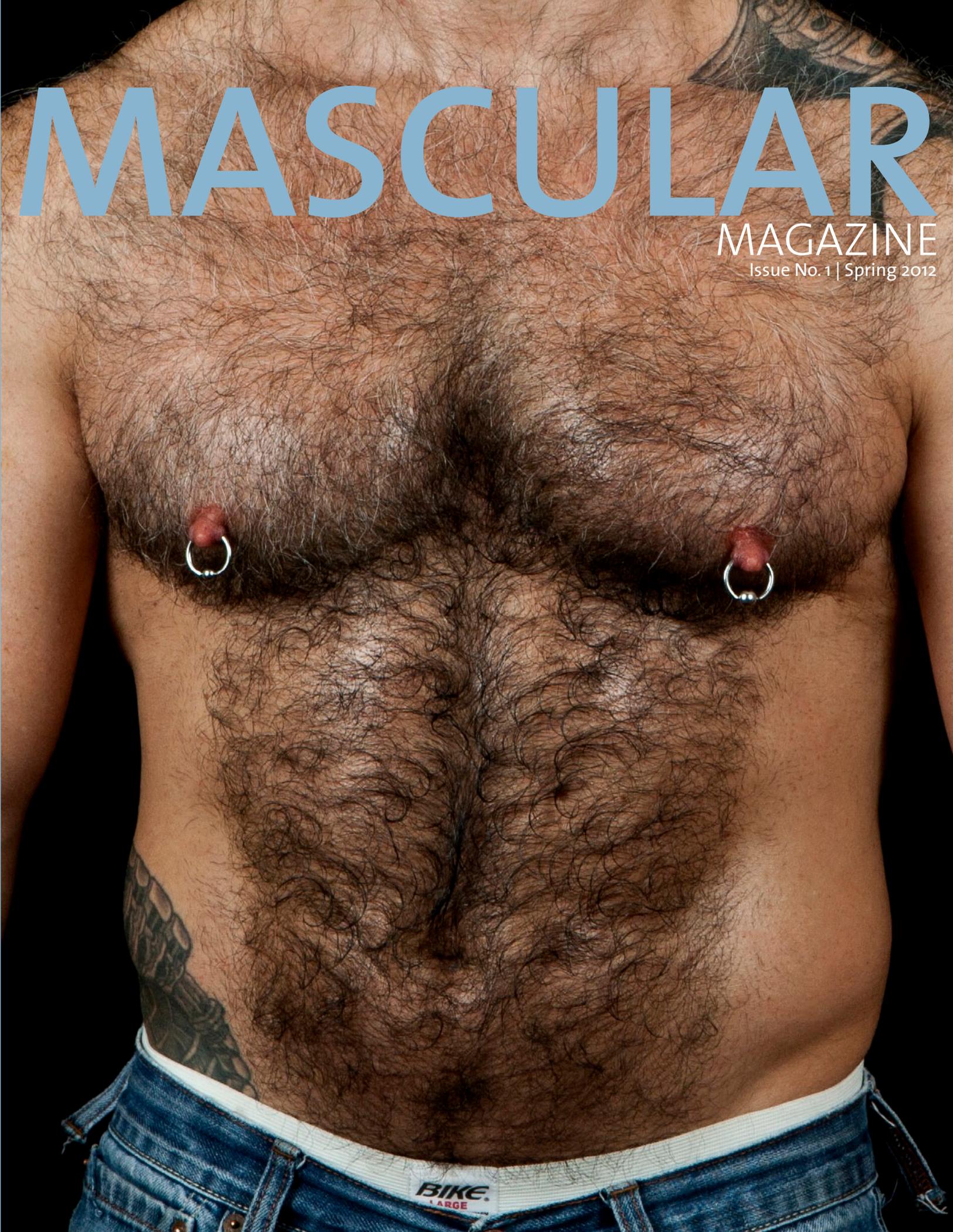


MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 1 | Spring 2012



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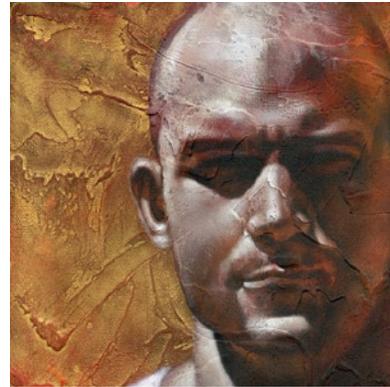
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Our second issue is already in the works...



MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

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CELEBRATING MASCULINE ART AND THE MEN WHO CREATE IT



Welcome to Masculine Magazine

In the spring of 2012, a group of like-minded gay men came together to create a new publication that draws from the creative talents of some unique individuals. The contributors and creators of Masculine Magazine come from all walks of life, work in fields that range from banking to medicine and teaching to aerobics, but they all share an interest in self expression through art.

These men have built their lives along lines and rules they have defined for themselves. To the man, they have gone off-piste and forged relationships, careers and life goals according to their own scripts. For many there were no road maps, no role models, simply the need to find one's own path and the courage to build it when there wasn't one. The other thing that this group of men shares is an interest and participation in the arts. They have used the arts as a medium to view, evaluate and comment on the lives they lead. Through their writing, photography or vocation, they express a range of concepts and issues that have meaning for them.

Masculine Magazine is a quarterly publication that seeks to entertain, challenge and discuss themes that have meaning in the lives of people who have chosen to experience life on their own terms. Each edition will bring together work from artists around the world and in doing so, expose to view a fascinating array of perspectives.

Our first edition comes at a time of great change and turmoil in the world. We are on the threshold of a new political paradigm in the western democracies, all of which continue to labor under difficult economic conditions. Progressive views on freedom and equality have taken some concrete steps forward, particularly with US President Obama's announcement

of support for same sex marriage. But other elements in our societies are growing in strength as well with an increasingly reactionary and intolerant voice. Amazing medical discoveries are being announced regularly, at a time when we are having to come to terms with the fact that we may not be able to afford them. China and India are in the ascent but it looks like they may not have learned many of the lessons of past centuries and exploiting the many for the few may still play a part in their rise to power. And Donna Summer died.

With this backdrop, what are the issues and themes that interest us? What is resonating with gay men and gay artists today? How has our aesthetic changed? As it turns out, the artists chose to contribute a broad range of works that investigate themes around death and decay, relationships and the environment, be it natural or man made.

In this, our launch issue, we have a lot to share. David Goldenberg reminds us to take pleasure in simple everyday activities. In his shower series, we enjoy a voyeuristic moment as we observe the intimacy of quiet sensuality of a man under a shower head. You can sense the cleansing nature of his pleasure. David's cool tones avoid the clichés of a steamy hot man and let us appreciate the textures of water on skin.

Roger Thomas shares his screenplay "Refraction" in which a young man comes to terms with his sense of identity and longing for comforting love when his ageing father comes to stay – the conclusion will run in our Summer edition. Reading the script is an engaging alternative to a short story and Roger does an excellent job conveying a mood for the piece.

In “You, Me and He”, John Fry brings us into his three-way partnership. John’s thought provoking series of photos shows us a warmth and playful sexiness that runs as a thread binding these three handsome men.

David Tejada is an affable and easygoing man with a charming smile and a keen sense of self-exploration. A bisexual father living with his family, he has recently come out and is using his photography to explore his newly embraced sexuality. He shoots all of his work with his iPhone and has produced an amazing range of beauty and form in his self-portraits. It’s as if he was documenting his sexuality through images of his body – creating a Body of Evidence.

Architect David Weston-Thomas is getting married in September and he’s doing it in London’s St. Pancras Station. It’s his favourite building by his favourite architect – it’s also the jumping off point for his Gallic love affair. David explains the rest.

Moving from the intimate surroundings of his shower, David Goldenberg takes us to a ruin and cruising ground on Pembroke Beach in Malta. What was once meant to be a luxury seaside resort has been left to fall to ruin. The graffiti covered falling walls and rebar bake in the sun while non-paying guests use the rooms and enjoy the views - and themselves. In David’s series of photos, you can almost picture the resort as it was meant to have been, hear the splash in the pool, feel the heat on the pavement. The figures, often anonymous, suggest that this place exists somewhere between life and death.

Artist and designer tdcollins shares his Untitled Project with us. His beautiful portraits come alive not only by virtue of his talent and vision, but through his alternative approach to the medium.

The dunes behind Pampelonne Plage near St. Tropez are part nature reserve and part adult playground. In Pampelonne Revisited, Vincent Keith’s photos look at the imprint that seasons of random sex have left on the landscape. There’s a melancholy emptiness in these spaces, as if they need the men to be complete.

Vincent submitted three other photo sets. In his visual essay on decay and beauty, he makes us question our aesthetic sense of beauty by presenting a twisted and decaying bouquet that still maintains a sense of composition, elegant form, and rich colour even though the elements are dead. In Dani & Kevin, Vincent looks at intimacy, passion and masculine beauty. His two models give us an interesting perspective on gay iconography and contemporary aesthetics. These men would have been considered extreme and intimidating not so long ago, but here, their intimacy transcends.

Sprechhund, our inhouse Music Editor reviews three recently released albums from Paul Buchanan, the Scissor Sisters and Sigur Rós. Sprechhund works in the industry and brings to bear his considerable experience in contemporary music.

In the Minotaur Takes a Holiday, Vincent asks us to consider what we might do if we could escape into another existence, a different place or time where all that we are can be forgotten and we can play. He wonders whether or not we can really escape our identities, and how much do we first have to reveal to do so.

Grundvold shares his hauntingly beautiful self-portraits set in the stunning Norwegian forests. He explains that the natural surroundings inspire him, but he doesn’t give away much more than that. He wants you to take away your own message from his photos. In accordance with his wishes, we will leave it for you to observe and discover.

Chris Lopez loves challenging himself with different mediums in depicting his beautiful male nudes. Equally at home with a camera as with a piece of charcoal or his acrylics, Lopez’s sensual portraits of men are nothing short of beautiful.

So, there’s a great deal to see, experience and think about in our first issue. We hope that this magazine will help create a community of interested and interesting men and provide a platform from which we can share our experiences, ideas and our art. To that end, we are also launching www.MasculineMagazine.com. On the website you will find information on upcoming issues, links to the various contributors and their works, and much more. Participation is actively encouraged, so we look forward to hearing from you either through the website, our Facebook page or directly.

Sincerely,

Vincent Keith
Editor-in-Chief

CONTRIBUTORS



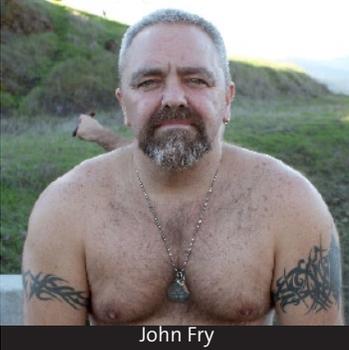
David Goldenberg



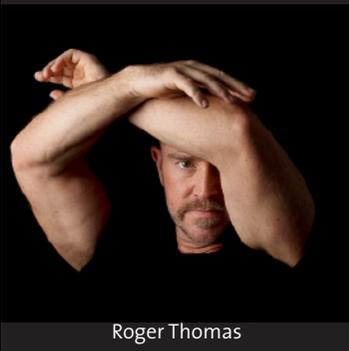
David Tejada



David Weston-Thomas



John Fry



Roger Thomas

David Goldenberg I was born in a beach town near Tel Aviv, Israel. I spent most of my childhood and my teens on the beach, gazing at the beautiful sunsets, causing trouble and trying hard to make my parents very uncomfortable. I was not your usual boy, I was on a never ending quest to change the world wherever I could and if not that at least to shake some of its pillars. After mandatory army service and some damaging war experiences, I spent my early 20's experimenting in doing all the wrong things and loving most of it. The best part of my late 30's and early 40's I spent in North America gazing at beautiful sunsets and being gorgeous, first in Florida and later in beautiful Vancouver. I moved to London, immersed myself in teaching, working, photography and experimenting in whatever came my way. For the last four years I have been living with my beautiful partner and my greatest inspiration, Louis, in north London, together with our chocolate Labrador, Brusky. I am now a bit older and have calmed down but have never lost my quest to change the world and make people feel uncomfortable, and yes, I'm loving every minute of it.

David Tejada G was born in Bogotá, Colombia. His family moved to the coffee plantations of Colombia where he spent his youth. After finishing his studies he moved back to Bogotá to begin his career as a publicist. He has worked in television, advertising agencies as well as the for the Colombian government in their communications directorate. David has specialized in social content campaigns and one of his strengths is the design of corporate images. 44 years old, he still continues pursuing his career as a publicist and photography has become one of his favorite pastimes. Addicted to the gym, drawing and family life, he considers himself open-minded, likes fish, the rumba, nightlife, travel, film and loves television.

Architect **David Weston-Thomas** was born in 1967 and lives in central London with his partner and their two cats. He studied architecture at Cambridge and at Harvard. David works at Alan Higgs Architects in London and takes private commissions. He's an avid Arsenal football fan and loves hitting the open roads of Europe on his Motto Guzzi.

John Fry - Having never picked up a camera before January of 2007, a crush on a beautiful man in Massachusetts (now one of my husbands), prompted me to give it a try. He taught me all that know. I was drawn to a type of artwork called macro-photography, particularly work involving the true beauty of nature. Beyond what the eye sees, closer, more in depth. This type of artwork continues to bring me great joy. My erotic work is concentrated more on my family as they are always willing models and don't mind my poking and prodding to get the right pose. My hope is that my photography brings as much joy to you as it does to me.

Roger Thomas - After a brief year in Lee Strasburg School of Method Acting, I realised my talents lay behind the camera and began to hone the techniques of TV, theatre and film script writing. More years ago than I care to remember I won The Times/Time Out Magazine 'New Script Writer of the Year' for my short film 'ANGELS AT MY BEDSIDE' about two angels supervising the last minutes of a dying woman, trying to figure out if she'd go to Heaven or Hell. I then wrote 'FLY FISHING' a comedy feature film about a male escort who, having given up the 'job' and falling in love with a primary school teacher, has to think on his feet when he discovers his new lover's mother was one of his clients. Several years in the wilderness followed with none of my work finding a production company willing to put money where its cameras were until I won another 'competition' to create a film script for the St. Martin's final year drama students. 'LIFT' told the story of six people participating in 'group therapy' finding themselves stuck in a lift which falls several floors once they get inside it - their predicament proves more productive than the last several weeks of therapy once they know their lives are hanging in the balance. Since then I've had a couple of short films produced and my 12 episode 'mini soap' "PERSONA" was filmed last week ready for viewing in July which is exciting. I am currently waiting for three more feature films to be considered for production 'REFRACTED', 'YOUNGER THAN MADONNA' and 'DRAG VIGILANTE'. I'm still doing the odd 'go-go dancing' gig and recently read the news for 'PINKSIXTYNEWS' which I hope to continue doing in my spare time.

CONTRIBUTORS

Alphadesigner - My name is Yanko Tsvetkov and I'm a freelance graphic designer and a visual artist. I am known as alphadesigner, a pseudonym that usually makes people think what I do is really important. That's why I chose it. As an artist, I am limited only by the span of my imagination and the level of my mastery. I'm not politically correct. Art is an expression of feelings and spirit, not a moral quest for dignity, purification or salvation. If you seek the latter, go to a priest or simply continue reading. I was born in a small town in communist Bulgaria. I had a great childhood with plenty of fresh air and a lot of sun. During my teenage years I studied in a German school, followed by a year and a half service in the Bulgarian Navy. I went to university at the beginning of the century to study movie directing and later graduated as a director of photography. In the meantime I became a web and graphic designer and gradually added illustration to the whole mess.

Grundvold - Danish photographer born in 1989, lives in Norway.

Chris Lopez - Born in Barcelona, Spain in 1966 my interest in art stems from early in my childhood when I used the white walls of my parent's house as a big canvas giving me the opportunity to personalize them. Noticing an interest in the arts and weary of seeing me drawing everywhere, my parents decided to send me to children's art school at age 8. After graduating from high school I continued my studies of the beaux arts at Pau Gargallo University in Barcelona for 9 years where I was awarded two BA degrees in graphic design and in artistic illustration and painting. At the same time I studied Photography and Set Design for television and stage, dedicating the time between painting and graphic design. Subsequently I had my first exhibitions at several galleries in Barcelona. During the 1992 Olympic Games I participated in the preparation of graphic designs for the Olympic Ceremonies.

tdcollins - I was born in 1965 and raised in Hermosa Beach, California. A typical beach kid that did typical beach kid stuff, like saying, "dude" and "squirrely" every chance I could. I surfed and skateboarded and had the required long hair. When I wasn't surfing or skateboarding I was drawing and doodling on anything and everything. I didn't accomplish much through high school but thought at least I would win best artist by my senior year. But that distinction went to the popular girl. I went on to an art college but dropped out before the first year ended. Oddly, I've been employed as an artist/designer for over 25 years and not once did anyone ever ask to see my college degree. I never once regretted dropping out of college. Today, I am a Senior Web Designer and Developer for a major company in Burlington, Vermont where I live with my partner. I've had the honor of winning 3 Cleo's and a few other design awards. Now, I paint and draw mostly for the enjoyment of it.



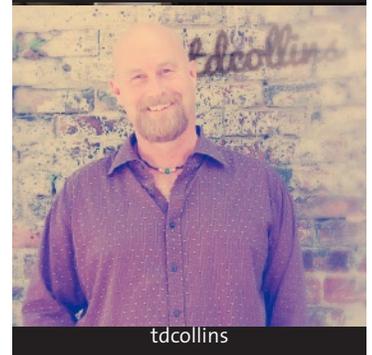
Alphadesigner



Grundvold



Chris Lopez



tdcollins



DANI & KEVIN: A PORTRAIT OF INTIMACY

Vincent Keith

These images come from a shoot I did with my friend Kevin and his boyfriend Dani. Kevin had modeled for me on a number of occasions and suggested a duo shot with Dani when he next came to London. From the start, the intimacy and sensuality between the two men was electric. Dani and I had never met, so it took a bit of time for him to relax and get into the mood. To begin with, he wasn't all that comfortable being exposed, and I wondered whether that was his Spanish reserve or if it exposed a complex self-image and identity. Considering his many and beautiful body modifications and tattoos, I half expected him to be an extrovert. But he was mild mannered and gentle. His warm smile and bright eyes showed how happy he was to be in Kevin's arms. I knew Kevin quite well, having shot him on a few occasions previously. A lovely man of Scottish descent, he's well composed, articulate and has a strong aesthetic sense. He's an architect. I set the studio up in Kevin's living room and we began the shoot. I selected these photos because I think they give a good sense of how they were able to loose themselves in each other. Their bodies intertwined and combined to create a single being - it was so natural.

DANI & KEVIN 1 | 2011

VINCENT KEITH

You can see more of Vincent's work at www.mascularstudio.com



DANI & KEVIN 2 | 2011
VINCENT KEITH



DANI & KEVIN 3 | 2011
VINCENT KEITH



DANI & KEVIN 4 | 2011
VINCENT KEITH



DANI & KEVIN 5 | 2011
VINCENT KEITH



DANI & KEVIN 6 | 2011
VINCENT KEITH



DANI & KEVIN 7 | 2011
VINCENT KEITH



DANI & KEVIN 8 | 2011
VINCENT KEITH

THE GHOSTS OF THE PEMBROKE RUINS

David Goldenberg

On a recent trip to Malta I found myself exploring the ruins of a failed resort project on Pembroke beach. It was easy to see why a developer would choose the location to build the resort, but why it failed was a mystery. The strong architectural lines stood out against the stark landscape and the sea. What would have been corridors and exterior walls were covered in years' worth of graffiti. The stories of hundreds of explorers were played out in the bright colours and wild designs. I was immediately drawn to photographing this spectacular place. Fortunately I had a good friend with me, and he agreed to participate in my project. I wanted to capture the eerie feeling of loss and forgotten moments in time. My imagination was filling in the missing people and the sounds of what could have been. Photographically it interested me to see what the surroundings with the inclusion of a human form. As it turned out, we weren't alone for long. Today the abandoned resort doubles as an active cruising ground, and as such we were surrounded by couples engaged in sex. Soon, we were getting more attention than we wanted, and so our photo shoot was cut short. I didn't get as many images as I would have liked, but the few I was happy with really did capture the feeling of the place.



THE GHOSTS OF THE PEMBROKE RUINS (1) | 2012
DAVID GOLDENBERG



THE GHOSTS OF THE PEMBROKE RUINS (2) | 2012
DAVID GOLDBERG



THE GHOSTS OF THE PEMBROKE RUINS (3) | 2012
DAVID GOLDBERG



THE GHOSTS OF THE PEMBROKE RUINS (4) | 2012
DAVID GOLDBERG



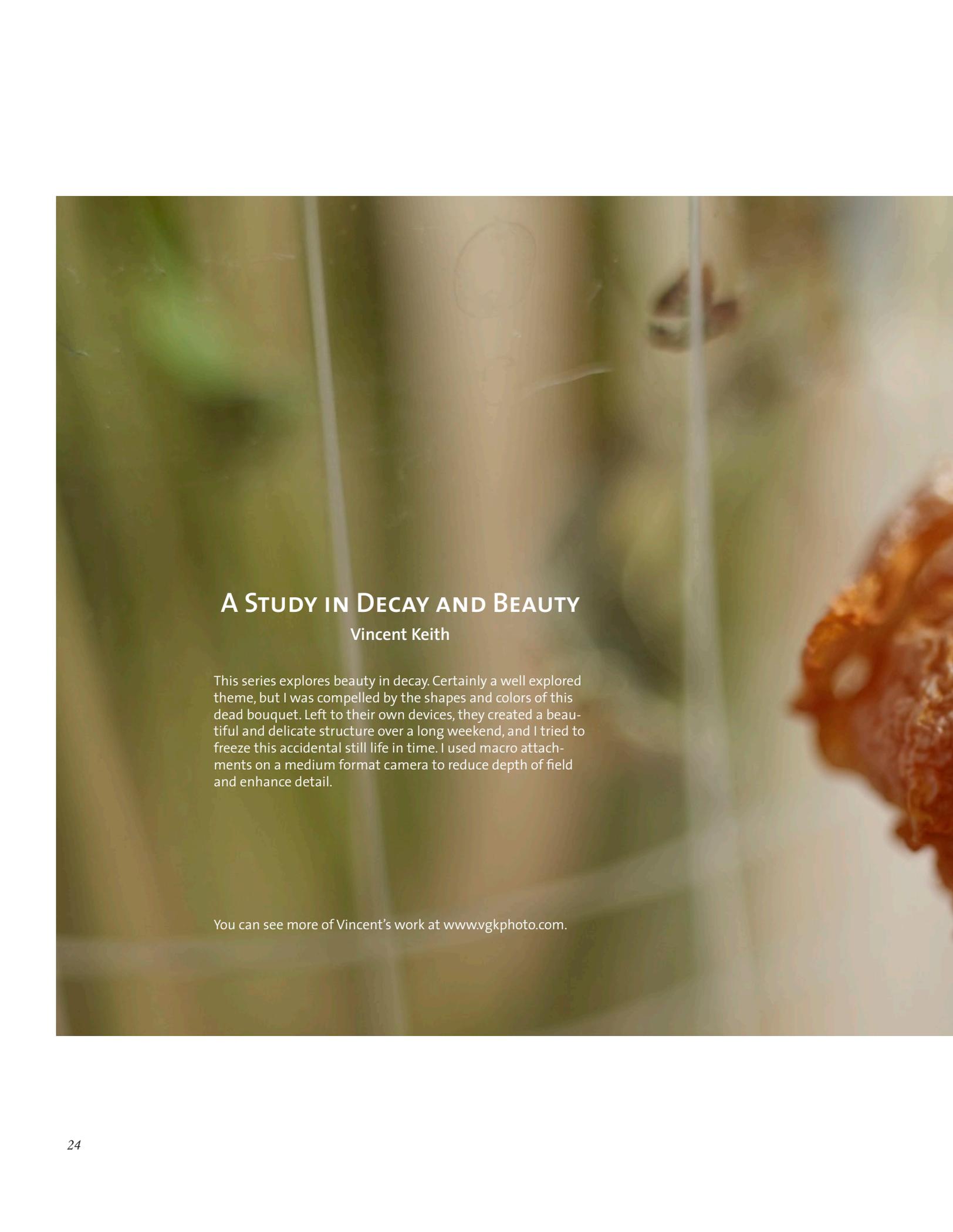
THE GHOSTS OF THE PEMBROKE RUINS (5) | 2012
DAVID GOLDBERG



THE GHOSTS OF THE PEMBROKE RUINS (6) | 2012
DAVID GOLDBERG



THE GHOSTS OF THE PEMBROKE RUINS (7) | 2012
DAVID GOLDBERG



A STUDY IN DECAY AND BEAUTY

Vincent Keith

This series explores beauty in decay. Certainly a well explored theme, but I was compelled by the shapes and colors of this dead bouquet. Left to their own devices, they created a beautiful and delicate structure over a long weekend, and I tried to freeze this accidental still life in time. I used macro attachments on a medium format camera to reduce depth of field and enhance detail.

You can see more of Vincent's work at www.vgkphoto.com.





UNTITLED 1 | MAY 2011
VINCENT KEITH



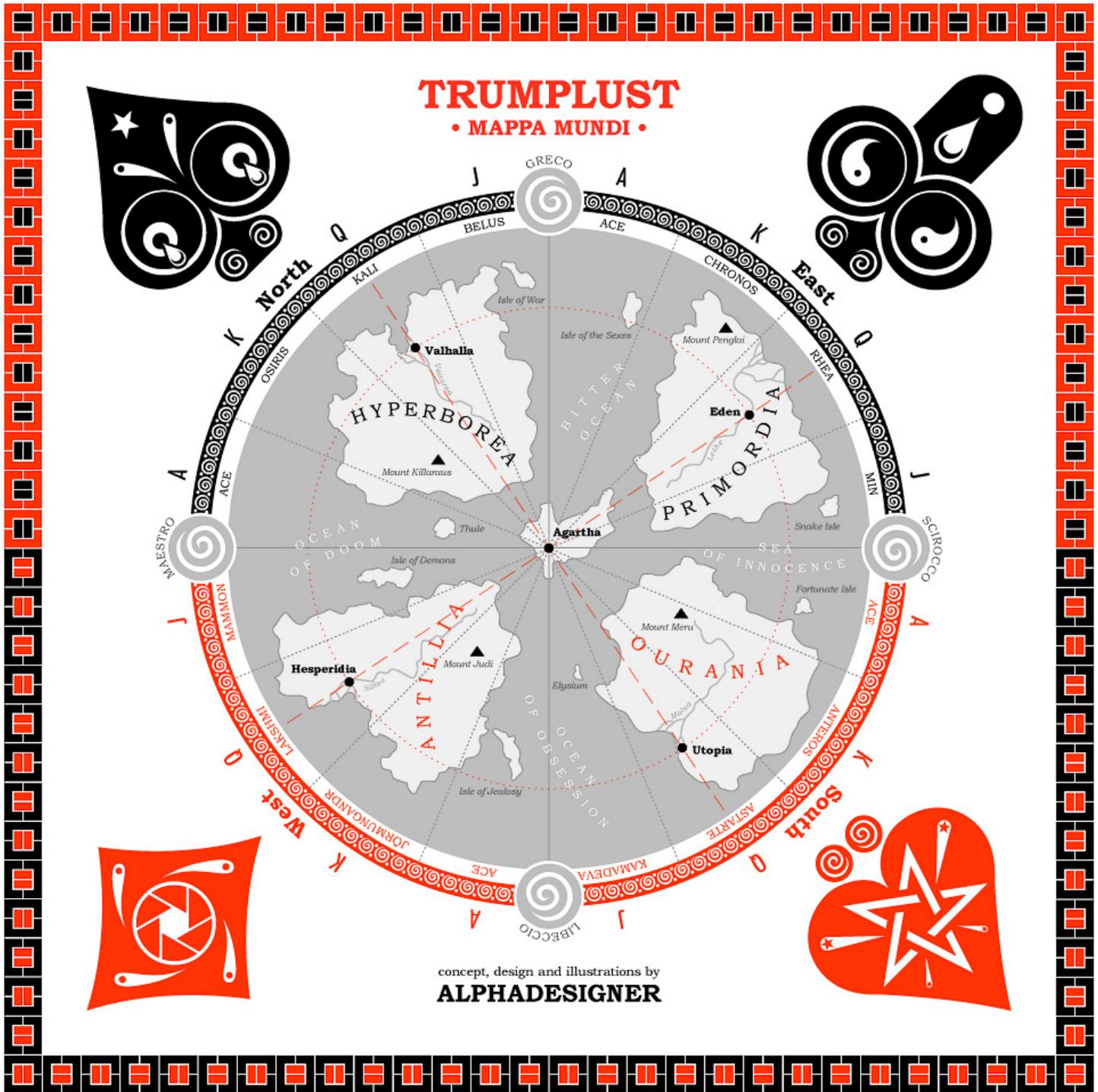
UNTITLED 2 | MAY 2011
VINCENT KEITH



UNTITLED 3 | MAY 2011
VINCENT KEITH



UNTITLED 4 | MAY 2011
VINCENT KEITH



You can see more of Alphadesigner's work at www.alphadesigner.com.

I've been dreaming of designing my own set of playing cards for a long time. The idea first came in 2007 when I was working on my Theogony project. For a brief time I was even considering turning the whole project into a tarot deck. Last year I finally started making drafts for the more widely used French deck and that's how my Trumplust Deck of Cards began to take shape.

Although it was no longer a part of Theogony, I decided to follow a similar concept which can be described as re-interpreted depictions of ancient mythological figures and deities. The main difference is these interpretations now follow the organization of the standard playing card deck and to achieve that, I had to assemble groups of deities under common "houses" that correspond to the four suits of Spades, Hearts, Diamonds and Clubs.

The end result is a divine pastiche of gods and goddesses from Norse to Hindu mythology. The symbolism of the suits was also re-imagined and so were some of the cartomancy concepts as you will see in the explanations below.

In the introduction to my Trumplust Card Deck I hinted it was more than a design and illustration project. The concept goes far beyond and includes a fully developed mythology and a custom card game. After the completion of all the illustrations from the card deck, here comes the Trumplust World Map, which depicts the world featured in the mythology of the game.

The Trumplust world is divided in 4 continents, 3 oceans and 1 sea. Each continent has 2 islands, 1 mountain, 1 river and 1 city. In the center of the world is a mysterious city built on a landmass that doesn't belong to any of the continents.

Hyperborea (North)

Hyperborea, the Northern continent, is the realm of the Spades ruled by the gods Osiris, Kali and Belus. It's named after a mysterious country from Ancient Greek mythology. Pindar described it as a land of plenty where disease, war and labor are unknown. In Trumplust however, it's a cold and barren continent, inhabited by a warrior race.

Its city Valhalla is named after the legendary Hall of Heroes in Norse mythology. Through it flows the river Vaitarna. The name comes from a Hindu myth about a river that separates the Earth from the realm of the dead, similar to the Ancient Greek Styx. In Trumplust, it's a cold icy river which poisons every living creature that touches its waters. Only Kali, the Queen of Spades can resist its spell and come out of it alive. Spades visit the island to seek advice from the spirits, who are said to possess the power to see into the future.

Antillia (West)

Antillia, the Western continent, is the realm of the Diamonds ruled by the gods Jörmungandr, Lakshmi and Mammon. It's named after a legendary island in the Western Atlantic, frequently depicted on pre 16th Century maps, even though its existence was only hypothetical, originating from an old Christian legend about Visigothic bishops fleeing the Muslim conquest of the Iberian peninsula. The Antilles archipelago in the Caribbean was named after it. In Trumplust, it's a desert continent inhabited by a merchant race.

Its city Hesperidia is named after the legendary Garden of the Hesperides which according to the Ancient Greek myth was a blissful place, situated in the far western corner of the world. Through it

flows the river Sillas. In Trumplust, this quality is preserved, whatever falls into its deep turquoise waters sinks immediately and can never be recovered. Because of that Sillas is also referred to as the "river of greed".

Primordia (East)

Primordia, the Eastern continent, is the realm of the Clubs ruled by the gods Chronos, Rhea and Min. Primordia is a rich fertile land inhabited by the peasants, who are a race of hermaphrodites.

Its city Eden is named after the Biblical Garden of Eden. Through it flows the Lethe river, named after one of the five rivers of Hades from Ancient Greek mythology. According to the legend, everybody who drinks from it experiences complete forgetfulness. In Trumplust, it's the river of ignorance. Everybody who drinks from its waters forgets everything he has learned in life and enters a state of blissful happiness. Because it's the only source of fresh water on the continent, all of its inhabitants are under its influence. Rhea, the Queen of Clubs, lays her eggs in the river, from which all peasants are born.

Ourania (South)

Ourania, the Southern continent, is the realm of the Hearts ruled by the gods Anteros, Astarte and Kamadeva. It is named after the Ancient Greek goddess Aphrodite which was known as Ourania in some ancient writings, as a reference to her father, the castrated Uranus. In Trumplust, it's an enchanted world occupied by the race of the poets.

Its city Utopia is named after the philosophical concept of the ideal society. Through it flows the river Malva, named after the mythical Malvam river in Northern Africa. In its waterfalls live the nymphs, the daughters of the Astarte, the Queen of Hearts. The songs of the nymphs are stronger than opium. Many poets come to the waterfalls to find inspiration in their singing. Some of them are so taken by the songs that cannot find the strength to walk away and die from starvation. Astarte takes their souls and carries them to Elysium, the island of the Eternal bliss, which lies to North of the continent.

Oceans and Seas

There are 4 of them. The Ocean of Doom lies between Hyperborea and Antillia. The Ocean of Obsession is between Antillia and Ourania. The Sea of Innocence connects Ourania to Primordia and the icy Bitter Ocean separates Primordia from Hyperborea.

Agartha

In the exact center of the map lies the city of Agartha. It's named after the legendary city that is exists in the Earth's core according to some hollow Earth theories. In Trumplust it's a mysterious place which is still unexplored. Anybody who tried to reach it never came back. The seas around it are notoriously stormy and hard to navigate.

The Four Winds

There are 4 primary winds in the Trumplust world. All of them are named after their modern geographical equivalents – the North-eastern Greco, the Southeastern Scirocco, the Southwestern Libeccio and the Northwestern Maestro.

THE HOUSE OF SPADES



SYMBOLISM: WAR, VIOLENCE, CHALLENGE, SACRIFICE, DEATH, AFTERLIFE
DIRECTION: NORTH
CASTE: WARRIOR

KING OF SPADES: OSIRIS

The card symbolizes the cycle of life and death through pain and sacrifice. Osiris was one of the most revered Egyptian gods, ruler of the underworld and a symbol of life at the same time. He embodies almost every archetype of an ancient supreme deity. According to the myth, he was twice killed by his own brother Set and twice resurrected with the help of his wife Isis. Their son, Horus, was conceived by Isis from the dead body of Osiris.

QUEEN OF SPADES: KALI

The card symbolizes the brute force of nature and evolution, devoid of human categories like justice, compassion and mercy. Kali is the Hindu goddess of rage, annihilation and destruction and symbolizes the moment of death and letting go of one's ego. She is often associated with darkness and the force that transcends time, one of the fundamental aspects of the Universe to which every creation inevitably returns.

JACK OF SPADES: BELUS

The card symbolizes civilization and conquest through war and technology. Belus is a Babylonian god of war. The name is a latinized equivalent of Madruk, the ancient patron deity of Babylon.

THE HOUSE OF HEARTS



SYMBOLISM: LOVE, ROMANCE, EMOTION, SPIRITUALITY, MAGIC
DIRECTION: SOUTH
CASTE: POET

KING OF HEARTS: ANTEROS

The card symbolizes the union of hearts and the triumph of love over individualism. Anteros is the lesser known brother of the Ancient Greek god Eros. He's the god of fulfilled, requited love.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: ASTARTE

The card symbolizes the yearning for love. Astarte is an ancient Eastern Mediterranean goddess of sex, love and fertility. She's the "prototype" for the Ancient Greek goddess Aphrodite and the Roman Venus. All of them are associated with the "evening star" – the planet Venus.

JACK OF HEARTS: KAMADEVA

The card symbolizes sexual desire and passion. Kamadeva is a Hindu god of physical love. According to some myths, he was born from the mind of Brahma, the god of creation.

THE HOUSE OF DIAMONDS



SYMBOLISM: LUCK, WEALTH, GREED, RATIONALITY, MATERIALISM
DIRECTION: WEST
CASTE: MERCHANT

KING OF DIAMONDS: JÖRMUNGANDR

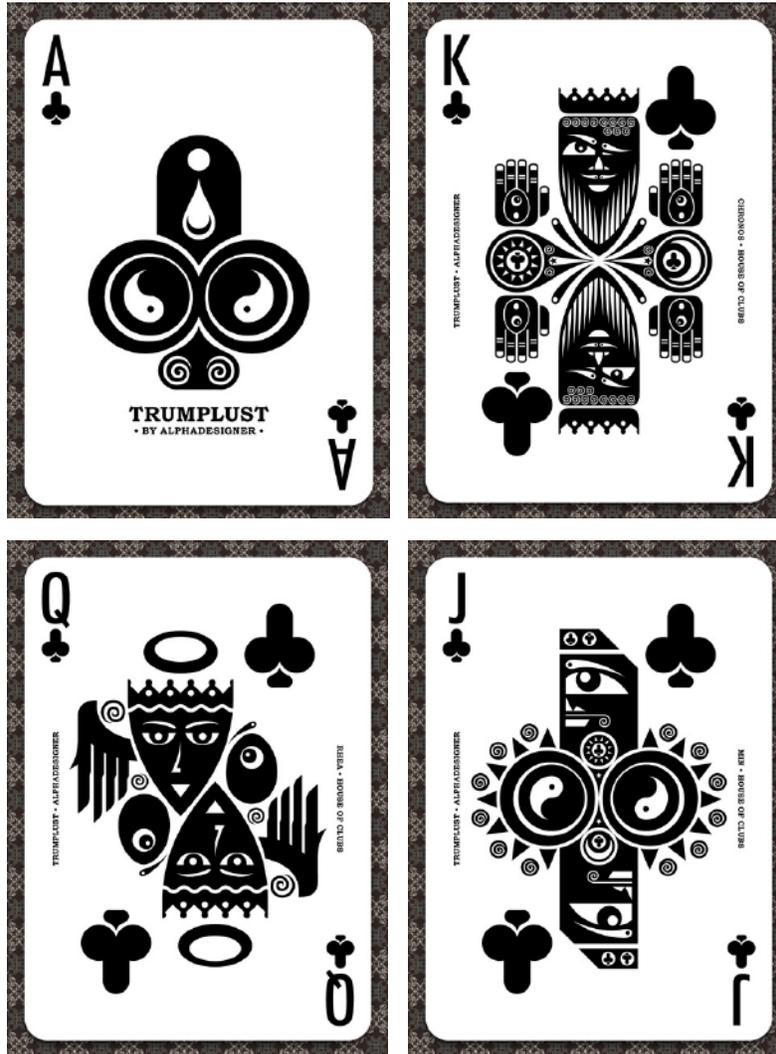
The card symbolizes possession and obsession with power. Jörmungandr, also known as Midgard, is a mythical ancient sea serpent in Norse mythology, one that holds all the waters of the world in his embrace. According to the myth, the end of the world will come when Jörmungandr loosens his grip.

QUEEN OF DIAMONDS: LAKSHMI

The card symbolizes wealth and material prosperity. Lakshmi is a Hindu goddess of wealth and fortune, closely associated with money, which are considered one of her many manifestations.

JACK OF DIAMONDS: MAMMON

The card symbolizes greed and the speculative accumulation of wealth. Mammon wasn't originally a deity but a Biblical term used to refer to unjust material gain and gluttony. Later, it was personified as a false god and as one of the seven princes of Hell in Christian demonology.



THE HOUSE OF CLUBS

SYMBOLISM: BIRTH, FERTILITY, DESIRE, SEX
DIRECTION: EAST
CASTE: PEASANT

KING OF CLUBS: CHRONOS

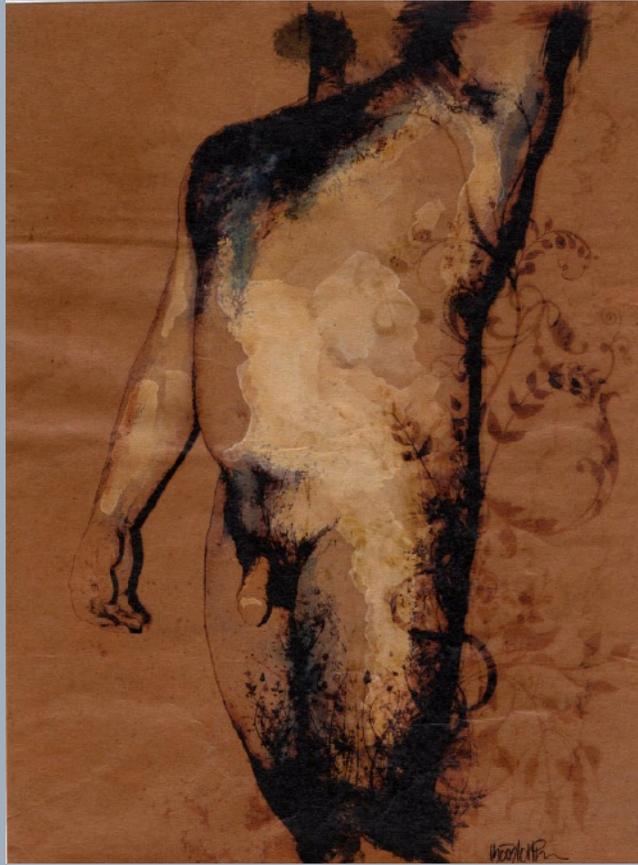
The card symbolizes the passage of time. In Ancient Greek mythology, Chronos is the personification of time. He is sometimes depicted as a serpent, who circled the primordial egg which contained the world, ultimately splitting into three different parts – earth, sky and ocean.

QUEEN OF CLUBS: RHEA

The card symbolizes birth and the instinct for procreation. In Ancient Greek mythology, Rhea is the mother of many Olympian gods, among which Zeus, Hades, Demeter, Poseidon and Hera.

JACK OF CLUBS: MIN

The card symbolizes fertility and the primal sexual desire. Min is an Egyptian god of nature, reproduction and male sexual potency. He's often portrayed black-skinned and with an erect penis. The Ancient Greeks associated Min with their god of nature, Pan.



THE UNTITLED PROJECT

tdcollins

The Untitled Project started by accident. The idea for it started all the way back when I was poor and in college back in early nineties. I didn't have much money at all and one night, I cut up a grocery bag because I literally didn't have anything else to draw on. I liked the way it held ink and watercolor but it lacked depth for me.

One night while washing my whites, I dropped the bottle of bleach all over the floor. It landed straight up but erupted like a volcano splashing bleach everywhere. I had kept my empty grocery bags next to the washer and the bleach had splashed all over them. After I finished the clean up I noticed that the bags had gotten bleach on them too, and had turned them white. This is what I was looking for when watercolor couldn't do the trick without caking it on.

So, years later I came up with the idea of doing a series of nudes. Only, I wanted to do nudes of people I knew and felt comfortable with. Some wished to remain anonymous and some didn't care. I stressed that I didn't want anyone to pose in too sexually charged a manner or in a way that would seem too erotic. The last thing I wanted was to be labeled an erotic artist.

After finishing a few – they normally takes about 2 months each – I started posting them to see what the reception would be. Unfortunately, it seemed my worst fears started to become reality. Because I was painting men, and a particular type of man, I was hearing the term “erotic artist” and pulled the plug on the project.

Each piece is done from a photo sent to me as a reference. It's the only way I can do this without someone posing for days on end. I use gouache, watercolors, felt markers, fine tip felts, ink, coffee, and bleach to create all the textures and lines on a standard grocery bag. I use wax to keep lines crisp and afterward, the wax is ironed out and a protective coating is added to protect the colors from fading.

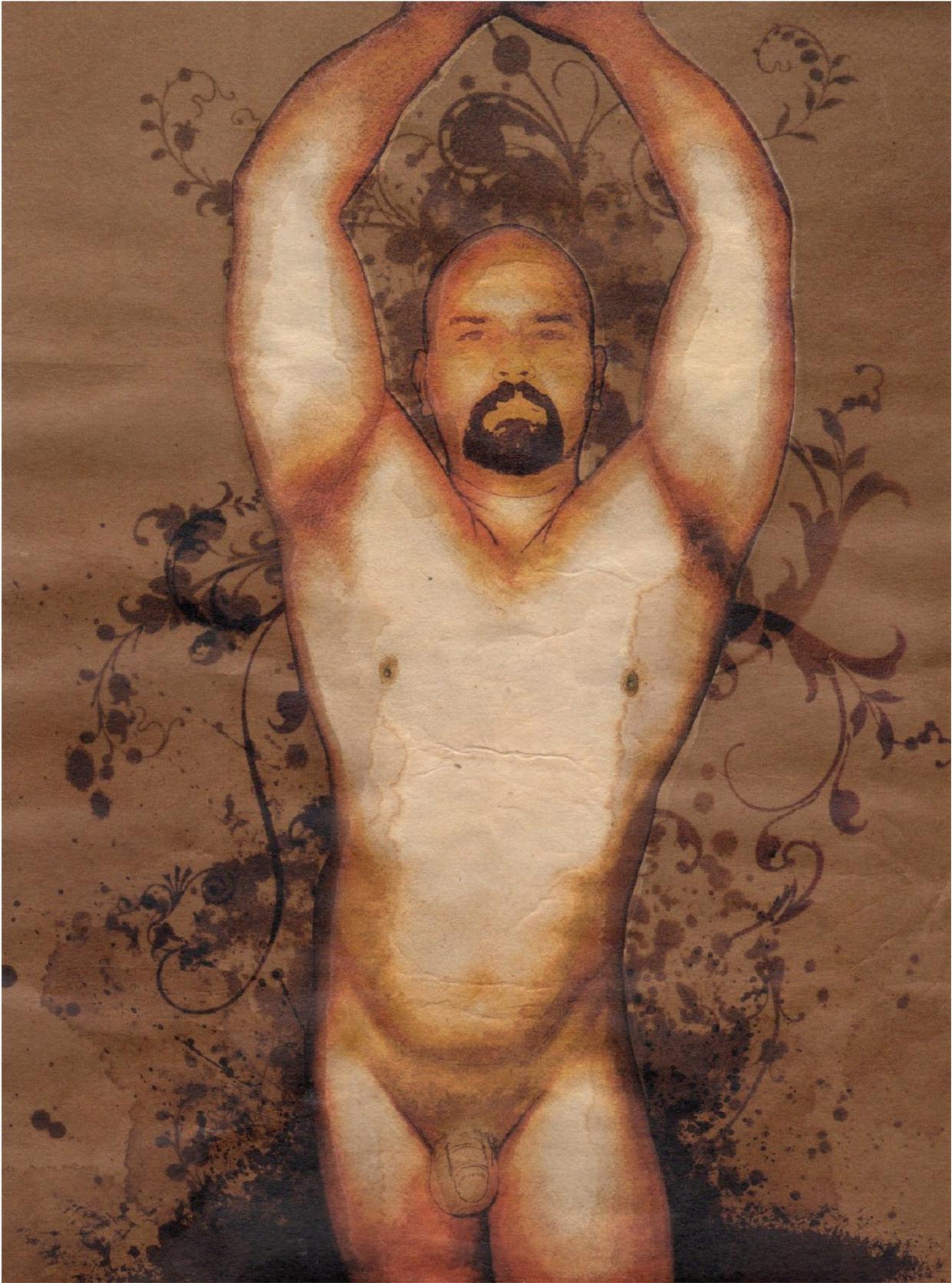
After about 3 years, my partner and a few of my close friends convinced me to keep going with the series. I've started the project up again and to avoid being called an erotic artist, I've added other kinds of pieces as well, including landscapes, still life and women.

I hope to put a book together or maybe get a showing or two out of this.

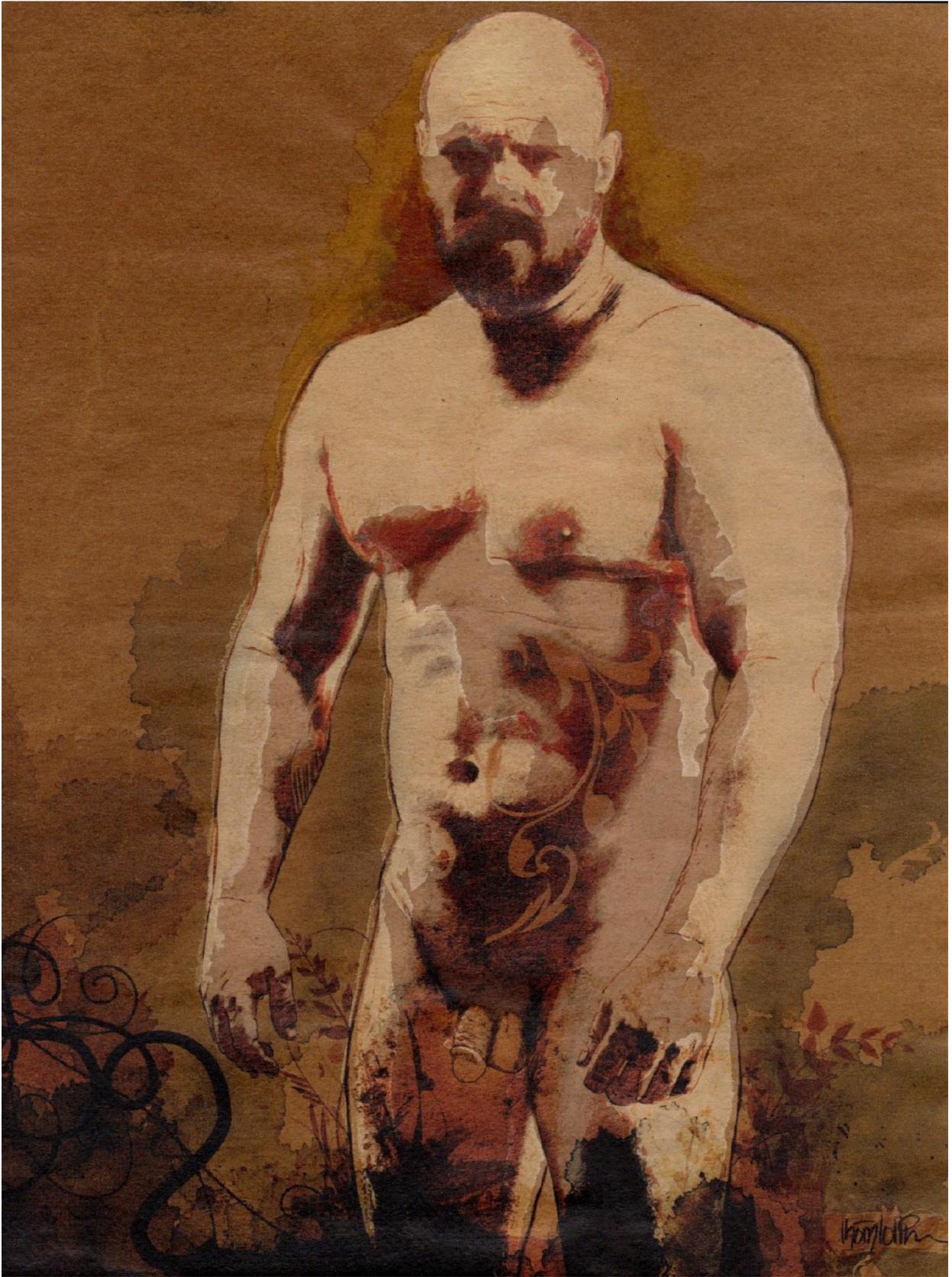
You can see more of tdcollins' work at www.tdcollins.com



R1
TDCOLLINS



s2
TDCOLLINS



T1
TDCOLLINS



s1
TDCOLLINS



TM
TDCOLLINS



MINOTAUR 1 | 2009
VINCENT KEITH



MINOTAUR 2 | 2009
VINCENT KEITH



MINOTAUR 3 | 2009
VINCENT KEITH



MINOTAUR 4 | 2009
VINCENT KEITH



MINOTAUR 5 | 2009
VINCENT KEITH



MUSIC REVIEWS

by
Sprechhund

We are fortunate to have Sprechhund as our music editor. He is intimately involved in the music industry and hugely knowledgeable about the contemporary scene. He has chosen three recently released and noteworthy albums to review for this edition of *Mas-cular Magazine*.

MID AIR Paul Buchanan

This is not really a solo album by the legendary lead vocalist from the band The Blue Nile – it's been described as a *recordette* packed with miniatures rather than the six minute plus lushly produced tracks that we have been treated to on the last four Blue Nile albums. This is a collection of 14 songs mostly around three minutes long accompanied by Paul playing a piano – with some exciting little atmospheric whooshes that the Blue Nile are well renowned for. The songs are perfectly delivered in Paul's normal warm way - at times he truly is the Scottish Frank Sinatra.

The album gives you short glimpses into Paul's world and there are some beautifully crafted songs here that you will enjoy for many years to come

This is a late night album that should be played and savored in the early hours

Tracks to download - Mid Air, Two Children, Fin de Siecle, After Dark

ITUNES
SPOTIFY



MAGIC HOUR
Scissor Sisters

This is the fourth outing by the New York glamsters The Scissor Sisters and a true return to commercial form it is – the lead single ‘Only the horses’, which was co produced with Calvin Harris and Alex Ridha of Boysnoize will have you singing along and waving your imaginary glow stick before you know it – which will no doubt keep you and your neighbours amused...

This is a happy-feeling album that will have you shaking your pants all the way through the night and next day. Many of the tracks have been co-written with great pop songsmiths - the likes of Azealia Banks, Pharrell Williams, Stuart Price and Alex Ridha. You get a ‘grab bag’ of songs in various styles and genres taking you back to the first album; and a journey through the best of the 70s and 80s. If there one thing the Scissor Sisters do, it’s proudly wearing their musical influences on their elaborately designed costume sleeves, and they could never be accused of not still retaining the title as the fancy dress peacocks of the music industry.

As Ana Matronic says on one of the stand out tracks and next single ‘Lets have a kiki’ – “lets have a kiki – lock the doors” - you may not want to share all the fun!

Tracks to download – Baby come home, Only the horses, Lets have a kiki, Somewhere

ITUNES
SPOTIFY



VALTARI
Sigur Rós

This is the sixth studio album from the Icelandic post prog rockers Sigur Rós - this is there Chill out and floaty album – conversely the title translates as ‘Steamroller’.

The album was recorded over a long period using distorted choir vocals and a host of instruments played in the inimitable Sigur Rós style, including Jonsi wielding his cello bow to his guitar and his ethereal falsetto vocals once more in Icelandic and the partly made up language ‘Hopelandic’. It’s the kind of album that needs to be played either very loudly at home so you don’t miss anything; or on your mp3 player so that you can float away to the top of an imaginary Sigur Rós mountain and forget you’re on a big red London bus for an hour at least.

One of the stand out tacks is Varúð which is a soaring epic piece of Sigur Rós musical orchestration with Jonsi’s angelic voice backed by a heavenly choir of distorted angels.

The band have also given twelve film makers a small budget to present a film for a track from the album that they like, and all the film makers have total creative control so expect some unusual and exciting things ... check out the Alma Har’el film featuring bad boy actor Shia LeBeouf

Tracks to download – Ekki Múkk, Varúð, Dauðalogn

ITUNES
SPOTIFY



PLEASURE, SKIN AND WATER

David Goldenberg

Over the years, as I have photographed men, I have spent a good deal of time considering context, place and surroundings. A photograph is loaded with messages and meaning, and capturing a man in his own surroundings or the ones he has chosen can add a great deal to an image. In this series, I have expanded on the concept to consider and view a man in the moments he spends alone every day - in the shower for example. Here, he can truly be himself. He can take pleasure in the simplicity of warm water on his skin - the pleasure taken from a simple cleansing ritual. I photographed these men in a way that implies that they are unaware if being watched. The voyeuristic quality of the photos was meant to draw the viewer in and to objectify the model.

PLEASURE, SKIN AND WATER (1) | 2012

DAVID GOLDENBERG

You can see more of David's work at www.davidgoldenberg.co.uk.



PLEASURE, SKIN AND WATER (2) | 2012
DAVID GOLDBERG



PLEASURE, SKIN AND WATER (3) | 2012
DAVID GOLDENBERG



PLEASURE, SKIN AND WATER (4) | 2012
DAVID GOLDBERG



PLEASURE, SKIN AND WATER (5) | 2012
DAVID GOLDENBERG

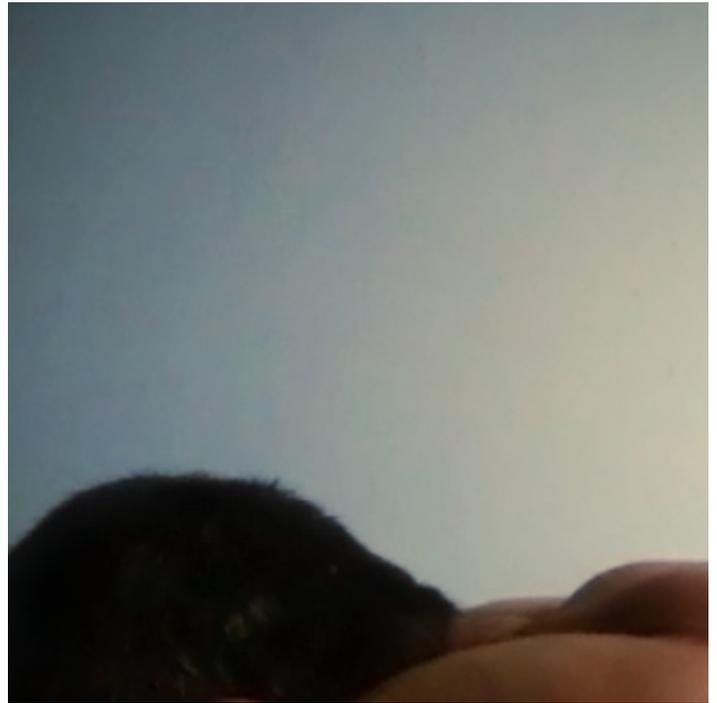
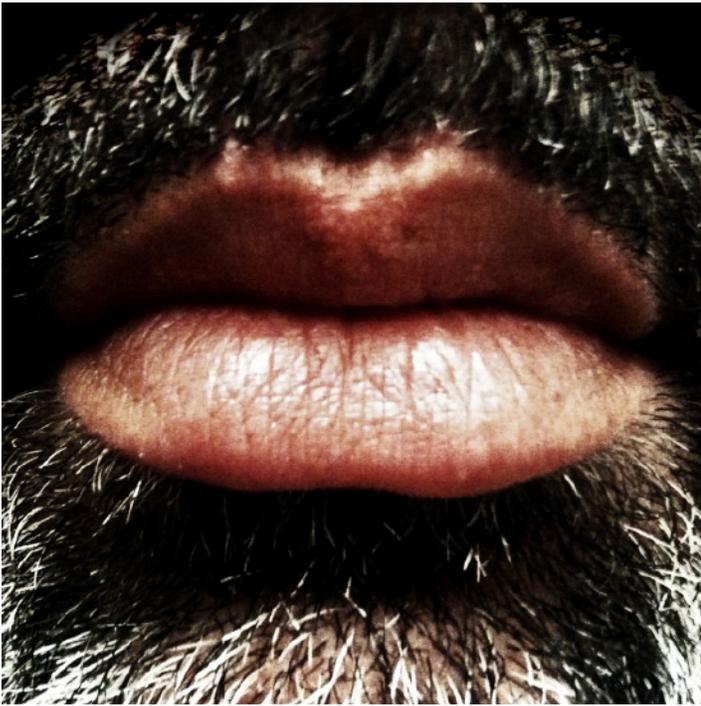


PLEASURE, SKIN AND WATER (6) | 2012
DAVID GOLDENBERG



(.)
GTS4

DAVID TEJADA



BSO
TLL
DAVID TEJADA

RD2
NCA4
DAVID TEJADA



PTL
MNS

DAVID TEJADA

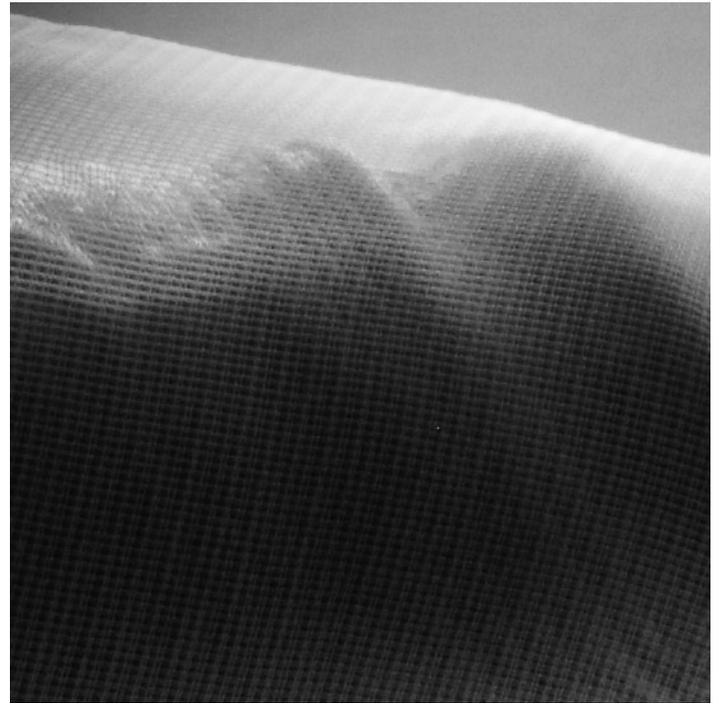
IMG2
DVD BLL

DAVID TEJADA



BLUR
PRNS
DAVID TEJADA

BLG3
B-3
DAVID TEJADA



CSN2
BLR ok

DAVID TEJADA

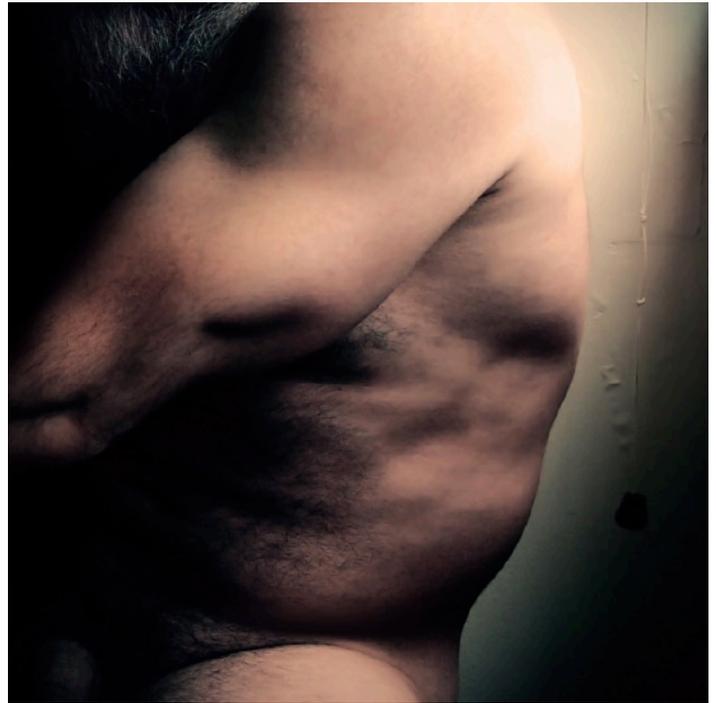
PARED
VLO2

DAVID TEJADA



DTG1
PRNS
DAVID TEJADA

BLC
CPLL
DAVID TEJADA



NDE
RAZ

DAVID TEJADA

GLND2
TRS4

DAVID TEJADA

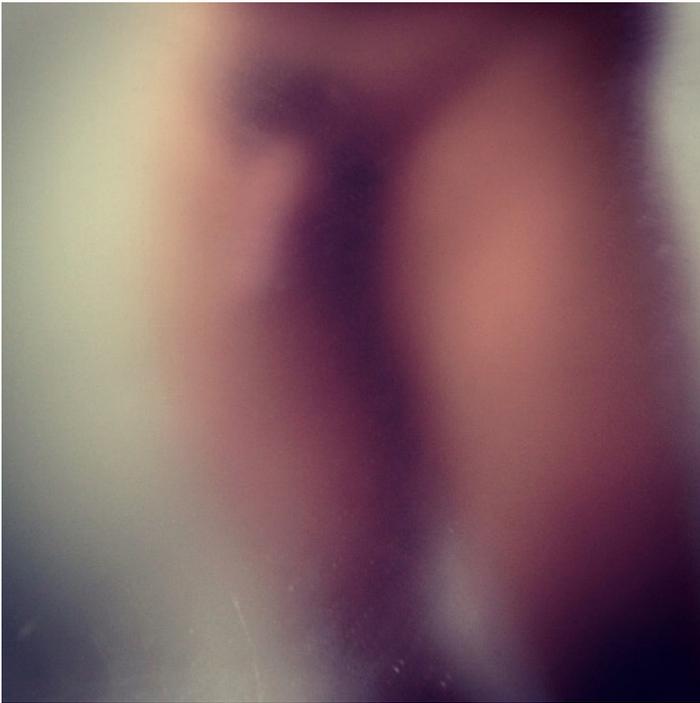
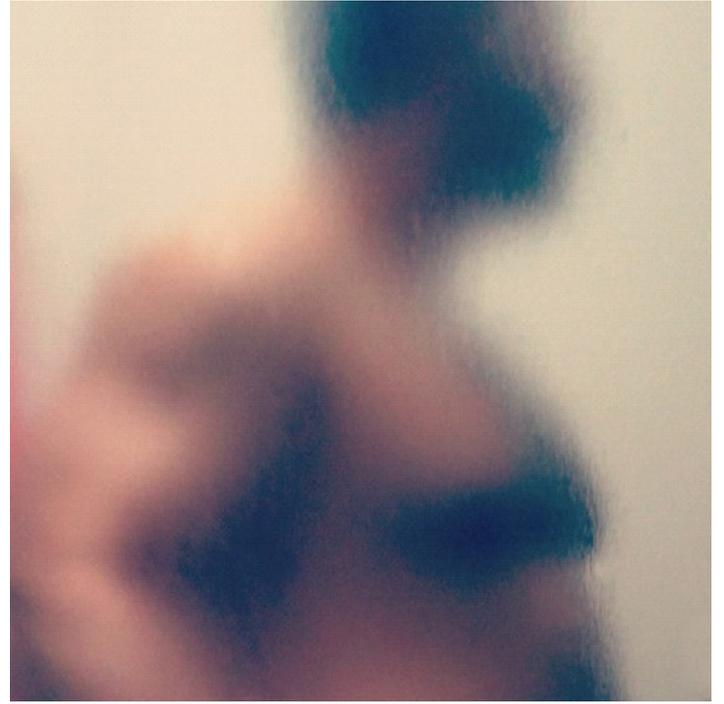


O
JCK

DAVID TEJADA

CLP2
SNA

DAVID TEJADA



SPJ
X
DAVID TEJADA

TRNS
MNO3
DAVID TEJADA

MEN WHO BUILT...

by
David Weston-Thomas

From 1957 to 1962 my grandfather ran a café on Museum Street (similar to the one pictured), only a few hundred feet from where I now live in central London. It was one of the old-style greasy spoon cafés which are dying out, being replaced by Starbucks and Café Neros. It was the kind of place with formica on every surface, and where sliced white bread with margarine

My partner Philippe was born in 1960 and grew up in Paris where independent cafés still prosper. Haussmanian buildings make every street as beautiful as the next and dereliction is more or less confined to the suburbs. On a visit to London in 1972 he remembers seeing Bankside power station in use and was shocked that a power station can have been sited so

close to St. Paul's Cathedral, rivaling it in scale and if anything more prominent from the river, whose waters were put to work cooling the plant. Its architect is Giles Gilbert Scott, and many people are surprised that Bankside was only completed in 1963 (although it started generating electricity in the 50s) and de-commissioned as late as 1981. Applications to have the building listed were refused and demolition had even begun in the early 90s before the Tate Gallery stepped in to rescue it.

The Grand Midland Hotel at St. Pancras Station, towering above the Railway Café, was built by Giles Gilbert Scott's grandfather Sir George Gilbert Scott, who was born and grew up in Gawcott in Buckinghamshire, where my parents have lived for the last ten years. In the 1960s, St. Pancras Station was also threatened with destruction in the drive for rationalisation and modernisation of the railways,

like its near neighbour Euston, whose arch had been destroyed only a few years earlier. Sir Nikolaus Pevsner fought a long and successful campaign to shame the government into saving it, and was ultimately successful when the building was grade 1 listed in 1967, the year I was born. This prevented its destruction, but it was uncared for for many years, although not unloved.



was served with everything. My father remembers that the teaspoon for sugaring the tea was chained to the counter. I remember London being full of working men's cafés, and places which were run down and derelict. The area behind St. Pancras was one of these, perhaps not a great place to walk at night but atmospheric in a way that film makers were drawn to.

In 1977 I took a junior scholarship examination to Eton College aged ten and remember answering this question: "A bicycle shed is a building; Lincoln Cathedral is a piece of architecture", discuss. I did not know then that this was a quote from the same Nikolaus Pevsner, but was intrigued and did my best; although I was no more a natural writer then than I am now. After an extended architectural education (in great contrast to my grandfather who had none) I now look at Bankside and ask myself a different question to the one Philippe asked; not 'how could a power station be built so close to the beauty of St. Paul's Cathedral, but 'how could a power station have been so beautiful?'

Giles G-S is now admired for his 'blending of Gothic tradition with modernism, making what might have been functionally designed buildings into popular landmarks. St. Pancras Station achieved exactly the same thing. The huge pointed, Gothic arch single span of the train shed, designed by Barlow and Ordish, was the greatest engineering achievement of its time, only surpassed by the Eiffel Tower a decade later, whilst the Gothic revival hotel adapts itself to the requirements of hotel and station concourse superbly, even if the Gothic revival style began to go out of style in the period between conception and completion.

I am delighted that St. Pancras has been revitalized, and in my mind it is where England and France come together, where 'building' and 'architecture' coexist in sympathy, and where real and imagined history has been preserved for enjoyment every day by people like my partner who passes through it every two weeks as he travels to and from Paris.

It seems appropriate to Philippe and I that we have chosen to have our Civil Partnership Ceremony there this autumn, in a room called 'The Exchange'.

I don't think of myself as having constructed my life, rather of living in a space I have found, where opposites attract, and time is condensed.

Nor am I disposed to making rules, even for myself, but am even less inclined to live by other people's.





YOU, ME & HE

John Fry

Polyamory: *noun:* the state or practice of having more than one open romantic relationship at a time.

Though not willing to accept the confines of what society deems “normal,” the three of us formed a union born of mutual love and respect. David (56), John (47) and Matthew (34) came together as one, four years ago.

In this series of photos, we have tried to capture a bit of our life together, as individuals and as a triad. Making our life together, while trying to maintain some degree of individuality

The dynamics are intricate, the passion intense, but as each year passes, we find our life together grows in ways we never imagined.

To family and friends, we are simply “the guys.” To the outside world we are faced with probing questions and those curious about how it all works.

We persevere, getting stronger with each passing day, living, loving and enjoying our lives together.

You can see more of John’s work at www.flickr.com/people/tank707.



"AT PEACE"
JOHN FRY



“HEAVEN ON EARTH”
JOHN FRY



"GAR DADDY"
JOHN FRY



“DADDY’S DADDY”
JOHN FRY



"BOYS WILL BE BOYS"
JOHN FRY



“NEVER LOOK BACK”
JOHN FRY



"WHAT DREAMS MAY COME"
JOHN FRY



“LOVE AT _RST SIGHT”
JOHN FRY



"CONTEMPLATION OF WET"
JOHN FRY



REFRACTED

by
Roger Thomas

EXT. SEASIDE HOUSE - DAY

Summer 1983. Cine camera footage – scratchy, amateur with colours washed out. A view through large white framed French windows.

A young bottle-blonde pregnant WOMAN with her young HUSBAND, stand together in a large country garden. Apple trees full of fruit, overgrown grassy lawn with wild flowers dotted about, pollen hanging in the light breeze. They wave and laugh at 'us' as they squint in the sunshine.

Outside the French windows hang glass wind-chimes - the sunlight catches them, sending brief prisms of light across the images.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Early morning. The room is dimly lit. Two men asleep in bed. DANIEL, 32, dark haired, and PETER, 35, blond. DANIEL'S eyes slowly open, a warm glow covers his face.

The same wind-chimes that hung outside the French windows in the cine footage hang next to the closed bedroom blinds.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Morning. NHS ambulance with its double doors being opened by a paramedic.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

DANIEL sits up. PETER remains in bed asleep. DANIEL turns his head slowly to look at PETER and smiles.

PETER looks so peaceful and handsome on the white linen pillow, the sunshine peeping between the slats of the wooden blinds, casting warm sepia lines across his face and over his pillow.

DANIEL gently touches PETER'S hair, PETER sighs in a contented sleep.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The peaceful bedroom scene is shattered by the clatter of blinds being pulled by PETER.

DANIEL opens his eyes with a start. The room no longer has the sepia tone, instead a cold grey light comes through the blinds. The grey/tan striped bed covers are creased and squashed up against the headboard.

PETER quickly pulls on his boxers and scratches his backside. DANIEL squints as he opens his eyes to the sharp light. PETER looks rough, unshaven, he rubs his tired face. DANIEL watches him quickly getting dressed.

PETER knocks his head on the glass wind-chimes, which annoys him - he quickly grabs the chimes and stops them from clattering.

PETER forces a smile as he quickly leaves the room. DANIEL deflates and flops back on the bed.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Wheel-chair wheels and the legs of the man in it being pushed down a hospital corridor. The legs are dressed in green and white striped pyjamas and brown old-man's slippers.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

PETER rinses his mouth, lowers his head into the basin, spits out toothpaste. He raises his head.

DANIEL'S face is smiling back at him in the bathroom cabinet mirror. PETER opens the cabinet as if deliberately removing DANIEL'S reflection.

PETER

Got any mouthwash?

The cabinet is crammed with cotton wool balls, creams, antiseptics etc. The cotton wool balls fall out of the cabinet with a plastic prescription bottle of pills.

PETER stops the pill bottle as it rolls around in the basin. PETER reads the label.

PETER

What's 'THORAZINE'?

DANIEL takes the bottle from PETER and replaces them along with the cotton balls in the cabinet.

DANIEL

I...had a few problems.. as a kid..
-keeping my weight up. They're...

PETER

It's alright. Don't have to explain to me.

PETER wipes his mouth, glances briefly at DANIEL and leaves the room.

DANIEL'S reflection sighs.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

You can follow Roger Thomas and his work at script-2-screen.tumblr.com

PETER is tying his shoe laces, his foot up on one of three wooden dining chairs.

DANIEL enters the room wearing his sweat bottoms. He sits on the arm of the two seat sofa in front of the large bay window. PETER grabs his jacket off one of the other chairs, the chair tips backwards against the dining table - a small crystal duck on a doily in the center of the table topples over. DANIEL sees it.

PETER ignores the crystal duck and puts on his jacket.

PETER

I got to get going.

DANIEL'S face changes from glum to a big smile in a split second. He smiles broadly, ignoring PETER'S apparent hurry to leave.

DANIEL marches over to an old chess-board - not all the pieces match and the board is tatty. DANIEL takes the white King, wiping it on his sweat pants then carefully putting it back.

PETER watches DANIEL. DANIEL catches his eye. PETER pulls out a scarf from his jacket, his woolen 'beanie' hat falling unnoticed to the floor.

DANIEL

Nice isn't it? Only twenty quid. Dad used to play. Give us something to do while he's here..



PETER frowns.

PETER

Twenty? I'll call you in a couple of days.

DANIEL approaches PETER as he opens the front door.

DANIEL

Thought you were going to stay and meet him?

PETER tries to hide his frustration.

PETER

- I never said that? I'm busy -
you know how it is.

DANIEL

Oh.. yes. Sorry. When then? He'll only be here a couple of days.

PETER takes an awkward breath.

PETER

You know... Dan, I've got so much going on right now.
Work...and.. I need to... sort..it out.

Daniel tries to be calm.

DANIEL

What stuff? Maybe I can help?

PETER

I'll give you a call, yes? I'm really busy right now.

PETER forces a smile then walks away. DANIEL watches him leave.

DANIEL is glum for a moment, suddenly smiles and shouts after PETER.

DANIEL

Okay! Call you later!

DANIEL continues to watch PETER as he walks away - not looking back.

DANIEL sighs heavily.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Wheelchair being raised by the mechanical lift into the back of the ambulance. An old man – FRANK, 70, grey, thin, holding a plastic bag – is sitting in the wheelchair.

A NURSE – large, plump and about 40, in a dark blue uniform, with thick dark rimmed spectacles. She pushes her spectacles back up her nose, enlarging her eyes and making FRANK grimace for a moment. She fusses around FRANK who tries to ignore her, preferring to stare ahead into space.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

DANIEL takes the bottle of pills from the cabinet, his reflection halved as he leaves the cabinet open. He looks at the pill bottle and the word 'THORAZINE'.

DANIEL'S mind seems to wander as he returns the bottle and closes the cabinet. DANIEL quickly leaves the bathroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

DANIEL strains to reach a box stored deep under his bed.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL enters the sitting room carrying the box.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

Ambulance travels through busy streets and turns into a more suburban road.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL sits at the table looking at a Super 8 projector. He flicks the switches but it won't turn on properly.

DANIEL gives up with a frustrated sigh and looks out the window to the grey uninteresting street below, with its old cars and odd bits of litter blowing around.

DANIEL notices Peter's hat on the floor. DANIEL picks it up, holds it to his mouth and smiles. DANIEL puts the hat on the table and hurries back to the bedroom.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The ambulance continues down a tree-lined street, it then pulls up outside a terraced house.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL hurries into the room pulling down his sweater, he pulls on his jacket and takes Peter's hat from the table. DANIEL begins to leave.

Just as DANIEL approaches the front door, the doorbell rings. DANIEL grins a sly cheeky grin to himself. He looks to the front door.

The bright sunshine suddenly shines through the two blue and yellow panes of stained glass. PETER'S masculine silhouette is surrounded by bright sunlight.

DANIEL'S face beams with delight at PETER'S return and for a second he allows himself to be bathed in the colours beaming through.

DANIEL

Devil...

DANIEL quickly opens the door.

It's grey outside and a bit drizzly.

The NURSE stands full center in the doorway, she squints at DANIEL as she wipes the drizzle off her glasses with her large white handkerchief. She puts her glasses back on immediately enlarging her eyes and smiles at DANIEL. The NURSE holds a folder.

DANIEL looks very confused as she takes a step closer to him, her eyes blinking large as she scans the room before her. DANIEL'S face drops.

NURSE

Ah excellent. Daniel isn't it? Remember me
- your father's nurse?
I'm so sorry - we're a bit early.

DANIEL

No, it's fine.

The NURSE pokes her head around DANIEL to scan the rest of the sitting room.

NURSE

I expected much more traffic - but look, here already!

DANIEL

Yes... already.

NURSE

Right, bring him up. Strong boys. If I were
ten years younger...

The NURSE walks inside the flat and takes in the room.

NURSE

Ah, yes. Good. It's fine. Lovely... lovely.

DANIEL

Thanks.

The NURSE opens a black lever-arch file to a page headed 'schedule'. She hands it to DANIEL.

NURSE

All very straightforward, just stick to the
schedule for the next couple of weeks and I
can't see you having any problems.

DANIEL

No. No-no.

The NURSE pulls a wide smile at DANIEL'S bewildered expression.

DANIEL

Days.

NURSE

Sorry?

DANIEL

'Days', you said 'weeks' just then, should
have said 'days'. Dad's staying two days,
not weeks.

The NURSE frowns but keeps smiling.

NURSE

No, weeks my love. You've got your father
for two weeks. Look, there.

The NURSE taps the folder page with her stumpy finger where it says



'two week recovery schedule'.

NURSE

"Weeks".

Two burly paramedics carry DANIEL'S father FRANK, still in his wheel chair, up the steps into the sitting room. One of them leans two walking sticks against the inner front door frame.

PARAMEDIC 1

There you go, Franky.

The NURSE stomps further into the sitting room.

NURSE

Right -

FRANK rudely interrupts the NURSE before she continues.

FRANK

Give these boys a fiver.

DANIEL is still stunned. The NURSE shakes her head to refuse the offer.

NURSE

No, no. Doing their jobs -

PARAMEDIC 2

Don't worry mate.

The PARAMEDICS rub FRANK'S shoulder and leave the room.

FRANK

Thanks, boys.

DANIEL

Uh...

The NURSE ignores DANIEL handing FRANK a stick as he stands from the wheelchair and sits himself in the high easy chair near the door. He accidentally knocks the table, toppling the crystal duck over. DANIEL notices FRANK'S sneer at the camp little ornament.

NURSE

Your father needs plenty of bed rest of course, but please try and stick to the meal menus - he has a little trouble swallowing - the other end seems to be okay thank goodness but best give him a quick swipe with a wet-wipe to be sure.

The NURSE taps the folder. She smiles widely at him.

DANIEL

You're not listening -

The NURSE closes the folder DANIEL is still holding and gives him a brief wink.

DANIEL

A... a word please. Outside.

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

DANIEL - leading the NURSE by the elbow stand on the doorstep pulling the door almost closed behind him.

NURSE

Everything okay, my love?

DANIEL

This isn't right - he's only supposed to be here two days, not two weeks! Two days...

NURSE

Thought we'd just covered this? It's two weeks - no point in putting anyone in your father's condition anywhere for two days... Silly!

The NURSE grabs for the door handle to return inside but DANIEL grabs the handle first.

DANIEL

I can't have him for two weeks, I can't.
My brother Graham -

The NURSE takes a firmer tone.

NURSE

Your brother made it perfectly clear only
DANIEL

Graham?



NURSE

Yes. He said it was no longer convenient for your father to stay with him due to some... marital crisis. Once it - whatever it is - has been rectified and he's back in his home then he'll consider taking your father on weekends and bank holidays.

DANIEL

But I've not made provision -

NURSE

That -

She points to the ambulance.

NURSE

- is an ambulance Mr Thomas - not a mini-cab - it has many other patients to ferry about today.

The NURSE pulls DANIEL'S hand away from the door handle, but she continues before re-entering the sitting room. Her tone is even firmer.

NURSE

Stick to the schedule and there'll not be a problem. Keep your father fed, watered and exercised twice a day. Meals before nine, bowels moved before bed and stimulating conversation during daylight hours. Yes - understood? Can we go inside - Yes? Good.

The NURSE pushes past DANIEL to re-enter the flat.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

The NURSE claps her hands.

NURSE

Time to leave Mr Thomas senior to get settled in.

FRANK

Fuckin' Hell, thought you'd gone.

DANIEL flinches at his father's language. The paramedics leave.

NURSE

Mild Tourette's is quite common in the first few days of recovery -

FRANK

I can hear you bastards from here.

The NURSE forces a smile and picks up the lever-arch file off the table, once more handing it to DANIEL. She softens towards him.

NURSE

Don't worry. There are emergency numbers inside. For *emergencies*...

DANIEL takes a deep breath and the NURSE gives his arm a reassuring squeeze.

NURSE

I'll be back in two or three days to check in on you.

The NURSE forces a smile from DANIEL.

FRANK

All right, fucking go already. Hanging around...

DANIEL flinches at his father's language.

DANIEL can't believe what he is being asked to do. The NURSE moves to say to goodbye to FRANK but he waves her away from him.

FRANK

Yes, yes.

NURSE

(giving up)
Okay then.

The NURSE smiles reassuringly at a bewildered DANIEL.

NURSE

Good bye. See you in a few days.

The NURSE leaves closing the door behind her.



DANIEL and FRANK stand in silence for a moment or two, they avoid each other's eye. DANIEL walks to the table and places the crystal duck back on its legs. FRANK watches him.

DANIEL

So... it's you and me for a couple of weeks. Not exactly what I'd expected when I got up this morning.

FRANK stares at DANIEL then looks away to scan the room. FRANK slumps a little in the chair.

DANIEL

You look a bit tired.

FRANK

Tired of 'nurse fat arse'... Yap, yap, yap... all the bloody way, had to ask for oxygen just so she'd shut the fuck up...

DANIEL quickly looks inside the folder.

DANIEL

Not lost the power of speech then?

FRANK attempts to stand and DANIEL moves the wheelchair back towards FRANK.

FRANK

I'll have my sticks.

DANIEL hands FRANK his sticks then parks the wheelchair near the bedroom door.

DANIEL

Says you're supposed to use this.

DANIEL looks at the folder the NURSE gave him and places it on the table.

FRANK

That? Fuck knows how many people have pissed themselves on that contraption.

DANIEL sighs, trying to hide his impatience, continues to flick through the folder.

DANIEL

So, this stroke, what's it done to you? Your walking's shaky... but your speech is all right. Anything else you've lost?

DANIEL pauses a moment then tries to be lighthearted.

DANIEL

Remote to your telly?

FRANK glares at DANIEL.

FRANK

I haven't had the bailiffs in - I've had a *stroke*. If you'd sooner see me at your brother's then speak up -

DANIEL takes a breath.

DANIEL

Can't see that happening soon. I'm looking after you now. Only been here five minutes for goodness sake.

DANIEL walks into the kitchen trying to find something to busy himself with. FRANK watches him, his face softens.

FRANK

Ah...

DANIEL turns to face FRANK. FRANK attempts to soften.

FRANK

...make a brew.

DANIEL nods and smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Daniel enters and flicks on the kettle, he looks at his reflection in the stainless steel of the kettle, his bulbous face looks back at him. He turns away from it.

DANIEL

So, how are you? Really?

FRANK

(flippant)

Isn't it in the folder?

DANIEL

I was only asking how you feel.

FRANK

(making an effort)

Been better. Of course...

DANIEL puts a tea bag in a mug and pours hot water on it.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL brings FRANK a mug of tea.

DANIEL

Anything... specific?

FRANK

(trying hard)

Don't know - say I've lost a few words, grip in my right hand... Therapist says I got to practice my alphabet - Christ's sake... Like a bloody five year old.

DANIEL

If they say you got to practice...

FRANK

(smirking)

Gonna teach me my A, B fucking C's now?

DANIEL

Dad, must you swear all the time? Every other word is 'fuck'..

FRANK

(grinning)

It's my T for fuckin' Tourette's, innit?

DANIEL

(smirking)

Well, try and keep it to an M for fuckin' minimum...

DANIEL moves toward the TV but stops.

DANIEL

You want the telly on? - No, wait!

DANIEL hurries over to the corner of the room where the chess set stands on a small table. DANIEL carefully carries it over to where FRANK sits.

DANIEL

How about that then?

DANIEL steps back proudly.

FRANK

Chess?

DANIEL

Yes, you used to love it.

DANIEL fetches one of the dining chairs.

FRANK relaxes for the first time. He almost smiles as he scans the pieces.

DANIEL

I bought a book, but I'm still rubbish I'm afraid.



FRANK

Chess...

DANIEL

Nice set isn't it. Go on.

FRANK stares at the board and all its odd pieces. He smiles quizzically. Moments pass.

DANIEL

Go on.

Continued on page 106



NAKED IN THE FOG
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A NEW WORLD
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NORMALLY THEY HIDE UNDER BRIDGES
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A LONELY SOLDIER IN THE FOREST
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UNTITLED
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HOME AGAIN
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SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREST
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PROUD 2
ACRYLIC AND STUCCO ON CANVAS
CHRIS LOPEZ



SQUARE
CHARCOAL ON PAPER
CHRIS LOPEZ



José
CHARCOAL ON PAPER
CHRIS LOPEZ



HEAT 3
ACRYLIC AND STUCCO
CHRIS LOPEZ



HEAT
ACRYLIC AND STUCCO
CHRIS LOPEZ



JORGE
WATERCOLOR
CHRIS LOPEZ



NUDE 52
WATERCOLOR
CHRIS LOPEZ

PAMPELONNE REVISITED

Vincent Keith

Lying under my umbrella by the sea near St. Tropez, I watched as a series of random men disappeared down a small path away from the beach towards some low dunes and a local gay cruising ground. They were all alone. The men ranged in age from their early thirties well into their sixties or seventies. There appeared to be a ritual. First they would hang around the little pavilion containing the loos and a shower.

As ours was a nudist beach, they would watch bathers emerge from the sea, walk the fifty yards up the beach and take a cold shower to rise off the salt. After a while in the sun, they would make their way leisurely away from view up a path that had broken fencing on either side. There were signs indicating that people should stay on the path and protect the delicate ecosystem.

The path lead from the beach to a parking area and the road beyond, but on either side of an open field there were areas of dense tree cover and tall grasses. I took a walk into this shady space and was struck by the contrast with the vast and open nudist beach only yards away. Some men stood by a tree or sat on the ground exposing themselves with hardons and expectant looks on their faces. Next to one shrub, a man was on all-fours facing away from the path, and still others walked the pathways.

The grasses were so tall and trees provided so much cover, it barely felt as if you were outside, perhaps giving men confidence to be more adventurous. When you turned a corner, you never knew what you would find. An old man sucking-off a younger one next to a thorny bush. Sometimes men passing you would casually brush themselves against you. There was no sound. There were many looks. There was desperation and there was hope. It smelled of pine and dry grass and a faint whiff of a stale manly odor.

I recall one burly man wearing a very tight and revealing swimming thong. He was leaning against a tree smoking. He looked like a taxi driver and was trying hard to ignore the men walking by. I saw his wedding ring and wondered if his wife knew where he was and what he was doing. I felt a bit sad because he looked sad.

There was definitely a *frisson* or a heaviness in the air. A sense of expectation and a thrill.

You can see more of Vincent's work at www.vgkphoto.com.



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VINCENT KEITH



UNTITLED II | MAY 2011
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UNTITLED III | MAY 2011
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VINCENT KEITH

REFRACTED

by Roger Thomas

Continued from page 83

FRANK glares at DANIEL. He's concentrating.

DANIEL

Sorry.

FRANK finally moves his right hand slowly towards his Knight. His fingers stretch out, but as they reach the piece his hand begins to shake.



DANIEL watches his father and he sees he's beginning to struggle.

FRANK concentrates on keeping his hand still. He makes one final effort to grab for the Knight, his fingers reach the top of the piece, but at the last minute his hand twists and the Knight falls.

DANIEL waits silently, perfectly still watching his father.

FRANK bubbles into anger. He shoves the board away from him, some of the pieces fall to the floor.

DANIEL maintains his stillness, as FRANK huffs and looks away from him.

DANIEL finally stands and methodically puts all the toppled pieces back on the board. DANIEL lifts the board and the small table from its place.

DANIEL

We'll try again... when your grip is better.

DANIEL steps away with the table and they both hear a crunch.

DANIEL has stepped on his Knight snapping it in two. DANIEL tries not to react. He carries the table with the board back across the room.

DANIEL returns to pick up the broken Knight. He looks to see if it can be mended. FRANK watches DANIEL, feeling guilty for making such

a mess. FRANK attempts to break the tension.

FRANK

Where'm I gonna sleep?

DANIEL puts the pieces of Knight on the chess board.

DANIEL

Through there, I suppose. My room.

DANIEL points to the bedroom door.

FRANK

With you?

DANIEL

I'll have the sofa bed. Have a look, unpack your stuff.

FRANK

My stuff?

FRANK smiles and holds up the plastic Sainsbury's bag.

FRANK

I got a toothbrush, packet of three underpants and my other jamas. Shove it in a shoe box and put me under the stairs if you want...

DANIEL walks to FRANK and looks at the plastic bag.

DANIEL

This is a flat... Haven't you got any day clothes?

FRANK

The day I get dressed is the day I go home.

DANIEL quietly sips his tea. FRANK reaches for his tea, considers his grip, decides to leave it.

FRANK

May have a kip.

DANIEL nods. FRANK just sits and looks at him.

FRANK

You gonna help me?

DANIEL

Excuse me?

FRANK

Want me to say 'please'?

DANIEL

What you want 'help' with?

FRANK

To get into my other jamas - these are my day-jamas.

DANIEL stifles an exhausted grin.

FRANK

Well?

DANIEL

(jumping back in the moment)

Yes-yes.

A bemused DANIEL helps FRANK through the bedroom door.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL is on the sofa-bed looking at the Super 8 projector, trying to work out why it's not working.

EXT. SEASIDE HOUSE - DAY

Bournemouth 1985. House just off the beach. Washed out cine footage, lots of over exposed light 'blinding' out some of the images.

GRANDMOTHER holding DANIEL as a toddler waving to the camera. She holds the crystal duck close to DANIEL'S face, his chubby young hands try to grasp it. They wave through the brilliant French windows with the glass wind-chimes swinging in the breeze.

DANIEL'S MOTHER and a much YOUNGER FRANK wave back.

FRANK (OOV)
(shouting)
Daniel!

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL is pulled from his memory by FRANK'S shouts.

FRANK (OOV)
Daniel! Dan. Dan!

DANIEL leaves the projector and hurries to FRANK'S room.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

FRANK is standing next to his bed. DANIEL stares at him.

DANIEL
What? What's the matter?!

FRANK
Didn't you hear me shout?

DANIEL
Yes, what's the matter?!

FRANK pauses a moment.

FRANK
I've pissed myself.

DANIEL looks at the damp patch on the front of FRANK'S pyjama bottoms. DANIEL tries to hide the upset he feels for his father

DANIEL
Oh.. well, let's get you into the bathroom.



FRANK

Couldn't find the bloody door, didn't know where I was...

DANIEL retrieves the spare pyjamas from Frank's plastic bag and places them on the bed.

DANIEL

No worries, just not used to your surroundings.

DANIEL follows FRANK out of the room trying to look at FRANK'S pyjama top.

FRANK

Should leave the door open a crack. Fucking dark...

The chimes clink together as FRANK brushes against glass wind chimes. He frowns distastefully at them

DANIEL follows behind FRANK gripping the chimes to stop them clinking.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL runs hot water into the basin. He looks into the cabinet mirror - the doors are slightly ajar, splitting DANIEL'S reflected face in two. The steam rises and fogs the reflection.

DANIEL sees the basin is full and rinses through a flannel.

FRANK stands in a white baggy vest but naked from the waist down by the basin, as DANIEL kneels to his side with the flannel.

DANIEL wipes down FRANK'S legs.

DANIEL

Do you want to do your bits and pieces yourself?

FRANK sulks with embarrassment.

DANIEL rinses the flannel under the tap and squeezes it out. He gently takes his father's hand and puts the flannel into in.

DANIEL

I'll help you into your pyjamas when you're done. I'll go change your sheet.

FRANK stares after DANIEL, as he leaves him alone in the bathroom.

FRANK looks at the flannel in his hand aware of what a pathetic state he now is.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL is on his knees next to the bed holding the 'day-jamas' for FRANK to step into.

DANIEL attempts to move FRANK'S leg.

DANIEL

...Step in the...

FRANK looks at the wind-chimes once more hanging lifeless next to the blinds.

FRANK

Weren't those your mother's?

DANIEL would prefer to get his father dressed and briefly nods and smiles.

DANIEL

Can you.. move your leg..

FRANK
Stop pulling me!

DANIEL
Sorry Dad, just trying to move your leg.

DANIEL fights his frustration as he tries again to move FRANK'S leg

DANIEL
Dad..

FRANK
You're pulling the hairs!

FRANK clips DANIEL on the back of the head. DANIEL is shocked.

DANIEL
What was that for?!

FRANK
I'll do it my bloody self!

DANIEL stands up hesitating over whether to leave FRANK alone.

DANIEL
I'll... leave you to it.

DANIEL leaves the room closing the door behind him, the chimes clink together.

FRANK
Dan -

FRANK stops talking as he's now alone. He sighs with self pity watching the chimes settle.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL sits on his sofa-bed. He thinks a moment, shaking his head then looks at the projector and over to the mantle.

Above the mantle the huge framed photo of DANIEL'S Mother looms down on the room.

As DANIEL turns to FRANK'S bedroom door we notice the photo is actually quite small in its mirrored stand alone frame.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

FRANK attempts to pull on his pyjama bottoms. He struggles with his grip and gives up. He takes a long frustrated self-loathing breath - his useless hand can't form a fist, no matter how hard he stares at it.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL opens the door and calmly walks back in the room.

FRANK is sitting on the bed with the pyjama bottoms still around his ankles.

DANIEL softens at his father's sorry state.

DANIEL
Look Dad, you're here with me. Can we just deal with it? Graham - he's not able to look after you.

FRANK
Thanks to Sue..

DANIEL
Well... there we are then.

FRANK
(mumbling)
Better than no wife at all..

DANIEL
Dad... what argument do you want with me?
Seem set on it.

FRANK
Graham deserves your support...

DANIEL
You don't know his situation.

FRANK
I know plenty.

DANIEL
Believe me Dad -

FRANK
Don't tell me what I know!

DANIEL
You knew Sue's brother caught him dogging in a Sutton lay-by - you knew that, did you!?

FRANK is confused. DANIEL calms his tone.



DANIEL
Don't know what her brother was doing there...
but, that's the sort of bloke your
'number one son', is... Yet you still treat
me like number-flaming-two... Time you woke up..

FRANK slumps defeated, pyjamas still around his ankles.

DANIEL
Actually... time we both went to sleep.

DANIEL goes to the door. He hesitates and looks back at his father sitting on the bed.

DANIEL

I'll leave the door open...

FRANK ignores him. DANIEL leaves.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

Morning. DANIEL is putting some breakfast things on the small dining table. He moves the crystal duck - he quickly breathes on it, shines it with his shirt.

DANIEL looks through the crystal at the room around him - the room becoming a mass of squares and refracted shapes making him slightly dizzy.

DANIEL blinks before placing the crystal carefully on the mantle.

DANIEL approaches the bedroom door taking a steadying breath.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

DANIEL enters and looks at FRANK in bed.

FRANK lies on his back in the middle of the bed, pale and perfectly still, his hair neat and perfectly parted to one side, the flat crisp sheet pulled up to his neck, the room is still. He looks like he's peacefully lying in state.

DANIEL approaches FRANK very slowly.

DANIEL

Dad?

DANIEL tentatively reaches to touch FRANK'S serene face.

As DANIEL slowly reaches out.

DANIEL almost screams when FRANK suddenly turns to face him - his sleep-messed hair stuck up in clumps, the striped flannel sheets pulled up under his arms

FRANK is shocked by DANIEL'S sudden appearance close to his face, his fear immediately replaced by irritated anger.

DANIEL

Jeez!

FRANK

What the hell you doing?!

DANIEL

You didn't *answer!!*

FRANK sits up.

FRANK

Hold a bloody mirror over my face, why don't you...!!

DANIEL hides his fluster.

DANIEL

It's.. time to get up. Tea? Coffee? Which you want? Or juice?

FRANK

Juice?! I'll have tea..

DANIEL escapes from the room. The chimes clatter as he closes the door behind him irritating FRANK.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

FRANK walking with his two sticks enters the sitting room wearing

another baggy vest and a grey cardigan and having managed to get into his pyjama bottoms.

DANIEL is standing on the front door step with the front door open, looking out to the street. He is on his mobile.



DANIEL

Peter? Just wanted to say hi. Uh.. dad's going to be here for two weeks at least I'm afraid.. Will you come and meet -

FRANK appears behind him. DANIEL looks around at FRANK, putting his hand over the phone.

FRANK

Who's so important? Stood there with the door open.

DANIEL

Call me back.. or.. call me back please.

DANIEL hangs up and stares at his phone for a moment.

FRANK starts to pour tea for himself. DANIEL watches him closely as he spills tea all over the table which then drips to the floor.

DANIEL quickly enters the sitting room and closes the door.

FRANK

Boyfriend trouble?

DANIEL ignores the jibe.

DANIEL

So, breakfast. What you want?

DANIEL walks to the kitchen.

FRANK

Happy chops. What you got?

DANIEL

Well? Need anything liquidising?

FRANK
 Eh?
 DANIEL
 You and your teeth never got along before the stroke, don't tell me they're better now?
 FRANK
 Nought wrong with my teeth..
 DANIEL tries to hide a smirk as he opens the fridge.
 FRANK
 What you smirking for?
 DANIEL
 'Nothing sucks like an Electrolux' - remember that ad? You were a right Hoover you were, sucking away through dinner..
 FRANK
 (smiling)
 Piss off..
 DANIEL smirks at his dad, who pretends not to find it funny.
 DANIEL
 Scrambled eggs then?
 FRANK
 Boiled... hard with toast.
 DANIEL
 Shall I cut the crusts off?
 FRANK
 Shall I clip you round the ear?
 DANIEL laughs to himself. He puts the eggs in a pan and puts them on the stove.
 FRANK sips his tea, pulling his cardigan around him.
 FRANK
 What happened with my other jamas?
 DANIEL
 I rinsed through your... *jamas*. Should be dry by tonight.
 FRANK
 .. sitting around in these, fucking knob keeps falling out.
 DANIEL
 Put your new underpants on.
 FRANK
 Don't like them.
 DANIEL sighs but doesn't argue and returns to the kitchen.
 FRANK scans the sitting room and spots the small photo of his late wife on the mantle piece. The thick glass mirrored frame with its silver trim.
 FRANK uses his stick to slowly work his way over toward the photo.
 FRANK methodically takes the photo down to look at it closely.
 FRANK gently strokes the glass, lost in the image beneath.

DANIEL suddenly appears behind FRANK.
 DANIEL
 Careful with that!
 FRANK is startled and drops the photo.
 The photo seems to take an age to fall to the floor, twisting over and over. DANIEL transfixed to his mother's face appearing with every flip. The photo smashes on the hearth, the glass shattering into a million pieces sending rainbow prisms across the room. DANIEL cringes as the pieces finally settle.
 DANIEL
Shhh... itt...
 DANIEL moves toward a flustered FRANK.
 FRANK
 What you got her up there for?! Not.. *safe* up there.
 DANIEL
Really... Have I got to child-proof my f-flat now?
 DANIEL pushes FRANK to one side to inspect the damage. The thick glass frame lies shattered on the hearth.
 DANIEL looks at all the reflections of himself in the countless pieces of smashed mirrors. He picks out the photo from the mess tapping away the tiny glass shards.
 FRANK
 Only looking.
 DANIEL gets up, leaving FRANK looking at broken glass immediately returning with a dust-pan and brush. He begins to brush up the broken glass.
 FRANK
 See you've not got a picture of me up there.
 DANIEL
 You're still in the land of the living, mum's gone. She was up there so I wouldn't forget what she looked like.
 FRANK
 I'll not forget.
 DANIEL stands up straight holding the pan and brush.
 DANIEL
 You had longer with her. Leave me to remember her how I choose, thanks.
 DANIEL tips the glass into the kitchen bin.
 FRANK
 You're your mother's son..
 DANIEL pauses to stare at his father.
 DANIEL
 Meaning?
 FRANK
 (mumbling)
 My dad wouldn't let me be so soft..

DANIEL returns to the sitting room.

DANIEL

Ah ha! There it is... How long was that?
Day and a half?

FRANK

We were proper boys then, my dad -

DANIEL

- Your *dad* made you stand in the yard, in
your pants, in December, - cos you fancied
that black postman's daughter.

FRANK

Bollocks...

DANIEL

Nan told me. Not sure if she was
embarrassed or *proud*... Hard to tell with
all the Gordon's down her neck..

FRANK

Oi!

DANIEL

Putting you out in the freezing cold...
What were you, twelve?

FRANK

Toughened me up.



DANIEL

You'd be put in care these days for less.
'Toughened you up'..

FRANK

Better than a soft arse, like you!

DANIEL

Whatever... Always someone else. Graham
can't have you - it's Sue's fault. You piss

yourself, it's my fault. I'm gay, it's
mum's fault. Drop mum's photo, my fault again!

FRANK

Is it my fault I've had a fucking stroke?
Think I asked for it?

DANIEL

Well, it's not my fault! Stop acting like I
planned this! As punishment for pissing me
off all my life!

DANIEL takes a breath. FRANK hangs his head and DANIEL has a
flash of his father as that little boy being put out in that freezing
December yard. DANIEL looks at him and decides to go no further.

DANIEL

Do you want this boiled egg? Be
rock-fucking-hard by now.

DANIEL takes the eggs off the boil.

EXT. PARK - DAY

DANIEL is steadily pushing FRANK in his wheelchair through the
park.

They look about at anything and everything to avoid conversation.
DANIEL is wearing a backpack. FRANK wears a thick brown cardigan
with a woolen check blanket over his knees.

DANIEL parks the wheelchair next to a bench. He retrieves a Tup-
perware box from his backpack.

FRANK

How long we got to be out here?

DANIEL

Only just arrived. Sandwich?

FRANK

What's in them?

DANIEL

Cheese, ham, or cheese and ham.

FRANK

No egg?

DANIEL

No.

FRANK

Cheese then.

DANIEL hands FRANK a sandwich.

FRANK

- and ham.

DANIEL clenches his jaw, puts back the cheese sandwich and hands
him another. DANIEL eats his own sandwich and they sit in silence
for a few moments.

FRANK

So?

DANIEL looks to his father, studying his face. The lines, the stubble
on his chin, the grey hair.

DANIEL

So..?

FRANK appears to study DANIEL in return. FRANK takes a slow thoughtful breath. DANIEL waits in hope for a breakthrough in conversation.

FRANK

How long we got to be out here?

The question disappoints DANIEL. He opens his bag again.

DANIEL

Twenty minutes, fresh air, every day.
That's the drill.

DANIEL can't find what he wanted.

DANIEL

Forgot the thermos. I'm gonna pop to that
café? Gonna be okay a minute?

FRANK

What for?

DANIEL

Going go get a tea, want one?

FRANK

Should have brought the thermos.

DANIEL

(sarcastic)

Nothing for you then?

FRANK

I'll have tea. And an egg sandwich.

DANIEL rolls his eyes and hurries off.



EXT. PARK KIOSK CAFE - DAY

Out of sight of the bench. DANIEL carries the two paper cups back to where he left FRANK.

EXT. PARK - DAY

About twenty yards from the bench, DANIEL realises that FRANK is no longer where he left him. He continues toward the bench, as he looks about the park. No sign of FRANK.

DANIEL places the tea on the bench. Still no sign of FRANK. DANIEL'S eyes widen with fear. DANIEL'S eyes widen as he spots the blanket on the bench, which only increases his concern. He looks quickly around him, his breath quickening. The wind picks up and howls through the trees, the skies turn grey and menacing.

DANIEL

(shouting)
Dad! DAD!!

DANIEL finally spots FRANK wheeling himself two hundred yards into the park. DANIEL runs after him. The wind stops, the sky is clear again.

DANIEL reaches FRANK and grabs the handles of the wheelchair, forcing FRANK to an abrupt stop. DANIEL is out of breath.

DANIEL

What the hell.. you doing?!

FRANK

Thought I'd take a look about.

DANIEL

Was gone two minutes!

DANIEL catches his breath.

DANIEL

Can't just... go off!

FRANK shows no reaction. He continues staring off ahead of him. He finally looks at DANIEL.

FRANK

Did you fetch me a tea?

DANIEL

It's... back at the... bench.

DANIEL puts his hands on his sides and closes his eyes still catching his breath. DANIEL shakes his head astonished by his father's selfishness but as he opens his eyes FRANK is already wheeling himself back to the bench. DANIEL pauses a second before 'dutifully' follows.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Deep in the night. DANIEL has fallen asleep at the table. He has been trying to mend the Super 8 projector again.

EXT. SEASIDE HOUSE - DAY

Rapid brief flashes of DANIEL'S GRANDMOTHER bouncing a weeping YOUNG DANIEL in her arms as she stands outside in her garden. The crystal duck doesn't seem to be working this time, no matter how much she dangles it in his crying face. The images become blocked by bright sunlight.

DANIEL'S Grandmother lets DANIEL to fall from her lap, as she reaches for the glass framed photo of DANIEL'S Mother as it flips over and over in the air.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Early evening. DANIEL opens the front door. PETER is standing on the step. PETER does his best to smile convincingly but obviously

wishing to be somewhere else. DANIEL beams at him.

DANIEL

You came? So good to see you!

PETER attempts a smile but stiffens as DANIEL hugs him.

PETER

Well you know... fiftieth voice mail a charm..

DANIEL fails to let PETER'S sarcasm spoil his gratitude. PETER peels himself free and walks inside.

DANIEL

Yes, sorry - wasn't sure you were getting my messages..

PETER

(to Frank)
Hello.

FRANK is watching TV and ignores PETER. PETER takes his coat off, DANIEL immediately takes it from him and hangs it over the arm of the sofa.

DANIEL

Dad, this is Peter.

FRANK barely looks up.

FRANK

Evening.

FRANK returns to watching TV.

DANIEL and PETER glance at each other.

PETER

(almost to himself)
Great.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Later. PETER and FRANK are sitting at the dining table. DANIEL places plates in front of them.

DANIEL

Help yourself to everything.

DANIEL collects his plate and joins them at the dining table. FRANK pulls the potatoes toward himself. PETER is about to push them nearer to FRANK but receives a glare.

FRANK

I can manage.

PETER

Of course.

PETER glances at DANIEL who smiles a brief apology.

DANIEL

I cut up your chicken.

FRANK

Great, tell everyone I'm a spastic, why not?

DANIEL clenches his jaw.

PETER

This looks good.

PETER smiles at DANIEL in solidarity.

All begin to eat. FRANK reaches for both the knife and fork, but settles for just holding the fork in his left hand. DANIEL pretends not to notice.

DANIEL

How's work?

PETER

Busy -

FRANK interrupts PETER.

FRANK

How much you make, in a year? How much money?

PETER looks at FRANK then to DANIEL, not really knowing what to say.

DANIEL

Don't think it's our business -

FRANK

More than him, I bet. All day in that shop - selling seeds and shit.

DANIEL

Organic food.

FRANK

Pulses - that's what they call 'em, and, what is it - Mung Beans?

FRANK winks at PETER.

FRANK

I know all the lingo. Gives me wind all that whole food shit. Woo! Right stinkers!

DANIEL rolls his eyes as FRANK laughs.

PETER

..I.. do okay..

PETER knows FRANK is no longer listening preferring to enjoy and smirk at DANIEL'S embarrassment.

FRANK

Must play havoc with you lot.

PETER and DANIEL look at FRANK with suspicious confusion.

FRANK addresses DANIEL as he continues.

FRANK

Especially you, being on the bottom and all.

DANIEL frowns, afraid where his father's sentence may end.

FRANK

When he's.. *doing* you - you're the girl right? He's on top?

DANIEL begins to fume. DANIEL

Shut up.

FRANK looks to PETER.

FRANK

Don't tell me *you're* the girl? Didn't think you had it in you - ha! Get it?! 'in you'..

DANIEL stands up, furious!

DANIEL

Shut your filthy mouth..!

DANIEL stops himself, FRANK stares at him defiantly and they hold each other's stare several moments.

PETER

Don't rise to it, Daniel. Your father's just testing you.

FRANK lifts up his fork and holds it like a microphone.

FRANK

Testing, 1,2,3.

DANIEL breathes shallowly, keeping his temper but unable to look at either his father or PETER.

PETER

I'm...calling it a night.

FRANK hides his smirk.

DANIEL

What?

PETER stands. FRANK begins to eat again, but PETER places his hand on his arm, preventing FRANK'S fork entering his mouth.

PETER

Frank, do us a favour. When you're capable of being civilised enough to receive company, let us know. Yes?

PETER locks FRANK'S stare a moment. FRANK'S smirk immediately fades.

PETER lets FRANK'S arm go. DANIEL looks nervously at his father and

PETER.

DANIEL I'll... walk you to the car.

EXT. DANIEL'S STREET - NIGHT

PETER and DANIEL walk down the street together towards Peter's car.

PETER

Sorry, shouldn't have said that to your father. Didn't care to watch him... embarrass you like that.

DANIEL

No, he needed telling.

PETER

Probably made it worse now, though.

DANIEL

How can it get any worse?

PETER smiles sympathy and rubs DANIEL'S arm.

DANIEL

I swear... He'll push me..

PETER and DANIEL stop at the car. PETER is guilty about leaving DANIEL.

DANIEL

Driving me round the bend.

PETER opens the car door.

PETER

Well, I doubt I'll be welcome in your place for a while, but I'm on the end of the phone.

DANIEL

(depressed)

Just want a... decent relationship.

PETER pauses at what DANIEL has said and how it could be understood in more than one way.

PETER

You will - once he settles in. Your father just needs to get used to all these changes. It'll get better. It will.

DANIEL takes a deep breath, fighting tears. PETER gives DANIEL a quick awkward hug, gets in his car then drives off.

DANIEL turns to the direction of the house pausing a moment before walking back to the flat. The street light flickers as DANIEL looks at it, he shudders and continues walking.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Middle of the night. DANIEL is woken again by FRANK shouting.

FRANK (OOV)

Daniel! Dan! Dan!

DANIEL sits up half asleep, unsure why he's awake.

FRANK (OOV)

Daniel!

DANIEL

Yes! All right.

DANIEL throws back the covers and heads for FRANK'S room.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

DANIEL and FRANK are once more in the bathroom. FRANK again stood half naked at the sink. DANIEL sponges FRANK'S legs.

DANIEL

The door was open...

FRANK

Still too dark.

DANIEL

Then leave the light on.

FRANK

I can't sleep with the light on.

DANIEL rubs his forehead, fighting tiredness.

DANIEL
Dad... it's three in the morning.
DANIEL struggles to stay alert.
DANIEL
What do you need? What will help you... not...
FRANK
Piss myself?
DANIEL
- piss yourself..
FRANK
Leave the light on - don't you listen?
DANIEL decides not to argue.
DANIEL
I'll leave it on.
DANIEL begins to sponge FRANK'S crotch. FRANK hits DANIEL'S arm away.
DANIEL
You're too *slow*..
FRANK



Off! Wipe my own bollocks thank you! Fetch my jamas.
DANIEL
You don't have any left! The others are still damp from last time...
FRANK
Well what am I supposed to bloody wear?!
DANIEL loses his temper momentarily.
DANIEL

I don't know! Should have thought about that before you pissed all over these ones!
FRANK clips DANIEL around the back of the head.
FRANK
I'm still your bloody father!
DANIEL
And I'm still wiping the piss off your legs!
DANIEL punches FRANK on the thigh.
FRANK takes another swipe at the back of DANIEL'S head.
DANIEL stands up to face FRANK.
DANIEL
I swear..
FRANK
(laughing cynically)
What you gonna do? Swing your handbag at me?
DANIEL sticks his index finger right in FRANK'S face.
FRANK slaps DANIEL'S face, though it's unclear whether he aimed at his finger and got too close. FRANK is shocked at what he just did. His voice isn't as certain as before.
FRANK
Point your fucking... finger at me...

DANIEL is shocked. After a moment, he reaches for the towel, wipes his hands then hands the towel to FRANK. DANIEL dismisses FRANK with a cold stare then leaves the room.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

Late afternoon. FRANK is sitting at the dining table, the NURSE sits near him. She has a note pad next to her large battered leather bag on the table.

DANIEL stands behind her, watching her proceed with some simple physiotherapy. DANIEL leans in - not because he's interested in her massage, but because he can see through her glasses - he moves his head up and down watching FRANK'S face blur and distort through the thick spectacle glass.

The NURSE senses DANIEL'S movements and looks behind her to see what he's doing, DANIEL quickly stops bobbing. FRANK rolls his eyes at DANIEL.

The NURSE writes her findings on her pad pushing her thick heavy spectacles back up her nose. Her eyes immediately getting larger.

NURSE
Fine. Now your right hand please.
She holds out her left hand for FRANK to grip.
NURSE
Nice and tight.
FRANK takes her left hand in his right and grips.
NURSE
Tighter, tight as you can.
She lets go of FRANK'S hand and writes more notes.
NURSE
And how about something smaller?

She hands him her pen. FRANK grips it concentrating on the task.

NURSE

Can you write your name for me?

She pushes a fresh page on her pad toward him. FRANK concentrates again as his hand holding the pen moves toward the paper. DANIEL and the NURSE watch him closely. The pen suddenly slips from FRANK'S grip.

FRANK

Bollocks.

NURSE

It's fine, not to worry, all takes time.
Baby steps remember.

She writes some more and continues.

NURSE

And how are things here, at home?

The NURSE looks up at them both, pushing her glasses up her nose, her eyes enlarging once more.

FRANK

Oh, they're super. Aren't they Dan?

FRANK half sneers at DANIEL.

FRANK

Shall I tell her what happened last night?

DANIEL'S eyes widen. The NURSE looks inquisitively at them both.

FRANK'S eyes fix on DANIEL.

FRANK

We had Dan's friend over for dinner. Dan had to cut my meat though. Isn't that right Dan?

DANIEL lets out a relieved breath, glad that FRANK hasn't elaborated further.

DANIEL

Yes. We -

NURSE

- Good-good. New people, stimulating conversation. Good.

DANIEL and FRANK stare at each other, ignoring the NURSE.

The NURSE stands and retrieves a plastic apron from her bag.

NURSE

Okay, how's your legs? Ready for some hydrotherapy?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

FRANK is in a warm bath, wearing just a vest and underpants. The NURSE is at the tap end of the bath, with one of FRANK'S feet in her hands.

DANIEL stands at the door watching. The NURSE slowly pushes FRANK'S foot back to extend his Achilles tendon, bending his leg at the knee at the same time.

NURSE

(to Daniel)

Ideally, you would be doing this every day, but a few times a week should be fine - no less though, please. This is excellent for stretching the muscles and keeping good healthy circulation.

The NURSE swaps legs and continues. FRANK winces occasionally, but doesn't complain. The NURSE turns back to FRANK and smiles widely.

DANIEL yawns irritating FRANK.

The NURSE puts down FRANK'S leg and turns to pick up a towel behind her. As she bends her behind ends up close to FRANK'S head and shoulders, her skirt has risen up to expose the back of her ample thighs.

FRANK takes one more look at DANIEL'S bored expression and in a split second thrusts his wet hand between the NURSE'S large thighs.

The NURSE screams out with shock as FRANK'S hand goes even higher right to the top of her inner thighs and into her underwear preventing her from escaping FRANK'S hand.

DANIEL is immediately 'back in the room' and grabs the NURSE, pulling her 'off' FRANK'S hand. She is shocked and completely flustered with embarrassment. DANIEL is furious as FRANK laughs out loud.

DANIEL

Jesus Christ!

The bright red and flustered NURSE hurries to gather her belongings.



NURSE

I...just going to... Where's... Something I need - in my bag - in the other room.

The NURSE hurries from the bathroom. DANIEL pauses to fume at his father who stares defiantly back. FRANK looks at his hand sniffs and his fingers before rinsing them in the bath water. DANIEL - now even more furiously disgusted - leaves the bathroom.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

The NURSE is at the front door pulling on her coat, fiddling with her glasses and her gusset. She smiles apologetically still bright red with embarrassment, eager to get away.

NURSE

Look at the time - it's so late!

DANIEL spots the NURSE checking the time on the wrong watch-less wrist feeling so ashamed of FRANK.

DANIEL

Oh my God..! I don't know what to say -

NURSE

I'll be back in a few days. Bye now.

Yes - yes! So late!

The NURSE hurries away leaving the door open behind her.

DANIEL is lost for words and remains hanging his head in the open doorway.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

FRANK hears the front door slamming. DANIEL appears in the bathroom doorway. His face is cold and hard as he looks at FRANK who is still in the bath having forgotten all about the NURSE and just wants to get out of the water.

DANIEL

You disgusting, ridiculous -

FRANK

Shut your whining and get me out of this bath. Arse like a fucking prune..

DANIEL

I can't believe -

FRANK

...so, I put my hand up in her pants -

DANIEL

What *possessed* you...

FRANK

She loved it - not had a finger in her crack for years, I bet.

DANIEL

..you're a pig...

FRANK

Get me out of this fucking bath!

DANIEL moves closer to the bath and grabs one of FRANK'S ankles.

DANIEL

You're a fucking disgusting ..

FRANK

Get off my ankle!

DANIEL pulls FRANK'S ankle up out of the bath, FRANK slips a few inches into the water.

DANIEL

... a *pig*, Dad...

FRANK

You're pulling!

DANIEL holds out his hand for FRANK to grab.

DANIEL

Here, take my hand.

DANIEL doesn't take FRANK'S hand and instead grabs the other ankle and FRANK slides even further into the water.

FRANK panics and reaches for the sides of the bath to stop himself sliding, but his hands are too wet to grip. FRANK'S face submerges in the water.

DANIEL is momentarily curious at how different his father's face looks under water. FRANK'S face distorts, his eyes wide and wild, his shouts inaudible under water. DANIEL keeps his grip on FRANK'S ankles, curious as to why the bubbles don't release the sound when they pop on the surface..

DANIEL suddenly returns to the moment and lets go of FRANK'S ankles.

DANIEL gasps.

DANIEL

Here, take my hand.

DANIEL holds out his hand again for FRANK to grab.

FRANK returns to the surface coughing and spluttering. He catches his breath and stares incredulous at DANIEL, who stares wide-eyed and shocked back at him.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

From outside the bathroom there is silence.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

Late morning. DANIEL is putting away crockery from the drainer.

DANIEL stops still. He stares at the water in the sink watching as it settles and his reflection becomes clearer. DANIEL suddenly spots another reflection in the water - its his own face again, eyes red and tearful - he quickly turns to see FRANK at the bedroom door on the other side of the room. DANIEL looks at his father, still confused by the brief images reflected in the water a moment ago.

FRANK closes the bedroom door and enters the sitting room, he looks at DANIEL but immediately looks away.

FRANK nears the kitchen. DANIEL senses FRANK approaching and decides to leave the kitchen. FRANK looks to DANIEL as he squeezes past him but DANIEL doesn't acknowledge him.

DANIEL hears FRANK fill the kettle. DANIEL returns to the kitchen.

DANIEL stands behind his father but then notices FRANK only preparing tea for one and his sympathy wanes. FRANK doesn't look at DANIEL despite his close proximity. DANIEL loses patience and leaves the kitchen.

DANIEL puts on his coat and takes another look at FRANK now taking down one single bowl from the cupboard together with a box of cereal.

DANIEL shakes his head as FRANK retrieves one spoon from the draw, annoyed by the selfishness of his father.

DANIEL looks at the crystal duck lying flat, having obviously been knocked over again.

The kettle boils and clicks off as DANIEL snatches the door open to leave the flat.

EXT. TOP OF THE STEPS OUTSIDE THE FLAT.

DANIEL slams the door behind him. A woman with her dog looks up at DANIEL from the other side of the street. DANIEL looks at her and she smiles as she and her dog continue down the street.

INT. CAFE - DAY

DANIEL sits inside a local cafe moving a bacon sandwich on his plate. He sips his coffee slowly, staring into space out the window, the rain blurring his view to the street.

DANIEL pulls out his mobile, he brings up PETER'S number and presses 'dial'. The phone rings but there is no reply. DANIEL returns the mobile to his pocket.

DANIEL immediately retrieves his mobile pressing redial. When the answer phone message ends DANIEL puts on smile and is about to speak but changes his mind and clears the call.

DANIEL sits staring at his phone. The rain pelts down outside.

To be continued...





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A lush, green forest scene featuring a stream with a small waterfall cascading over moss-covered rocks. The water is clear and reflects the surrounding greenery. The forest is dense with tall trees and a thick canopy of leaves, with sunlight filtering through the branches. A large, fallen tree trunk lies across the upper part of the frame. The overall atmosphere is serene and natural.

NATURE

MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 2 | Summer 2012

NATURE
BUCOLIC
CAMPING
LANDSCAPE
GREAT OUTDOORS
OUTSIDE
FARMS
WILD
TREES
HILLS
MOUNTAINS
GARDENS
WEATHER

Issue No. 2 of Mascular Magazine will have a theme. We are asking photographers, writers, designers, architects, musicians, sculptors, poets - artists of all kind to consider their natural surroundings. How does the natural world influence your work? In what ways do today's artists engage with the natural world? Let's explore.

If you are interested in contributing to Issue No. 2, please contact Mascular Magazine at: submissions@mascularmagazine.com