

MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 13 | Spring 2015



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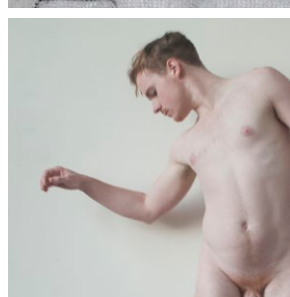
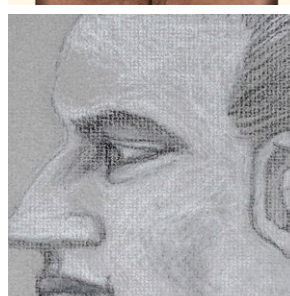
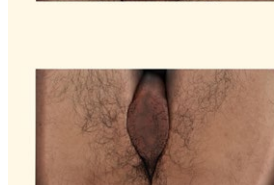
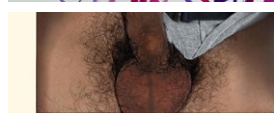
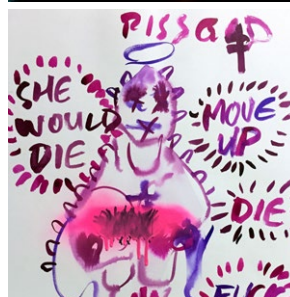
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The theme for Issue No. 14 of MASCULAR Magazine is 'ROAD'

MASCULAR

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MASCULAR MAGAZINE

CELEBRATING MASCULINE ART AND
THE MEN WHO CREATE IT



Welcome to the 13th edition of MASCULAR Magazine – the ‘Fucked Up’ issue. As life would have it, there’s more than a bit of irony to that... Fucked Up is an interesting concept to contemplate. The sentiments it evokes have been running through art since the first cave painting and the start of art history, even if the terms have evolved over time. Fucked Up is, in one of its many guises, an affront to what we consider to be normal, acceptable and comfortable. Things, ideas or situations that are Fucked Up make us uncomfortable. They challenge and repulse, but in evoking those reactions, they expand the base of collective experience. We grow as people when confronted by things that surprise us. I’ve often heard people say ‘I can’t un-see that’. And it is very true – once exposed, the viewer is changed. There is a tangible before and after that specific moment.

Artists, particularly the subversives, are always looking to disturb, to question orthodoxies and propose alternatives – palatable or not. They derive energy and artistic pleasure from either depicting alternative realities or showing alternative perspectives to a conventional take on reality. This is important because it makes

the viewer question beliefs that are too often taken for granted. A patriot may love his country, for instance, but doesn’t know why until he’s been forced to consider it honestly. The trick is to retain some purpose or objective beyond simply wanting to shock. Shocking people is relatively simple. Pick a sacred cow and ridicule, defame, desecrate or put lipstick and a tiara on it, and pronto, people will be offended. That simply turns the focus onto the artist and what a naughty little boy he has been. To truly change views or at least make people think twice, you need to do more than that. Here’s a ‘for instance’... Religion has often been the focus or target in the mind of the subversive artist. Desecrating Christ has also been an age old guaranteed way of generating outrage. But in Ulli Richter’s *The Sacrifice*, rather than denying religion, creates his own. He depicts the ecstatic religious experience that the Church expounds, but the religion is his own creation. Replete with iconography, structure and even candles, Richter tells the viewer that he shares his religious fervour and conviction – they have something in common! What is subversive is that he manages to equate two different

forms of faith and raises the question “why is yours any more valid than mine?”

Fucked Up can be an invective or instruction. Conventional art often seeks to idolise beauty, harmony and balance; and depicts them in true aspirational or idealised forms. That perfect bloom lives for three days, while the flower itself goes through a life cycle, not all of which is conventionally beautiful. The human form in its ideal and youthful form has grabbed the attention of artists across time. But what about the imperfect body? Andrew Printer shows us people who exude not only inner beauty but who clearly embrace their own ‘body beautiful’, even though that beauty may not be conventional. Trygve Skogand takes it one step further in *The Theatre of Shame*. He treats the human form with a plasticity that raises all kinds of questions about the integrity of the body, of life, and even the soul. If we can be broken into pieces and reassembled anyway the artist likes, what does that say about us? Are we the noble creatures vested with a soul and free will? Perhaps not. Francesco Sambo adds another twist to this idea in *Bestiario* by depicting realistic hybrids of humans and animals.

These creatures are not how god or nature intended us to be. And yet, they seem possible, even real.

From earliest childhood, we are taught what goes with what. This is another form of instilling in us a sense of order. We are taught to hate disorder, to recoil from it. I think there may even be something genetic or evolutionary to this. Peoples from all over the world will reorder randomly placed things so that those things adhere to some form of hierarchy or reason. Darkest to lightest, smallest to largest, rough to smooth or young to old, all of these arrangements protect us from chaos and the uncertainties it brings. Disrupting that order is Fucked Up, or at least, Fucking things Up.

Order is another way of implying rules. The subversive artist is fascinated by rules, and spends a great deal of energy understanding them, and then breaking them! In *I Am What I Am*, JL2 discussed the journey he's made in coming to terms with his body and the way he looks, having had to confront the various masculine ideals that he did not conform to – at least not in his own mind. He was given rules that he could not obey or conform to, so in the end, had no choice but to abandon the rules. Manel Ortega's portraits in *Photo Rara* depict men who live by their own rules. They experience life in a heightened state of perception and expression.

We then come to antiquity and fables and the stories that from our cultural heritage. When you look at them closely and observe the narratives that belie the stories and fairy tales we've grown to love, how can we not be Fucked Up? Cannibalism, infanticide, fratricide, reliving unimaginable tortures day in and day out, and the list goes on... In the abstract, these stories are meant to teach us life lessons and put us in our collective place. We learn of the immense power of the gods and their capriciousness,

which in turn explains why Fucked Up things happen to us. In a *Cronos – A Myth Retold*, Ivan & Gabo bring to life, in a very corporeal sense, an age old story and confront us with what that story would imply if it were true. This, of course, raises questions around other stories, and mythology and the bible... where does it end?

Being Fucked Up can speak of inner conflict, battles with oneself. Many live in a conscious hell where their own thoughts and emotions betray them. Rather than providing a path through life, they throw up doubts, fears and all manner of other hurdles. But these psychological realities are very difficult to share. The description of any dream is never even close to what it was like to experience it. These demons that Fuck Up people are illusive and highly personal. While we may not be able to see or experience the specifics, we can sometimes witness the symptoms or its consequences. Torment, fear, loneliness can all be experienced and witnessed. Nigel Maudsley's *Complex Matters* give a sense of watching someone deal with inner torment.

Sometimes the trouble doesn't emanate from within, but it comes from external sources. It dumped on us when others do Fucked Up shit – as the vernacular would have it. In his essay *Fucked Up* Gerard Floyd considers the vulnerability that we feel and that we express when it comes to others, and how that is experienced. While in his story *Abdul & Tariq*, Vincent Keith recounts Fucked Up things that happen, and how we deal or don't deal with them. Are we always the victim, and is the victim never complicit? Jean Mailloux addresses this question in *Teorema*, his homage to the Pasolini film of the same name. Here, a willing force is drawn into serving the needs of his 'victims', but as the perpetrator, he is simply providing a service. Ultimately, he is rejected. What is

truly subversive is considering these events from his perspective and casting him in the role of victim.

Taken as a whole, this issue of MASCULAR Magazine brings to life the richness and variety of expression and experience we are capable of. It encourages us to expand our minds and appreciation for the unusual, special and different. It shakes us up a bit as well. It is so easy to sit back in comfort and wallow in the imagery and concepts we've gotten comfortable with. This leads to the death of creativity. Instead, this issue encourages you to see different things as beautiful or interesting, and gives you, as a creative or as an observer, the nudge to try more.

We very hope you enjoy this issue as much as we do, and apologise for the slight delay in publishing. We will be back soon with issue No. 14, the theme for which is 'Road'. Please take a look at page 211 for more information.

Vincent Keith
August 2015

ARR

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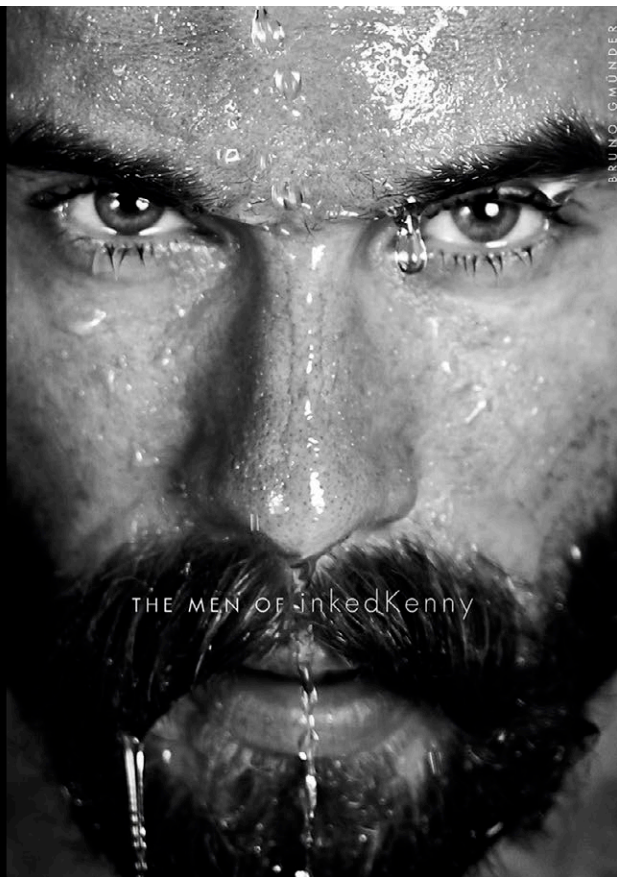
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Photography has taken hold of InkedKenny in his creative journey. His inspirations come from a legacy of influences and relationships. A lifetime of leaving a mark on people and faces has now transitioned to imagery. He challenges his subjects to be aware of their confidence, passions, and desires, putting them in the center of their own exhibition and finding no excuses when that hunger is realized, bringing the subject to a whole other level ...



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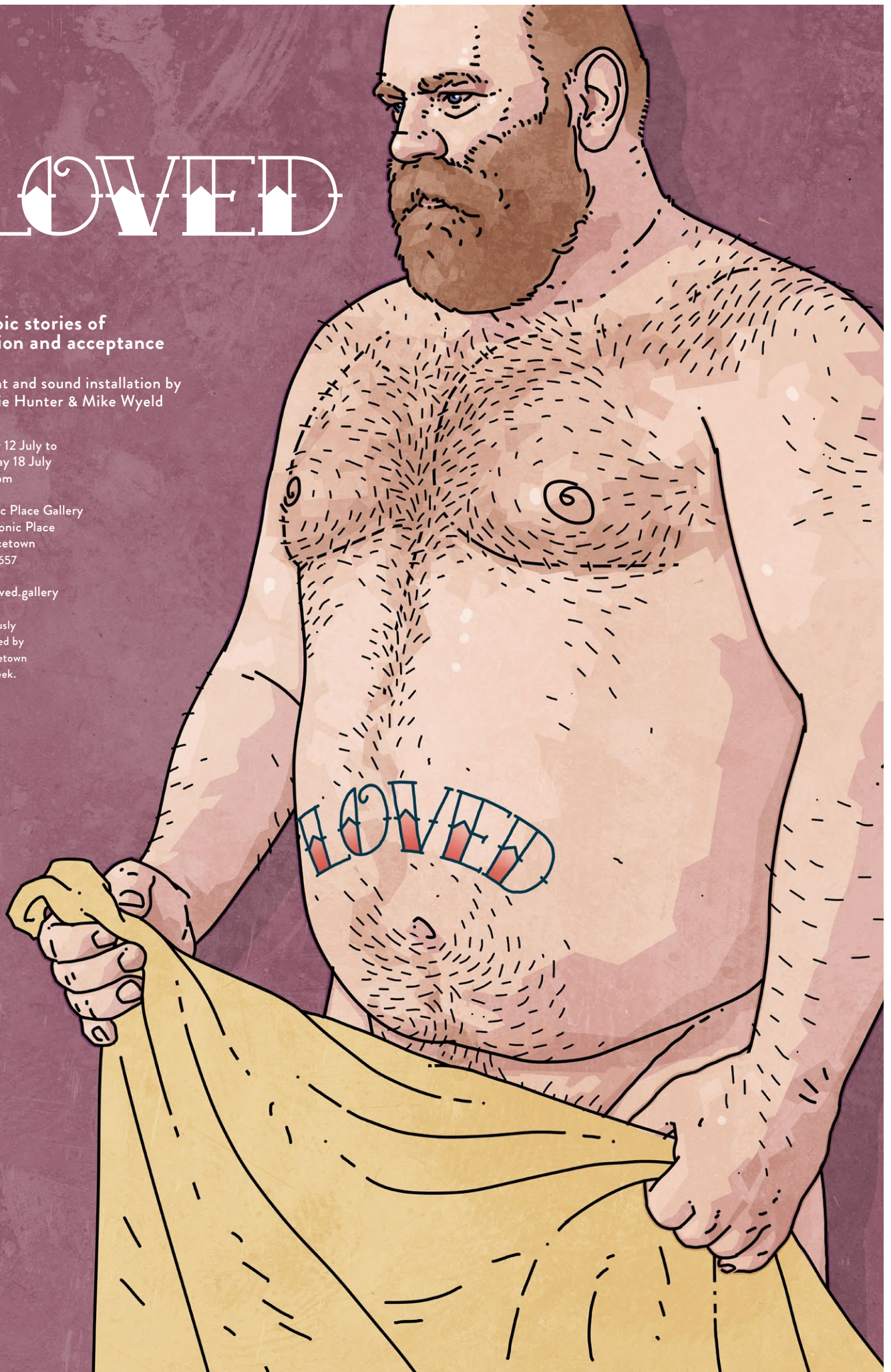
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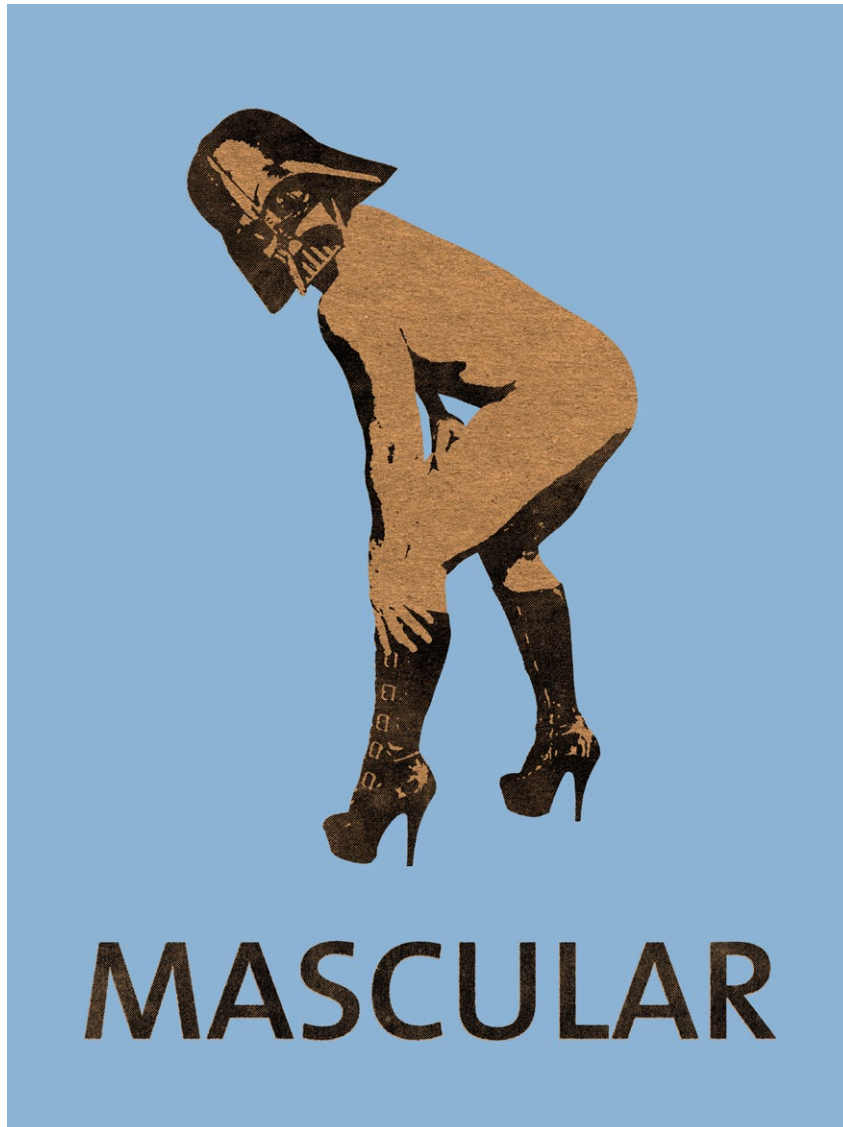
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MASCULAR MAGAZINE

THE MASCULAR T-SHIRT



My Dark Side'

'There's a big trend these days in mash-up superhero t-shirts and I love the idea of it so when Vincent asked me to come up with something 'fucked up' I knew I wanted it to be something fun and that I'd wear. I remember seeing some pictures of Doug and he had this amazing leather neck piece on which reminded me of Darth Vader when he takes his mask off so I took it one step further and put Darth's head on his body... and he looks FIERCE!!!'

'Alan Thompson is a London based Graphic Designer www.bgadesign.com
alan@bgadesign.com

SEXY DARTH

Alan Thompson

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THE MASCULAR MIX: FUCKED UP - vol. XI

Brian Maier



I must admit, I wasn't exactly prepared to write or contribute to Mascular this quarter within the context of the theme "Fucked Up" — at least not by the time I realized the deadline was upon me. That's not to say that I haven't been looking forward to the day when I could add to the body of art that makes up this global project — that, to be sure, is a very exciting proposition!

The thing is... for me, my Mascular contributions have lined up pretty neatly such that the theme of the quarter and the events going on in my life are one in the same. It seems that fate — or serendipity, if you prefer that notion instead — orchestrated a symbiotic relationship between life experiences and Vincent's call to quarterly contribution.

So I can't say that I have a whole lot of "Fucked Up"-ness to share this quarter. As a matter of fact, things have been going, well, fucking great.

What I can share with you, however, is this.

These photos, and this mix, represent a sort of graduation. The "fucked up" part of these two contributions is that, like many I know in my life, a sense of self doubt and fear withheld these from coming to fruition earlier in my life.

I had a fair amount of reservation working with photographers, friends who were artists, people who wanted to share or market a project. I was told it would be a fun hobby and I may enjoy it, but there was a generous amount of self doubt and worry that circulated this sort of involvement. Could I pull it off, or what would people

think? Upon doing the thing, however, I realized that self doubt was the biggest hinderance to self expression. How fucked up is that?

The mix, as well, represents a maturity of story telling -- a way of crafting a larger set from curious beginnings to trance-like finishes. I started, and restarted, many times with this piece. The set was a long time in the making; it is the crystallization of a lot of work I've done over my time as a DJ to hone my craft and add something special to the art form.

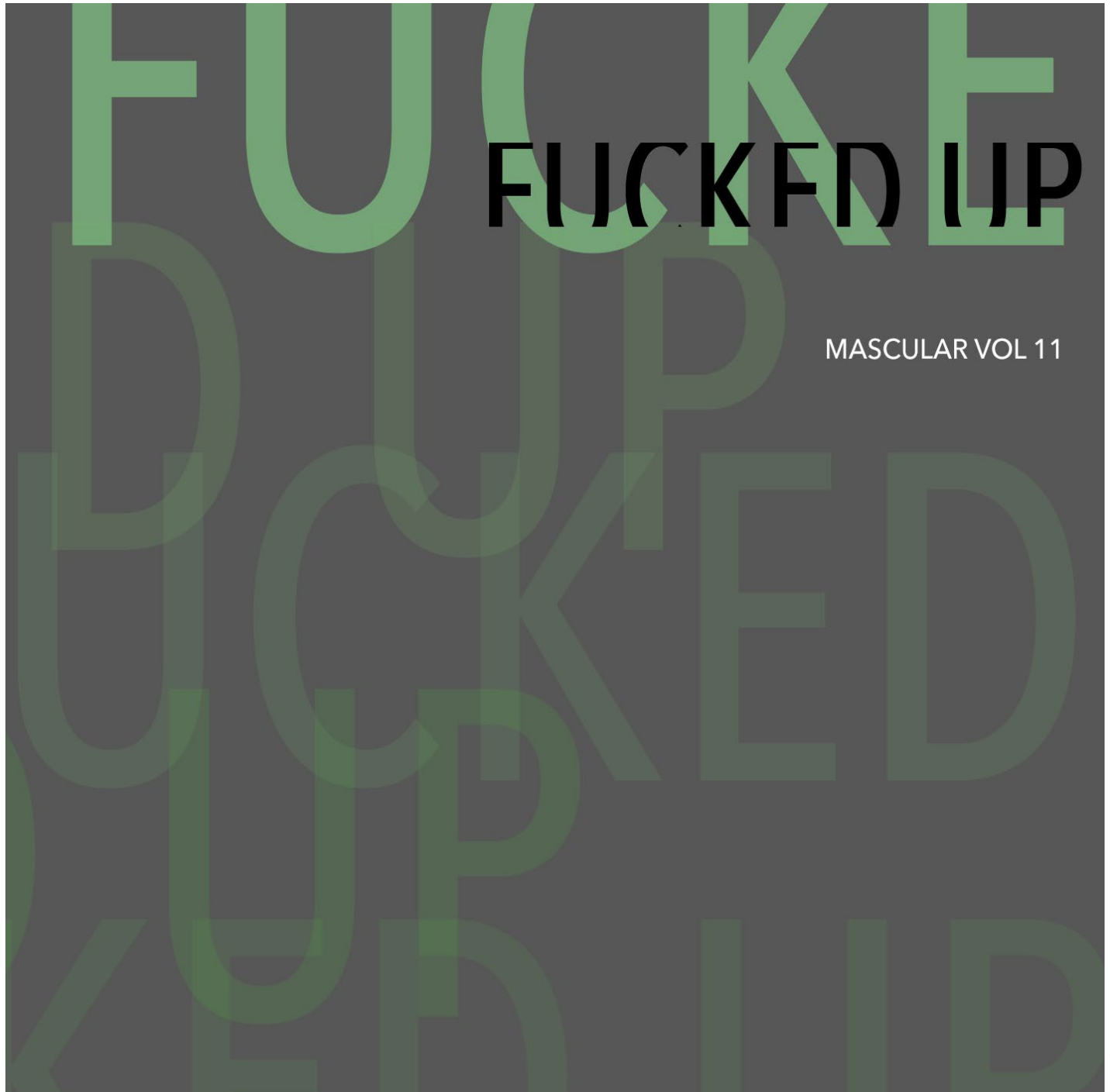
To my delight, as I circulated the painstakingly-made mix among some community thought-leaders and decision makers.. I came away with the shared opinion that my aim was heartily achieved. Its curious here — similar to the photos that accompany this -- that after much anxiety around delivering something that I could be most proud of ... the expression itself was effortless when simply done. The only hinderance was the wall of second-guessed moments that preceded it.

However you interpret the notion of "fucked up," remember that what's fucked up to one of us is completely normal to another. We only base the idea of "fucked up-ness" against the notion that something can be truly "normal" — any to be fair, who really wants to be normal?

In many cases, we spend our life trying to find, and then celebrate, our "weird." I wouldn't waste time thinking what I could do to be more normal, and I'd invite you to try the same. Enjoy that little piece of you that wants to be different. Go to that. Enjoy that. And then work about celebrating it.



LISTEN TO OR DOWNLOAD THE MIX HERE



If you would like to hear Brian Maier's 'White' Mix, you can download it from
<https://soundcloud.com/brianmaier/mascular-vol-11> or on [iTunes](#).

The icons below will take you there directly.



WWW



I'M NOT MALFUNCTIONING, YOU ARE

Kostis Fokas

Long fascinated with imperfection in a world that is seemingly always desperate for order allows my models to interact freely in bizarre ways, capturing moments of beauty in the ludicrous poses and situations that form. I create an alternate universe where my everyday objects become curious props and subjects shrouded by strange disguises. My world is somewhere between reality and fantasy and what is hidden is as important as what you see.

Through my photos and this project I wish to present a new take on the human body and explore its infinite capabilities. The use of quirky, and sometimes hidden faces communicates exactly that. Unlike photography that seeks to reveal the feelings of the objects portrayed through the use of faces and expressions, I shift my focus on the complete freedom pertained to the image of a human body. Stripped from its clothes, I leave it fully exposed and completely surrendered.

You can see more of Kostis's work at kostisfokas.tumblr.com





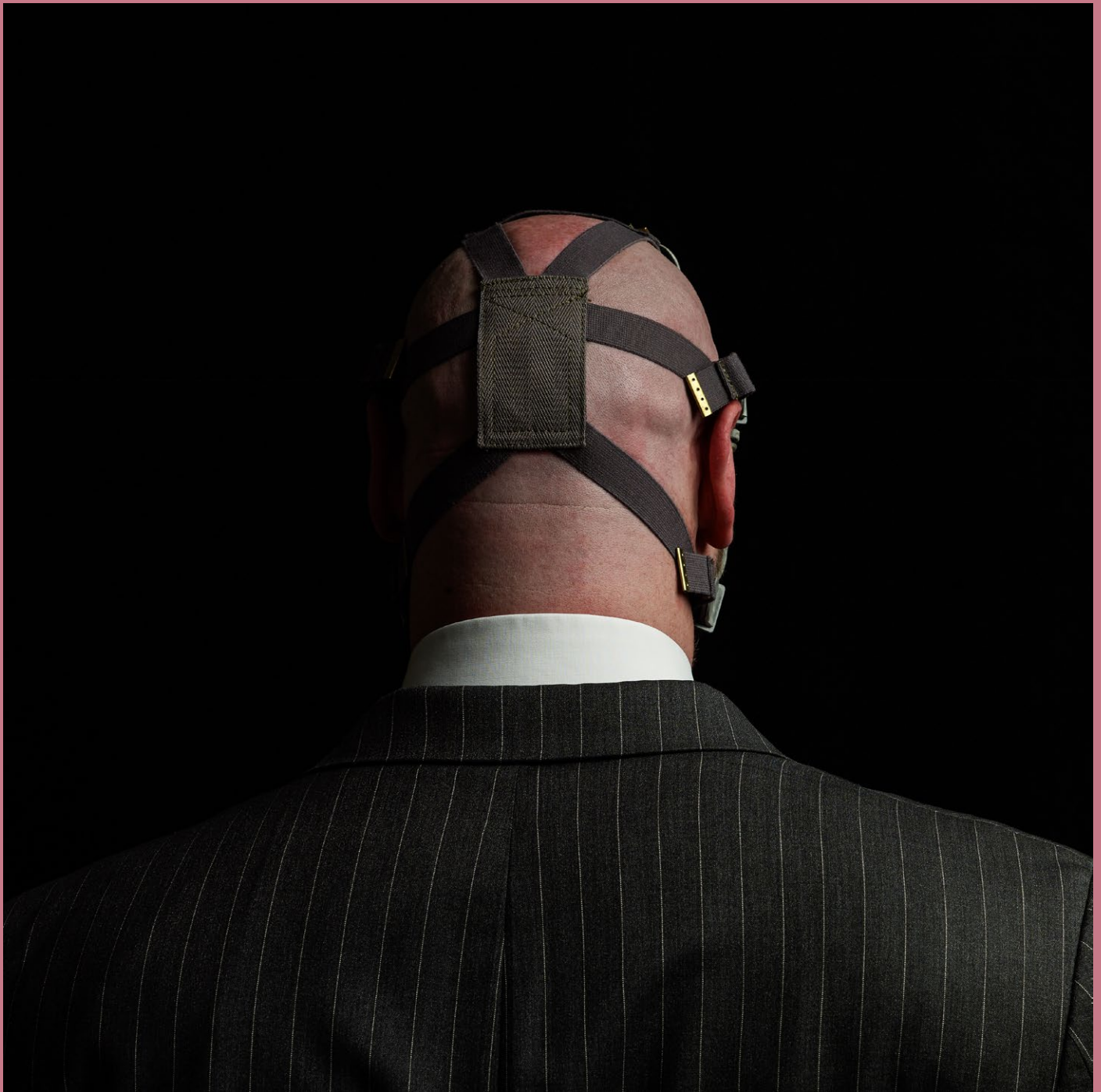












SIMPLE IMPULSES

Vincent Keith

I choose to consider an alternative reality. The men that inhabit this reality are pure energy. I construct it, set its parameters and inhabit it with the ideas and characters that fascinate me, that thrill me. In this world, identity is constructed. It has purpose. It's not handed to you to wear like an old coat. Neither is it flexible or responsive. Identity is about communicating need, desire or threat. There is no room for fear, but that does not mean there is nothing to fear, for there is.

The gas mask evokes fear, horror and death. It is a costume, a shroud. It's intent is to enhance the atmosphere of this realm. You are meant to sense foreboding, danger and fear. This should heighten your senses

and quicken your breathing. You are now ready for what may come next. Confrontation or indifference, you don't know what awaits. Intimacy can be violent or it can be trusting. All of these aspects of masculinity are reduced to simple impulses and thrown at you.

In this reality energy is a distilled form of masculine aggression. It is the fire in a man's belly. It is the throbbing sensation at the root of an erection. If you engage with it, it will consume you. This energy resides in all of us. It's just under the surface for most, but in this reality, the surface is transparent.

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



Emotions and thoughts are converted to purpose, which overwhelms physical forms and incites them to action. There is no time for contemplation, just instinct. There is no need for subtlety or nuance. Instead, everything is on display, shouting out its existence and presence.

You cannot penetrate the rubber and glass. It protects both the wearer and the observer. For the wearer, it deadens all of the primary senses apart from touch. For the observer, it renders the object anonymous. There are no rules or limits when it comes to the anonymous. You can invest them with any attributes you like. Abuse it or caress it, the choice is yours. There is no recourse to you.



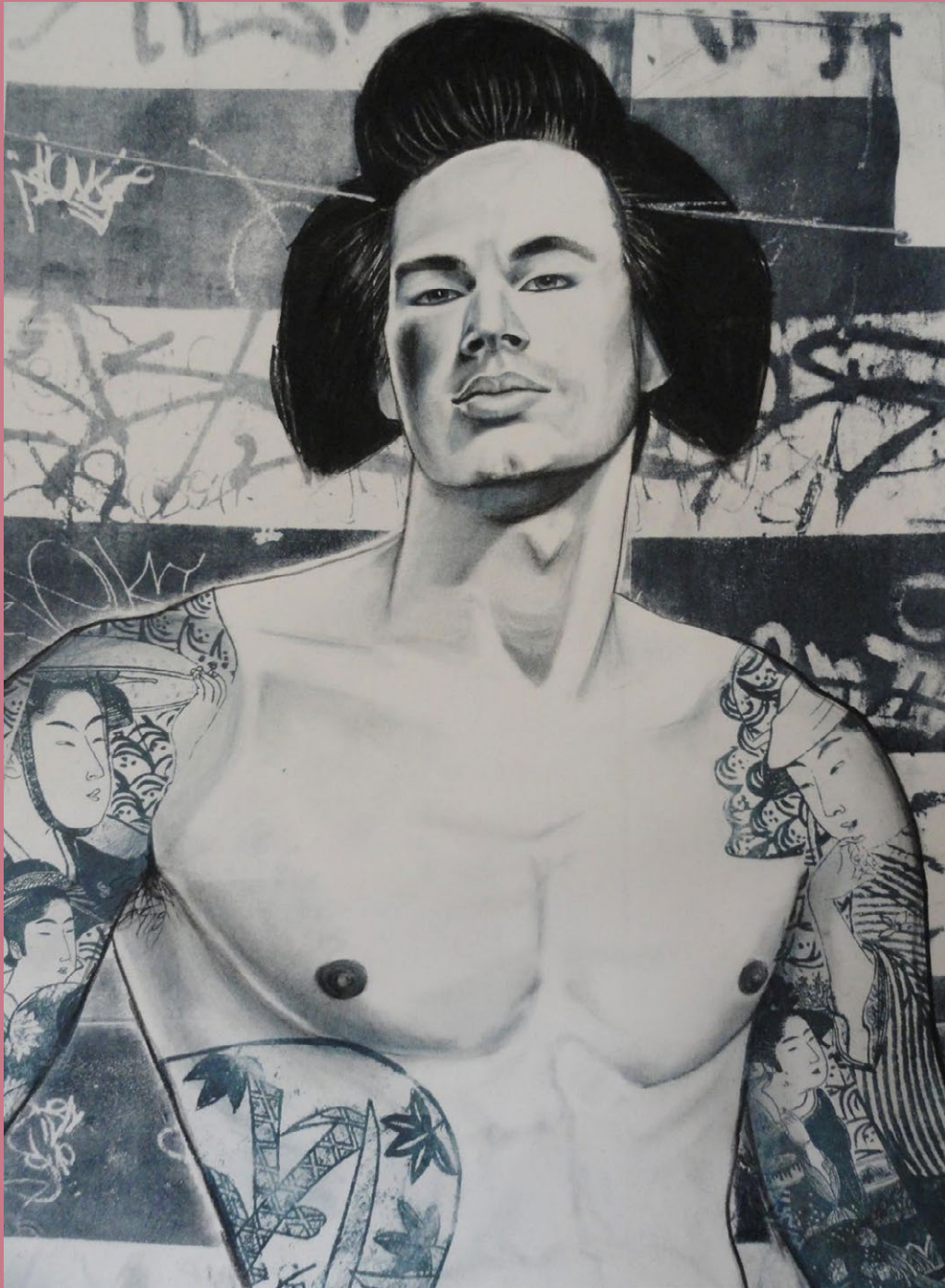










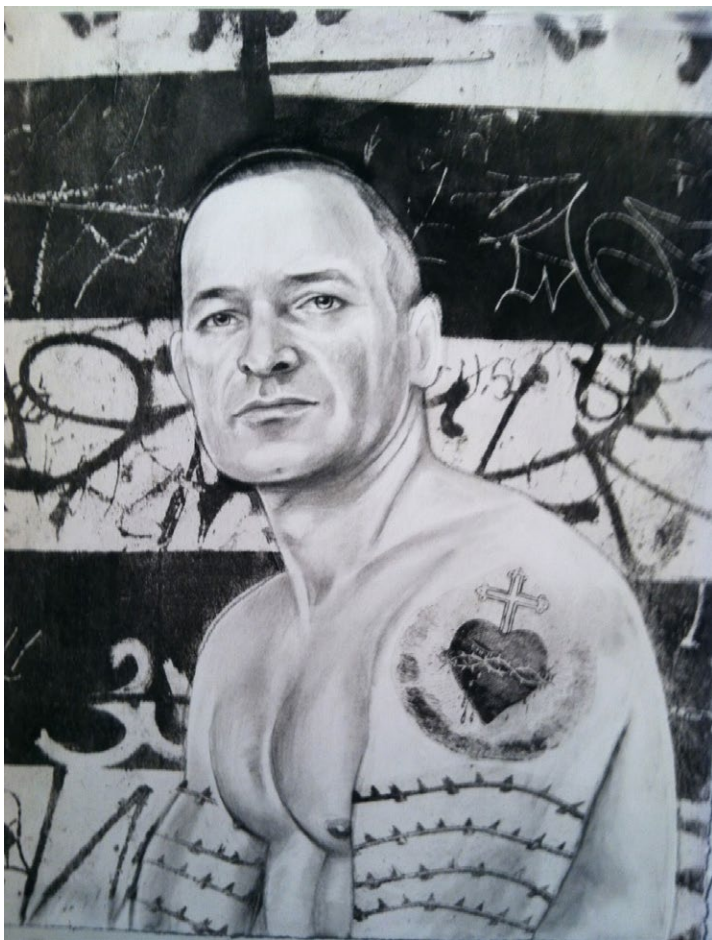


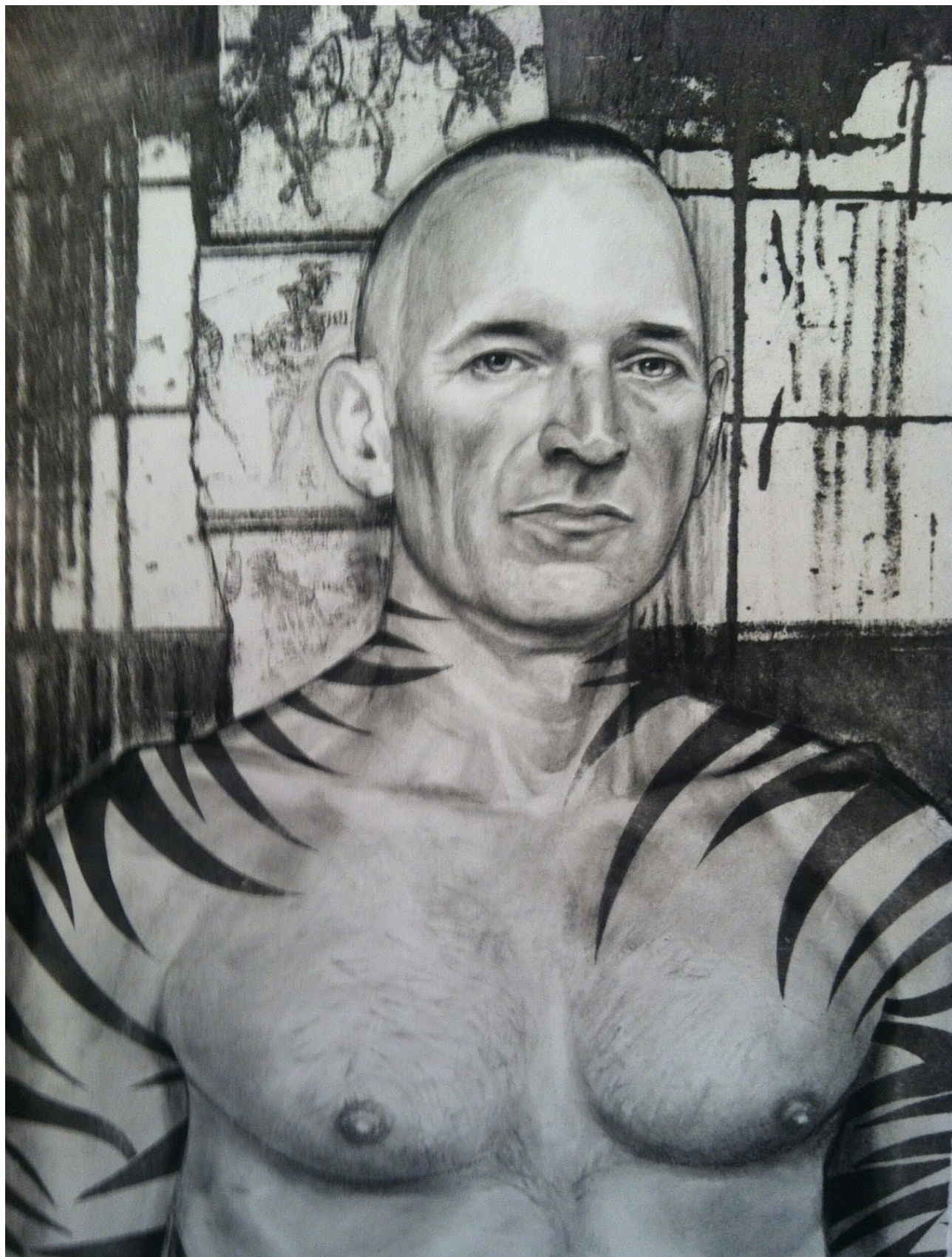
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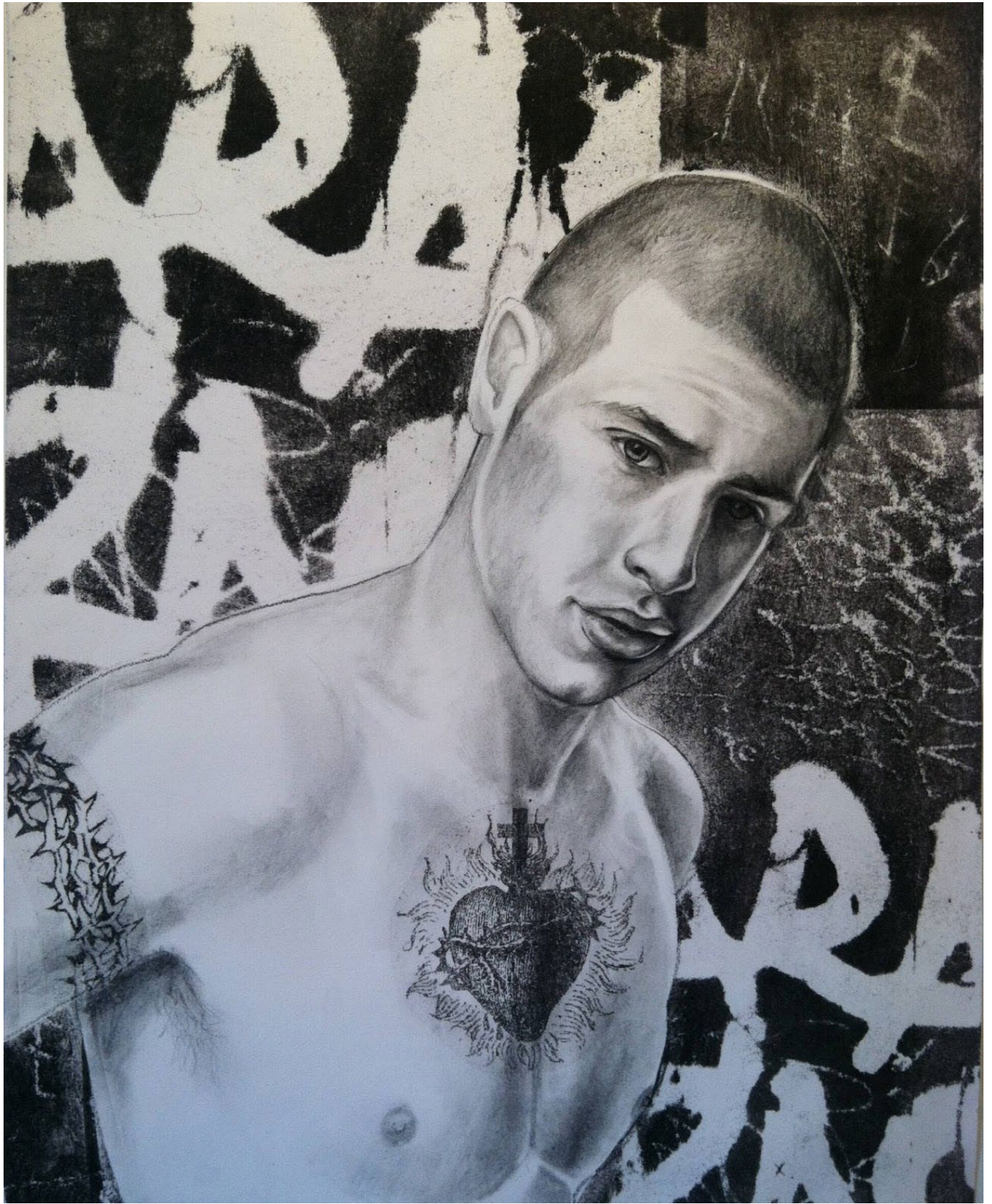
Carmine Santaniello

I am greatly inspired by urban images such as graffiti, dripping/splattered paint, marred subway tiles, posted bills etc... To me I see them as intriguing environments that work so well to house my figures and portraits. I love the contrast of the beautiful male form in a somewhat abstract urban setting. I always carry my camera with me photographing these things around the city. I later alter them on the computer then incorporate them into my work using a printmaking process- currently Lithography with Chine Colle. It's the best of my favorites, drawing, collage and printmaking. For me, artistically as well as aesthetically the combination of the mixed mediums creates an emotionally charged work of art.

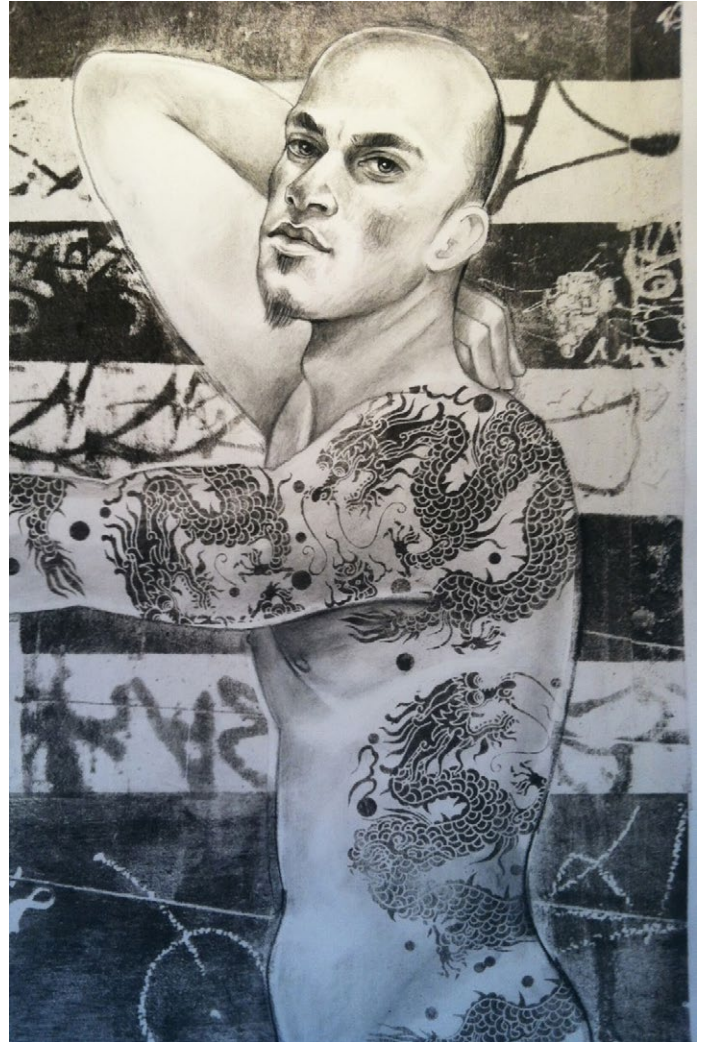
You can see more of Carmine's work at carminesantaniellofineart.blogspot.com



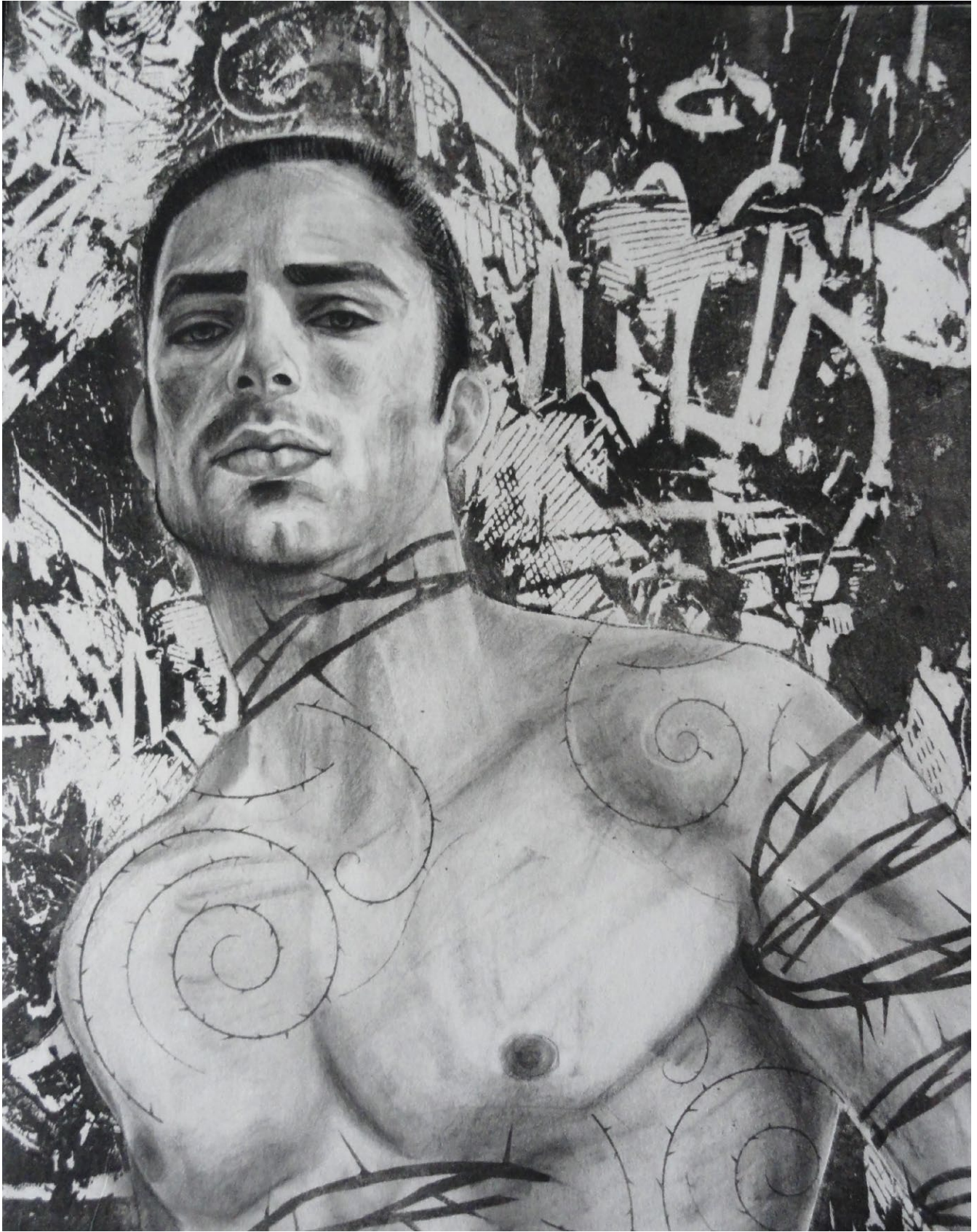




CORAZON", 14" x 11" CHARCOAL AND LITHOGRAPHY



(L): EMBRACE, 16" X 11" CHARCOAL AND LITHOGRAPHY
(R): DRAGON TAT, 16" X 11" CHARCOAL AND LITHOGRAPHY



MAN WITH THORNS, 14" x 11" CHARCOAL AND LITHOGRAPHY



TEA DANCE MUDRAS

Jim Lande

Certain gestural signals, or Mudras, symbolized an individual Hindu deity's powers. Why are Hindu deities often shown with multiple arms? Icon worship over time became a significant aspect of religion in the subcontinent. Many gods were venerated for possessing several qualities, which posed a challenge to artists to present images that displayed more than one quality. The artistic solution, which was both a consequence of and a driver of religious devotion, was to show multiple hands, each grasping an object that symbolized these qualities. Hands might also be rendered empty, the position of the fingers and orientation of the palms also representing characteristics of the deity.

In Tea Dance Mudras, a four-armed man displays aspects of his male energy (cigarette held to lips, beer can grasped like a royal scepter, middle finger erect ("fuck you"), as insult, command, invitation, dismissal? One arm pinned behind the head, looking and redolent of gay erotic icono/porno/graphy). The man-deity assumes his complex pose in the middle of a particular ritual, the hyper-sexualized "tea dance" party attended by devotees of other men.

The viewer, who stands in for a supplicant, looks on the man, of whom there is a kind of veneration exacted. In the companion images, the man-god is deconstructed; two ordinary mortals share an unguarded moment as Ricardo smooths Brewster's tousled hair --a gesture I really love that rarely happens to me. In another, Ricardo notices the impertinent camera and tries to block the shot from being stolen. I know these men.

I am a film producer, not a professional photographer. I watch for action to occur within the frame, and when my friends let down their guard to become playful, un-selfconscious, and communicative with my lens, that is often when I'll get the shot I really want. The ubiquity of cellphone cameras has almost totally desensitized people to having their images taken, a great thing for my preferred style of documentation, but it has also made it harder to create images that transcend the well practiced "selfie selves" of the subjects. I used to use a full size digital camera to take candid portraits of my friends, but now I use my android almost exclusively. Subjects are not intimidated by a cellphone, they remain themselves more readily.









COMPLEX MATTERS

Nigel Maudsley

We all have issues, no one gets through life without them... Complex Matters is a series of images which illustrate the inner angst, a battle against daemons. Consider the desperation on the point of madness or the knitting together of a new version of oneself, a chimera neither real nor mythical

In the words of Stuart Hall (1932-2014), a leading British cultural theorist: "Cultural identities come from somewhere, have histories. But like everything, which is historical, they undergo constant transformation. Far from being eternally fixed in some essentialised past, they are subject to the continuous "play" of history, culture and power."

These images also seek to remind us of cultural acceptance (or otherwise) of lesbian and gay men. Local gains were hard fought for but are tenuous, yet to be embedded and are easily be lost.













CRONOS - A MYTH RETOLD

Ivan & Gabo

Titan god of time and the ages, especially time where regarded as destructive and all-devouring. He ruled the cosmos during the so-called Golden Age, after castrating and deposing his father Ouranos (the Sky). In fear of a prophecy that he would be in turn be overthrown by his own son, Kronos swallowed each of his children as soon as they were born. Rhea managed to save the youngest, Zeus, by hiding him away on the island of Krete, and fed Kronos a stone wrapped in the swaddling clothes of an infant. The god grew up, forced Kronos to disgorge his swallowed offspring, and led the Olympians in a ten year war against the Titanes, before driving them defeated into the pit of Tartaros.

You can see more of Gabo & Ivan's work at ivanygabo.com





















A WHOLE LOT OF STRANGE

Andrew Printer

The tagline of my website is Color, Humor and a Whole Lot of Strange. That's what my art has become, but it wasn't always that way. My career began with a documentary about immigration and male prostitution (*Rojo Vivo*, 1990) followed by another one about people living with HIV (*My Elbows Collapsed*, 1992). But, as the circumstances of that crisis morphed into a "gay agenda" that prioritized marriage and other trappings of a more privileged heteronormativity I began to think that life, well, the trajectory of my life, had become kind of fucked up. I woke up one day and I didn't recognize my community. Elders were dead and surviving peers were middle-aged, many misshapen by meds and/or addiction.

You can see more of Andrew work at www.andrewprinter.com, www.zoomlensphoto.com or www.tumblr.com/blog/glenn-rio





Meanwhile, my art practice shifted from video to photography. As that medium engaged in its own existential crisis my style evolved from old school documentary to deliberately staged image making to a variety of hybrids (illustrated photojournalism, digital photograms). I was trying to make the form match my experience: fucked up; not necessarily wrong... just odd. What has remained constant throughout this span of time is my interest in the look and contorted expectations of (gay) male identity. Don't get me wrong, I am mostly happy that straight folks from the Supreme Court on down now embrace gay professionals with strollers, and who couldn't love Ru Paul's Drag Race. But where did sex(uality) go? You know that wicked, weird, perverse, honest, charismatic subtext that oozed out of every photo ever taken in the Castro or SoHo pre-AIDS.

Then I moved to Key West, a city whose motto is Far From Normal, Close to Perfect. Like Palm Springs and Provincetown, Key West is written into gay lore as a place to go and be someone else. Like all gay mecca's however it's not quite the mythic, decadent destination it once was. But it's still a home to a diverse population of misfit toys, tourists and locals who are invited to go out and play. These photos attempt to illustrate all of this. The subject matter is not quite as fucked up as the Duggar's or ISIS or a slew of other internet horrors that we are exposed to every day. Let's call it Fucked Up Lite, fucked up in the very best possible way.











FLASH FICTION

A K Miller

IT HAPPENS BY ACCIDENT

Punk rock gay boy save me. Pledge allegiance to the fag that is barely cool enough to be seen with you. Sweep me off of my feet by knocking me down and then picking up my pieces. Buy me cheap beer and leave me to pay for the cab. Have me blow on your tattoos while the flesh is still raw. Make me go down first. Say when you are just too tired to hear my shit and to talk to myself until I calm the fuck down. Find charm in the ways that I can be terrible and gross and mean. Show me how I am beautiful. Spin me around like a record that skips and tastes like whiskey and menthols while we sing the blues with smiles on our faces. Break my heart with a slice like a scalpel so I don't even know it happened until after I bleed out. Come back drunk and crying full of baby baby babys and sorry sorry sorrys. Love me in a way that most men are scared to consider. Teach me how to sweat and spit and stink with pride. Hold my hand like I am falling. Look at me in a way that makes me know that you are mine. Know, no matter how much you really care for me, when it's time for you to go. Pledge. Sweep. Buy. Have. Make. Say. Find. Show. Spin. Break. Come. Love. Teach. Hold. Look. Know. Punk rock boy let me rescue you.

*“Show me
how I am
beautiful”*

“It’s the surprise attacks that get you...”

KNOCKED OUT

Just when you think that you’ve lived through the worst pain you could possibly feel, love comes up with a new punch. You learn to dodge most, but every now and then one lands square in your jaw. Or sometimes you get struck with a sucker punch to the gut that takes your breath away. You can dance around these brutal attacks, which is exhausting, or you can just learn to take a fucking hit. Another option is to stay out of the ring altogether. Avoid love completely. But where’s the sport in that? If you get knocked down, despite what people have been telling you all of your life, you don’t have to get back up. You can stay down. You can lay there beaten and broken until you have the strength to actually stand up on your own and remain standing. That is what Brandon is doing now. Lying in his bed wishing the bruises on his heart would heal before his brain started poking at them. He’s fine through most of the night, most of the time, but at some point he eventually rolls over. Often, that’s when he realizes that he is in bed alone. He isn’t conscious enough to brace himself for this one, and it’s a smack in the face that wakes him with a sting. It’s the surprise attacks that get you, and no one seems to warn you about them when a relationship ends. When he is awake and rational, this sort of thing wouldn’t bother him at all. It’s been over a year and he has moved on to bigger and better things. That’s when love knows to pull these sneaky maneuvers. Ones that leave you feeling helpless and sad when moments before you were lost in a fantastic dream. Brandon isn’t sure why this keeps happening, though, thankfully, with decreasing frequency. He thinks it may be a reminder of the love he felt before he gets over the loss of it completely. Maybe it’s a sign that he is healing, but just isn’t quite fixed yet. Instead of getting up and shaking it off, he just lays there trying to make sense of it. Waiting and hoping for the day that a nightmare is no longer the part of bedtime when he is awake. He knows it has to come soon. It just doesn’t seem right that he still feels so bad when the other pillow doesn’t smell like anyone anymore. He holds that pillow like a shield and plays dead until he slowly falls back to sleep.

“‘hey’ with a deep voice”

PUDDLE

Arriving alone, Brandon saw the guy with the blue shirt and blue hat as soon as he stepped into the club. He soon lost him in the shuffle of money and tickets and the piecing together of one’s person and pockets upon entry. Brandon swaggered in and said hello to a few necessary acquaintances and chatted quickly to a few friends, but excused himself to check things out. The dance floor was dark and crowded and sweaty. Perfect. After some squinting and pushing, he found his target with a group on the dance floor. Though now he was just Blue Hat, the blue shirt was out of sight, leaving muscles exposed and a shine where hair used to be. Brandon positioned himself close by on the edge of the dance floor, next to a path to the bar, so he was easy to access if anyone took interest. He began with his best, controlled moves, keeping his gaze on Blue Hat, but never catching his eye. Blue Hat was too distracted by the music, or lights, or friends, or drugs, or dancing. The music picked up speed and Brandon followed, desperate for just one look from Blue Hat. He began to sweat. With one broad, single motion he pulled his shirt up over his head and tucked it into his back pocket. That did it. Blue Hat took notice. And so did half of the dance floor. With eye contact established, Brandon gave Blue Hat his practiced, perfect, three-quarter smile. Blue Hat responded with a suggestive back-nod. The kind that says “hey” with a deep voice without making a sound. The music kept building and the singing diva kept telling the everyone to put their hands in the air. Not wanting to disobey the music, Brandon began to lift his left arm triumphantly to show the undersides of his muscles, the masculinity of his armpits and his absolute master of the rhythm. Instead, he got his arm halfway up and dumped a full, plastic glass of some drink all over the man walking behind him. He jerked around just as the cup hit the ground between them and splashed the remainder of whatever it was all over their legs and the floor. Blue Hat smiled, charmed by the humility of the action and the look on Brandon’s face. Embarrassed, but not without manners, Brandon faced his failed-fierce-move victim and got out an “I’m sorry, can I buy you,” but was cut off by a smile. A smile with one dimple on the left side and a slight gap between the canine and first premolar on the right. Dimple-Gap looked down at his soaked shirt and responded by taking it off starting to dance. Helpless to everything about this, Brandon danced back, accidentally letting loose the final fourth of his own smile. The two of them continued splashing in the puddle underneath them as Blue Hat got distracted by the music, or lights, or friends, or drugs, or dancing.



CLOWNS

Guillermo Medina Gallardo

Who said that clowns were funny? Behind their grotesque painted face with thick white brushstrokes and a bizarre smile, there's usually a sad story. I laugh not to cry. And behind the magic and charm of the circus a group of social outcast are hidden, some freaks that, only under the circus tent, travelling from one place to another, can be happy. When I was a child and my parents took me to the circus my favourite attraction were the caged beasts, the lions, tigers, panthers, the wilder they were the better. I imagined myself going inside the cage and become friendly with the beasts although sometimes I also imagined they escaped and ate half of the children who only were able to cry and gulp down popcorn and cotton candy as if it

was the end of the world. I wanted to discover the magician's tricks and fly in the trapeze over the people's heads (that caused us a lot of torticollis). Thanks to this photographic series I have come back for a moment to my childhood, to the fabulous world of the circus, where their characters don't try to raise a laugh but who seem to be stressed and in the limit of their possibilities, and at their sight we could only think about running as fast as possible. If you have been scared looking at these photos, then you can congratulate the clowns, they have taken out some emotion from your inside. But beware they don't go on also with your guts...

You can see more of Guillermo's work at www.guilllemmedina.com











FUCKED UP?

Gerard Floyd

It's been very hard for me to try and pin point and describe what "fucked up" means. It's not that I don't know what it is; I know very well what it is I have felt it, lived through it and seen it in others. It's just that there are different kinds of fucked up, there's the kind we get from our families, there is no one on earth that knows how to push our buttons like family can that's because they built those buttons and wired them to our most sensitive parts, without even knowing what they were doing. We are at our most vulnerable growing up in our families.

Relationships fuck us up, love (too much and too little) fucks us up, work fucks us up, friends fuck us up and then occasionally we go to our local drug dealer or publican and we fuck ourselves up. There are so many things in life that can fuck us up it's just a normal part of life. In fact I would go so far as to say it's an essential part of living. Life is messy we have all felt hurt or damaged by it and feeling fucked up is something we can all relate to. Unless you're a psychopath, in which case you are really fucked up but you are lucky enough not to have to feel it. Congrats and kudos to you but seriously it can't be that great being a psychopath as you miss out on all the things that bring us joy in life too, things like love.

I keep saying "fucked up" like it means something but that doesn't accurately describe what I really want to say. I have a very provocative side that loves using swear words to describe people and their behavior, the sound of a "filthy" word used at just the right moment is thrilling. Some days the "C" word literally takes up residence on the tip of my tongue and could come flying out at any moment, but it's doesn't and sometimes it really deserves to. The problem I have with

words like "fucked up" is that I feel like they distance us from what we really feel. When I want to call someone a CUNT! (there, I said it) it's not cause they are a CUNT! It's because they have hurt me in some way and I want to hurt them back. That's the genuine truth about my love of the "C" word, it about throwing a little bit of the hurt back at a person who has hurt me.

Feeling fucked up for me is a about a lifetime of accumulated mess and damage that has often left me feeling confused, lost and overwhelmed and that's how I've seen it in others too. That feels like the most congruent way to see someone who is in a very vulnerable state that is so much more than being "fucked up".

At one point the mess and damage felt so overwhelming in my life that the only sensible and logical thing to do was to go train to become a therapist. Becoming a therapist was way cheaper than paying for all the therapy I would have needed. Often the really good therapists have been through some bad shit and that's why they don't judge or hesitate when you need them to go with you into those really dark places.

So I completed my training, I was fixed, I drank from the fountain of psychological knowledge and empathy and now rose petals mysteriously materialize under my feet as I walk down the street while the REM song Shiny Happy People plays in my head.

The end!





Actually, that last bit is a lie, I wish it were true!

What I have learnt is that when we feel fucked up we are at our most vulnerable but we can survive it. We can't change the past, who our families are, we cannot undo our mistakes but we can carry on every day having a little more understanding and compassion for the messy damaged bits and gradually that will become the holy grail of what we all crave... acceptance of ourselves. I know it's easy to write that, not so easy to do. It's not as simple as taking a pill, there is no light bulb moment; it's a continuous process of not just looking at but connecting with the mess and damage (in ourselves and others) with compassion and understanding. In my experience, there is no need to sit and contemplate the mess and damage in our lives as life has a habit of presenting us with the same old challenges until we can change our relationship with that part of ourselves that is keeping us stuck.

Change comes more easily when we put away our judgment sticks and stop beating each other and ourselves for our failure to measure up or be perfect. It's our imperfections, mess and damage that make us unique and it's often during the most challenging times that we find the best version of ourselves. Perfection does not exist yet we torture ourselves trying to reach for it every day, now that's fucked up. I have written over 6,000 words of torture that no one will ever see trying to perfect this piece of writing. I've put away my judg-

ment stick now, I've stopped measuring and trying to write what I think people would like or expect, all it did was stop me from being real and in the moment, it was stopping me from connecting with the vulnerable part of myself that understands only too well what it feels like to be fucked up. Although I'm not sure if I have found a better version of myself through the struggle of writing this, I have found a version I feel comfortable with for now and that feels like enough.

In the fucked upness we are vulnerable and it's in our vulnerability that we find our strength, that's when we grow. Feeling fucked up is where I learnt that as shitty as life can be it's survivable. I'm not afraid of feeling fucked up and I'm not afraid of people who are fucked up (or to put it in more congruent and compassionate terms, people who are feeling lost, confused and overwhelmed) that is not something to be scared of that is vulnerability and it's a normal part of who we are as human beings. As much as I love my swear words, judging ourselves and others as "fucked up" can disconnect us from a more compassionate truth that is an opportunity for learning and growth. Fucked up to me is just another word for being vulnerable, it's a kind of nudity for the soul, if we can be open to connecting with the vulnerability of the fucked upness that is everywhere in life, it will change us and it will also connect us to each other in a more honest and fulfilling way and I don't know any human being who doesn't want that.



TEOREMA

Jean Mailloux

This series of photos is directly inspired by Pasolini's movie, Teorema. In this film released in 1968, an Italian bourgeois family welcomes a mysterious visitor who will have a profound and dramatic impact on each of its member. Their banal, conventional lives will be transformed by this handsome and silent man.

The guest seduces all four members of the family and the maid, helping them in different ways to deal with their troubles before engaging in a sentimental and sexual relationship with each one. After some time, he announces them that he is leaving. His unexpected departure will force the family members to face the emptiness and despondency of their lives. The father, a wealthy industrialist, proud representative of

capitalism, will sell his factory to the employees and will wander naked and lost in a no man's land; the frustrated mother, after discovering a more fulfilling sexuality, will meet young men in different places to have sex with them without transcending her despair; the son, who became more confident, will leave home to focus on his art practice, experiment and give free court to his imagination; the overprotected daughter, who became a woman and felt her first sexual attraction, will sink into a catatonic state and be transferred to a psychiatric institution; finally, the maid, who forgot about her suicidal thoughts, will return in her home village where she will become some kind of saint performing miracles.

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













THE SACRIFICE

Ulli Richter

Text by: Christopher Studer-Harper

Blood, naked, exhausted bodies, plastic wrap and black candles – the scenery evokes the aftermath of a Black Mass or an occult orgy.

Both the space as well as the participants look soiled, defiled, positively 'fucked-up', yet it remains unclear if these men have committed terrible deeds or simply had a good time. But what is the sacrifice.

The bloody imagery brings to mind the work of Austrian performance artist and painter Hermann Nitsch. Similar to his gore filled Orgien Mysterien Theater, that served as twisted recreations of catholic liturgies, there is an enticing nature to Richter's pictures. Just like Nitsch, he walks a line between the erotic and the abject, between what seduces and irritates, drawing the viewer in with an impeccable sense for aesthetics only to confront them with deeper questions. Can goodness exist without corruption? And are they truly mutually exclusive?

The spilled blood, just as other, less obvious fluids, oscillate between primal symbols of life and power on one hand and dangerous carriers beset with taboo and fear on the other. Refusal to adhere to the strict dictate of hygiene, to risk contamination and engage in forbidden acts can be seen as revolutionary, subversive, liberating. But this abnormal behavior, to act against what is deemed right and accepted, is only possible within the secret spaces hidden from normative society. The heterotopias in the cracks, sacred or desecrated places, as they may be – it is there where the perversion is allowed to happen, outside regulated reality, in a space of experimentation, risk and freed potential.

In the last 35 years what has been considered "fucked-up" has changed greatly, swinging one way, then another. But whenever a new taboo is established, there will be those enthralled by its forbidden nature, eager to break it, embrace it, to make it their own.

You can see more of Ulli's work at www.kinkinprint.com

You can see more of Christopher's work at clawsandcotton.tumblr.com









The greatest promises are always those of transcendence. A communion that will make a man more than human. Turn them into a venomous predator perhaps, or liberating them with vibrant life, immortality even.

The pictures are firmly planted in the vibrant afterglow of such a communion, the aftermath of ecstatic revels and unspeakable actions. A fleeting moment of immortality, invoked by a great sacrifice. We see what remains; some bodies speak of depleted resources, others of indifference, again others of unsated hunger.

But as the intoxicating black candles are replaced by hard fluorescence and the men are forced to return to “normal” life and the bloodied space shifts towards the mundane, the nature of the ritual and its titular sacrifice are never revealed.

Which lets us only ask ourselves: “What exquisite pleasure or forbidden knowledge could tempt you into endeavoring such a sanguine baptism? And what would you be willing to sacrifice in the process?”







Art Direction: Bernd Friedrich
Production: Michael M. Tricker
Photography: Ulli Richter
Text: Christoph Studer-Harper



THE THEATRE OF SHAME

Trygve Skogrand

These artworks are part of a larger series that is called "The Theatre of Shame". Not any shame, but the deep shame you feel when you know that you are ugly, when you are certain that you are all wrong. This is the shame of the subgroups of society.

In the artworks I use my own personal story as a Christian homosexual as a starting point. Of course, shame is not reserved for homosexuals. We are all shaped by the society we grow up in, inheriting a host of unwritten rules about how to behave, what is of value, and what is less so. Like a subconscious book of values, we daily form our behaviour

and meanings after these invisible rules. Sadly, this book of values also includes the prejudices of society. And so, if you're part of a group that society looks down upon, you may end up with this most absurd thing: deep, subconscious prejudices against yourself. This can result in the worst of shames: the shame of being you.

I believe that many people feel such shame. Whether you are too thick, old, handicapped, have mental problems, are poor, unemployed, an immigrant - the list goes on and on - you risk ending up with this deep certainty: I am unacceptable.

You can see more of Trygve's work at www.trygveskogrand.com



In “The Theatre of Shame” artworks I use my own life and my own body as the artistic raw material. The works show meticulously constructed figures, built up from a row of nude self-portraits, inhabiting constructed landscapes and settings, where the process of discovering the systems of this shaming of subgroups is examined.

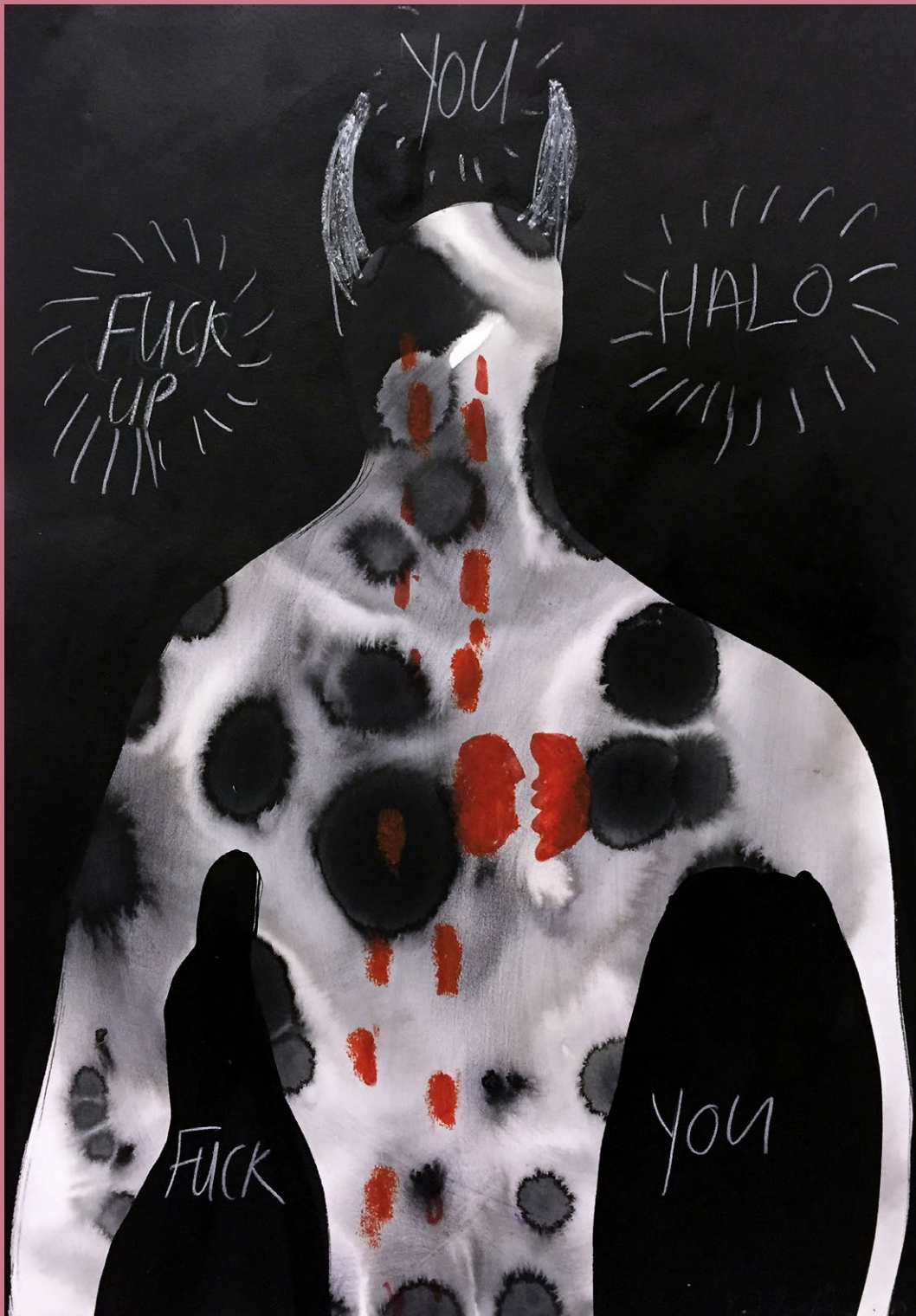
The nudity of the photos does not only symbolize the private vulnerability inherent in shame, but its universal, human side as well. For on the deepest level, shame is part of the universal human condition: The shame of being an individual, faced with the conformity of the crowd.











FUCKEDUP

BJ Broekhuizen

As an artist I feel one create the best work when u are at your darkest most depressed state of being, somehow it forces you to honestly express what is going on inside your head with hope of a better understanding or explanation of your own state. There is a fine line between being creative, on the edge of mental breakdown, border line and being a genius artist, it is with fine evaluation and execution of technique and practice that you can express yourself entirely. For this

You can see more of BJ's work at bjbroekhuizen.com

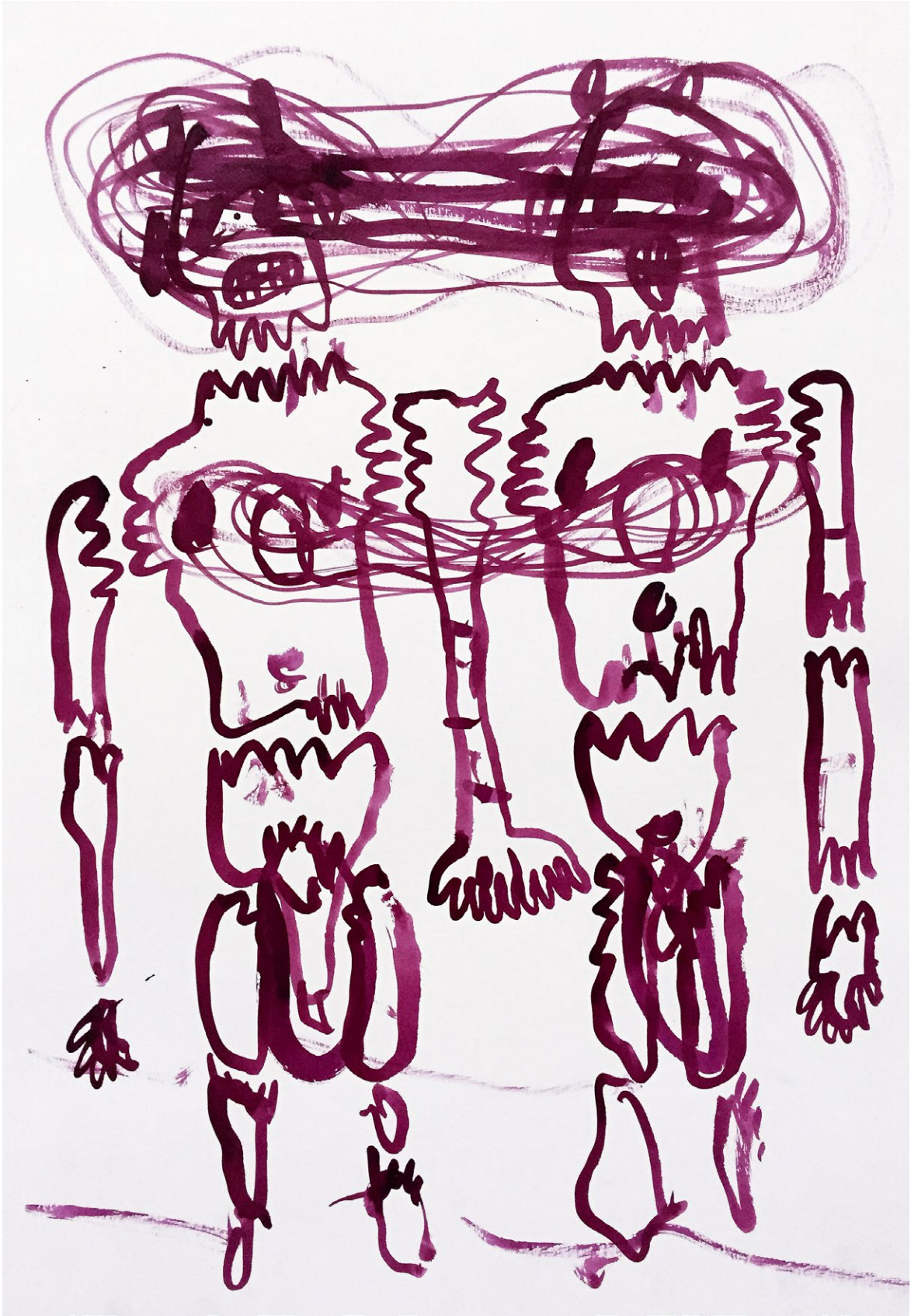
series of FuckedUp I have created a body of works which captures the feeling of being shattered, broken into pieces and which ends up with the result you thinking you are just so FuckedUp. Love is a powerful form which drives and inspire artist, more often artists paint their most despair, darkest love moments rather than happy feelings. Together with that shattered feeling automatic comes a feeling of hate, hate towards yourself and those around you.



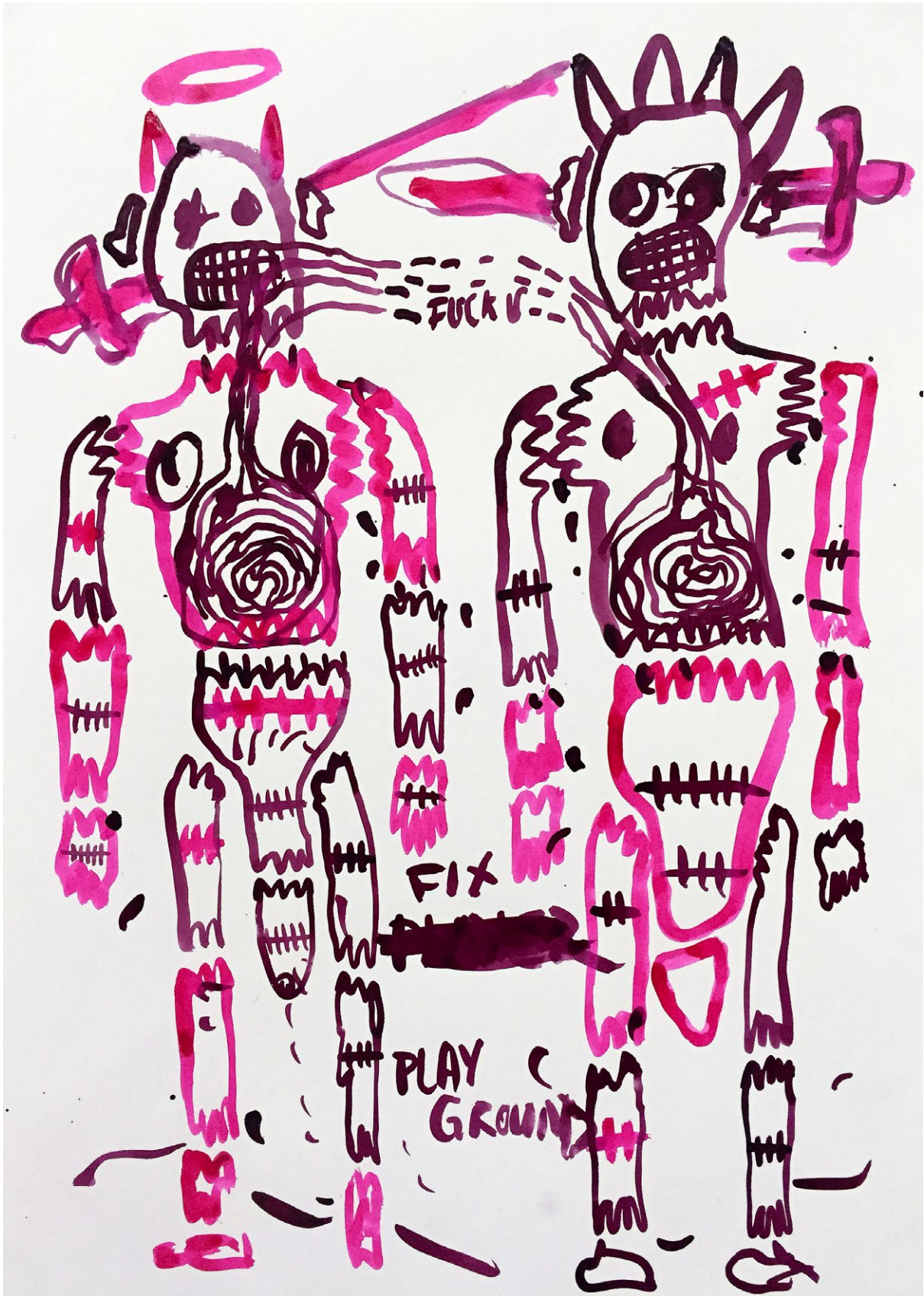
An Artist
Life is Too
Intense Always
With A
Tragic Ending
X













LA PERVERSIÓN

Byron Adarve - "Don Coso"

La perversión; leí en una revista de sociología, es una frontera de construcción social donde se funde la legalidad y la ilegalidad, la autorización y la prohibición, lo sagrado y lo profano. Fue ahí donde me di cuenta que desde muy joven y antes de iniciar mis estudios en artes, siento un aberración, o quizá para llamarlo de manera menos patológica, un amor por subvertir la imagen. ¡Vaya acto tan corriente! el de la subversión de las ideas, un acto tan inherente al ser humano. Sin embargo como lo mencioné anteriormente, es una aberración que me acompaña, hace parte de mis recorridos más simples en las calles, en las casas, en cualquier conversación entre comensales, entre juergas.

Yo siempre necesito de algo y de lo otro para mixturarlo. Con intenciones críticas o meramente sugestivas, ya sea con repulsión o humor, siempre quiero mostrar infinitas alegorías sexuales. Pervertir toda imagen ingenua, porque toda imagen por más ingenua que sea tiene algo de carga simbólica que puede ser hasta visceral. Retomo fragmentos de mi construcción sexual; como cuando era niño e infelizmente nunca tuve muñecas, eso no estaba bien visto, pero tampoco tuve trofeos deportivos, el fútbol me parecía rudo, el atletismo me parecía rudo, el rugby, el voleibol, cualquier deporte me parecía tan rudo, como medio salvaje. Decidía entonces sentarme a ver a mis amigos jugar fútbol en el colegio, se veían lindos en pantaloneta y con camisetas sudando mostrando el cuero, tan rudos, tan salvajes.

You can see more of Don's work at doncoso.tumblr.com







ESCROTINIOS es una serie de escaneos íntimos realizados a hombres anónimos. Al contenerse como un escaneo el cuerpo se deforma, es ampliado e impreso a gran escala para ser expuesto y contemplado mediante un escrutinio que difícilmente podemos realizar en un plano corporal habitual. (Formato PLIEGO).





Perversion; I read in a magazine of sociology, is a social construct border where legality and illegality is melted, authorization and prohibition, the sacred and the profane. It was there that I realized I was very young and before starting my studies in arts, I feel aberration, or perhaps to call less pathological way, a love of subverting the image. Go as current act! the subversion of ideas, as inherent in human beings act. But as I mentioned earlier, it is an aberration accompanying me, is part of my simplest paths on the streets, in homes, in any conversation between diners, between binges.

I always need something and the other for mixturarlo. By way of criticism or merely suggestive, either repulsion or humor, I always want to show endless sexual allegories. Pervert all naive picture, because all more naive image it has some symbolic meaning that can be as visceral. I resume my sexual building fragments; like when I was a kid and unfortunately never had dolls, that was frowned on, but neither had sports trophies, football seemed rude, athletics seemed rude, rugby, volleyball, any sport seemed so rude as half-wild. I decided then sit and watch my friends play soccer at school, they looked cute in shorts and sweat shirts showing the leather, so tough, so wild.

ESCROTINIOS is a series of intimate scans made anonymous men. All contained as a scan is typed deformed body is enlarged and printed on a large scale to be exposed and covered by a screening which can hardly make up a regular body. (Format SPECIFICATIONS).



PATINA OF SWEAT

InkedKenny

I love MEN with a patina of sheen and grime on them; worn like a cloak that tells a story of use and struggles and hours of hard work; I'm talking sweat, dirt & pheromones - The primal qualities that create a MAN.

InkedKenny 06/04/2015





















I AM WHAT I AM

JL²

My body image has been poor since my adolescence. The causes are rooted in my personal history and the consequences are painful. My father was key in my conception of masculinity. Confronted to his lack of interest, I believed I could only be loved if I was different from who I really was. At that time, my changing body was a source of permanent anxiety. I was short for my age, I found my thighs and my “natural” pecs too big and was afraid to have a feminine body with boobs. My older brother was tall, lean and very sporty. I was not. My father, a former rugby player, had eyes for him only. I wished I had his tall and lean body with no prominent pecs. Quite a paradox! While masculinity is more often associated with a strong and muscular body, my gold standard was slenderness. A tall slender body, no height limit!

Other body image issues came later in my adult life. The litany is endless. I wish I had longer and thicker hair. I wish I had blue eyes. I wish I had a bigger nose. I wish I had a big, long, thick beard. I wish I had a hairy back. I wish I had hairier arms and legs. I wish I had an uncut cock (I was unfortunately victim of involuntary circumcision in my early adolescence). I wish I had longer feet. I wish....I wish....I wish.....The mantra never stops! All these body image-related problems have fucked up my life.

It could be also paradoxical, but ageing came as a lifesaver. On the verge of turning 50, I try to focus on who I am and what I have, I try to stop comparing myself and I try to accept who I am.

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













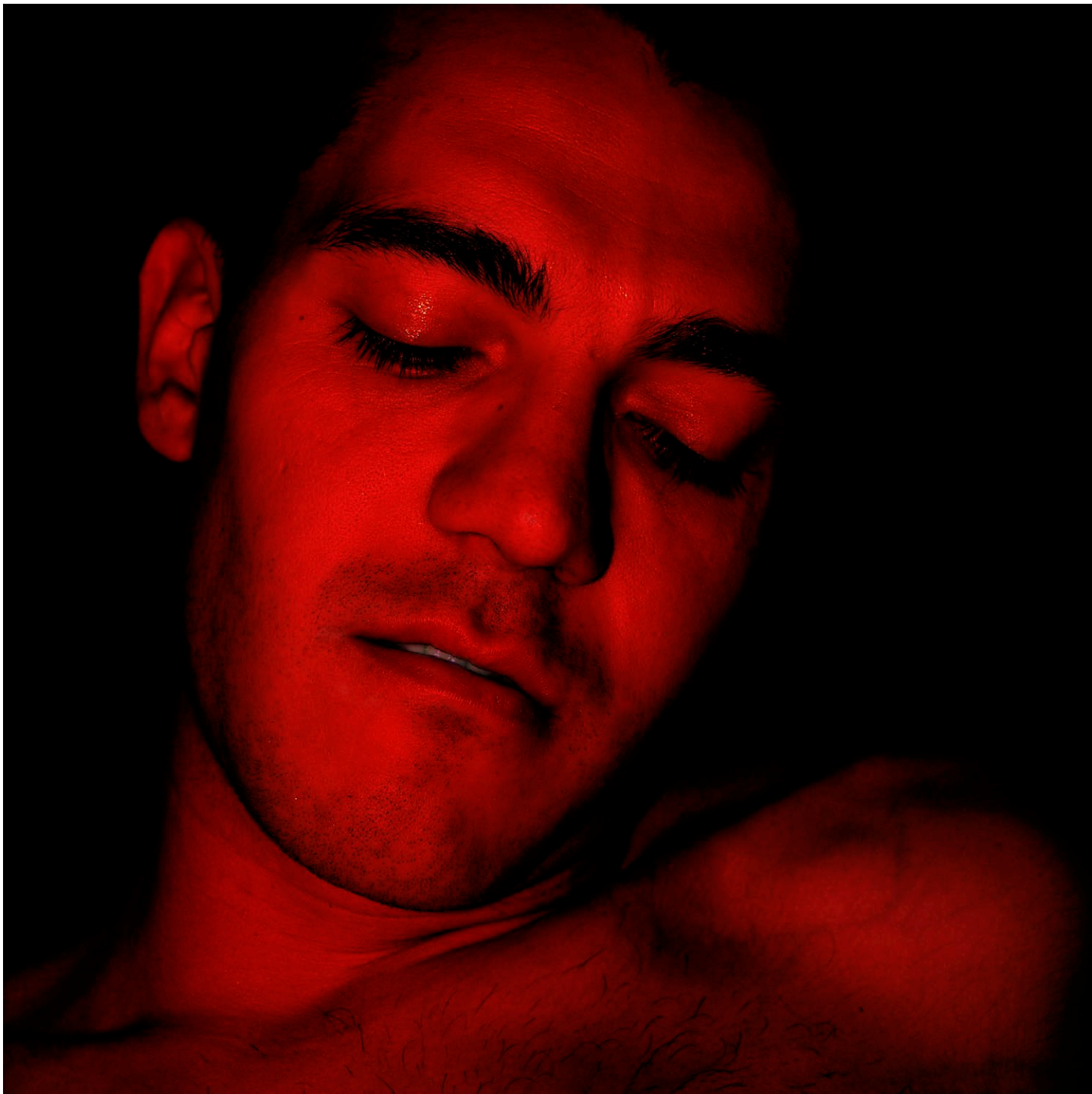
PAIN & PLEASURE

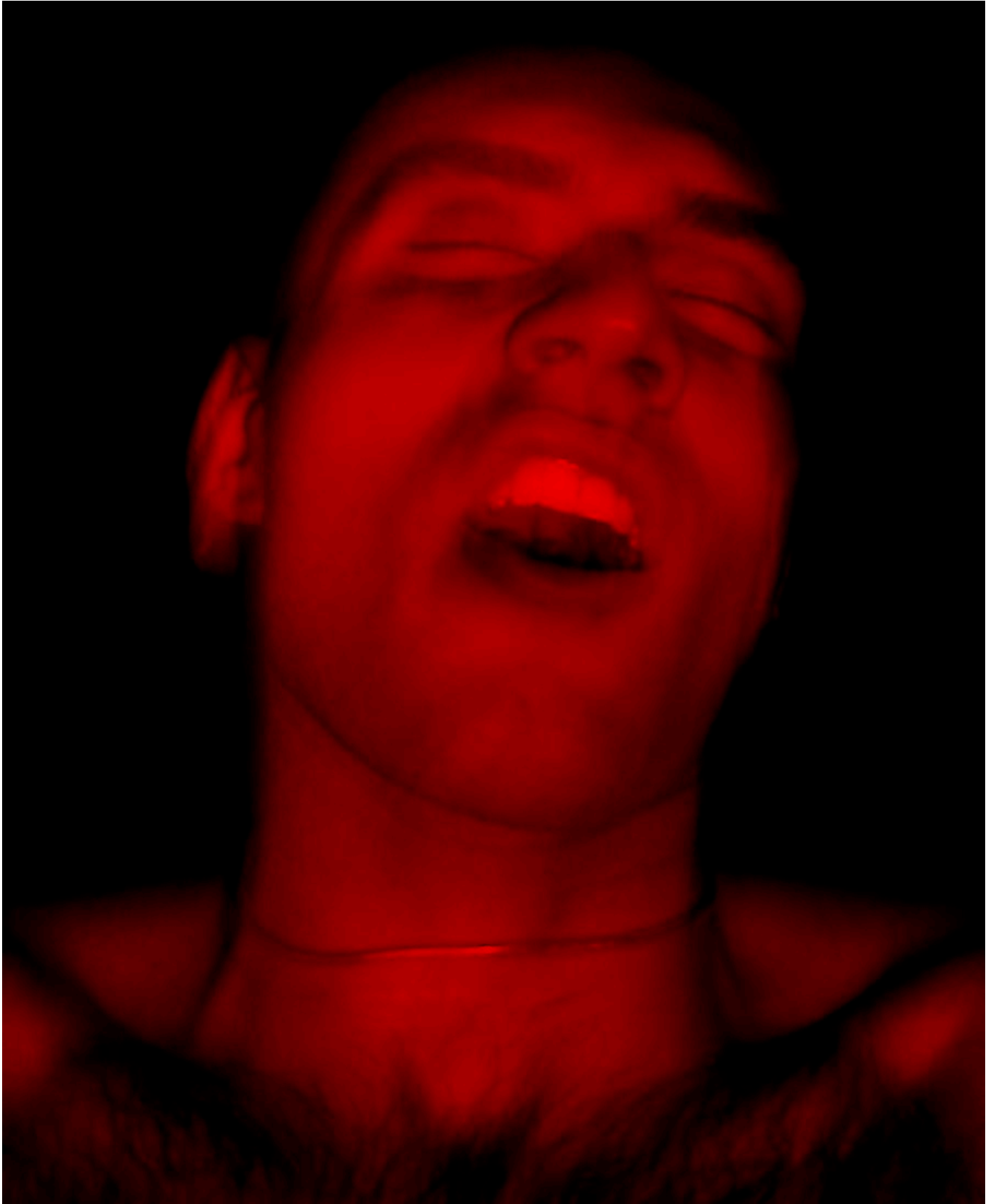
Manel Ortega

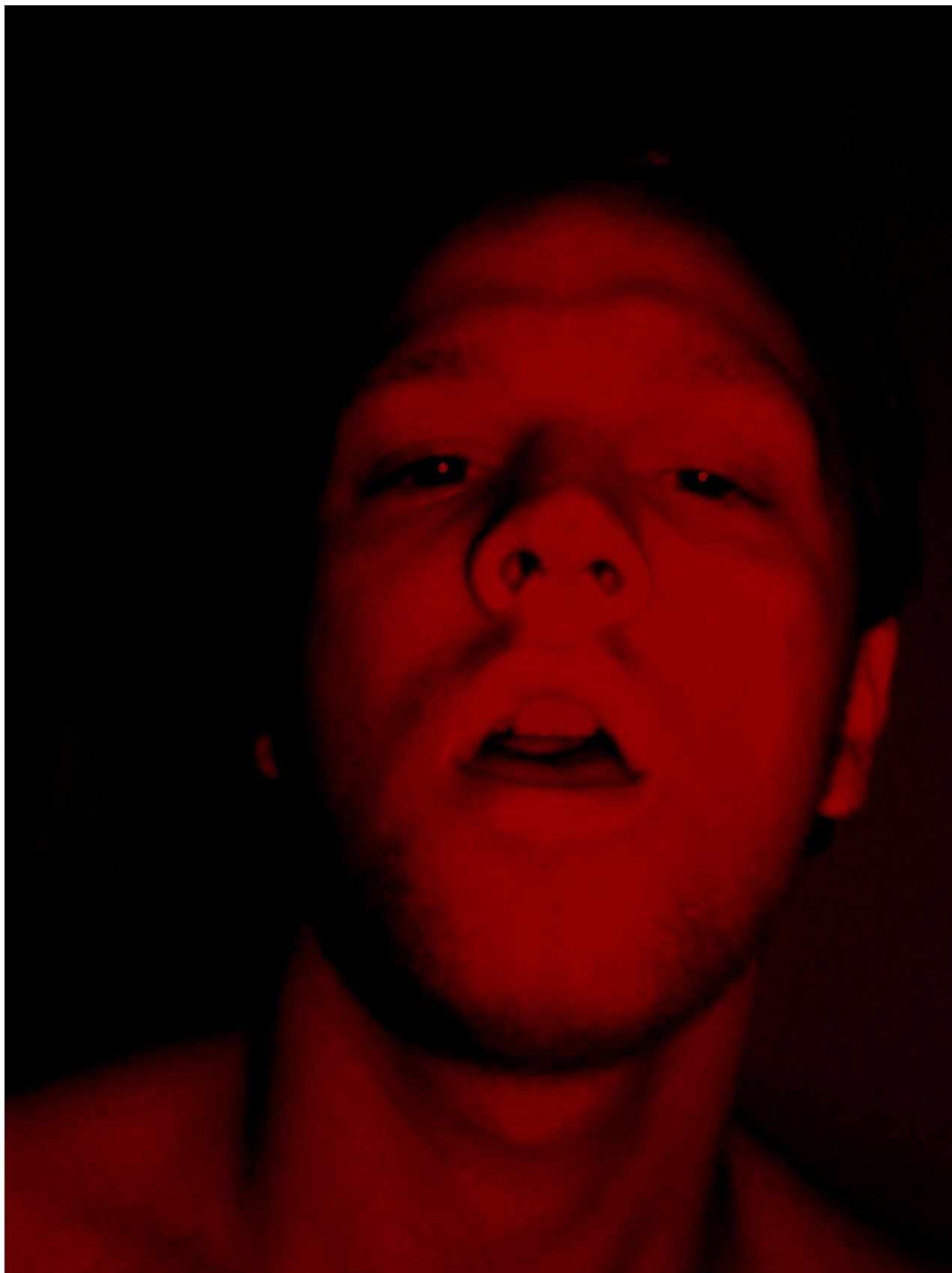
I'm always curious about ecstasy - those faces where do you know when finished pain and starter pleasure or just the opposite. I'll tried for a long time to capture those moments. Is there something religious.

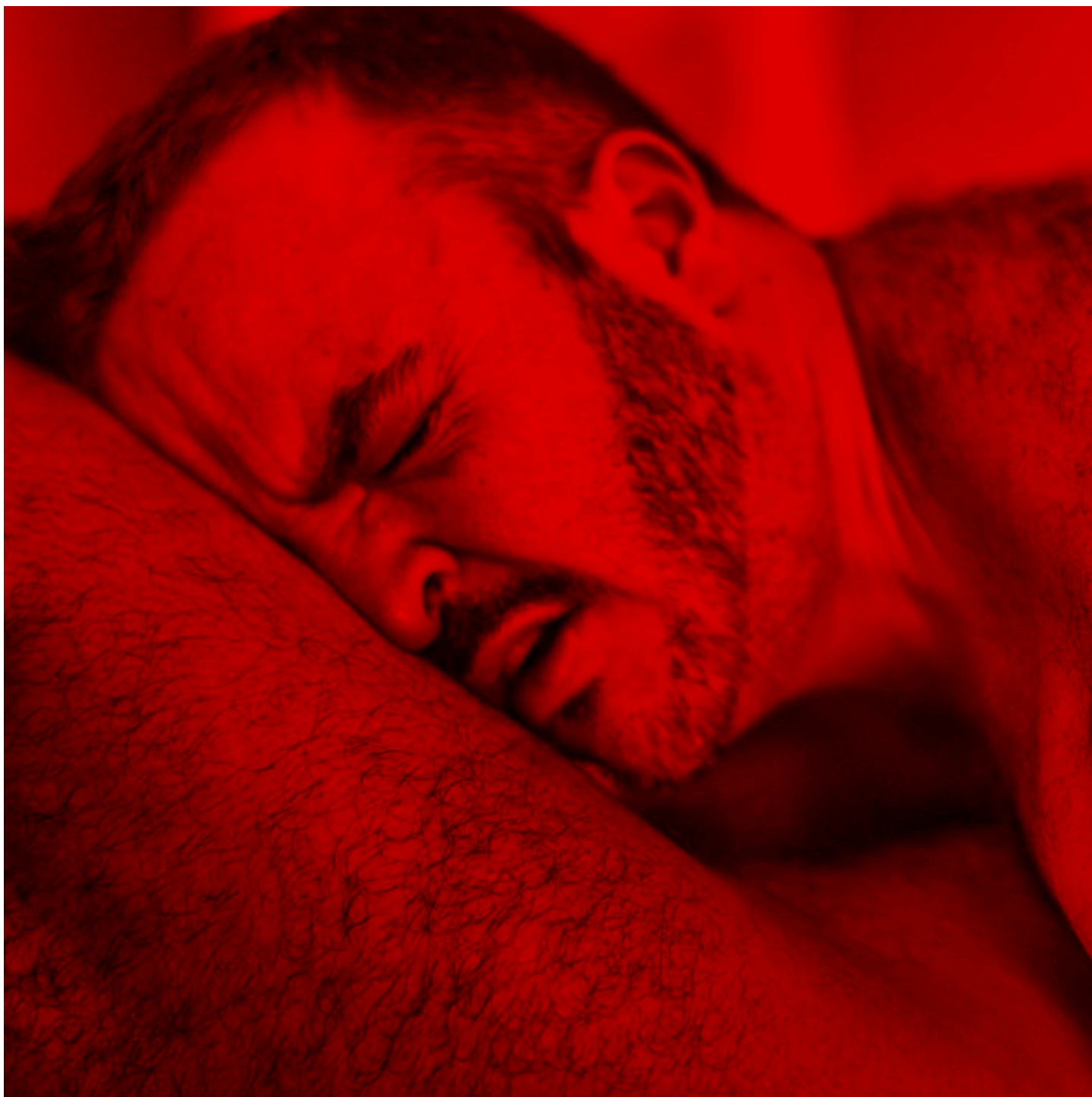
You can see more of Manel's work www.manelortega.co.uk













FUCKED UP

Gregory Moon

I try to address a lot of my internal feelings in a literal way through my photography. The results are often fucked up looking!

You can see more of Gregory's work at gregorymoon.com









ABDUL & TARIQ

Vincent Keith

Abdul was 7 and I was 8. Our houses were on opposite sides of a small housing development on the outskirts of town. We went to the same school but our parents were not friends. Abdul was a strange little boy who didn't say much and wore a simple if not stupid look on his face most of the time. He giggled a lot too, and not always at the appropriate moment. He was the kind of child who was often hit on the head, and he usually giggled when this happened. We were friends by virtue of circumstance and geography, but I didn't understand him very well. Apart from Lego, which everyone I knew liked, we didn't share many interests. His love of football was lost on me, and I liked to draw, while he did not. Abdul was a mischievous little boy, and often got in trouble both at home and at school. He always seemed to push his luck a bit too far, and the adults lost patience with him easily. He never knew how to cover his tracks or hide his actions. There was always something dirty, dead, wet or broken left

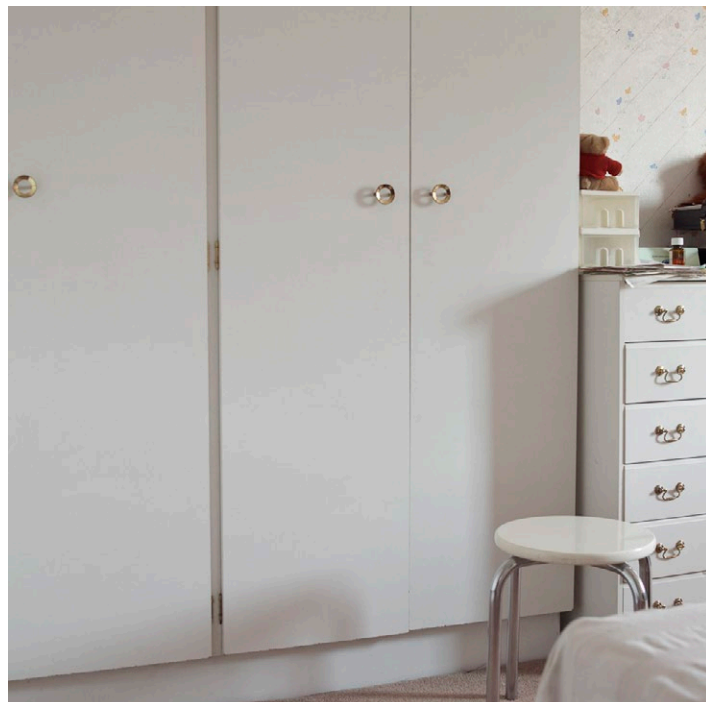
behind when he played – evidence that always led directly back to him and brought punishment too. Any adult would see he was crying out for attention, and although I was no adult, I knew why.

Abdul's brother was Tariq. Tariq was probably 11 or 12 years old at the time, but he may as well have been 25 as far as I was concerned. Abdul and I would spend our Saturday afternoon, during the heat of the day, wandering listlessly around his home while his parents napped in their bedroom. We had to be quiet, but the house was ours, with the exception of his brother's room.

We sat at a yellow Formica table in his mother's kitchen eating lentils. She sprinkled a little vinegar on the brown pile without asking and left the room, gently caressing us both as she walked by. The clacking of her wooden soled flip flops rang through the kitchen and hallway. She would disappear into her bedroom to sleep away the midday heat with her husband, a shop owner. When nap-time was over, we would hear stirring in Abdul's parents' room. The radio would be turned on, and twenty minutes later, his mother would emerge while his father would go to the toilet and empty his bowels. The bathroom had a mottled glass door that hid the occupant from view but gave little privacy. I could easily make out the figure of Abdul's father, having closed the door, walk across the bathroom, turn around, pull down his underwear and ease himself into the toilet. The entire bathroom was covered with light brown tiles decorated with yellow and white flowers. All hard and smooth surfaces off of which sounds were amplified and projected throughout the upper floor of the house. First we heard a sigh, then a bit of a strain and then a turd hitting the surface of the water. Abdul and I would listen for when his father would turn on the hose to wash his bottom and then, out of decency, would make our way towards the kitchen.

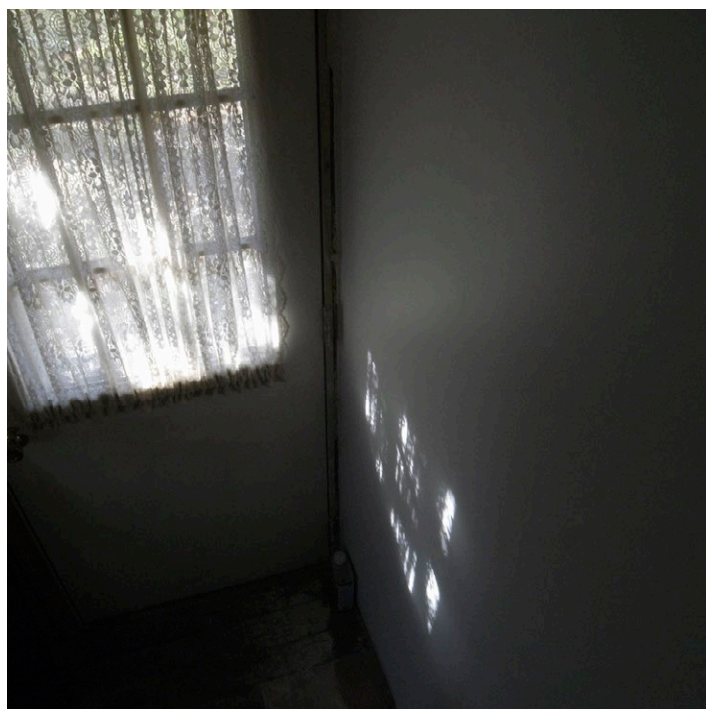
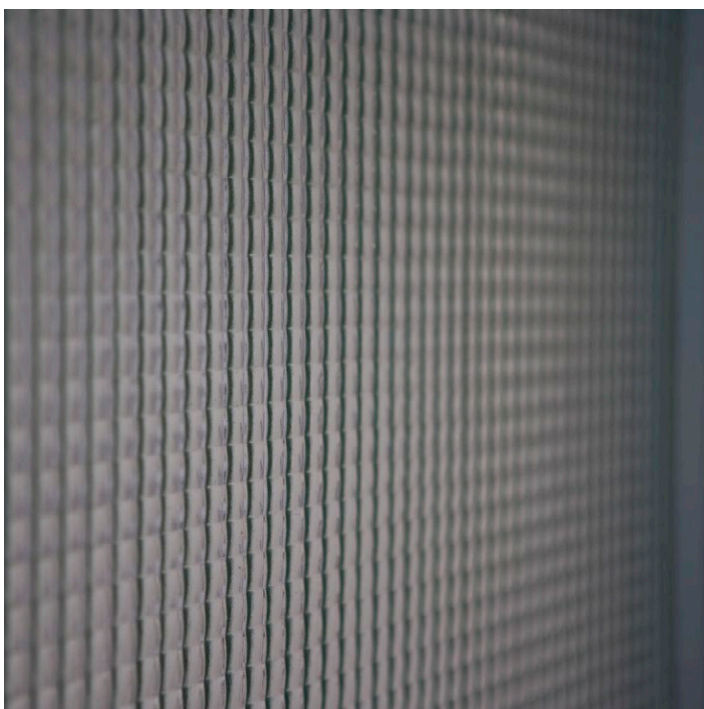
His mother made us our 'gouté', which was a bit early as it was the weekend. This consisted of two pieces of baguette. In the first, she would cover both halves of the inside with butter, take a spring onion or two, cut them in half and sandwich them in the bread, adding a generous pinch of salt. The other piece of baguette was cut open and filled with two pieces of dark chocolate. We were each given our two sandwiches and ushered outside. The heat had subsided by then, and boys were naturally meant to be outdoors if at all possible. Abdul and I would wander around the perimeter of house and through the garden to see if anything had changed over the previous four hours. We saw that the puddles we had created earlier were now dry. The basil and mint in the garden were fragrant as were the geraniums and marigolds. Lizards ran along the underside of the eaves. Stray cats sat in the shade.

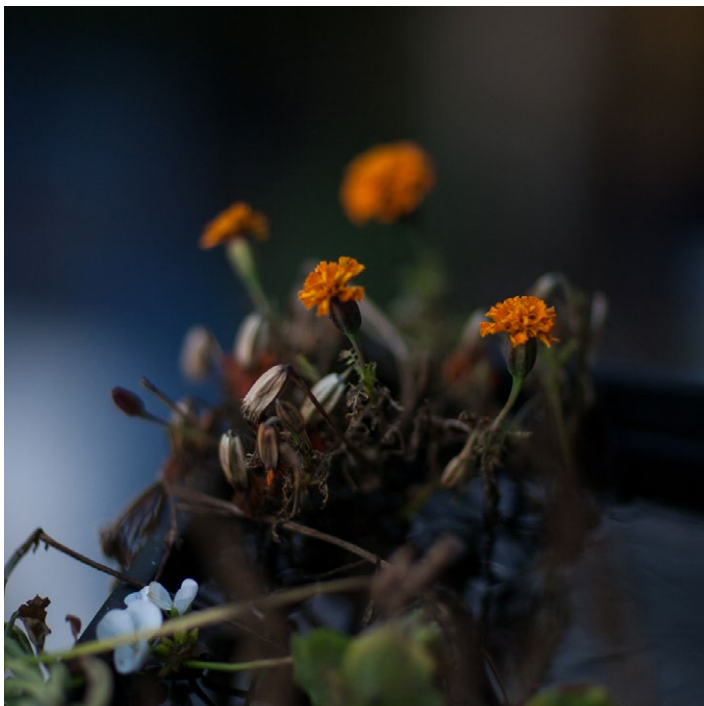




Tariq emerged from the house half an hour or so later. He had homework to attend to and was taking a break to enjoy the best part of the day. His sandwich was bigger and had cheese and tomato in it. The hierarchy of age and importance was reflected in the gouté. Tariq left the garden the front gate and began walking down the road. Abdul and I followed at a safe distance, as Tariq had not invited us to come along. The road eventually degraded to a dusty track that led away from the small conurbation, past a construction site with twenty or so unfinished houses, and wound up a small hill covered in brush and scrub. Kids from the area often converged on this spot where hundreds of dramas, confidences and altercations were lived out. We could see their house in the middle distance. Tariq stood, walked toward an empty 5 liter oil can that still showed its bright logo. He undid his flies and began to urinate onto the can. He directed his stream back and forth over the metal, making a distinct noise that sounded a little bit like rain. He walked back to where he had been sitting to find we had advanced on his position. I noticed the dark wet spots of urine on his dusty shoes. Looking a little further on, I saw the pattern he had pissed onto the earth. I wanted to urinate too, but didn't dare. I could tell Abdul wanted to as well. We stood there and stared at Tariq who picked at small stones, broke twigs and generally passed the time.

Tariq stood up and told Abdul to go back home, look in his desk drawer, retrieve his pocket knife and bring it back. Before Tariq finished his sentence, Abdul was running down the hill towards his house. His heart must have been light and happy with the prospect of doing something for his brother. He had taken flight so quickly that I was caught flat footed and left standing. I hesitated and then realised I wanted to stay by Tariq's side. Moments later, he reached into his pocket and retrieved a small pocket knife. He held it in his hand and looked at me. I was confused may have looked over my shoulder to call Abdul back. Again, I hesitated. Tariq beckoned me over and handed me the knife. It's heft and balance felt good in my hand. What felt even better was being trusted to hold this prize possession. The outer casing was made of smooth horn with brass capping at either end. It had three blades. I handed it back to Tariq. Moments passed, and Tariq stood up and began walking further into the farmland that surrounded us. I followed. He seemed pleased to have me there, and rather than following him several paces back, I was now walking by his side. I was elated. We walked for some time and once again were standing on top of a small hill. The houses were quite far away. We were alone. Crickets were chirping and the sun was still strong and high in the sky. The brush and scrub had given way to





wheat dotted with bright red poppies.

I had been warned about going into the tall grass and wheat because of snakes. For such a remote spot, my ears rang with what seemed like hundreds of sounds. My senses were heightened. I took comfort from Tariq's demeanor, which was calm and relaxed. He sat down in the tall grass and I sat in front of him. The grasses scratched my bare legs, but I said nothing. Tariq asked me if I wanted to see his penis. The question didn't particularly surprise me. Abdul and I, and other boys our age, often compared our penises or spoke about them or about other penises. I did want to see Tariq's penis, and so I said yes. He unzipped his shorts and took out a pink circumcised penis that was larger than mine with a prominent crown. Tariq told me he could make it bigger and asked if I wanted to see that. I didn't fully understand what he meant, though I would have had he said harder. I didn't answer, and Tariq must have understood the quizzical look in my face to mean yes. He busied himself in his shorts for a moment or

two and then proudly presented his erection. He looked around to make sure we were alone and then asked if I wanted to touch it. This, I knew to be wrong. My mother had told me that people don't touch each other's 'private parts'. I didn't move. He approached me, and his penis felt warm in my hand. Tariq then said he wanted to see my penis. He explained that it was only fair and proper as he had shown me his. I was very worried about disappointing him and at his insistence pulled my shorts down and showed him my penis. It was a different thing, I thought - small and childish, unlike his. He nodded. Suddenly he told me to lie down quickly because he had heard someone coming. He put his finger to his lips to indicate I should be very quiet. My heart was racing, and I could feel the stinging of the earth and plants and gravel scratching at my thighs. I lay there hiding, and a moment or two later, Tariq was lying next to me.

He said he wanted to show me something and that I shouldn't move. He said it was all going to be ok and that we were friends, so there was nothing to worry about. He said we were friends! I then felt his weight in top of me. He said to keep quiet, which I did. He pushed my shorts down lower exposing my buttocks. I remember him spitting into his hand and then I remember feeling his penis between my legs. It was hard and slippery from his saliva. Tariq pushed and thruster and generally humped me for a few minutes. It didn't hurt and his penis never managed to penetrate me, but his weight on top of me was making it hard to breath. Tariq pulled away and told me to pull up my shorts. I'm not sure if he ejaculated or if it was the spit, but the space between my legs was wet. His tone was sharp and I felt a palpable change of atmosphere. Tariq had never held me like that before or given me that much attention, or even spoken that much to me before. I had felt that somehow things had changed between us, but the way he spoke to me then signaled that nothing had. He seemed upset. Angry. But why was he angry with me? He started walking back towards home, and I followed, a few paces behind. My heart was in my stomach. I must have done something wrong, but didn't know what it was. And yet, somehow I knew that we would have been in trouble had we been caught. We shared a secret. Didn't that make us friends? He chose to share this with me. Didn't that mean he liked me? Tariq picked up the pace, and by the time we got back to the first hill, Tariq was a good hundred and fifty meters ahead of me.

Abdul stood on top of the hill near the oil can. The ground around the oil can was wet, as were his shoes, legs and the front of his shorts. His aim needed practice. I caught up just in time to hear Abdul tell Tariq that he had looked in the drawer but that there was no knife. I could tell in Abdul's expression and voice that he was desperate at the thought of disappointing his older brother. Tariq took a step forward, called Abdul a name, and slapped him so hard across the face that the little boy reeled and fell to the ground. The violence of his strike took all three of us by surprise. This was far more severe than anything I had ever seen Tariq meet out to Abdul. Abdul's lip bled and Tariq ran back home. Abdul looked



at me with tears in his eyes, and giggled nervously. We both pretended nothing bad had happened. We both knew we were lying to each other. Abdul never asked me where we had gone or why we had left him behind. I never told him Tariq had had the knife all along. I went home. I felt confused, scared, excited, hurt and happy all at the same time. I may have skipped a bit.

A few days later I went back to Abdul's house. He was sitting outside playing with some Lego. I greeted him quietly and when he looked up, I could see the bruise on the side of his face, a black eye and a scab on his split lip. He grinned and giggled at me. I was both fascinated and horrified by the blood clot in his eye. It didn't seem to bother him though, and we played with the Lego. But all I wanted to do was see Tariq. My heart raced at the thought. I wondered what might happen later that afternoon. I found a subtle way of asking Abdul about Tariq and he told me that he was in his room, and maybe he was crying too. Abdul explained that their father had beat Tariq with a belt and with his hands when he saw what the elder boy had done to his brother's face. Tariq wasn't to leave his room. I felt crushed. I wanted to go to Tariq. I wanted to explain that I was sorry for what I had done wrong. I knew that his attack on Abdul was a reaction to his anger with me, it had all been my fault. I felt overwhelmed. We went inside for lunch and walked past Tariq's bedroom. The door was closed. When it came time to eat, Abdul's mother called out Tariq's name to come to the table, a few moments later, he slid into his chair. He too had a split lip. Tariq wouldn't look me in the eye. I wanted to say something, but knew I couldn't. Abdul grinned as we ate. Tariq's mother stroked Tariq's head and sat next to him. She was protecting him, it seemed.

Over the course of the following months I recall going to Abdul's house less and less frequently. I had other friends I enjoyed more, and I became increasingly aware of an unpleasant and heavy atmosphere in that house. In truth, I wasn't at all interested in seeing Abdul. What I wanted was to be around Tariq. From time to time I found myself alone with Tariq, and sometimes, he would lie on top of me like the first time in the tall grass. He tried to penetrate me, but stopped when I screamed. He explained that what we were doing was alright among friends and people you knew, but that you couldn't talk about it. Somehow, I knew it was happening to him too. I thought about him often and wanted to please him. I wanted him to be happy, but that never seemed to work. No matter what I did, it never seemed to be the right thing. Later that year, we moved away and I never saw Tariq or Abdul again. I was left with a sense of foreboding. I remember the smell of lentils. I can picture the glass door to the bathroom. I still remember the smell and moist sensation of Tariq's spit between my legs. Above all, I remember the fear, the longing and joy.





THE FLAMBOYANT LIFE AND FORBIDDEN ART OF GEORGE QUAINANCE

TASCHEN

George Quaintance (1902–1957), the Master Painter of the Male Physique, was out in an age when out was not only risky, but largely illegal. He was a vaudeville dancer, coiffeur designer, window dresser, magazine cover artist, photographer, portraitist, and ultimately, the first great physique artist. In 1982, *The Voice* stated, “Quaintance was gifted with so much drive and artistic talent that he had the ability to transcend the puritanical restrictions of the times and leave us something of his daring imagination in his paintings.”

George Quaintance lived and worked during an era when homosexuality was repressed, when his joyful paintings and physique photos could not depict a penis. In an era before Stonewall, the sexual revolution, gay rights and the AIDS crisis, Quaintance and his high-camp erotic art existed in a demi-monde of borderline legality.

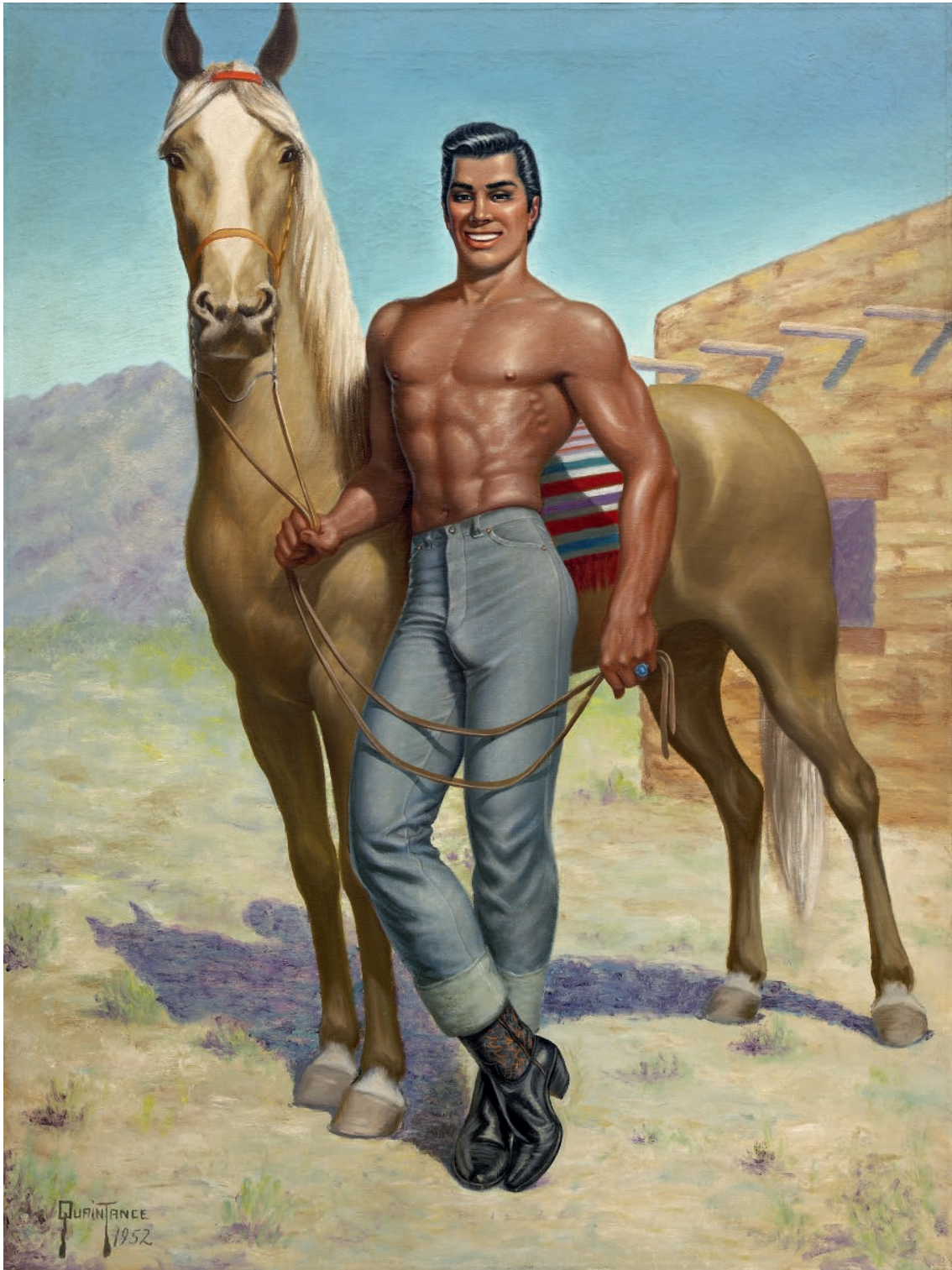
TASCHEN Gallery proudly announces the opening of *The Flamboyant Life and Forbidden Art of George Quaintance*, the first public show of works by this culturally significant artist.

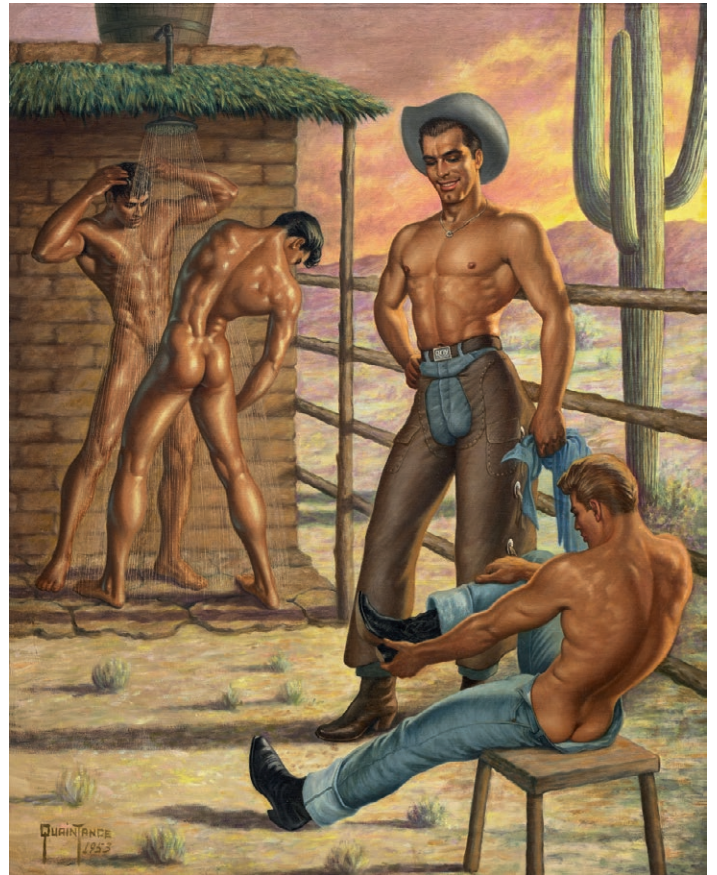
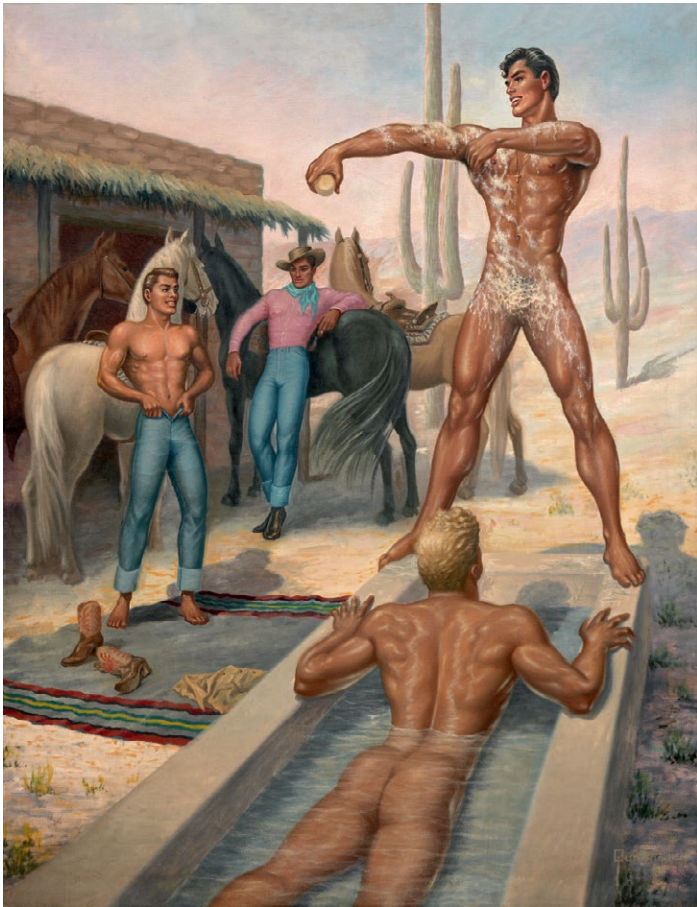
Seventy years since the creation of his first physique painting the masculine fantasy world created by Quaintance, populated by Greek gods, Latin lovers, lusty cowboys and chiseled ranch hands, retains its seductive allure. His highly prized oil paintings—numbering just 55—rarely come to auction; instead they are traded privately among an avid and secretive group of fans—until now. As the preeminent male physique artist of the 1940s and early 1950s, his work for photographer and gay publishing pioneer Bob Mizer’s *Physique Pictorial* inspired a generation of artists, most importantly Tom of Finland. Works by Tom of Finland, and photographs by Bob Mizer round out the show.

You can see more at the [Taschen Gallery](#)









TASCHEN is world famous for books like *Quaintance*, and *The Complete Reprint of Physique Pictorial*, but also for our stunning Collector's Editions. In the other half of the gallery every Collector's Edition ever made is on display. From Baselitz in 1991 through to our most recent publications with Ai Weiwei, Annie Leibovitz, and the Rolling Stones, these monumental and limited edition books are the crème de la crème of our program. Conceived and curated in direct collaboration with the artists, they represent not only spectacular feats of print publishing, but also art investments in their own right. At once spectacular and personal, Collector's Editions offer unprecedented access to an artist's archival material, portfolio, and personal reflections, and a landmark monument to their vision and oeuvre.





BESTIARIO

Francesco Sambo

I first came across Francesco Sambo's works on Behance. I was immediately struck by the amazing realisation of an underlying concept. His human figures with animal heads are utterly believable. They are even familiar, as if somewhere, perhaps in our subconscious minds, we have encountered beings like these. These images or constructs are subversive and thought provoking. They poke a finger in the eye of all that holds mankind as supreme or that there is a creator out there whose ultimate achievement was our form. What kind of soul or spirit would a creature like these have, if any. I sense that they have the capacity for speech as when I look at them, I hear them speaking to me – their anthropomorphised voices all different and somewhere between human and animal. Is that what they are? Are they composed of the best or worst of each or some mixture?

Recently there has been widespread outrage at big game trophy hunting. Social media is flooded with images of Lions and Elephants that have been killed for sport, shaming the hunters who stand proudly next to their vanquished prey. Sambo's works amplify this sense of outrage. He suggests that there is a transference of human character to animal and animal character to human. The expression on 'Pig' seems completely natural in the context of the squatting human form. These 'characters' look very natural, real and honest. I suspect that for those who hold mankind in some sort of elevated position within the natural order, these images will be very disturbing.

You can see more of Francesco's work at www.behance.net/skarabokki





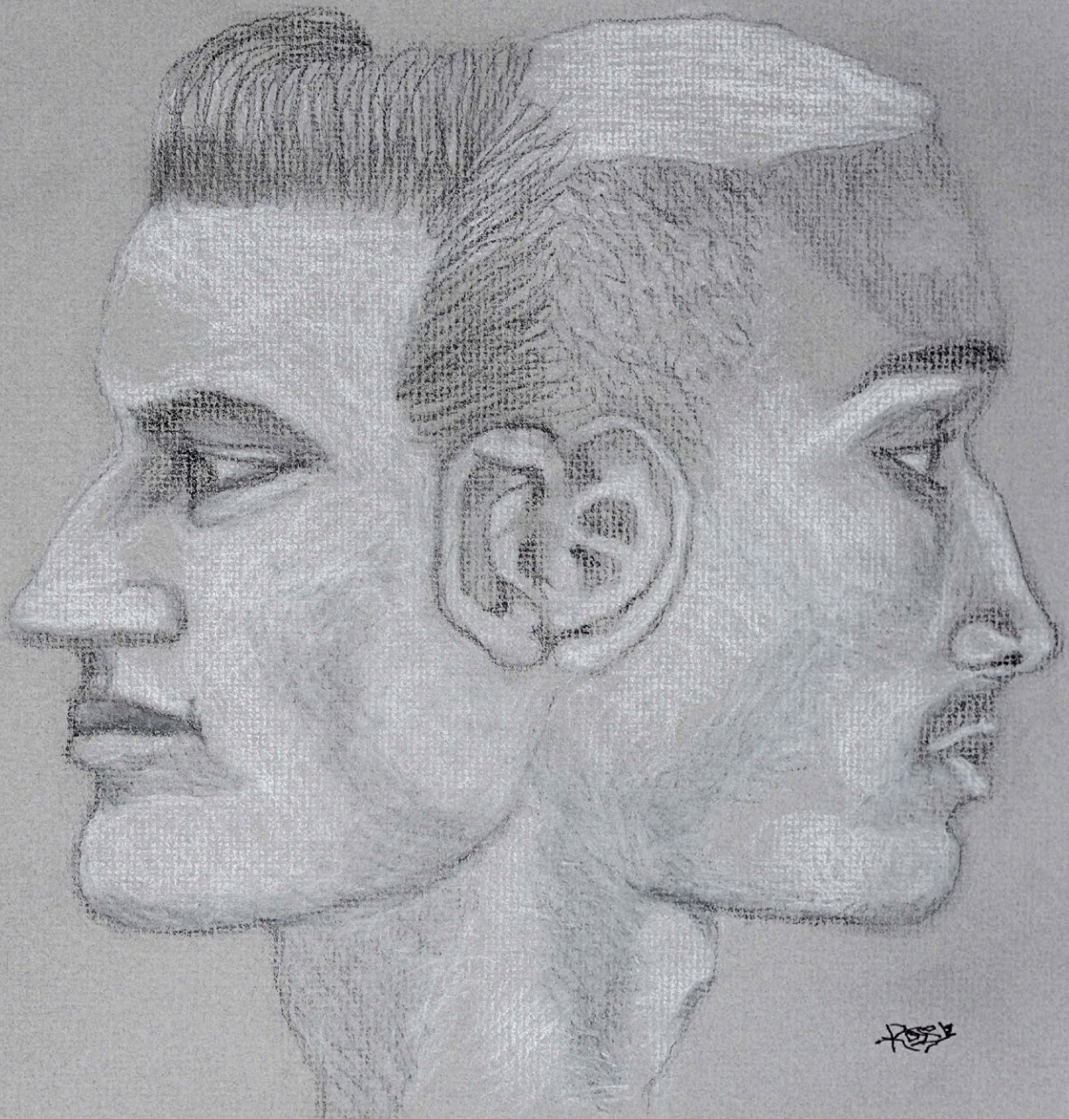












CONJOINED

Michael Rosey - 'Iron Rose'

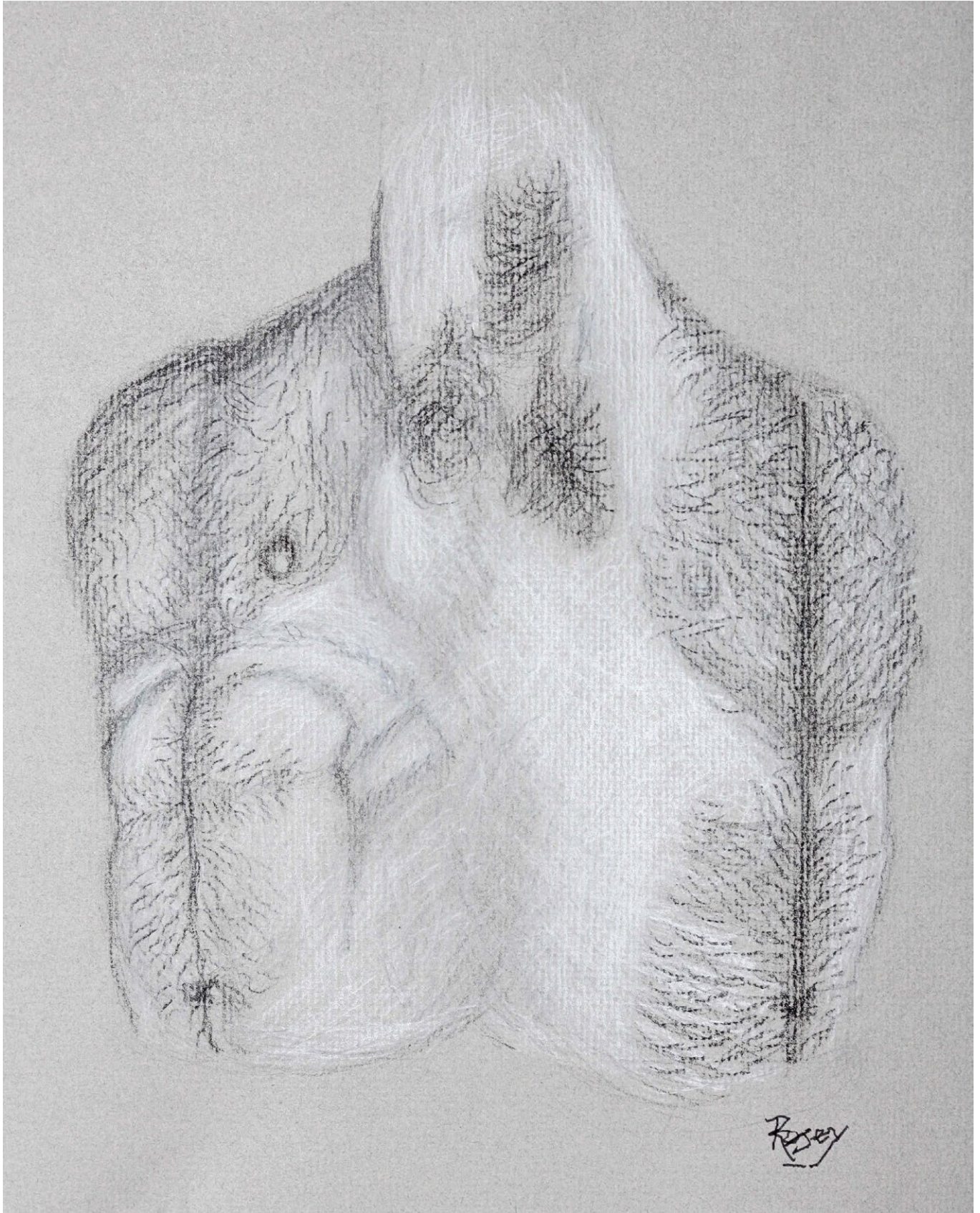
In the world of mythology, I am intrigued by Janus, the Roman god of beginnings and transitions. He is always depicted with two faces, one facing towards the future, while the other faces in the opposite direction to the past. He was worshiped at the beginning of planting and harvesting times, weddings, funerals and other rites of passage. It is widely believed that the month of January is derived from his name.

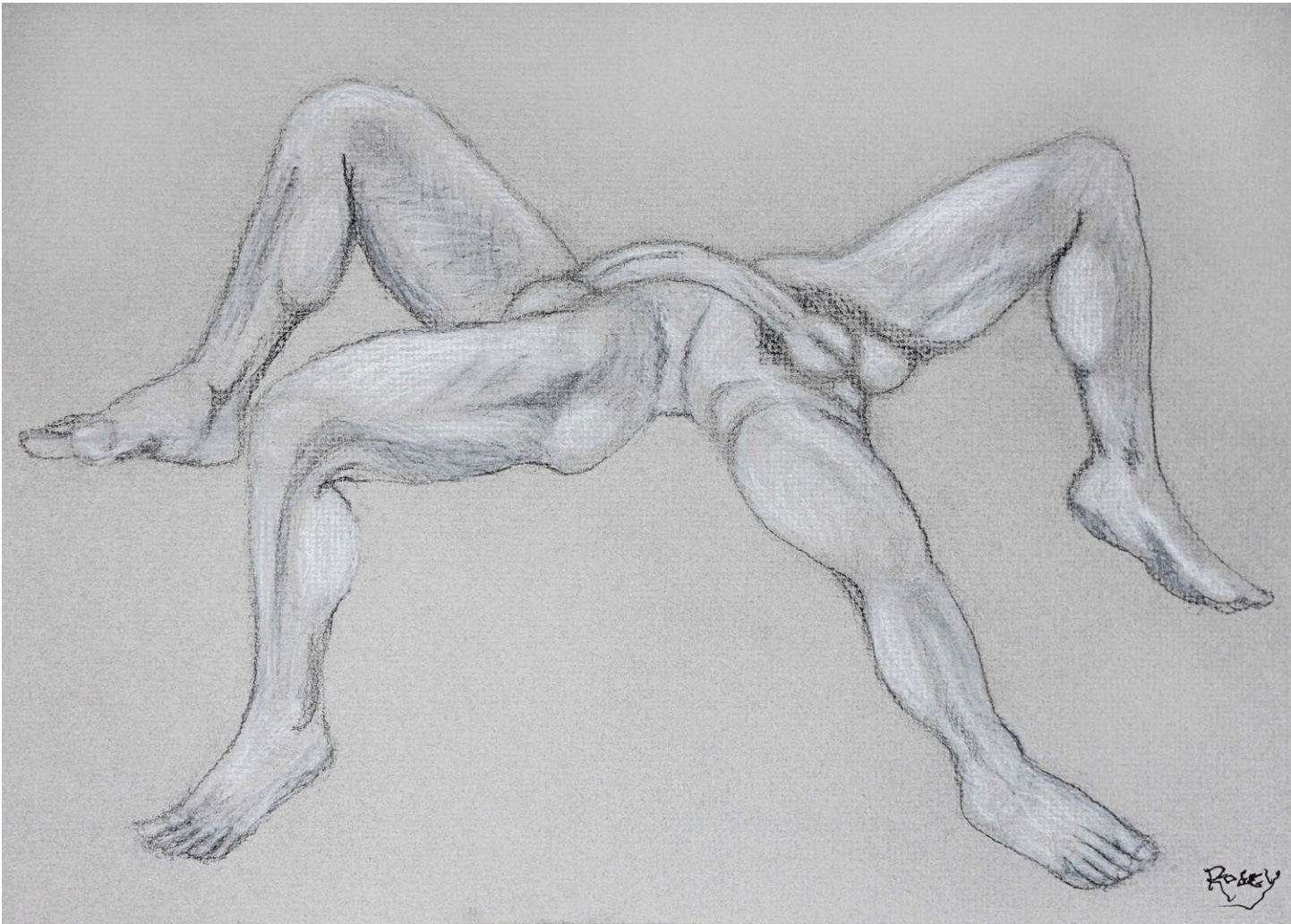
The imagery of the two-faced head inspired me to meld other parts of the male form. Body parts are truncated and forced together. They are trying to move away from each other, but are inextricably bound.

Ultimately, I want each piece to be beautiful and sensuous, but there are viewers who are unsettled by the emotions some of the images elicit. 'Disturbing', 'unnerving' and 'weird' have been adjectives heard. That was not my intention, but I like it.













FUCKED UP

Daniel Merlo

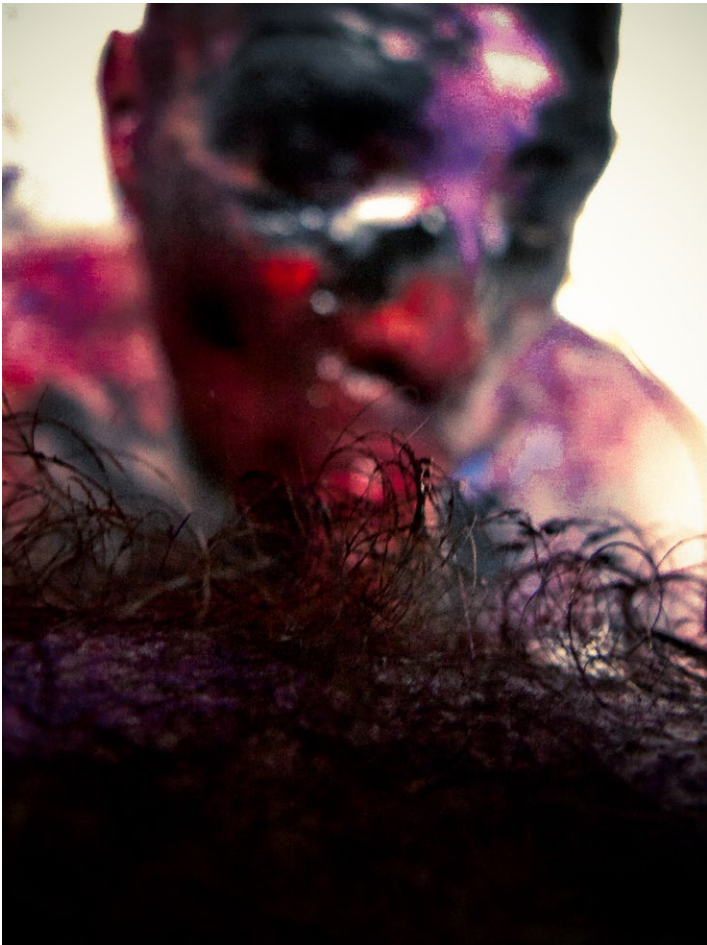
cuando se interrumpe el pudor nada queda por representar
final de fiesta
perro cediendo su cuello
sin cálculos para después
la cámara amenaza impone muerde lo que falta
huele el celeste ácido inocente
dulce en exceso el rojo sobre el negro
cámara y color se desparrraman en una foto
interminable

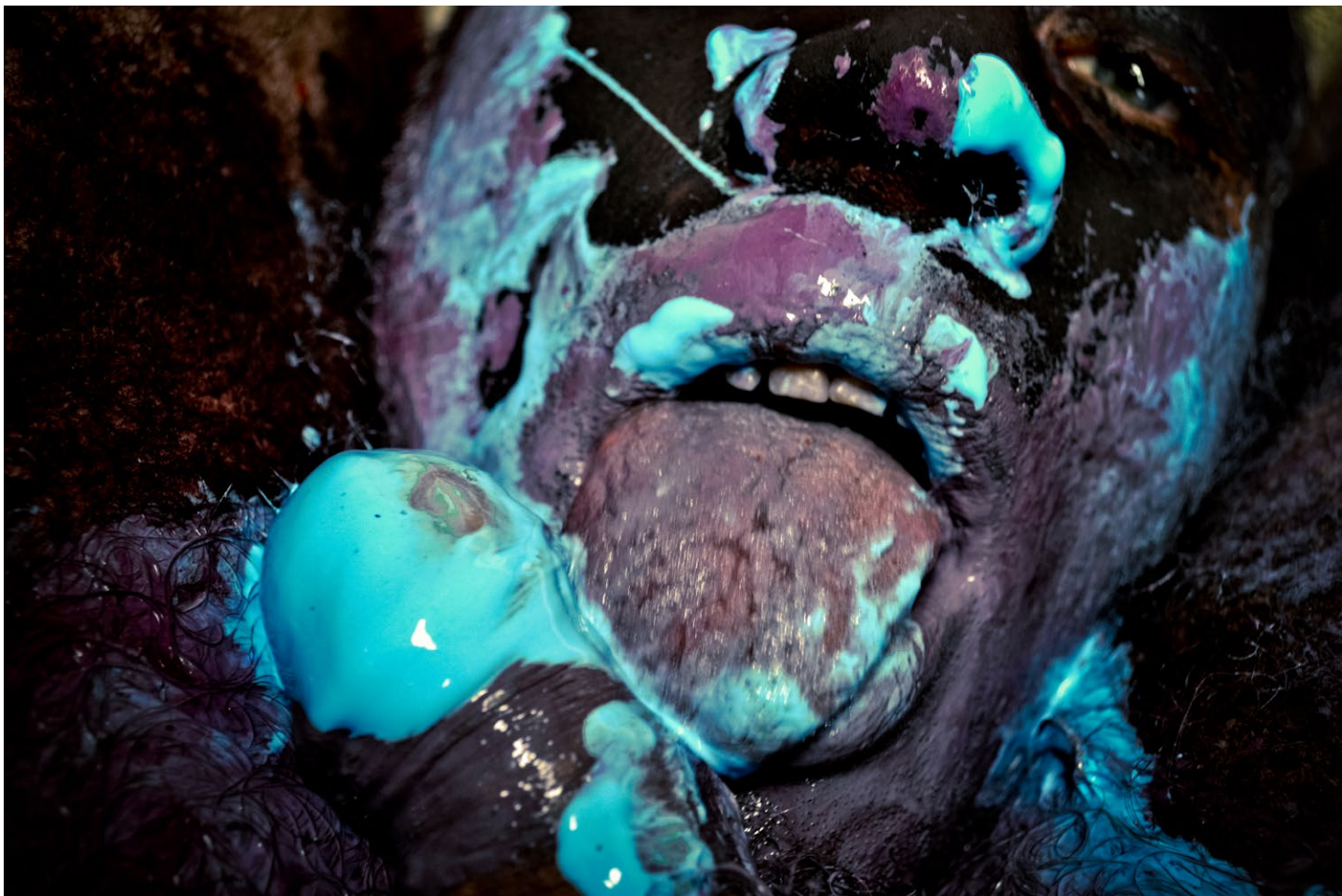
You can see more of Daniel's work on his [Flickr](#) page.

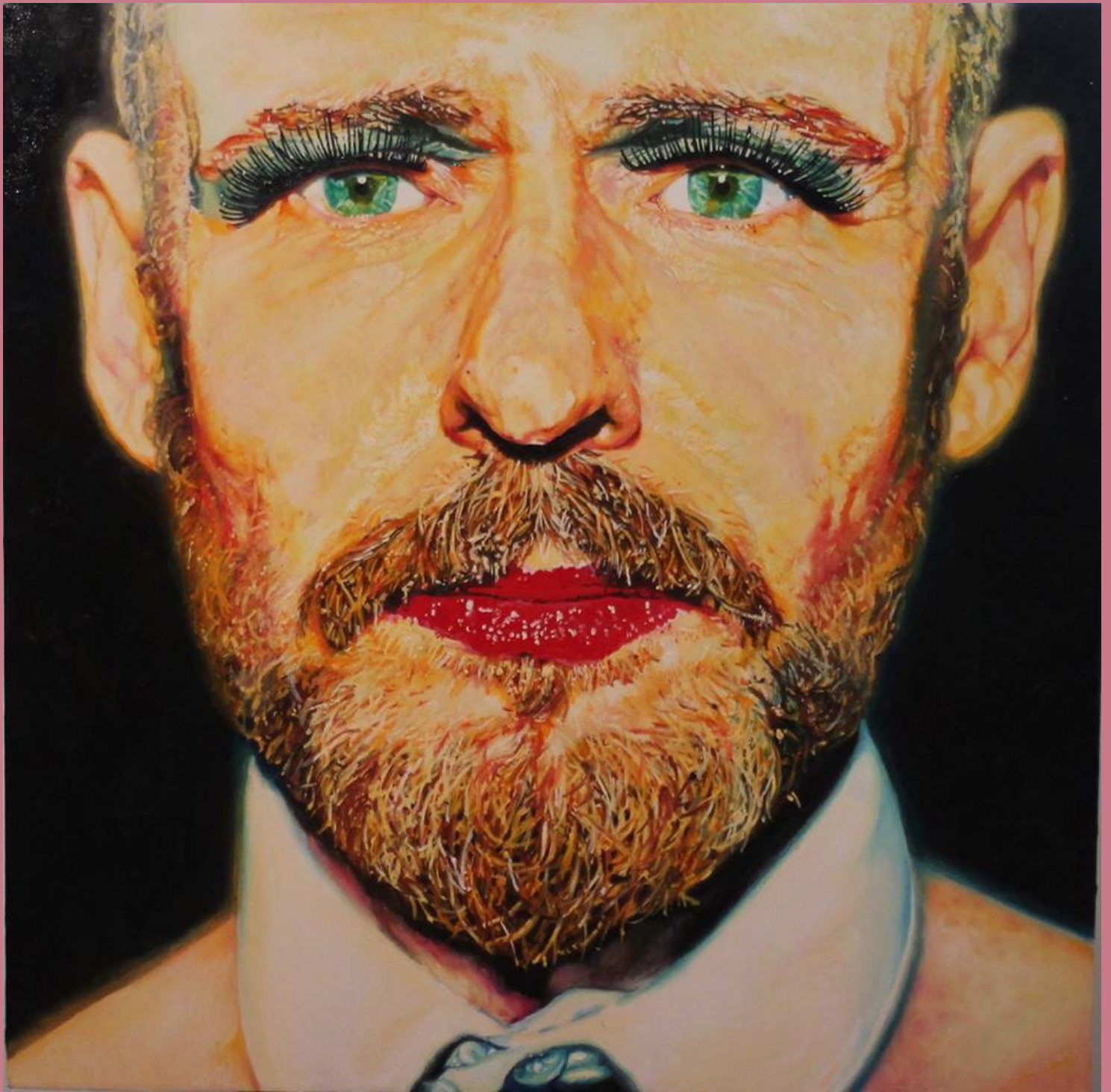












FUCKED UP

Jason Carr

I was drawn to this issues theme as it sums up my recent works which cross a broad spectrum of 'fucked up'

From substance abuse to fucked up love to obsession to self deprecation to just being fabulously fucked up! I've met 'normal' in my life and it scares me a lot more than my fucked up brothers and sisters, there is a mad beauty in all the chaos of life and how it twists and manipulates us to different extremes.

I like to create a narrative in all my work that is wide open to the viewers interpretation but with strong and sometimes unsettling themes.

I will always be drawn to representing these people (including my fucked up self) and themes in my practice, it may not be commercial but the pleasure I get is making normal squirm in it's comfortable seat and questioning it's very existence.

You can see more of Jason's work on his Facebook page.













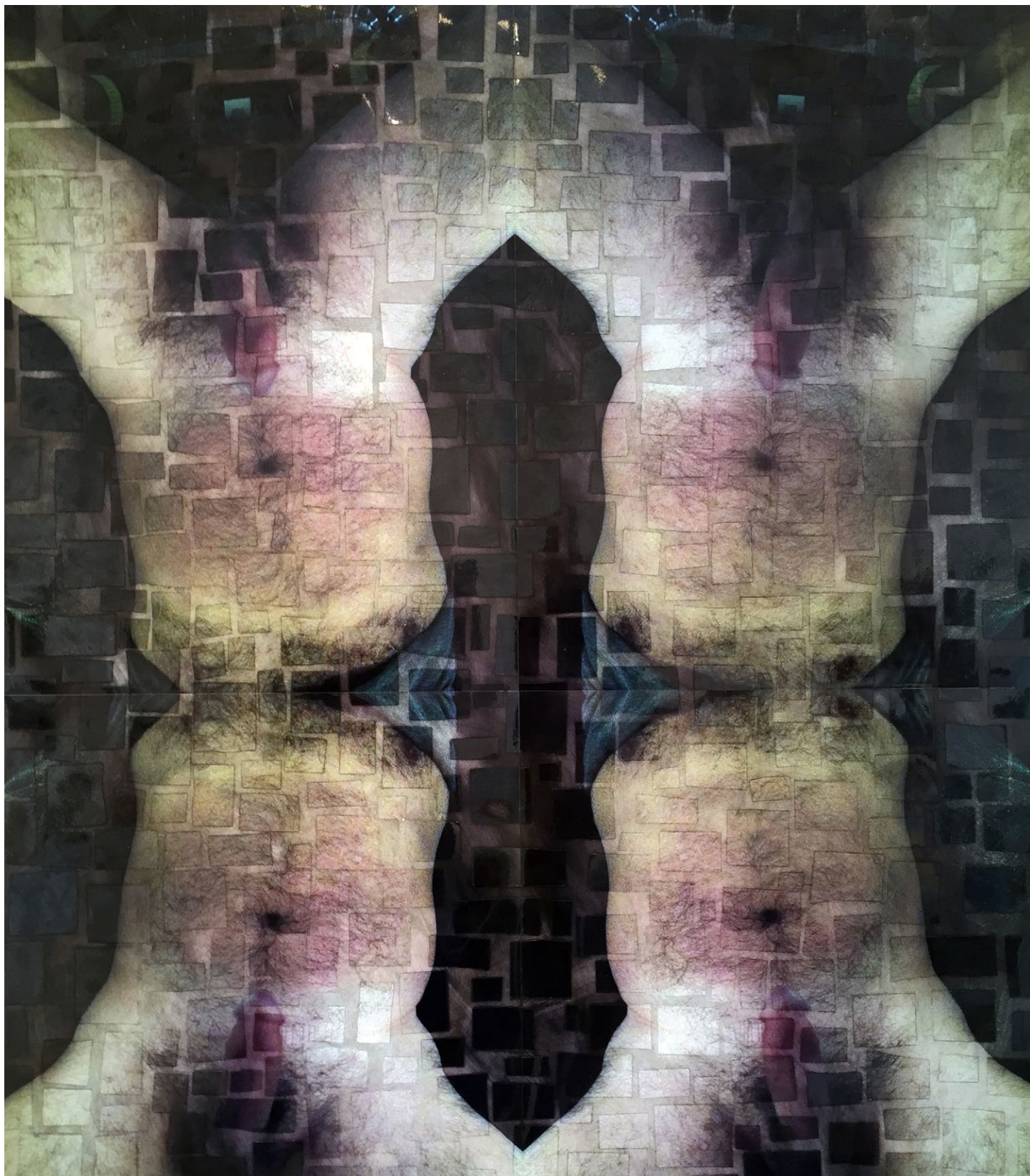
REVENGE

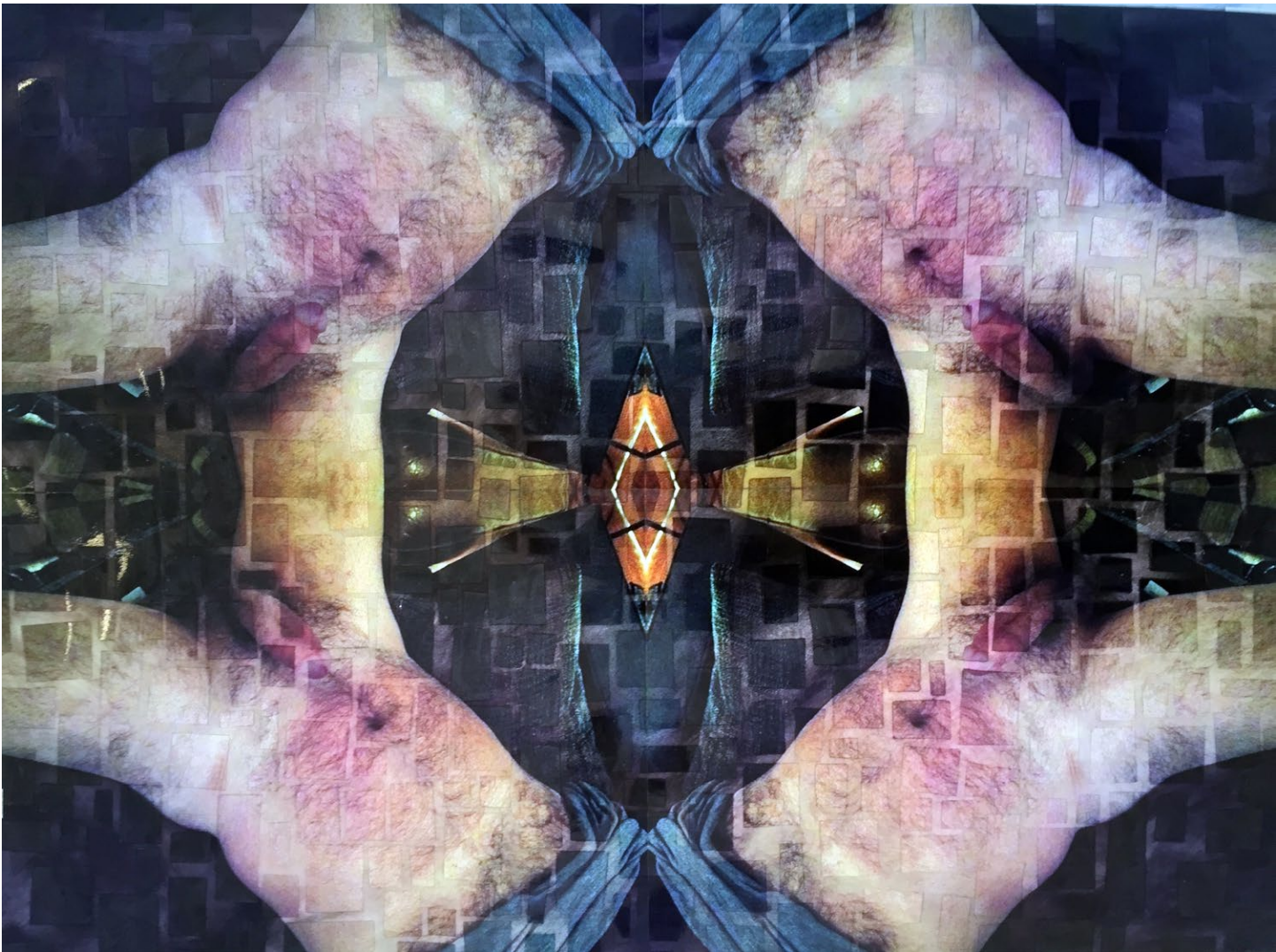
Steven Muller

First this work is a series of photographs taken of an ex lover, at his request, his turn on, his thrill. Then he just stopped coming around. After 15 years.

So the revenge is that I am using this string of rather un flattering photographs, nothing overly nasty, but the fact that I am using them as opposed to deleting them is the revenge. That is fucked up, he would most certainly think so.

My interest in working with photography is with alteration. I call this process Ink Jet Reduction. I masked areas, each area covered with packing material, cut by hand with a razor blade and then burnished onto the photograph. Then I use chemicals to alter the ink jet, erase, move around, lighten or darken.









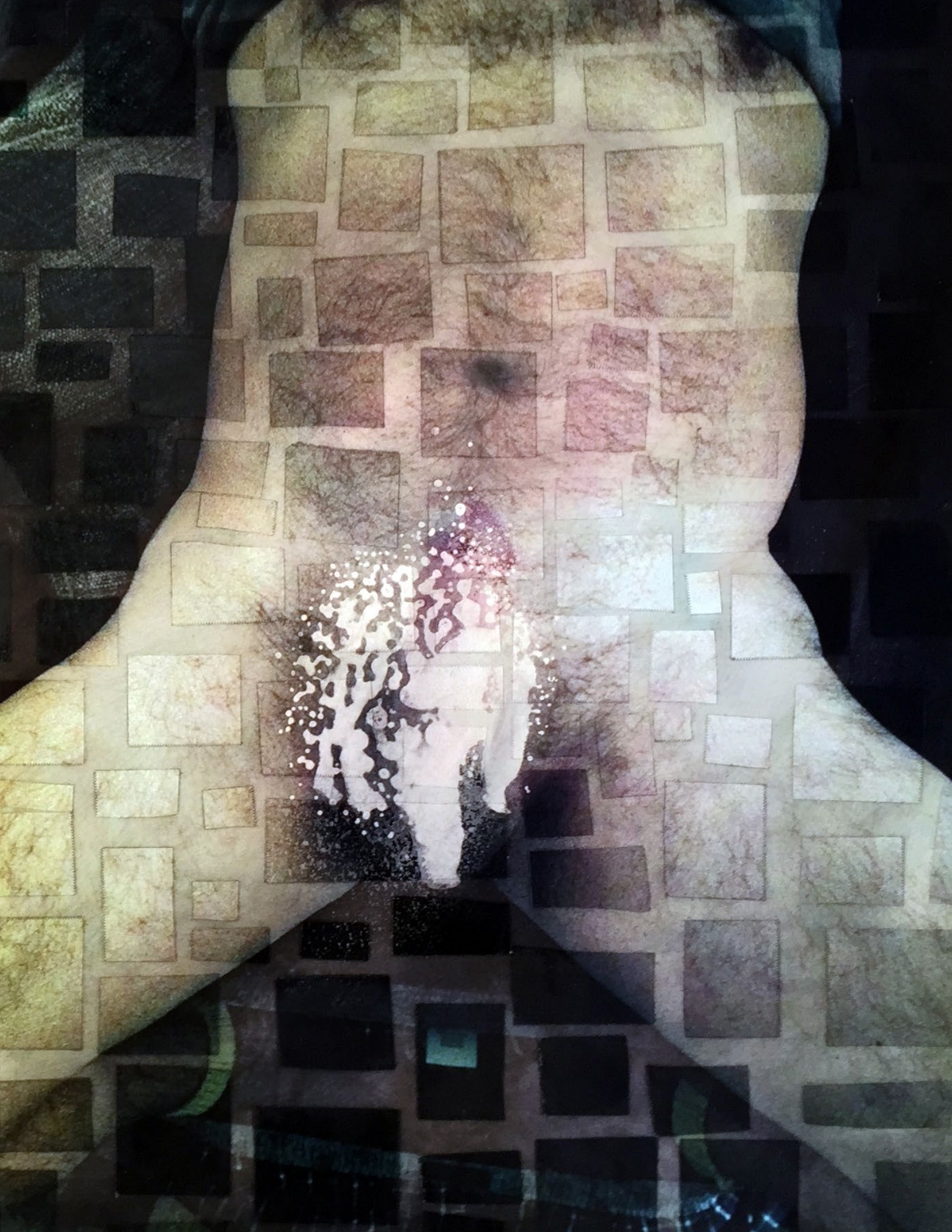




PHOTO RARA

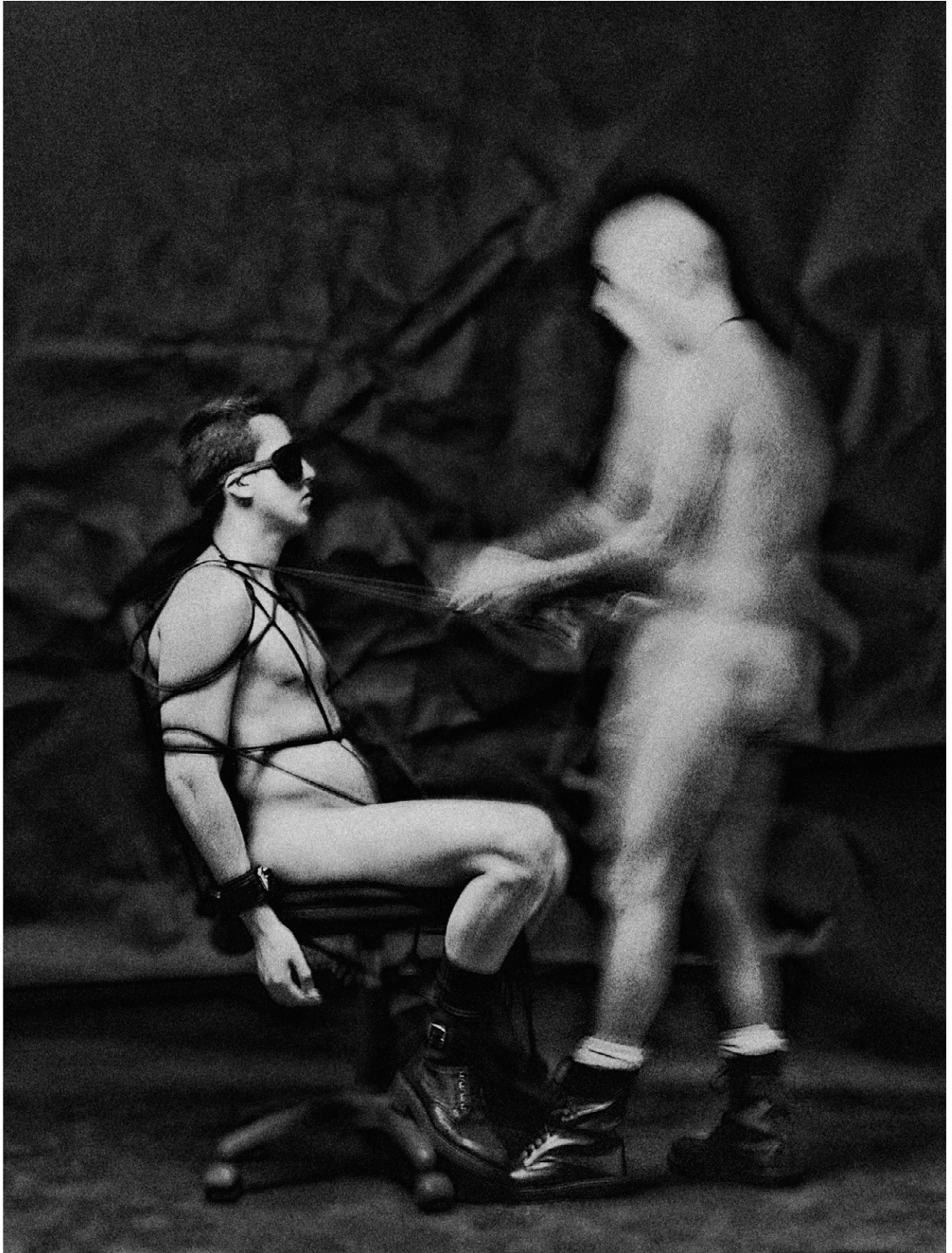
Maenl Ortega

Sometimes after a photoshoot - when I'm reviewing the images and selecting those to work on, there is something that catches my eye. It could be a look, an expression or the way the light falls on the subject. It's difficult to put it into words but there is something unusual about the image which warrants further exploration. This is my collection of fotos raras.











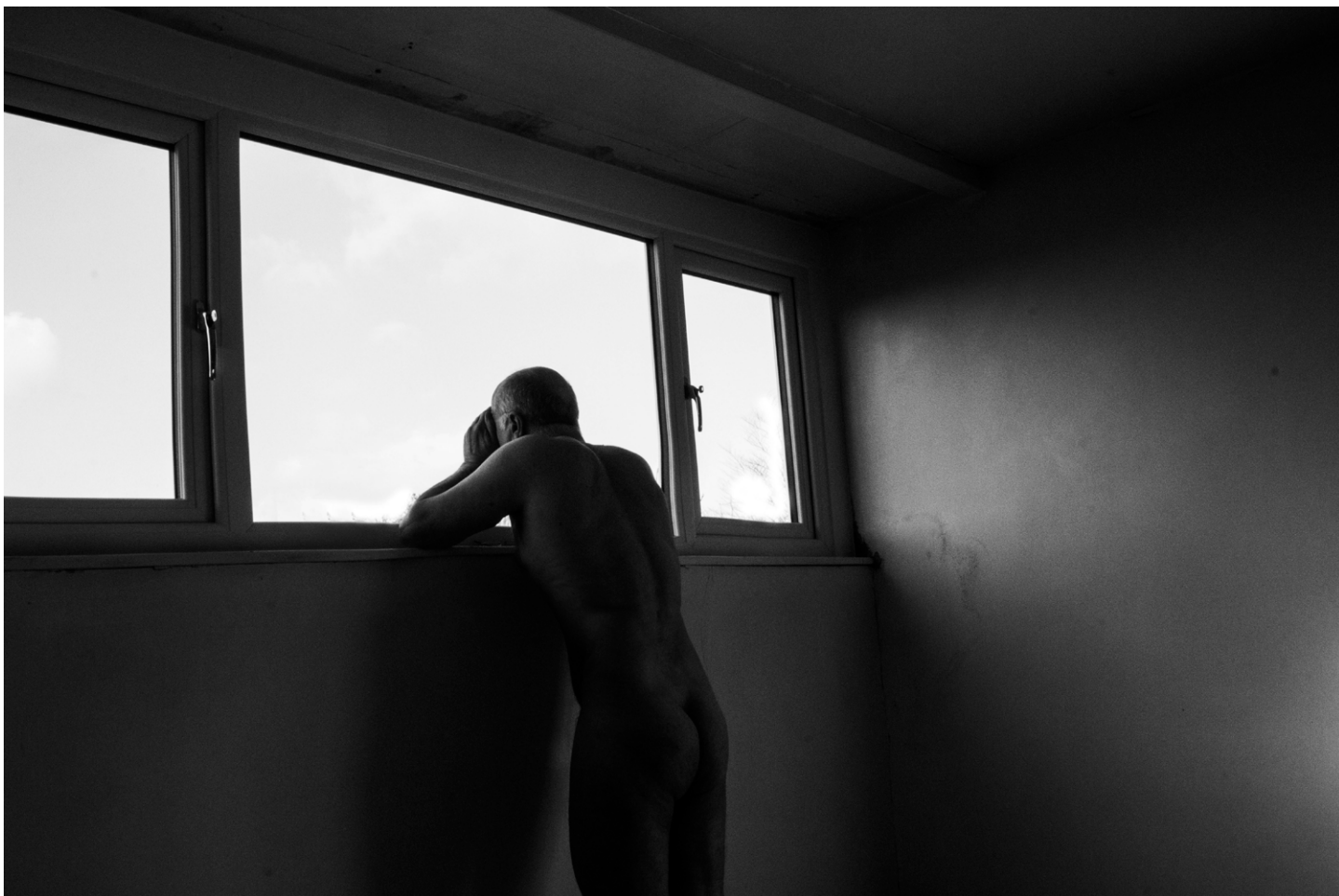


STARK

Nigel Maudsley

Our eyes help us to see, know and understand the world around us. They give us insights to the changes as we travel through our lives.....
When my father died, the grief overwhelmed me. Visits to my family home, following the loss of my father, saw its reconfiguration for a new journey. The grief overwhelmed me. I found myself in flux, a man in a child's dimensions, oversized, nude and looking to the sky for clues. Frantz Fanon (1925-1961), postcolonial theorist stated: 'individuals without an anchor, without horizon, are colourless, stateless, rootless'.

You can see more of Nigel's work at www.behance.net/NigelMaudsley













PRIMITIVE INSTINCTS

Markus K

I've always been intrigued by the idea of nature spirits. Creatures that personify the primitive instincts and energy. When I am outdoors I feed on this energy and can almost perceive such spirits. They seem to communicate with me. They remind me I am a part of them and they a part of me. They talk to me in my own voice, with my own scenes, my own desires. They urge me explore with all my feelings. To feel the contrasts, the soft grass, the hard rock, the cold earth, the warm sunlight, the gentle caressing breeze. It energizes my masculinity, it multiplies it, it arouses it. Surrounded by the green verdant world the heart grows mischievous, perhaps even narcissistic, but also content in one's own being. Like for the playful spirits of mythology, like the satyrs and fawns, life becomes a celebration of being. Being alive, being aware, being naked, being male, being nurtured, being accepted. While all at once selfish and hedonistic, yet simultaneously glimpsing something not of the frightful and dangerous world, but a realm beyond where joy is eternal. And we see this world as the iweak and idle theme, no more yielding but a dream.

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









DEAD MAN'S STARS

John Lee Bird

A series of works that attempt to weave and map a history from found photographs; rescued from the rubbish. A dead man's belongings - Michael Johnson - full details unknown. These photos were returned to my recently deceased friend who had been a pen-friend of Michael's since the early 70's when they met. Michael had been a director of film commercials in London and had relocated to San Francisco where he died in the 90's. These photos were sent to Jonathan after Michael's friends cleared the house (his family had disowned him after discovering he was gay).

When Jonathan died this collection of photos were about to be put out in the rubbish.













FUCKED UP

Alejandro Caspe

Los humanos estamos jodidos desde el momento en que intentamos ocultar las emociones y los sentimientos por la jodida culpa que la sociedad ha sembrado en los humanos, al hacernos creer que nuestra vida debe ser llevada de una forma perfecta que se ajusta a los criterios normales” pero si nos salimos de esos parámetros, estamos jodidos. Este personaje se jodido desde el momento en que se sometió a vivir bajo las reglas y el tratar de ser como no es, haciendo de su vida jodida una basura.

Humans are screwed from the moment we try to hide our emotions and feelings all because of fucking society has implanted in humans, to make us believe that our lives would be perfect if we conform to “normal criteria “. But if we step outside of these parameters , we’re screwed . The character in these photos is fucked from the time he was subjected to live under society’s rules and trying to pretend that they haven’t fucked him up.















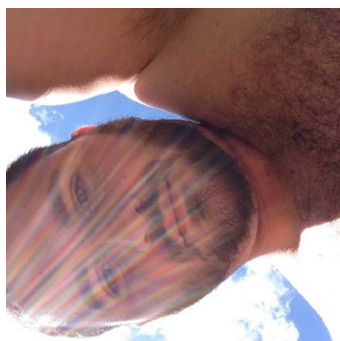
CONTRIBUTORS



Carmine Santaniello - was born in New York. His formal education includes the High School of Art and Design and The School of Visual Arts, and he holds a BFA from Parsons School of Design. After years as a graphic designer and as owner and art director of a design studio, Carmine Santaniello has put that behind him and started to follow his real passion- fine art. In 2000 he started to explore printmaking, since then he has exhibited nationally and internationally, had several one man shows and made his debut as a curator in 2006.



Jim Lande - An amateur photographer, based in Provincetown MA, New York City, and Washington DC, Jim A. Landé is an Executive Producer of 2014 Sundance-premiering feature LOVE IS STRANGE, a film starring John Lithgow, Alfred Molina, and Marisa Tomei, directed by Ira Sachs (KEEP THE LIGHTS ON). Jim is also Producer of Sachs's next project, currently filming this summer. On screen and on stage, he always is attuned to the compositions created by actors within the proscenium arch or film camera's frame. Prior to entertainment producing he served in national security assignments at the US Department of State, the Office of the Director of National Intelligence; and the U.S. Senate Committee on Intelligence.



Markus K - hails from the shores the Great Lakes and has studied a variety of arts including music, photography, sculpture and painting. In addition he is a student of psychology and physiology he enjoys self expression through art and recreational nudity and of course, combining the two. He also likes the challenge of being both the photographer and model for his pictures.



Andrew Printer - is a British artist, writer and photographer. His video-work has been broadcast internationally and his photography is included in national and private collections. Several of Printer's short stories have been anthologized and his Arts coverage has been recognized with three Press Club awards. Recent projects include a series of photographs for Headmaster, the biannual art magazine for man-lovers (Issue #7) and a summer-long installation/performance about AIDS at the San Diego Museum of Art (The Quilt Conversation). Printer currently lives in Key West, FL with his partner of 15 years and numerous pets.



Andrew Miller - AK Miller is originally from Indiana and moved to Chicago in 1995. After attending Columbia College Chicago, he began working in marketing and promotions which transitioned into a career in large event production. AK is a member of MidTangent Productions Theater Company as both an actor and producer. As a writer, AK prefers the Flash Fiction format, telling a story or building a scene using extreme brevity.

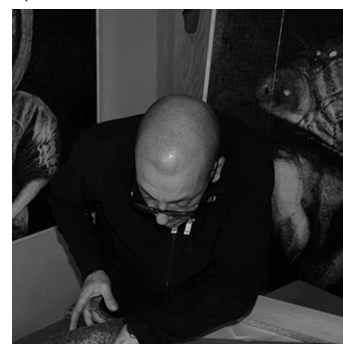


Guillermo Medina - Born in 1968, Guillem Medina graduated in journalism from the Autonomous University of Barcelona and started a career in media: press, radio and television. Later he studied photography and combined this talent with journalism creating books for models, actors and everyday people. His many exhibitions (Vanitas, Ficcions, Nus, Life is so Short, Faith, Divas and -next- Passage to India) are the result of his restless years of productivity. He has also published works with many different themes for magazines: fashion for Smoda or Fem, bands, eroticism for Nois, Shangay, Mensual, Vanity Gay, Hot Bears Magazine, Moxow and Zero. He has published his first coffee-table-book, Dare, with Bruno Gmünder Verlag in 2010.



Manel Ortega - Manel Ortega learned his craft before digital in Barcelona, where he established a successful studio. Now, a master of digital as well as film, he understands the significance and technicalities of using light - combined with his certain eye for detail and the unexpected

moment - to give life to his continuing body of work - especially when it falls upon the male form.



Francesco Sambo -

... sono un fancazzista ...



Iron Rose - I am a native New Yorker born in 1963. After working as a jewelry designer for 20 years, a catastrophic fall left me paralyzed with limited use of my hands and arms. For almost 5 years I was emotionally in the darn and wanted to be done, but art save me. With the help of splints, Velcro straps and the love and support of friends, I am able to create again. I can't remember when I first picked up a pencil to draw, but art has always been a part of my life. I studied nude drawing as a teenager, dabbled in fashion illustration, studied graphic arts as an undergrad, and obtained an MA in Art Educations. I have travelled extensively and been to many of the world's great museums. All of this influences my work. I hope that the viewer enjoys looking at it as much as I had realizing it.

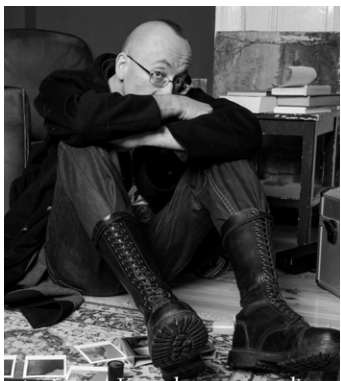


CONTRIBUTORS

Alejandro Caspe - Alejandro Caspe was born on October 11, 1974 in Tijuana, Baja California. He started 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.



Jason Carr - New Zealand born painter Jason has lived and worked in the UK for the past 16 years and continues to grow and develop his practice in his North London studio. He begins the process by choosing inspiring and intriguing models to fit the chosen subject of his paintings. "I always have an original sketch in my head but by the time I have finished the photographic stage with the model the work takes on new life. When the painting is complete the original idea has become an entirely different beast, I love giving my work the freedom to realise its own self through the process." Jason has exhibited in New Zealand, London and Manchester and continues to work on exciting upcoming projects. Title 'Fluorescent' 2014

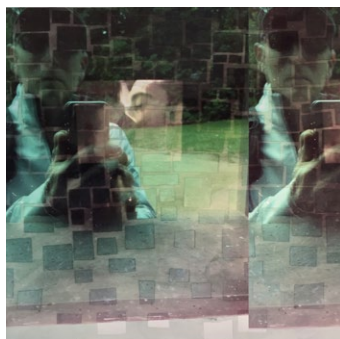


Ulli Richter - is one of the leading documentarians of the gay BDSM-scene. His work is known for its intuitive-dramatic lighting and encompasses a wide array of emotions, ranging from unsettling

stillness to utter insanity. In recent years, Ulli has developed a style of documenting and portraying BDSM-play that echoes the Baroque master painters. In contemporary art, his work is highly regarded for bridging the tension between careful scene setting and lighting, and capturing the free emotions and wild interactions that are part of BDSM-play



Nigel Maudsley - Born in Caton, Lancashire UK in 1953 I fled to London in 1975 to escape homophobia and come to terms with my sexuality. This took its form in various nightclubs and bars that blossomed in London during the late 70's and early 90's. Until July 2008 I worked as a Senior Lecturer at London Metropolitan University for the Department of Art, Media and Design. I was the Post Graduate Coordinator and Course Leader for the MA in Digital Film and Animation. My work explores representations of sexuality, the body and identity across many genres such as portraiture, landscape and short experimental films. My film 'Chance Encounter' was screened at 12 international film festivals. I left the University in 2010 and moved from London to Brighton. I began to engage with my creativity again. My passion for Black and White photography is still at the core of my practice. My current projects are 'The Little White Chair' and the portraits I undertake



Steven Muller I began working in photography with the beginning of the digital age. I am not so much

interested in the photograph itself as I am in using it as a starting point, the beginning, the final product being a unique one of a kind hand and chemically altered photograph using a process I call Ink Jet Reduction. Yet I have to back up and contradict myself, I am very interested in the photo work, the models that I work with and the entire photographic process. The Mundane series which I have been working on since 2013, even though being non figurative, I am still working with male models and am interested always in finding new people to work with.

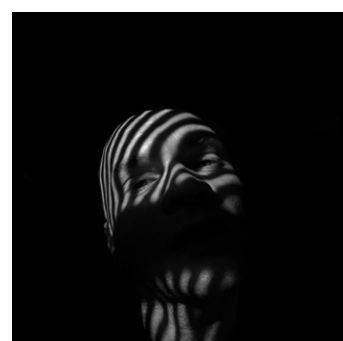


Daniel Merlo - I was born in 1953. I live in Buenos Aires, Argentina. My relationship with art began with sculpture in my forties. I've worked with stone, wood and raku pottery and have coordinated workshops on these disciplines. Since 2009 I have been exploring eroticism with photography, and my knowledge of paint has informed my works.



Trygve Skogrand - born 1967, Sunndalen, Norway. I recently discovered that what inspires me is confusion. As an artist I go through life collecting bits and pieces of what to me feels like a huge jigsaw puzzle. Things that at first glance doesn't seem to fit in, that appear ugly, worthless, and even without meaning often are starting points for my puzzles. Can I make it all come together? In my art I assemble the puzzle pieces, try out different combinations, overlay symbols to

see what I get. I originally educated as a Civil Engineer, specialising in digital map-making. Perhaps that is why I find it so natural to continue to work digitally on my great "puzzle of life". Working mixed media on the computer is for me the perfect tool for trying out different combinations of my many puzzle pieces. My work has been called post-modern or even post-surrealistic, as it combines new and old elements in a new, and often surreal setting. As a gay Christian artist, the subjects of holiness and bodily vulnerability appear frequently in my art. I currently live and work in Lofoten, Norway



Gregory Moon - Gregory Moon is an artist and photographer who was raised in small towns in Michigan and currently lives in Seattle, WA. Drawing and painting since childhood, Gregory picked up a camera in 2005 and has since shown his work in major cities across the country and has sold his images to private collectors worldwide. After taking self portraits exclusively for 5 years, he has now focused his talents on outdoor photography and shooting the portraits of Seattle men.



Christopher Studer-Harper - is a Swiss artist working predominantly with installative and performative practices. Originally educated as a developmental psychologist, he now prefers to explore themes such as violence, intimacy and vulnerability through finely crafted objects, performances and text. He works in Bern, Switzerland and Berlin, Germany.

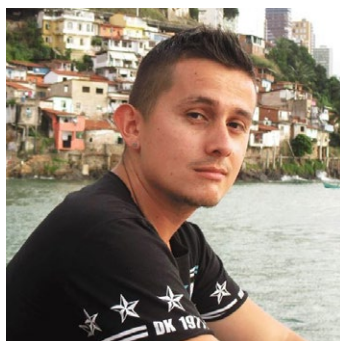
CONTRIBUTORS



Kostis Fokas - IKostis Fokas is an artist who delves into the intricacies of the human body. Long fascinated with the aesthetic of the surreal he constructs a world of quirky human sculptures, a landscape where the bizarre meets the ordinary. By scrutinizing embodiments of imperfection, Fokas resorts to the use of nudity and covered faces in a provocative yet humorous manner. In Fokas' work, his models interact freely in uncanny and incongruous poses, eliciting a sense of emancipation while signifying an inability to meet and conform to the given norms of corporeal existence. There is a sense of submission and surrender reflected on his images, perhaps in a response to the human body's constant exposure to objectification and self-subjugation. Tools and props, from masks and sex toys, to ordinary objects like a clock or a lamp, add to this interplay of bodies and objects. Though not often in its entirety, the human body always stands at the very center of this dialogue acting as an object for the subject that inhabits it, a subject that sometimes cannot get away from it, that seems to be trapped in its own skin.



John Lee Bird - work is a London based artist. His style is defined by his distinctive use of line; influenced by pop art and 1950's instruction and medical manuals yet entirely more detailed and personable. He uses diagrammatic line to make intensely human studies; whether the object be a portrait or a more abstract vision of matters of the human condition.



Byron Adarve (Don Coso) - Publicist and student of visual arts of the District University of Bogota - Colombia . He has devoted his short career to be explored and explore others, this from each sexuality of each. Considers humor as the best tool to reach the heart . Just let that fine line cornering lips is enough, that's the mood you want most . Sculptor , photographer , illustrator , digital artist , all in process because it is just a naive eager to learn all, a virgin art student ..



JL² - Born in France in 1965 and now living in Montréal, Canada, I am a self-taught photographer. 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.



BJ Broekhuizen - BJ BROEKHUIZEN (b.1979,Cape Town, South Africa) "My work is visionary.When i paint myself I am grappling with the blurred contours of my soul. That's what I'm showing here - my being, my minutia, my geographies. Alchemy in flesh". BJ Broekhuizen is an emerging artist working from London since 2001. He grew up in Cape Town, South Africa from Dutch parentage. Regular travels between Amsterdam and Africa formed a dichotomy in his artistic mind: the rawness of Africa intertwining with the technical prowess of the Dutch art tradition.



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.



InkedKenny - His inspirations come from a legacy of influences and relationships. A lifetime of leaving a mark on people and faces has now transitioned to imagery. He challenges his subjects to be aware of their confidence, passions and desires, putting them in the center of their own exhibition and finding no excuses when that hunger is realised, bringing the subject to a whole other level...



Ivan & Gabo - We are two photographers based on Buenos Aires, Argentina.. We used to take pictures before we meet each other , but the real passion for photography began when we start dating. Its been 10 years sharing this passion and having amazing memories. Our photography is focused on portraits, especially nudes. We are grateful to meet lots of creative people who work with us. We think we are so lucky to do that we love together and have such an incredible feedback from the public.



Gerard Floyd - Born in Ireland in the 1970's I choose to remember very little about my childhood years. Except that it was clear from very early on I was not the sort of boy that fitted in. I was a bit odd and the local priest was the first one to finger me for it. Irish Catholic priests are very perceptive when it comes rooting out the evil that lies deep within a young boy like myself. So, as soon as I was old enough I moved to London only to discover that I was not odd or evil enough for the big city. Luckily as this is London no one has ever noticed. I have never forgotten the advice my mother gave me as she hugged me goodbye on that St. Patrick's Day at the airport and they have become words to live by, she said... "Some people say more than they know and some people know more than they say." I currently live quietly in one of the busiest parts of London where I do a lot of listening while stroking my ginger beard.



BEARS/OSOS

WORKS BY BLAKE LITTLE
/JUAN ANTONIO SIVERIO
JULY 29-AUGUST 22 LOOK UP GALLERY GUERNEVILLE, CA

ROAD



ROAD

Picture yourself on a road. Are you alone? Is it a road you know and have travelled before? Where is this road of yours? Are you on a busy highway surrounded by buildings, or a quiet country lane? Perhaps you are being watched. Or have we got it all wrong? Your road is a metaphoric one - often the most difficult and rewarding to travel.

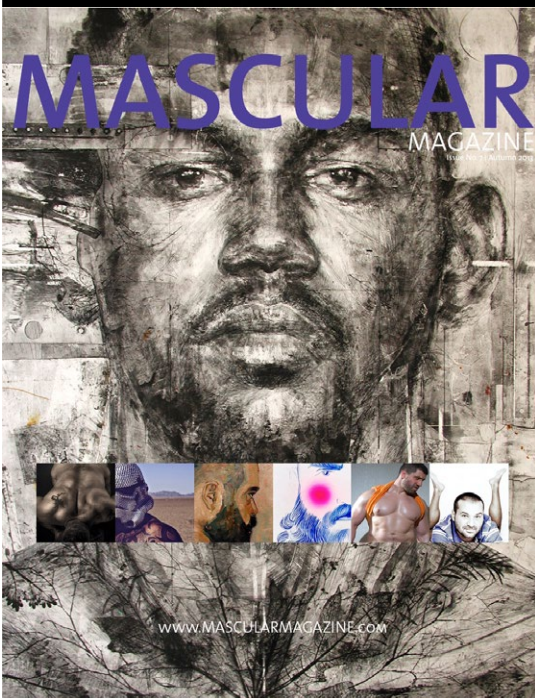
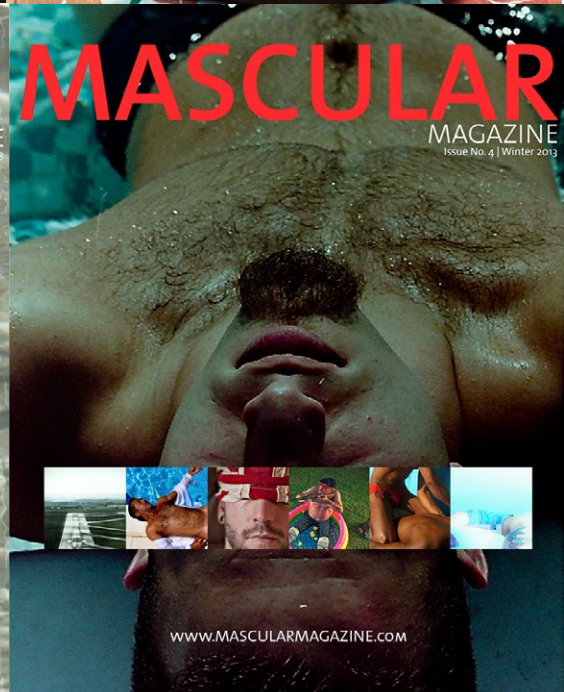
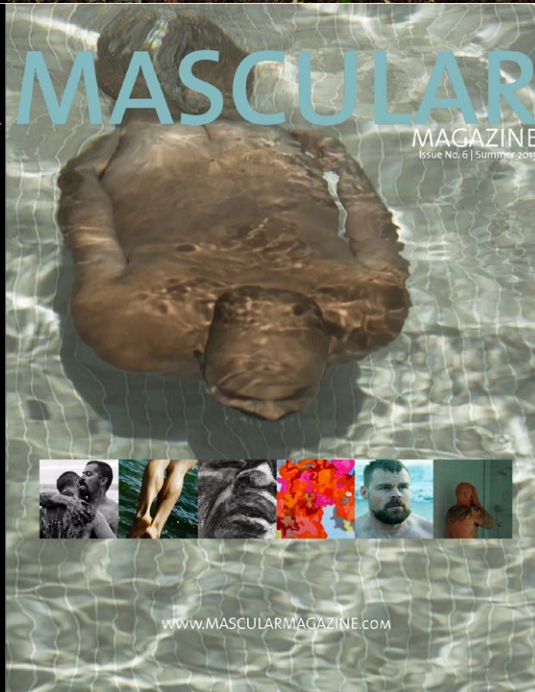
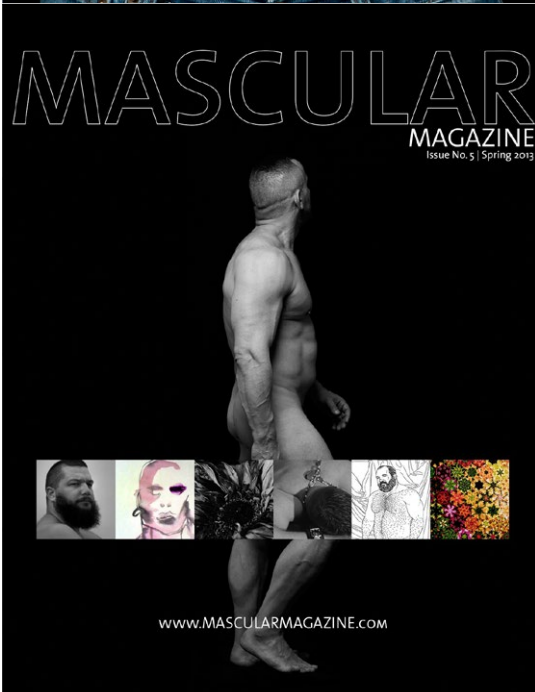
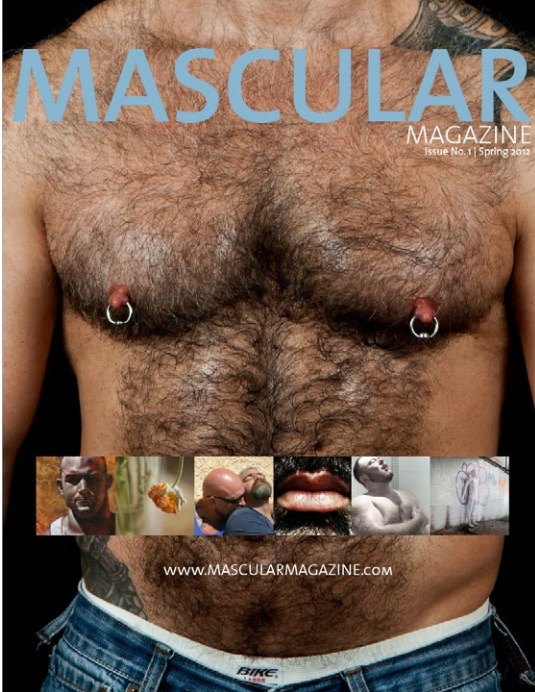
The road itself may not even be real, but the construct of a road, the device of a path along which one can travel (or choose not to) is a very powerful concept in art. It speaks of potential and direction, of change and progress, hope and the future. But the road can have unexpected turns, it can be bumpy - fraught with challenges. In a more tangible sense, in a photo or a painting, for instance, a road gives structure to composition. It draws the eye in and it separates elements.

The one feature that connects all of civilization, right from the very beginning, is a road or a path. We've been making them, following them and pointing them out ever since we decided to live together in communities - perhaps even before. So they are timeless, but they can also change. Roads are there to be used. They are there for travel, yes, but also for politics, for war, for commerce - to connect. We adorn them with signs, we map them out, we light them up and we control the flow.

Issue No. 14 of MASCULAR Magazine is dedicated to the 'ROAD'. We call on artists and creatives of all kinds to consider the road and share with us your vision and experience of the road. Whether is a real road or the road to ruin, the information superhighway or I-95 just south of Boston. Share with us your experience of the road, and let's see where we get to.

If you are interested in contributing to Issue No. 14, please contact MASCULAR Magazine at: submissions@mascularmagazine.com

Deadline for submissions is October 5, 2015.





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