

MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 10 | Summer 2014



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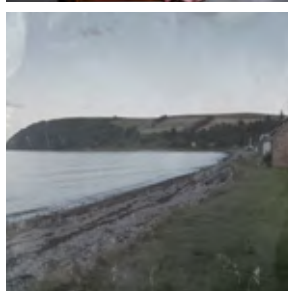
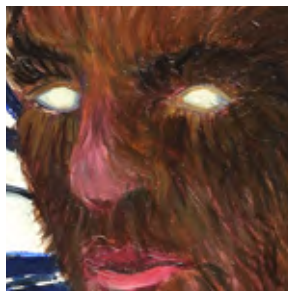
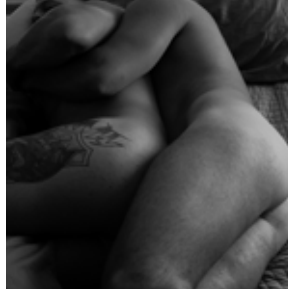
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CELEBRATING MASCULINE ART AND
THE MEN WHO CREATE IT



They say that in your dreams you are the true you - you at your most complete, fulfilled and uninhibited. The you that knows no limits, that lives up to his potential. In your dreams, you have the freedom to explore and develop your thoughts in a space that is limited only by your imagination and the time you have before waking up.

Welcome to Issue No. 10 of MASCULAR magazine. In this issue, we have asked artists from around the world to consider 'Dreams' and the role they play in their creative lives. Dreams as a theme for the works, dreams as inspiration or actual representations of the dreams themselves.

As I child I had a recurring dream about walking along the top of a wall that began very low and close to the ground and as I walked further and further, the wall rose higher and higher off the ground. I sensed the fear that grew as the wall grew ever higher, and the thrill of taking that risk. In the end, the wall is surrounded by water, and

when I look back, I see that the wall was the same height all along. How high was it, you may ask? Well, that I shall keep to myself.

I mention the dream because it touches on a few themes that I think are relevant to the creative process. I'm fascinated by how, in my subconscious, I choose to adhere to and respect some laws of nature (a wrong step would lead to a fall); while at the same time making the impossible come to life (a never ending wall that morphs into a vanishing point). This plasticity of reality, it seems to me, is fundamental to how we conceive of and how we perceive art. Even in the most abstract and surreal works, there is still a reference, even if unseen, to a shared reality. In many cases, it is the threat to that reality that makes a work 'controversial'.

The capacity to conceive of images and themes that are not familiar to us or that have never existed seems to be a metaphor for what we do when we are dreaming. We bring to this creative process a language that

is all our own – a vocabulary of light, shapes, rhythms and imagery that we use to create landscapes of the mind when we dream, and works of art when we are awake. The link between the two is fascinating.

First we begin with where we are when we are dreaming. Vincent Keith's *Sleeping Beauties* depicts a couple in bed in repose. The images blur the lines between depicting men who are dreaming, and depicting the dreams themselves. The idealised bodies imply innocence and beauty, but there is no way to know what they are dreaming of. If instead they are depictions of dream, they appear to be at once vulnerable and distant. The viewer must decide whether or not to jump in and risk disturbing the scene or stand back, forever distant from the pleasure of contact.

Frank Lee has another take on this theme. In his *A Dream*, the dreamer is the dream. He is isolated and bathed in beautiful light and on display for our delectation. This dream is so warm and inviting, you can almost

taste it! Unlike Keith's treatment, every element invites you in and asks that you participate fully.

Still another approach is Pietro Mingotti's *Vita Passio Miracula* – only here, there is darkness. Mignotti explains that his series of works is about solitude, fear and loneliness. This couldn't be further from Lee's interpretation, but both can clearly exist within the same person – even the same night's sleep. Mngotti's work also points to the physical response we have to the subconscious narrative we are living while we dream. Yes, there's placid calm, but there is also twisted torment. These sleeping contortions are extreme and suggest that the scene being played out in the dream is very real and very powerful.

Mingotti's works hint at the darker side of dreams – nightmares. What is a bad dream? Is it something like a bad play – where the parts don't add up, the narrative is weak and the performances unconvincing? When we speak of bad dreams, we don't speak of the quality of the dream, instead we mean that the emotions and situations experienced in the dream are unsettling or unpleasant, even terrifying. But why is it that we are happy to go to the cinema and see a thriller or a horror film while we wake, and yet we seem to derive no joy from the 'real' thing when it happens in our dreams. It's probably because our subconscious is amazing at directing and producing theatre.

Cedric Blanchon brings a nightmare to life in his vision of a dystopian world where humanity is in decline or at least in flux. There are nefarious forces out there that literally suck the life out of us, machines that blind us. His surreal portraits tell us that the continuity of form we live with has no place in our dreams. We fall to pieces. Blanchon's work is all the more powerful because he has managed to create a landscape (that word again) that is at once alien and accessible.

This theme of torment or distortion is echoed in a number of the submissions we received. In Moksham, Suchant Panchal drew

on emotions of depression and exhaustion to create a series that was at once self-referential and self-destructive. His images show a distorted figure struggling with its own identity. Micheal Oelofse photographs show masculine figures in congress or in opposition or in a struggle – sometimes a combination – and use a veil to obscure certain details while focusing on others. His images have an amazing ability to draw you in with familiar elements, and yet, with the treatment, make it impossible to take in the 'whole'.

Moving on, we come to the question of where are we in our dreams? People often speak of landscapes when the discuss dreams, and that would suggest a location or place where the 'action' is taking place. So where do we go when we dream? Jonny Dredge would suggest we go to familiar places – the seaside, a park – places we know instinctively, but in his series *The Trip*, those places are somewhat distorted or unclear. There's a sort of familiarity without being precise. These places are made more real because they contain objects that we can relate to. Objects that anchor us in reality and give us some sense of place, but these objects are oddly out of place. Beach balls, stuffed dolls and caravans are more likely to be metaphors than the things we live with everyday.

In *Helmet*, Kutay Cevirgen uses symbols and metaphors from the dream world to create a living echo of his dreams. Rather than try and depict what he sees in dreams, Cevirgen has taken the language of dreams and formed his own real landscapes. Vincent Keith considers characters out of place – as if a dream were put on pause and we were able to see the dreamer in his own dreamscape. He explains that he travels when he dreams. Charles Thomas Rogers also evokes movement in his dreamscapes. The men he depicts are in motion – they are unsettled.

Now let us consider who we are in our dreams. In one sense, in our dreams we are allowed to be whoever we choose to be.

Dreams of the waking kind or sleeping kind provide the space for use to project ourselves into new identities. JL2 dreams of being a princess. He taps into the glamorous and luxuriant existence that a proper princess must inhabit. His subjects are perfectly happy to ignore the realities of the masculine identities and revel in the fabulousness of being beautiful. The images are laced with a sense of humor and sadness. These identities they have assumed are fantasies, and just like any fantasy, fleeting.

Gabriel Prospero dreams of beauty. His gaze is focused on the confident sexiness of his Indian gods. They are exotic (to foreigners of course) and they have a calm sensuality that is hard to ignore. Prospero's dreams are flesh and blood. His dreams have the unique ability to look back at him and smile. Indeed, Prospero could, if he dared, reach out and touch what most people will never know. His dreams are real.

So there we have it, the who, what and where of dreams. Be they happy thoughts or nightmares, tangible or ethereal, the artists in this edition of MASCULAR Magazine have given us food for thought. We can see that our dreaming lives provide a great deal of material for our creative lives. In fact, it is through art that we are best able to represent or reflect out dreams.

I hope you enjoy this issue of MASCULAR Magazine as much as we have in putting it together. The slight delay in publication is down to some technical issues, which are finally in hand. The theme for the next issue of MASCULAR Magazine is 'WHITE'. If that inspires you in any way, we look forward to hearing from you.

The editors and contributors to MASCULAR Magazine would like to thank you for your continued support.

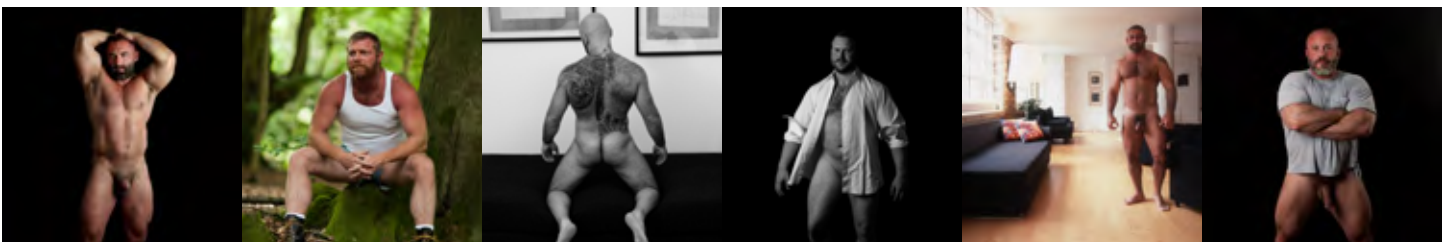
Vincent Keith
October 2014

NEW BOOK AVAILABLE NOW

Amazing Men - Beautifully Photographed - 74 of the best portraits and nudes by Vincent Keith for MASCULAR Studio.



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MASCULAR MAGAZINE

THE MASCULAR T-SHIRT



BEEFY RAINBOW 2014

Tai Wang

I am an artist from Taiwan; my creative works include paintings, illustrations, comics and graphic novels. I started my artistic practice when I was 10-years-old. I do not consider myself a really good painter, but I worked and played with various style of painting and eventually created something of my own.

At the end of 2012, I started my gay bear series "Sexy B" which I intend to bring my sense of humor but also sexy expressions to this gay bear culture I am living in. The name of "βSexy B" came from the variety possibility related to alphabet B. You can name it Bear, Boy(friend), Baby, Bang even Boner if you like! Ideas of illustrations in "βSexy B" are usually very simple but also funny and catchy. I want to explore more possibilities in gay illustration field, and I will continue trying and exploring, and having fun!

Hope you all like my work, Always WOOF!

BEEFY RAINBOW

I try to bring my colorful dream into reality and shape the color to make it beefy!

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Autumn 2012
Design: Alan Thompson



Winter 2013
Design: Alan Thompson



Spring 2013
Design: Fantasmagorik

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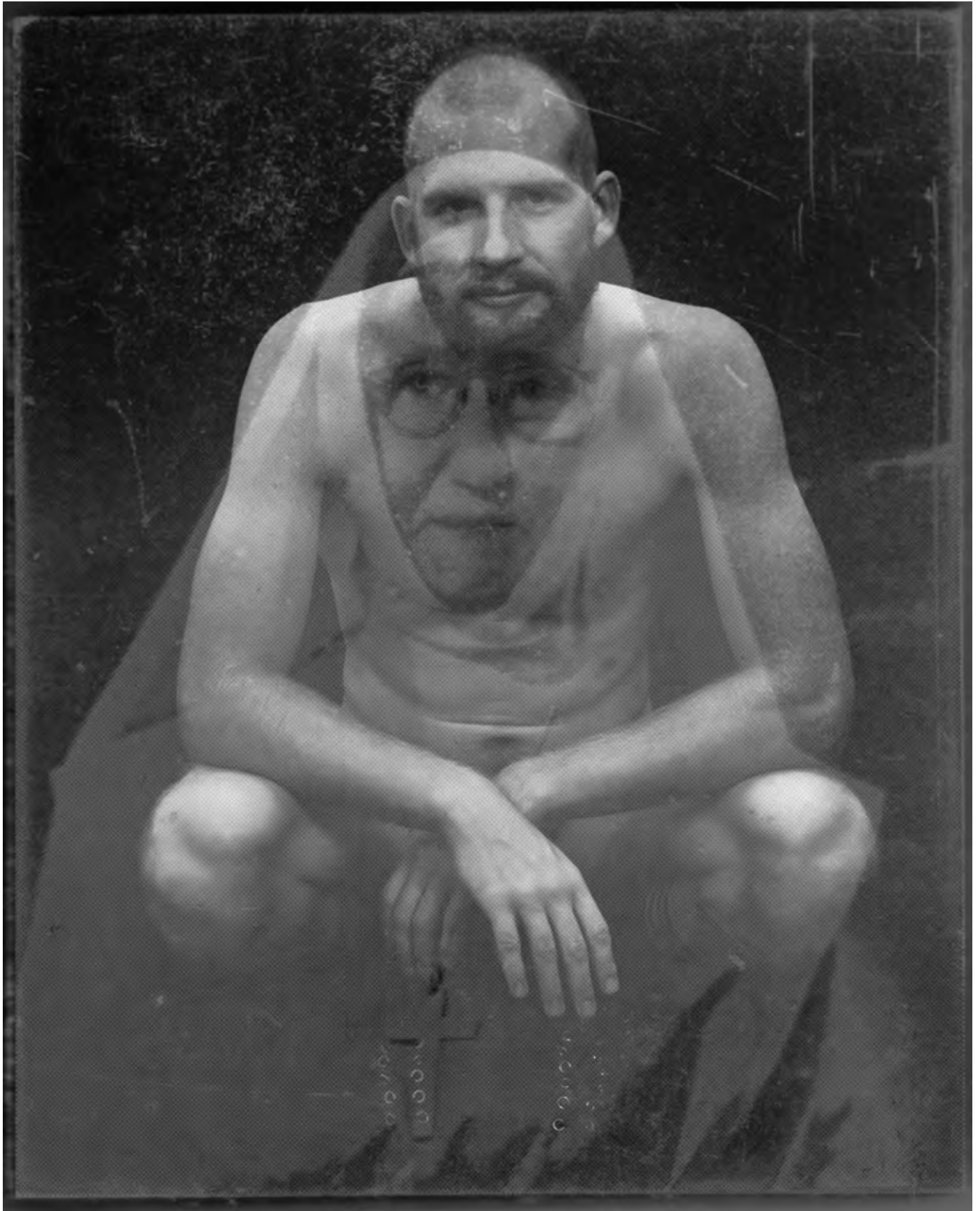


FIVE DREAMS

Bill Puztai

Have you ever been in the middle of having really piggy sex with someone you like a lot and happened to look up and notice a flock of nuns watching you, applauding quietly? Arrived naked at the senior prom and decided to lick the boots of your math teacher while all the popular girls look on in horror? Fucked noisily in the waiting room at your shrink's office while someone weeps loudly in the next room? Ora pro nobis peccatoribus, abbas. Forgive me Mother Superior. Perhaps you'd like to watch?

Model: Phil L, Vancouver, 2014. Background images: scans of copper printing plates, probably from the yearbook of a religious school, 1930s.









To dream that you are flying signifies a sense of freedom where you had initially felt restricted and limited.

DREAMS

Tank 707

Dreams are a universal language, creating often elaborate images out of emotional concepts. They don't always tell a simple story, and people from different cultures and backgrounds have reported having similar dreams. Despite the commonality shared by many dream symbols, it is important to point out that only the dreamer can truly interpret the meaning of their dream and how these symbols and their meanings may connect to their waking life.

With all the images that the human mind can generate and conjure up, our dreams can remind us that we are not all that different... Here, I have chosen 6 dreams that are shared by all. What do you dream of?



Falling dreams often reflect a sense of failure or inferiority in some circumstance or situation. It may be the fear of failing in your job or school, loss of status, or failure in love. You feel shameful and a



The interpretation for the chase dream is that you are being told by your subconscious that there is an issue or person that you have been trying to avoid. If you are being chased by someone you know it could be that you fear the individual exposing something about you to others or discovering something personal.



Dreaming of being naked is a sign of great vulnerability and insecurity. You fear others seeing you for exactly what you are, and you desire to hide some part of yourself which you feel to be shameful or embarrassing. Dreaming of being naked in a crowd also represents social anxiety and the feeling of not fitting in among other people.



Dreaming about losing your teeth is an indicator of anxiety and, possibly, depressive states. Dreams about losing teeth also tend to point to feelings of helplessness and lack of control over one's life circumstances.



To dream that you are floating on air indicates satisfaction, contentment and acceptance of some situation. You are letting go of your problems and rising above some obstacles. You are experiencing new-found freedom and gaining a new perspective on things.

THE MASCULAR MIX: DREAMS - VOL. VIII

Brian Maier



Dreams are at the heart of every aspiration we have. From the moment we are first able to self-reflect, we forge an image in our mind of what we want to be, what we want to achieve and how we want to thrive. It's not uncommon for our dreams to change as we grow, but it is certainly uncommon to not dream at all. Dreams represent the potentiality we see in the universe. They are the "X marks the spot" on our map of life.

Dreams allow us to, for a moment, examine the situation we find ourselves in and imagine something better. When you're working a job that doesn't feel like it's fulfilling enough or when you're going through school because you know that there will one day be something that you are good at, dreams come to the rescue.

I found myself many times growing up wondering what would happen with me. Who would I become? What what I learn along the

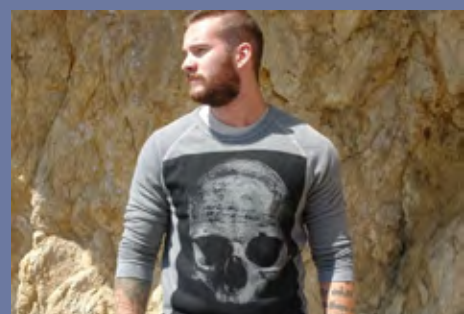
way? What adventures and stories would I get to see myself go through? And who would I share that with?

Fortunately, most of the short-term dreams I have set for myself have come into reality. I know that it took me following my gut quite a few times in the face of fear, and fact-checking my path. I have done a reasonably good job at getting my self where I want to go.

What dreams and aspirations do you have for yourself? I'm not talking about the 5% raise you're hoping to get this year. I'm also not talking about the 2 pounds you're hoping to lose by the end of this week. I'm talking about the big stuff. When you're at peace with your thoughts and you're visualising in your mind the truest idyllic state, what does it look like? Who are you surrounded with? What does it feel like?

By creating this intention, you are necessarily creating magic.

My ex-partner Eric Nielson started off not being able to recall his dreams. For him, however, the ability to recollect his dreams was immensely important. What sort of stuff was buried in his subconscious, and what were his motivations for creating it? With a passion and dedication only bestowed upon the most willing, Eric set about journaling his dreams every morning when he would wake up. At first, the recollections were cloudy. They were hazy. Things didn't seem to line-up, and there were disjointed points between the stories. But as he continued this exercise for weeks on end, the visions became clearer. It was apparent to him then that what he really wanted, was to escape a way of life he thought made him happiest... and start searching for "the next." This revelation fuelled much self-development, and the ability to call into his life new experiences.



When we are young, there are sometimes adult figures in our life who discourage us from dreaming. They aren't doing so maliciously. To them, dreams represent a false future for which investment makes little sense. They would rather we be satisfied with our lot in life. They would rather we not yearn for the way things should be, but make do with the way that things are. And so as adults, some of us are faced with the challenge of learning to dream all over again. We must muster up the courage to imagine the impossible. We must rally our inner spirit to feel out the electricity of life. Because in dreams everything is possible. And with that type of magic at our side, we can do anything. The mix I have created this quarter represents a daydream I found myself in while dancing... predictably, this happened at Burning Man. Rhythm and tone often guide my thoughts on the dance floor. Sure, there is occasionally great conversation that I have with a friend I haven't seen in a while, but most of the nights that I spend dancing, I find myself ace with my thoughts and intent with my future. As you listen, allow yourself to get into the groove of whatever activity you're pursuing. And then once you are at peace with that, imagine what is possible.



LISTEN TO OR DOWNLOAD THE MIX HERE



If you would like to hear Brian Maier's 'Dreams' Mix, you can download it from soundcloud.com/brianmaier/masculine-vol-8 or on [iTunes](#).

The icons below will take you there directly.



WWW



SOÑAR

Alejandro Caspe

Cuando cierro los ojos y comienzo a soñar es como perderme en un mundo donde a veces es placentero estar en él, pero en otras ocasiones es encontrarme con mis miedos y mis emociones, donde yo mismo puedo ser el ángel que salva a la humanidad o el demonio que es crucificado por sus pecados. Solo perdido en mi mente puedo llegar a ser tan fuerte como Dios o tan frágil como una pluma y me gusta poder tener esa dualidad en un espacio oscuro y sin tiempo. Mis sueños son una representación de mis fantasías, mis fetiches, mis limitaciones de todo ese mundo intangible en el que a veces me gusta vivir porque en esos momentos me olvido de quién soy y de todo lo que me rodea.





When I close my eyes and I start to dream, it is like getting lost in a world where it's sometimes pleasant, sometimes terrifying. I confront my fears and my emotions, in a place where I can be the angel who saves humanity or a demon who is crucified for their sins. I just lost myself- I can be as strong as God or as fragile as a feather and I like to have this duality in my dark timeless space. My dreams are a representation of my fantasies, my fetishes and my limitations. I like my time in the intangible dream world, where I can forget who I am and everything around me.





COCOON OF DREAMS

David Gray (Photos) & Samuel Lora (Poetry)

There was a pool made of the world
Those tiny particles were the entire world
The universe enlarging little by little
There was a pool which was like a womb
When desire was enough to accompany destiny
Expanding whatever else came with the art of existing

Slept for days with everything right there
Nothing to need outside the pool of comfort
Cocoon of dreams

Until fear erode the power, defeated nature
Controlling the bond whilst inserting foreign objects

The kicking started, the joy dismissed
Sickness took over, pain increased
Since the dreams interrupted of how a life should be lived
How lack of architecture allowed the body to transit

When the soft spot still absorbed the calm
When the pool was still intact
There was a time I used to dream

Passages available, shell was still able
I break the tide, just find me in my sleep







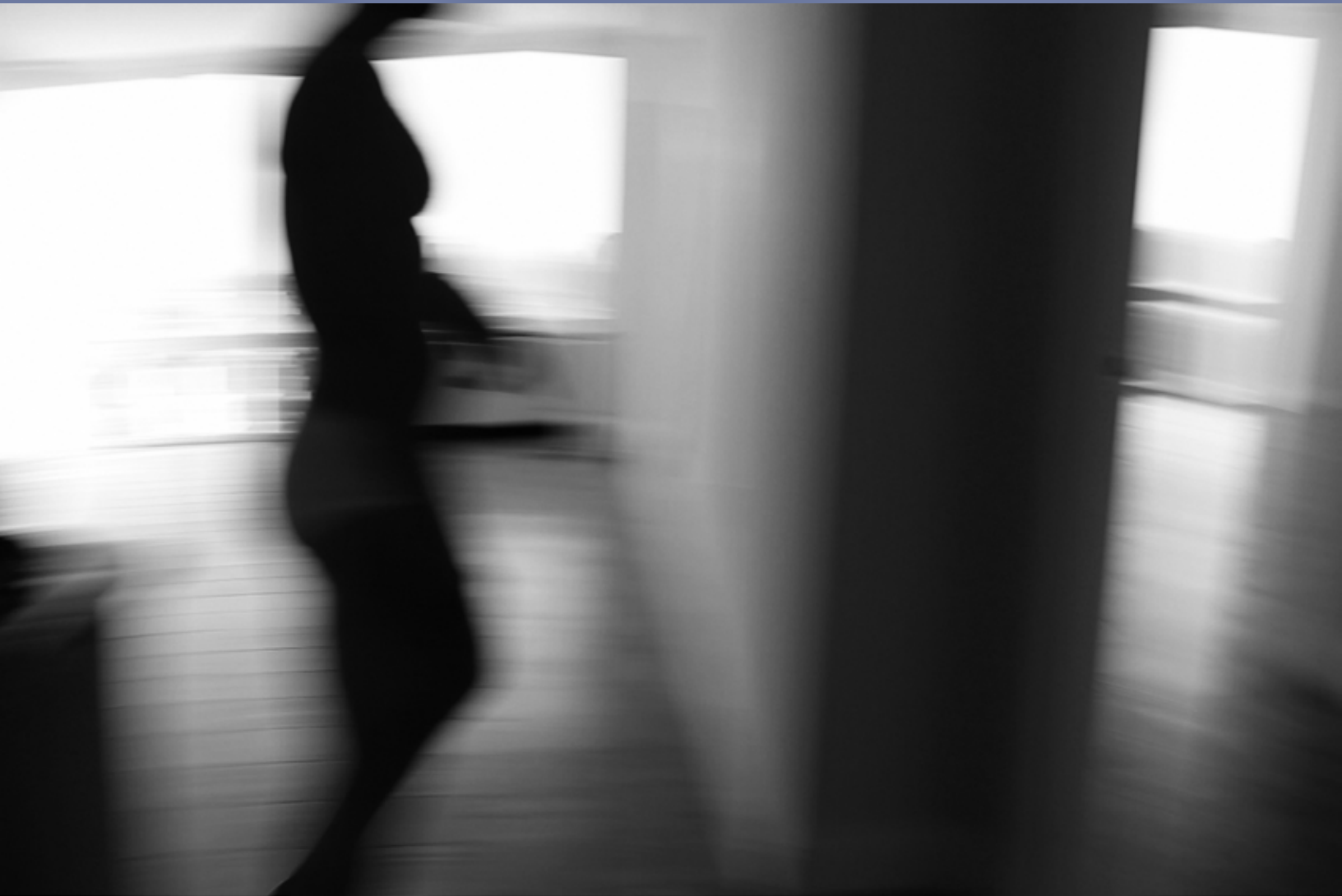
(L): SAMUEL
(R): TOM











WHEN I DREAM

Charles Thomas Rogers

When I first thought of dreams, I thought of dreamers, sleeping bodies, their physical vulnerability. Then I thought of the dreams themselves: some may be pleasant, some unsettling, but their shared nature is intangible. The images I see when I dream are inherently no different than the images I see when I'm awake, only that they are harder to grasp and once grasped, impossible to retain.













SOMNIUM CORPORALIS

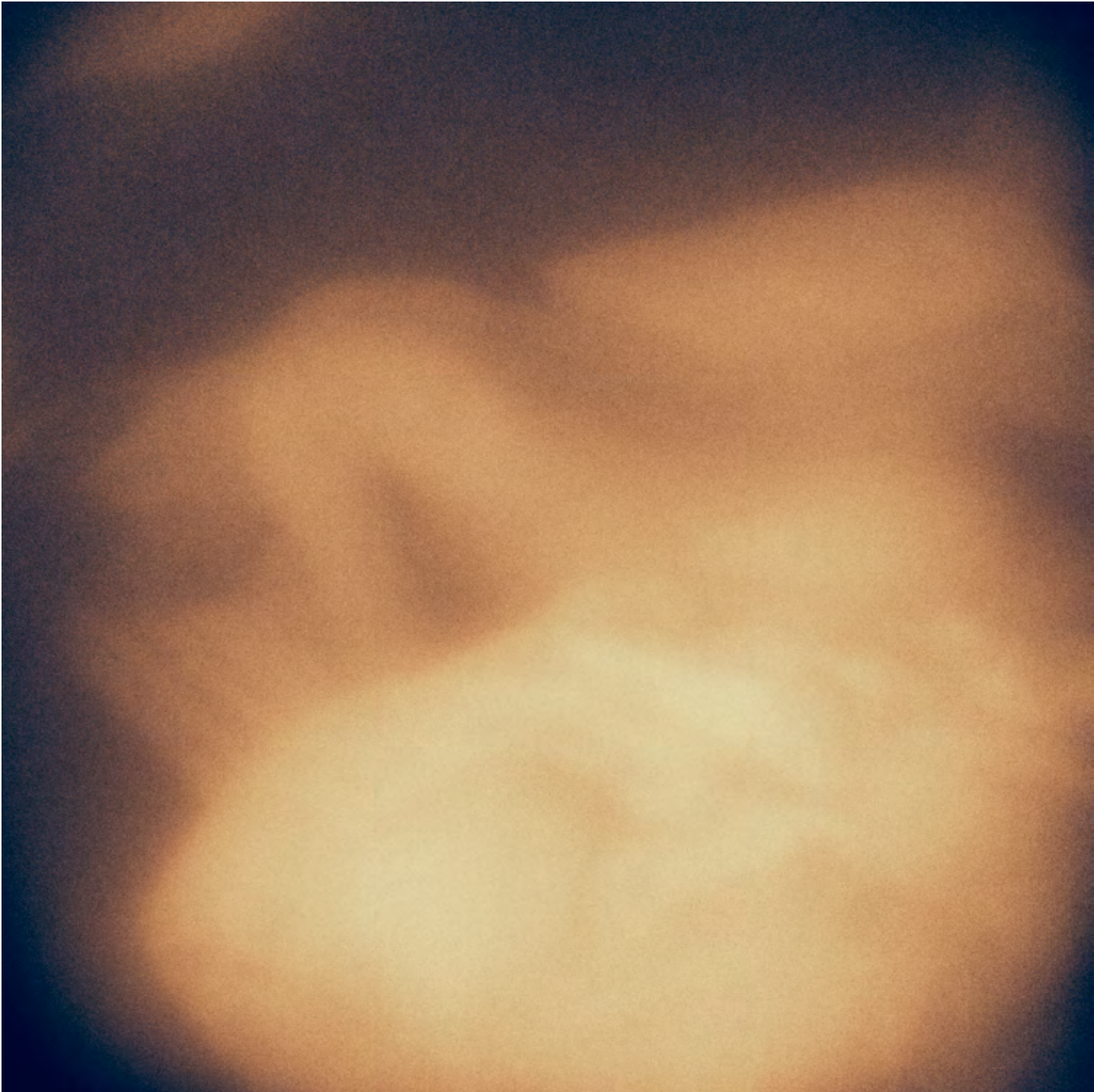
Man Blu

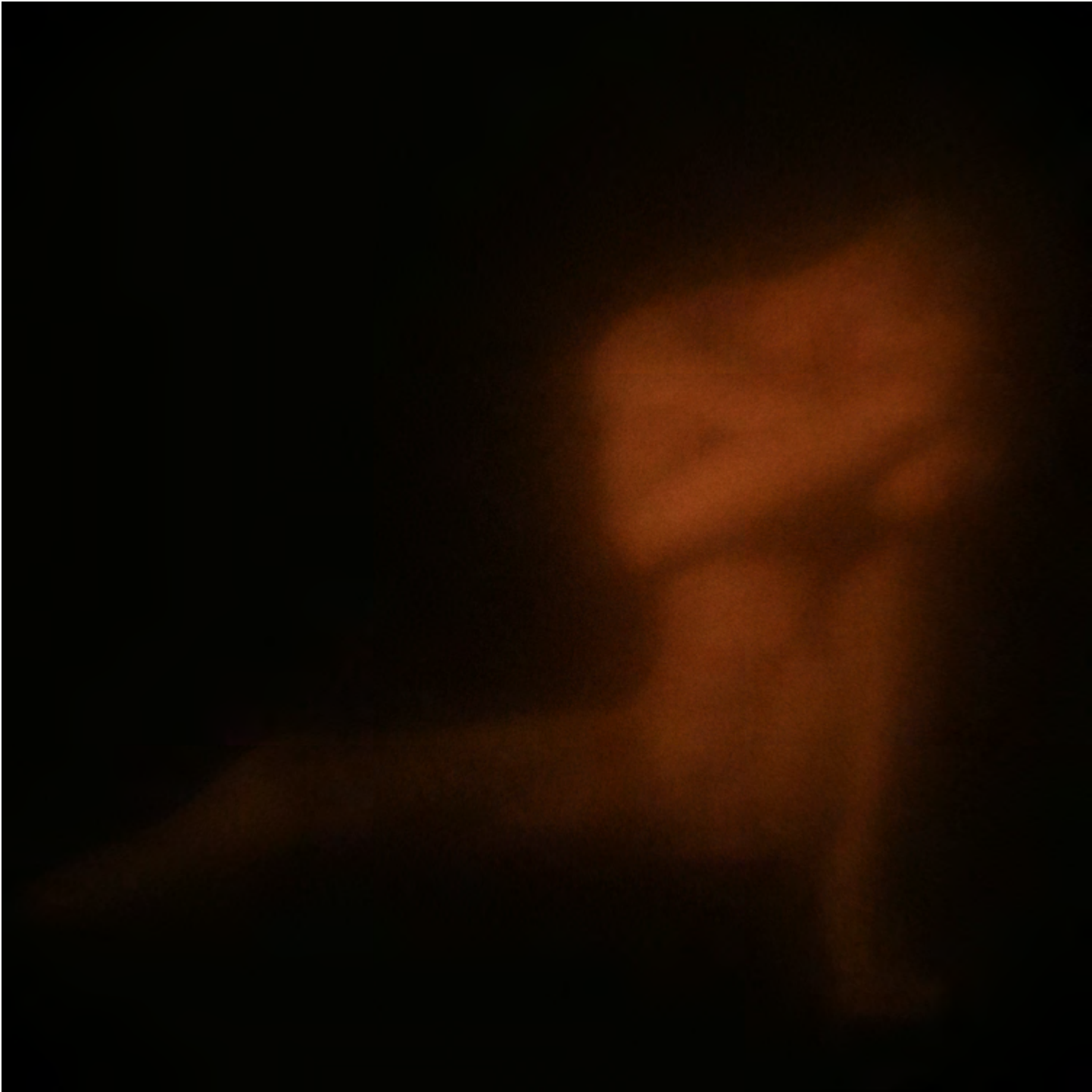
I dreamt of him once; it seems an age ago. Although I could not see his face I could sense his strength beside me; his skin against my skin; the smell of his musk and his warm breath against my neck. Years later he returned, this time as flesh & bone and I held on for dear life as I knew our time was short. Time is slowly erasing the memory of his face, but the dream... ah the dream remains an enchantment.

You can see more of Man Blu's work at man-blu.com













TRANSFORM AND DEFORM

Wojciech Pietrasz

All the time, the world astonishes me with the variety of forms, colours, and textures it conjures up. I like discovering new, unexpected meanings in objects and situations that may at first seem obvious and simple. I am not interested in faithful representations of the reality, I choose to transform and deform it. This is my way of capturing the essence of the things I paint.

You can see more of Wojciech's work at wojciechpietrasz.blogspot.com

















THE TRIP (A COLLABORATION AND A DREAM)

Jonathan Dredge and Mark Walton

I'm not sure how this started, and yet here we are, already there. The beautiful scenery and the idyllic peacefulness. And yet...

That state of relaxed contemplation remains just out of reach; something is out of kilter. I can feel it, unsettling the mood and putting us all on edge. None of us can put our finger on it but there's something lurking; hidden and watching. The heavy air seems pregnant with possibilities, yet none of us wait with enthusiastic expectation - a sense of dread envelops us.

A sudden feeling of déjà vu envelops me - I've been here before; somehow I know this doesn't end well, though I can tell you nothing more. Why? What exactly is happening? The answer is tantalisingly out of reach, hovering and drifting on the edge of my consciousness.

The scenery changes, the mood and location alters. And yet, the feeling of being watched, followed, of an outside presence sculling in the shadows remains...

Dreams are our life, set free from the rationale and the constraints of the physical world. This is the setting for our subconscious at play, and we are fascinated by the dreamscape we all inhabit nightly. We seek to tease meanings out of symbols that we have ascribed specific meanings to, and yet are often none the wiser.

When I started this project, my aim was to try to capture the feeling of the uncertainty of the dream - when our expectations are confounded or confronted by the unexpected or extra-ordinary.

With the images complete, I offered them as inspiration to the poet Mark Walton who had agreed to produce a written accompaniment to the photos. I offered no explanation - the dream narrative remains unexplained. Neither of us had worked this way before - creating individually in isolation unlike our previous collaborations. And this was the most exciting part of the collaborative process for both of us. I knew what the dreamscape meant to me, the hidden meaning and suggestions, but how would they effect someone else. What would be produced by the fevered mind of the poet? 'The Night Before You Left' was written in direct inspiration to the suite of pictures, and it perfectly captures the sense of dread that I hope seeps from the images, dreamlike and unending...

You can see more of Jonathan's work at www.jonathandredge.com or on his [Flickr page](#).

Mark Waldon's first collection of poetry "Frostbitten" is published by [Epic Rites](#) and is available to buy on Amazon.



Sometimes In Dreams

Sometimes in dreams
We wake into a dream transformed,
A false awaking that sheds new light
Upon the dream that went before,
And so on waking fully
(Or at least into the dream we understand as true),
We find some mysteries explained,
Some truths turned inside out,
Old memories of something new.

And so my love it was with you,
You smiled from deep inside the labyrinth,
And pulled me through
To what I thought was wakefulness,
Where bathed in light we played a while,
'Til wrenched apart
And with a scream,
I surfaced shaking once again
From within this dream within a dream.

And suddenly alone,
I lost my voice
And found it difficult to move,
But searching, calling
Finding you,
I slept at last
Cocooned once more within your arms,
But dreams turn nightmare once again,
And arms turned bonds and bed turned cell,
'Til woken by the toll of bells.

So waking now
Still deep in sleep,
I know that dreams in dreams
All dreamt with you,
Must part like clouds
And leave imprinted on my heart
The memories of sleep and dark,
And hope that soon a morning comes
Where I will wake alone in truth,
(That fabled room where dreams unspin),
And find the meaning held within.





That Night Before You Left

You send me postcards from your dreams.

No postmark,
But I know they are your dreams.

I recognise them from my nightmares.

They arrive, dog-eared and watermarked,
And I pin each one
On the mildewed caravan walls.

They cover the stains.
The old ones,
And the ones you made
That night before you left.

That night nobody here talks about.

I still watch for your face,
Think I see you sometimes
Through the strobing flicker of the carousel,
But when the horses slow and stop,
And their riders melt in to the innocent candyfloss
crowds,
There's just mud, and lights.

And the kids on the Waltzers only scream to go faster.

One day the screams of the children will change in pitch,
And I will know that you have returned to collect your
dreams.















MALE GODS OF INDIA

Gabriel Prospero

Ten years across India - my project was picturing Indian men, rough men in streets and fields. Unaware of their beauty, they like to be photographed, even if they are always a bit surprised someone wants to take a picture of them. I especially like hard workers, dockers, exhausted men. Most of them don't speak English but are so happy someone pays attention to them that they often offer tea or sweets, or propose to tear off one of the lemons they have sewed to their skin in honour of Shiva. Gifted men are prompt to give. Dust, sand, salt or water, nothing prepared, just a picture taken and offered,

freshness of the smile without an ulterior motive. In Hindi, they use the same word for yesterday and tomorrow (kal). Men are naturally virile, they don't need to prove they are. They are able to sleep on any stone or road, they can smile under pain, they can be available for a stranger, whatever they do at the moment he comes, touching him to feel his skin, offering their own to be touched, then vanishing after the shoot, in the river of the present.













DREAMING MEN

Jaap de Jonge

De foto's die ik voor deze uitgave heb uitgezocht, zijn droombeelden die passen bij de uitgangspunten van mijn mannenfotografie. Het zijn voor het grootste deel kwetsbare mannen, die in een situatie terecht zijn gekomen, waarin de eigen wil min of meer is uitgeschakeld. Ze zijn overgeleverd aan de omstandigheden van het moment.

Het zijn niet altijd prettige dromen. Vaak zijn de dromen een verwerking van negatieve ervaringen: de redding die net te laat komt, verlatenheid zonder uitweg. Maar soms ook berusting daarin.

Het dromen zelf is soms ook onderwerp in mijn fotografie. Dromende mannen zijn vaak als kinderen, heel kwetsbaar en ontroerend. Broos ook, zodat je bang bent dat beeld kapot te maken. Laat het nog even bestaan, dat droombeeld, want zodra de man wakker wordt, is de betovering verbroken en de realiteit is altijd minder mooi dan dit beeld.





The photos that I have chosen for this edition are dream images that fit the principles of my male photography. They are for the most part, vulnerable men whose drive and will has faded. They find themselves in a situation outside their control, and at the mercy of the circumstances of the moment.

It's not always pleasant dreams that visit us. Often our dreams are a process of negative experiences: the salvation that just comes too late, desolation with no way out. But sometimes there is acquiescence.

Dreaming itself is sometimes the subject my photography. Dreaming men are often like children: very fragile and moving; Brittle too. Destroy the image, leave it for a little while that vision, because once the man wakes up, the spell is broken and the reality is always less beautiful than this.













VITA PASSIO MIRACULA

Szymon Kurpiewski

Sainthood mark the limits to which a person can aspire and soar to. On a simplified level, their lives are viewed as being pure - good from their very first breathe to the last exhaled. And yet every human life is an internal struggle between opposes forces, ideals that pull us in different directions. Unlike the Saints of Catholicism, we are full of flaws and defects.

The lives led by the Sainted few are filled with historical stories and parables that can throw new clarity and light on the lives we lead today.

The Halo is a visual reflection of the highest virtues of the saintly figure, and a sign of their triumphs. We may not understand the

suffering they endured, their traumatic experiences, and it is impossible to grasp anything more that a superficial through the mists of myths and history. Their essence though is their profound and personal holiness, which will forever remain undiscoverable to us.

Modern saints continue to endure persecution. They fight against injustice, teach the illiterate to read, look after the old and unhappy; they live and among us. We talk with them, give them a hand in greeting or listen to what they say.

The vast majority of them will never be recognised or raised to the altars.

You can see more of Szymon's work at szymon-kurpiewski.blogspot.com/

















NOT REALLY HERE OR THERE

Vincent Keith

The few and brief glimpses I've had of my dream life tell me that my subconscious is a rich, strange and action packed landscape. I suppose it's the same for everyone, but I am struck by how different it is to my waking life. The world is divided into two types of people, those who have a strong sense of their personal presence, what they look like in the eyes of others, and those who only have a tenuous grasp of the physical person in the mirror. I am clearly in the latter camp. I have very good visual memory. I won't forget a face met or a room visited, but I'm constantly caught off guard to realise that the man in the shop window looking back at me, is me. I am unfamiliar with the canvas of my face, and from time to time will catch myself staring at my hands wondering who they belong to.

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

This displaced sense of self doesn't worry me. When the realisation and clarity come through, I sense something close to a familiar relief. Finding an old shirt you really like but hadn't seen in years. I am constantly being reacquainted with myself. The reason I mention this is that I'm quite convinced that the person in my dreams, the protagonist, isn't me. Strange as it may sound, there is a constant stream of characters undertaking the actions and advancing the narratives that form my dream life. Who is he? How did he get there? Above all, why isn't it me?











This dislocation or replacement of identity is sometimes alarming. In the brief moments of recollection I have, just as I'm waking up, I capture moments, fragments of dreams – sometimes upsetting moments, and as the details fade like footsteps in the surf, I'm left wondering who the hell was that?

Whoever it is that's living it up in my subconscious, I often find he's in unfamiliar landscapes. The mind is amazing in its ability to conjure up very detailed scenes, places even crowds. Why all the effort? Why does my mind populate my dreamscape with wallpaper and carpets and sanitary ware – all distinct and detailed. I swear there are people in my dreams who speak languages I've never learned. A couple in café speaking Russian or Japanese as I walk past them. The clothing they wear. Neighbourhoods, museums, restaurants – even prisons or hell or wherever my dreams take 'me' – the detail is amazing. Is this a mark of being creative? Do people who aren't creative dream only of being in places they know personally?

One characteristic of my dreams (again the bits and pieces I can recall) is that I am always on the move and in different places, most of them only slightly familiar. For instance I know it's Los Angeles or a forest or the surface of the moon, but I haven't been to that specific spot before. Perhaps this reflects certain facts about my life. These disjointed "locations" have a filmic quality to them, and are strangely comforting. I feel like the "somewhere-ness" of my dreams is an important element to understanding my thoughts. The choices my brain makes about where I am in my dreams must surely have some importance.

I developed the concept for this series on the basis of moments snatched from dreams. I pictured myself stepping out of my conscious life into my dream life and stopping the proceedings for a moment while I got my bearings. A living in breathing pause in the action, as if a stranger materialised onto the stage and all the actors

stopped to see what was happening, if I were able to do those, what would I see. As I mentioned earlier, the protagonists aren't me, or at least they don't look like me, so I felt no need to include real self in the images other than perhaps being the point of view.

The viewer will notice the device of the white sheet in all the images. At first the rationale for using the sheet was to draw a link between the subject and the act of sleeping. In a sense, the slight strangeness resonated with what it is like to be dreaming and the signifier of sleeping paraphernalia added some sort of explanation. But, as happens so often, the initial reasoning fell apart under the weight of reality in practice. The sheet took on a life of its own. Its shroud like appearance seemed to indicate a spirit form. It added an ethereal other-worldly quality that suggested the subject was in some way special. In some of the images in the series it seemed to imply death or angels or a floating human spirit. In others it seemed to speak to memory or shame or emotion – all escaping the body or enveloping it. I'm secretly pleased with the fact that, like in dreams, objects can morph into other forms and uses without warning.

I presume that my aesthetic, cultural and sexual preferences would influence my dreams, and so they influence the choices I made in creating these images. The images in this series aren't necessarily "the objective truth" instead they reflect subjective preferences. They are familiar to me, though I haven't actually lived these scenes as the protagonist just myself. I don't look anything like the subjects in the images, though they reflect things I find appealing in men, if not myself.

If there's a message or comment I'm trying to convey through this series or concept I wanted to consider, it is this: when you peek into the vast, seemingly infinite landscape that is your subconscious, and the true capacity of your imagination is escaped, where are you?







RÊVES ET RÊVEURS

Jean Mailloux

J'ai d'abord pensé accompagner chaque photo d'un bref texte relatant le rêve du rêveur présenté. Puis, je me suis dit que ce serait sûrement fastidieux, voire simpliste et primaire. J'ai alors eu l'idée de n'en raconter qu'un ou deux, comme celui-ci, question de donner un exemple, de mettre dans l'ambiance :

« La rivière est peu profonde, je m'y baigne avec plaisir. Un serpent se dirige vers moi. Il m'attaque. Pour me défendre, je le prends à la tête. Je marche dans la rivière avec le serpent à la main. Il se débat et tente de me mordre. Je finis par m'en débarrasser, mais m'aperçois rapidement que l'eau grouille de reptiles de tailles diverses... »

Malheureusement, il semble que je n'aie pas le talent de conteur. J'adore les romans, mais je n'aurai sans doute jamais ni le courage ni la capacité d'en écrire un. Je suis sans doute trop terre-à-terre! Il faut dire qu'il est bien difficile de raconter un rêve. Certains sont hyper réalistes alors que d'autres fourmillent de symboles. Dans les rêves, un protagoniste est soudainement remplacé par un autre sans cérémonie. Le rêveur est complètement bouleversé par ce qu'il vit, mais comment rendre ce trouble? Il en va de même des lieux et des situations. Alors, comment

parvenir à un récit structuré sans faire de détours pour tout expliquer? Et puis comment donner au lecteur, ou à la personne qui vous écoute, tous les renseignements permettant de saisir la complexité de la situation, l'importance de tel ou tel intervenant, de tel ou tel autre détail, etc.?

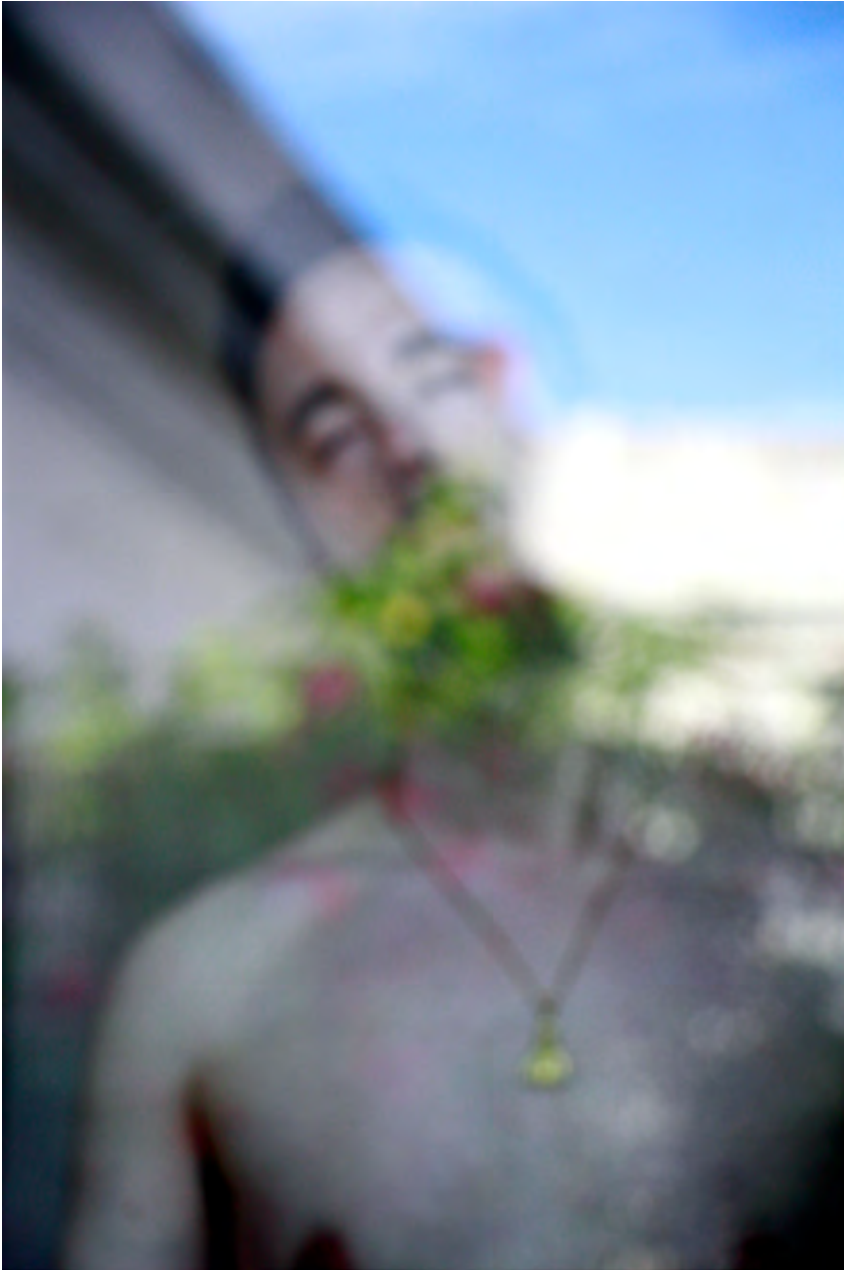
Les rêves sont éminemment intimes et liés à nos histoires personnelles, à notre passé lointain – aux peurs profondes de l'enfance –, comme au passé tout récent – les sensations vécues durant les heures précédentes. La plupart du temps, il ne nous reste qu'une vague impression, quelques sensations ou images fortes. C'est la raison pour laquelle j'ai décidé de tout simplement laisser un extrait représentatif du rêve de chacun de mes rêveurs.

Dreamers' Dreams

At first, I thought I would pair each photo with a text to summarise the dream of the dreamer photographed. But I realised that it would probably be boring, maybe even simplistic. Then, I decided to write just one or two short texts, such as the following, in order to set the overall scene:

You can see more of Jean's work on his Flickr Page: www.flickr.com/photos/flegme/sets





“While enjoying a swim in a shallow river I notice a snake is moving towards me. It attacks. To defend myself, I grab the snake by the head. I walk in the river holding the snake in my hand. It struggles and tries to bite me. I finally get rid of it, but immediately realise that I am surrounded by reptiles of all sizes.”

Unfortunately, I don't think I have a talent for storytelling. I love novels, but I will probably never have the courage or the ability to write one. Too down-to-earth, I guess... In my defence, describing a dream is not an easy task. Some are highly realistic while others swarm with symbols. In dreams, a character can be suddenly substituted by another without warning or consequences. The dreamer might be completely moved by the action and his feelings, but one describes them?

The same applies to locations and situations. So, how to obtain a well-structured narrative without going over every ramification? How to give to the reader or the listener all the information that will allow him to understand the complexity of the situation, the role of one figure or another, of one detail or another?

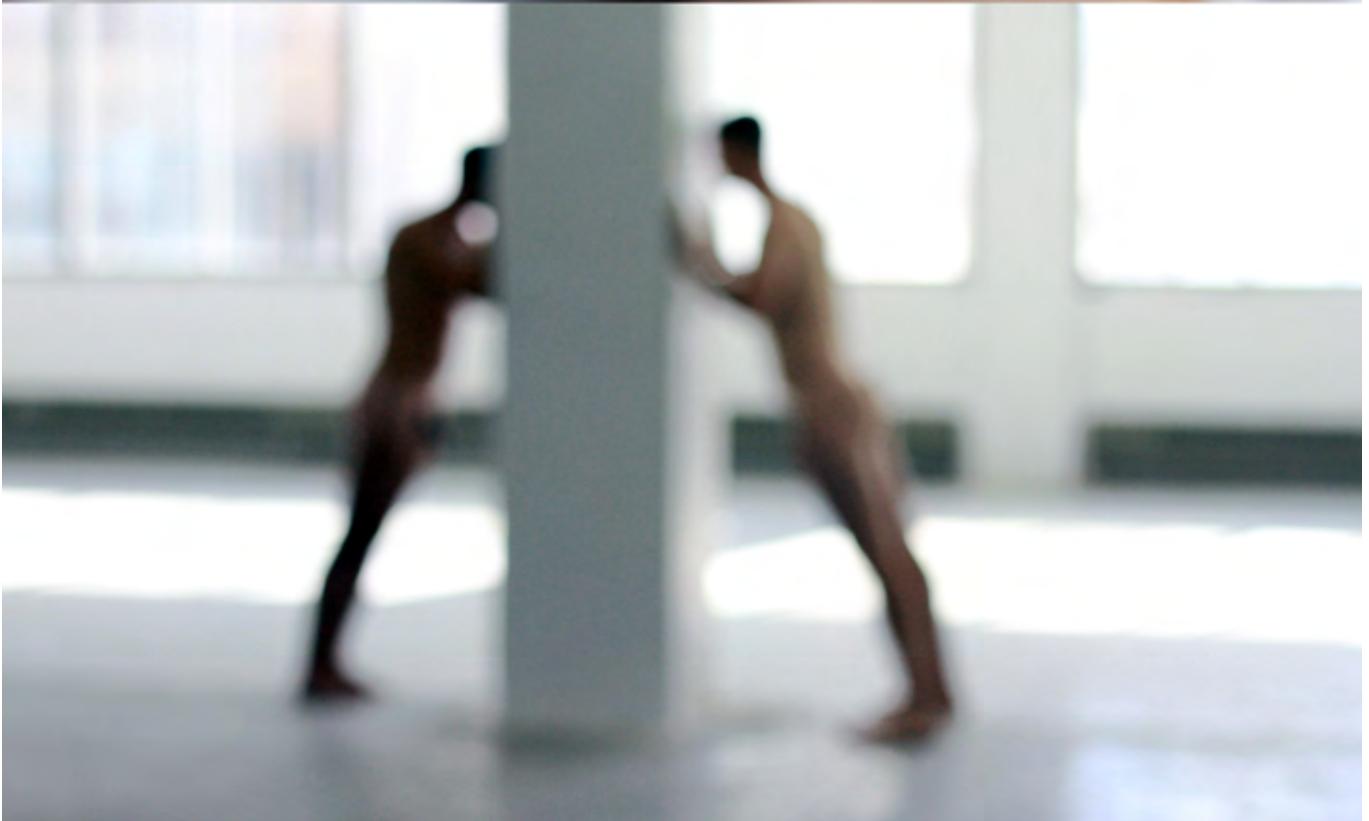
Dreams are profoundly personal and linked to our life stories, to both our distant past – our deepest childhood fears – and our more recent one. Most often, we wake up and all we have left is a vague impression, feelings or powerful images. That's why I finally decided to simply illustrate my each of my dreamers' dream with an image.

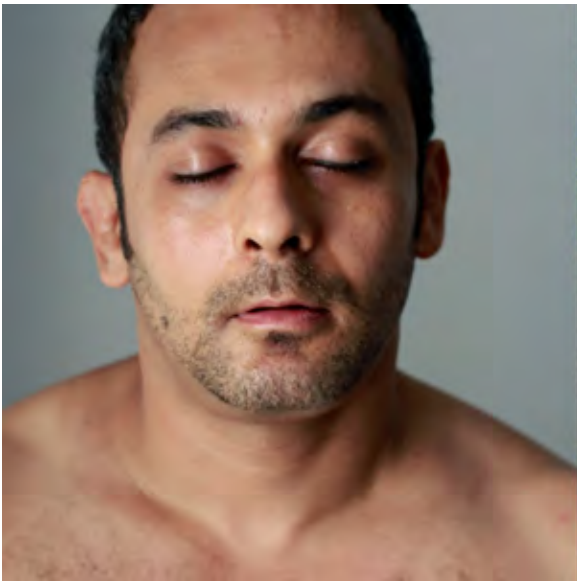
















FROM REALMS OF DESIRE UNFULFILLED

Michael Oelofse

In the popular consciousness, it is in dreams that we achieve our ambitions. Through the state of dreaming our ideals take on a form of existence and we lay claim to our prizes. All opposition to our goals may be conquered, all obstacles to what we want are overcome.

But for me dreams are quite the opposite - they are spaces in which nothing is fully realised, everything has potential, but consequences are chaotic, nothing can be fulfilled with certainty. There is no logic in my dreams, no straight line from where I am to where I wish to be. There is only a series of strange leaps and transitions from one image to the next, a series of experiences, going nowhere, going somewhere, but who knows where?

I think this is especially true of erotic dreams, in which desire burns and drives the dreamer to journey wildly through the unconscious after something or someone that is always just beyond grasp.

The dreamer awakes from such a dream with the sense of having reached out for the object of desire just as it is disappearing, of returning to the real world empty handed and alone.

It is this yearning for what could be, but never becomes, that I seek to capture in these images from the realms of desire unfulfilled.

My thanks to my amazing models Heath MacLaughlin and F.

You can see more of Michael's work on his Instagram page: [instagram.com/michaeloelofse](https://www.instagram.com/michaeloelofse)













I DREAMT I WAS A PRINCESS

JL2

Our dreams and imaginary worlds are true spontaneous expressions of our deeper selves.

As gay teenagers, many of us had dreams and iconic representations that filled our imaginary worlds, which we shared neither at home nor on the school playground. They did not fit into the mould of socially established heterosexual norms. Facing incomprehension, afraid of being judged and perceived differently, we played and dreamt secretly.

Living our dreams and aspirations is assuming who we truly are, and nobody should stop us from dreaming aloud.

You can see more of JL2's work on his [Flickr page](#).













HELMET

KUTAY ÇEVİRGEN

Every detail in a dream is essential to analyse. Each symbol represents a feeling, a mood and a memory. In my 'HELMET' project, I prefer using an essential detail from my daily life, a white helmet. By using a helmet, I want to underline anonymous side our dreams.

For some, seeing a helmet in a dream symbolises protection. In a man's dream, the helmet represents his own virility. A white helmet means relaxing and total recovering. To see a wall signifies limitations, obstacles and boundaries.













DREAM JOURNALS

Matthew McCann

Selections from my Dream Journal where I recount, illustrate and reflect on visions that enter my subconscious in the night.



clear night/stars out
CRESENT moon [44 degrees] Oct 15 2006 | 4:28 AM.

My throat hurts, it takes me
ten full minutes to swim, wade out
of sleepy gloom... heavy, spiced....

Begin with me in partial
reality back home, (Nebraska) summer
to fall grass, colors crisp to fermented.

I wade I float like smoke through
an apartment complex I never
had in real life, only parts are
real, I flash in and out with
Eric Van Doren (child hood to
, puberty, first love) His white
blond hair is blackened to darker
brown, burnt brown (more Dane than
Dutch). We are in and out like
a present deep memory, in a flashback
captured in a dream. I walk into a
jumbled apartment complex, backyards

all pushed together into a landscaped hill. I saw things I have not remembered

in quite
(I consciously
now, I am
who I am



sometimes.
pay attention
aware of
awake.

but let my
its course.
in and out



dream here
I walk
of gardens

owned by the tenants of the apartment

complex. I flash into a woman with
dark long straight hair I am now

wearing high calmed boots, black suede, black

leather tight fitted vest shirt. Erik is

suddenly there in front of me in his

messy bedroom lit by one candle (never

happened (lit candle) he is dark of mood

and unreadable as always, he is filling

the very dream with his sexual power.

Over the blue and white.

Faster through the fields than you ----

"!Oh!" mother, a twister must have
turned all the Hebrons men bisexual
for a naked second, just for my own ends...

"Oh" Grandma don't you believe it
was all about my major over lie and they!
and the very next door.

Instead of
wasting what's
left of the right
part of your soul
think screaming
it was me
just think
to know that he
was ~~see~~ the top of my
heart and I was the
bottom of his love.

and please
Grandma don't
think you are
in common
with he, because
he said, "I'm
sorry from the
bottom of his
heart the way you never will...."











SLEEPING BEAUTIES

Vincent Keith

I approached this shoot from the perspective of being a voyeur. Watching the relaxed intimacy shared between two beautiful lovers. Nothing prurient or predatory - just an appreciation of form, youth and masculine sexuality. Doug and Lawrence made it easy. There was no real direction here, just being in the right place as they did what came naturally.

In the end, I took away something very different than I had expected. I came to realise that these two men were part of a completely different generation to my own. For some time now I've known that I'm not up to speed with the latest music or film star or much of popular culture - it moves too fast and most of it doesn't interest me. But I've not felt

middle aged. The grey whiskers in my beard notwithstanding, I still feel like I have a lot to do in my life and am still in building mode.

But watching Doug and Lawrence, I saw two men whose life expectations and attitudes had been shaped by different social forces. I don't mean to imply it has been easy for them vs. others, just that the choices and challenges have been different. They inhabit their respective bodies with confidence and have an emotional openness that most men of my generation had to work to achieve - many still haven't. Yes, of course, they exhibit hopes and dreams appropriate for men of their ages. They have enough experience to know that you get out of life what you put into it.

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





Doug has seen things and had experiences that most of us could not imagine. Having held dying friends in his arms on a far away battlefield - yes this theme hits all generations, sadly, - he still has a hunger to discover more of the world. Keenly aware of where he comes from. He's even more aware that that's not where he wants to go. Lawrence's approach to experiencing the world is so evolved. He thinks nothing of spending a day or two in one city and then the next few on the other side of the world. Refreshing.

When it comes to sex, the two of them seem to have few inhibitions. They speak about sex in an open, uninhibited way. there is no shame, nothing to hide. Interestingly, they keep certain parts of their lives private, but not the intimacy or sexuality. They openly admit to having emotional issues to deal with and working through bad experiences in their past. All in all, a different set of priorities and expectations. I presume that other generations have been struck by the same shift in attitudes exhibited by their juniors. It's part of the circle of life.















EPIPHYSIS

Werner Friedl

The name of this series of images is derived from the pineal gland in our brains, also known as epiphysis cerebri. It produces melatonin, which affects the modulation of our sleep patterns. The gland has been compared to the photoreceptive, so-called third-eye. Some consider the pineal gland to be the 'principal seat of the soul'. Descartes believed it to be the point of connection between the intellect and the body.

These dream-like works are composed with high-resolution rendered fractals, integrating accurately arranged poses to achieve the desired results: Men of your daydreams.

You can see more of Werner's work at www.whitefoxx.com and join him on www.facebook.com/wf.gallery













DREAMS OF GOLD

Tim Gerken

I started wrestling on the gold carpet on our living room floor. My dad heard about a tournament coming up and asked if I wanted to wrestle. We went to the library, took out a few books, and I started practicing moves on my sister.

For a while I had the dream that I could be an Olympian champ like Dan Gable. I knew I wasn't big and fast enough to be a pro football player, but I thought maybe wrestling was my sport. I wrestled all year long all through high school. I attended wrestling camps during the summer. I became a pretty good technical wrestler, but I wasn't mean or strong enough to achieve my dream of Olympic Gold. I continued wrestling anyway. Wrestling was a way of staying fit and I got stronger. Wrestling also provides a sense of connection to other men that is difficult to find in most other sports. It is the most intimate sport.

Wrestling is a physically demanding sport, but I think it is the intimacy that scares off a lot of gay kids. The wrestling room is not a welcoming place for those who are questioning their masculinity or their sexual identity.

In 1994 I started coaching the NY Knights Wrestling Club in preparation for the Gay Games. Most of the men I coached had never wrestled before. Most came to the practices with the idea that they were now comfortable enough in their bodies (some had worked really hard on theirs) and with their sexual identity that they were willing to take on this sport that they had shied away from when they were in school. They dreamed of winning a gold or at least competing in a real wrestling tournament.

You can see more of Tim's work on his Flickr page: www.flickr.com/photos/twgerken



Once one has competed long enough to know that they are no going to be a pro or win a gold, the dream grows. It grows into a life-time pursuit of excellence, fitness, and camaraderie. Twenty years later I am reminded of this at the 2014 Gay Games in Cleveland.

While wrestling is still my sport, I was impressed by the seriousness of all the athletes competing in the Games. These photos of athletes at different stages of their lives show them practicing, competing, contemplating, and maybe even dreaming of a gold.

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MUROS

Lou Olsen Davies

Las personas nacen y crecen en un espacio social sexualizado. Levantan muros entre ese mundo ya dado y la realidad de la homosexualidad. Esto pasa en muchos países, instituciones, incluso familias enteras.

¿Cuántos de nuestros sueños son afectivos, de no estar solos, de ser aceptado por los demás o de aceptado por sí mismo?

¿Cuántos de nosotros están detrás de esos muros, rezando por conservar un trabajo, esperando mejorar un poco el día, rogando por conservar sus vidas?

People are born and grow in a sexualised social space. People raise walls between that already-given world and their homosexual reality. This happens in several countries, in many institutions, even whole families.

How many of our dreams are about... Affection? ...Not to be alone? ... Accepted by others? Accepted by ourselves?

How many of us are behind those walls? ...Praying to keep a job? ...Hoping to improve a bit the day?...begging to keep their lives?

You can see more of Lou' work on his Flickr page: www.flickr.com/ortibu













DREAMS

Manuel Moncayo

Deep into the water, deep into your smell and taste.
I refuse to be your best anything, I want to be your scum.
Love me for what I am and love me for what I am not.
The pleasure will always be there and you and I will be gone.

Alone together, in dreams, the night has just begun.

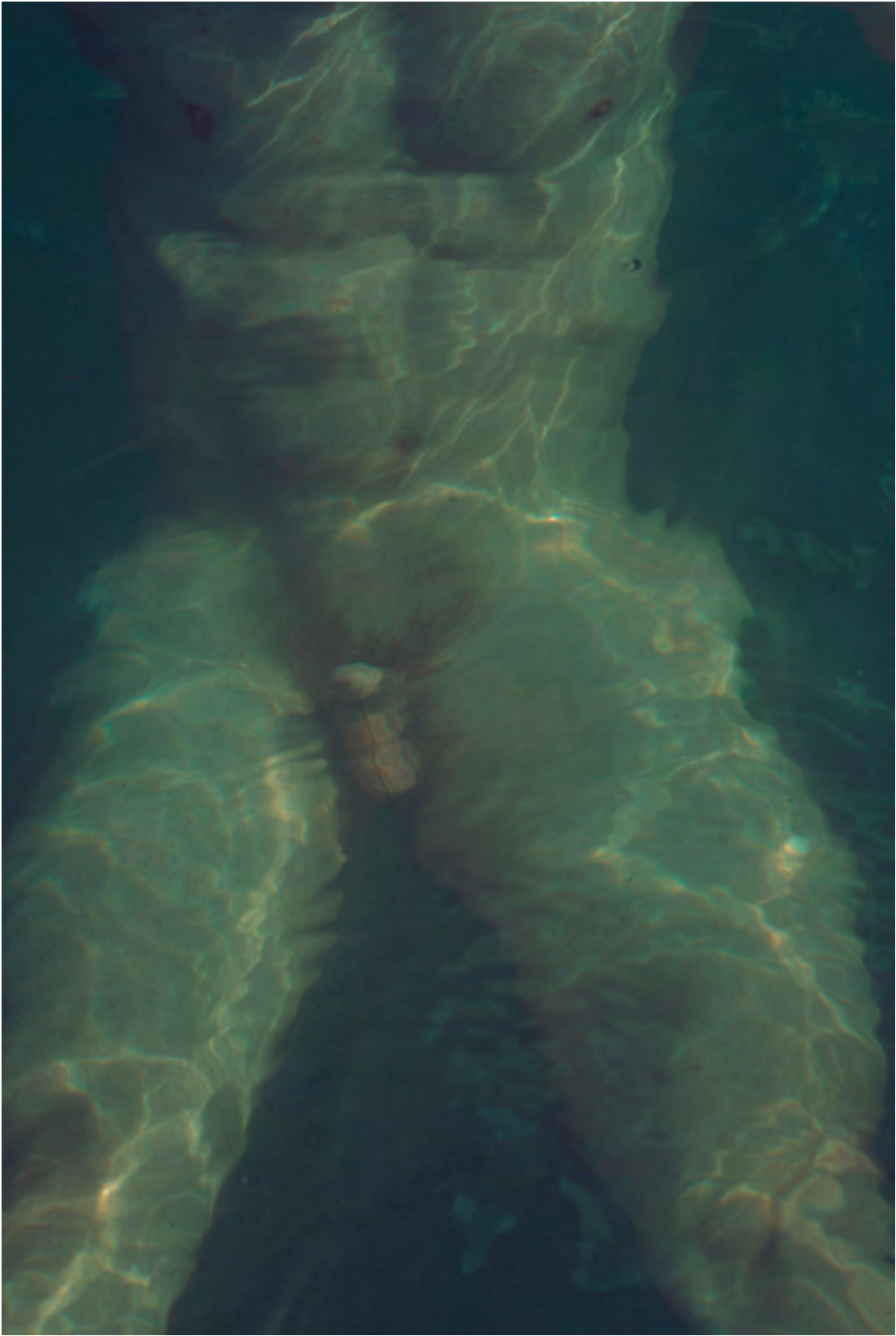


PREVIOUS PAGE: CLAUDIO 1
THIS PAGE: CLAUDIO 13
NEXT SPREAD: CLAUDIO 49



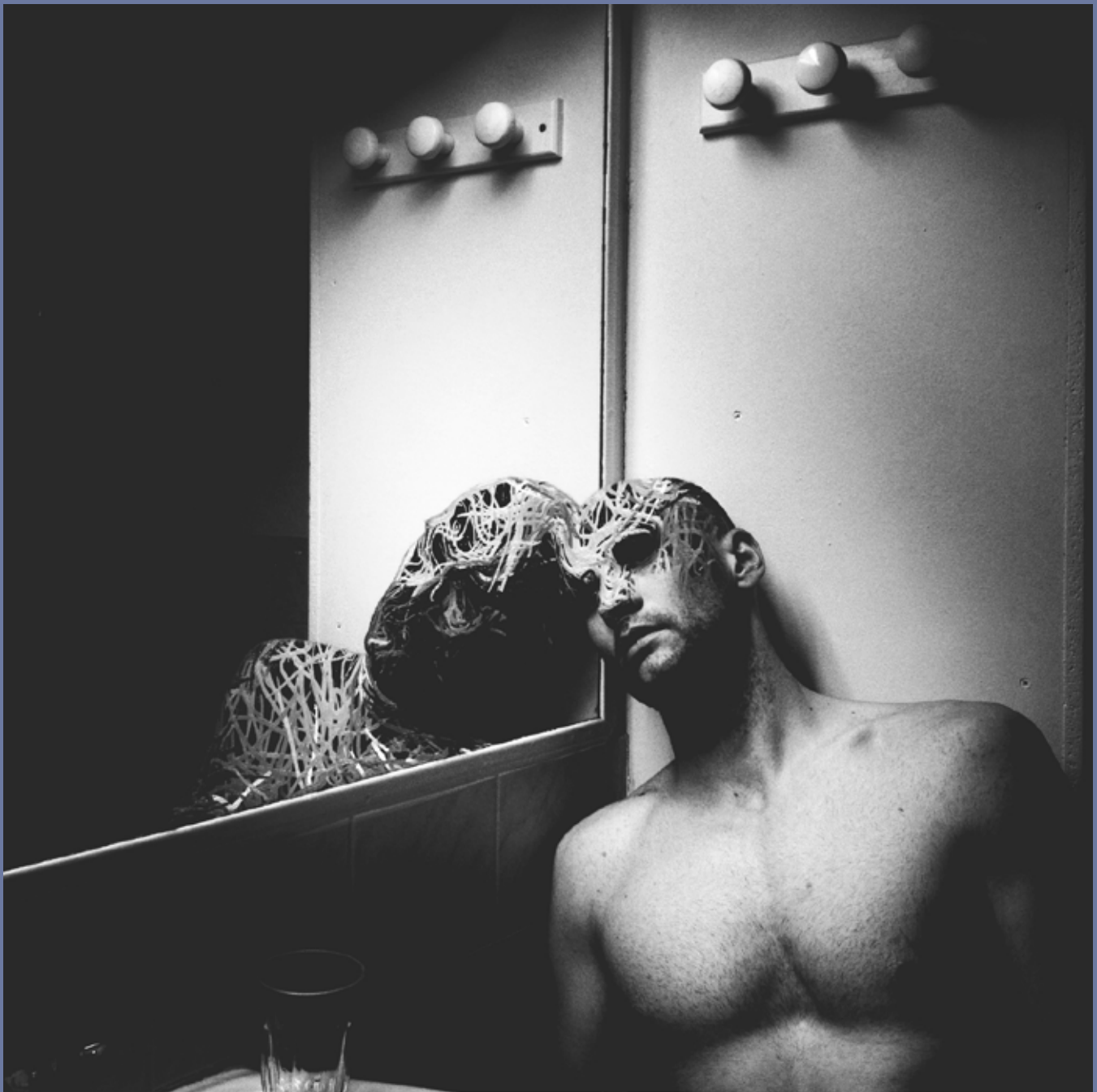












STREAMING YOUR IMAGINATION

Cedric Blanchon

From an article published in EyeEm Blog 25FEB2014:

Cedric Blanchon has to be one of the most unique mobile photographers around. From Troyes, France, he is a painter and decorator by trade. However, unlike many other painters and decorators, Cedric is also part of VOZ'Image, a contributor on Tribegram and a part of MOBAG Paris where he passionately promotes mobile photography in France. Oh, and he just was announced as the Grand Prize Winner of the Mobile Photo Awards. We caught up with him to congratulate him about his recent success and to see what other surreal craziness he has been creating with his phone.

Hi Cedric! First of all, massive congratulations for your recent win at the Mobile Photo Awards. Is all this new found fame changing how you work?

Thank you! Winning the Mobile Photo Awards was just awesome. Knowing that people like your work is incredibly rewarding. It gives me so much more confidence to try out different artistic approaches.

I don't think the "fame" is changing how I work, but it is giving me more opportunities. I am currently working on an exhibition in the US, and I am being shown in a few more galleries. I love it, getting to show my work more widely is very important for me. It's such a great honor to have the opportunity to step outside of the digital circle and actually print and display photos.

You can see more of Cedric's work at www.cedricblanchon.com



That's great that you are exhibiting in so many places. It's also crazy to think it has only been in the past few years that you got into photography. What inspired your avalanche of creativity?

Haha, well... I don't know exactly what the source of inspiration is. But let's just say, since I was very young, I've always had a very developed imagination. But the problem was, I never had the tools to express myself. It was mobile photography which changed all that.

Mobile photography gave you the tools? That's cool. What tools do you use, do you have any apps in particular which you would recommend?

For my photos, I always use the same selection of apps. Snapseed, Juxtapose, Afterlight, Noir, Cameratic, Hipstamatic, Ogl and of course Blender. I really like Blender because I have used it so much, so I really know what I am doing on it. It really allows me to think about what I want to do, without being constrained by what it, as an app, can do.

But the most important tool is never going to be an app. It's your ability to stream your imagination into your photos. Nothing replaces imagination. Apps merely are there to serve your vision. Without imagination, the apps can only do so much.

Good point. You also use quite a lot of food in your photos. Why do



food themes appeal to you?

The reason I started to play with food was an exploration of the theme of overconsumption, rather than food. It came to me during the Christmas holidays, a time of year where we eat and drink a lot. Frankly, I was a bit saturated with it all and then I realized that I could use it in my photography. I like to make things very funny and strange when I can, and the blend of food and man worked.

What is your favourite thing to photograph?

Myself, of course! Besides that, anything is a subject. People, children, landscape, hand-made creations, all of it! I do not want to be locked into a genre, I love all the pictures!

With all your subjects though, there is always a strong surrealist tendency.

Yes, that's true. Surrealism is very present in my work. I see my surrealism as a type of black humor. I have recurring themes, and a psychologist friend of mine told me that there are reasons why all themes all connect and recur. Themes in your life are evidence of something else. Recently, I find that I am often being interviewed by people I don't know, thanks to the internet. This is something which is in my mind – the internet, technology, screens, television, life and death. All of these themes are close to my heart. But I love to laugh at all of this, through my surreal photographs.

What are your favorite photos and why?



It's very hard to choose. These are pictures made in 2013, which I think are the synthesis of creations I like to do. They are funny, surreal and dark. I am shown in all of them, but that's only because I have no one to model for me! You've been with EyeEm for a long time now. What do you like about using EyeEm?

EyeEm has been great. I started posting here and as a result met a lot of very interesting people. I made friends, such as Albane Ewing, and I connected with some great talents, such as Joel Adams, Paula Gardener, Lee Thatcher, Gusmano, Seb Gordon, Mydame, Want_snow, NaProsvet and so many others. I love the community!

Finally, do you have any top tips for community members who want to do some creative mobile photography?

Firstly, calibrate all your applications to save photos in maximum resolutions. But the most important thing is to not try to do shots to please other people, but to do what you love.

Thanks Cedric! What an inspiring guy. If you want to learn how Cedric does some of his editing, check out the Headless Man Tutorial he did for us, or alternatively, you can follow him on EyeEm.

THE CORPORATION

Need holiday? you also go on vacation, to the heavenly places, girls, sun, the sea! this was a message from the tourism program of the corporation. (do not stay more than an hour with your transmitter, or your brain may be grilled)





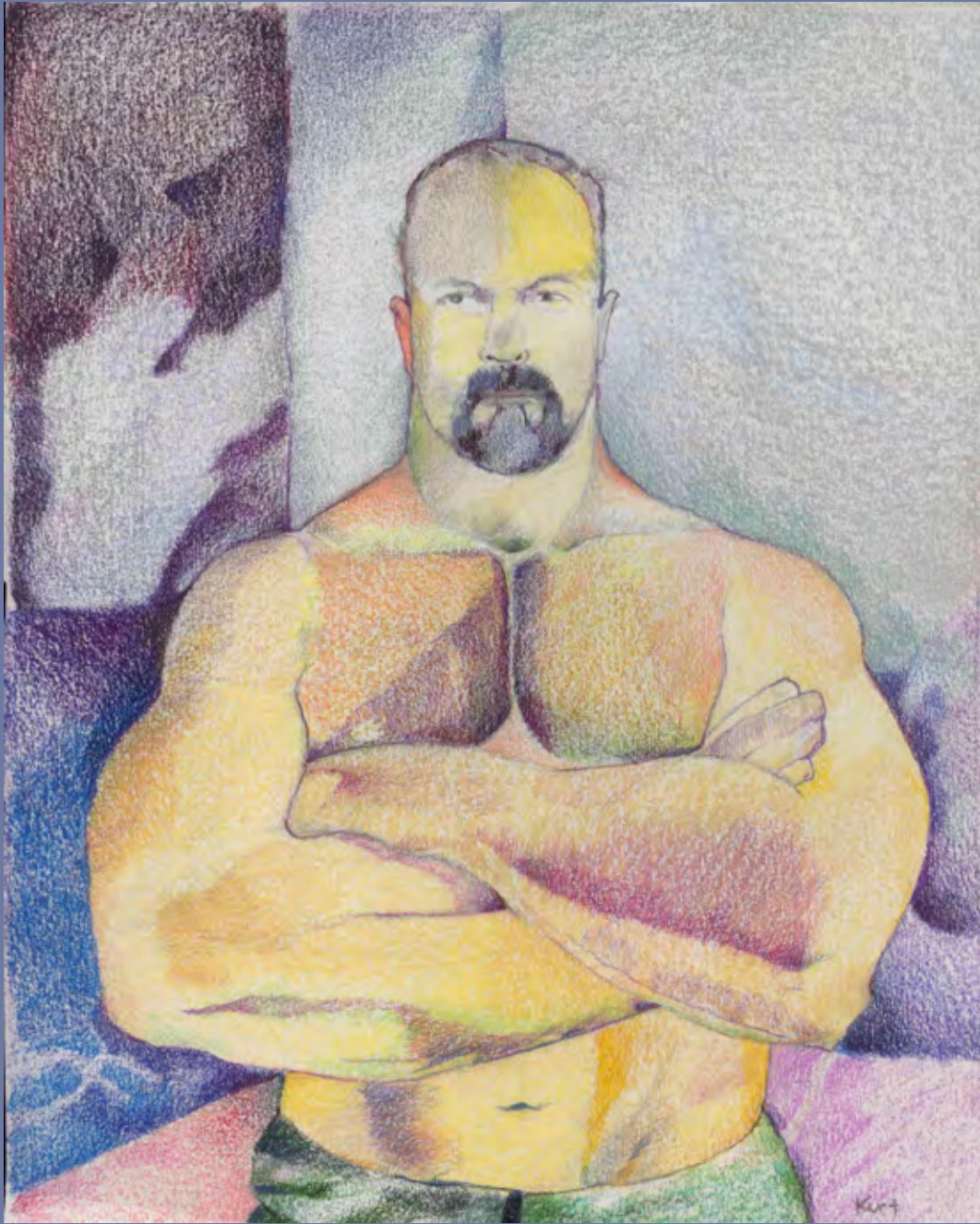
THE CORPORATION
THE ORGANIC PIPE. YOU ALSO, GIVE YOUR SPERM, WITH OUR NEW SEXUAL HOLOGRAM, REPOPULATED THE EARTH, THANKS FOR YOUR DONATION. THIS WAS A MESSAGE FROM THE FAMILY PROGRAM OF THE CORPORATION (WARNING, PUT THE ORGANIC PIPE INTO YOUR SEX!)











RECOLLECTIONS

Kurt von Behrmann

Washington State

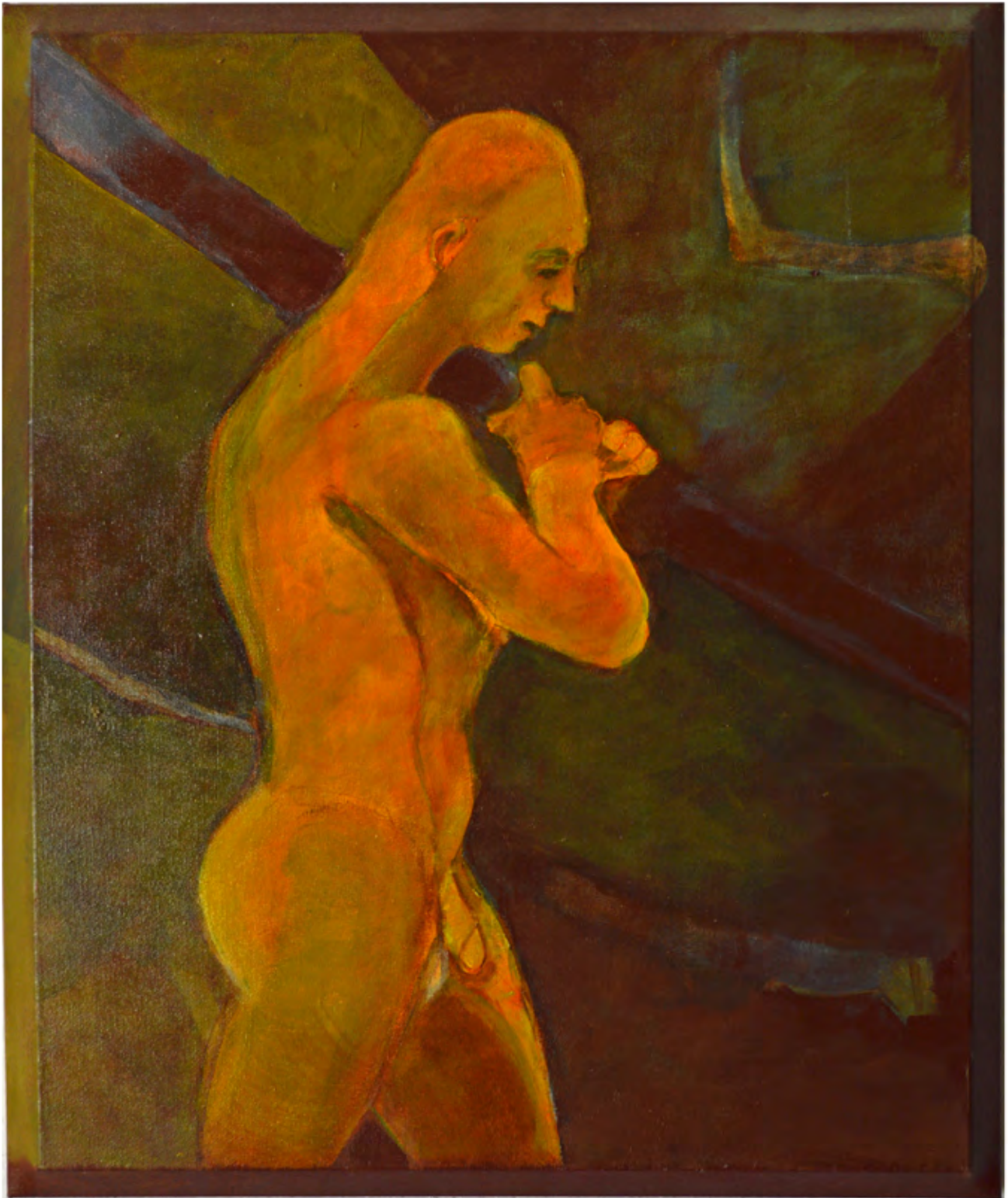
I had spent most of my time developing my skills with abstraction. There was, however, the desire on my part to see if I still had those representational skills present. In several instances, I had ideas where only a figure would ultimately work. Through the Internet, I came across a visually striking man who was gracious enough to send me pictures of himself. He resembled a model I had particularly liked drawing. I felt that I could express something colorful, maybe even imaginary. The essence of the drawing, and I realized this only when I was done, I had created an idealized view of masculinity. The fact that I did it with bright colors surrounding a serious figure made it all the more interesting to me.

You can see more of Kurt's work at www.behrmannart.com

Nude Male

Models are great sources of inspiration. This one was an Accountant who really enjoyed being nude. He was relaxed and it was always interesting drawing him. At the time the Accountant was posing, I was teaching assorted drawing workshops. He was dependable and very good at holding poses. When he struck one pose, I was compelled to take that drawing and create a painting from that very raw drawing.

Most of my nudes, the vast majority, were drawings. What I was aiming for was the classical look of an artist's nude in a romantic setting. My objective was to create an abstract warm space that reflected the dream like world of an artist's studio, but in contemporary terms.



This was one of my few nude paintings. Sadly, even now, few venues in Phoenix let you show the male nude. There is always an issue with male nudity. That reaction just makes me want to draw and paint male nudes more often.

Three Men

The German speaking world has held a strong influence on me. No doubt having a German father who was an artist may have a lot to do with this. Putting ethnicity aside, I have also liked the wild emotional expression of German Expressionism. That vitality of creativity can be

seen in Austrian Art.

There are two Austrian Artists that I go to over and over again for inspiration. One is Gustav Klimt. He is a master of color and capturing a likeness that is more than a surface reflection of its subject. The other in my pantheon of artists is Egon Schiele. He has a style that is all his own.

When I was uncertain how to approach the figure, Schiele's excellent example provided educational tools that allowed me to find my own way.



“Three men” is about anguish, confusion and the wonderful act of being creative in a wildly vibrant spinning world of one’s own creation. The uncertainty of what to do, and being surrounded by an environment that offers stimulation but few answers, that became the guiding subject of this work.

The integration of my abstract forms with figurative ones, and then throwing in the influence of Schiele was an interesting assortment of elements that wound up creating a powerful painting. This was the type of work I wanted to paint in my twenties. It took me to reaching middle age before I was able to see what I had in my mind become real.

Figures in an Ocean: There was a model I was working with who was also an actor. He was an excellent model, and he had some great expressions and looks. There is something magical about drawing another creative person. The people I draw become more than just objects. Their personalities and looks become essential in helping me realize my vision.

When I had finished working with the actor model, I had several sketches all over the studio. Gathering them up, I took one and elaborated on it. I wanted to express something dark, something that was surreal, but connected with what I was experiencing. I want to communicate disorientation and the more somber aspects of a dream like world that

contains longing, passion and dark mystery. My dreams have always been on the darker side. This is what I produced. Interestingly enough, my model showed up for the exhibition when this drawing was shown for the first time.

Vet

“VET” was a reaction painting for me. Speaking only to the area where I currently reside, there has been something of a “shortage” of work that speaks to the War. There were people “allegedly” creating “cutting edge work,” but most of it was hardly innovative, or interesting. What truly stunned me was the lack of work that spoke to the Middle Eastern Wars that have rocked U.S. foreign policy.

I remember vividly the Vietnam War. No matter how old you were or where you were, there was no escaping that a War was taking place. The nightly news made sure you did not forget. In the recent wars, there have been no body counts. There have been no images of coffins coming home. There were no photographs of widows weeping and shocked children wondering what to make of it all. This was an invisible War. The participants were ideas. When those “ideas” died, or returned, it was as if they never existed at all. The whole war felt like some dream. It felt unreal.

The War came home to me in the form of Billy. He was a fearless warrior. He enjoyed the physical challenge of combat. The machismo of military life suited him. He was physically tough. Emotionally, he was all fractures and wounds. Depending on who he was around, he kept his sexual orientation to himself. To those that knew him, he was open. Yet, it was obvious his sexual orientation was at odds with his identity as a soldier.

After jumping out of one airplane too many, he was released from the military. His post military career life was a series of jobs that ended with him being fired after several months of a good work record. He found employment easily. After about six months, he just broke down.

One day I found him at the end of his cycle of self-destructive behavior. The details are obscured by my memory of the events, but I found him sobbing. I had never seen him cry.

He was on the floor tears rolling down his face. I bent over to him, and he told me all of the horrors of the war. His conversation became a detailed list of events, people, places and things all tied to War. It was ugly, brutal, bloody, and very real. Leaving the civilian world for the world of constant combat and then coming home is a roller coaster ride. As strong as he was in keeping it in, when he ran out of emotional energy to keep together, he fell apart.

I held him in my arms. I felt the muscle and fragility at the same time. Tears were running down my neck. I held him, but I was not sure what I was holding or why. I knew he needed me to be there. That was clear. But I felt ineffectual. Intellectually I could relate and understand him. But there was nothing I could do to stop the pain.

For a man as macho as he could be, I felt badly for him watching his strong exterior melt into depression, hopelessness and tears.

I know that is not how he wanted to be seen.

In all of this, it confirmed a feeling that I had long suspected was true. For all of the rhetoric, half truths and distortions, no one can live through a long bloody war and walk away intact. If you experience all of this horror and you walk away calm undisturbed, you are not strong, you are inhuman. At some point, you will crack under all of this pressure.

I will never know war the way a soldier does. But, that does not mean I cannot understand the experience if explained to me by one who has witnessed it first hand.

Billy wasn't the only GLBT VET I would know.

But, he was the first I had ever seen break down and cry.

Meeting Billy was the raw material that became VET. I would create another German Expressionist styled painting of the same theme. The war just seems so unreal, and also very real.

Dan

Several years ago, I was a participant in an art exhibition, actually it was more like an event, in Phoenix, Arizona. Bobby Cooke had put together an assortment of artists, musicians and models on short notice. Minus planning, the entire event was entertaining and surprisingly well put together. There is always a certain energy when you start something brand new.

Flash forward about a year or so, and Cooke was still putting on these shows. During one there was a model named Dan. He had an arresting look. He also had an engaging personality. Those two things made him very intriguing. He was also a little older than most posing, and that made him stand out in my mind.

Dan left a favorable impression on me. The drawings I created during those sessions, while raw, had something special. After I arrived home, I took one of those rough drawings and transformed it into Dan.

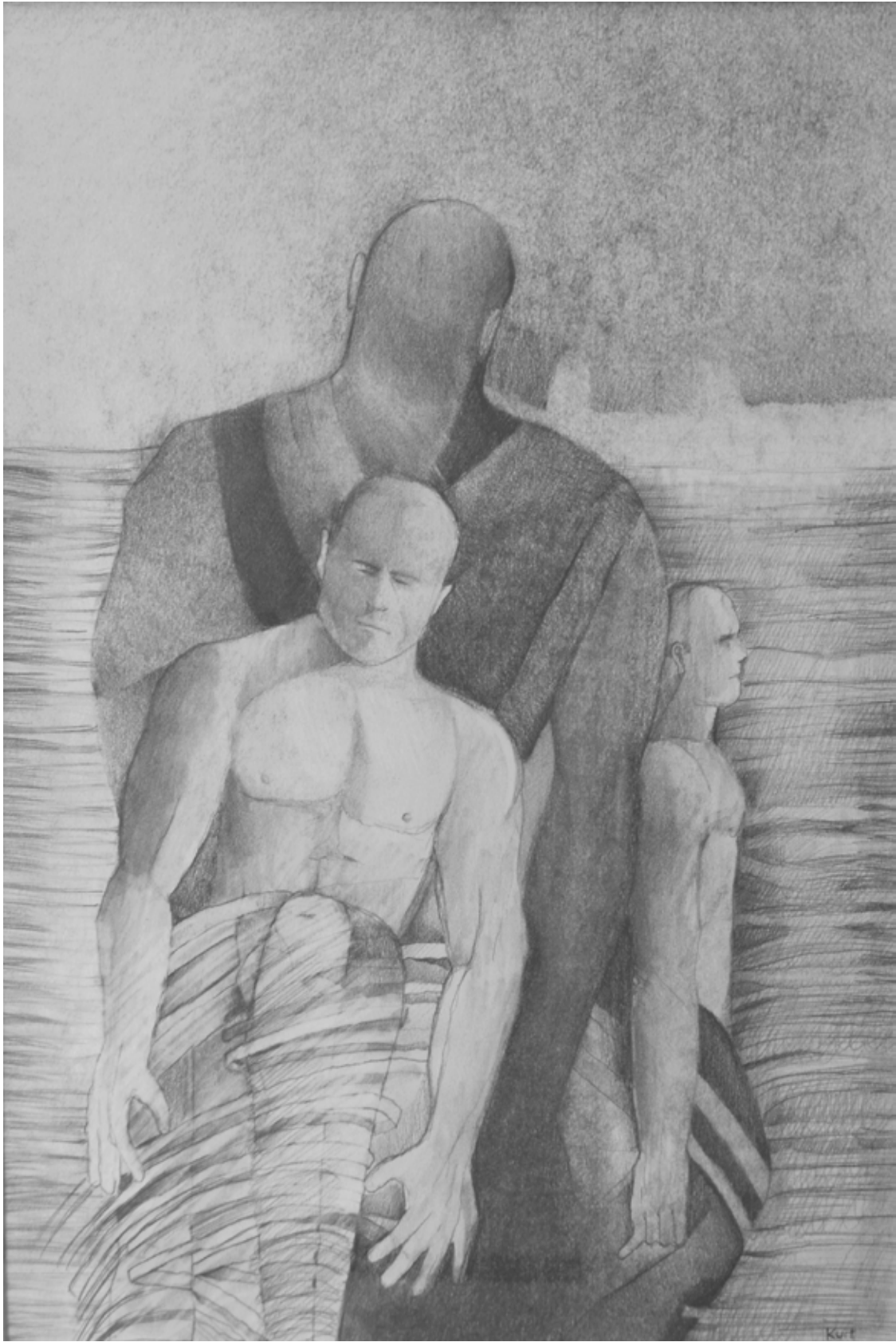
Unfortunately, the drawing has been lost. Frantically, I searched the studio. Compounding this situation is the fact that I never replicate myself. I can't. If I ever run into Dan, I would like to draw him again. It will be different, but it will definitely be interesting.

Das Boot:

Childhood recollections can be a source of inspiration. Memories that have come to mind were the stained glass windows in the Episcopal Church I attended when I lived in Louisville. There was a magic to the light that gave those bits of colored glass a certain spiritual quality.

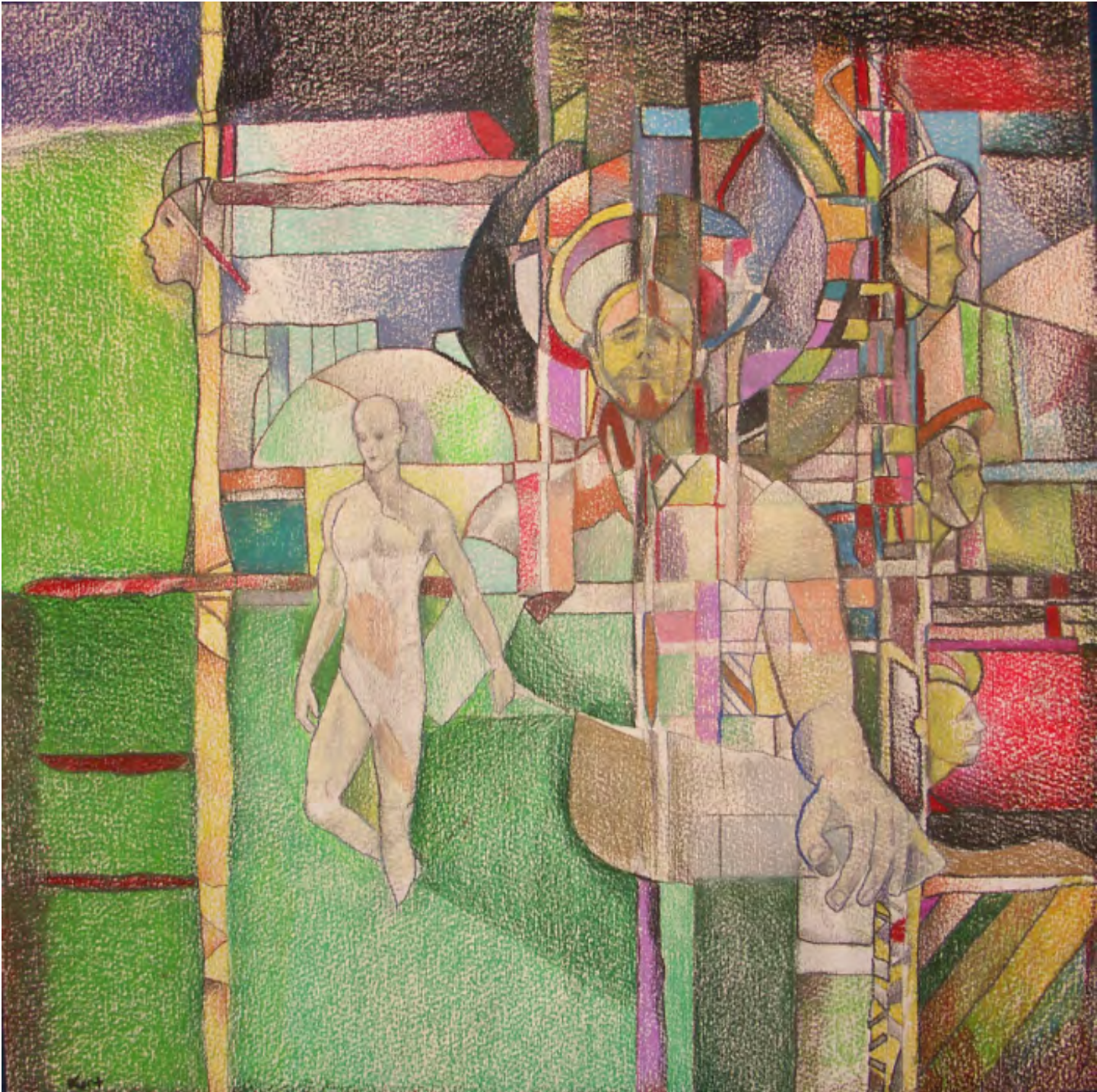
Teaching art history was probably the reason why stained glass inspired images came into my work. It also explains the religious flavor to some recent pieces. After spending so many days teaching art history and covering the many churches built during the Middle Ages, they surfaced in my work.

The idea of using the male form and distorting it was at the heart of "Dad Boat," from the German for boat. The extended forms of El Greco always held a fascination for me. Drawing on works created during religious fever, and my own background, this piece came into existence. It is still something of a mystery to me.











MOKSHAM

Sushant Panchal

Moksha (Sanskrit: **मोक्ष** moksa), also called vimoksha, vimukti and mukti, means emancipation, liberation or release. In eschatological sense, it connotes freedom from sa s ra, the cycle of death and rebirth. In epistemological and psychological sense, moksha connotes freedom, self-realisation and self-knowledge.

When I was taking these images, I was going through self-search process. I was searching for my own identity. I was very depressed

and mentally exhausted. I could see that the artist in me was dying and that I was living a fake life. At that time whatever I was doing in my life wasn't really me. The artist in me was frustrated that I was living someone else's life.

These images showing my fight with my thought, the search for my own identity and the search for the Moksha.













DREAMS

Pietro Mingotti

Dreams. Dreams unlock our mind to both marvellous landscapes, endless possibilities but also unpleasant nightmares. So when I had to put together a series of works regarding the topic “dreams”, I was challenged about recreating oneiric visions involving “mascular” bodies. Then I decided to create a series of visuals regarding different moments about dreaming. The conscious part, in which we lie down, with our eyes closed, and some glimpses of sights over struggling bodies, wrapped in a deep, black numbness.

I think my work on the dreams issue is much about solitude, fear, and loneliness. A big, furry, bearded young man can look stoic and brave. But deep inside, we are all just scared children.

You can see more of Pietro’s work at www.pietromingotti.net or on www.facebook.com/mingottipietro













A DREAM

Frank Lee

A “Dream” can be interpreted in many different ways by many different people. Thoughts and ideas come to life while sleeping, creating a realistic environment.

A “dream” can also be someone’s aspirations for something different and new. A “dream” can be interpreted as a change of lifestyle, a renewed sense of self, a whimsical fantasy.

In this project, I chose the combination of “dream”. For example, is the dream shown literally or a fantasy of leather that comes alive? Aspiring to a beautiful muscular body could be the dream for all...











CONTRIBUTORS

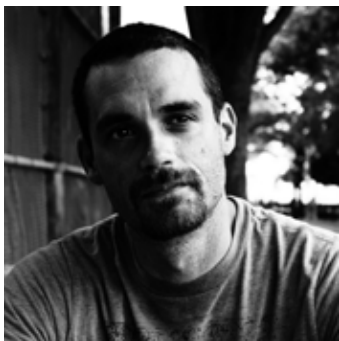


Tank707 - Tank707 is a San Francisco Bay Area photographer specializing in the male form. My work encompasses the erotic nature and sensuality of the male and female form in its many stages of glory whether clothed or vulnerable. I am drawn to those that embody self-confidence and being comfortable in one's own skin. I photograph things I enjoying seeing, be it hyper-masculinity or feminine beauty. Fetish or fashion. I love thinking outside the box when it comes to images and my photography

Alejandro Caspe - Alejandro Caspe was born on October 11, 1974 in Tijuana, Baja California. He start to study photography in 1992. The concept that has developed between the aesthetic, erotic and conceptual has made his trademark. A style that for many is considered as pornography while others art in all its expression. For Alejandro Caspe is a language without ideological and social boundaries.



Wojciech Pietrasz - Wojciech Pietrasz (°1973, Rzeszów, Poland) received a MFA Degree from the Academy of Fine Arts in Kraków, where where he was also awarded with an honours degree. He has participated in numerous group shows in Poland and Europe. He mainly works with painting and drawing. He lives in Kraków, Poland. All the time, the world astonishes me with the variety of its forms, colours, and textures. I like discovering new, unexpected meanings in objects and situations that may at first seem obvious and simple. I am not interested in faithful representations of the reality, I choose to transform it and deform. This is my way to capture the essence of the things I paint.



Charles Thomas Rogers - Charles Thomas Rogers is a photographer and writer in New York City. He studied literature and writing at Cornell University, quietly pursuing visual arts as a hobby, until a series of self-portraits with early digital technology earned him some notoriety in the late 90's. His photos have been included in a number of anthologies of male erotic art, and in 2013 he published his first book, Dark Matters, which also features some of his collected writings.



Jaap De Jonge - (1949) Studied Dutch Language and Literature at the Rijksuniversiteit Groningen (Netherlands). A autodidact photographer. Since 2005, active in the field of art photography. Resides and works in Anloo, a small village in the

North of the Netherlands. In addition to 'common' art photography, Jaap's photo work mainly consists of pictures of men (Dutch Male Art). Strong and powerful figures are the traditional image that is in keeping with a heterosexual society. But there is another side: vulnerability. The vulnerable male often provokes emotions that are recognizable, but which we don't really want to see in 'real' men.

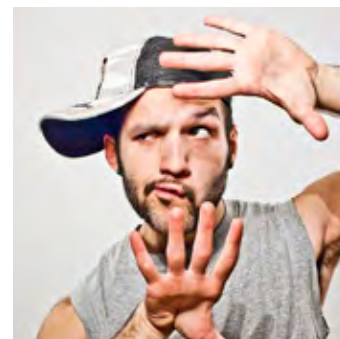


Cedric Blanchon - My name is Cedric Blanchon, I was born and I live in France, I practice the mobile photography since last 4 years, I won the 2013 mobile photography awards and the mobile master 2014, I was part of the 100 finalists for the awards EyeEm 2014, I exhibited at the United states, Santa Monica studio arts, Putnam, berlin, paris. You can discover my photos on my website cedricblanchon.com my flickr gallery, instagram and EyeEm ([cedric blanchon](http://cedricblanchon)).



Man Blu- I am an image-maker born, bred & raised in Cornwall. After spending far too many years arguing with computers the creative side of my personality finally gained dominance & now I am free to focus my fascination on the broad concept of masculinity employing the male body as a tool for artistic expression. My personal practice work ranges from the sublime to the intensely personal. With influences as diverse as the humour of Duane Michals through to the achingly haunting Francesca Woodman; I have been accused of being a conceptualist. I am trying to fight the Cult of

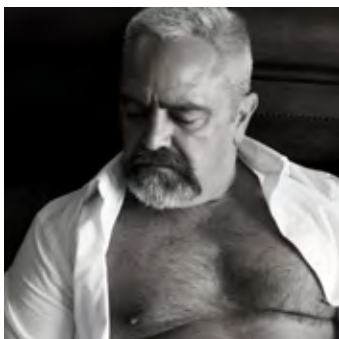
Youth, challenge Ithyphallophobia and embrace Androphilia in work that varies from being ethereally aesthetic to subjectively challenging. Taking my name from a combination of my earliest photographic influence, my interest for the cyanotype technique and my naturally melancholic nature; Man-Blu is this creator of imagery anchored to his home town by the smell of the sea.



Samuel L. Lora - Samuel I. Lora was born and raised in Venezuela. He began writing early on, yet his dreams were set on becoming a comedian or cartoonist. That changed in 2007 when he published his first poetry compilation, The Glass Half Full. Since, he has published Cancer in January - Capricorn in September, Cachorro, Papa, Can You Hear Me?: Short Stories, and Toy Soldier. His last book took him behind the lens as he explored gender, physical beauty, homoeroticism, and his own artistic ideals through photography. Now, Samuel, also known as SILV, has added work in front of the lens to his repertoire, working with the likes of Drew's Pride, Dok Wright, Humon Photography, Pride of Paradise, and YogaBear Studios. He mostly shares his life with those in Portland (Oregon), Savannah, and Northern Virginia.



Gabriel Prospero - Gabriel Prospero lives between France and Southern India. His main activity is translation of ancient Indian poetry and philosophy".



CONTRIBUTORS

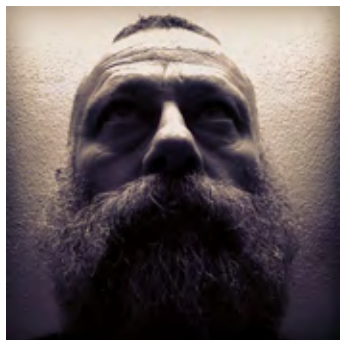


Jonny Dredge – I was born and raised in the small university town of St Andrews, Scotland. Following a quiet 'Oxo Family' childhood, reading car magazines and drawing in my bedroom (escaping chronic hay fever), I studied Automotive Design in Coventry before moving to London, and spending five years working in book shops! After retraining as a TV Editor and Designer, I spent 12 years working post production, as well as on personal collaborations with people such as Nick Knight, Peter Saville and Simon Costin. Throughout my career, I have worked as a photographer, for a variety of magazines and clients, though I am now spending more time on personal projects. I live with Garv, my partner of 4 years, with our cat Miss Josie Jones, in Islington.



Jean Mailloux lives and works in Montreal (Canada). He holds a bachelor's degree in Fine Arts from Concordia University. After participating in solo and group exhibitions and receiving several prizes, he dedicated his time to disseminating the work of other artists through artist-run centres in Montreal and Quebec City. During those 15 years, his activities included curating a number of video programs and exhibitions in Montreal, Paris, Toulouse and Santiago. He returned to his own artistic practice in 2007 concentrating on photo, drawing and lithography.

Szymon Kurpiewski - Born November 6, 1984 in Konin. Graduate Landscape Architecture UP Poznan. He currently lives and works in Pozna - Painter, illustrator, printmaker, draftsman, artist, architect. His diverse in terms of technique works show a fascination with the man , his nature , animality , physicality and psyche . Have a high symbolic content presented . Deformation of bodily figuration actually stems from a subjective perception of emotionally marked environment and the relationships between its constituent parts. The artist combines his works are many techniques by doing work with oil paint , acrylic , watercolor or fineliner.



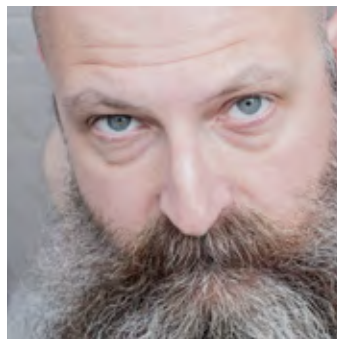
Michael Oelofse - Michael Oelofse is an amateur photographer living in Sydney, Australia. He has a special interest in exploring the spiritual side of man through images. He locates the body in settings which seek to reintegrate man and nature and describe his relationships with other human beings. His work is a counterpoint to the horrors of war, and the environmental, industrial and other disasters facing humankind.



Mark Walton inhabits the back waters and the in-between places. He writes in order to share the realities of the life he lives, feels, dreams and observes. In doing so he seeks to shine a light into the darker recesses, to celebrate the magic of the ordinary and to bring the marginal and the oblique into plain view. He lives on a narrow boat with his husband Keith, and performs in London, England.



JL2 - Born in France in 1965 and now living in Montréal, Canada, I am a self-taught photographer who has been exploring digital photography since 2005. I have a major interest in portraying people, be it without artifice in their own environment, or in a more staged studio atmosphere. One of the major themes in my work is the role that conformity plays in society and how people suffer, having no choice but to conform, consciously or not, in order to avoid trouble, persecution and ostracism. My work tends to be gay-oriented but its themes are universal.



Bill Pusztai - Bill's photography has been published in various mags, shown in galleries, and published extensively on the web. He was recently the subject of an indie art short by Clark Nikolai, _Bill is a Photographer_, showing at a queer indie film festival near you. Bill lives with his husband in Vancouver, BC, Canada, where he runs a portraiture / botanicals / fine art studio.



Kutay Cevirgen - was born and raised in Izmir, Republic of Turkey. He has

a huge passion for photography, contemporary art and aesthetics. Kutay completed bachelor in Business Administration and master's degree in European Studies in Izmir. He just began his doctoral studies in the same city. He has no academic knowledge of fine arts, but attended some artistic courses, currently continues capturing moments.

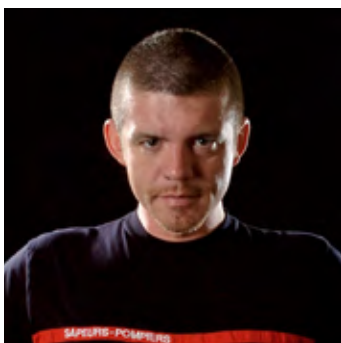


David Gray - David Gray is currently living, shooting, and Photoshopping in San Diego, California. He founded YogaBear Studio in 2003 and has published widely in the bear community. YogaBear Studio specializes in portrait and nude imagery for men of all fitness levels, with an emphasis on hirsute masculinity.

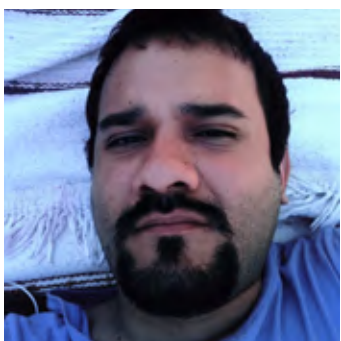


Matthew McCann - Matthew McCann is an accomplished visual artist based in Boston, Massachusetts, who works in a variety of mediums including: ink, pencil, charcoal, crayon and pastel drawings; etchings and monoprints; watercolor, acrylic and oil paintings. He is best known for works that combine and reconfigure the realms of fantasy, science fiction and Wiccan spirituality and archetypes. His creations are infused with sensuality and often depict and explore a fluidity of gender, masculinity, femininity and androgyny. On going and current projects include a dream journal that combines words and imagery recounting and reflecting on his nocturnal visions, and a series of hand drawn one-of-a-kind T-shirts using a unique process he developed.

CONTRIBUTORS



Werner Friedl - Werner Friedl (WFportraits) - Werner is a self taught photographer and digital artist, who has been exploring photography since he was 12. He always had a vivid imagination and started expressing himself through images, with a special interest in portraying men. His main subjects are men who are not professional models. He is always fascinated by the diversity of his models and their collaborating attitude towards achieving great results. He lives and works in Vienna, Austria.



Lou Olsen Davies - Throughout his life, several places in Mexico have been his home, from the Chiapas remote lands, even metropolis; In each place, Louis has immersed himself in social projects. He has given support to Central American migrants, natives Mexicans, farmers, homeless children, violence victims, and people who live with HIV-AIDS. He finally put down roots when he starts a relationship. Today promotes the social responsibility among his college students. As social promoter, his photography only works if has some social sense.



Kurt von Behrmann - Kurt Joachim von Behrmann was born in Stuttgart, Germany in 1962 to a German Father and an American Mother. From that time to the present, he has literally followed in his father's footsteps as an Artist, Educator and Art Writer. The tradition of creating art and music was always a strong one on both sides of his family. Like many visual artists, he began creating small scale drawings. That interest in communicating visually remained consistent and would eventually include forays into other visual art disciplines. After earning several degrees, von Behrmann moved to North Carolina, Kentucky and Arkansas. Mr. von Behrmann now resides in Phoenix, Arizona. He continues to create new work.



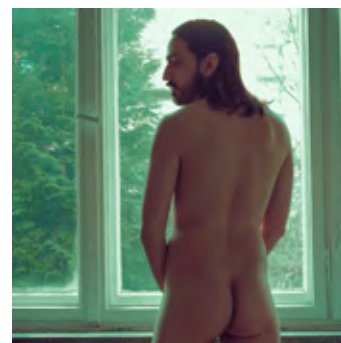
Frank Lee - Taiwaneseborn photographer Frank Lee passionately believes great photography has the power to transcend cultural and linguistic barriers. "My dedication in capturing powerful and inspiring moments has driven me to focus on portrait, macro, and my personal favorite, sports photography." Most recently Frank was chosen to participate in a joint exhibition at Stockholm Airport promoting gay pride. His work has also been featured in QX.se, Sweden's most prominent LGBT website.



Tim Gerken - I teach writing at a small college in Central New York. My writing and photography are attempts to document the world around me: the collapsing barns, the glowing fields, and the horizon around every corner. I also run the small art gallery on our campus to encourage our community to engage in the practice of seeing. I try to remember Oscar Wilde's idea "the object of Art is not simple truth but complex beauty."



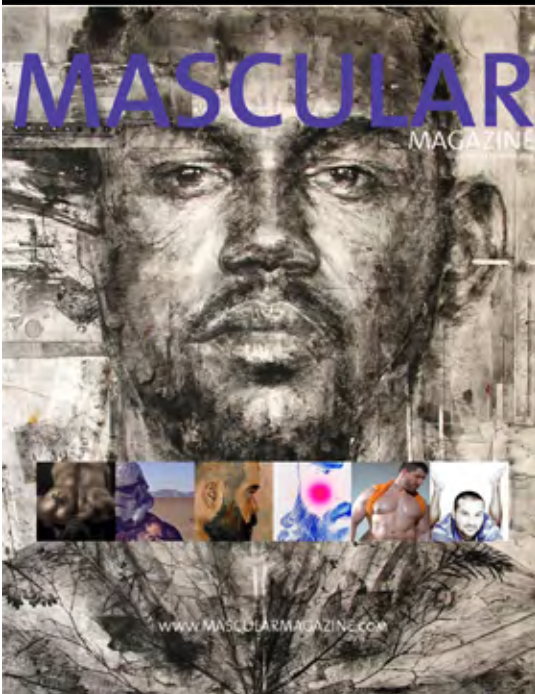
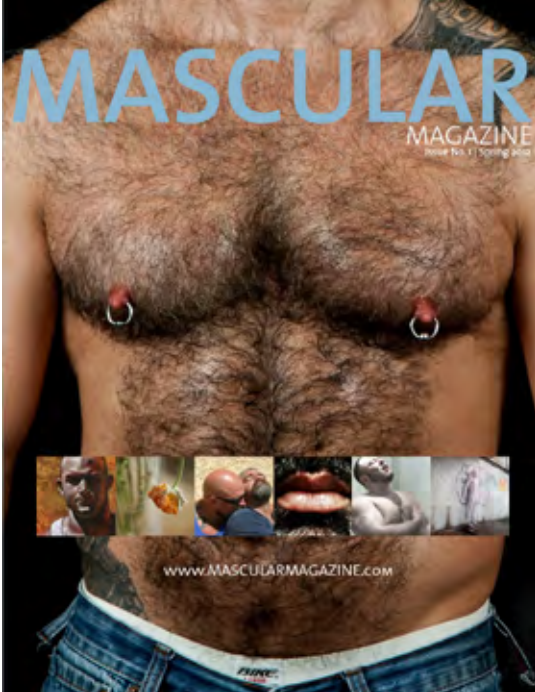
Pietro Mingotti - I was born in Arzignano, a little town near Vicenza, the 26th of July, 1989. I've graduated at the New Technologies Department of the Venice Academy of Fine Arts, and since late 2009 I had the luck to have my photographic work exposed at the Venice Biennale, in Mestre, in Ferrara, Torino, and Firenze. In late 2012 I became a freelance Art Director and Advertising Director for fashion companies and independent cinema. In 2013 I've produced the visual campaign and the release of the Official Videoclip of ViPride (Regional Gay Pride), which I shot and produced. It was a great honor to be chosen to promote a such important event. I was proudly the only Italian at the WeFetish exhibition during the International fetish photo award. I like exploring what I call the "inner body-scape" of men. I think a man's body reveals so much about identity, self coherence and psychology; photography, to me, is a journey about discovering a person's soul and inner animal, despite the physical appearance.



Manuel Moncayo was born in Mexico in 1989, now he lives and works in Berlin as a photographer. His project it's based on a minimal approach to the homosexual men as a subject of study and its relationship with the society and environment. The work has no specific background story but daily life. The subjects of his affection are guys, nature and objects that point at the sky.



Sushan Panchal - This is Sushant Panchal. Basically I am from a small city called Ratnagiri. Now living in Mumbai. Before entering into photography 18 months ago, I was working as an accountant. Initially I took pictures with my Nokia phone. I was then given a small compact canon camera on my birthday. I was working as an accountant but I didn't enjoy my job. So I quit my job and became a photographer. My other good photographer friends like Omkar Chitnis and Alok Johri have been a great help. Even my family helped me. They showed support for my decision. I moved to Mumbai with the help of Omkar - the place where I born and brought up... its heaven to me. Its full of nature, beaches, beautiful scenery. It inspired me a lot. So I can say Mother Nature is my first and biggest inspiration. I love to shoot landscapes ,nature and fine art. Fine art photography is my love but I also enjoy fashion. As a person I am very sensitive and emotional. This quality has helped me to improve my vision and the thought process in my work.





w h i t e

MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 11 | Winter 2014

w h i t e

It's the start of most things creative, but far from pure.

For some, white is a terrifying concept. A white sheet of paper or a white canvas all imply an expectation, a need to create and be creative. Perhaps the beginning of a journey, you are compelled to make your mark and leave a sign. For others, the challenge is keeping white things white. There's something pristine and perfect about white, and a great deal of energy is spent to keep it in that perfect state. There's a duality in white, two sides of a coin - that which is pristine and perfect on the one hand and boundless potential on the other.

Issue No. 11 of MASCULAR Magazine would like to explore WHITE. Are you challenged by what white represents? Do you use WHITE as an element in your work, or is it the one thing you seek to eradicate. Black needs white and vice-versa. They are the basis of contrast, each working in perfect opposition and unity. Milk, paper, clouds, plastic, semen, porcelain, chalk, eggs, cotton, wax, ice, walls, flour, - they are all white, but are they without color? All of them feature heavily in art works of all kinds.

WHITE also has social and political resonance. It's the one quality you can't claim unless it is plainly obvious to any observer. It's loaded in many ways, from religious to social and is associated with goodness and purity. Is that how you see it?

If you are interested in contributing to Issue No. 11, please contact MASCULAR Magazine at: submissions@mascularmagazine.com

Deadline for submissions is December 8, 2014.

WAYS OF SEEING

Josie Taylor Maga Esberg Nigel Maudsley

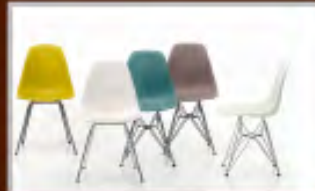
Sunshine Arts, 4 Hove Manor, Hove Street, BN3 2DF

3rd October - 1st November 2014 10 am - 4.30 pm

Private View: Friday October 3rd 6.30 - 8.30 pm

BRIGHTON PHOTO FRINGE 2014





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