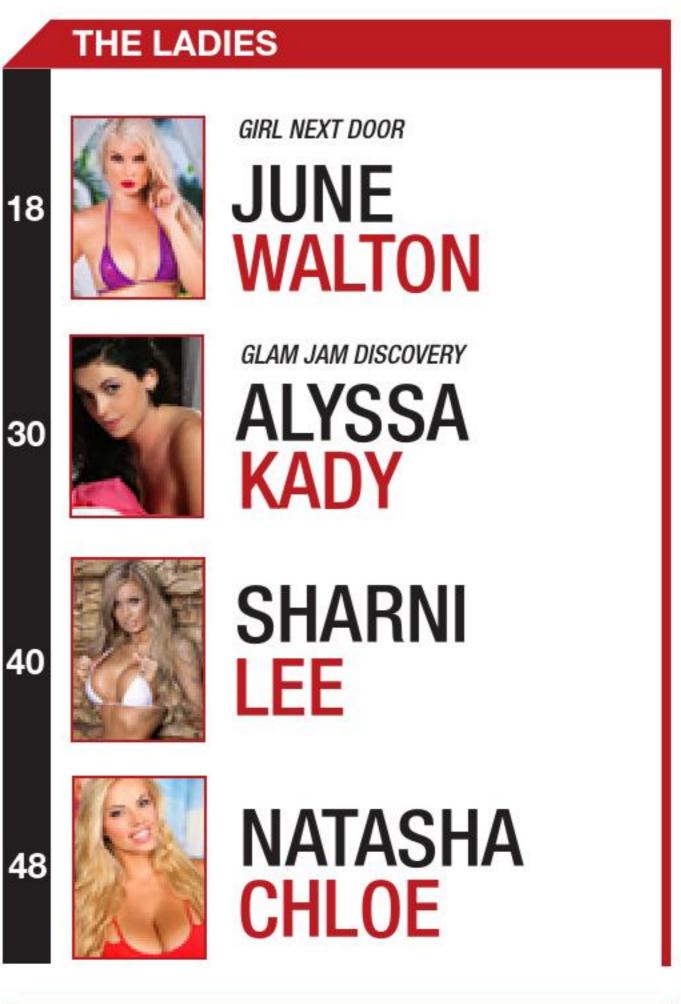


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A TRULY DEVOTED MILITARY WIFE!



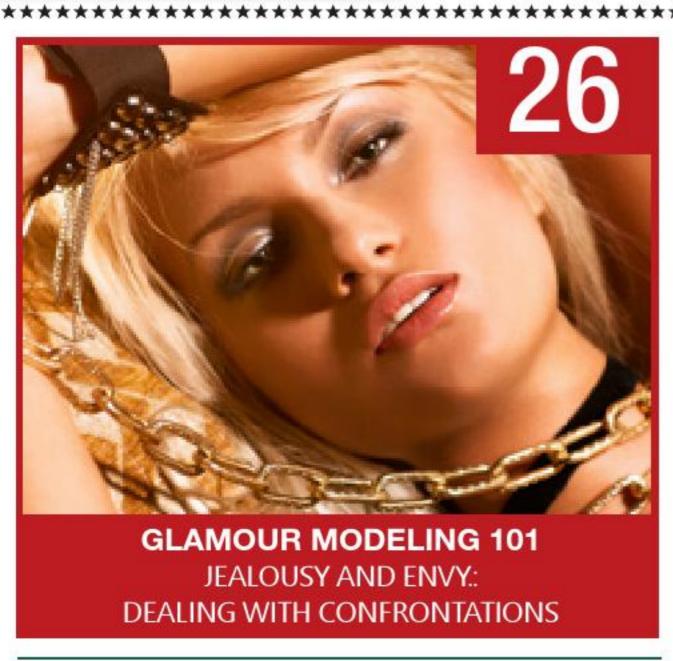


ON THE COVER

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EDITOR'S NOTE BY PETE VALENTING

Glam Jam is primarily a submission driven magazine to showcase the hottest new glamour photographers and models all over the world! This is your platform to finally get that valuable exposure to bring you to the next level in your craft, as a model or photographer! Get the visibility you deserve, politics-free and above all with the focus solely on beautiful women and great photography. The way it should always be!

A CELEBRATION OF BEAUTIFUL AND SEXY WOMEN AROUND THE WORLD!





*

When I was 7 years old, I was interviewed by the local tv news station at school one day. I was in second grade. I wore a deep purple dress with honeysuckle flowers scattered over the full skirt, and a white cowboy hat with feathers over the brim. It was early September in the Idaho desert and a gang of cowboys, Indians, and other Western folks gathered in the school field for a pep rally to promote the evening's regional rodeo.

The news segment showed video of the rally, followed by a handful of elementary students in brief interviews talking about their favorite part of the rodeo. One boy said the petting zoo, another said he liked the funny rodeo clowns. A girl in my sister's class talked about showing her lamb in the exhibition judging for 4H. At the end of the piece, the reporter asked my 7-year-old self, what's your favorite part of the rodeo?—and, with a straight face and matter-of-fact tone, I told her: "I think it would be the best to be a rodeo princess, because they get all of the attention." That type of response from that little a person might lend you to form a certain opinion about my personality in childhood and adolescence, but there is some irony to that assumption.

Many girls in their teens and twenties want to be in the spotlight; browse through your friends list on Facebook, and you'll find that your female pals of this age group are showing off and living the glamorous life in their profile picture—doing something fancy, wearing something cute, hair and makeup on 10. (Browse your male friends and you will see photos of their cars, of a band's cover art, of them doing something ridiculous or achieving something cool... quite a contrast). And don't discount the existence of the selfie: this attention-seeking movement is quite revealing of the young female persona, in particular.

In contrast, I had a modest upbringing. I lived in a small town, and I was never one of the cool kids or part of the popular crowd. I was very involved in school, taking zero hour classes before the first bell in the morning and coming home late after sports practice in the evenings. I was a Plain Jane, I never wore a stitch of makeup in high school or college except to school dances. I lived in a small world until I was 20 years old and decided to venture out on my own for the first time.

I loaded up my car and drove off to Seattle for the summer before my junior year of college. I went to my first party, my first bar, my first concert, had my first 9 to 5 job, my first apartment, and my first parking ticket. I fell in love with the Seattle, and







today it's still my home. I also fell in love with a boy, and after a quick few months of dating, all of these first-time experiences culminated with a grand finale of my first time saying "I do."

At the age of 21, I became an Army wife, and three weeks later, my husband was unexpectedly sent to Iraq to provide medical care to Iraqi prisoners. I didn't struggle with the separation, but it was more challengin g to deal with the uncertainty of his safety and of what might happen next. Communication was difficult since the phones and internet at the prison hardly ever worked; I would get an email from him once a week to let me know he was ok.

With my husband deployed, I continued with my school at Washington State University in a small college town miles and hours away from Seattle. One night, my phone started ringing at 3 a.m.; the Army's Department of Casualty called to inform me that my husband was on a medical evacuation flight to Washington, D.C. for emergency brain surgery. He had been complaining of headaches, and an MRI revealed a tumor the size of a lemon behind his right eye. I was asked to pack a bag and wait for a car that would take me to the nearest international airport for a red-eye flight across the country. What happened in the next few years was a lot for anybody to withstand.

Now, I am not the person who went to war for my country. I am not the person who underwent intense medical procedures and treatment. I am not the person who was unable to go to my job, I didn't have to relearn motor functions in physical therapy, I never struggled with fatigue or loss of memory or sensory functions. One of us did, but it wasn't me. I was the person who steered my life to fit around the shape of my partner's. I attended school when it was convenient for his schedule. I left college in the middle of the night to be by his side. I worked a part time job until noon each day so I could be at home to help my spouse. I cared for him through two brain surgeries, rehabilitation, sickness, health, anger, frustration, dementia, paranoia. People don't understand how fragile the brain is—the smallest touch can stimulate a thought or sensation in the body. The surgeries that my husband underwent resulted in a complete change of his personality and behaviors.

I am not here to say that I am a victim, in any way. I don't have complaints about the sacrifices I made, and I think that 99% of people would have done the same—I loved that person, and in that situation, it's just what you do. You try your best to do what you can.





I am here to tell you that I made it through something tough, really tough. Most 20-something girls are finding their careers, bonding with their female friends, having spontaneous sex with the hottest men they can find, and partying on the weekends. Most newlyweds are having adventures and exploring the world together, looking through honeymoon photos and discussing the possibility of children. Instead, we went to chemo together, I helped my 25-year-old husband get through a daily walk around the block, and I cleaned up a lot of vomit. We had difficult path and endured a relationship that became unhealthy very quickly, for reasons that were beyond anyone's control.

At the end, I had nothing. I didn't have a home, I was alone, I didn't have friends, since we'd moved back and forth between Seattle and D.C. I left that part of my life behind with my car and my clothes as the only things to show for it. I was without the person I married. I lost years of my life. That was the end, and it was not very glamorous, not at all.

I never thought about modeling for one second until I was 26 years old. As an adult, I have never craved all the attention that I talked about on the news, and in fact, I am a very private person. Very few people know about the story of my marriage, even, until now. But as odd as it may sound, modeling has helped me through two tough times of my life, and one of them was at the end of the chapter I just told.

At the lowest point, I knew I had to make some major changes just to catch up to where I wanted to be in my life. Modeling helped me to train myself to be disciplined in the gym, and in turn, disciplined with my diet. I was able to translate a healthy lifestyle into an organized lifestyle, and soon I found extra time on my hands. I wanted to do more with my life, to take advantage of opportunities around me, and I finally was able to return to school to finish my degree. I'm proud to say that I did this for myself and by myself, and it was not always easy. I am currently in the process of making a career transition that I've planned for the past five years, I have found an amazing man who gives me so much happiness, and I have conquered the four major goals that I set out to achieve in the modeling industry. The last item on that list can be found on the cover of this very magazine. And so, it looks as if I found that rodeo princess moment after all.

Anything is possible, my friends.

Love Kriss_{noxo}









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EDITION IN THE WORLD!



she great the next of the contact of

JUNE MALTON

PHOTOGRAPHY: JOE DAMASO













STATISTICS

AGE: 20

HOMETOWN: Eindhoven (NETHERLANDS)

HEIGHT: 5'11"
WEIGHT: 135 lbs
MEASUREMENTS: 38-27-39
OCCUPATION: Model





ADELLI G BY HEATHER SHANHOLTZ

JEALOUSY AND ENVY. DEALING WITH CONFRONTATIONS

The number one thing to deal with confrontations is to just ignore it. No matter what the situation may be. As a model I deal with this all the time. From other models, photographers, friends, relationships you name it. As a successful model, I work my ass off. I'm reliable, punctual, and I get most of my work on my own. I'm a hard worker and my philosophy is success doesn't come to you, go to it. If another model is being catty just still be cool with her and move on.

Remember what happened and just be above it. For example, one of my "friends" went behind my back and started dating my ex. She even had the audacity to ask me if it was okay during a photo shoot and that is how she confronted me with the situation. I am very professional when it comes to my job and I had to pose with her for a whole shoot. I said it was cool because I had no other choice at that point. Long story short I nailed that shoot and I was professional for my work but it was hard for me. I would never even date one of my acquaintances exes. I feel it's just wrong and you should never hook up with someone that is in your same industries ex. I've made my mistakes with this at the same time though. I'm very rebellious. I have confronted this girl in ways that were not appropriate.

I will admit to anything I've done wrong. I waited weeks and saw her with posts with my ex and I admit I flipped out and called them both out online on all my social media. I'm not a negative person and I was wrong to do that. I should have just ignored the confrontation all together but when feelings are involved no matter the situation, sometimes you can act out of control. My best advice is to just deal with ignoring that person, move on and realize you are better than them. Work your ass off, network and don't let anyone get in your way.

If you are working hard in this type of industry you will learn who is there for you and who your true friends in this type of business actually are. Most of my friends that are the closest to me aren't even in this industry. I do have a few and they know who they are =). Some of the people closest to me though are people I've been friends with for a long time. I've been through thick and thin with these friends and they have watched me grow and are always by my side.

The ones that care are there for you no matter the situation. Someone will always be jealous of you and your lifestyle and talk crap about you and go behind your back and do things that you would never be a part of. Anyone that does this is exactly that. Jealous. To deal with jealousy is hard because if they are so jealous and envy you then most likely they will go behind your back. To put me on the spot with an article like this in my own situation I feel that I get judged a lot. I feel that sometimes models do get jealous and envy what I have in life. I'm so friendly though all I do is keep living my dream. I work hard and I play hard.

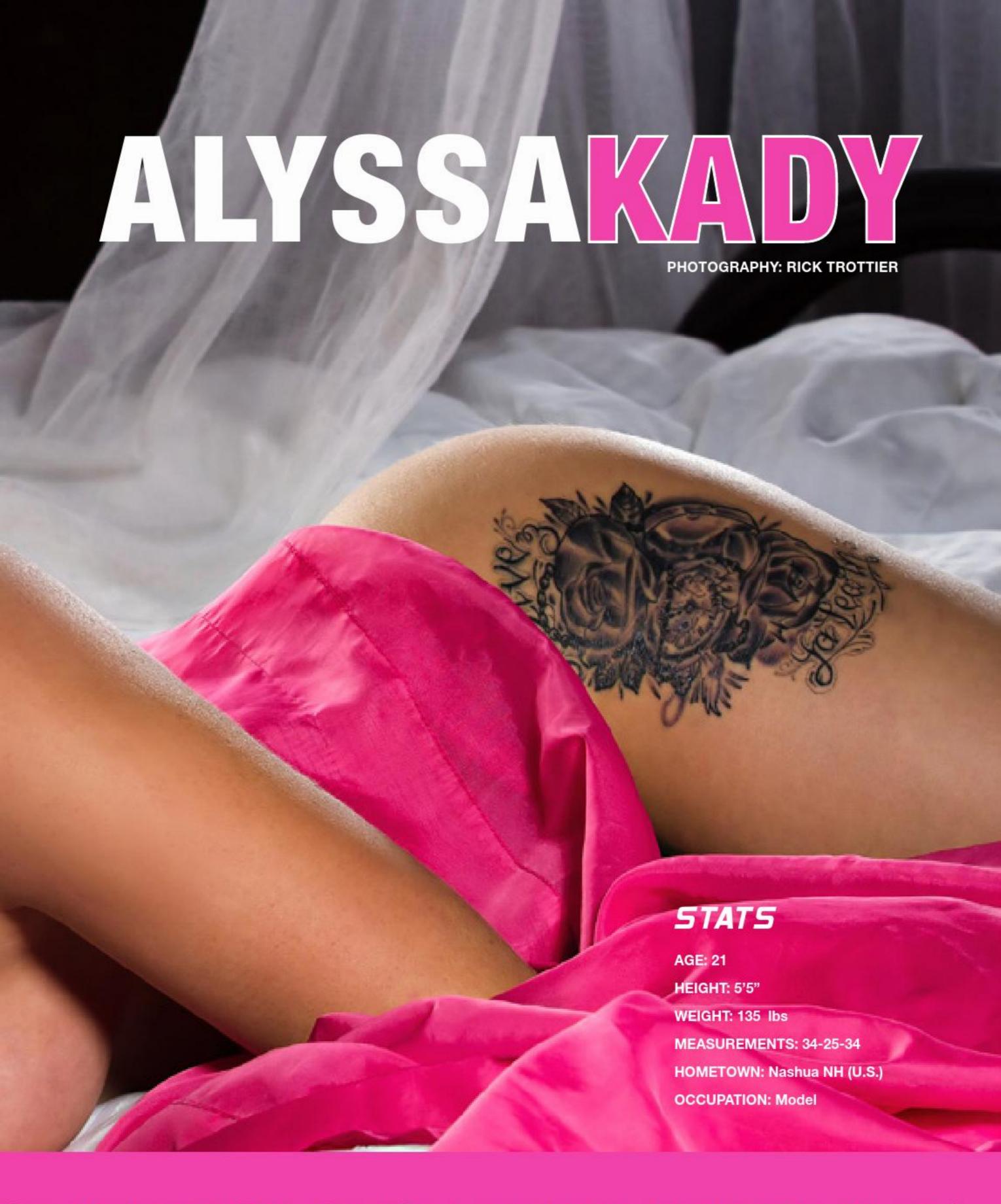
Any one that wants to come with me is invited. I don't judge any one on looks, money or anything at all. I judge people only on a strong connection and it's solely based on that. In life you could always lose your money. I've seen it happen. Also, in life you will always lose your looks eventually. Connection is key. All in all confrontation is not fun at all and it's a negative thing so if you just ignore and avoid confrontation you will be money in the bank. In more ways than one: Go after your goals and the ones that aren't there for you were never meant to be.







{ SOMETIMES YOU MEET A MODEL THAT



SIMPLY BLOWS YOU AWAY WITH TALENT }

BEING DISCOVERED

My first step into the modeling industry drove me into the fitness aspect of it I wanted to become a fitness model. Fitness is one of my main passions; it's what gets me out of my bad moods sometimes during the week. The "fit" body to me is rewarding and once I saw the results of my clean eating I didn't want to stop. What I learned from my early modeling experience is I realized that I am not only good at fitness modeling and posing, I am also great at implied/artistic/glamor nude modeling as well. That is what got me excited to even further my modeling career. With my implied/artistic/glamor nudes, I hope other magazines will fall in love with my work and want it in their magazines and on covers.

HOW DID YOU GET INVOLVED WITH GLAMOUR MODELING?

My friends started doing some modeling so I gave it a shot! I ended up falling in love with it.

WHO INSPIRED YOU IN BECOMING A GLAMOUR MODEL?

Model, Kaity Pearson was my inspiration. Her super sexy take on glamor inspired me to do full implieds and glamor/art nudes. Now I shoot primarily that content all the time.

HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO MAINTAIN SUCH AN INCREDIBLY SEXY BODY?

I live by a clean diet and love working out. My lifestyle supports a strong physique.

WHAT PART OF THAT SEXY BODY ARE YOU THE MOST PROUD OF?

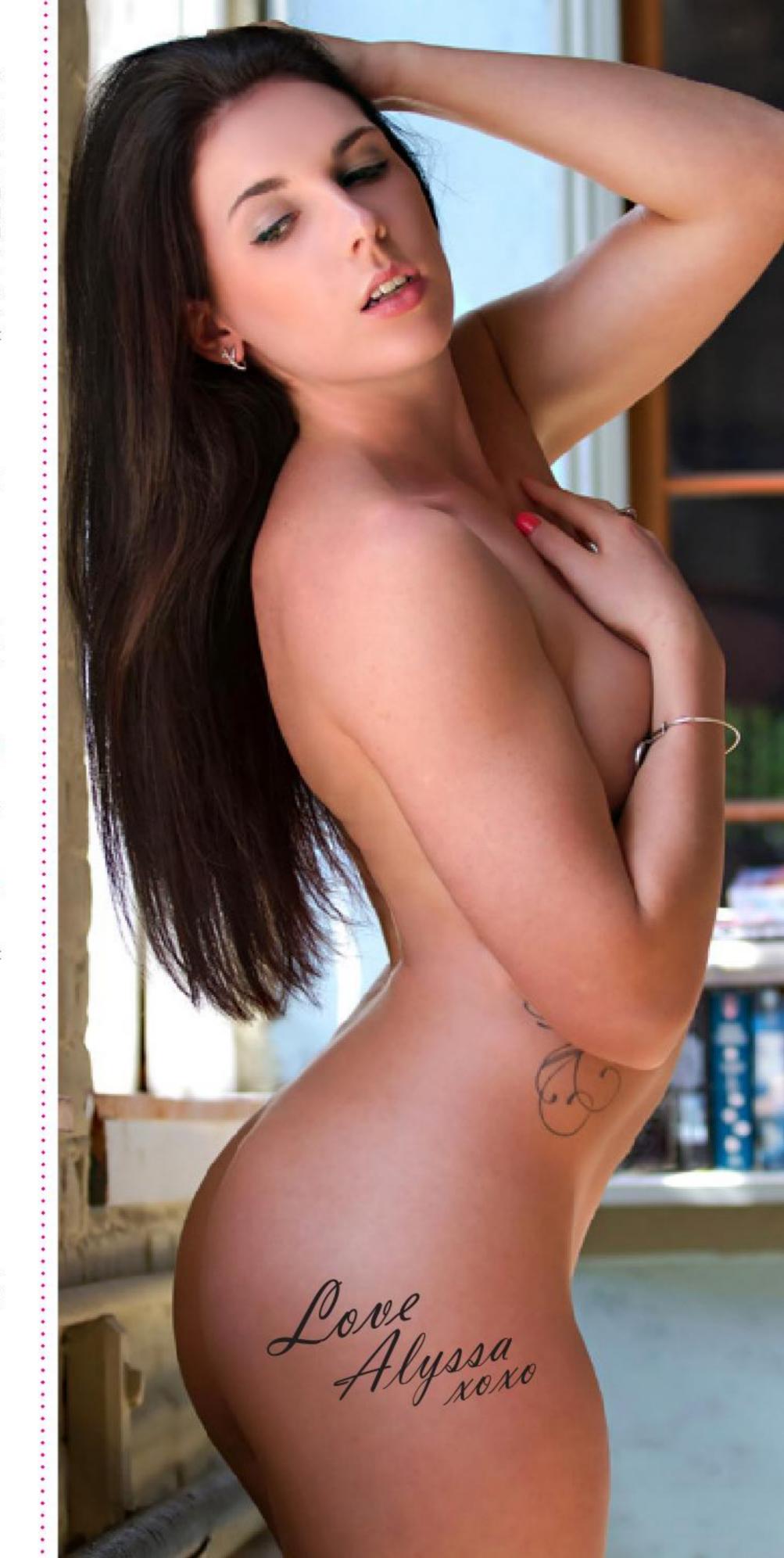
My legs are what I am most proud of, but I think it is my bum that gets the most attention.

TELL US ONE UNUSUAL OR UNIQUE THING ABOUT YOURSELF THAT OTHERS MAY NOT KNOW.

I'm a military wife.

WHAT OTHER ACHIEVEMENTS AND GOALS ARE YOU SEEKING IN THE GLAMOUR INDUSTRY?

I would like to be featured in more magazines, be on the cover of a few well-known magazines and work with some other well-known photographers.



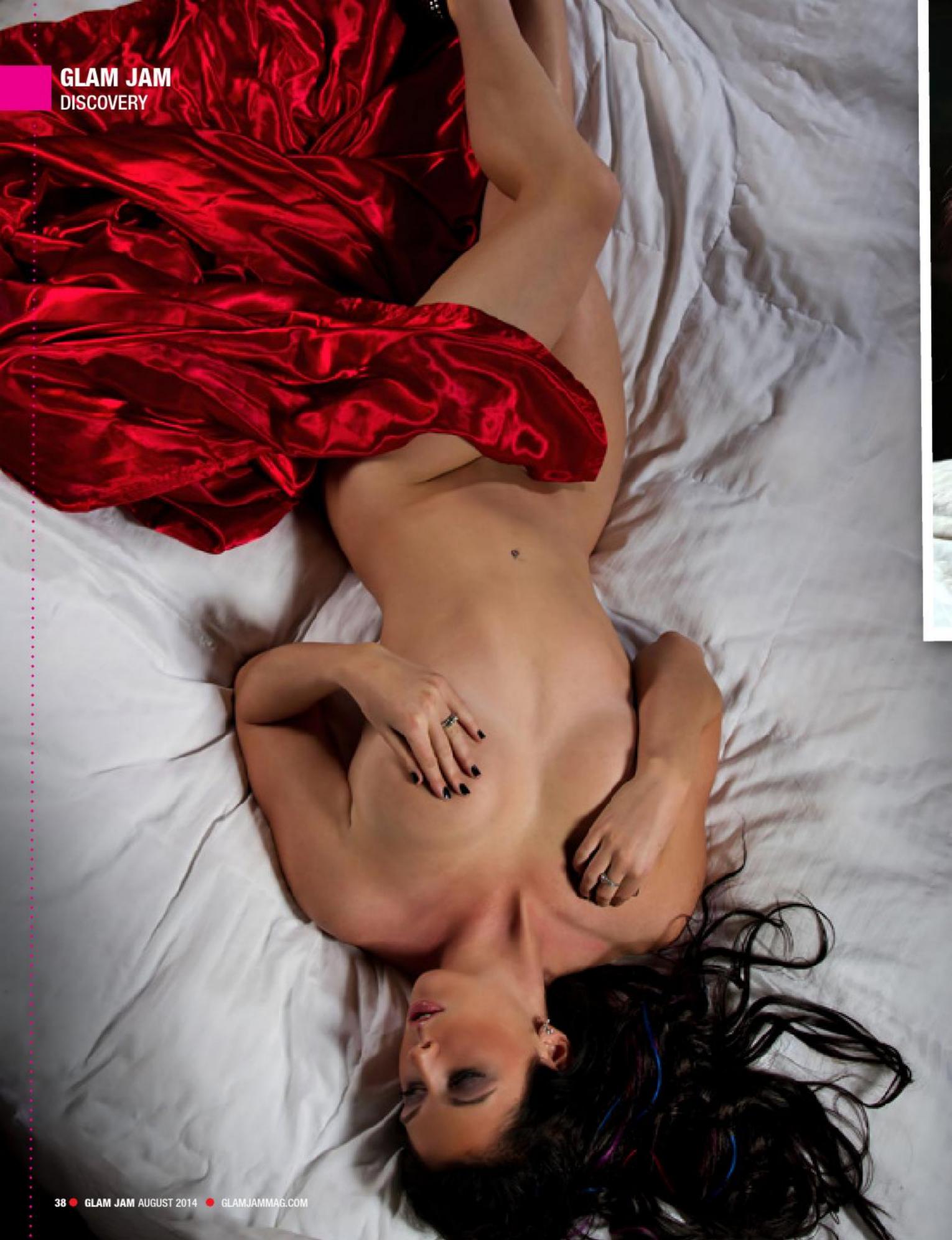
































NATASHA

PHOTOGRAPHY: MIKE ANTHONY MOFFA

LOCATION: VANITYORLANDO.COM & VYCELOUNGE,COM

MAKEUP & HAIR: WHITNEY COSTNER LINGERIE: G-WORLD INTIMATES

STATS

AGE: 23

HEIGHT: 5'7"

WEIGHT: 120 lbs

MEASUREMENTS: 34DD-26-33 HOMETOWN: Orlando, FL (U.S.)

OCCUPATION: Model















