

MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 14 | Summer 2015



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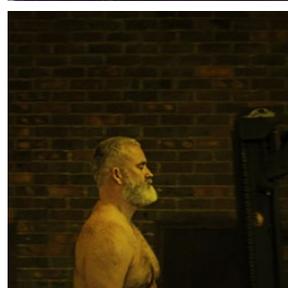
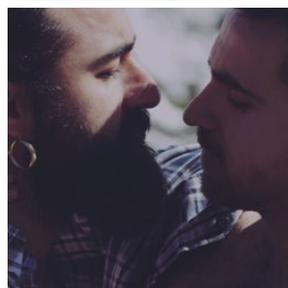
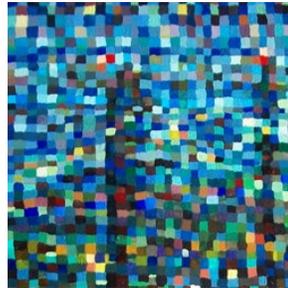
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The theme for Issue No. 15 of MASCULAR Magazine is 'The 7 Deadly Sins'

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MASCULAR MAGAZINE

CELEBRATING MASCULINE ART AND
THE MEN WHO CREATE IT



Welcome to issue No. 14 of MASCULAR Magazine, the 'Road' issue. We are very pleased to be able to launch the new look for the magazine with this issue. San Francisco based Designer and good friend Curt Janka very kindly took charge and gave the magazine's designs a few well chosen updates to freshen and modernise its appearance, without undertaking a complete revamp. Curt will continue to advise and direct design for MASCULAR - more on that soon. I hope our readers like the refined look as much as we do.

When I landed on the subject of 'road' as the theme for this issue, my imagination conjured up all sorts of ideas that expressed a sense of motion and travel. I also considered roads in the context of the urban landscape, as features in and of themselves. But in all instances, I saw roads as inert and inactive. The action was brought by the protagonist. The road was considered in the context of where it was going, what it cut through or who was on it.

As the submissions began to come through, I was pleasantly surprised. The one thing I hadn't really considered was the road as the protagonist. Neither passive nor

inactive, the road had its own distinct character and personality - it played an active role in enabling and encouraging the action. Yes of course, I considered the road as a metaphor. The path, the journey that we take through our lives or towards self realisation if not self actualisation. There is no alternative to travelling the require distance. We have not yet figured out how to avoid the bends and the hills on this metaphorical journey we are all taking. And of course, for some, the road is longer with far more bumps than for others. But travel our own road, we must.

So let us turn to the road as metaphor. Travelling these miles and miles through life inevitably leaves evidence, marks, wear and tear. We are changed and moulded by the journeys we undertake. Yes, we can be on more than one journey at a time. I suppose it also suggests that the more roads we travel, the less energy we have to devote to each. Guillermo Medina's portraits of bikers show us men who have covered a lot of distance in life. There is no innocence here. Rather reflections of dedication, perseverance and battle weary resilience. But isn't this a life choice? I

always believed that bikers adopt the biker lifestyle. Some choose the road as a destination, others use it as a means of escape, but the solitude and nomadic elements of that lifestyle are a choice. Aren't they?

In that way, roads may offer hope. Escape. The hope narrative comes to life in Jean-Christophe Huet's photographic essay to male beauty in Ghana. You can easily picture all of his subjects moving along paths and roads, with urgency and determination, but also with poise and beauty. However, the photos have a melancholic feel to them as well. There is a sadness in their eyes. Is it a longing? Is it regret? Is the future better than the past, and what role does the road play in realising that eventual reality? There is natural beauty and human beauty and energy, but in the background I hear a voice saying 'it's not enough'.

Among the contributions, I found the contrast between the road in daylight and the road at night very interesting. The character of the road changes with the time of day. Daytime doesn't imply activity, though. Stuart Gregory's landscapes are shot in bright daylight, but they light

reveals desolation. In their detail we see echoes of our having been there, but no hint as to whether or not we will return. The timeless quality and the vastness of it all make us feel very small and insignificant. These long roads through nowhere (and nowhere can be very beautiful indeed), are monuments to our efforts to conquer our environment. You can imagine mile after mile of driving down those empty roads and asking yourself, 'who built these roads?', and 'why?' And the little settlements that appear from time to time, 'who lives here?' and 'why?'. The answer may be as simple as 'this is where the road brought us'. It shifts the responsibility away from us and onto the road. It stands to reason, therefore, that had the road gone another way, we wouldn't be here. Again, the road is active.

In *Dad, InkedKenny* presents us with a narrative, a violent crime or a fantasy, depending on your perspective. The road in this instance is about atmosphere, location and isolation. There are so many conflicting emotions and messages in this powerful series. The father figure being anything but fatherly - what road did he take to get to that frame of mind? The same questions could be put to the 'son' who is about to undergo an abusive experience. But did he run? Did he put up a fight? The dust, rope and pick-up truck are hyper masculine icons that evoke ruggedness and power. Stripped back of all decoration and comfort, we get down to what is raw and instinctive. *InkedKenny's* photos play out the scene - on the road, nobody can hear you scream. Wayne Lewis's rodeo diptychs also touch on this theme. While neither series focuses on the road itself, each assumes a metaphorical road that each participant has travelled, and each presents a world that lives and breathes on travel, transport, movement and, often dusty, roads. Lewis's work choose to focus on harmony and symbiosis. The rugged man, his rugged equipment and the rugged animals are all part of the same whole.

When the sun goes down, the road takes on an altogether different look. It's potential and its mystery grow in equal

parts. Whereas in the day, the sunshine can show you where you are going, where you have been, and what is about to happen to you, at night, the darkness and shadows lend a sense of mystery, adventure, and sometimes, foreboding. Joe Williams shares his naturist/exposure fetish with us through his self portraits on the streets of Boston at night. These locations are utterly familiar to us, even well known to some, but not in the way Williams experiences them. His nudes challenge us to re-think these places. They are irreverent - a thumb to the nose of orthodoxy and community. But nobody is there to be shocked or titillated. It is a solitary experiment that will have elicited a thrill while the photos were taken, but apart from the photos themselves, the environment bears no marks or evidence from the experience. But perhaps that's not the point. Perhaps this is only a type of post card from Williams' journey. Williams's photos are records of what happened but what you didn't see.

Daniel Jeffrey takes a similar time and location and approaches it from the opposite side of the street. His work uses the dark streets as a theatre on which the stories of his subjects, their 'journeys', are played out for all to see. Each image uses the atmosphere of the street at night to emphasise aspects of his portraits and the men they depict. You can read isolation, fear, hunger, violence, contemplation, sadness in these photos. But the roads also imply a path out, away, to somewhere else. Not sure they will find anything else or anything better, but there is a choice. A choice to stay or a choice to go. The photos are very powerful in their silence. Jeffrey communicates volumes through these images, and even though we may not know the subjects, we can all identify with some of the feelings and experiences they are facing.

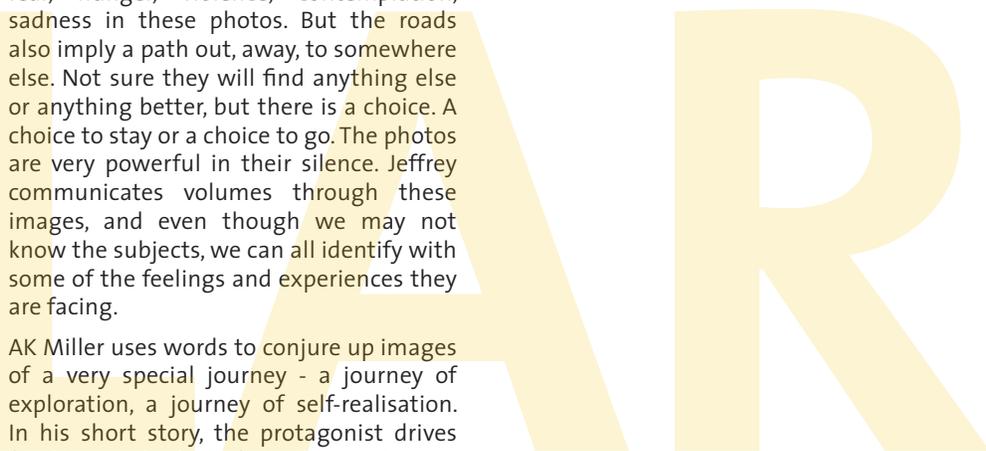
AK Miller uses words to conjure up images of a very special journey - a journey of exploration, a journey of self-realisation. In his short story, the protagonist drives (in his mother's car) to have his first encounter with a man. He is determined

to know what has been, up until then, a dark mystery, a longing. Charles Thomas Rogers's powerful self-portraits are raw and revealing of his state of mind. These are deeply personal explorations that use the road as a location and as a conduit for personal understanding and growth.

So, what have we learned? Where has 'Road' taken us? I think that what I take away from this issue of *MASCULAR Magazine* is a sense from all of the contributions that we are all looking to belong and to leave our mark. We are looking for a place in this world, and that we are all on some kind of road, actual or metaphorical, that is taking us towards a better understanding of ourselves. Whether it is self-reflective or observational, we engaged with life by moving through it. Sometimes to our peril. But fundamentally, roads are inextricably linked to our humanity.

I hope you enjoy this issue of *MASCULAR Magazine*, as we are incredibly proud of being able to bring to our readers such a diverse and excellent selection of works. The theme for the next issue of *MASCULAR Magazine* is 'The Seven Deadly Sins' - take a look at the Call for Submissions on page 217 for more information.

Vincent Keith
November 2015



THE MASCULAR MIX: ROAD - VOL. XII

Brian Maier



photo by

VENFIELDS

download now at:

tinyurl.com/mascvol12

If you would like to hear Brian Maier's 'White' Mix, you can download it from

www.mixcloud.com/dj-brian-maier/103-mascular-vol-12 or on iTunes.

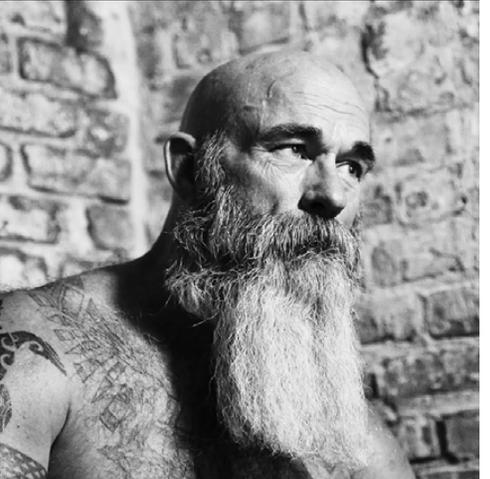
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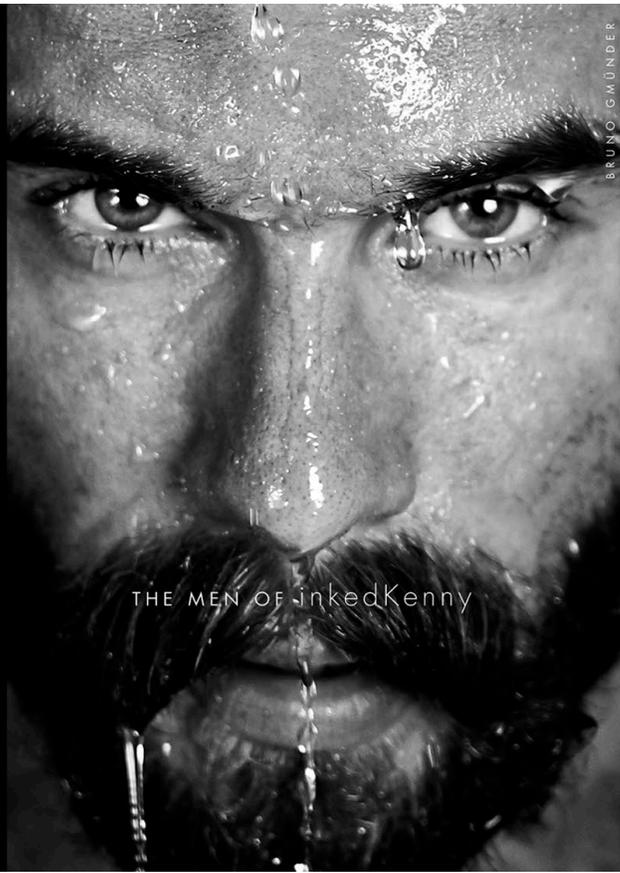
MASCULAR STUDIO

www.mascularstudio.com





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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APPAREL



Next Exiy

The brief was to create a t-shirt design that combined the concept of road and travel on the one hand, and masculine iconography on the other. I considered a dreamscape where the traveller made his way through a land of male bodyparts - chests, arms and butts, as he approached the exit to more adventure.

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

NEXT EXIT

Alan Thompson

[Mascular Shop on Redbubble](#)



YOU CAN
ORDER YOUR
T-SHIRT FROM:

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DAD

“YOU DON’T KNOW MY STRUGGLE, YOU DON’T KNOW MY PAIN... TILL I HIT YOU”

InkedKenny

Your scent is on the wind. Musk is candy to me.
I can taste your fear. Your desperation. Your need.

I know you’re out there. Waiting for me to
find you. To drag you back again.

It was weakness to run. A betrayal. I’m always there. Behind you.
My heart is fearless. A powerful engine. Pure fire.
My hand is firm. Discipline is swift and just.

Taste my venom on your lips. Swallow deeply.

Know my pain. Know my flesh. Know my love.

You are bound to me now. Our fates are entwined.

Cry for me. Bleed for me. My son.

I will protect you from yourself. I will prepare you.

This is what you are. Your submission is love.

Call me DAD.















(L): DAD | 9
(R): DAD | 10







TRÁNSITO

Tino García

Estar en tránsito es el viaje en sí mismo, un viaje sin origen ni destino. Es recorrer un lugar al que nadie pertenece, un lugar extraño y difuso que apenas nos deja recuerdos. Un lugar compuesto por siluetas reflejadas en el retrovisor, por paisajes que tímidamente se asomaron a través de las ventanillas del coche. Un lugar tan irreal que dudamos que exista a la vez que tenemos la certeza de que siempre está ahí. Un lugar que es distinto, que cambia y se renueva cada vez que se emprende el viaje otra vez.

Being in transit is the journey itself, a journey without origin or destination. You go to a place where no one belongs, a strange and fuzzy place we just let memories. A place made up of silhouettes reflected in the mirror, through landscapes that timidly peered through the car windows. A place so unreal that we doubt its existence while at the same time we have the certainty that is always there. A place that is different, changing and renewed each time the trip is undertaken again.













MANIFEST MEN

Blake Little







MLADEN, PROVINCETOWN, MA



ROAD

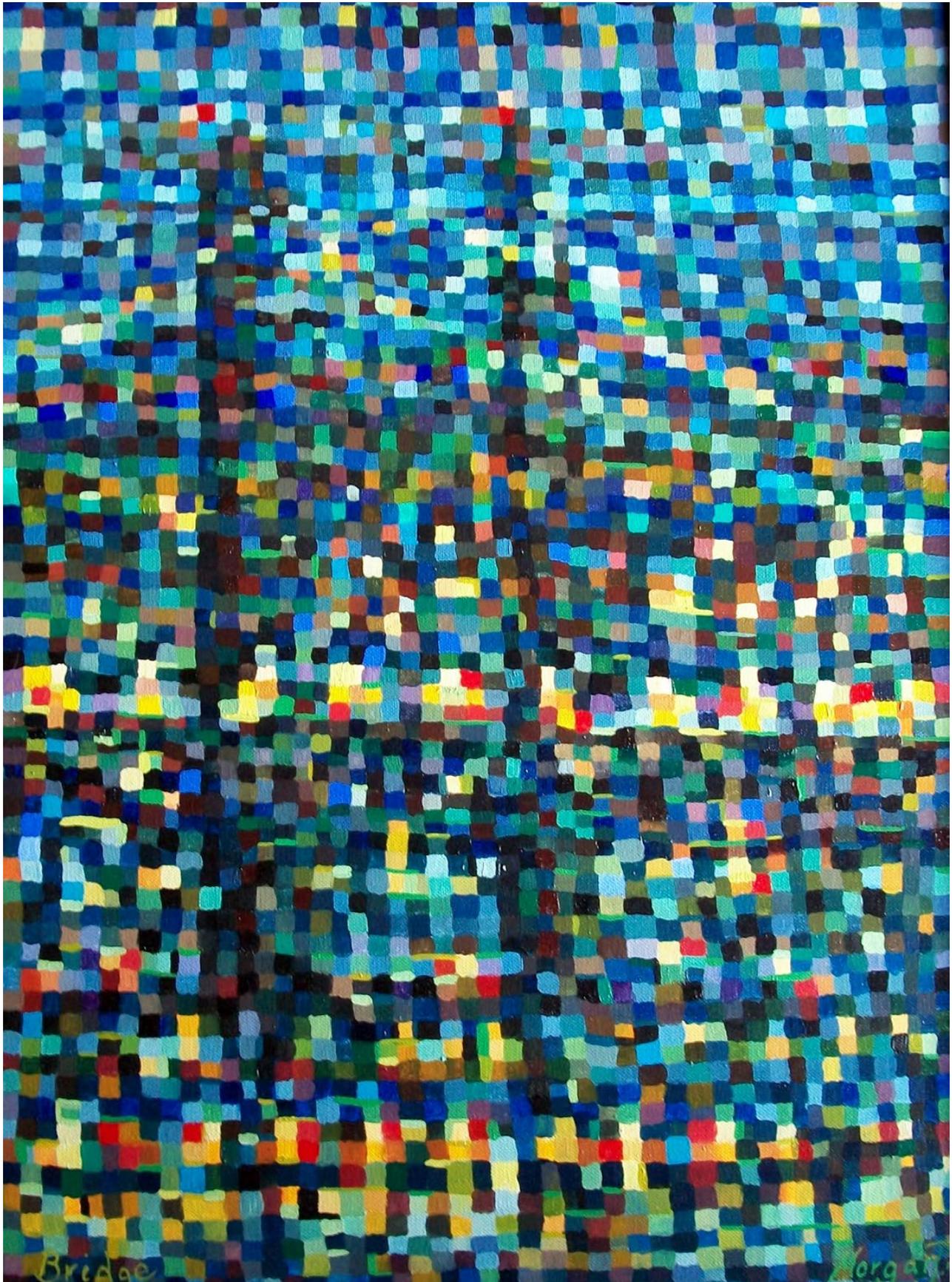
Morgan Johnson

From my earliest days of painting as a teen, my “road” of choice was water. Since the road in life most sought is love, I have related water, in its various forms, as examples of love. Thus, to travel through life in love has related to traveling waterways, or surviving the variety that our planet’s life blood, water, takes. Individual paintings will be interpreted singularly as they relate to ‘ROAD’, but in general, the concept of the road being a waterway, or impacted by water, is an easy way to identify where and how theme is exhibited. I have included pieces from the

1970s to present day. While my style of painting has evolved from Realism through Impressionism and on to my own personal style which incorporates both Fauvist and Impressionist color theory, as well as Cubism, which I call Fractionalism. I developed this style in response to our digital age in which we often see images broken apart or fractured by pixel streaming on color fields, usually black. Pointillism being the forerunner of colored printing, another ‘road’ can be deciphered in the evolution of my style across time into this fractured, digital age.



PREVIOUS PAGE: SHARED JOURNEY, 2012, 30X36" MY PARTNER AND I TRAVEL THE ROAD, BASIC AND UNENCUMBERED MEN.
THIS PAGE: TESTING THE WATER, 2013, 20X16" A MAN CONTEMPLATES ENTERING THE WATER, THE ROAD, THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.



BRIDGE, 2007, 30x24" A BRIDGE SPANS THE ROAD YET IS THE ROAD.



MAN ON A BRIDGE, 2004, 36x24" A INDISTINCT IMAGE STANDS MID-BRIDGE, AS THE ROAD FALLS BEHIND HIM



DEAD END, 2004, 12x12" A STREETLAMP INCONGRUOUSLY ILLUMINATES A DEAD END.



FLOTSAM, 2013, 18x36" A BODY IS WASHED ASHORE, THE ROAD DISTANT IN THE HORIZON.



SLEEPWALKING THROUGH LONDON

*Concept/Direction: Luke Casey Browne
Photography: Scott Hamilton*

Imagine yourself walking about town. Imagine yourself visiting the famous landmarks of our fair city. Imagine Tower Bridge, looking cool at night with the lights highlighting the structural forms of a bygone era. Imagine St Paul's Cathedral with all its pomp and circumstance. Imagine the Houses of Parliament. What iconic images are you now thinking of?

Well imagine yourself visiting these landmarks at night. Imagine yourself doing all of this alone. Imagine yourself doing this whilst asleep. Imagine yourself sleepwalking through London.

Imagine being a sleepwalker. Imagine your journey from your house, leaving the domestic place you call home. Imagine crossing the busy city streets and visiting the famous spots you know and passing by some you do not. What if you take a path unknown and travel through a darkened alleyway. Imagine yourself alone at night in your pyjamas. Imagine how you might feel walking the streets without shoes.

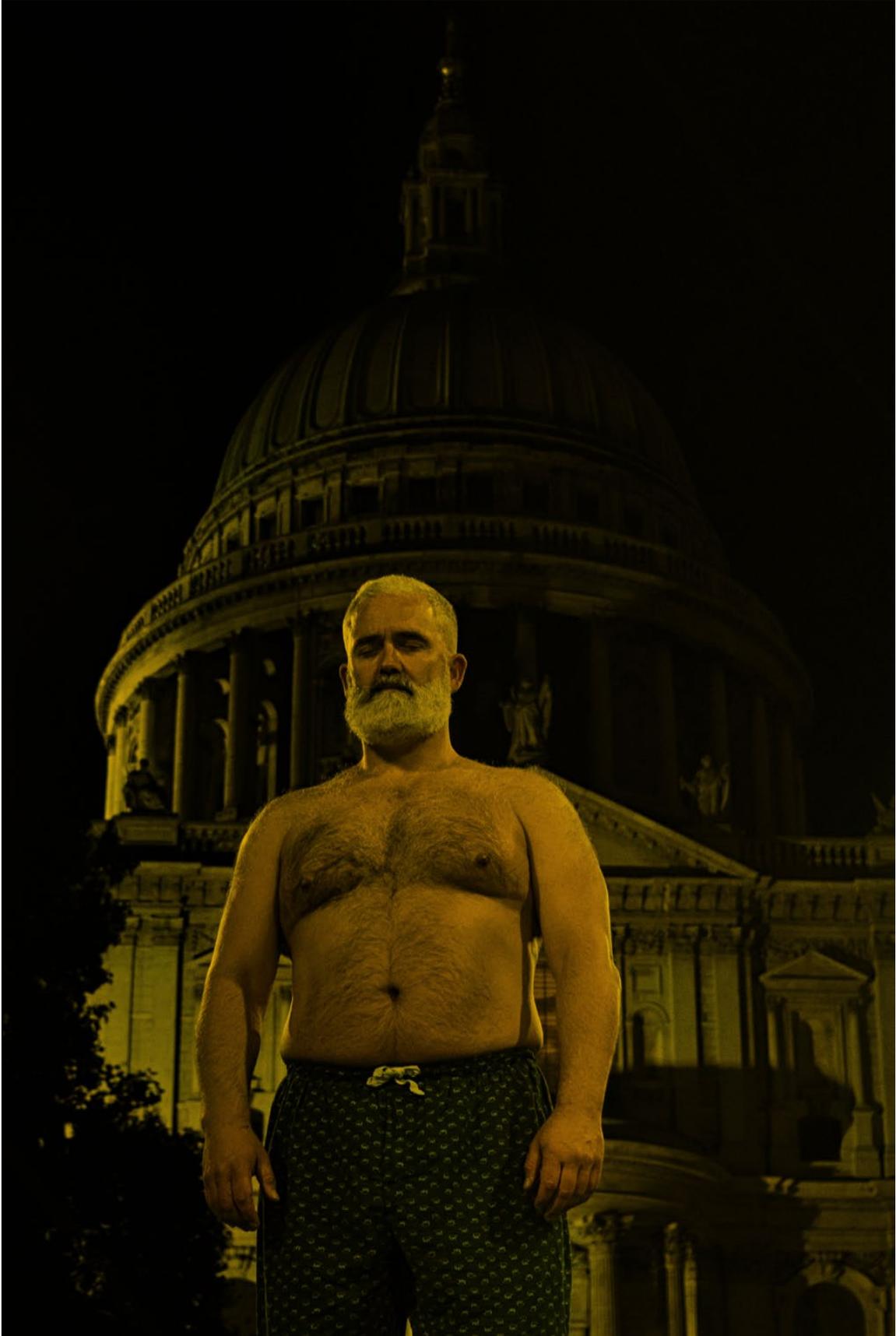
Imagine if whilst on your journey down an unknown road, alone and asleep, you meet another, also alone and sleepwalking. Would you pass straight by or would stop and linger? Imagine your sensory nerves on your exposed skin. Imagine the roots of your body hair contracting. What iconic images are you now thinking of?











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MR. INTERNATIONAL LEATHER 2015: EQUESTRIAN

Rick Castro

The title of International Mister Leather has changed a lot over the year. The BDSM, leather and fetish communities gain popularity every year. The 21st century is all about fetish. Patrick Smith's persona inspired me. If you meet him out of his leathers, you'd think he's a wholesome young man. Well, he is, except he's the man of the 21st Century. He knows what he wants and makes no apologies about his sexuality. Patrick proudly represents the international leather community, and also does personal outreach for gay communities in Uganda and the Ukraine, where LGBTQ people have no rights.

For our shoot, I envisioned a stable for Patrick with horses grazing in their corrals. Waiting for him to come ride them. Patrick saddles up his equines and hits the road for a late afternoon ride. Once home, Patrick lights up his pipe for a smoke. That really takes the edge off the day.

Models: Patrick Smith – Mr. IML

Horse(s): Moses Bernasconi and Keith Hunter

Leather shorts, boots and shoes: Rick Owens

Horse(s) Mask: Keith Hunter

Leather clothing and accessories: Mr. S.

Saddle & crop: Courtesy of Robert Sides

Location: Antebellum, Hollywood

You can see more of Rick's work at antebellumgallery.blogspot.com













OPEN ROAD

Stuart Gregory

The open roads of the US have long been part of pop culture. From Jack Kerouac's seminal "On The Road" to movies like "Easy Rider". An important but mundane aspect of any nation's infrastructure, the roads of the US are unlike any other. They literally can go on for miles, as far as the eye can see in some States. Sometimes dead straight with no visible bends on the horizon. And on occasion, no other vehicles. Sometimes, you can park your car, get out and just stand there, with no one around for miles. It's a truly liberating feeling.

I've long had a real passion for photographing aspects of Americana. This group of photos is part of a project entitled "The Primitive Road". Taken in September and October 2015. I spent 2 weeks travelling from Colorado, through Utah and ending up in Arizona. Literally, from mountain to desert. To quote a cliché, everything is big in the States. But it's true.

The skies are vast, full of clouds or stars. 360 degree views allow you to take in the most breathtaking landscapes. The mountains look higher, the canyons are deeper, and the roads are longer.

Street furniture, unfamiliar to a Brit, takes on almost legendary status. The road signs for Route 66, vivid neon illuminations and railroad crossing signs, all have this air of "cool". Even they are bigger, bolder and brighter. Signs commonplace in the UK seem so dull in comparison.

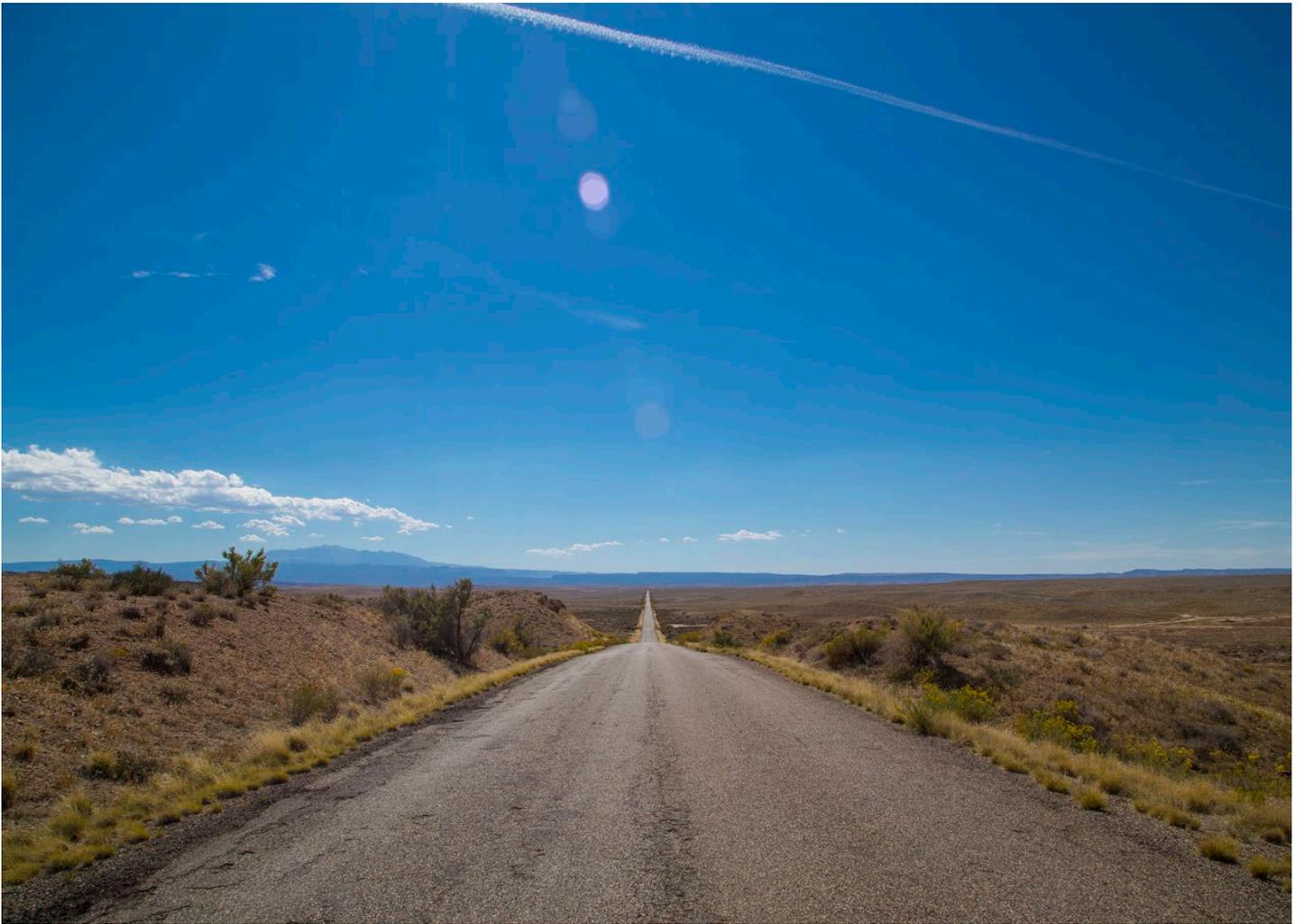
Being back home, although I live in a rural location, I feel enclosed. I have great views from my garden, but they're not expansive. I can't wait to return to the US and get back on the road. And to quote Jack K, there'll be "nothing behind me, and everything ahead of me". That's life on the road.

















MARK RIDES A BIKE

Bill Pusztai

Mark rides a bike. Everywhere. He's ridden it around Oahu despite a lack of pavement, from Toronto to Montreal, from the Brandenburg Gate to Wannsee a few times, from San Francisco to Los Angeles twice, all over the lower mainland of British Columbia, and in just about every county of California. He wants to ride it in Iceland, Newfoundland, Norway and Alaska sometime. If you're on the Gulf Islands next spring you just may see him, or you can tweet him at @nordurson if you want to suggest another road...







MIKE RIDES A BIKE | 1348





MIKE RIDES A BIKE | 1371



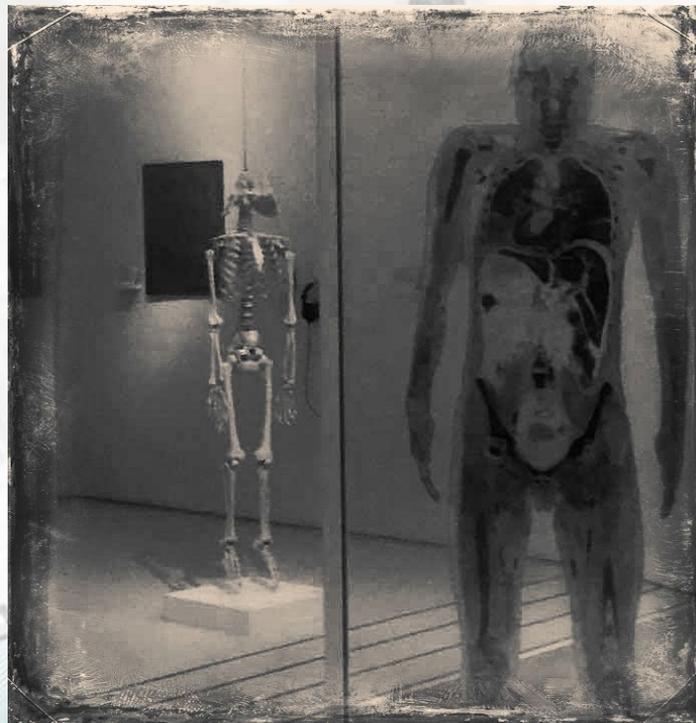
CONNECTION ADDICTION

Gerard Majella Floyd

My friend and his boyfriend keep on telling me I should try it that if I did I would love it. They keep pushing it on me, they are getting their daily fix and they want me to have the same incredible experience. They keep telling me “you need to do it, life is more fun and the sex is absolutely fucking mind blowing!” but I keep telling them about that time I tried it and had a really bad experience, a lot of bad shit went down. At first I was having the time of my life I felt so light and free that I thought I could dance on clouds, it felt like the feeling would never end but it did and I found it really hard to deal with the mess and depression of the come down afterwards.

I know what the problem was is what my friend keeps saying “it’s all about getting good quality” and he tells me he knows of a number of really good sources he has assured me it’s the good stuff and if I want he can hook me up.

I’m not convinced about this good stuff, can you tell just by looking at it? Everyone thinks they’ve got the best stuff but you really never know what you’ve got until it’s already in your system. I thought I had the good stuff before but I had no idea how bad it was for me until it was too late.



My friends clearly have an addiction and it is likely to last the rest of their lives, it makes them happy and its natural that they want me to be just as happy as they are. They have become well and truly hooked and what is their drug of choice? It’s love! They are each other’s “right one” and they want me to find mine so I will be hooked too. Don’t they realise the damage that love can do? If they have any idea at all then their current state of euphoria

has numbed them to the memory of the pain and how devastating the loss of connection and love can be. What about the long term side effects? I have heard some people say that impotence and loss of interest in sex are just the start. Seriously though I am happy for all my coupled friends and perhaps a little envious too. They really care and I am very lucky that I have friends that want the same kind of happiness for me.

Love is the deepest most sought after form of connection and somehow from birth we are driven to seek it out but why? I suppose if we didn’t have that drive the

human race might become extinct.

This message to connect is written somewhere in our unconscious and is expressed in every part of life. In fact its everywhere on TV, at the movies and even in children’s stories opening up a gateway to a lifetime of human dependency and maybe that’s OK isn’t it how we spend our first 9 months of life anyway?

Have you ever heard that saying: “You are born alone and you die alone” I don’t really believe that or at least I think it’s only half true.

If it were true, that we are born alone, then why do most of us spend our lives feeling incomplete searching for someone or something to make us feel whole. I don’t think it’s ever possible to crave something you’ve never had a taste of and I have been thinking that there must be some fundamental loss of connection that drives us towards connecting with each other.

Is it because we originated from and grew inside another human being and it’s the loss of that connection that is pulling us through life even with the knowledge that it will all end?

My conception began with a loss, the little death, *Le petite mort* as the French like to call it. My mother was mid menopause and the fact that one of my fathers sperm managed to find and fertilize one of her eggs has always been deemed an accident in my family, a menopausal mishap and disaster. I prefer to see it as survival against the odds an innate drive towards connection. The story of a very determined but lonely sperm and an egg holding on in the hope that it would eventually reach it’s potential.

My mother went into labor, she was in her early 40s

and tired from having raised 6 children, I am told that it lasted three days and although I don’t know what a dry birth is my birth was apparently a dry birth. This was Ireland in the 70s and I know my mother liked a drink or two so I’ve just kind of always assumed it meant she was sober when she gave birth. I don’t consciously remember the pain and frustration of my birth but I am certain we bore it together both of us fighting and struggling for release. I was not alone when I first felt the cool April air on my bald sticky head in those first few moments of life I was whole, complete and connected. I don’t consciously remember being in the womb, I don’t remember how my mother shared her life with me, how everything she ate nourished both of us but the fact that I am here seems to be proof that it happened.

Then the cord was cut and I was on my own.

Birth for all the joy that accompanies it is when all is said and done

a trauma for mother and child, a forgotten trauma. Is it this connection that I have been unconsciously missing? The warm safe connectedness of the womb, two heartbeats in perfect sync and the loss and trauma of being ripped away from that. Nothing can ever compare to that first fundamental fix of connection in my mothers belly.



Touch

your card on the reader

Is it the process of birth that triggers in us the tendency towards actualization? We constantly strive to be better, we try to be more than we are because a part of us remembers the loss we felt at birth and it keeps us chasing that feeling of completeness.

When I look out at the world I see an almost perfect mirror of the internal workings of our bodies we have created civilization in our own image. We built roads so we can connect more easily with one another they are something we forge and follow. Roads are one of the first manifestations of our need to reach out and connect with each other. From a distance they begin to look an awful lot like the circulatory system a world of interconnectedness and interdependence big city roundabouts like giant hearts pumping people round the cities towards and away from each other. life spreading and growing with every new connection that is made. Trains arrive at stations injecting people into cities, people that are driven and hungry for something more, something that will make them feel complete. We are humanity and connection is our drug. As a society we build cities with increasingly efficient and sophisticated infrastructure that is ultimately a delivery system for human connectivity.

I look at my friends and it's exciting to watch them getting high off each other, I want some of that good stuff too but I get scared I will become dependent and what if the source dries up? Who knows? Connection is always a bit of a gamble and a risk. I'm cautious and that can be lonely but I remind myself that I was conceived from a very determined sperm and an egg not willing to give up on its potential to be more. Hope and survival has

been written into my DNA.



I get that its great to share your life but being single is pretty great too: no one ever complains when I hog the covers, I always know how much milk is in the fridge and I get to watch exactly what I want on the TV. I would go round pushing my single life on all my coupled friends but even as I write this "I" just doesn't sound quite as intoxicating as "we". It seems obvious to me we are programmed from birth to connect to be "we" but perhaps "I" can be comfortable too.

listen
for the beep



CUENTOS DE ALCOBA

Enrique Landgrave ("Dr. Dodo")

[Cuentos de Alcoba] aborda el desnudo masculino como personaje. Su altura, anchura, longitud, su profundidad. Empiezo retratando el cuerpo en su totalidad o en fracciones. Pues concibo el cuerpo como una suerte de dibujo, de contorno, paisaje, ó como una idea. Un cuerpo es corpulento, incluso, cuando es esbelto. Un cuerpo no para de sentir. Mi interés por el desnudo masculino en la fotografía del siglo XX me motivó a realizar este proyecto. Y generar un estilo reconocible a partir del manejo de luz y la escala tonal. Otras fuentes de inspiración son: el cine erótico, pornografía y el grabado erótico japonés (Shunga). Este proyecto se identifica con la revista, ya que también se encuentra en la búsqueda de nuevas formas para retratar y mirar el cuerpo masculino.

Lo que me interesa retratar en estas foto secuencias, es aquello que se escapa a la vista cuando contemplamos un cuerpo; el ánimo. Ese pliegue...escurrido enteramente a todo lo largo de un cuerpo, insinuada, tentacular, modelante, omnipresente. Pues lo primero que siente el alma es el cuerpo. Percibe sobre la piel donde se extiende, toda una serie de fuerzas, tensiones y estiramientos. Porque es la piel, la que toca y se hace tocar. Acaricia yhalaga. Cada cuerpo es una diferencia, una fuerza.



Poseo mi cuerpo, me es propio, en la exacta medida en que no me pertenece, porque a su vez él me posee: me tira, me molesta, me aturde, me detiene, me empuja, me rechaza. Somos un par de poseídos. Así que, echando mano de proyecciones, objetos, textos, símbolos, etc. creo ambientes en los que despojo de rostro, así como de identidad a mis sujetos. Consiguiendo que cuerpo y entorno se fundan en una sola escena. El objetivo: capturar un gesto, una gota esencial de aquello que llena un cuerpo.

[Tales of the Bedroom] addresses the male nude as a character. Its height, width, length, depth. I start portraying the body in whole or in fractions. As I conceive the body as a kind of drawing, landscape, contour, or as an idea. A body is big, even when it is lean. A body never stops feeling. My interest in the male nude in photography, of the twentieth century motivated me to do this project. As to, generate a recognizable Style starting from a particular use of light and tonal scale. Other inspirations to this project are: erotic cinema, pornography and erotic Japanese print (Shunga).



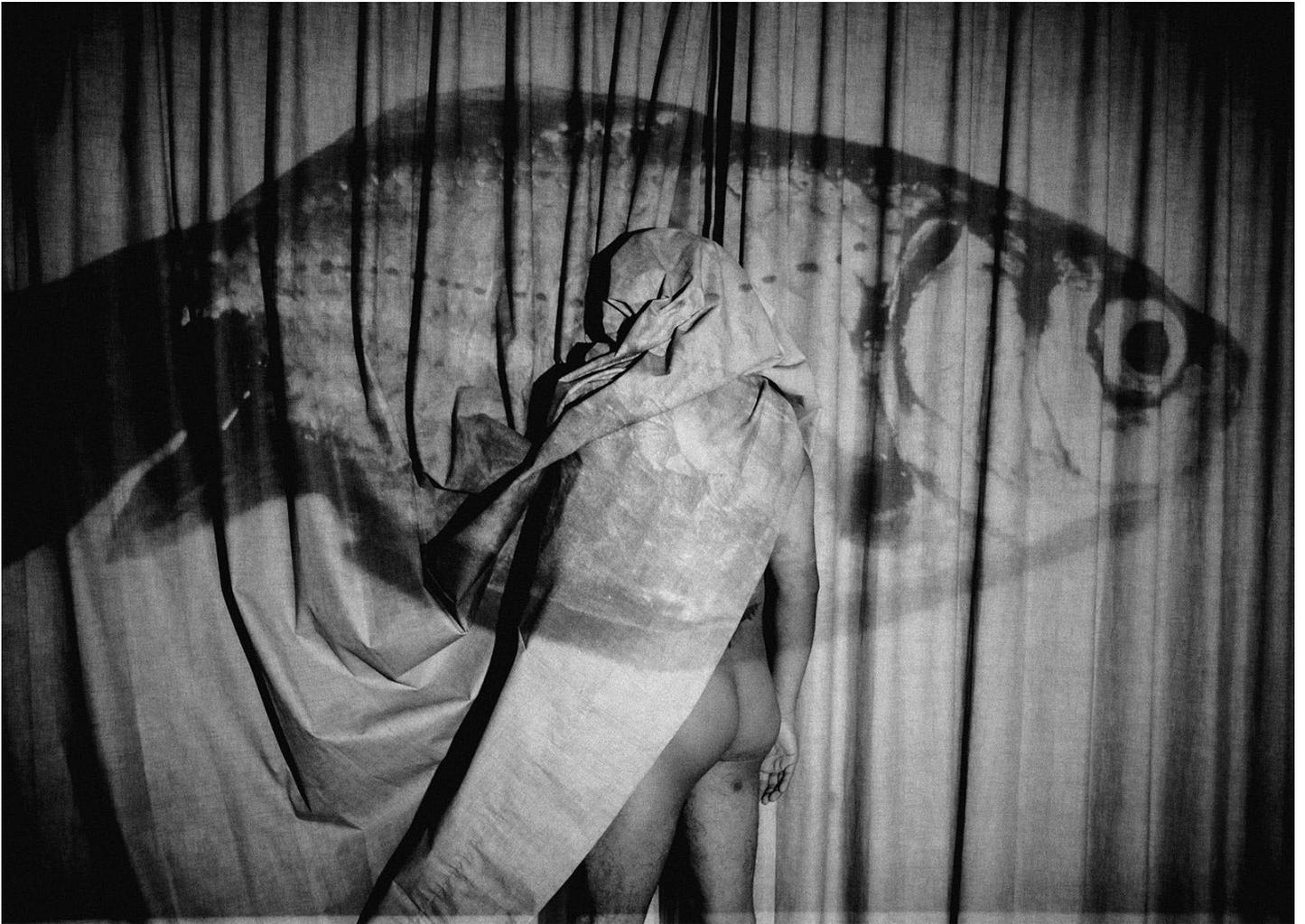
"DARK AND WARM. OBVIOUS AND MYSTERIOUS", 2014. PIEZOGRAPHY BW; INKJET CARBON AND SELENIUM BASED PIGMENTS OVER BAMBOO PAPER. (13 X 19")



"DEMON LOVER", 2014. PIEZOGRAPHY COLOR; INKJET OF 100% PIGMENTS, JON CONE COLOR K2 AND K3 OVER BAMBOO PAPER. (13 X 19")



"BAD DREAMS", 2014. PIEZOGRAPHY BW, INKJET CARBON AND SELENIUM BASED PIGMENTS OVER BAMBOO PAPER. (13 X 19")



This project identifies with the magazine, for it is also in the search of new ways to portray and gaze at the male body.

What interests me in this photo sequences, is something that escapes the eye when we look at a body; the Anima. That fold...drained entirely throughout a body, hinted, tentacular, Modelling, omnipresent. For the first thing that the soul feels is the body. Perceives over the skin in which it extends, a number of forces, stresses and stretches. Because it is the skin the one that touches, and let's itself be touched. Caresses and flatters. Every Body is a difference, a force. My own my body befits me, it is mine, in the exact same measure in which is not, for it, in turns possesses me: hinders me, bothers me, stunts me, stops me, pushes me, rejects me. We are a couple possessed. So by making use of projections, objects, texts, symbols, etc. I create atmospheres where I spoil of face and identity all of my subjects. Achieving to fuse the body and environment in a single scene. The goal: to capture a gesture, an essential drop of that which fills a body.



"I'M GONNA GO TO SLEEP", 2015. PIEZOGRAPHY BW; INKJET CARBON AND SELENIUM BASED PIGMENTS OVER BAMBOO PAPER. (13 x 19")



"UNTITLED", 2015. PIEZOGRAPHY COLOR; INKJET OF 100% PIGMENTS, JON CONE COLOR K2 AND K3 OVER BAMBOO PAPER. (13 X 19")



ANTICO MARE

Balam Yapur

Nos movemos en el pretérito de un océano interno. El ritmo de las mareas cesó siglos atrás y los habitantes de estas aguas involucionaron en polvo. El piélago es ahora espacio vacío bajo cielo abierto. Los muros abisales se erigieron en cumbres de imponentes curvaturas donde se mece el sol.

Gime el ocaso y su estertor crepita en naranjas, amarillos rosáceos y se extingue el calor. La noche se anuncia y humedece el lecho de sal. Observo tus ojos y me penetra el cosmos. Un camino de estrellas ascenderá cuando culmine el ocaso en este desierto aparente, espectro del mar.

Unimos las sombras a la orilla de este marítimo antecedente, desierto pendiente.



ANCIENT SEA

We move into the past of an inland ocean. The rhythm of the tides ended centuries ago and the inhabitants of these waters have turned to dust. The brine is now empty space under the open sky. The walls of the abyss were erected on peaks of imposing curves where the sun continues to shine.

The sunset groans and rattles in orange, yellow and rose, as its heat is extinguished. The night is announced and dew settles on the bed of salt. I look into your eyes and the cosmos penetrates me. A path of stars will ascend when dusk culminates in this apparent desert, ghost of the sea.

We unite our shadows at the edge of this maritime past, this pending desert.

Models

Michele Pulisci
Turis de la Mora





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NEXT SPREAD: 30552











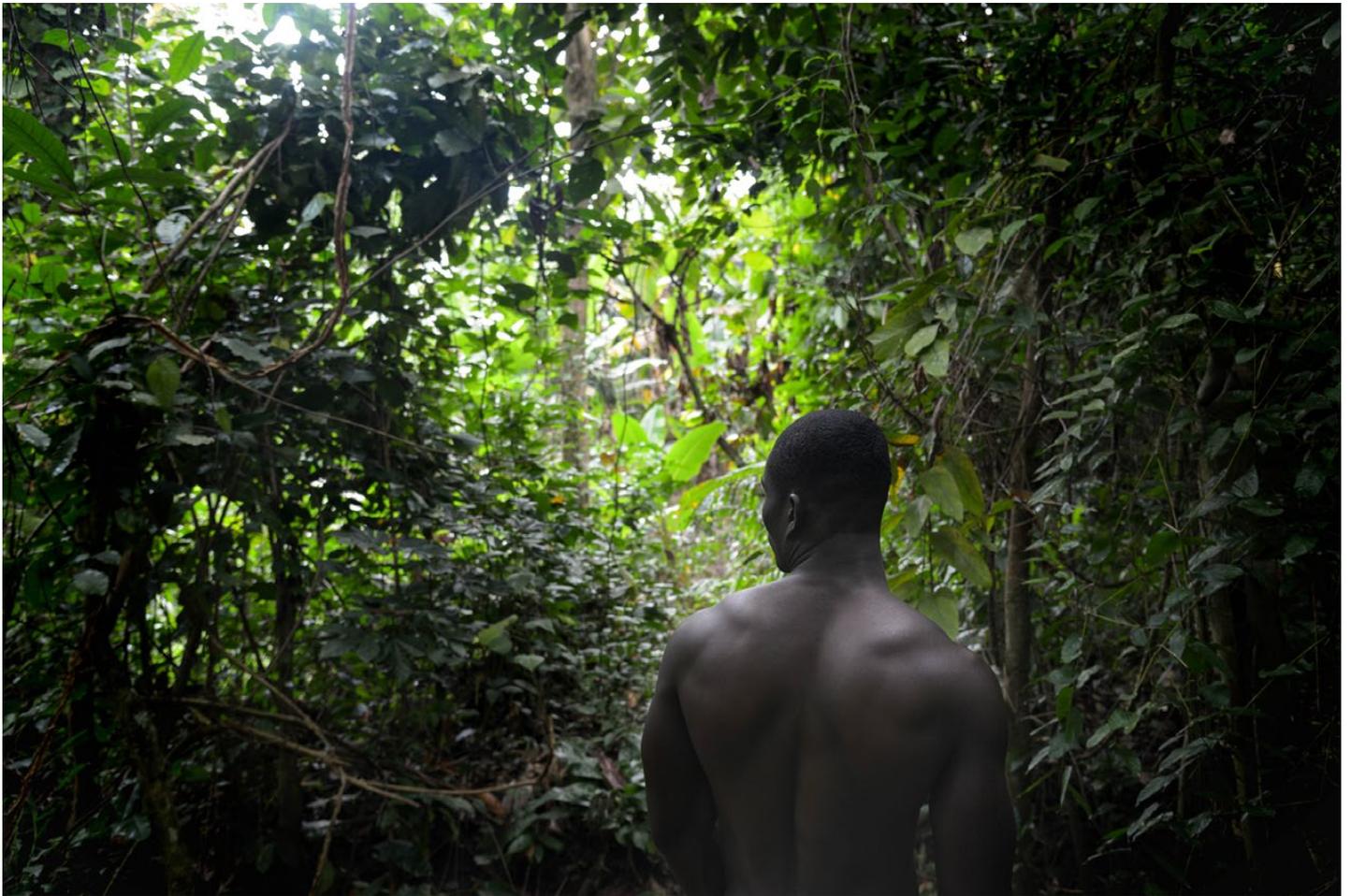
GHANA : SUR LES CHEMINS DE TRAVERSE

Jean-Christophe Huet

Mon expérience des voyages m'a montré qu'il existait deux types de pays : ceux où l'on sait où l'on va et ceux où l'on s'égaré, au hasard des rencontres, des imprévus, des incidents inévitables qui émaillent le déplacement le plus insignifiant. Le Ghana appartient à ces derniers. Un regard, la magie d'un lieu, la douceur d'un sourire modifie le chemin que l'on devait prendre et transforme à tout jamais le voyageur qui devait l'emprunter.

My travel experience showed me that there were two types of countries : those where we know where we are going and those where we go astray , chance encounters , the unexpected, unavoidable incidents punctuate the most insignificant movement. Ghana belongs to the latter. A look, the magic of a place, the sweetness of a smile modifies the intended path and changes the traveller forever.





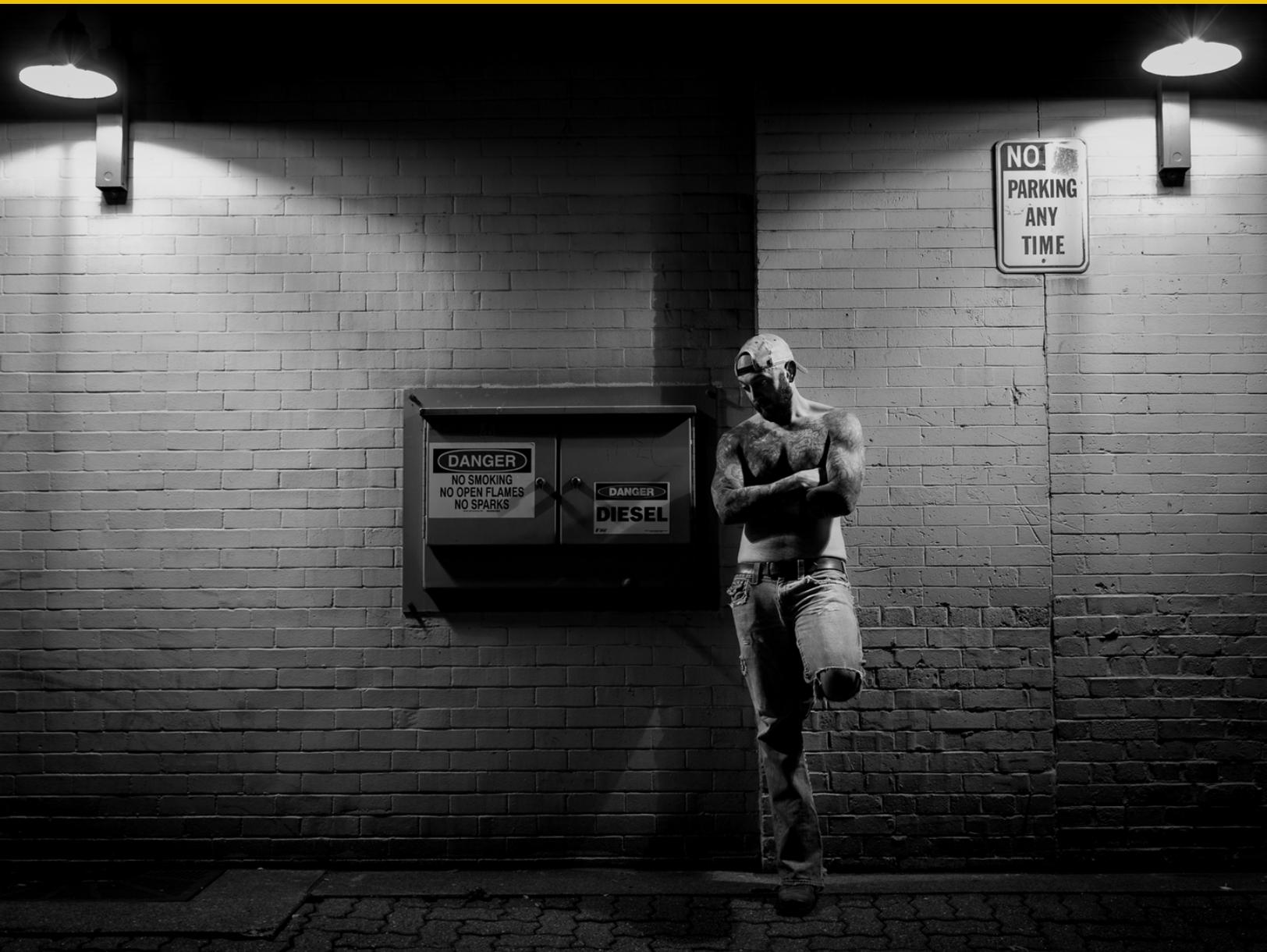












SEATTLE STREETS

Daniel Jeffrey

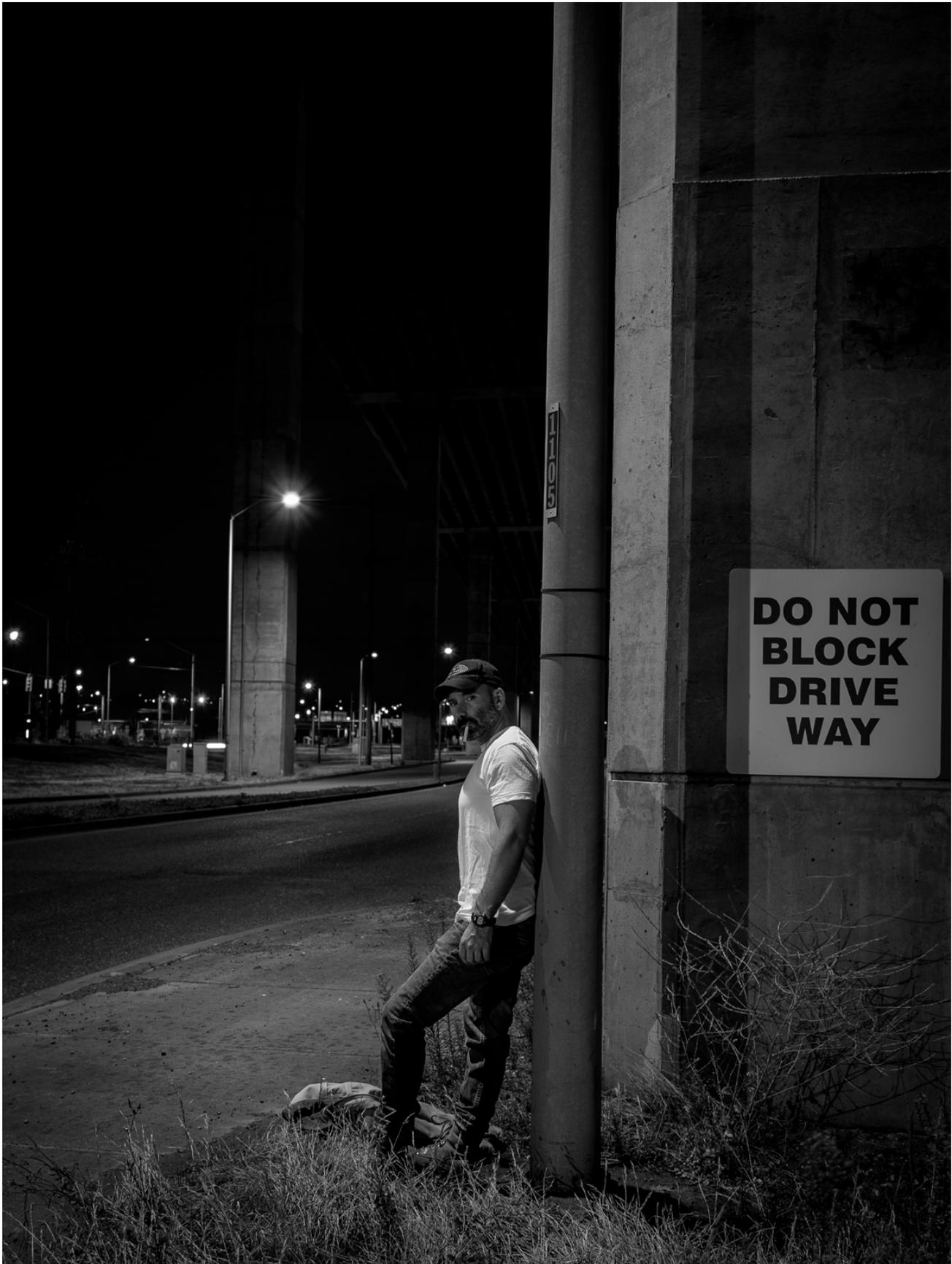
The Seattle Streets are dark and sexy. As the daylight fades the city lights flicker on and illuminate the scenes only few are privy to: rough men, street hustlers and sex in undisclosed locations – but only if you know where to look! Any corner can and will open your eyes to what you need, what you desire and the things your mother warned you about.

You can see more of Daniel's work at www.danieljeffreyp photography.com



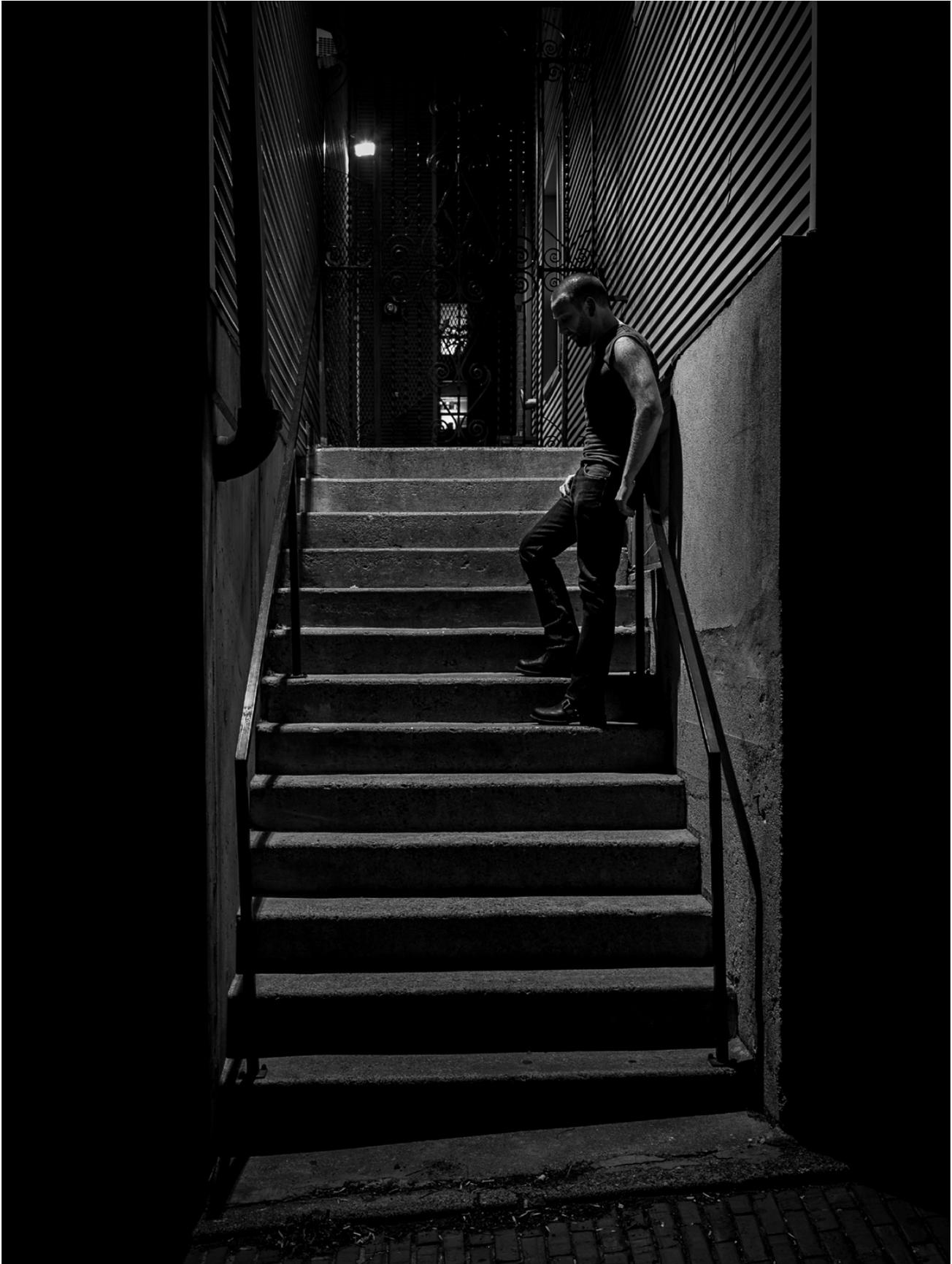
















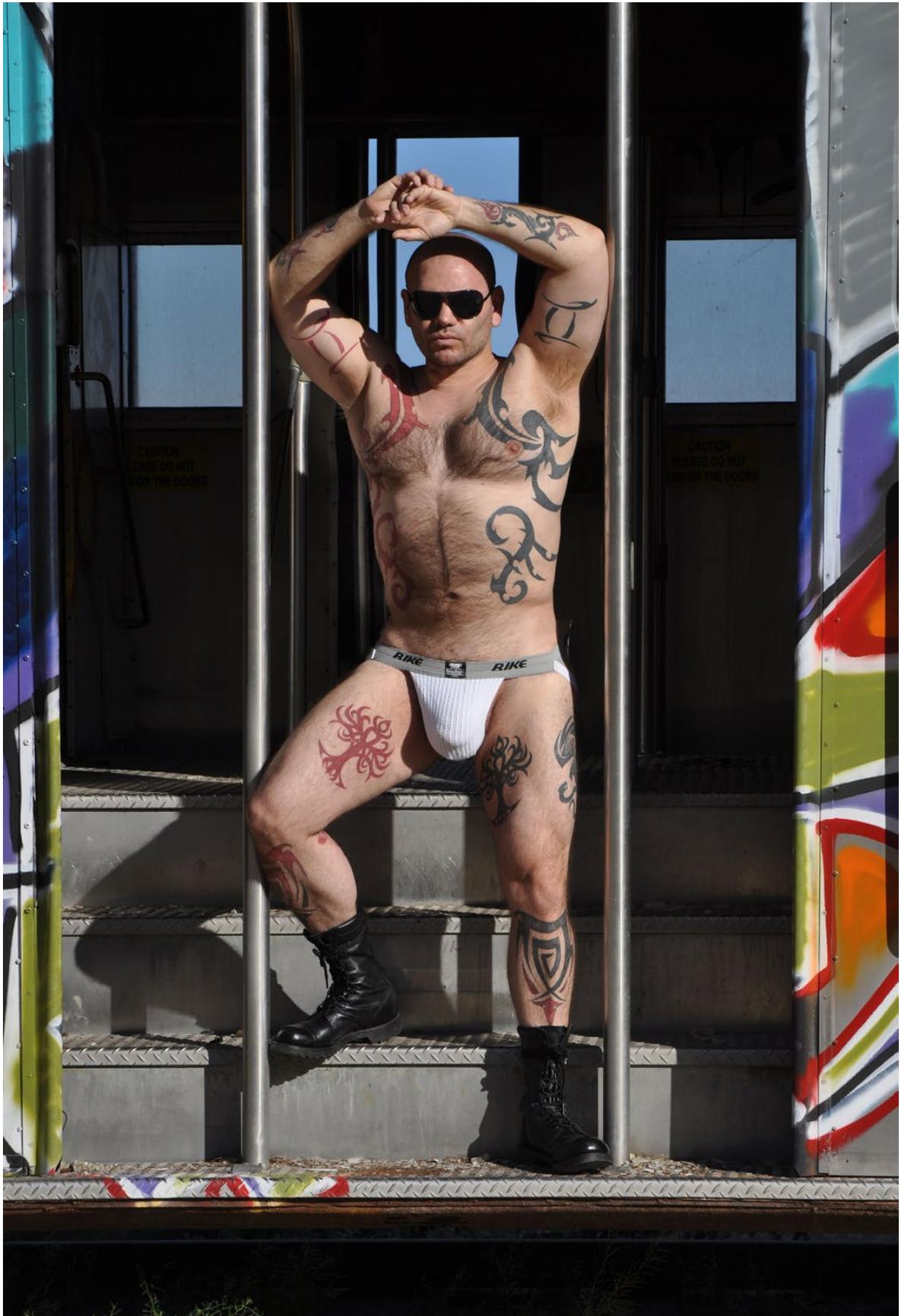


THE IRON ROAD

David Gray - Yogabear Studio

Iconic, evocative, and often overused, images of railways embody everything from manifest destiny to soft porn. I've been lucky to have access to an amazing location in the San Diego desert, along a deserted railway. It includes weathered trestle bridges, tunnels, and abandoned train cars. I love this spot, and it's always a hit with the guys I shoot.











PATRICK







THE ROAD

Jean Mailloux

Roads are planned and built by humans to meet their numerous needs. They are transition tools that we use to go from one place to another. While some of them are brand new, others have been there for centuries, taking various shapes and forms. However, all of them can hold their share of surprises at a moment or another.

What happens when we find ourselves in the middle of nowhere, lost after having followed a wrong itinerary?

What happens when the road taken is a dead end or has been closed without warning?

What happens when after driving for a while we realize that the destination is no more the place we wanted to reach or that it is no longer a safe place to be?

















[CLICK HERE TO VIEW THE VIDEO](#)



THE LAST TRIP

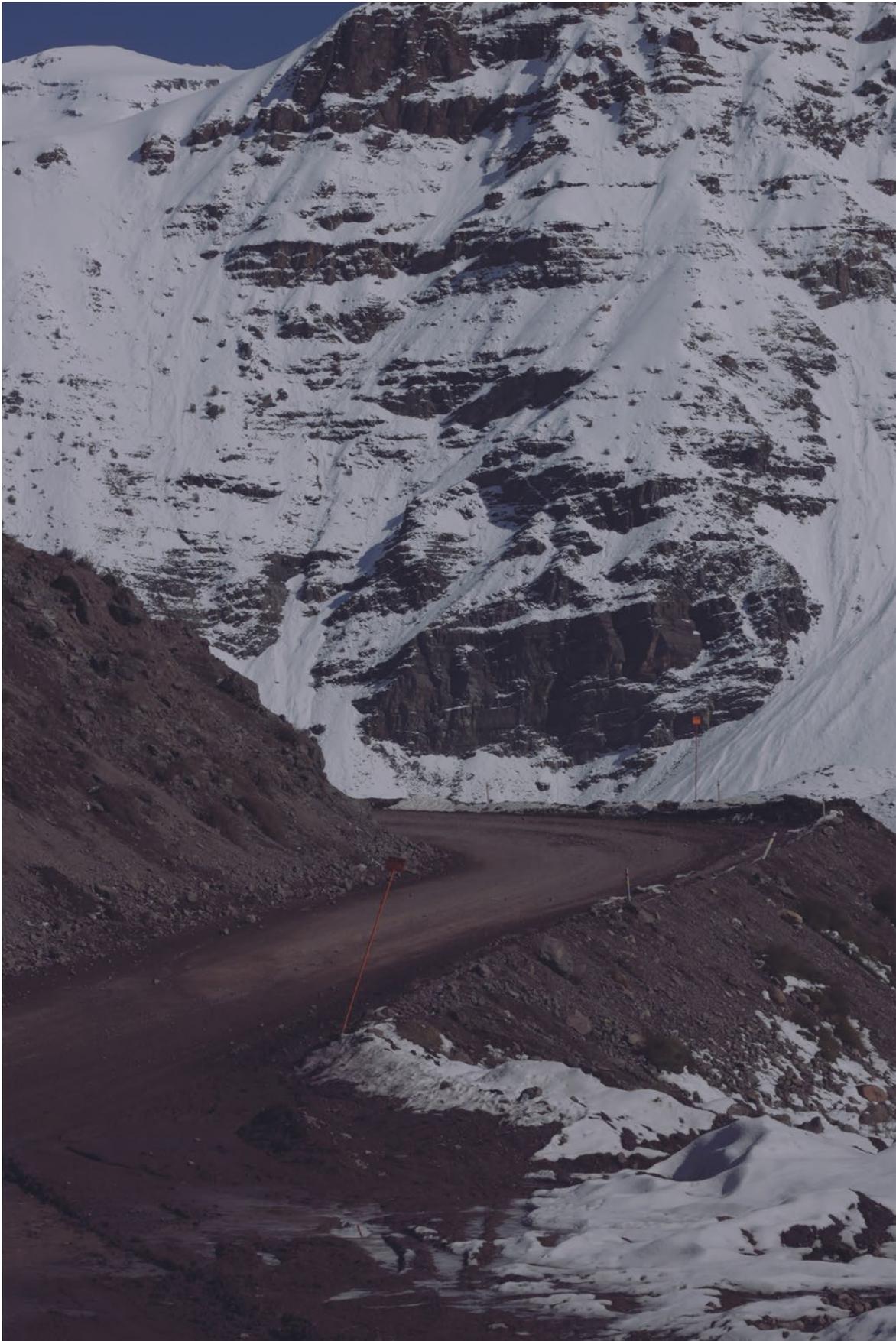
Claudio Poblete

The last trip

“Take this sinking boat and point it home
We’ve still got time
Raise your hopeful voice you have a choice
You’ll make it now...”
 (“Falling slowly”, Glen Hansard feat. Markéta Irglová)

One last trip, one last kiss, one last hug, one last moment together before a new road takes them apart.

Models: Felipe Bracelis & Farid Lazen
September 2015.

















YOU ARE HERE

*Photography: Vincent Keith
Art Direction/Model: Gerard Floyd*

You are here. It seems perfectly obvious, even a truism. You are always here, wherever you happen to be. But sometimes, its worth repeating. You. Are. Here. Take everything that makes you the person you are. The journeys all your ancestors took, both individually and severally. The laws and evolution of society that made things like movement, freedom of religion or of association. The industrial revolution and the many forms of emancipation and suffrage that we have gone through. That's all the macro stuff - the background noise. You're great grandfather managed to either make it through the war or make a child with someone before he was killed - simple example.

But as we get closer to you, the macro becomes more micro. How your parent's met. Was it at university or at a cousin's wedding. What kind of parents were they to you? And of course, that was largely influenced by the parents they had. Do you have siblings - were you constantly trying to push an other egg out of the nest, or were you the one being pushed? Were you driven and keen in school or sport? Those aptitudes and interests made you who you are. And who do you love? What excites you? Those appetites drive life choices.









We take the 'Are' part for granted. Consciousness is a requirement for being able to recognise and appreciate that we exist. Both physically and intellectually - we occupy space, consume resources and impact the environment. We do this with people too.

Then there's the 'Here'. That's a little bit more subtle. Yes of course, there are the physical coordinates for where you are standing or sitting right now. But that's just one kind of here. Here is also a date in time. It is a moment in history. It is an atmosphere, a time of year and era. But are we all here? Do we all share the same experience? Do all of our constituent parts and emotions and thoughts exist at the same time and in the same place? Are we the same person in a suit

giving a speech at a conference as when standing at a funeral or in the embrace of someone we love.

I nearly called this series 'Intersections' because I see all of the accidents of history and actions of our ancestors coupled with the choices we make to be a jumble of intersections, paths crossing through time, even if many of these paths are imperceptible to us. But I chose 'You Are Here' because it spoke a deeper truth. It places the importance of all the other accidents of history and nature and time in their proper position and focuses on the one true and timeless fact, a sort of tangible trinity - You. Are. Here.

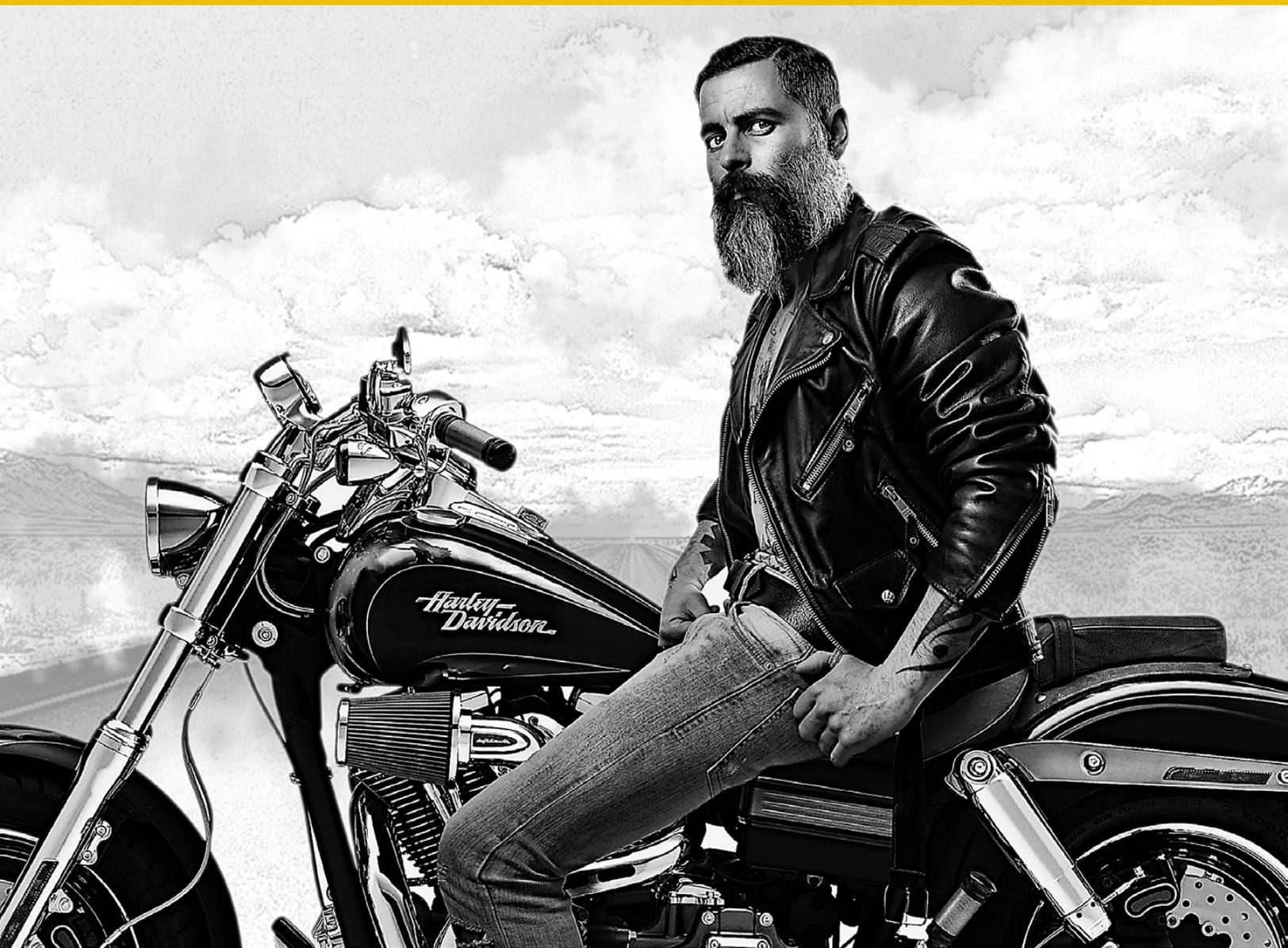












KINGS OF THE ROAD

Guillermo Gallardo Medina

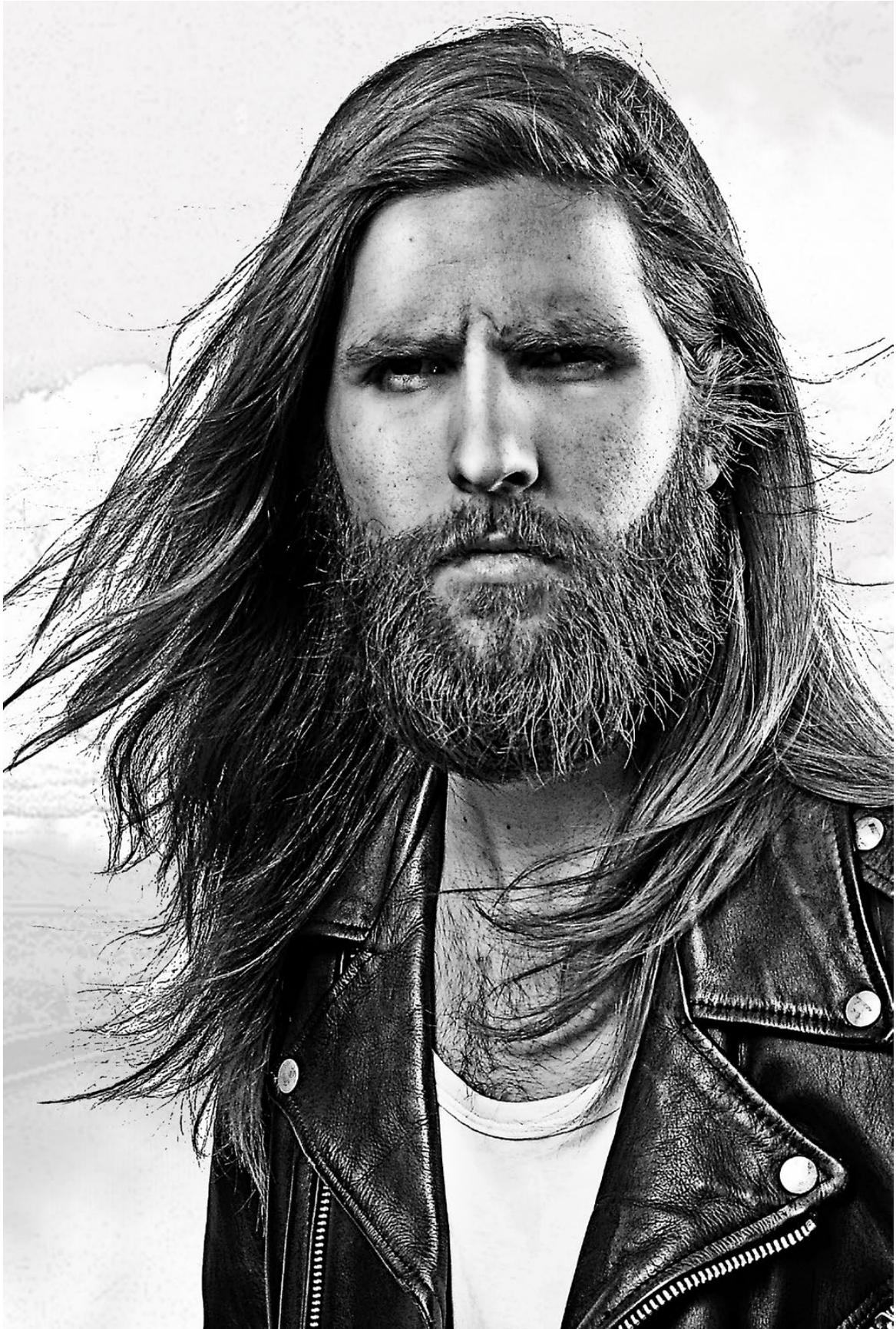
Leather, beer, cigarettes, gasoline smell, the smoke of the exhaust pipes... They are the kings of the road, a different tribe, a family whose ties are not from blood but something much more intense, a way of seeing and living life, in freedom, on two wheels. Their home is their motorcycle, their mean of transportation, their passport to freedom, open to endless roads leading nowhere, or maybe everywhere.

The vintage leather jacket, reminiscent of the eighties, comes back to mark a lifestyle, it is a protection, but also a distinction against others. And the skin marked by a thousand and one tattoos, revealing his life story, it is in their DNA, it cannot be otherwise. Perhaps it is difficult

to understand for someone who does not have or has never had a motorcycle, that different feeling that begins as soon as you feel the leather seat between your legs, you wear a helmet and you isolate yourself from the world and its problems.

And then your life just follows a broken line, and a landscape that unfolds before you, sometimes the dust will not let you look beyond and your vision becomes a landscape in black and white, sometimes you can inhale smells of nature. Biker life is perhaps more intense than that of mere mortals, perhaps a secret that only they know.



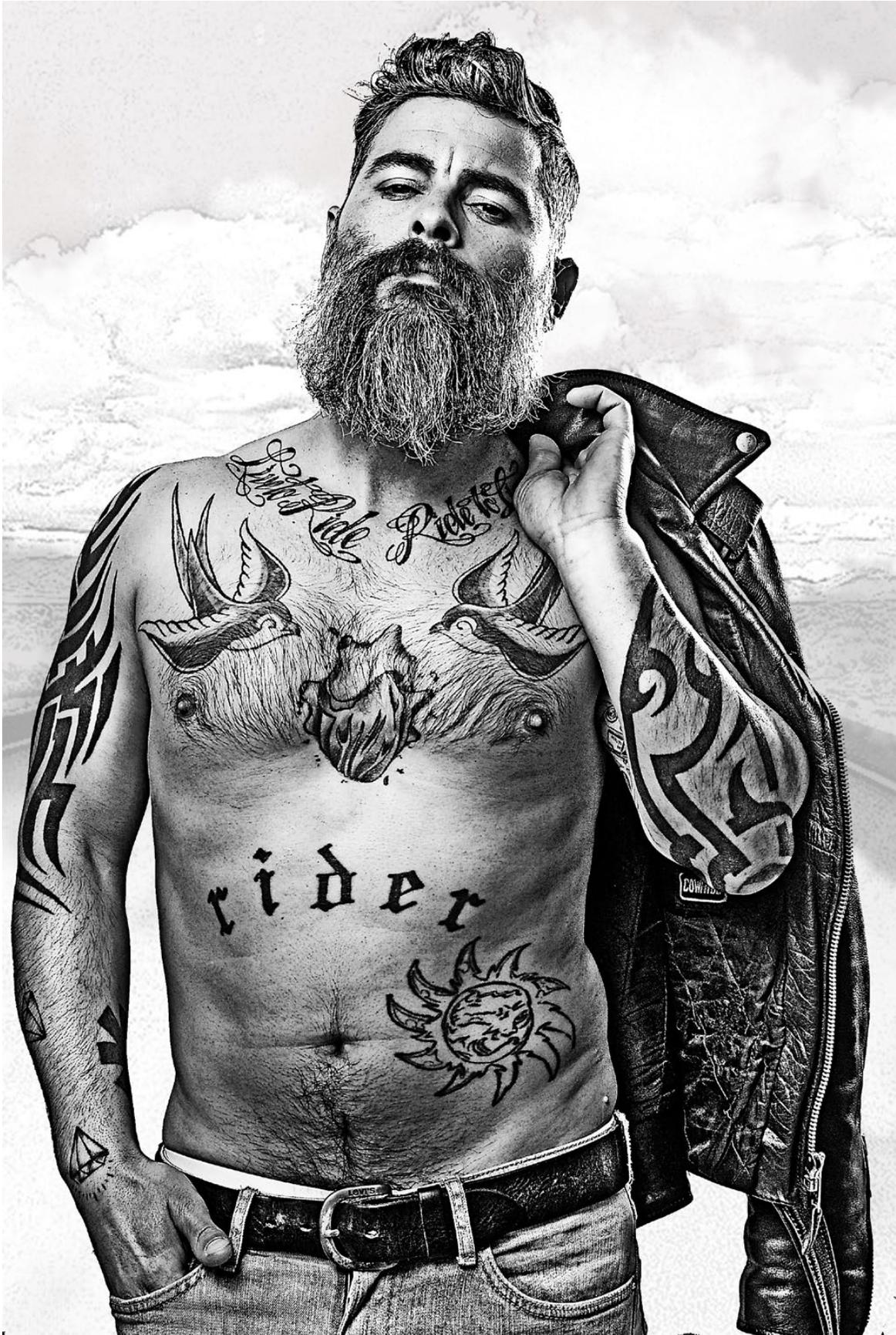














LONG DISTANCE

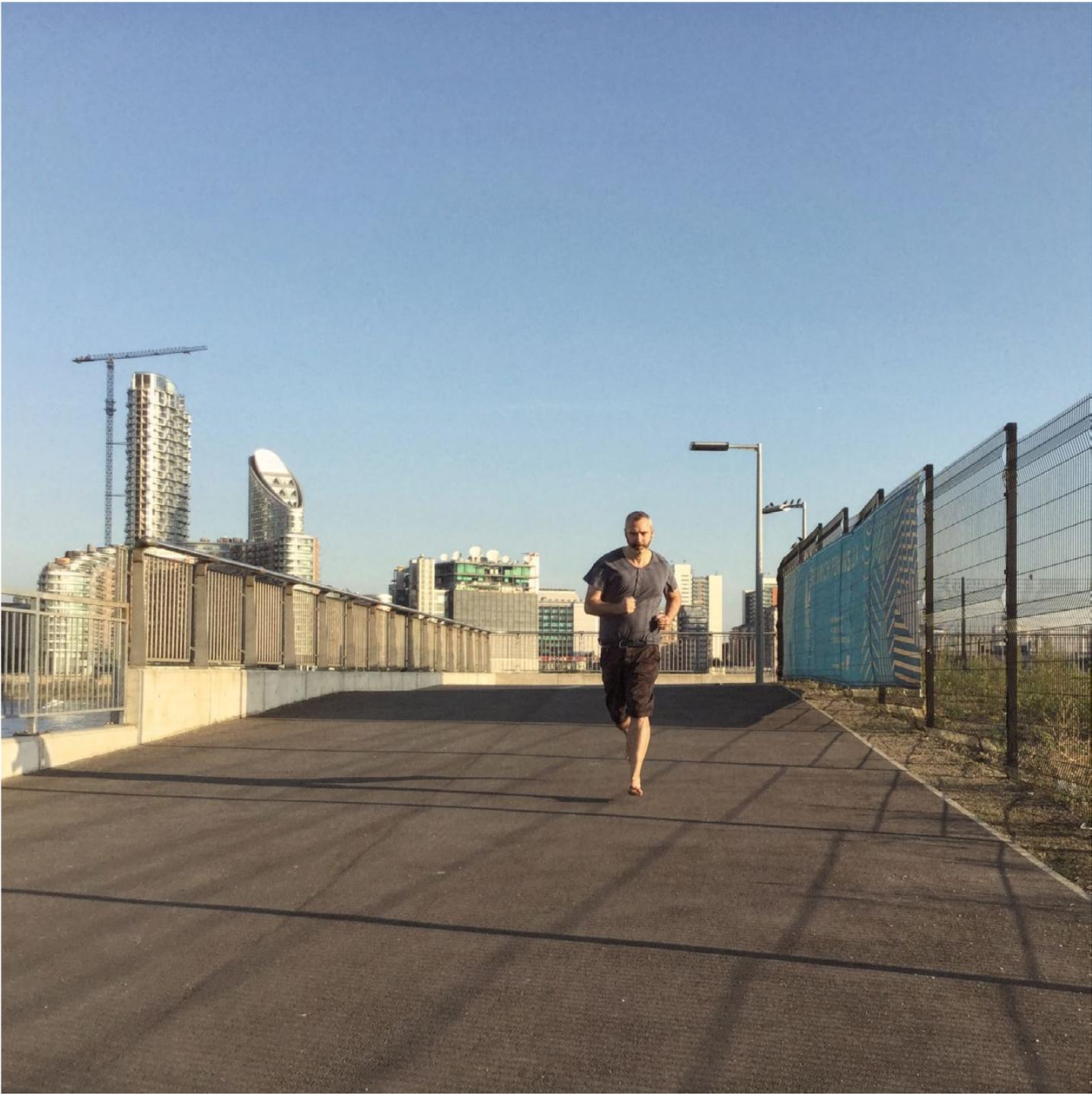
Scott Hamilton

Never a team player at school, I hated the PE lessons which consisted of a football and directions to the playing fields. Only when they declared lessons in athletics would I shine; easily the fastest sprinter in my year (and most others), outrunning my classmates was a simple task. Maybe having George McNeil (who in 1972 was crowned world professional sprint champion after winning three of four races against USA Olympic champion Tommie Smith) as a cousin had something to do with that. These days, though, it is more about endurance than speed and the prevention of joint damage common to distance runners. Researching

the best shoes for the job revealed that no shoes were the best shoes for the job. Apparently, running barefoot encourages the body to perform a natural cadence which prevents damage to the joints.

Alone with my thoughts on the deserted roads at the start or end of the day brings the peace of mental and physical well-being. Maybe the Aloneness Of The Long Distance Runner would have been a more accurate title.

You can see more of Scott Hamilton's works at www.snapschotts.co.uk







(L): PERHAPS THE STRANGE ONES
(R): RAIN.. I DON'T MIND







PROTEUS MAN

Manel Ortega

I first encountered Proteus a few weeks ago. He had been living in Brighton but was thinking seriously about returning back to Spain.

As we spoke I was struck by just how special he was. He has something; a rawness, a magnetism. And I knew at once I wanted to photograph him for *Mascular*.

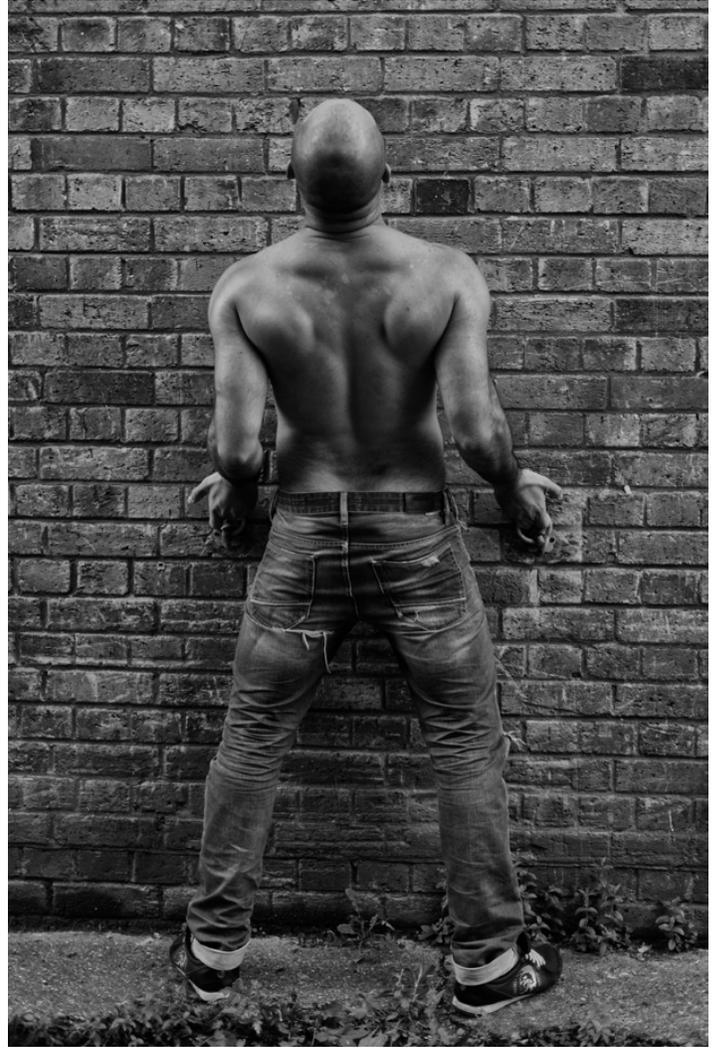
Although I was clear in my mind, for Proteus, this was a big decision. Not only the first time he'd be featured in a magazine but being naked so publicly was something he had to think very carefully about. Despite his beauty, he has insecurities about himself.

Ultimately he agreed and these pictures mark a point of change in Proteus's life. The end of one journey here in the UK and the start of a new road that leads back home. To have been a small part of his travels, and to have recorded this to share here is something I am grateful to him for.

I wish Proteus well wherever his road leads him. I hope our paths cross again one day and I can capture another step along the way.





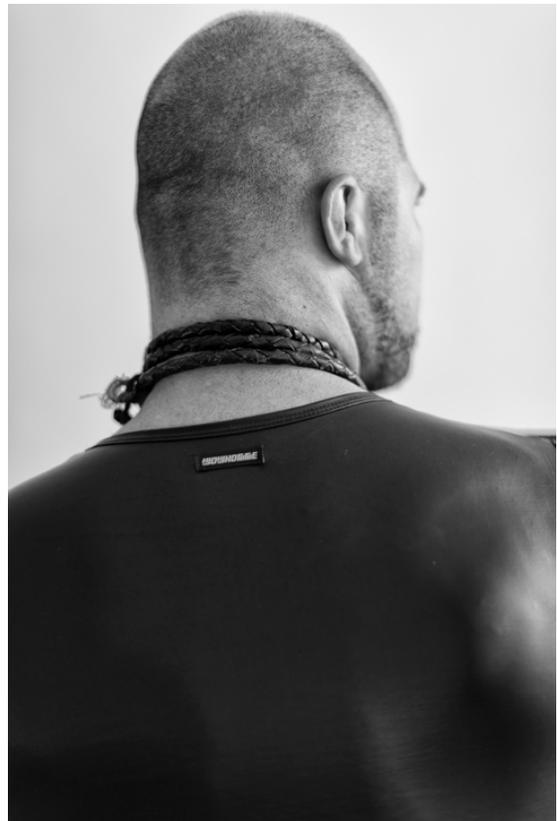


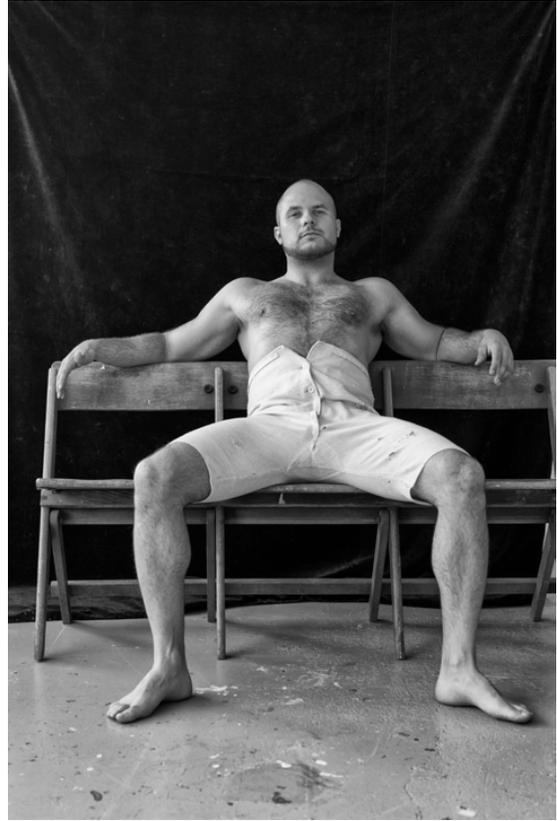
(L): PROTEUS MAN | 4; (R): PROTEUS MAN | 5





(T): PROTEUS MAN | 8; (B): PROTEUS MAN | 9





TOP (L): PROTEUS MAN | 13; (R): PROTEUS MAN | 14
BOTTOM (L): PROTEUS MAN | 15; (R): PROTEUS MAN | 16



CAMINO

Alejandro Caspe

Una carretera es una conexión con otros mundos, otras personas, culturas y hasta con el encuentro de uno mismo, la carretera por la que andamos día con día, puede tener 2 caminos, uno que es el encuentro con nuestras limitantes, temores, y miedos que no nos permiten avanzar y a lo que le llamamos baches, el otro sentido puede ser el más fácil mas no siempre el mejor ya que nos limita como seres humanos al intentar descubrir nuevos retos, pero sea cual sea el camino uno llegara hasta al final hasta donde nuestra mente lo permita, esto es mi viaje por una carretera.

A road is a connection with other worlds, other people, cultures and meeting up with oneself, the road on which we walk every day, can have 2 directions, one being the encounter with our limitations and fears that do not allow us to move forward and what we call potholes, the other direction can be the easiest but not always the best because it limits us as human beings from trying to find new challenges, but whatever the path one chooses, you can only go as far as your mind will allow, this is my journey, this is my road.

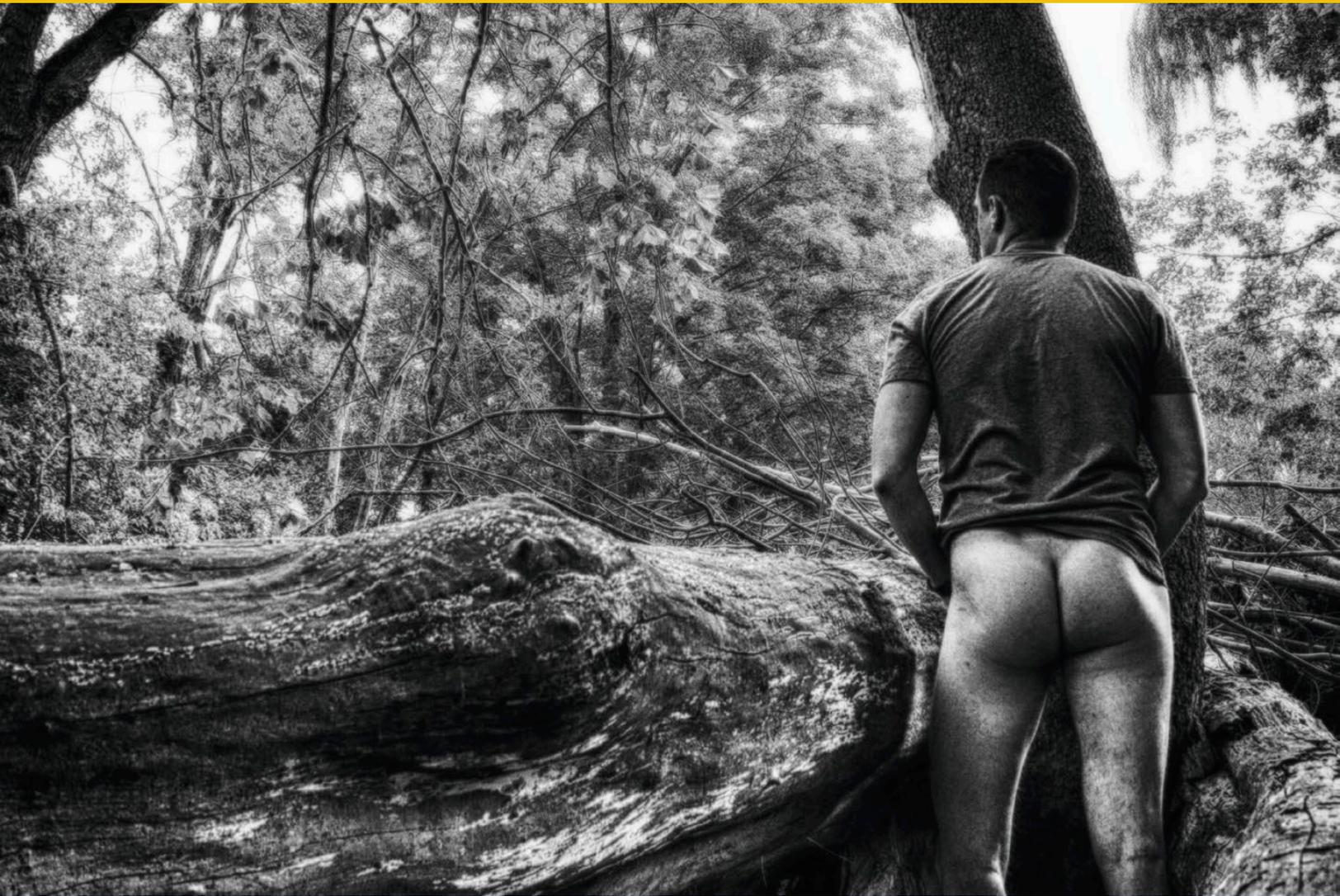












ROAD

Charles Thomas Rogers

I sometimes wonder how I've gotten here, the road I've traveled. It seems I've left some breadcrumbs.

You can see more of Charlie's work at www.charlesthomasrogers.com













THE PLACE OF DEAD ROADS

Malik M. L. Williams

My work — my most personal, heartfelt work, anyway — focuses on the lives, experiences and representations of black gay men. My life changed drastically when I moved from the Washington, DC area to Las Vegas, Nevada. Overnight the world around me became a literal and figurative desert. For most of my adult life I had found connections to others like me, to communities of black LGBT people, whether in Detroit, Atlanta or DC. But Las Vegas is different. Or I'm different or the world is different now and finding myself in the middle of this desert has left me with a sense of isolation I haven't felt since I was young, closeted, and afraid.

Maybe that's why the phrase, "The Place of Dead Roads" struck such a chord in me.

I first heard the phrase used in an episode of the television series *From Dusk Till Dawn* in the episode of the same name. A United States Marshal (a federal fugitive-hunter in America) tells his much younger partner and apprentice that the place of dead roads is "the last stop before hell," a metaphoric crossroads from which few ever return. I later found out that the expression came from the title of a 1983 novel by

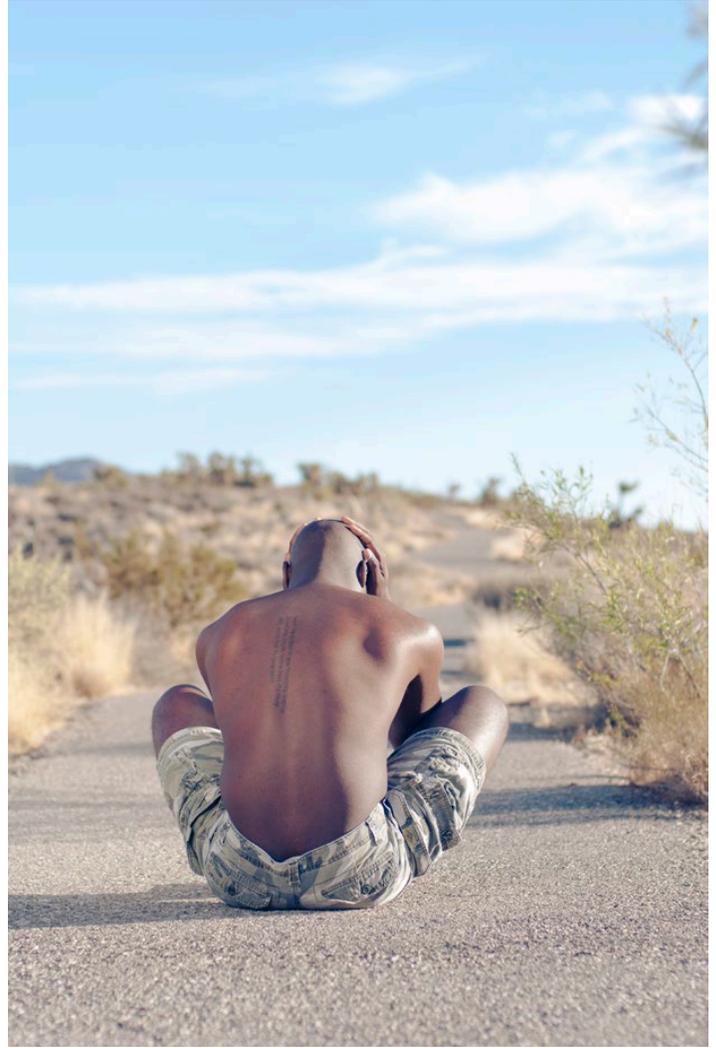
William S. Burroughs. His novel (which I have yet to read) tells the story of a gay, heroin-addicted, space-time traveling, gunslinger in the old west. I couldn't have asked for a better touchstone.

I wanted to explore the idea of one man lost to himself and alone in the sun-bleached wilderness. A man at the end of one road and, perhaps, at the beginning of another. A man at the crux of a decision: whether to move forward and move on, to turn back, or to give up and remain forever lost. I knew the vast openness around the Red Rock Canyon National Conservation Area could provide the perfect backdrop to illustrate my theme. It must have been fate that I came across model Michael James (the first openly gay, black man I've met in the two years I've been living here) just as I was giving up hope of finding someone to help me bring my concept to life. Mike proved more than willing to take the journey with me. I think I've found a new muse...

Creating the images for this story was a beautiful example of synchronicity for me. As always, while I hope these images ring true to the concept, I also hope that my own story is somehow reflected here too.







(L): UNTITLED | 4
(R): UNTITLED | 5





Model: Michael James
Assistant: Alexander Chase







JEANNIE'S DREAM MOTEL

Tim Gerken

Route 20 is the "longest continuous highway" in the United States. It more than most roads interacted with and changed the way cars were built and how built culture responded to the car. Route 20 opened the possibility to cross country travel; a family could sleep safely in motor court, get breakfast at a diner, see an attraction, eat lunch, fill up with gas, and be at the next motel by night fall; cars got bigger, more comfortable, and more family friendly. However, it was a relatively short affair. The New York State thruwayway opened in 1954 and began the slow decline of Route 20's importance to the automobile industry and automobile culture.

These photos are from stretch of Route 20 that runs from Central NY south east towards Albany. Some of the old motels are still around, but most disappeared with the gift shops, diners, and attractions that were part of the original allure of the road.

With James sporting outfits inspired by gay porn hitchhiker films from the seventies, and some beautiful late summer days, we set out to have our own playful, summer ROAD TRIP.

















ROAD

Joe Williams

When I learned that the theme for this issue of MASCULAR was ROAD, I knew these images would form my first submission. Aside from the obvious fact that a road is a visual element in each of the images, they also represent the metaphorical road of life. Like life itself, a road can sometimes be a hard, lonely place. This series of photos was the result of unexpectedly finding myself in the hardest, loneliest place I have ever been.

I am well aware that walking around the most dangerous parts of San Francisco at 3 am with several thousand dollars worth of camera equipment, getting naked and taking photos is a completely reckless endeavor. My only explanation is that I had become mentally overwhelmed by the circumstances of life. My daily existence had become minute-to-minute dread about what unexpected calamity I would have to face next. I think that this project was the creative side of my brain reacting strongly to the negativity of all the other aspects of my life. I felt compelled to take greater and greater risks in my photography.

Even now just writing about the shoots, I can feel the adrenaline begin to surge in my veins. Rather than being overwhelmed by life, these snapshots represent moments when I was most in control of my life. Ironically, I was in control, because I was lost -- lost in the creative moment. While every other second of my life at the time was devoted to survival, these moments were about getting the shot.

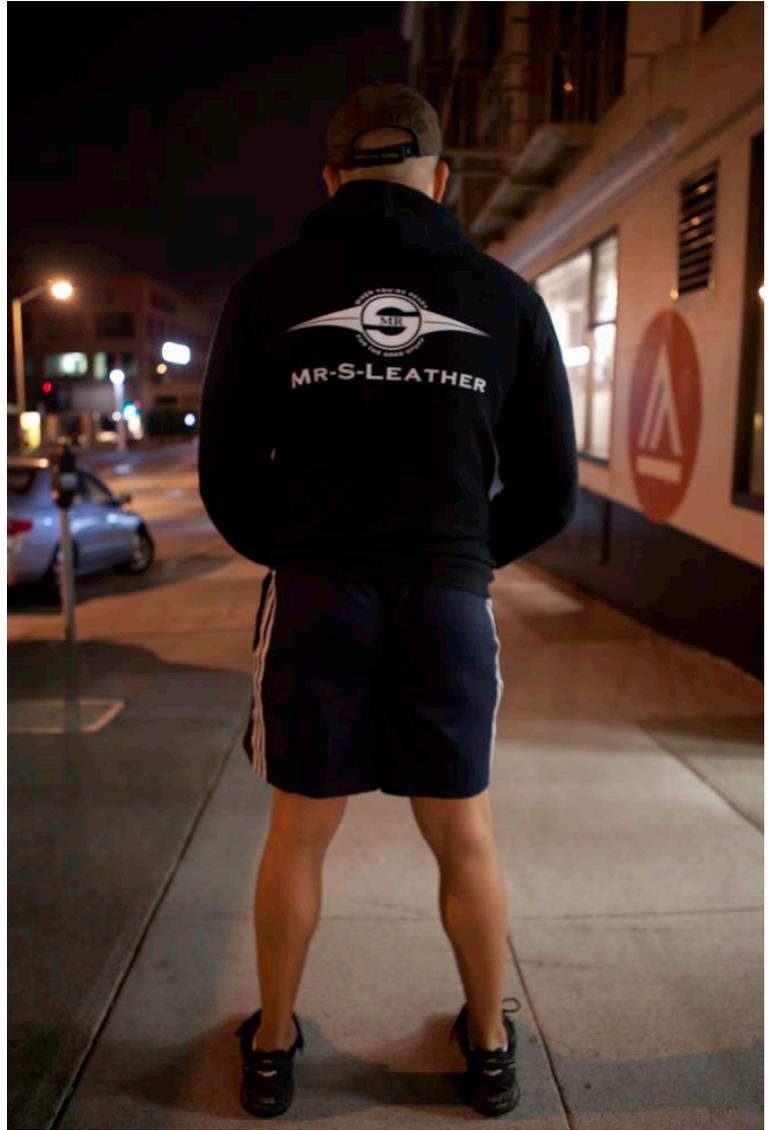
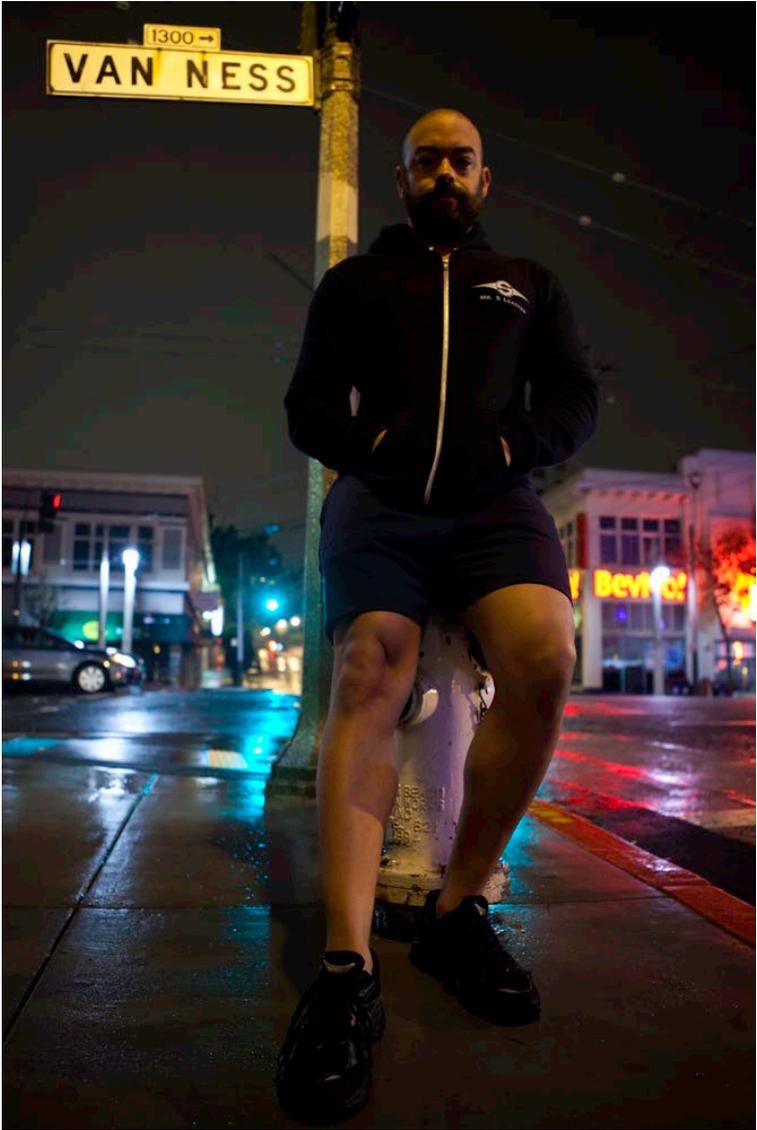
For me, photography is about controlling the moment of exposure. I select the field of view, the aperture, the exposure, the color temperature, the framing, the focal point and all the other aspects that make up the shot. At the same time, taking guerilla nudes is about judging risk and then executing to get the payoff image. While the actual shot is a split second in time, there may have been 20 or 25 minutes of waiting for the right combination of elements. I think I stood on the corner of Van Ness for half an hour judging when no one was around so I could strip down and get the shot. I was the most alive at those moments when I was free of the oppressive thoughts that otherwise filled my day.

You can see more of Joe's work at jwlenswerk.com or at jwlenswerkmales.tumblr.com













RURAL ROAD

Wayne Lewis

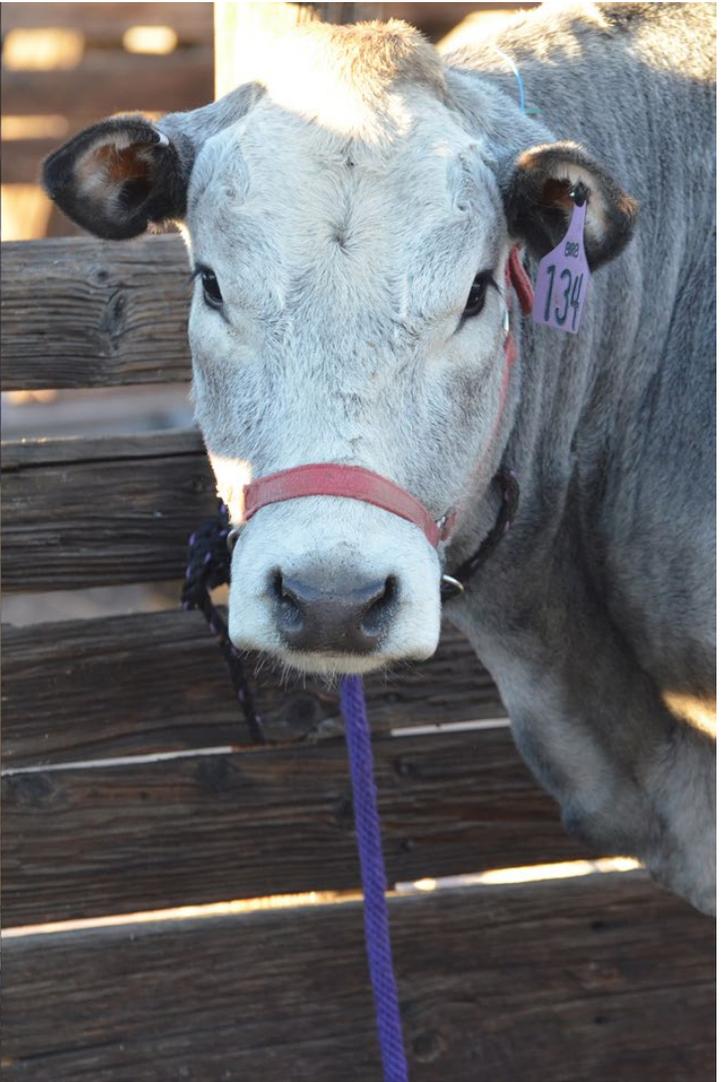
The smell of dirt, horses, sweat, cow shit . . . better than poppers. It is the smell of a rural world, a tough world, inhabited by farmers, ranchers, cowboys . . . MEN.

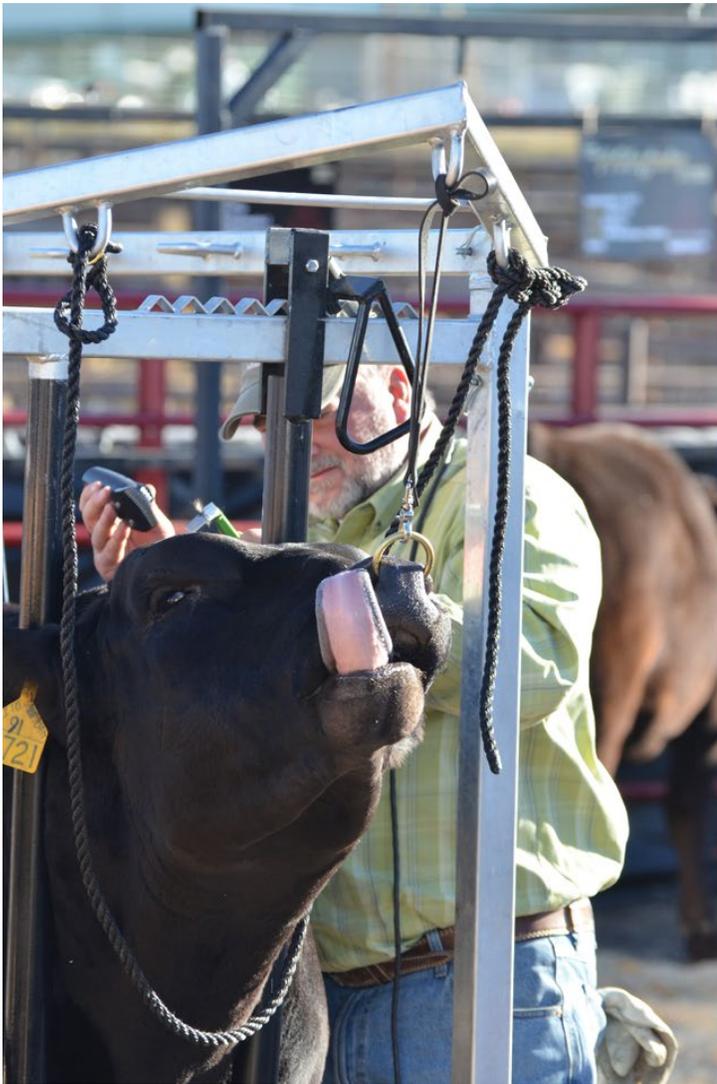
These men aren't zero-body-fat porn stars or perfectly symmetrical models playing dress up. They are the real deal, and you feel it. The masculinity is heady and freely shared. Some, that in other environments might not get a second glance, are elevated by their demeanor becoming "ugly hot." Sexy is as sexy does. They don't flaunt gym bods or hide dad bods, but show a strength and thickness built up from long days of hard honest work.

These men don't just live off the earth, they wear it — proudly. Mud cakes their boots and dots their jeans in Appaloosa patterns. Dust coats their clothes and skin with subtle sepia tones. Clothing choices dictated by function over fashion create a unifying style as distinct as that of Wall Street bankers or LA hipsters. A uniform borne of necessity, not a costume dictated by fashion magazines.

I admit that I romanticize these men. And when I walk among them, I'll fall in love again and again even though we've never shared a word. I am truly sad that the love is fleeting and one-sided, but for me is real — at least for a bit.

You can see more of Wayne's portrait and event photography at happydog63@outlook.com and visit his website, Happydog63Creative.com.

















ON THE ROAD

Stephan Tobias

On the road I am moving. Time and space are fracturing what I am, but my destination gives me certainty. Step by step I am progressing. This is me and I know where I am going. Do I really?

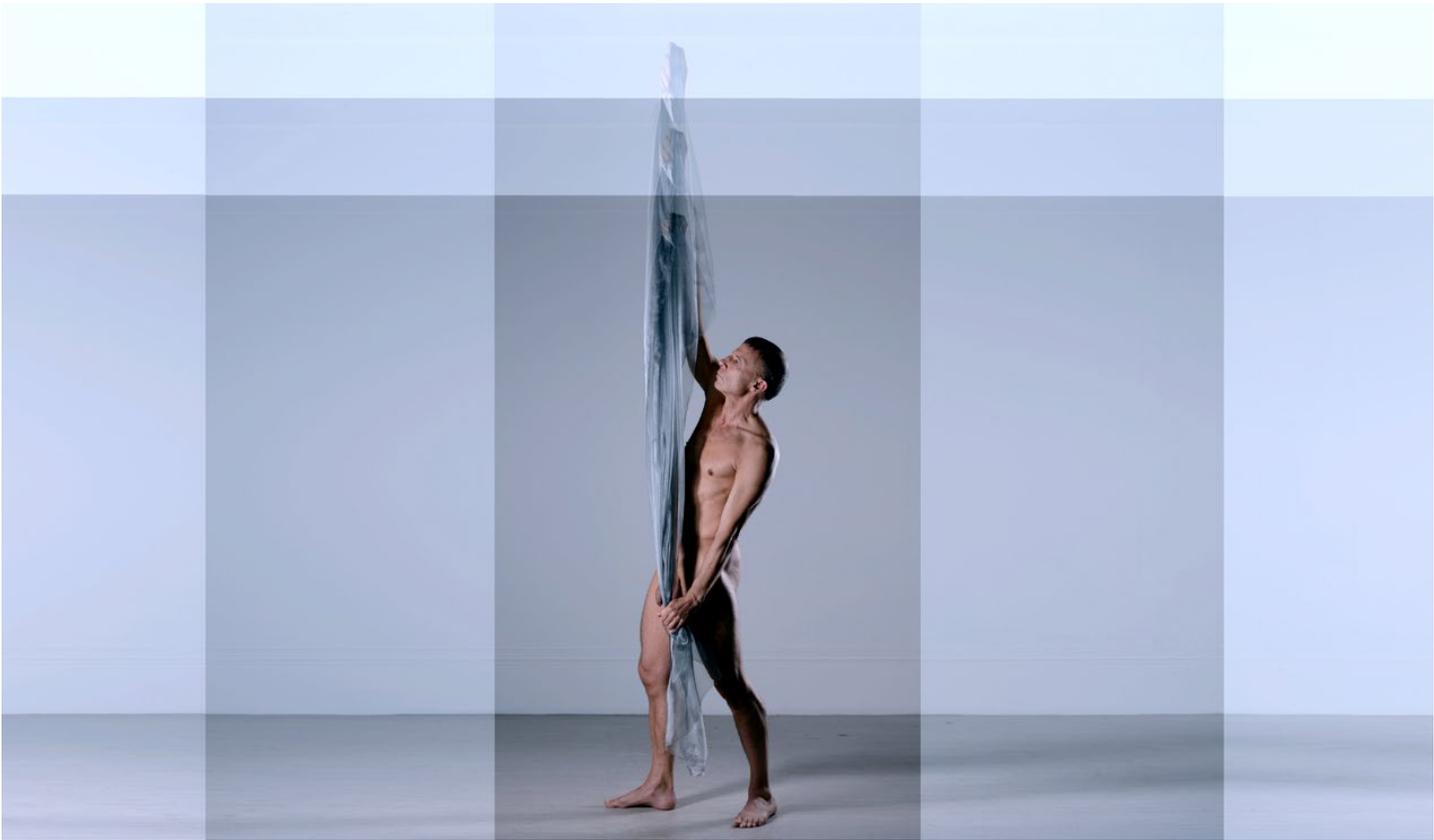
Nothing will be as I expect it so I let go of my expectations. The future is not for us to see. But step by step I am progressing. I will end up somewhere. Let's assume it is my destination and that there is no better thing than this. On the road again.











CONTRIBUTORS



Bill Pusztai - Bill is a photographer. He works in Vancouver BC Canada. You can check out more of his work at his website, billpusztai.com, or if you want something more explicit, go in through the back door at ytetic.com. At the moment he's looking for subjects with white or nearly-white hair (and beard, if you wear one) for high key portraits. Any age, ethnicity, sex, gender etc etc etc. Nude, or clothed in white, as you prefer. Email him if you're interested: bill@radiantpage.com



Enrique Landgrave - aka Dr. Dodo (b. 1979), is a Mexican photographer and painter that lives between Mexico City and New Jersey. He studied art history at the Claustro de Sor Juana University in Mexico City, and visual arts at the School of Visual Arts and Parsons School of Design in New York. He has worked in various art projects and collaborated in Mexican print and digital media. Through painting, photography and collage, he studies the different varieties that those themes offer.



Stephan Tobias - Berlin. Photography since my childhood days for me has been a way of playfully interacting with the world, in search a personal artistic view. The male nude over the last years has been the main focus of my work, as it is such a powerful and charged tool of expression, and I keep adding to the experience as a model, photographer and digital editor. Living in Berlin gives me the opportunity to meet other photographers, models and creatives. Interacting with them I am happy to experiment with view of broadening my horizons. In my photo series I try to make personal statement about the relationship between the individual and the world around, as I see it.



Balam Yapur - 32 years old, photographer living in Salt Lake City, USA. Bachelor of Arts in Communication Studies. Inhabited by Mexican blood and Lebanese ancestry with background in theater and creative writing, currently working on telling stories.



Blake Little - is an award winning Los Angeles based photographer best known for his ability to capture, with an honest intimacy, the energy and personality of his subjects. His skills as a portrait photographer have garnered him a reputation as a favorite amongst celebrities, international publications, and corporate clients. Amongst others, Little has worked with Tom Cruise, Mike Myers, Jeff Bridges, Julianne Moore, Steve Carell, Samuel Jackson, Gweneth Paltrow, and many others.



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.



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.



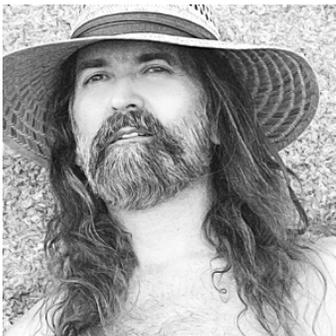
InkedKenny - His inspirations come from a legacy of influences and relationships. A lifetime of leaving a mark on people and faces has now transi-

CONTRIBUTORS

tioned 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..



Tim Gerken - Timothy Gerken is a writer and photographer who lives in the Leatherstocking region of Central New York. He teaches writing and runs the gallery space at SUNY Morrisville. Recent work include curating "Changing Landscape" at the Earlville Opera House and creating "Floating" a video installation on the Hamilton Green. He has had solo shows in New York City and Palm Springs. His latest photography show Contradictions and that Line about Self-Destruction at the DC area 39th Street Gallery will be up September 12 through October 24th. He publishes regularly in Masculine Magazine and other small journals and magazines including Off the Coast, Blackboot, and Cahoodaloodaling. Timothy has been a MacDowell Colony Fellow and Edward Albee Foundation Fellow.



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



Scott Hamilton - My father was a keen photographer and I still have his Yashica SLR camera. It was while at university in the 80s that I really got into photography; there was a small (photography) dark room in the basement of the halls of residence. Here was where I could start to experiment with the whole film and paper process and here was where I could start to learn some really bad habits! People are what interest me and I enjoy making pictures of them. While I love the detail and quality of a DSLR camera I'm often using a compact camera or iPod Touch and enjoy the challenges those present. Working part-time as a teacher allows me the artistic freedom to do the kind of photographs I want to, however, I'm always interested in finding new ways of working and collaborating with other artists.



Luke Casey Brown - My heritage is London where I was born and bred in Bloomsbury Square and I really love this city and all its hidden secrets and unmistakable views and vistas. It is the backdrop to my life. My experience in photography goes way back to when we used to use the family Brownie box camera in a decade long ago. I was really into doing my very own 'fashion shoots' using my sister and her friends as my sometimes unwilling models. As my mother worked at Biba, fashion was always in the house, you might say and it has remained so. My grandmother bought me my very own camera in 1974, a Poloroid instant camera that folded down

and started my love of the instant shot. I loved the way that you could get immediate gratification from your sometimes hard work and play on framing and scene setting. Since then I have been an art director, stylist, fashion show caller and set designer with a keen eye on the small details and interest still on the instant format - albeit more iPhone based, love me some apps and filters! I would cite Richard Avedon as my most important photographic inspiration as I loved his use of shade and light and focus pull. I am intrigued by using natural light where possible and draining the emotion from that use. I am keen to express my intension this way and to try and pose questions for the viewer to ponder and make their own conclusions. I also love to collaborate and feel this way can achieve some amazing work.



Malil M. L. Williams - the embodiment of the saying, "jack of all trades, master of none." He has worked as a public health educator implementing HIV-prevention programs for black gay men, a sign language interpreter, a manager in a large hotel, and a fiscal officer for a medium-sized local government. He has been a published writer of poetry and prose, a playwright, an actor and a performer. He graduated from the commercial photography program at The Creative Circus, where he turned a lifetime aversion to having his own picture taken into a mission to help others see themselves in a beautiful light. For the past several years, he has found his joy as a part-time portrait and fine art photographer. Malik abides by his personal mantra: "be nimble." He has lived in Detroit, Atlanta, and the Washington DC area, and is currently living with his partner of 16 years in Las Vegas, Nevada.

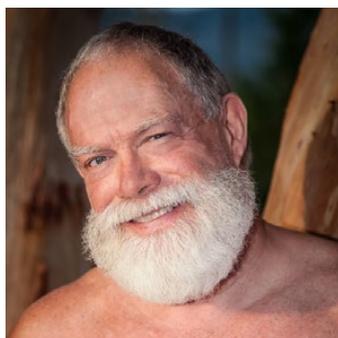


Wayne D. Lewis - Born in 1963, Wayne D. Lewis is an award-winning graphic designer and illustrator for over 30 years, but lately photography has become his main creative outlet. There is something about the immediacy and intimacy when working with a subject that fills his need for instant gratification. He approached the ROADS assignment by way of the street. Street photography is photography that features the chance encounters and random accidents within public places. He likes to catch his subjects in candid poses when they are totally unaware that the camera is on them. "For me, people often seem to be the most attractive when they are acting natural and clueless that they are being observed," says Lewis.

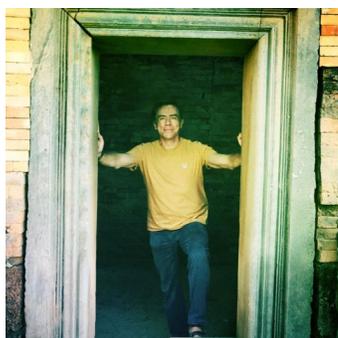


Jean Mailloux - Jean lives and works in Montreal (Canada). He holds a bachelor's degree in Fine Arts from Concordia University. After participating in solo and group exhibitions and receiving several prizes, he dedicated his time to disseminating the work of other artists through artist-run centres in 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. He did a one month artist residency in Finland in November 2014.

CONTRIBUTORS



Morgan Johnson - was born in Santa Monica, California, on November 25, 1952. He received his Bachelor of Arts Degree in Psychology from the University of California, San Diego, in La Jolla in 1974 after attending the Lycee du Universite au Dijon in Dijon, France, receiving a Certificate of Foreign Studies in culture in 1968. He has completed several murals, two of which are located at the UCSD campus in La Jolla, with one a competition design winner for Discovery Hall, Revelle College, 1971. He has been published in the San Diego Union (1971), the La Jolla Light (1976), the Advocate (1978), the Long Beach Tribune (1978, 1996), the Medford Tribune (1993), the San Francisco Bay Times (1994), National Library of Poetry (1997-2007), Who's Who in the West (1997-2006), The Rogue Valley Messenger (2014) and is included in two books: The California Art Review, 1990, and American Artists: A Survey of Leading Contemporaries (1991). His extensive display and award history can be seen on his website, www.morganjart.com. He resides in southern Oregon with his partner, Gordie Dickinson. in its own skin.



Jean-Christophe Huet - Born in Paris, Jean-Christophe Huet is passionate about early to distant destinations. He directed his attention to the ethnography of the tropical world and stayed in the loop of the Niger River in Mali. More recently, he decided to

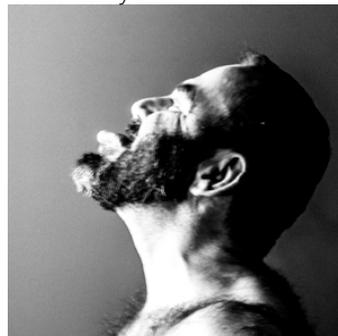
make a photographic report on the endangered traditions of Vanuatu. His book "Vanuatu" was published in 2009 by Editions Michel Husson. Past three years, he traveled many times in Ethiopia and has been specially marked by the rich cultural mosaic of the Omo Valley and the mysterious city of Harar where Arthur Rimbaud spent his last years



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



Joe Williams - Joe Williams is a self-taught photographer based in south-east Massachusetts. His work primarily explores male sexuality with a secondary focus on the everyday performance of masculinity.



Tino Garcia - Tino Garcia, born in the north of Spain, enters the world of photography near to forty. Lover of experimentation develops his work around the self-portraiture, the móvil devices photography and in the last times the "Digital Collage".



Rick Castro - is an independent filmmaker, photographer, curator and blogger living in Los Angeles his entire life. His work has been published in artist editions, exhibitions and institutions worldwide. Castro's works are in the permanent collections of The Alfred Kinsey Institute, Indiana, Legacy Projects & UCLA library, One Institute, USC, The Leather Museum, Chicago, Leslie/Lohman Museum of Gay & Lesbian art, NYC and The Tom Of Finland Foundation. His photography has been featured in Art in America, Dazed & Confused, Flaunt, Attitude UK, DNA and Tetu magazines. Rick Castro was the west coast editor for Studio Magazines, (Blue, Black & White) Australia from 2001 till 2007. During March, 2010, Rick Castro was featured in the Leslie/Lohman, NYC exhibition called-REVEALED: the tradition of male homoerotic art. Rick's photography was presented along side Mapplethorpe, Warhol, Haring, Cadmus, Couteau and Ritts.



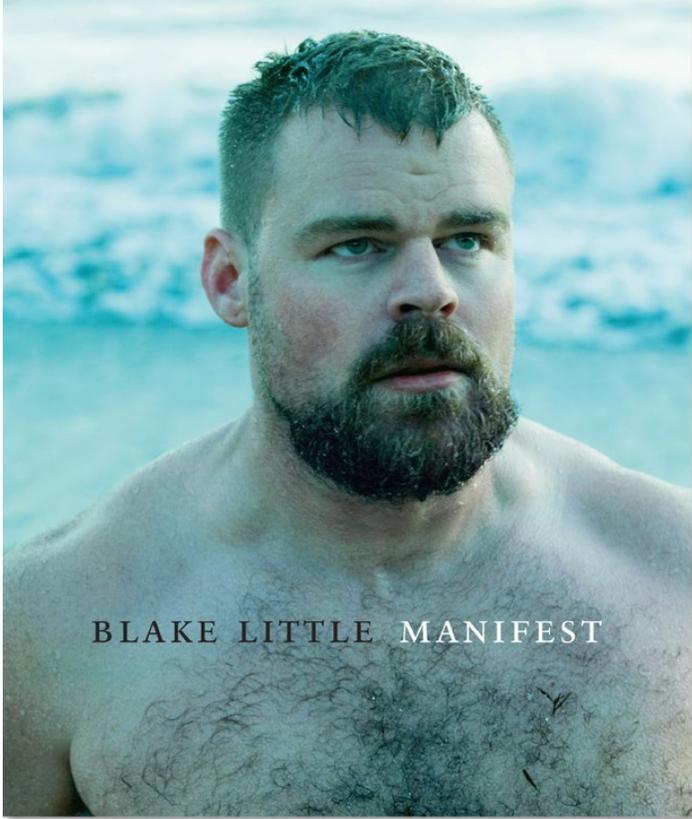
Claudio Poblete - Graphic designer and photographer, was born in Sacramento, California. Actually lives in Santiago, Chile. For some years he is been dedicated to male photography and also models books.



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.



Daniel Jeffrey - an Australian living in Seattle, USA. A newly self-taught photographer who did his first intimate shoot in December 2013. His ambition with male photography is very simple, to highlight his models and reveal what others see with strong simple portraits. He lives and works in Seattle, USA.



MANIFEST BLAKE LITTLE

Publication: September 2013 Specs: 10.25" x 12.5" 124 pages 104 Photographs Edition of 1,500 \$55

"Blake Little's photographs do everything they can to answer these challenges short of reaching out and shaking the viewer's hand in a bone-crunching grip. These people look like men, like real men. When next I need to load a ten-foot length of walnut trunk into my truck bed, I will think longingly of these stalwarts and then resume trying to 'lift with my legs.' Do they like peanut butter? Do they like men? I don't give a shit. Whether they are about to engage in work or play, the men pictured herein are about as manly as they get."

Nick Offerman

Blake Little is an award winning photographer best known for his ability to capture the honesty, energy and personality of his subjects. His skills as a portrait photographer have garnered him a reputation as a favorite amongst celebrities, international publications, and corporate clients. Amongst others, Little has worked with Jeff Bridges, Julianne Moore, Steve Carell, Samuel Jackson, Gwyneth Paltrow, Aaron Eckhart, Colin Powell, 50 Cent, Glenn Close, Jane Fonda, Jack Black, and Jane Lynch. He shoots for such publications as London Times Magazine, Entertainment Weekly, People, Time, and ESPN. Little's artistic work has been exhibited in New York, Seattle, Los Angeles and Japan and has resulted in three monographs, his first book Dichotomy in 1997, The Company of Men in 2011 and his forthcoming publication Manifest to be released in September, 2013. He is represented by the Wessel O'Connor Gallery.



Blake Little | 323.466.1616 | www.manifestbook.com | Los Angeles CA 90068



STUART GREGORY PHOTOGRAPHY

BORN LONDON, GREAT BRITAIN BUT NOW LIVING
NEAR CHELMSFORD, IN ESSEX.

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BASED JUST OUTSIDE OF LONDON.
I HAVE PHOTOGRAPHED ATHLETES, ACTORS, WRITERS, MUSICIANS
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PEOPLE SAY THAT I HAVE AN HONEST, CLEAR AND DIRECT APPROACH TO MY PHOTOGRAPHY.
THIS SUITS MY APPROACH TO PEOPLE AND LIFE IN GENERAL - NO SURPRISE FOR A FORMER POLICE OFFICER.

I'VE ALWAYS HAD A KEEN INTEREST IN MEDIA AND POP CULTURE,
SO I'M EXCITED BY NEW IDEAS AND THE CREATIVE PROCESS IN GENERAL.

I SPENT 20 YEARS ENCOUNTERING NEW PEOPLE AND SITUATIONS EVERY DAY.
HAVING TO BE READY FOR WHATEVER CAME NEXT REQUIRED AN OPEN MIND,
A DYNAMIC APPROACH WITH STRONG COMMUNICATION.

NO SURPRISE THEN THAT I APPROACH MY SHOOTS IN THE SAME WAY.
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the 7 deadly sins

MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 15 | Autumn 2015



LUST
GLUTTONY
SLOTH
GREED
PRIDE
WRATH
ENVY

Sin... ahhh the good things in life. Those seven little words. Seven deadly words, we are told. And what is wrong with lust, that most human and natural of feelings. And greed? Our society was built on greed. Well, perhaps that's not such a good thing. But sloth never hurt anybody. Probably couldn't if it wanted to. Isn't gluttony the reward for hard work, or at least having the presence of mind to get to the breakfast buffet nice and early? Some would call that initiative!

How can pride be a sin! Every summer pride events celebrate the beauty of tolerance and love. Surely there can be nothing wrong with that. I recall, as a child, being told to take pride in my work and my accomplishments—few and far between as they were. Wrath is the one I understand. Can't think of any instances where wrath leads to something good. Then again, its not something we encounter much these days. Terrible deeds seem to be done by loners in school halls—not Zeus-like characters.

Issue No. 15 of MASCULAR Magazine is dedicated to the Seven Deadly Sins: Lust, Gluttony, Greed, Sloth, Wrath, Envy and Pride. We invite artists in all mediums to explore one or all or some of these concepts—perhaps there should be eight? Good or bad, they are utterly human and reflect human existence and interaction, so no better material for art.

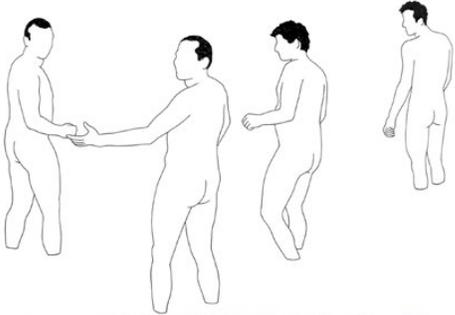
Perhaps you grew up being taught and warned about sin. The damage it could have on your soul, and how there were some sins that were greater than others - perhaps unforgiveable. Maybe you come from a culture that has a completely different understanding of sin, or the concept could be completely alien to you. Whatever the case, let the seven deadly sins inspire you in your creativity (though we certainly don't suggest you enact or partake!).

If you are interested in contributing to Issue No. 15, please contact MASCULAR Magazine at: submissions@mascularmagazine.com

Deadline for submissions is January 18, 2016.

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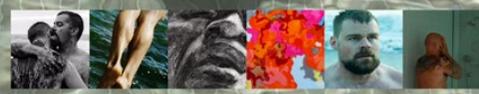
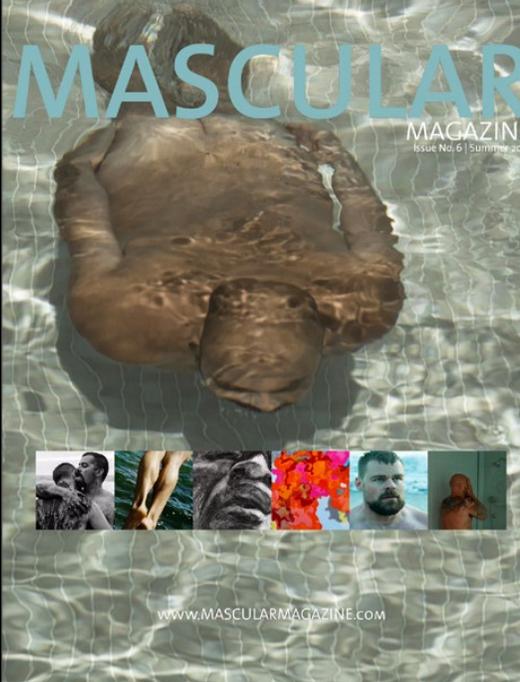
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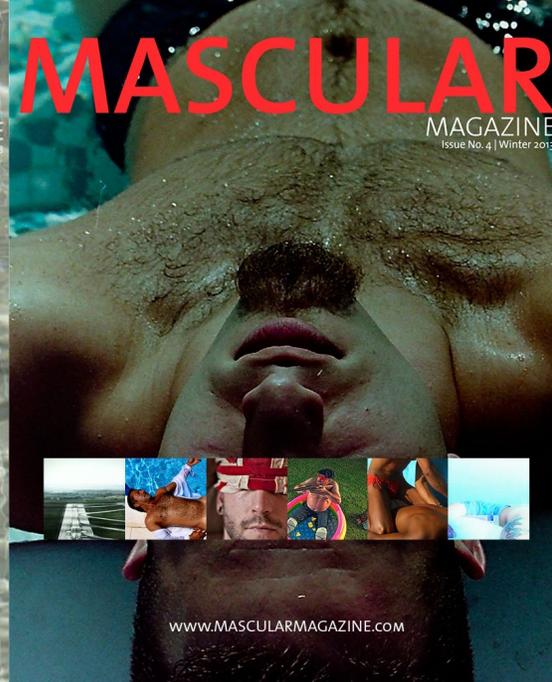
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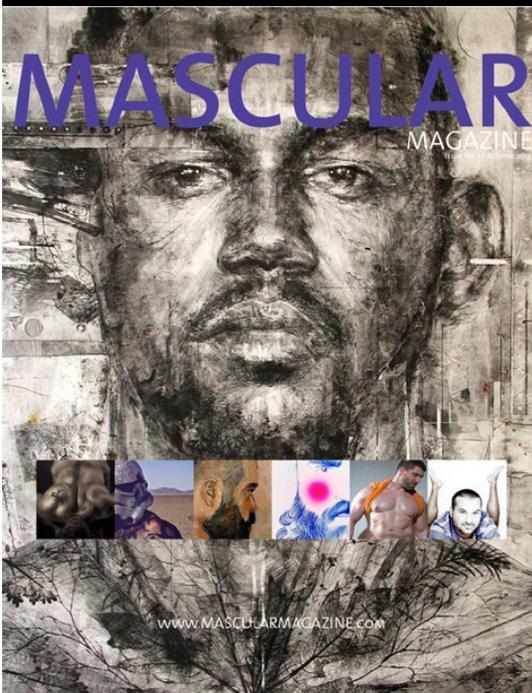
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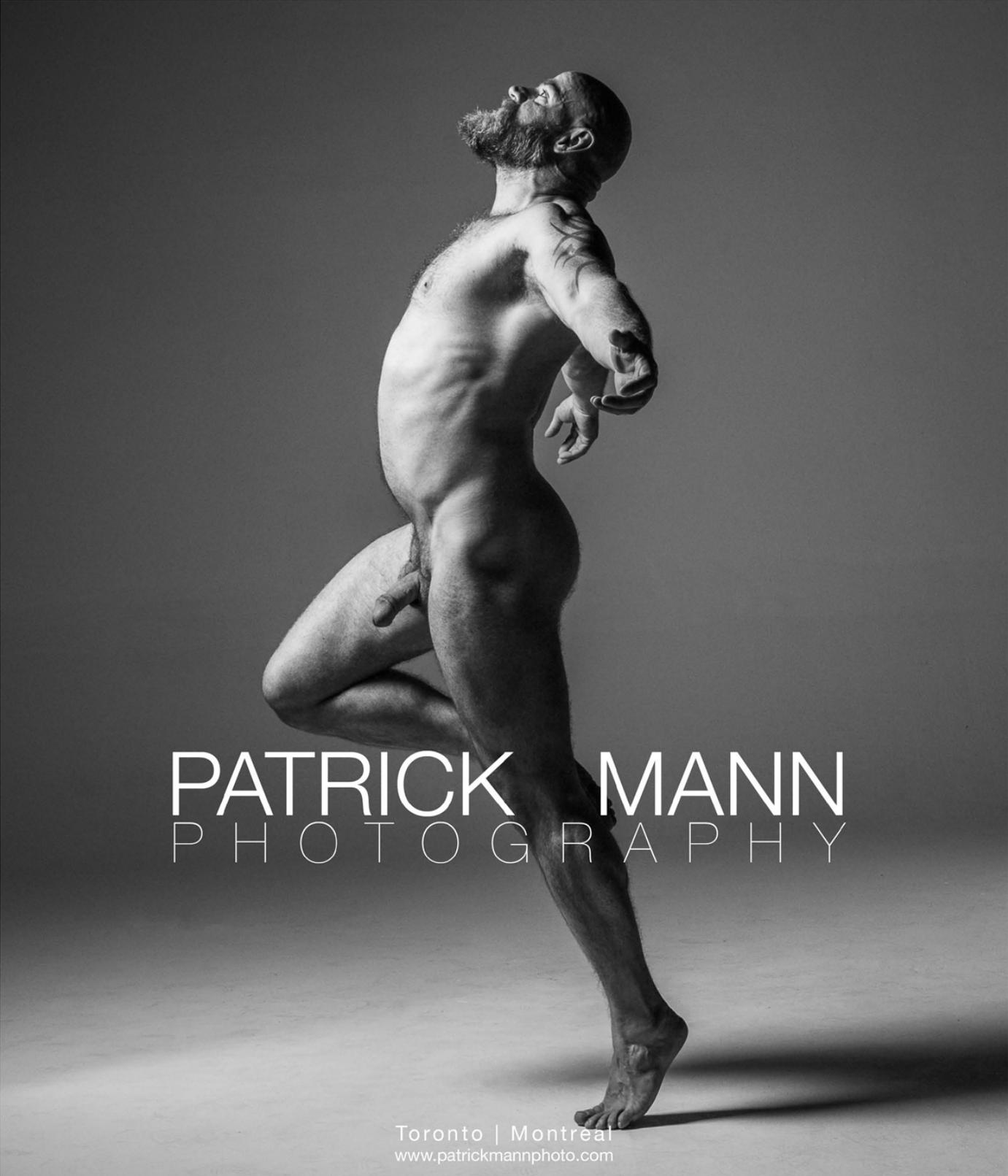
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YOUR DAILY MALE 2016 IS OUT!

49 INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS, 366 PAGES FULL COLOR MALE-ART

World's first tear-off male-art calendar



Gay Star News
(471 000 followers)
about Your Daily Male 2016:
 "MooiMan male-art gallery of The Netherlands has been celebrating the male form for over nine years. Each year they have produced the Homogenda male-art diary, but for 2016 they have diversified to create a tear-off male-art calendar. Forty-nine artists from around the world have contributed the 366 art works that form the Your Daily Male calendar. Editors Jan van Stralen and Sandro Kortekaas have created a stunning collection of art with a wide range of styles represented – from the abstract to the erotic. A stylish way to mark the passing of time for the year ahead."

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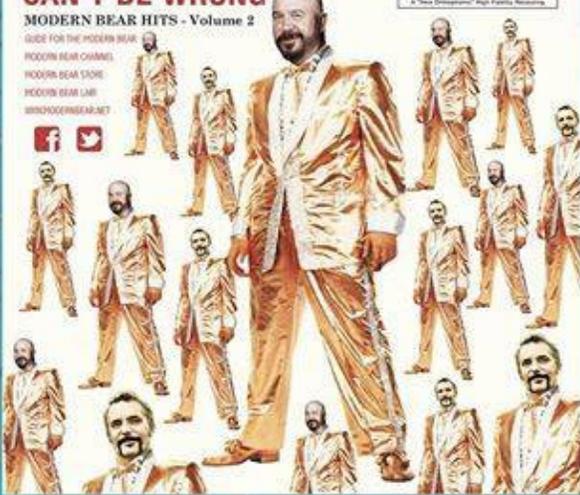
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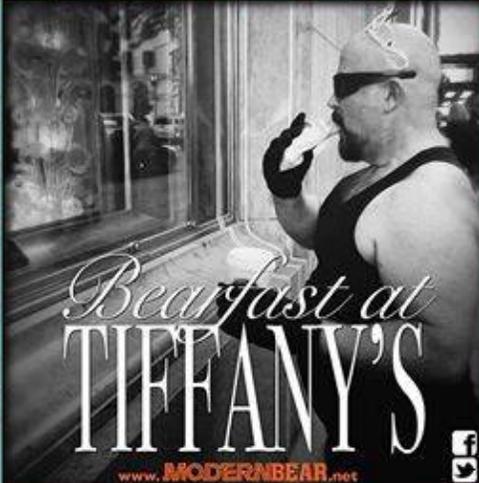
 




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