.
Undergraduate student Ahjay Bhatia celebrates the festival of Holi along with members of the Indian Student Association.