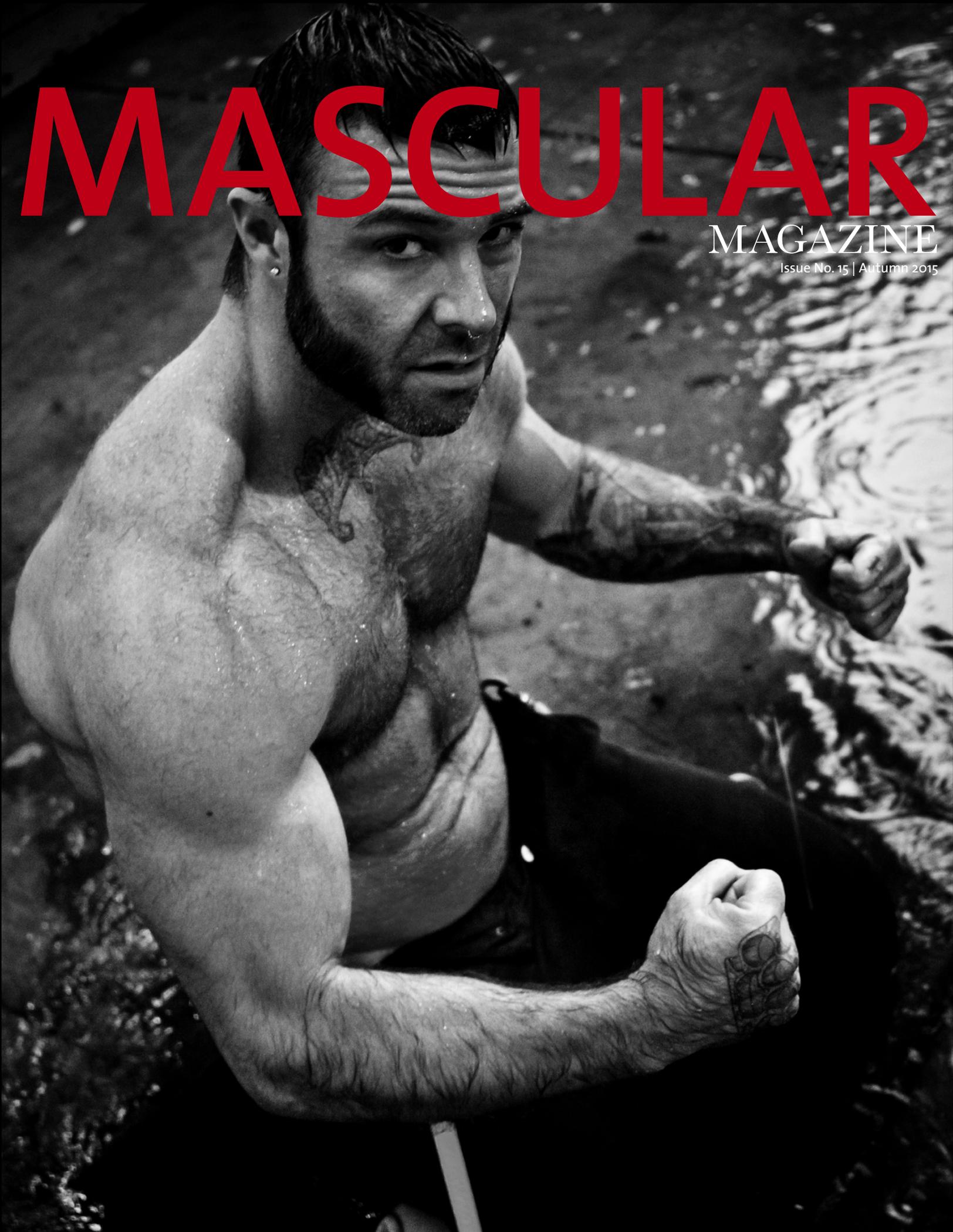


MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 15 | Autumn 2015





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PART 1 OF THE MADIDUS TRILOGY

Produced & Created By
Sam Hendi & David Goldenberg

Featuring Barry El Beardo, Christopher Cragg, David Goldenberg, Gianni Persello,
Heath McIntyre, Louis Kwong, Paul Adams, Ross Jones and Sam Hendi.

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MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 15 | Autumn 2015

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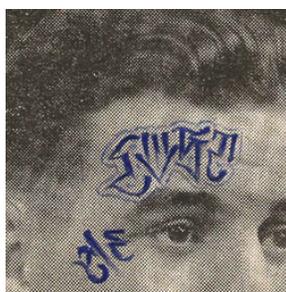
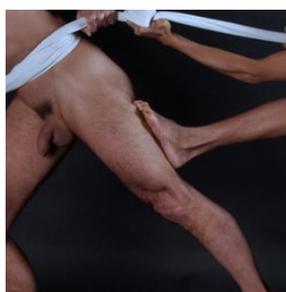
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Editor in Chief

Vincent Keith
vincent@mascularmagazine.com

Editor

Gerard Floyd
gerard@mascularmagazine.com

Editor

Jonny Dredge
jonny@macularmarmagazine.com

Artistic Directors

Vincent Keith
vincent@mascularmagazine.com

Publisher

Mascular Magazine
info@mascularmagazine.com

Design

Vincent Keith
vincent@mascularmagazine.com

Curt Janka
curt@mascularmagazine.com

Alan Thompson
alan@mascularmagazine.com

Advertising

ads@mascularmagazine.com

Submissions

submissions@mascularmagazine.com

Contributing Editors

Ron Amato (ron@ronamato.com); Jean-Louis Bardat - Bearceval (lagramon@gmail.com);
Fernando Bracho Bracho (ferbracho@yahoo.com); Joerg Brunsendorf (joergbrunsendorf@
googlemail.com); Justin David (justin@justindavid.co.uk); Jonny Dredge (jonnydredge@me.com);
Gerard Floyd (futurerealistic@gmail.com); Victor Hansel Coe (victorhanselcoe@hotmail.com);
Cauro Hige (caurohige@gmail.com); Guillermo Medina Gallardo (guillebcn@hotmail.com);
David Gray (yogabear@cox.net); Stuart Gregory (stuart@mascularstudio.com); Scott Hamilton
(fatnancy@gmail.com); InkedKenny (inkedkenny@gmail.com); Iron Rose (ironrose71@hotmail.com);
Ivan Y Gabo (info@ivanygabo.com); Jaap de Jonge (jappdejongefotografie@gmail.com)
Vincent Keith (vincent@vgkphoto.com); Enrique Landgrave (enrique.landgrave@gmail.
com); Jonathan Lemieux (jonathanlem@gmail.com) Ramon Maiden (ramon.maiden@gmail.
com); Marc Martin (marcmartin75018@gmail.com); Aurelio Monge (mail@aureliomonge.
es); Pierre-Yves Monnerville (pierre@studio-monnerville.com) Nayrton Sousa (nayrtonx@
hotmail.com) Patrick Steele (patrick@talison.net); Stephen Roberts (kitchenbeard@
gmail.com) Stephahn Tobias (panding@hotmail.de); Vilela Valentin (vilelavalentinarts@
gmail.com); Richard Vyse (vyserich@gmail.com); Peter Zvonar (erzvo@erzvo.com)

Cover Photo by:
InkedKenny

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MASCULAR MAGAZINE

*Celebrating masculine art and
the men who create it*

the 7 deadly sins



I was brought up, actually it felt more like being dragged up, Irish catholic and as a gay man I never really felt like I belonged or fitted in. As a child the idea of sin being something bad that would provoke a punishment was constantly hammered in in to our tiny little heads. However the only version of Catholicism that seemed to make any sense to me back then was one where Madonna was the pope and Boy George was mother Teresa. I was pulled along with a set of beliefs that were espoused at school, at home and in casual conversations that were held in the pub after Sunday mass or on the street outside the supermarket on a Saturday morning. References to god littered even the most mundane conversations.

At primary school the difference in me compelled me to push boundaries I didn't even know existed. Even then I was sexually curious, thrill seeking and for my age a bit deviant I suppose. When the teacher would leave the room I would flash my willy at the girls (and some of the boys) under her desk, occasionally I got a reciprocal flash which I thought made it worth it. I guess for me lust began as childish curiosity. Looking

back it seems quite innocent however when kids do it now they use mobile phone cameras and it's called sexting, which can now get them added to a sex offender's list and charged with the offence of creating and distributing child pornography. In the good old days when I was flashing my bits under the teachers desk it was only a sin and a quick trip to confession would result in a paltry penance of a couple of Our Fathers and a few Hail Marys and like magic the slate was wiped clean. Isn't this what Jesus died for? So I could show my willy to as many people as possible and still get into heaven. Some things never change except now I don't bother with going to confession. I have a therapist instead.

Just beyond the school stood the church and the local pub. The church was appropriately perched on the top of a hill, taking the high ground next to the den of drunken sinning that we called the Morning Star. The pub sat in a kind of valley, with the church on one side and the priest's house on the other God was omnipresent and he was watching.

The pub was a quaint thatched stone building, it was where the adults went to

be tempted by all manner of sin, it had tiny little wooden windows, which let in hardly any light. I can still remember the smell of stale stout that hung heavy in the air like an invisible fog, its stink settled on my clothes as morning dew does on blades of grass and it felt like it coated my lungs with tar, it was intoxicating. I wasn't old enough to drink but they had a small shop as part of the pub and I made sure that I filled my lungs with as much of that illicit air as I could while buying some licorice twists and a packet of Smokey Bacon crisps. Even as a child I felt seduced by sin.

The allure of sin is too tempting a subject not to tackle. The fact that there are 7 and they are deadly just adds to my excitement at the thought of exploring this theme. As times change so does the definition of sin some of what was once taboo is now commonplace and its hard to see what the fuss was about. However our ability to judge hasn't altered and we continue to find ways to elevate our own piety while denigrating others. The worst thing about sin and judgment is how it is used control us.

The thing I love about the work of Inked Kenny is that it feels challenging and fearless. Is it about sin? For me it's about what happens when we go beyond sin. Shame has no place in this world the same rules do not apply here. God is dead long live Inked Kenny.

Sin tempts with the promise of having our deepest desires satisfied by the sweetest of pleasures something beautifully illustrated by Viela Valentin in his Boys Candy Store series and for me it begs the question do we consume our desires or do our desires consume us?

In this collection of work it was interesting to see how many of our contributors have explored all the sins in their work. I think it shows how relatable these topics are. Whatever your beliefs might be, we all recognize these behaviors. Who hasn't been greedy or a glutton at some point in their life, at times we all take more than we need. Generosity and sharing can be hard when we perceive our needs to be more important and more deserving than others and so charity becomes a casualty of desire.

None of us want to be envious but sometimes we forget to be grateful for who we are and what we have. The grass is not always greener; we can't pick and choose our favourite bits from other people's lives to create the perfect life. Everyone has problems everyone has made sacrifices. Being envious is perhaps one of life's biggest wastes of time. Envy stops us from seeing that we each have something unique to offer and robs us of the opportunity to develop our own voice.

I am surprised at the damage sloth can do by doing nothing at all. I am often disturbed by a world full of apathy. We sometimes choose not to act, not to stand up and speak out for fear of what may happen. Not acting is often easier but it erodes something of our sense of self until eventually someone else is making our decisions for us.

How many hours have we wasted on lust? Too many to count, looking at porn on the net or the hours spent on hook up apps. The blind pursuit of lust makes your dick stiff but it can also harden the heart and we become numb to love and many opportunities for happiness are lost.

In Justin David's Sinful Things series some of his images have made me think how a number of these sins intertwine and feed

off of each other and how lust can also lead to us into being greedy and we stop being grateful for what is right in front of us which ultimately leads us to a very lonely place.

I feel like Vincent Keith has explored how something as old as sin has been adapted to judgments we make about modern day living and how external pressures to look good can be internalized. There is something almost catholic about his Truvada PreP picture it brings back memories of receiving the host in church the act of ingesting the gift of eternal life and protection from death. Perhaps eternal life is a myth but protection is real and its available now. The stigma that Truvada means you are promiscuous makes this work a modern sin and a modern day myth. For me it's proof that sin has adapted but as always judgment endures.

Having worked as a therapist I've noticed just how difficult it is for people to explore the topic of anger. As individuals we tend to try and avoid anger as though it were a drunken homeless person. Do not make eye contact; do not engage in conversation just pretend it isn't there. All the time avoiding the extreme vulnerability that lies beneath a frightening exterior. Anger is probably one of the worst sins not only because it can hurt the people around us but because it also betrays us by exposing our vulnerability. I was pleased to see Joe explore this topic in his work called Wrath. Hell is of course a myth as Joe concludes; it is perhaps something we make for ourselves. As much as others may wish to punish and shame us we have a choice and we don't have to internalize their fear and anger.

For me here is something beautifully deviant about Victor Hensel Coe's Seven Deadly Virtues. What at first glance may look like sin is in fact an act of virtue. A reminder that perhaps sometimes we judge too quickly.

Richard Vyse has created a set of ink drawings that are understated but dramatic. I love the way he uses colour to subtly explore the mood of these beautiful men. I feel an intense and powerful connection to the men he has drawn particularly when I look into the eyes of these men, it feels like they are really looking back at me.

Ramon Maiden's The Mark of Sin gives new life to old images super imposing his own

messages on to them and challenging us to take another look and see things from another perspective. Exploring themes of religion, war and social injustice. It makes me think how our history and life experiences leave its mark on all of us.

Ron Amato explores pride and what it is to take pride in ones appearance. It may seem shallow and vain but there is not a more perfect way to express our individuality than through personal style. How we present ourselves has become increasingly important in the age of social media. I had hoped to see someone tackle this subject in greater depth as I think it is a rich source for the sins of Pride and envy. Identity is not longer developed within society but created and edited online with communities slowly disappearing to be replaced by networks.

The beautiful work of Aurelio Monge transports me to an afternoon spent walking round the national gallery on Trafalgar square looking at old religious paintings packed full of detail and symbolism. I could happily sit and quietly contemplate these images for hours.

I think this collection of work shows that the behavior associated with the seven deadly sins is widely understood and expressed in many unique and individual ways. It's been a privilege to be witness to these artists expressing their sins and sometimes confessing them. I have felt excited and envious at the images of lust, wrathful at the depictions of gluttony sloth and greed and a sense of pride having a hand in building this issue and bringing together a group of wonderfully creative people.

In this modern age the consequences of committing these sins has changed and for better or worse we have learned to relax and enjoy sinning much more. The old saying "everything in moderation, even moderation" seems very apt here. Life would be terribly boring without a little bit of deviation from the path of virtue. Please enjoy The Seven Deadly Sins.

Gerard Floyd
February 2016

THE MASCULAR MIX: DEADLY SINS - VOL. XIII

Brian Maier



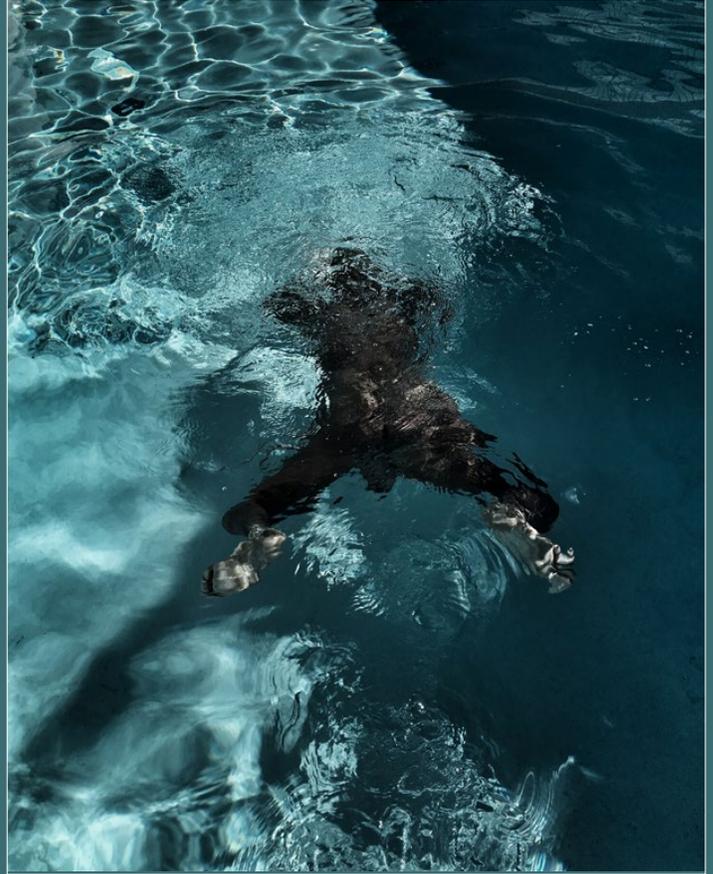
Photo Courtesy of Venfield 8

If you would like to hear Brian Maier's 'White' Mix, you can download it from <https://www.mixcloud.com/dj-brian-maier/106-masculin-vol-13> or on iTunes.

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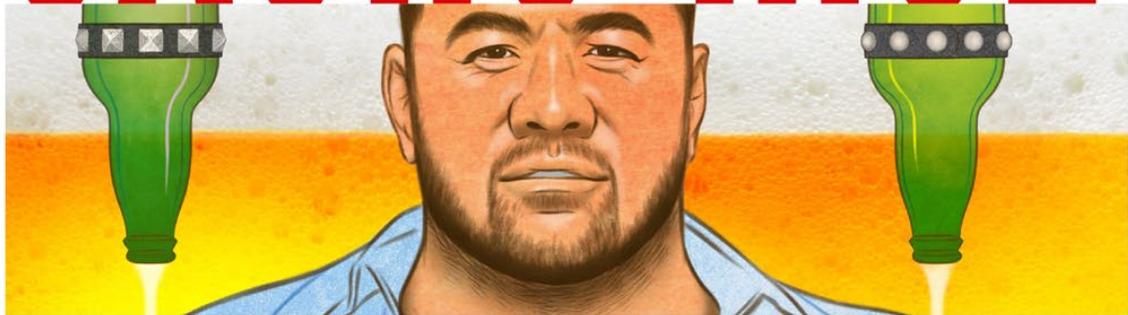




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BEAR SINS

Brad Straughan

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BRAD STRAUGHAN

I'm a 29-year old graphic designer from the north east of England. I've lived in London past 7 years and qualified my graphic design diploma in 2015, I enjoy drawing a lot only been drawing past 5 yrs , love to come up with all kinds of colourful designs and have an obsession with it. Love designs and art to do with Aztec and Native American , can be a touch gothic but depends. On what kind of music I listen to, music is a massive influence for me .. Currently working on a project with Nike Jordan's and how to customise them.

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SINFUL THINGS

Justin David

Like most of my photography, these images grew out of discussion with the model, improvisation and role-play. In this case, performer/director Nathan Evans and fine-art painter Matthew Stradling volunteered as my subject. Rather than create a literal interpretation of the sins, my response was more about using these themes as a springboard from which ideas could pounce. We focused not just on the depiction of the sin itself but on the impact it has, the dramatic action between the figures. We set ourselves some limitations – few props, no sets – just the naked figure.







WRATH





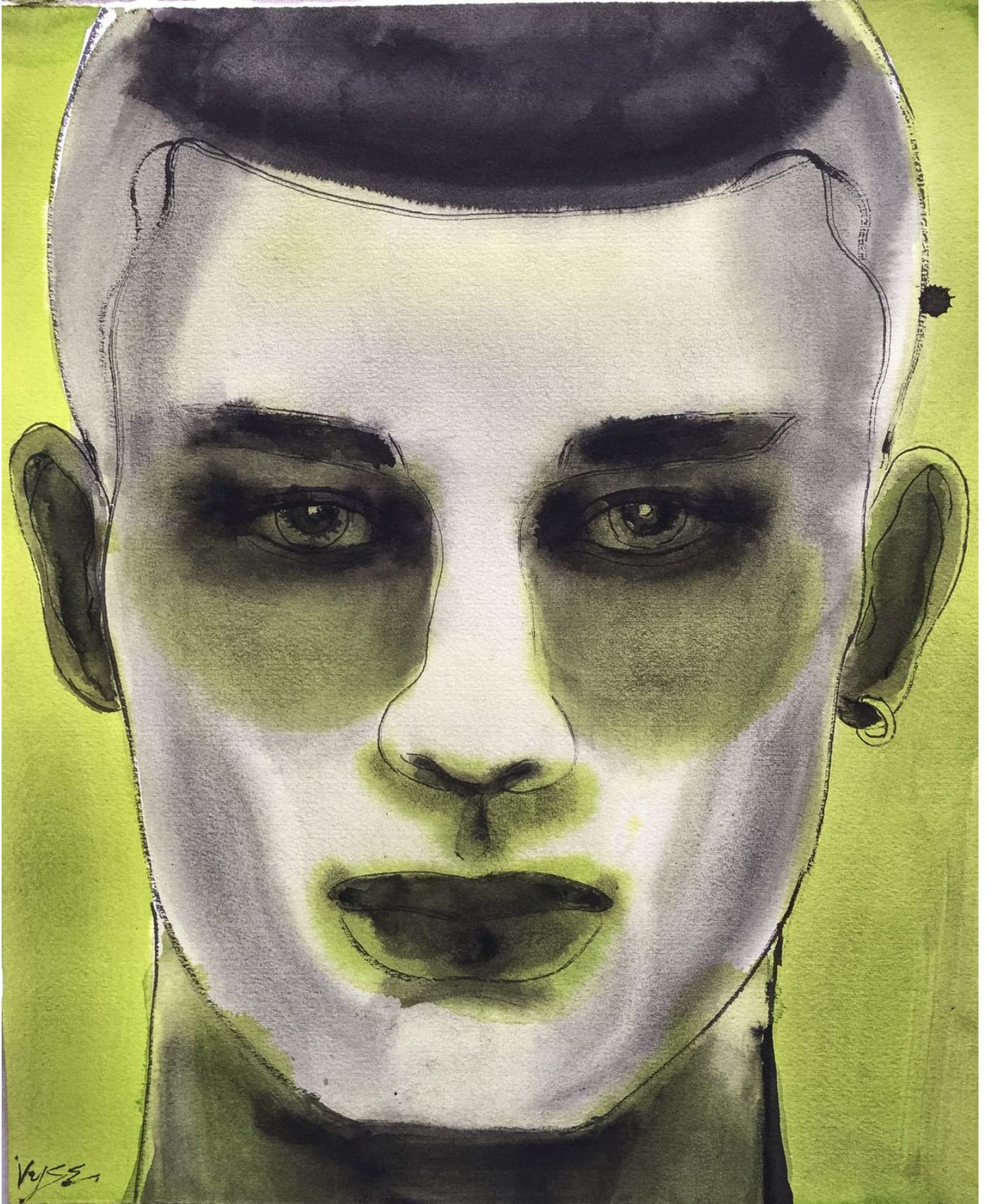


MAN PROFILED

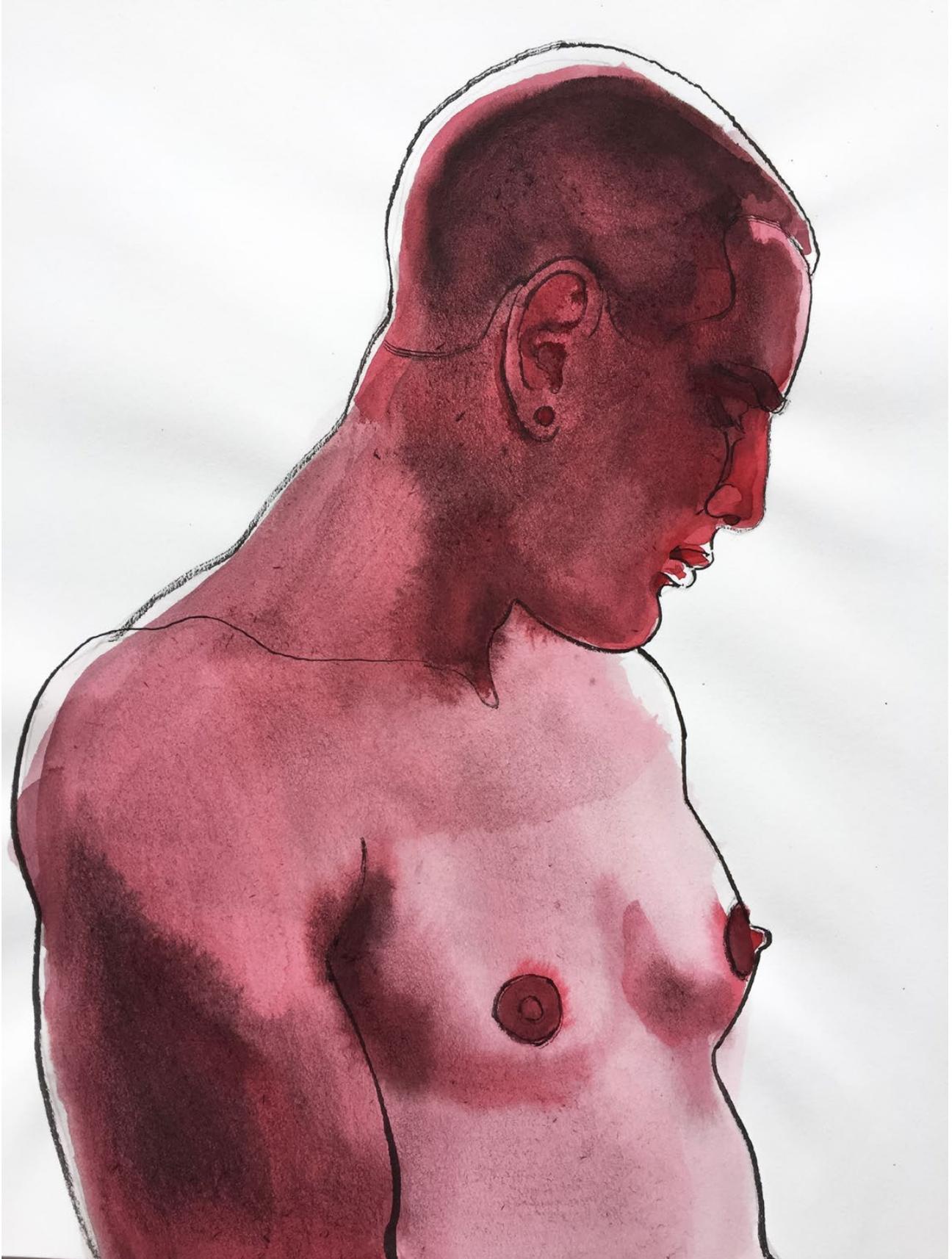
Richard Vyse

I am celebrating modern man with an edge with contour line and spontaneous brush strokes to create a dramatic mood. These men only exist in my mind and art. Once I have the inspiration I work quickly to capture the excitement and energy on paper.

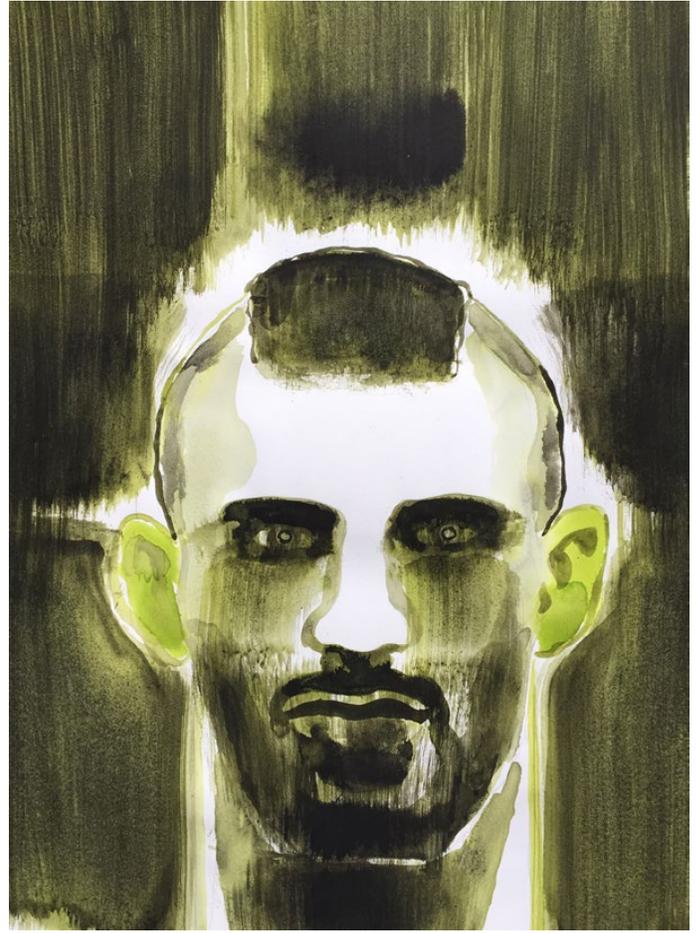
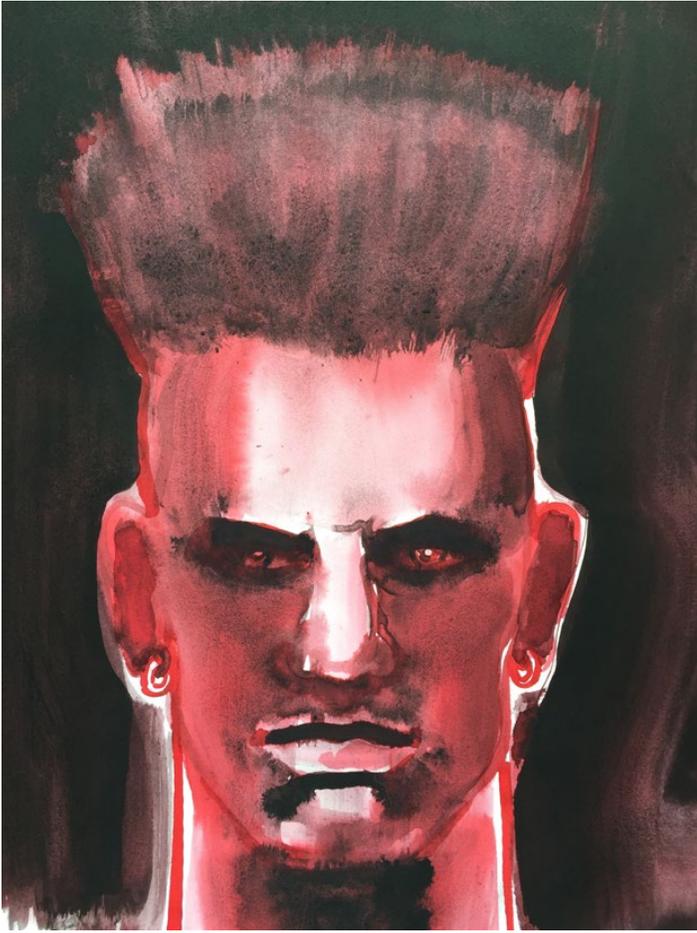




MAN LOOK | INDIAN INK AND WATERCOLOR | 14" x 17"

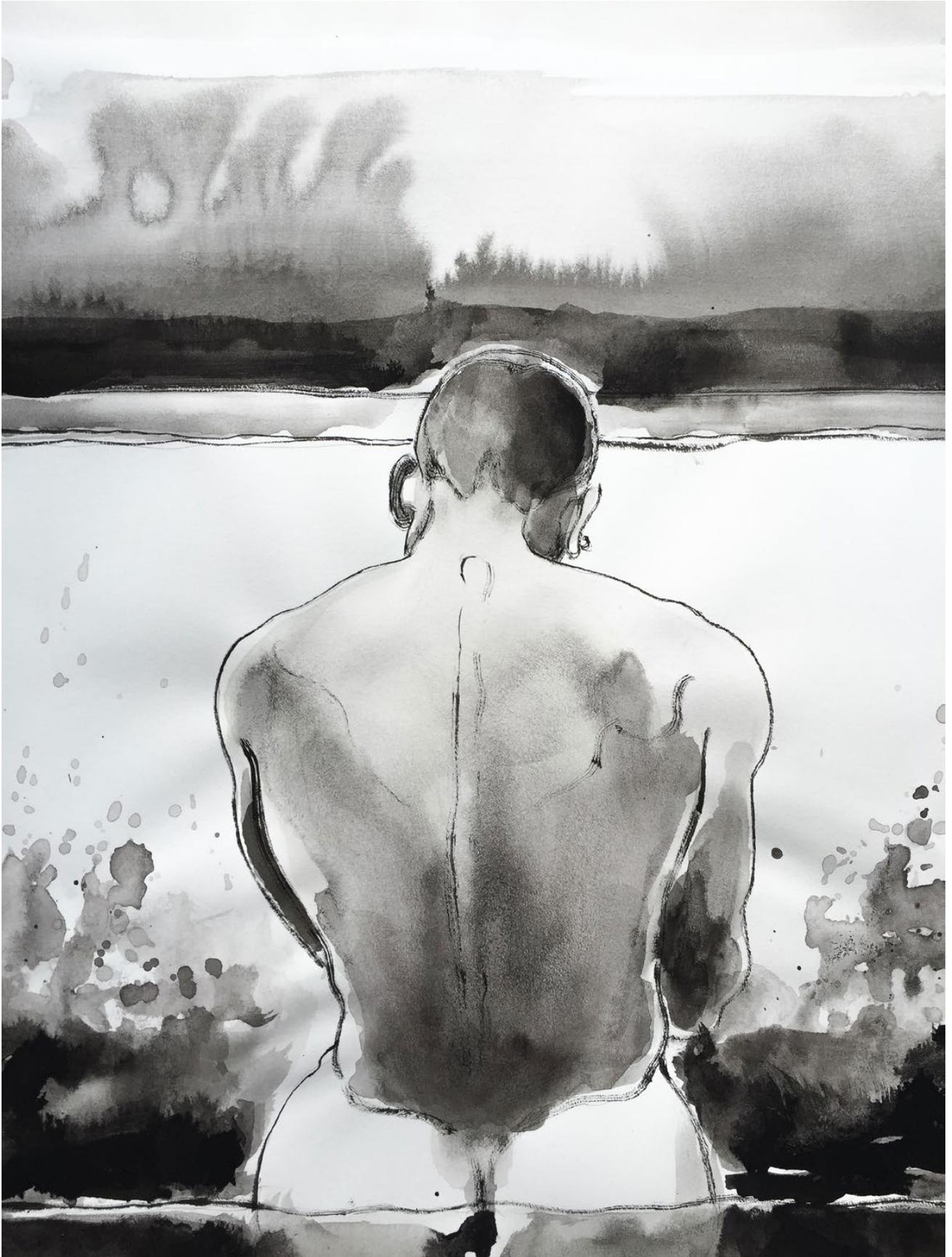


MAN LUST | INDIAN INK AND WATERCOLOR | 14" x 17"





MAN PROFILED VAIN | INDIAN INK | 14" X 17"



MAN SLOTH | INDIAN INK | 14" x 17"



MAN LUST | INDIAN INK AND WATERCOLOR | 14" x 17"



THAT OLD TIMEY SIN

Stephen Roberts

Western Christian culture has explored the concept of sin through painting, illuminated texts, stained glass and other media since the early days of the church, mostly as a means of visually conveying social mores lessons for an illiterate population. Today, the representation of sin is often been shown in the context of Medieval or other pre-industrialized imagery. I wanted to look at the same concepts of sin but through the filter of a post industrialized view.

Creating an implied daguerreotype or tin-type look for the images brings the sins only so far into our modern world and maintains their antiquated feel. As gay men we are all too often attacked and even murdered by those who would justify their actions by calling us "sinful". With that in mind, I wanted to create a discussion of what constitutes sin in the images and whether or not it is an archaic mode of enforcing social mores in early years of the 21st century.

















CONSTRUCTS

Jonny Dredge

I was stuck. I couldn't find a way into the theme of the 'Seven Deadly Sins' that I was happy with. What do they actually mean to us now? How do moral constructs from the dark ages affect us today? Each sin highlights traits that are part of human nature. They are the inner desires that drove us away from God, according to the Church. This group of transgressions, that emerged sometime in the fourth century, have moved from just being christian ethical values to become part of popular culture - permeating our imagination through history, literature and the arts.

But how was I going to portray them visually? The spark came from watching the mesmerising film 'Under the Skin'. Unsuspecting lads, overcome by lust for

Scarlet Johansson, are lured to their doom; and it was these visually stunning and memorably disturbing sequences that fired my imagination.

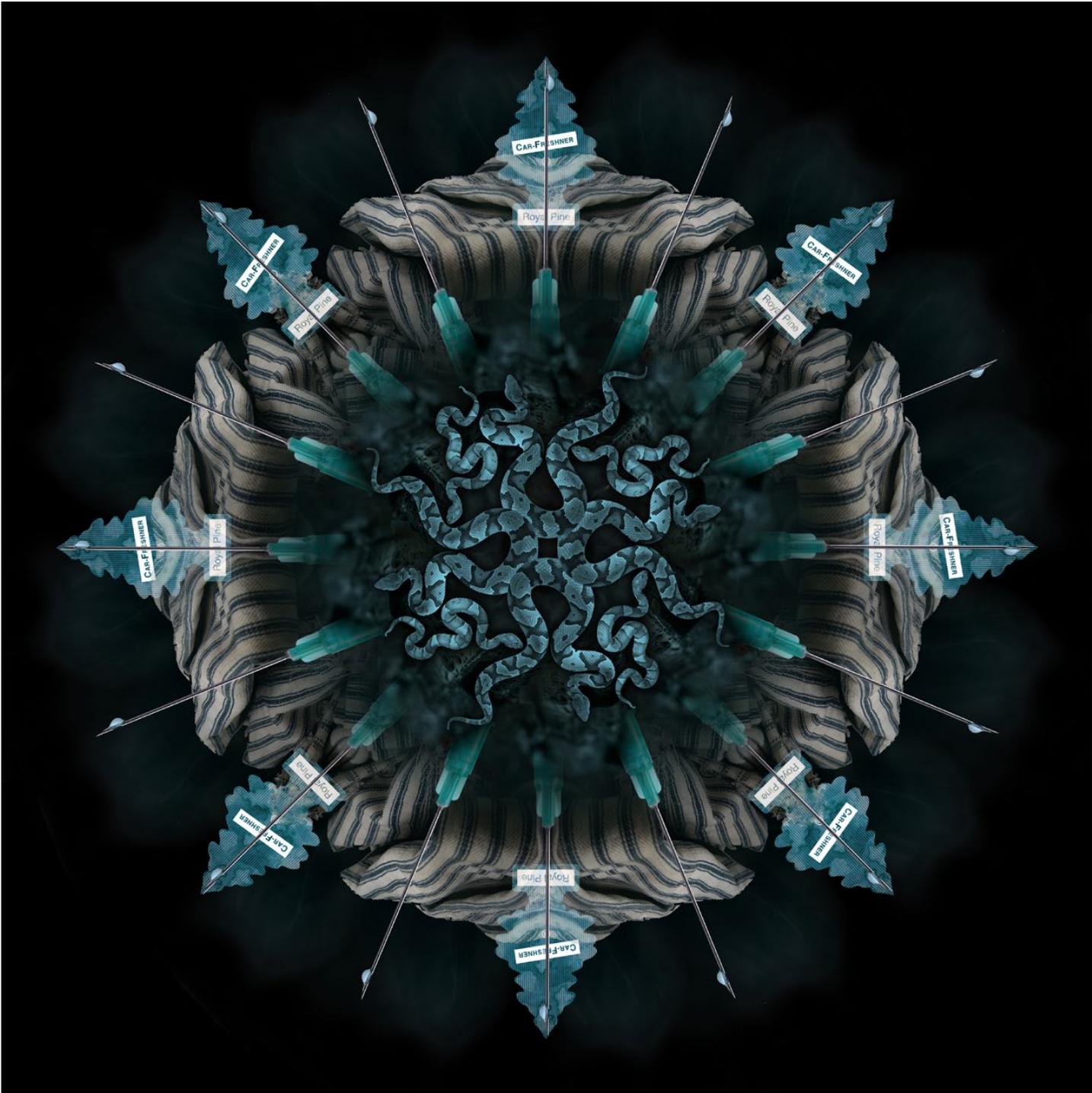
Portrayals of sin became a starting point for these collages. They reference movies or stories that are emblematic of each sin and it's consequences; the punishments the poor souls traditionally receive in hell and the symbolic colours associated with each of them. Using my images and ones I found on the internet (the tangential power of the search engine is a wonderful thing) I have tried to combine these disparate ideas into interesting visual constructs. And as if the fates wished to prove a point, due to an affliction of indolence (or should that read Sloth?) only six of the seven were completed by the deadline!

You can see more of Jonny's work at jonathandredge.com











THE SIN MAKER

A Story by Gerard Floyd

For more than a month I had existed, not just as one of London's many walking wounded, I was a walking wound. Everything people said had a salty sting to it I felt judged and ashamed.

It's taken me a week of high fevers and sweaty, sleepless nights but I'm in a taxi now going to the hospital - taking short shallow breaths to avoid coughing too much, I don't want to freak out the cab driver. Swine flu hysteria is sweeping the nation and I don't have the strength to take the tube.

At the hospital now, and a doctor immediately arranges for tests. A huge needle is inserted deep into my wrist, blood from a regular vein isn't good enough for the tests they need to do. Now I'm parked in a wheelchair in an x-ray waiting area and feeling very alone. I send a text message to my college tutor to letting her know I won't be in this week. I don't know if I should get in touch with my family. My college peers, all counseling students, are always desperate for someone to care about. This is sure to get their attention I can picture them now in class competing over who can give the most caring and empathic response. They are the only ones that will notice my absence from every day life and the only ones who will care no matter how affected it might be. My misfortune will become part of our collective experiential learning.



I feel so alone but something is insulating me from just how horrific it all is. Somehow I am coping. Lucky for me I'm contagious enough to warrant having my own room, alone again. Next to me is a little orange button that lights up for emergencies and a bottle made of stiff grey paper to piss into. I am instructed to press the button when it is full. They want to measure the fluids that my body is secreting. Hooked up to a drip, a nurse comes in every few hours to administer antibiotics that she injects through the cannula in my arm.

How did I get here? Did I really bring this upon myself? Was it lust, envy or greed? All three? Is this my punishment? I've been an insatiable fool, too easily tempted. I was married and I was loved, it should have been enough.

I can remember the day that broke me.

There was no one home when I got in from college. Something was amiss but I couldn't quite put my finger on it. The flat was quiet and it felt unusually empty. I went to the bathroom to take a piss. The mirror caught my eye; it looked as though someone had smeared shit all over it. A brown streaky message written in cover stick hit me in the face like a great big pile of steaming shit. He'd gone!

The realization came rushing through me like the wind does in a house with two open doors causing one of them to suddenly slam shut.





In that instant my entire chest had emptied and I couldn't catch my breath.. The life I thought I knew had been totally blown away. I wasn't going to survive, I couldn't, gasping for air I wondered if this is what drowTears came but still no breath, the pain constricting my chest suddenly turned to rage, that rage managed to catch some air, which immediately erupted into a scream. Against my will I was forced back into the world to feel nothing but the pain and anger of being abandoned!

They say I have community-acquired pneumonia. My boundaries have been broken and my body has exposed the lie I was so desperate for everyone to believe. I am hurting and my body is telling the world what I am too ashamed to admit, I am not strong and I am not OK. My body has betrayed me. I am vulnerable. The truth comes out one-way or another. I have given up, the pain in my heart is too heavy and it has put strain on my lungs, they have weakened. I need help. I feel humiliated, there is no fight left in me - this isn't surrender it's a hostile invasion. It's another thing that I have lost control over, another abandonment and betrayal. I feel exposed and fearful. Is there nothing and no one left in this world to trust? Anger, regret and shame haunt me like ghosts they pass through me but I am anesthetized to their presence. They cannot touch me and I cannot feel them, we exist together but separate. I have no energy left for emotion I am just surviving. This past year plays like a movie in my mind I am an incredulous bystander in my own life.

Three is such an interesting number so many things seem to come in threes or even start on the count of three. One, two, three...

I met a man with a trinity of names who had once been a man of God. I knew him by Matthew but others knew him as Matthias or Maciej. An ex-priest, I would only discover later how sordid his past was. He would confess his secrets and sins to me when we were both high, so any truth could always be undermined by the effect of the drugs. Doubt was a tool he used very well to manipulate and control. It was something I saw him do from the very beginning.

We met in a south London bar on a sunny August Sunday afternoon. At first I took little notice of him, I was with a friend, but he persisted, and eventually I gave in to his attempts to get my attention. By early evening the three of us were squeezing into the bars tiny toilet cubical so we could snort little piles of K off the end of the key to my flat. He invited me back to the hotel round the corner that his company was paying for. The sex was messy but exciting. We even stopped half way to go to the small sex shop that operated out of the hoist in Vauxhall. We bought a butt plug that was much too big for me. It became a gift for his husband a display of thoughtful affection.

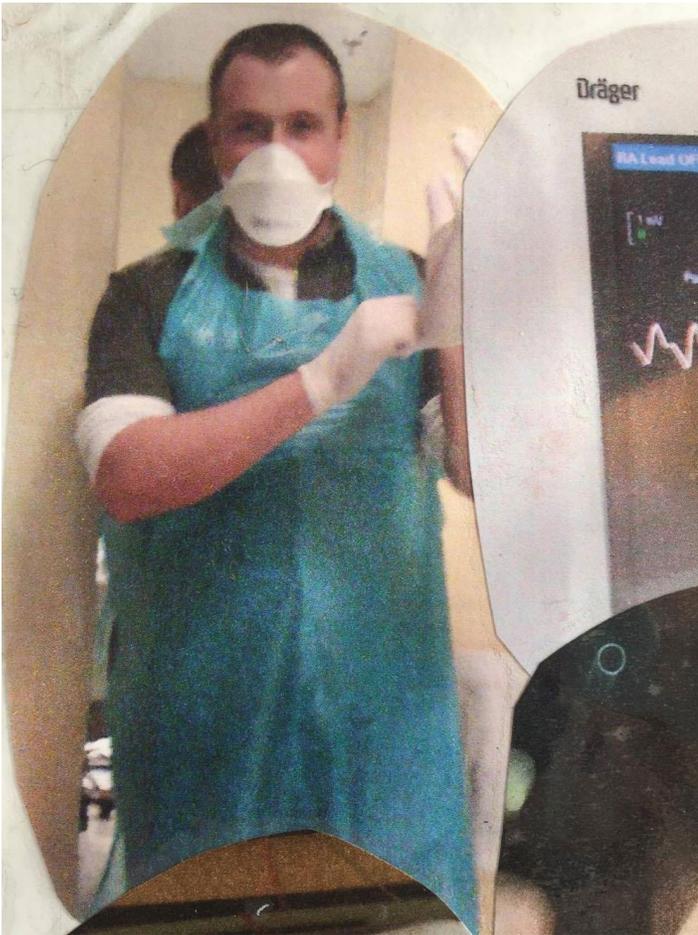
The next morning as searched for somewhere to eat he told me the first big lie. He had never cheated on his husband before. I was his first transgression. I had my doubts but he wanted me to feel special, I was the only one who had tempted him.

In the cab home I got a text from him. The attention brought a surprising glow to my gloomy drug comedown. It was a new kind of high that I would spend the next months chasing.

We planned for me to visit him and his husband Nick in Belgium for the La Demence party in September. That's when I started to get sucked into his lies and when I started to lie for him. It was a lie when he told his husband we had only met in London and that we hadn't had sex. This weekend was supposedly our first time but Matthew was always one step ahead. His husband only suspected, Matthew and I knew we were acting out a not so elaborate lie. I stood by and watched as Matthew dismissed his husband's insecurities as paranoia. The greatest trick was that in our moments alone he would confess to me how bad he felt about lying and I would tell him he was a good guy, really. A lie I was happy for both of us to believe. I wanted him and he let me believe I was special enough to be the one that could make him the good man he so desperately wanted to be.

Weeks went by and everyday there were dozens of texts and sneaky Skype conversations. He had a work trip to New York City coming up in October. I would secretly join him there.

I was so excited to be met at the airport by him, I dropped my bag and ran straight into his arms. We went straight to the hotel and fucked. For weeks our every conversation had been about this moment about being with each other, inside each other. I hadn't cum for a week - he wanted me to save it for him. It was a hot, hungry and hurried fuck. Love and sex with no limits or interference, it was only the two of us this time



We had dinner and then went on the hunt for drugs, I felt slightly disappointed that we needed them but I was with him and that was all that mattered. Anything to do with work had been forgotten he had a friend covering for him. We didn't leave the hotel room for almost two days. The room was a mess it looked like a murder scene. I felt elated, he could have murdered me there and then and I would have died happy. No risk seemed too big to take. He told me that he wanted me to need him, he needed me to need him and then he would move to London because I needed him. I was primed and ready.

After that things seemed to happen fast, I ended my marriage and he was in the process of ending his. I took the Eurostar to Antwerp on the 2nd of January and collected him from the station and took him home with me. That first night he insisted we get high for sex. That was how our sex life would be from then on, drug fueled. I loved our wild crazy sex but I didn't love the drugs, I didn't need them with him.

Now just a little more than a year later I'm lying in this hospital bed alone. There is a window I can see some posh new flats to left and in the far right hand corner I can see all the comings and goings from the psychiatric unit, I should probably ask for a referral. Right now I would happily trade this window to the outside world for a half decent wifi signal. The nurse and doctors wear protective masks, plastic aprons and latex gloves when they come into my room. I feel lost and disconnected from the world. The hospital room is sterile and impersonal but I feel safe.

As I got to know Matthew I could see how all his past partners had fulfilled a need he had in his life at that time. While studying for his PHD he had boyfriend who was an academic, the perfect person to support and encourage him at that time. Life for him in Antwerp was dull but comfortable. His husband Nick had enough money to make sure of that. Although Matthew's home and family were in Poland he could not return there for legal reasons so Nick married him and he was able to stay in Belgium. Nick paid all of Matthew's ongoing legal costs in Poland, he was kind, caring and in need of someone to love. Mark was not sexually attracted to him, but Nick was easily manipulated and threesomes became the norm. Matthew could have his cocks eat them too and as often as he liked. With Matthew's legal issues about to be resolved, it was time for him to broaden his horizons. London had more men, more sex and more drugs, it was the city that he needed.

I was to be the bridge he needed to get to London. Matthew created a triangle that meant misery for Nick and I for almost a year the 3 of us tugged, pulled and at each other. Matthew was always in the middle whatever happened he always keep one foot in my door and the other in Nick's. It was the fear Nick and I had of being alone that got him exactly what he wanted. By the time I had seen the message on the mirror he had left both of us 3 times. The drama was wearing and it was enough to make Nick sell the flat in Antwerp and move to London.

The message on the bathroom mirror read:

-I've gone to Poland to be with my family I can't do this now sorry!

The message made no sense at all. It had taken him 3 return trips to Antwerp to bring his belongings to London, and now it had all gone in an afternoon. It was impossible that he had taken everything to Poland. Matthew had done everything to undermine my trust in myself and in my instincts just as I had seen him do with Nick that weekend in Antwerp. My instincts told me that he was still in London, that he had a place here with Nick. Doubt had crept in like a disease and I didn't know what to believe anymore everything seemed so surreal. I was in total shock.

As it turned out my instincts were spot on. While I had been out working and at college he had been viewing properties in Vauxhall for him and Nick to move into. I felt as though I had been the victim of an elaborate hoax. Everything was a lie.

My phone is ringing. I don't recognize the number. I answer it. I hear Matthew's voice and my stomach drops. I hang up.

It rings again I don't answer and again, I still don't answer.

Now a ping! It's a text message:

Matthew: I need 2 talk 2 you, please pup I need you

For the last month I've wanted so much to be needed by him.

Me: What do you want?

Mark: Something very bad has happened please answer the phone and let me talk to you.

What the fuck is this about, do I want to know? Suddenly I don't feel safe anymore. I should ignore this.

Me: OK call me.

The phone is ringing again I answer.

-Yes?

My tone is sharp and cold I am more angry and disappointed with myself than I am with him. I hear a meek hello, then silence, Mark starts crying.



I'm rolling my eyes.

-Nick is dead

-What did... What happened?

The would be counsellor in me pulls back on being too judgmental even though I know somehow he is responsible.

-Me and Nick were playing with these 2 guys on Saturday night, we had been doing a lot of drugs.

- Did you slam?

- Yes, the other guys wanted to do it.

- Who are they? Do I know them?

Even now I feel kind of jealous and I hate myself for it. God I sound stupid.

- No, I don't think so.

- Anyway, what happened?

- We had taken some more G and Nick started to feel unwell so he went to lie down in the bedroom. I kept playing with the other guys in the living room. We

smoked a bit more T and had a bit of MDMA and played for a while not sure how long. One of the guys asked if Nick was alright so he went to check on him. He started shouting so I went running into the room. Puppy it was awful, there was vomit all over the bed Nick felt cold and he wasn't breathing. I tried to wake him up but he wouldn't move. I called an ambulance they tried to get me to revive him but it wasn't working. The other guys got dressed and just disappeared while I was on the phone. They left everything to me. Nick was dead and they left me to deal with everything. How could they do that to me? I need you puppy I really need you now.

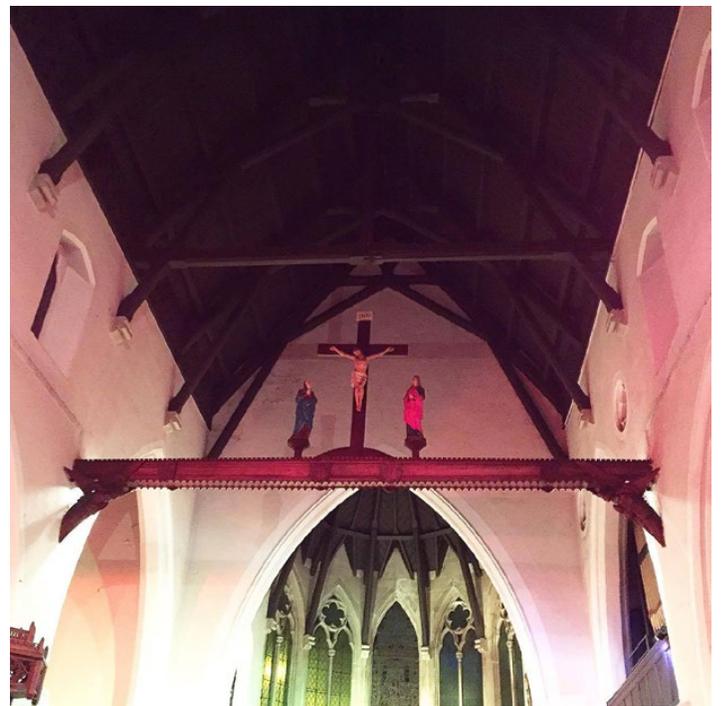
The whole story makes me feel sick but more than anything I feel angry.

-Matthew you dragged Nick to this city where he didn't want to be all because of your vanity, your ego and now he's dead. I am in hospital right now myself you almost killed me too. So fuck you, just fuck you Mark. You're a Cunt!

I can hear him crying I'm too angry to care.

-I know puppy, I know.

-You did this. You don't care who gets hurt or who is suffering as long as you get what you want. You are a selfish narcissistic, sociopathic asshole and after everything you are calling me for help? Fuck off! Just fuck right off! This is your mess you clean it up."



I end the call.

I half expect the phone to ring again.

It's not ringing.

I feel guilty but relieved.



SIN DAYS

Scott A. Hamilton

I'm used to titling my photographs after pop records in order to imply the artistic intention for each.

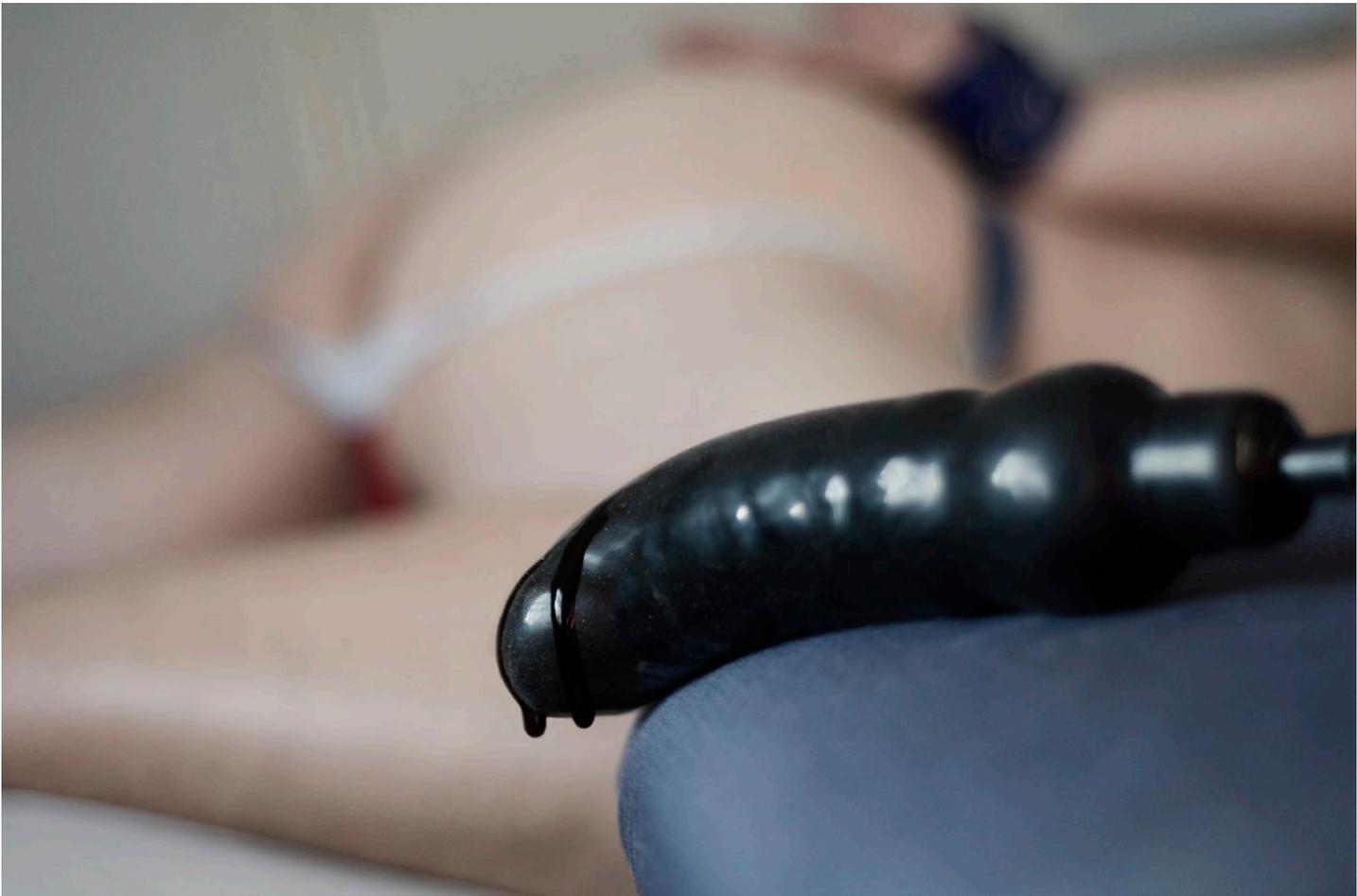
Coming across Cindy Sherman's "Untitled Film Stills" collection made me consider how leaving out descriptive titles could create another facet of the image. She would stage scenes through costume and location to create stills from non-existent movies, but left each untitled and never hinted at what was supposed to be going on in the scene.

This immediately appealed to me, so when the opportunity came along to do something for Mascular again I was keen to try out this approach.

While Sherman favoured the fifties Film Noir look, I went for a cheap seventies gay porn flavour.













REPOUSO DOS AMANTES - 1840

Nayrton Sousa

Photography: Arnolddo Araújo and Felype Ranzo

The title of the work is "Repouso dos Amantes - 1840", the Idea is to create a setting of a gay romance in victorian times. The relation of my work to the theme of luxury is the use of eroticism. The photos were taken by Arnolddo Araújo and Felype Ranzo. My intention was to bring the spectator close to us, to interact with us, like a voyeur.

Models: Emanuel Martins @lolaviada e Akácio Viana @vianaakacio













Vilela Valentin

BOY'S CANDY STORE

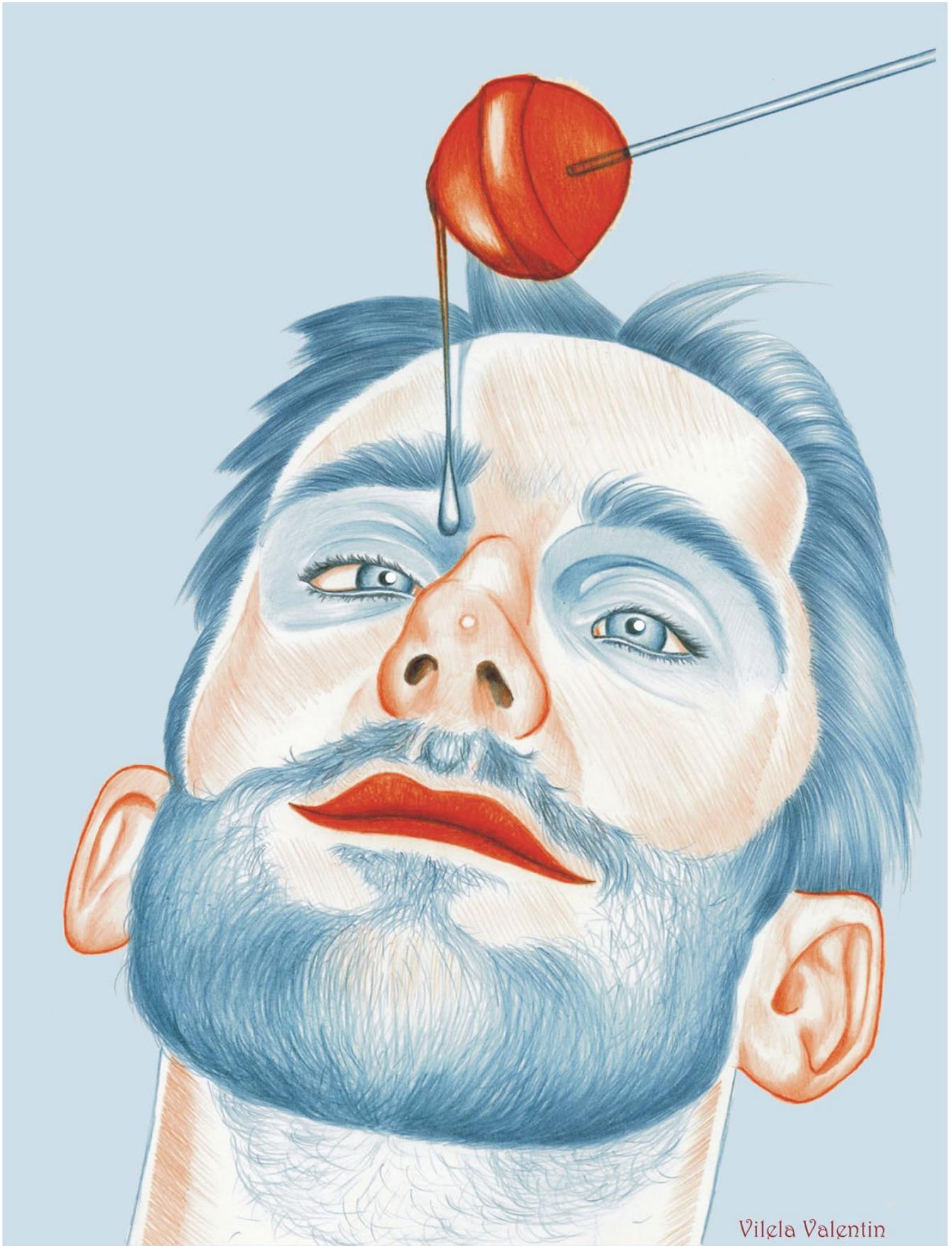
Vilela Valentin

The Plane Eater - When the young boy saw the size of the genitals of his friend in the gym's bathhouse, he was lost in dreams, and thought that was swallowing it all as if it were an Airplane.

Almost Cockeyed – stared hypnotized, almost cockeyed with the possibility of having it all to himself ...

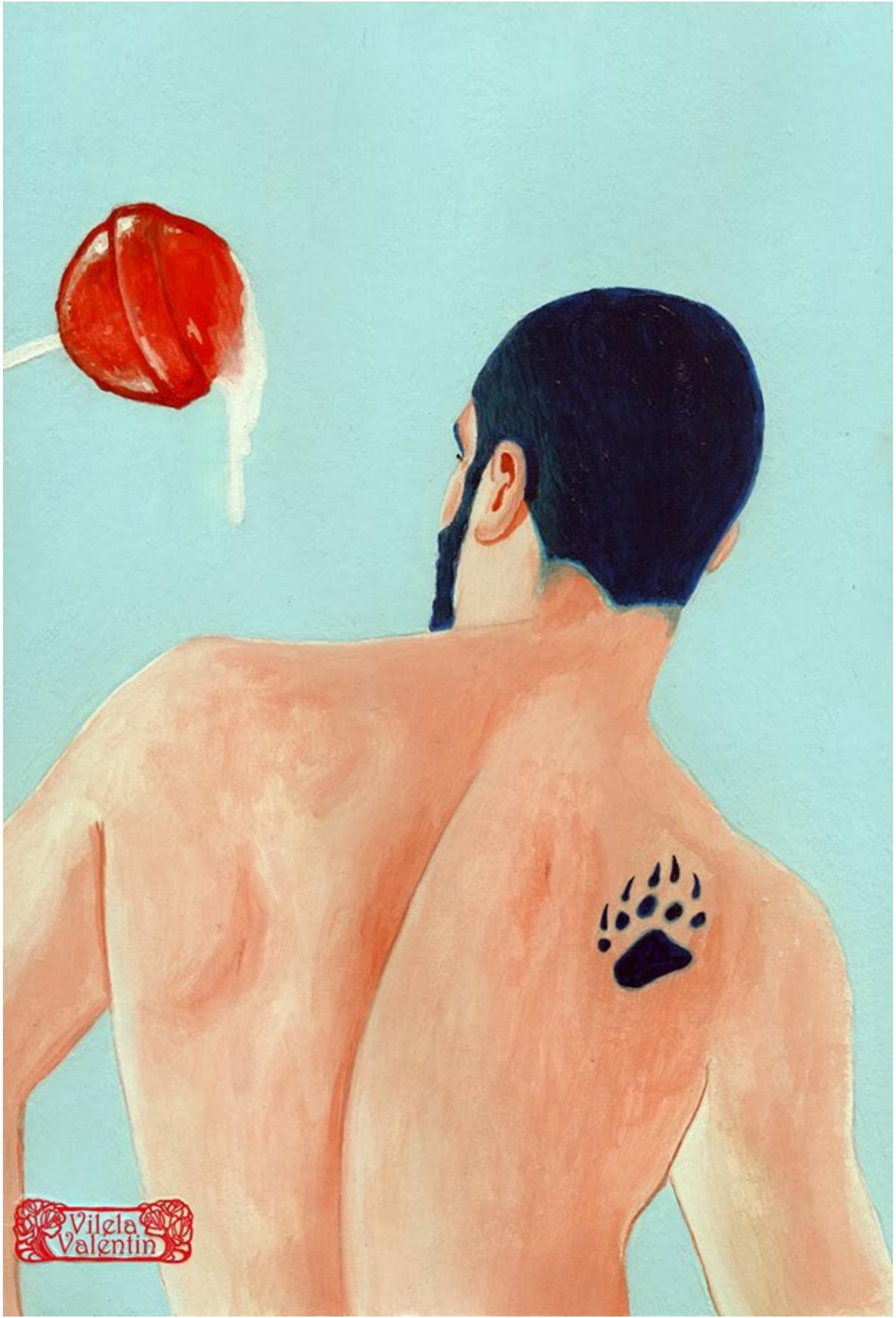
Bear's Honey Christening – As honey the hot liquid was projected on his face, like a baptism, marking a new beginning of his debauched life.

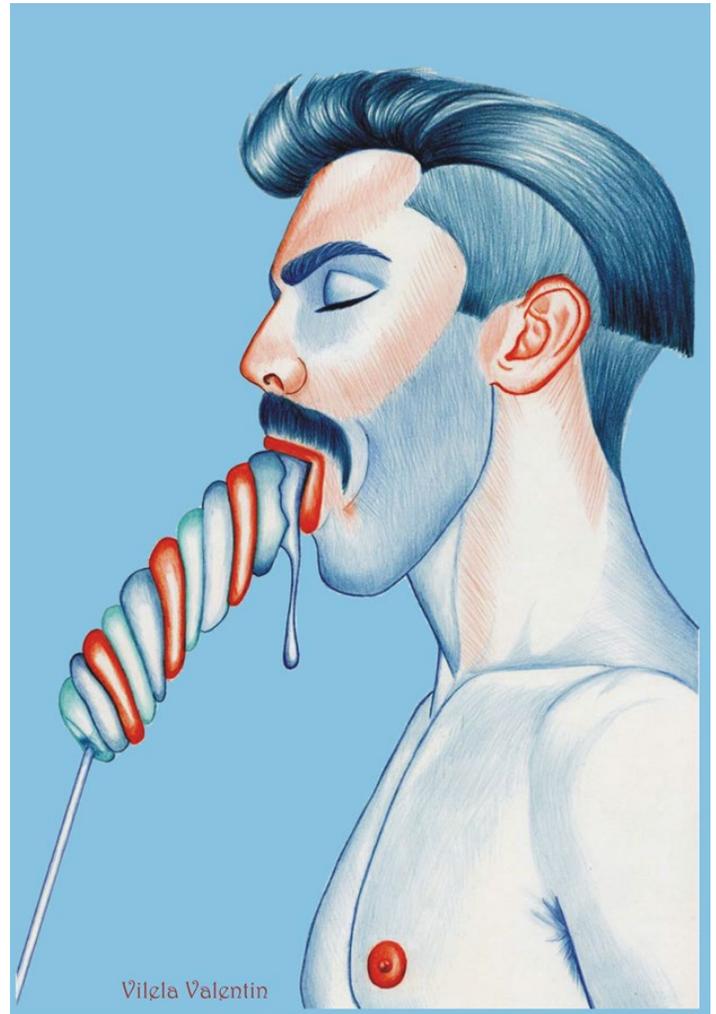
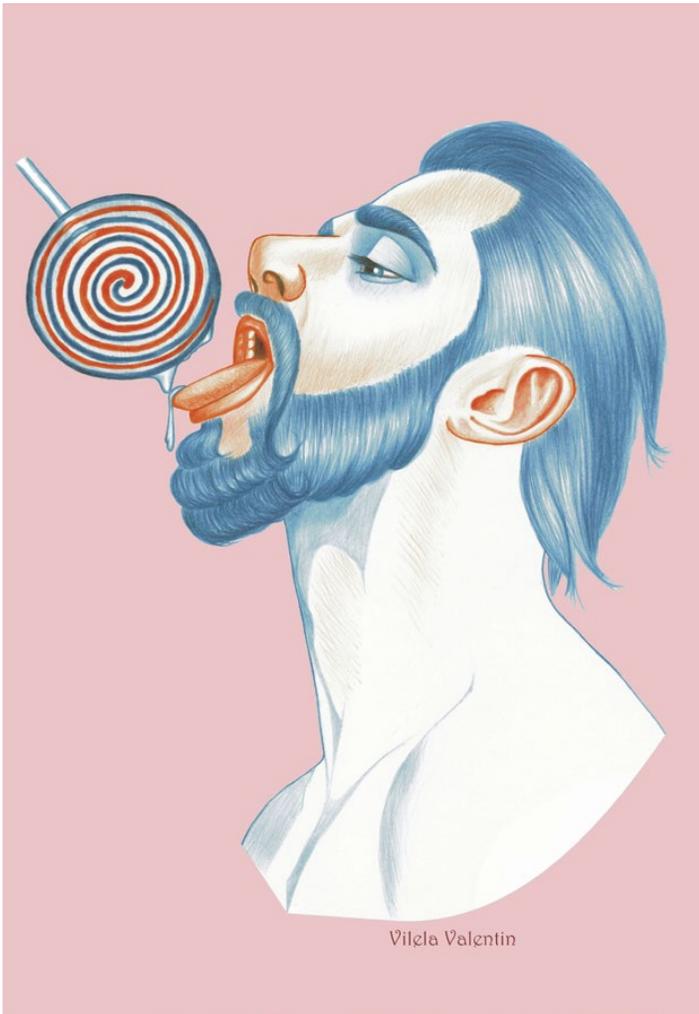
Changing Room – After the football game everyone headed for the showers, entering to take his bath the player found himself in front of the huge erect penis of his coach. Wondered, I would sucking that, like a huge strawberry lollipop.





Vilela Valentin

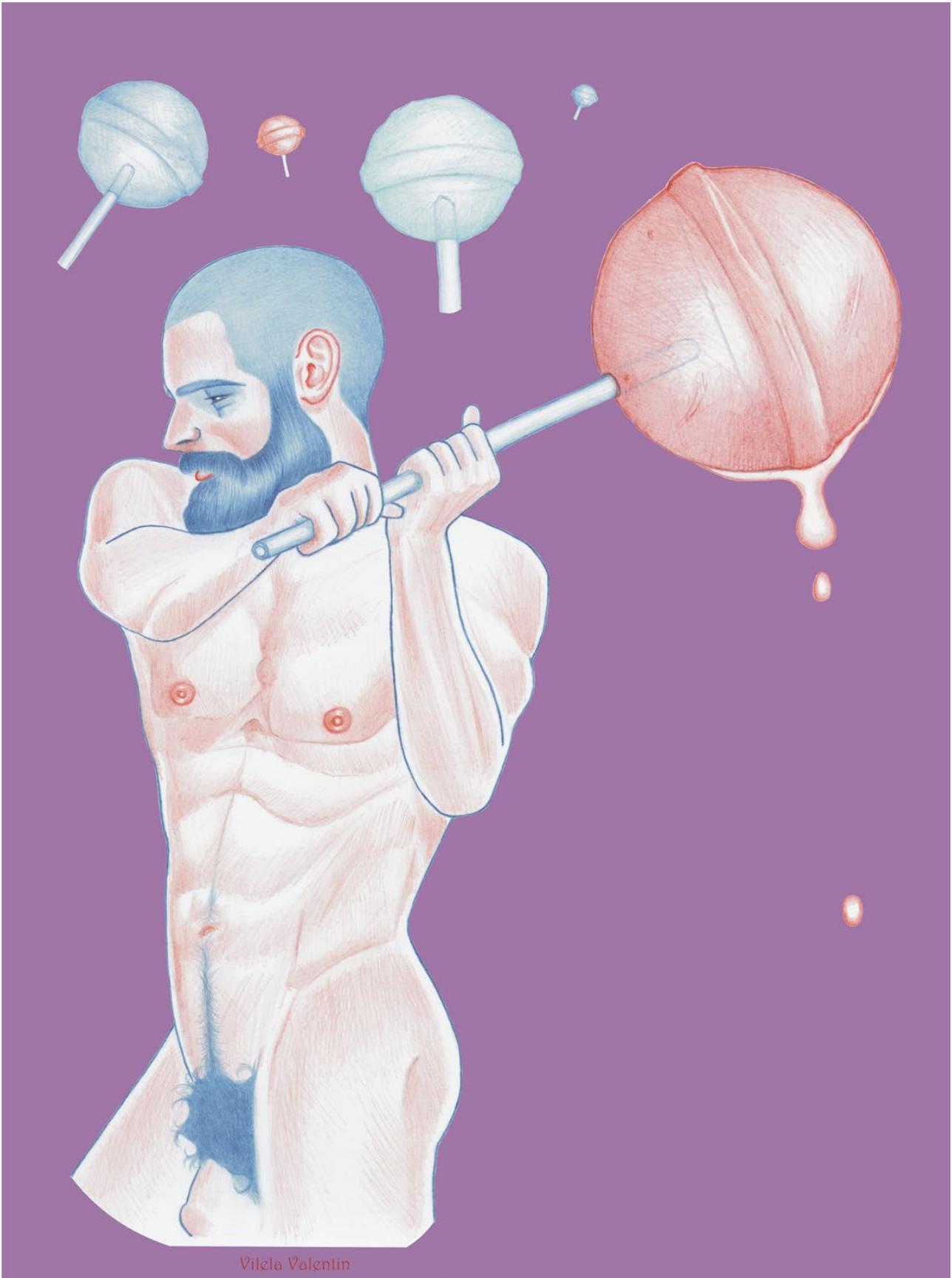




“I let you Suck my Lollipop” – The student was transfixed by the volume in the teacher’s pant, salivating ... when the teacher noticed the desire of his student, he turned the student’s desire into reality and said: “I let you suck my lollipop!”

The Rise of Lollipops – It’s time for comparison! Mirror Mirror on the wall Who has the huge member of them all?

Your Sweet Mashmallow - The young lad was a worker in the candy store, he was a very helpful and serious young man, but whenever he saw his boss get excited, he lost his composure, because the boss was a muscular and seductive man ... until one day ... composure gone and with his mouth full, he whispered: It is good to taste all this! Your sweet Mashmallow!



Vilela Valentin



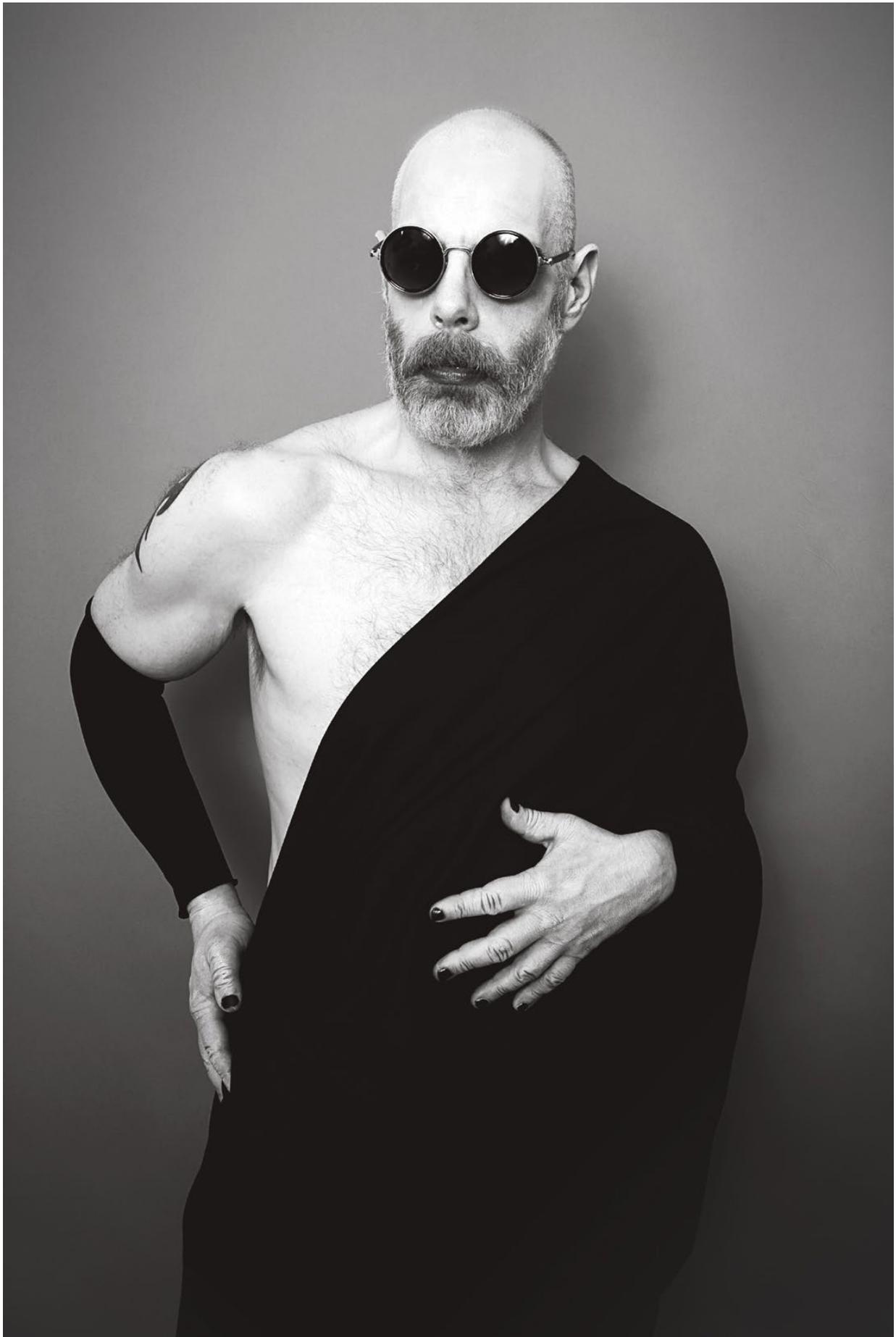
TEMPTATION

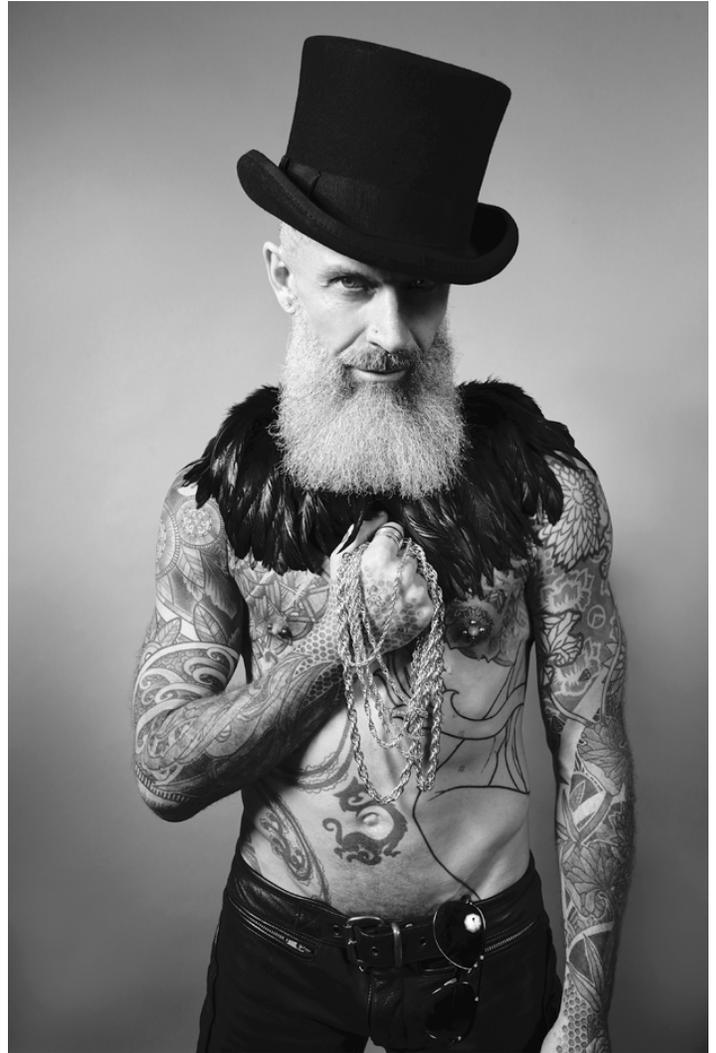
Joerg Brunsendorf

Temptation is a fundamental desire to engage in short-term urges for enjoyment, that threatens long-term goals. Temptation is the feeling we get when encountering an opportunity to do what we innately know we shouldn't.

A current silly idea is that good people do not know what temptation means. This is an obvious lie. Only those who try to resist temptation know how strong it is.

In my images I was trying to find a language to express temptation in a very hedonistic and expressive way. It was important for me to find characters with a strong charismatic and physical appearance in order to archive this effect.







(L): UNTITLED | 3
(R): UNTITLED | 4







THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

Patrick Steele

GREED

"Earth provides enough to satisfy every man's needs, but not every man's greed."

- Mahatma Gandhi

Greed is the unbridled, insatiable desire for more and more - more goods, more pleasure, more excitement, more conquests, more money, more power, more fame... whatever the object of desire, Greed is the antithesis of satisfaction, harmony, spiritual contentment, and balance.

These images depict the emptiness and craving of greed - and the fact that greed can never be satisfied. Although temporarily assuaged by fleeting satisfaction, it is the nature of greed to once again demand more, to discount what is at hand, to drive forward in ever-expanding hunger. Always demanding more, the figure is pressed against the boundary of availability, the boundary of the natural constraint, the boundary of reasonable limits. It is the nature of Greed to constantly demand more and more — insatiably — while negating the gifts and richness of the present.

LUST

"Lust is the craving for salt of a man who is dying of thirst."

- Frederick Buechner, *Beyond Words*

How much more delightful is lust when there is some transgression, a boundary crossed, a taboo shattered, a rule violated? Lust is sweeter when desire drives us to violate those boundaries. Infidelity? Racial boundaries? Same-sex prohibitions? Religious teachings? Family demands? Social Conditioning? Age differences? Pain? Discipline? Multiple partners? These are all boundaries that enliven LUST. Adding octane to the desire, amping up the obsession until, at last, there is only the earthy need to experience, to cross, to violate the limit, and be seen totally, completely, without label or judgement.

This image combines the raw sensuality and sexual eroticism of earthly, pagan pleasure with the religious iconography of the rosary and the chalice to underscore the boundaries to be crossed in LUST'S demands. Two chalices signify the duality of our choices, and the promise of Bacchus and shared pleasure. But you must reach beyond the religious to drink from that cup of promised pleasure.

You can see more of Patrick's work at www.PatrickSteeleImages.com







PRIDE

"Pride is the master sin of the devil, and the devil is the father of lies."

- Edwin Hubbel Chapin

Of the 7 Deadly Sins, Pride is the root from which the others spring. It separates us, drives our lust for power, fuels our wrath, justifies our sloth, bolsters our greed, and generally sets up the "me against the world" combativeness that feeds on envy, and the gluttony of material trophies.

These images portray the haughty pride of the stance, the view, the rejection of intimacy, and ultimately the loneliness of the proud.

SLOTH

"You know, sloth is a sin," he says softly. "I prefer to think of it as an adorable animal."

- Ella James

And, thus, we languish in our comfort, in our pleasures, not as respite from the challenges of the world, but as habitual indulgences that flatten our souls and numb our gratitude, our engagement, our contributions. Until, at last, this adorable animal has devoured our languid souls.

WRATH

"The sharpest sword is a word spoken in wrath."

- Buddha

Anger turned inward, wrathful cuts of the body and the soul. Deep hate. Deep wounds. Lasting scars. Our own oppressors. No reprieve.







PECADOS DE LA CARNE

Fernando Bracho Bracho

Un vicio capital es aquel que tiene un fin excesivamente deseable, de manera tal que en su deseo, un hombre comete muchos pecados, todos los cuales se dice son originados en aquel vicio como su fuente principal. [...] Los pecados o vicios capitales son aquellos a los que la naturaleza humana está principalmente inclinada.

Tomás de Aquino

El cristianismo desde muy temprana edad ha Tratado de controlar el deseo y las pulsiones sexuales del hombre, las ha satanizado, ha penado moralmente lo que es natural en él: el placer por la carne.

Pecados de la carne es la liberación de ese dogma, es el goce del cuerpo sin límites, es el territorio donde todo lo prohibido tiene licencia sin remordimientos morales o de fe, es la libertad. Es donde el pecado se trasmuta en gloria.

A capital vice is one that has an exceedingly desirable end, so that in their desire, a man commits many sins, all of which are said to originate in that vice as their main source. [...] The sins or capital vices are those that human nature is mostly sloping.

Thomas Aquino

Christianity, from an early age, has tried to control desire and the sexual instincts of man have been demonized, the pleasures of the flesh and man's nature are morally punishable.

Sins of the of the body is the concept of this dogma. The enjoyment of the boundless body, is where everything is licensed without moral or remorse - faith is freedom. It is where sin is transmuted into glory.



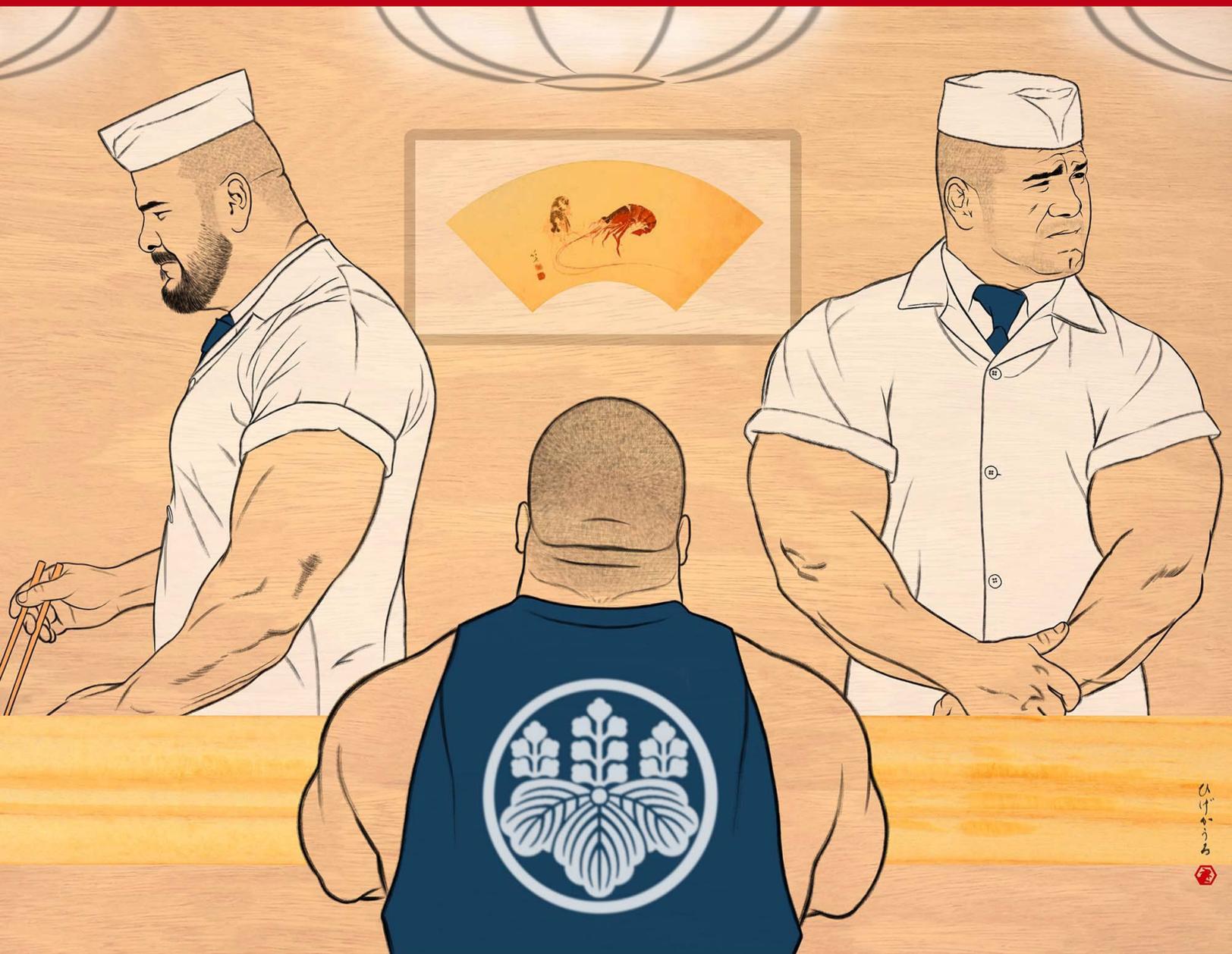








(L); IRA - WRATH
(R); SOBERBIA - PRIDE



ひげかうろ

PRISONER NO. 1 - 7

Cauro Hige

私は、いくつもの意味や感情が層を成しているような絵を描きたいと思っています。それはつまり、見る人によって解釈の仕方が変わる作品、ということです。

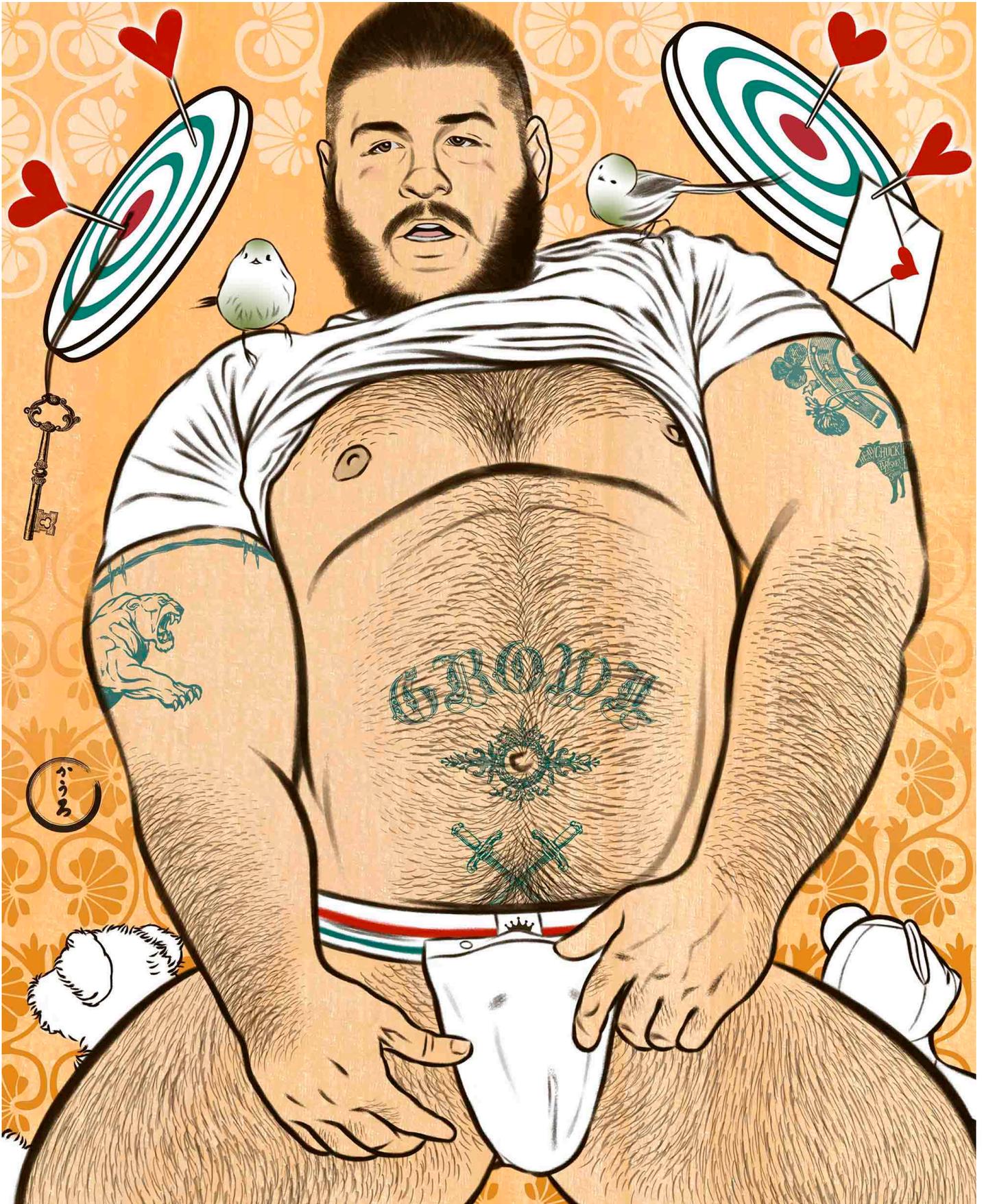
今回「7つの大罪」というお題を与えられ、自分の既存の作品を再解釈したと言いますか、それぞれの罪に最もふさわしいと思った作品を選びました。

その時点で解釈の幅は狭まっているはずですが、それでもまだ、想像力を働かせて楽しんでいただく余地は残っていると思います。

I like to do a painting/drawing that includes some feelings and some senses together. I mean, my work can be interpreted in different ways depending on each viewer.

Given the theme for this issue, I reinterpreted my works and chose the paintings/drawings I thought most suitable for each of the Seven Deadly Sins.

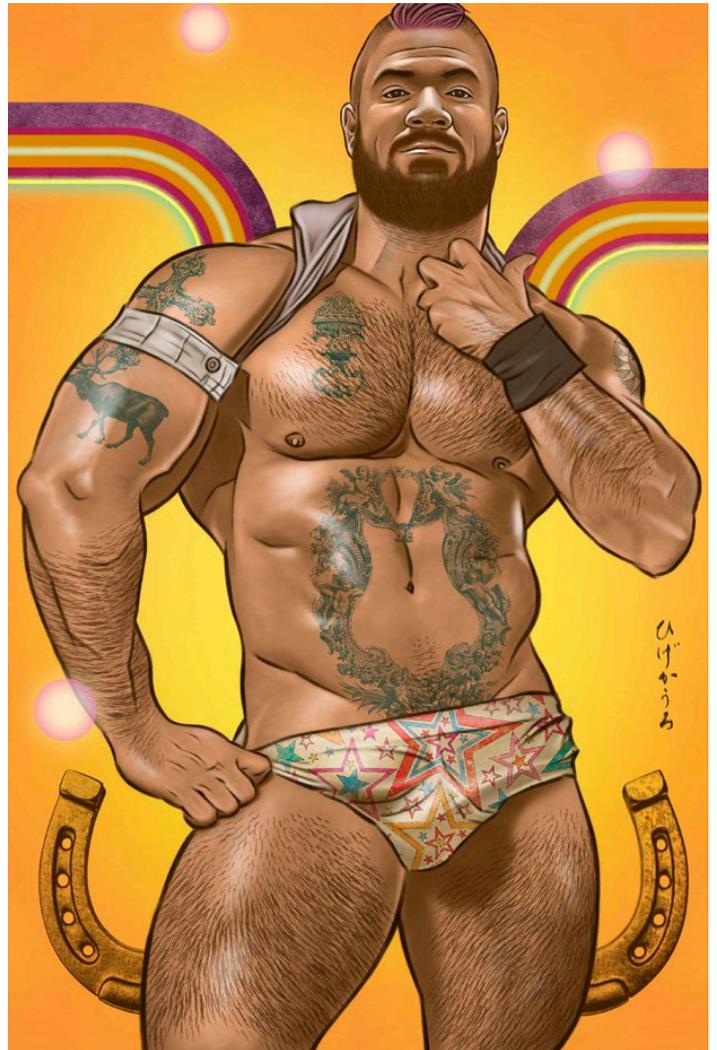
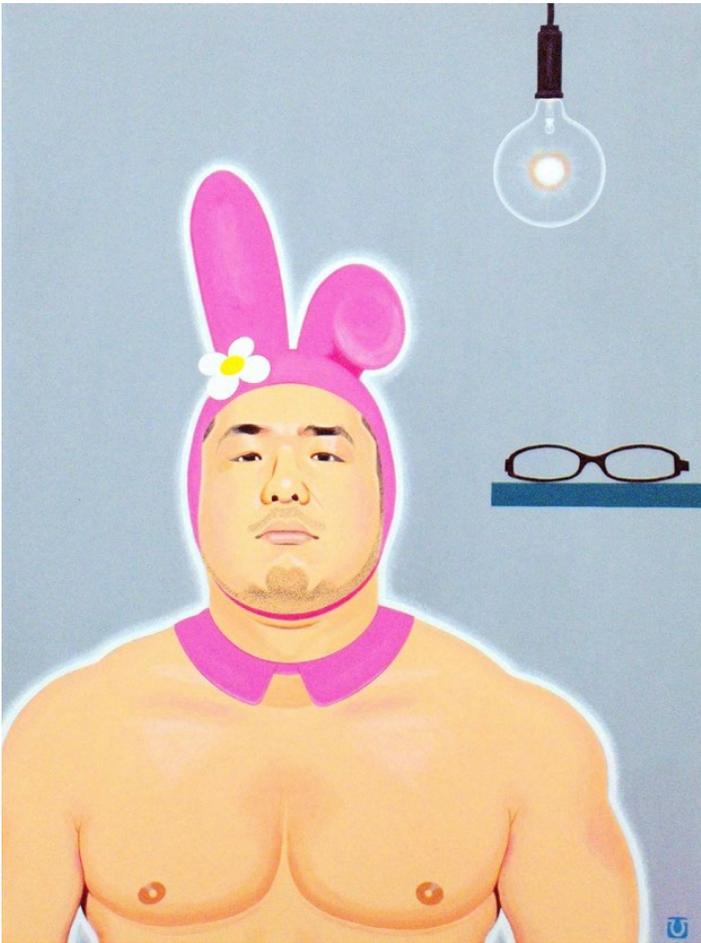
Titling the pictures narrows the range of interpretation, but nevertheless there's still much room for free imagination, I believe.











(L): SLOTH
(R): PRIDE



ODHALENÁ KOŽA

Peter ERZVO Zvonar

Exposed Skin - I'm a man like other men, only perhaps a little more courageous. More daring. From early on I've been asking questions nobody was prepared to answer. I'm following my dreams, and trying to fulfill them one by one. I believe in love and consider it a natural phenomenon, in second place right after life. I also believe in tolerance, in good, the universe and angels, and I'm convinced that everyone has a chance to change, to step into the unknown without fear, and move forward.





















PRIDE - MEN OF STYLE

Ron Amato

pride

(pr d)

n.

- 1. A sense of one's own proper dignity or value; self-respect.*
- 2. Pleasure or satisfaction taken in an achievement, possession, or association*

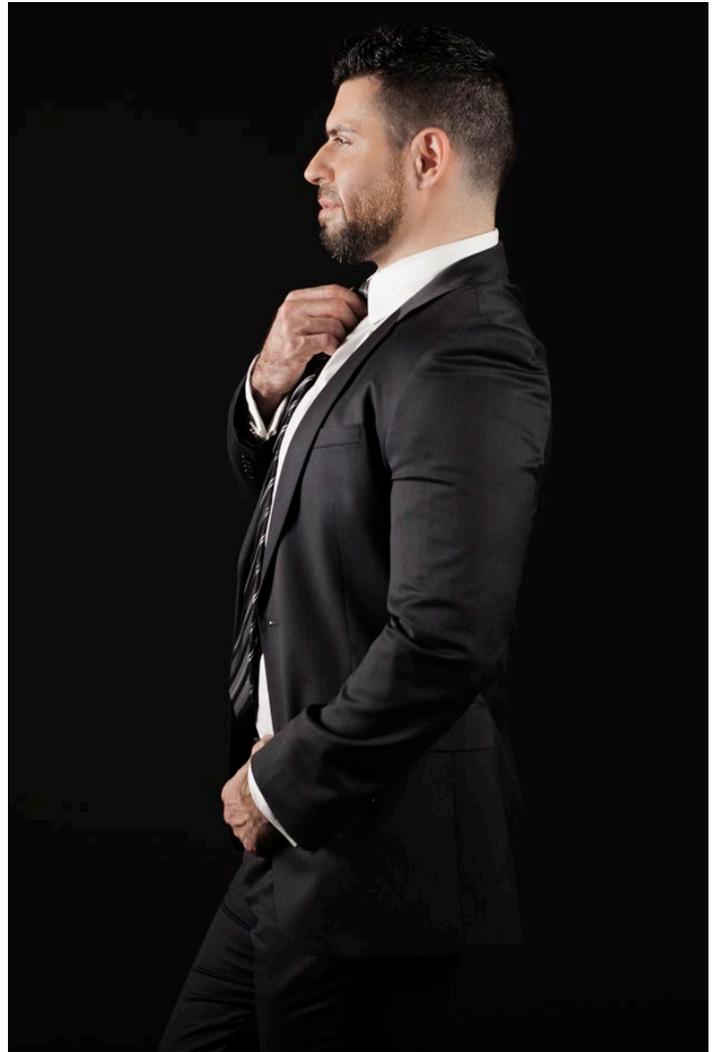
In the early morning hours of June 28, 1969, the NYC police raided The Stonewall Inn in New York's Greenwich Village. The patrons of Stonewall included a diverse representation of the LGBT community: drag queens, transgender people, effeminate young men, butch lesbians, male prostitutes, and homeless youth. When the patrons pushed back, the police quickly lost control of the situation. The event sparked protests by the LGBT community over the next week, giving birth to the modern Gay rights movement.





On the first anniversary of the Stonewall riots in June of 1970, activists organized a march through Manhattan. At this event, then called the Christopher Street Gay Liberation Day march, the crowd chanted, "Say it clear, say it loud. Gay is good, Gay is proud." Eventually this march became the Gay Pride Parade, adopted in many countries around the world. Since then the LGBT community has co-opted the word Pride and used it in a positive context of empowerment.

In this spirit of Pride, I present my Men of Style project, celebrating the self-expression of men through fashion.



(L): MATT KNIFE
(R): ERIC ALÁN





(L); HUNTER O'HANIAN
(R); EDWARD MISKIE



THE MARK OF SIN

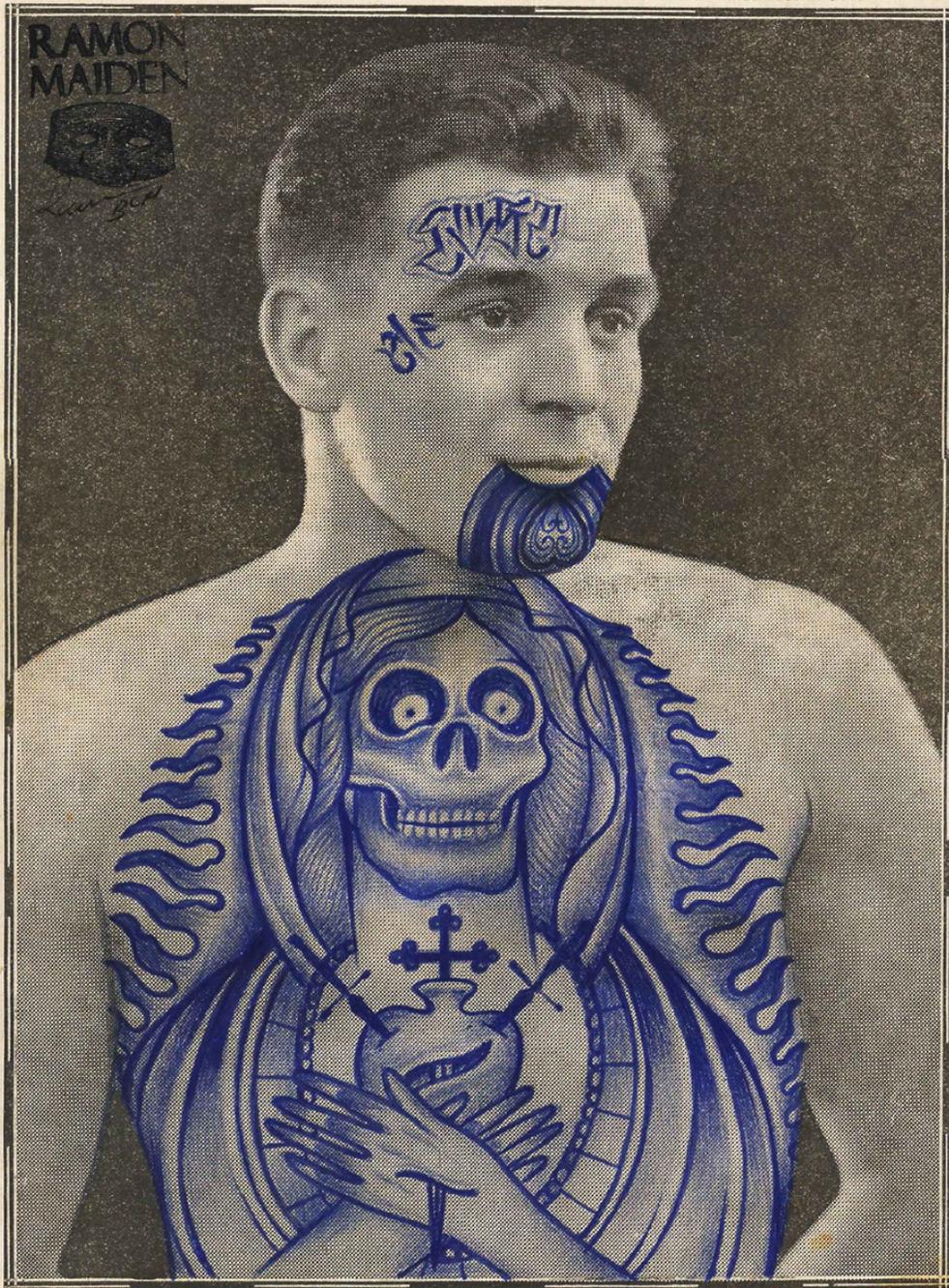
Ramon Maiden

The tattoo has a strong aesthetic and symbolic meaning. I consider my body to be the map of my life and it shows all of the moments, in one way or another, that have marked me as a person. There was a time when it was something related to the marginal people, delinquents, sailors or outsiders in general. Now tattoos are something more trendy and easy to get they are something aesthetic.

I'm sure tattoos are still provocative for some people but nobody can deny how we perceive tattoos has changed so much.

I like controversy and in almost all of my pieces I try to express and transmit some sort of political or social message. So in many of my pieces you can see references to historical moments, religion, social injustices but also beautiful filigrees, Victorian patterns or intricate gothic buildings. It should be a balance between the aesthetic result and the message I want to show.

BOXEO



ANTONIO HORAS, CAMPEON DE CATALUÑA QUE EN AMERICA SE HIZO FAMOSO POR SU PUNCH,
HARA SU RENTREE CONTRA MORALES

Der Adler



HEFT 11 / BERLIN, 3. Juni 1941

Portugal Esc. 1.50
España Pts. 1.—

HERAUSGEGEBEN UNTER
MITWIRKUNG DES REICHS-
LUFTFAHRTMINISTERIUMS



**„Nach dem Siege
bindet den Helm fester!“**

Die deutsche Luftwaffe hält sich nach dem Siege über die Engländer in Griechenland bereit zu neuen Taten, wohin auch immer der Führer sie rufen wird.

Aufn. Dr. Franz

**„Después de la victoria,
ceñid la espada aún más fuerte!“**

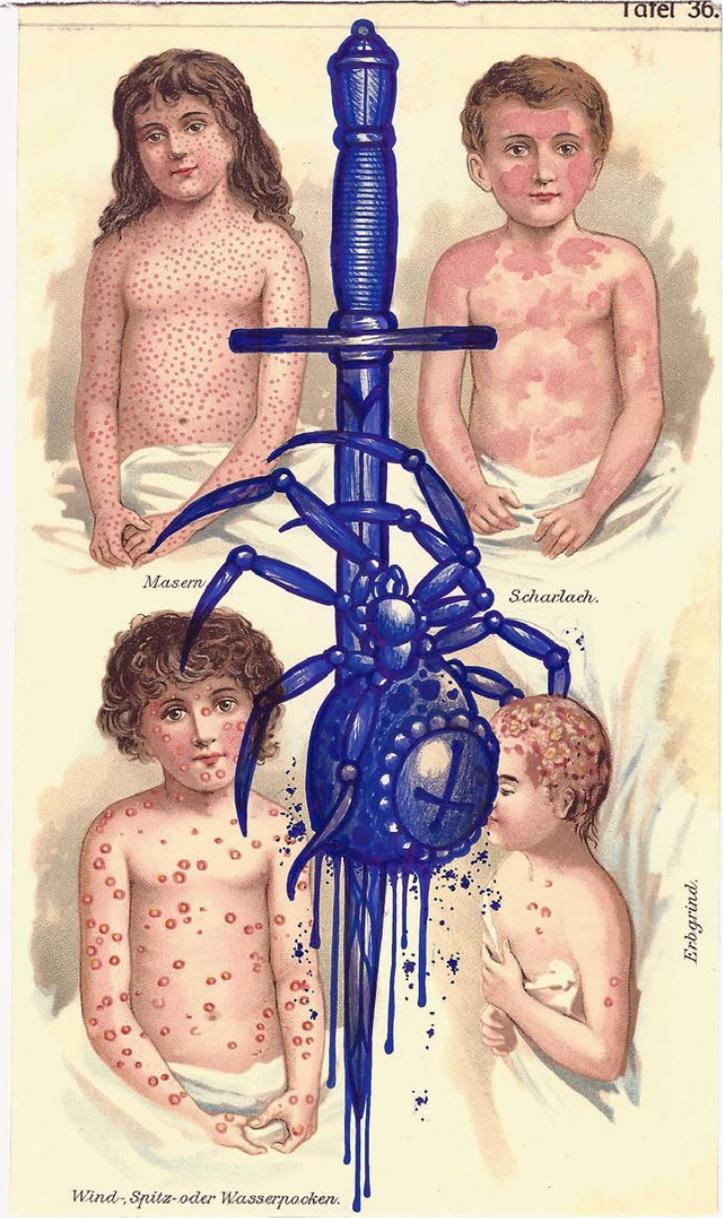
Después de la victoria sobre los ingleses en Grecia, está preparada la aviación alemana para nuevas gestas, dondequiera que lo ordene el Führer.





RAMON
MADRIDEN





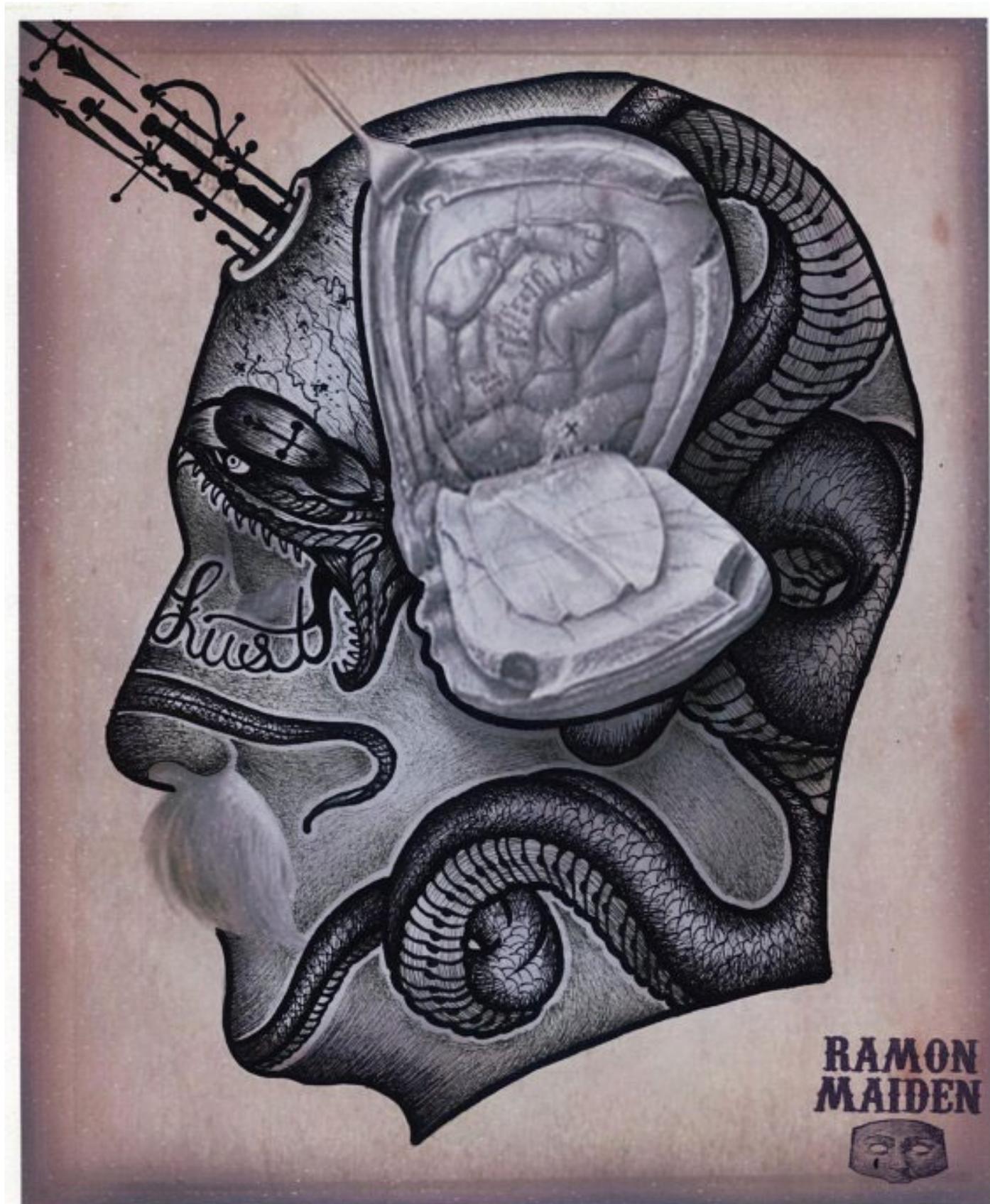
Masern

Scharlach.

Erbgründ.

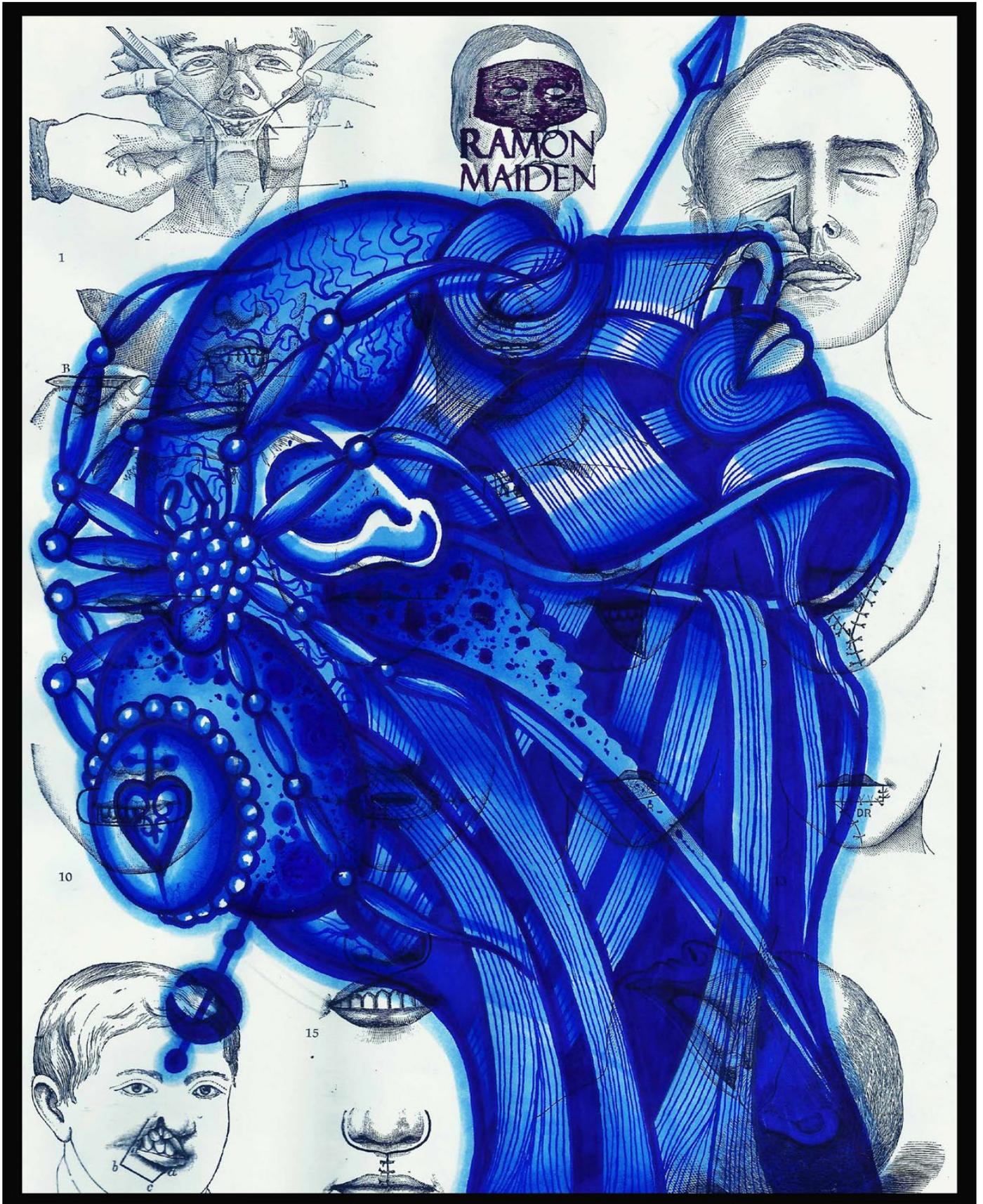
Wind-, Spitz- oder Wasserpocken.

RAMON MAIDEN
666
Ran B. 14.











THE SEVEN DEADLY VIRTUES

Victor Hensel-Coe

The undertaking of this work was to take the Seven Heavenly Virtues of Charity, Chastity, Diligence, Temperance, Patience, Kindness and Humility, and create a work about each them to ask the question "can we craft virtue from sin?". Each Virtue is opposed to one of the Seven Deadly Sins, and so this work seeks to take sins- specifically, sinful sexual practises and rephrase them as virtuous and strengthening to the soul. The outcome is Seven tableau images of BDSM practises which in their referencing of holy Christian symbols, classical painting,

and even their creation of new mythologies attempt to redefine the way we see virtue. Some traditional examples of referencing include the incorruptibility of gold, Lilies for purity, and the use of triangular compositions of models commonly found in paintings of the Madonna and Child. While some new symbolisms reference Soho as a location, and even the inclusion of the artist himself in three of the final images, alluding to the autobiographical nature of the work.

You can see more of Victor's work at www.victorhenselcoe.com













SEVEN SINS, SEVEN TEMPTATIONS

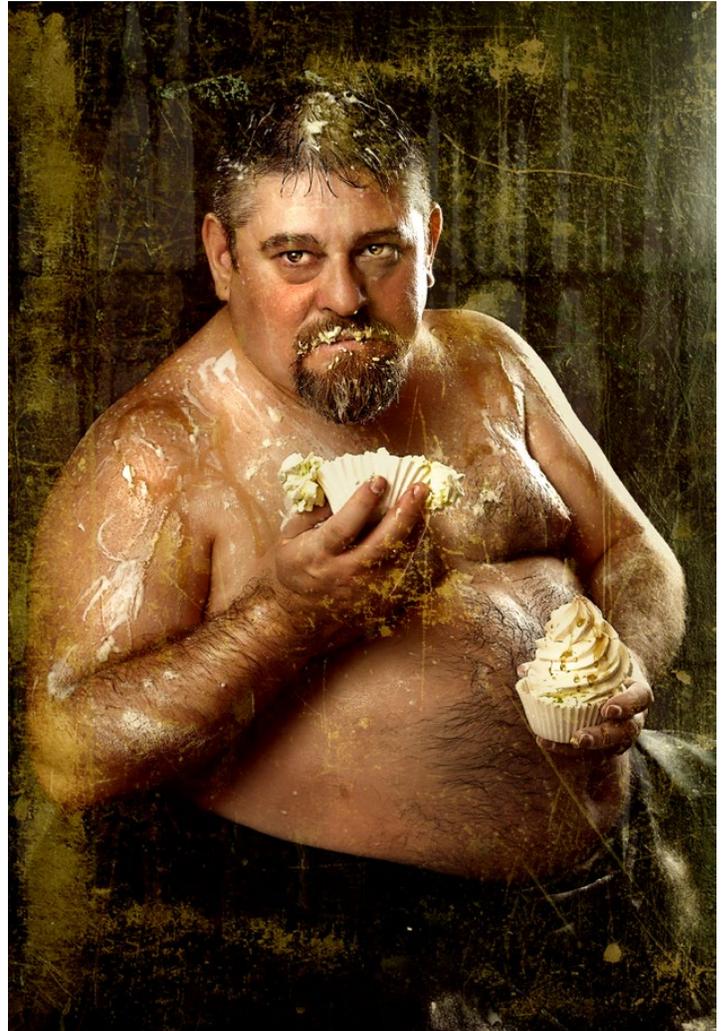
Guillermo Gallardo Medina

Although the name of Capital Sins emerged in the early years of Christianity, many of them are still in force, and in some cases are even considered as a virtue. Perhaps the most popular and widespread is Envy, envy of our neighbour, of our co-worker's salary, of the brawny man in the gym ... And once we get what we envied it comes Pride, looking down at the others simply because we have something they do not have and we like to provoke them, because Lust is nowadays a powerful stimulant. And when we have achieved everything we wanted ... what motivate us?

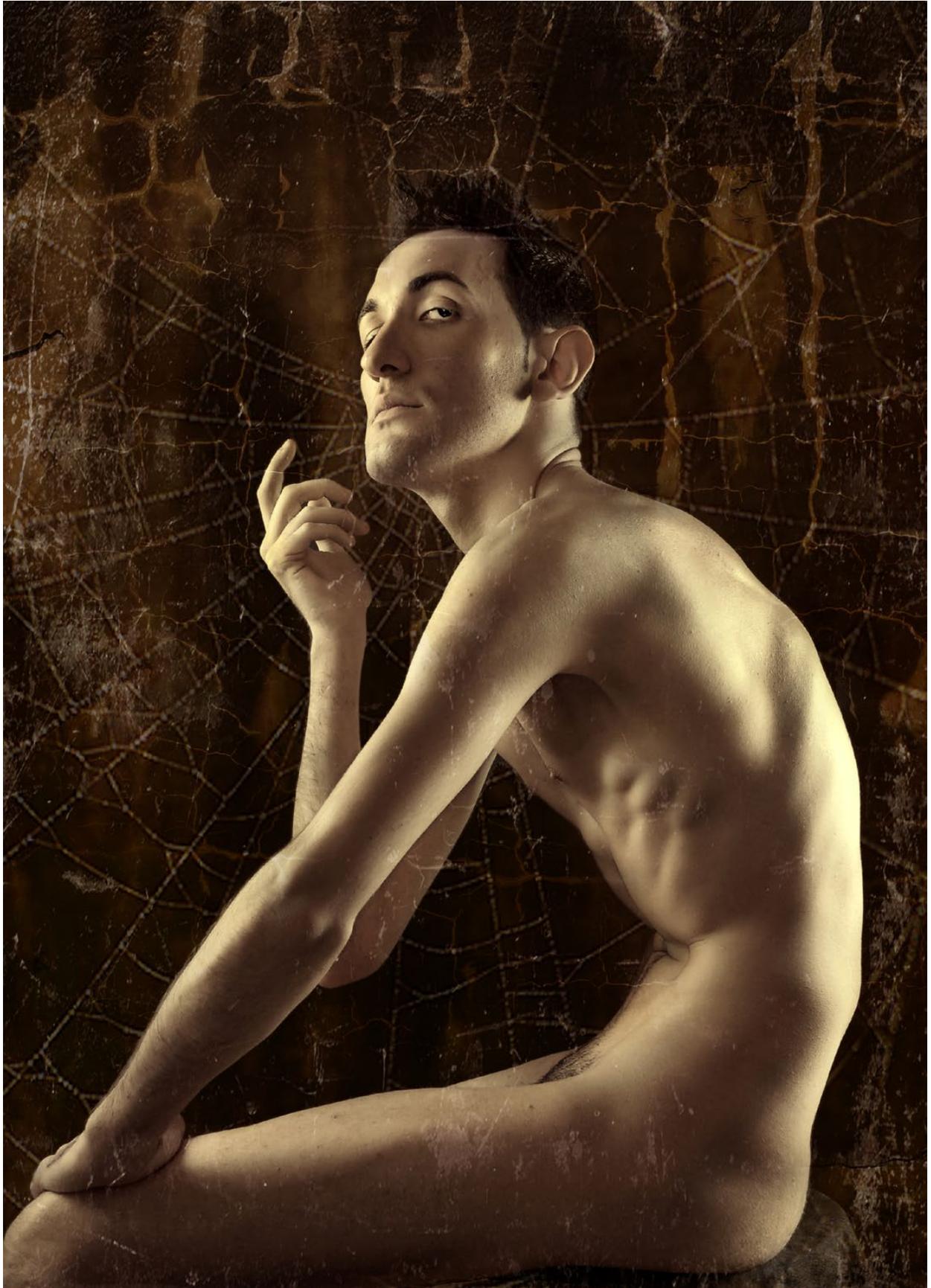
From then to Greed there's only one step. We end up accumulating unnecessary things and when our house is completely full we rent a place to keep on accumulating ... a vicious circle that give us a continuous dissatisfaction that we channel through Wrath or Gluttony. Of course, we always have the resource of forgetting the world and its banal sins for a while and take a nap. Uff... this text is causing me Laziness...

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













NO ONE

InkedKenny

"You'll never love me"
As close to hate as loving can be...







(L): NO ONE | 4
(R): NO ONE | 5









(L): No ONE | 9
(R): No ONE | 10







SEVEN DEADLY SINS

Bearceval

My purpose was to associate each sin with a part of our body and with a typical childish object. For some of them it was quite simple and easy. Gluttony, for instance, was obviously linked to the belly and to sweets. Lust had to be linked to the pubes and to the only sexually identified toys, GI Joe and Ken. For sloth, I chose the arms and the first thing we are given to cuddle and to sleep with, a teddy bear. Envy was illustrated by a toy every young boy wanted to receive at Christmas, a firemen lorry, and by what enables us to covet it, the eyes. Wrath, very common among children, was depicted by feet crushing and breaking toys. For greed, fingers crumpling and picking up Monopoly notes seemed to be clear enough. And for pride, I used a Superman outfit torn up by a bursting chest.











(L): LUXURIA
(R): SUPERBIA

WRATH

Joe

WRATH: God's righteous anger and punishment, provoked by sin.

When my dad found out from my sister in 1988 about my HIV status, he said, "Well, it comes with the territory, doesn't it?" as if I was getting the punishment I deserved. It was upsetting, but not surprising. It echoed the call he'd made to me eight years earlier from a bar near the apartment I shared with my first lover. "Your mother tells me you're a queer," he said in a drunken voice, then proceeded to tell me I was a disgusting human being who had brought shame to the family. "You're now at the mercy of God's wrath," he said just before he ended the call.

Not long prior, my mother drove over four hundred miles from Ohio to North Carolina to let me know that she'd learned from reading my sister's diary that I was gay. She hadn't informed me of the reason for the sudden visit except to say she wanted to see me so I was insistent that my "roommate" Steve join us for dinner. It was an awkward, uncomfortable meal that didn't make sense until we got back to our apartment. After my stepfather quickly excused himself to go back to the motel, Mom revealed her reason for being there. "Joseph, if you don't get help...go to a psychiatrist...somehow find a way to get over this awful phase, I will never see you again. I love you, but I must uphold God's laws and what you two are doing is an abomination. It is an unrecoverable sin. It just makes me sick." She looked at me like she expected me to cave with the promise that I'd repent. After getting over my initial surprise, I replied, "This isn't a phase; it's who I've always been. You just didn't want to see it so...I guess this is goodbye." I drove her the three short blocks to her motel and we said a teary farewell. I truly believed it would be the last time I saw her. Back at the apartment, I got drunk and cried in Steve's arms.

After my dad's phone call, Steve and I mixed the gram of MDA we had bought earlier that day into a little water and drank it down. We headed to The Power Company, the local gay bar, where, with hugely dilated pupils, we danced and drank, touching anyone that passed us because everything and everyone felt so fucking good. But no matter how high I got or how much I drank or the intense effort I put into trying to cum when we were naked and alone in our bed, the

idea of God's wrath as proclaimed by my parents was like my shadow in bright light; I couldn't escape it no matter where I looked.

God, sex and shame had been intertwined from the very beginning. How did a 5-year-old boy know that convincing Joel Campbell to get naked in our attic was an exciting act of power and persuasion, but that it also somehow seemed wrong? Was it my mother's talk with me afterwards when my sister saw us and ran down the stairs to tell on me? Did Mom shame me? I don't believe she did as she groggily told me that we should only play with our clothes on. She was asleep in her bed, taking a nap in the middle of the afternoon, which didn't seem odd at the time, but now speaks to her own state of mind back then. She had yet to become the religious fanatic she would when we joined the Nazarene hell-fire-and-brimstone church when I was ten. This is when I first learned of God's wrath and that He would return "in the blink of an eye" and I would be cast into hell to burn for all eternity.

At twelve and a half, Mike Bass told me the other boys at my old school were giving each other blow jobs and asked if I wanted to try it. I didn't reply, but merely followed him into his messy bedroom while his stepmother and little sister yelled at each other downstairs.

He pulled down his shorts, laid back on the bed and I knelt between his legs. I took his already substantial cock in my mouth and instinctively knew to move my head up and down while keeping my teeth from scraping his dick. It didn't take long before he came and I swallowed the strange tasting stuff without hesitation. Kneeling there with my hands wrapped around his cock and balls was a greater religious experience than any I'd felt when walking down to the altar at church to be "saved." When Mike returned the favor and I came even faster than he had, I was flooded with guilt and shame to such a degree that I couldn't get out of his room fast enough. Yet by the time I had ridden my bike home, I was ready to do it all over again and we would, repeatedly, for the next few years until I moved away.





On a return visit to Ohio, Mike would take me to my first gay bar when I was 19 where I picked up an older, bearded man who looked too much like my dad. I let him fuck me for the first time or rather he flipped me over, buried my head in the pillow while shoving poppers up my nose and rammed his dick in my dry ass. It was painful and hurried and when he came, his shame was even greater than mine that first time. He drove me back to my beat-up Chevy Nova and practically pushed me out without hardly a word. My ass bled for days after, but thinking this is how it must be for my kind, I made arrangements to see him again a few weeks later and it played out the same way with what now seems like punishment sex. I assumed this was how sex with men was supposed to be, painful, hurried and with a lot of guilt afterwards. I could never do poppers again, which was probably a blessing.

So in 1988 while overnighting as a flight attendant in West Palm Beach, I called an old friend that lived there. Reed was crying when he answered, explaining his best friend and roommate John was in the hospital and not expected to live through the night. "What happened? What's the matter?" I asked. "He's got pneumonia. Pneumocystis." "Oh, shit...I'm so sorry Reed." We quickly said goodbye and I began to freak out alone in my hotel room. A year earlier while visiting Reed, I had gotten so drunk at the Rooster to the point of nearly blacking out that John offered to drive me back to their place. I came onto him in the car and he fucked me when we got home. The next morning, I didn't remember the sex, but when I sat on the toilet, the proof of what we did was apparent. Now, alone in the hotel room, I knew God's wrath had finally come home and I was going to get what I deserved. Two weeks later after getting tested, the doctor's office called, and with a cold formality, confirmed what I already knew.

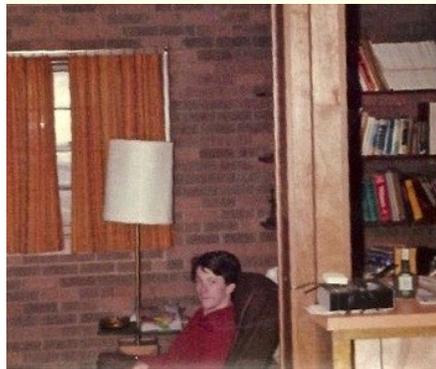
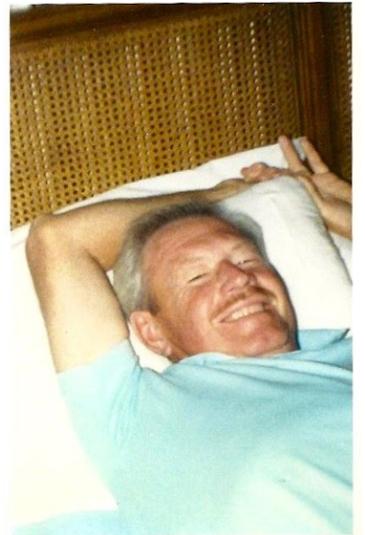
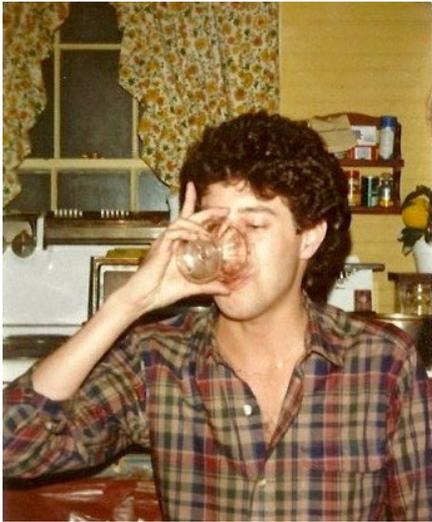
God's wrath, which I only later understood was the shame and victimhood I'd felt since I could remember, began to ease in 1991, but only after beating my ass into total surrender. I was sober and living in Los Angeles when my healthy, robust roommate Carl got lesions on the brain and died within six weeks of diagnosis.

I had my first panic attack while trapped in the center row of a production of M. Butterfly, but not understanding what it was, I became convinced I was dying just like Carl. As he got sicker, the panic became worse to the point where anytime I was stuck someplace: a freeway on-ramp, a crowded restaurant, at a Liza Minnelli concert at the Greek (not my idea), I would have to find an escape. After multiple trips to the emergency room and every medical test possible, my friend Keith, in training to be a therapist, called to read me the list of symptoms of panic disorder from the DSM. Maybe, just maybe, God's righteous anger and punishment, provoked by my unpardonable sin, was all in my fucking head.

Five months after Carl's death, I was at a men's retreat at a Santa Barbara monastery when I got a message that Dad had died at 58 years old. Earlier that day, I forced myself to walk alone down a mountain trail, terrified that rattlesnakes lurked behind every shrub and bush waiting to strike only me, but determined to face my irrational fear. The snakebite turned out to be the call about my dad and I rushed home to get a flight to North Carolina. I was panicked about getting on a plane, afraid of what would happen once the aircraft door was shut, convinced I would uncontrollably tear off my clothes and run screaming up the aisle. When the alarm went off at 5 am, I thought about not going. What was the point? He was already dead. Then the phone rang. My lover answered it, but there was no one there. I laid back down. It rang again. He picked up and no one spoke. I laid there another minute, afraid to move, trying to talk myself into getting up. The phone rang a third time and I answered. Nothing but dead air on the other end. Still not getting the message, I got back into bed.

But this time I heard my dad's gentle and loving voice saying "It's all okay. Everything is okay" I remained in bed until the phone rang a fourth time and once again there was nothing on the other end. Silence, no click, no dial tone, nothing but Dad's assuring voice in my head. I went to the airport and flew east to be there for my sisters and stepmother. My panic soon vanished for good.





Dear Joey,

Sat. Night

I got your letter and was glad to hear that you was being good. I hope you are studying hard at school.

I was over to Uncle James Thursday night and he said Roger had gotten all A's except on behavior. I went to a movie tonight and it was pretty good. The nurse just came in and gave me some medicine to take, it doesn't taste too bad, has an orange flavor. Have you been going to church every Sunday? How is choir coming along? Well son I will close for now I was glad to get your letter.
Love, Goddy

I now believe God's wrath is a myth, a human construct designed to control and discipline. With each generation of my Judeo-Christian family, we've taken this lesson to heart as if it were a part of our very being. We've kept our secrets selves hidden, we've lied to those with whom we are closest and we say the cruelest things to the ones we love. Through my parents' example, wrath as control has guided much of my life, but this great lie that has melted itself around me like molten lead is just that, a lie. I have no control over anything except my own intentions and actions.

This past August in Provincetown, I fuck my HIV negative husband of 22 years without a condom. This is a first, hot morning sex that ends with my coming in his ass. Prior to this, we were hyper safe, always resulting in the loss of spontaneity and urgency. It was the unnecessary acknowledgment of the HIV elephant, the "getting what I, the fag, deserved," but with my viral load undetectable and him on PrEP, we fuck without consequence. It is a simple moment of loving expression made that much more exceptional by the countless hours of undoing it has taken us and countless others to get here. God's wrath is no longer hovering in the shadows.



FALLOS

Photography Marc Martin / Performer-Model Arthur Gillet

Des virilités illusoires... aux illusions viriles

Marc Martin & Arthur Gillet s'inspirent des postures de l'homme – archaïque ou moderne – afin de mieux s'en délivrer. Ils affirment que le masque n'est pas un mensonge et assument l'artifice comme un élément du désir. Car Arthur et Marc jouent ; ils se jouent des codes généralement assimilés à la masculinité. (autorité, domination, conquête, puissance, efficacité, technicité...). Ils suggèrent le plaisir, l'utopie ; l'invisible, l'intuition ; le hasard et le doute ; la lenteur et la langueur aussi. Leur perversion ? Éclairer les zones d'ombres, sales. Souligner le déclin, sublimer la chute.

From illusory manliness to manly illusions.

Marc Martin and Arthur Gillet are fascinated by different hypostases of maleness, archaic as well as contemporary, and their work is informed by this obsession. They postulate that the many masks of maleness and manliness don't cover lies, but that they are honest accessories for the manifestation of desire. Arthur and Marc are at play: they play with the values of traditional manliness — efficiency, authority, domination, glory, force, power, technical prowess. They privilege the unseen and the intuitive; pleasure and utopia; chance and doubt; slowness and languor. Their favorite perversion is to illuminate the shadows that surround filth; to highlight the splendour of depravity; to glorify decadence.

You can see more of Marc's work and "Fallos" project at www.marcmartin.paris

You can follow Arthur Gillet on facebook and Instagram : www.instagram.com/arthurouge







(L): FALLOS | 4
(R): FALLOS5















BEATA ANIMA

Aurelio Monge

Pocas veces encontramos en un autor de nuestros tiempos un tratamiento de la luz, la figura y la composición que nos devuelva a las academias y los claroscuros de los grandes maestros de la pintura.

Beata Anima es la obra fotográfica que Aurelio Monge inspirada en el apostolado de El Greco en el 400 aniversario de la muerte del gran pintor y que presentó en una magnífica exposición en Barcelona (Mayo, 2014).

La presente edición nos ofrece cuatro obras inéditas que fueron censuradas por su contenido explícito y que ven aquí, en Mascular Magazine, la luz por primera vez en exclusiva.

Rarely we found in an author of our time a treatment of light, shape and composition that brings us the academies and the chiaroscuro of the Great Masters of painting.

Beata Anima is a photographic work by Aurelio Monge inspired on the apostolate of El Greco in the 400 anniversary of his death and presented in a magnificent exhibition in Barcelona (May, 2014).

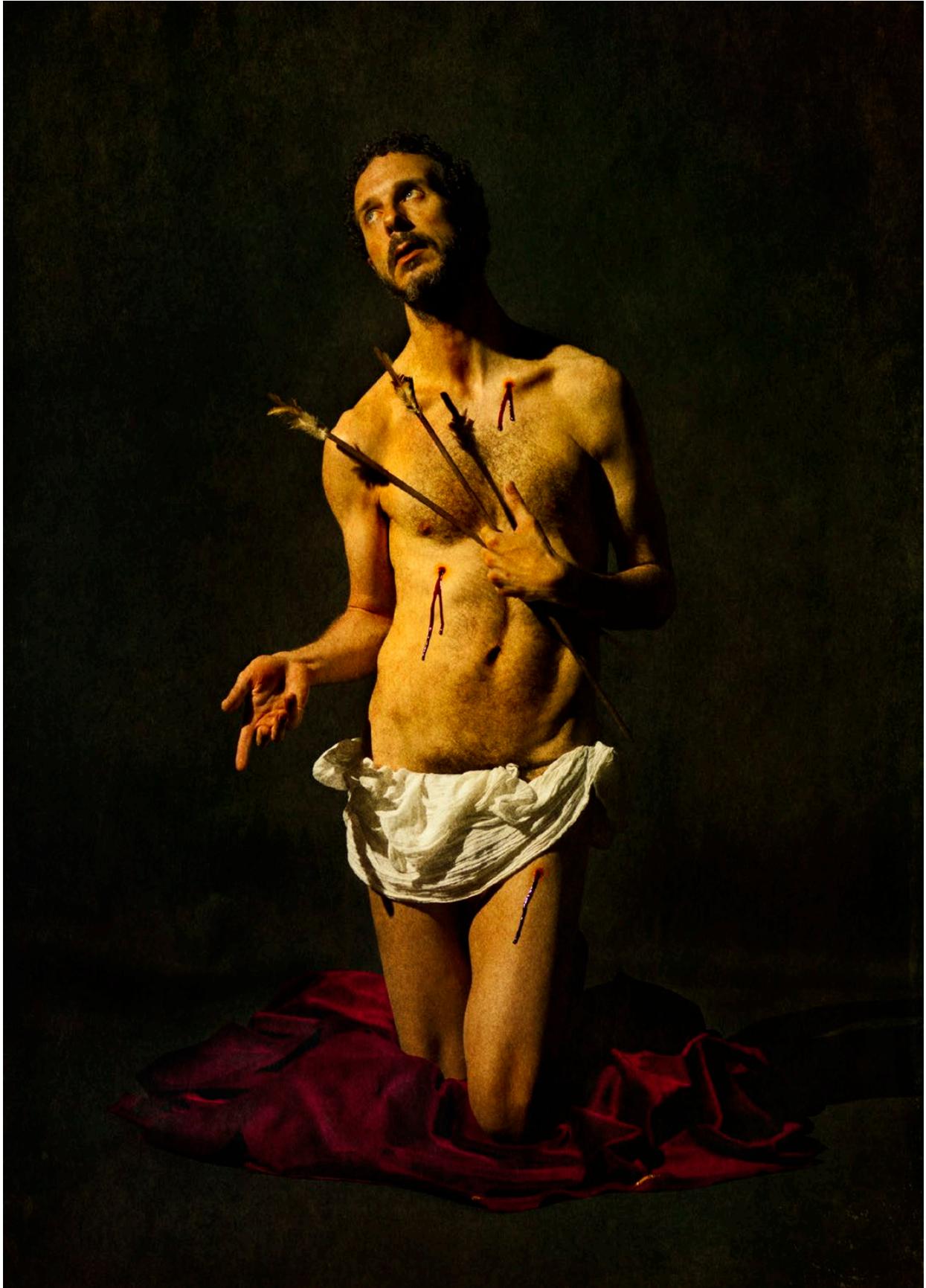
The collection we present here offers us four new works that were censored by its explicit content and they comes to light exclusively for Mascular Magazine.





















CREATURES OF LOVE

Enrique Landgrave aka Dr. Dodo
Text by Enrique Landgrave & Iván Sierra

Sin lo prohibido, no existiría cierto placer. Y estamos sometidos al placer, o al menos ante la perspectiva de alcanzarlo, aun cuando no seamos conscientes de ello. Es en la óptica de la transgresión donde experimentamos la dulce angustia sin la cual no existiría lo prohibido y, por tanto, el placer mismo. He ahí lo que nos seduce de la idea del pecado. El impulso de transgredir y el placer tienen, indiscutiblemente, una misma génesis. Pero aun la transgresión misma, el pecado consumado, no agota el carácter prohibitivo del placer. La prohibición permanece para que el gozo continúe. Quizá, para explicarlo de un modo más claro, valdría la pena decir que ese lugar común que habla del “placer de lo prohibido” no es más que un pleonismo.

La experiencia propia del erotismo exige de quien la disfruta una emoción no menos intensa que la angustia y no menos genuina que la estupefacción. La urgencia por remediar ese placer angustiante es, de hecho, el combustible que enciende la hoguera misma de la seducción. Mas cuando esa urgencia desdénia o elude la seducción para alcanzar mediante atajos lo meramente sexual, también lo sexual se pierde, pues el “erotismo” carece entonces de su rasgo fundamental, que es la transgresión de lo prohibido, puesto que la transgresión ya está dada y, por tanto, carece de misterio. El fin último de la seducción, entonces, no es el acto sexual; su fuerza radica en el universo de lo simbólico, en el juego de las apariencias, más que en el coito.



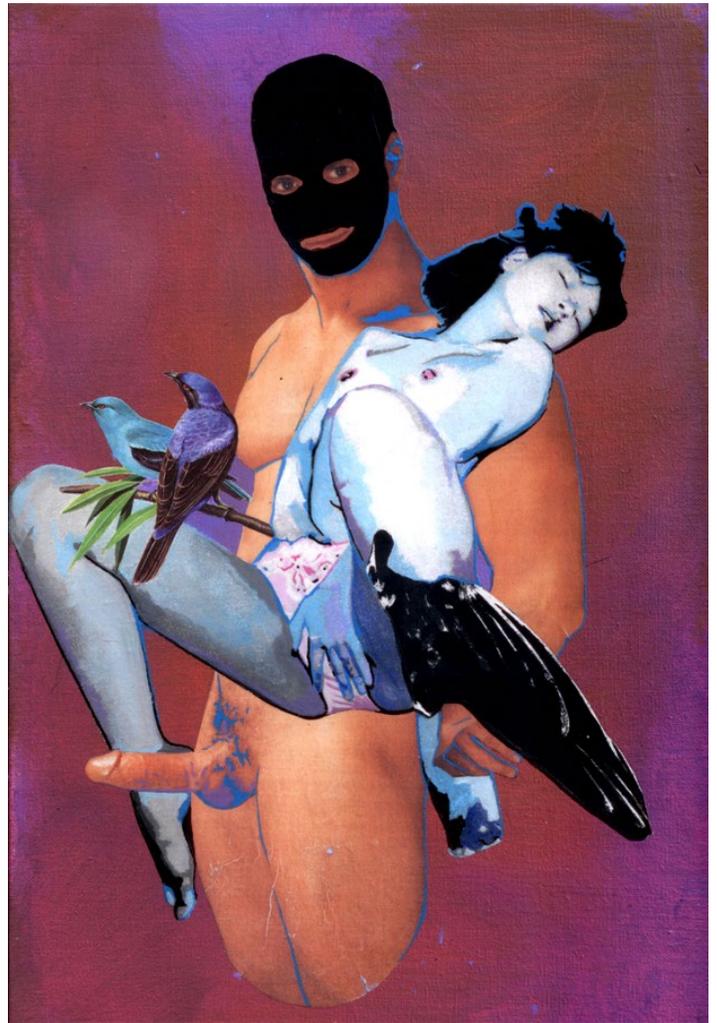
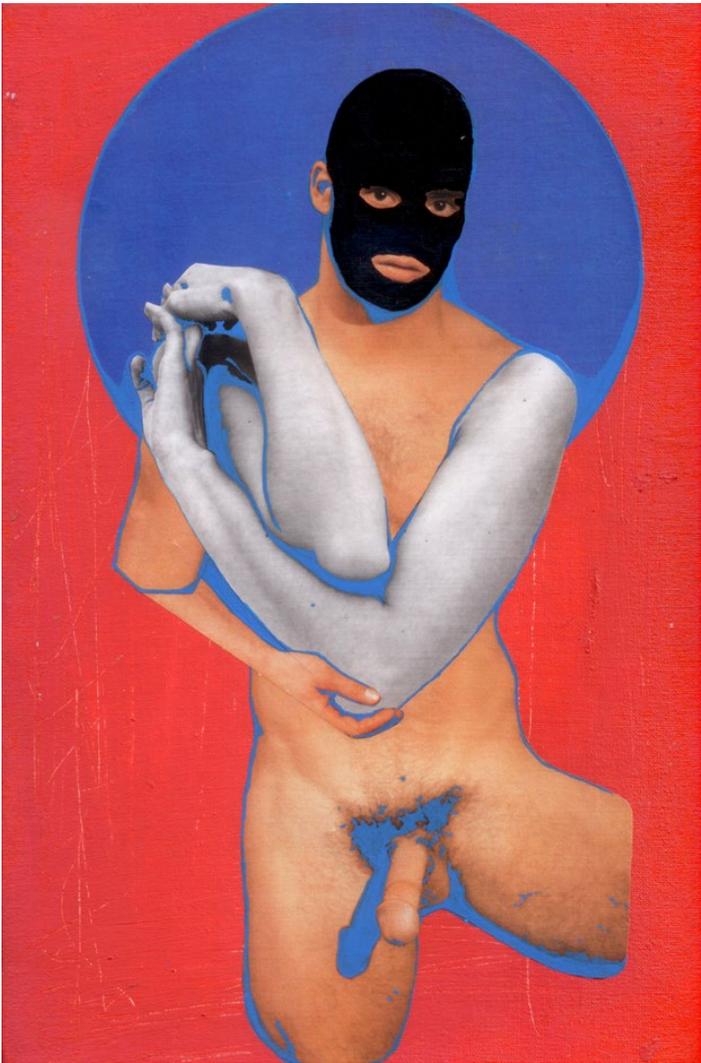
Loss collage de Creatures for Love son justamente eso: símbolos que evocan aquel rasgo cada vez más desdenado en el cada vez más implacable imperio de la inmediatez: la seducción, pues, como dijera Baudrillard, es siempre más singular y más sublime que el sexo.

Without forbiddenness, there would not be pleasure. And we are subjected to pleasure, or at least to the prospect of its reach, even though we are not aware of it. It is, in the perspective of transgression where we experience the sweet anguish, without which there would not exist forbiddenness and therefore pleasure itself. There it lies what seduce us from the idea of sin. The impulse of transgression and pleasure are indisputably in the same genesis. But even the transgression itself, the consummate sin, does not exhaust the prohibitive nature of pleasure. The ban remains for the joy to continue. Perhaps, to explain it more clearly, it is worth

saying that this common place that speaks of the “pleasure of the forbidden” is nothing more but a tautology.

The experience of eroticism demands from whom enjoys it an intense emotion no less distressing than anguish and no less genuine than stupefaction. The urgency to remedy this distressing pleasure is, in fact, the same fuel that ignites the fire of seduction. But when that urgency disdains or avoids seduction to reach by shortcuts the merely sexual, so sex is lost, because the “eroticism” lacks then its fundamental characteristic, which is the transgression of the forbidden, because the transgression is already given and therefore, lacks of its mystery. The ultimate goal of seduction, then, is not the sexual act; its strength lies in the universe of the symbolic, in the game of appearances rather than intercourse.

The collages from Creatures for Love are just that: symbols that evoke that trait increasingly neglected in the increasingly ruthless empire of immediacy: seduction. For, as Baudrillard said, “Seduction is always more unique and more sublime than sex”.











FALLEN ANGEL

Ivan & Gabo

Jude 1:6-7

And the angels who did not stay within their own position of authority, but left their proper dwelling, he has kept in eternal chains under gloomy darkness until the judgment of the great days just as Sodom and Gomorrah and the surrounding cities, which likewise indulged in sexual immorality and pursued unnatural desire, serve as an example by undergoing a punishment of eternal fire.

Idea and produccion: La Negra

Make up: Matias Nazareno

Models: Heitor and Morgana













NOCTURNE

David Gray

Sin is deadly. It draws artificial lines that must not be crossed and forbids entire worlds of experience. For the past year or so I've been exploring erotic imagery that explores one of the traditional deadly sins: lust. My goal in these pictures is to explore the many shades we experience—love and lust and everything in between. The series has been a challenging journey for me, accompanied by a continual dialogue with my internal critic, who apparently still has some strong ideas about what is an appropriate subject for artistic expression and what is too sinful.





NOCTURNE: JOHN & STEWART 2



NOCTURNE: VINCE, DON & DWAYNE

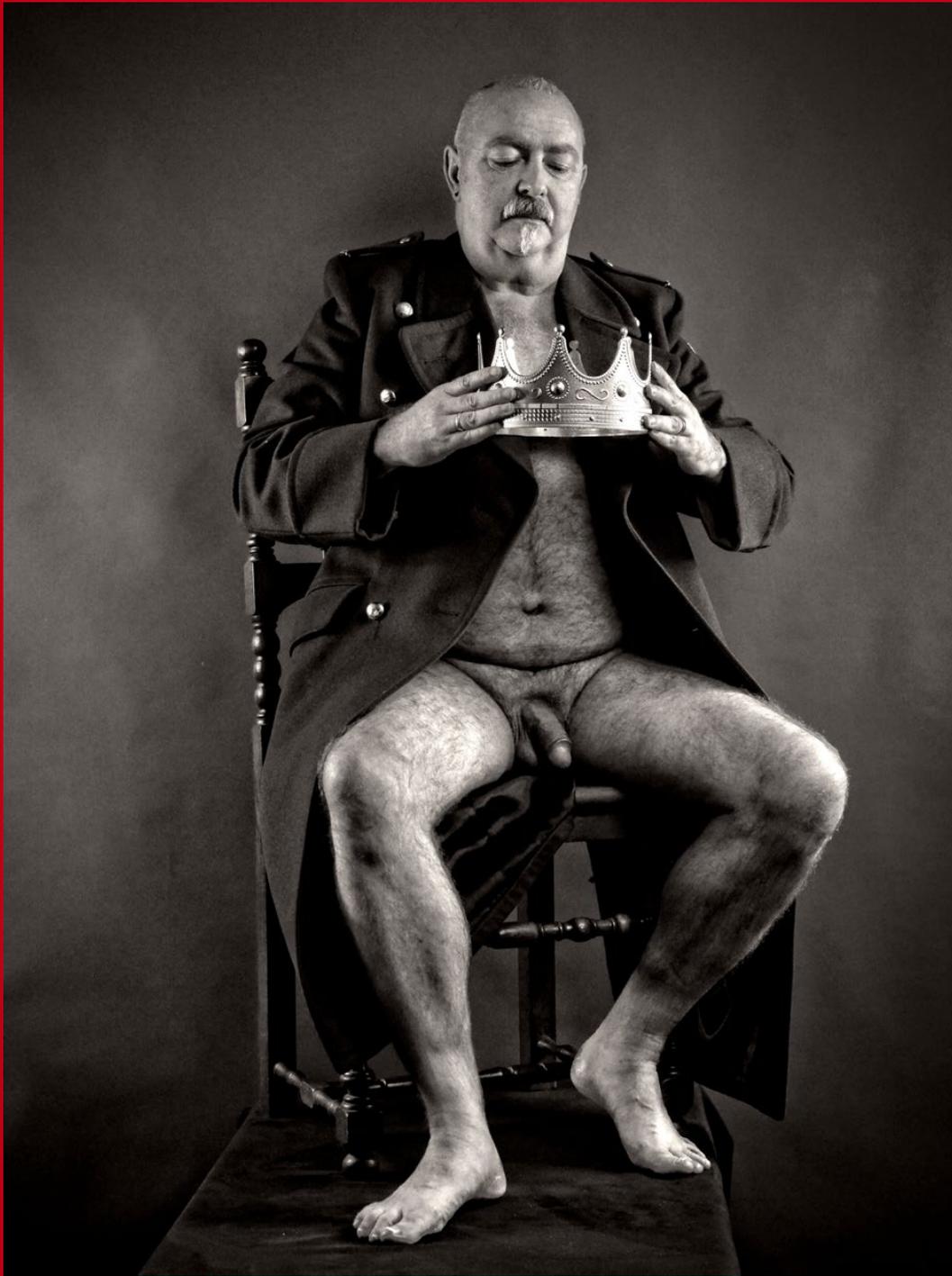








NOCTURNE: LARS



THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

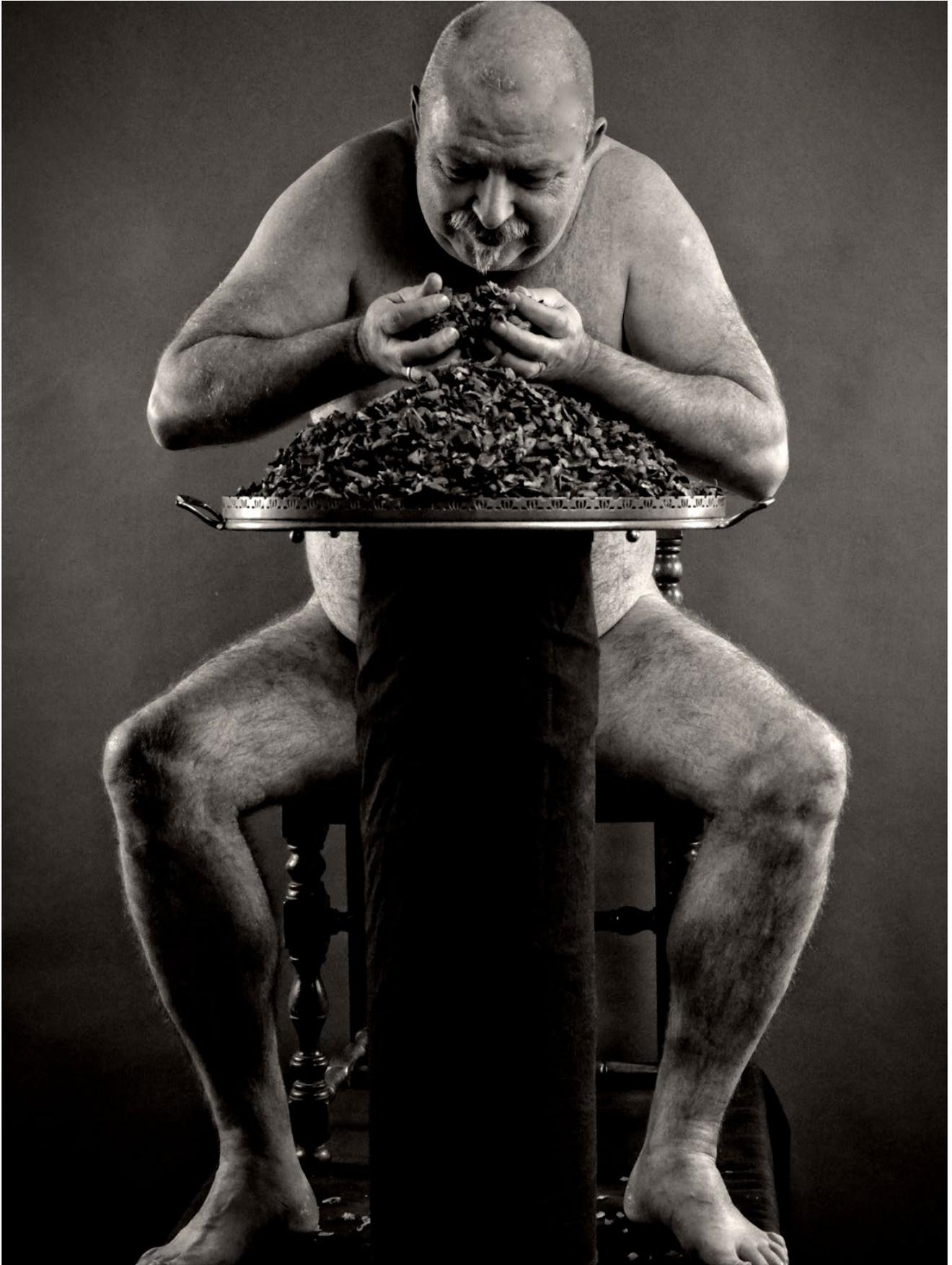
Jaap de Jonge

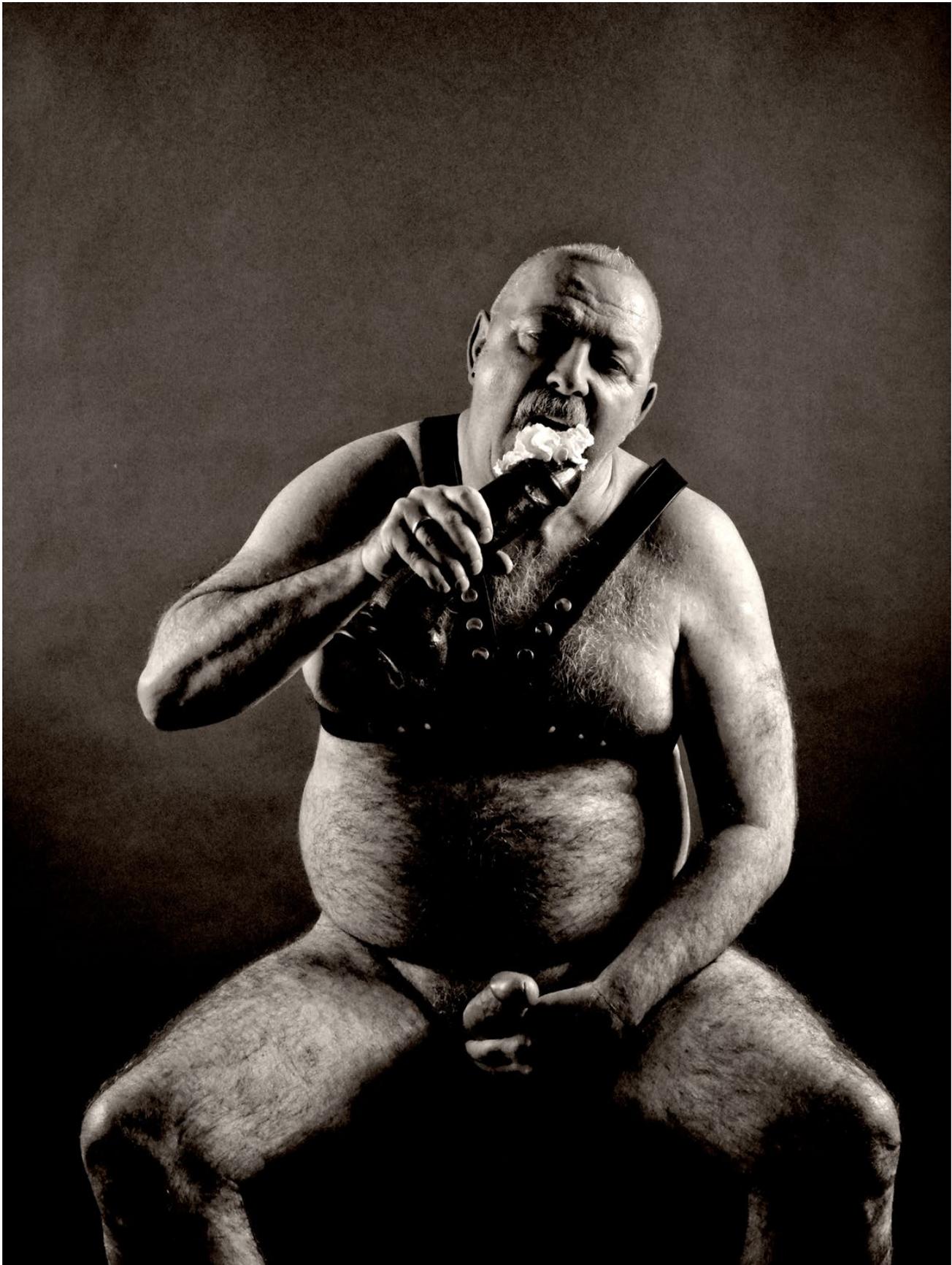
In my male art works I'm searching for the vulnerability of men. Not the strong and powerful figures, the hunters, the seducers, the protectors. That is the traditional image that fits in a predominantly heterosexual society.

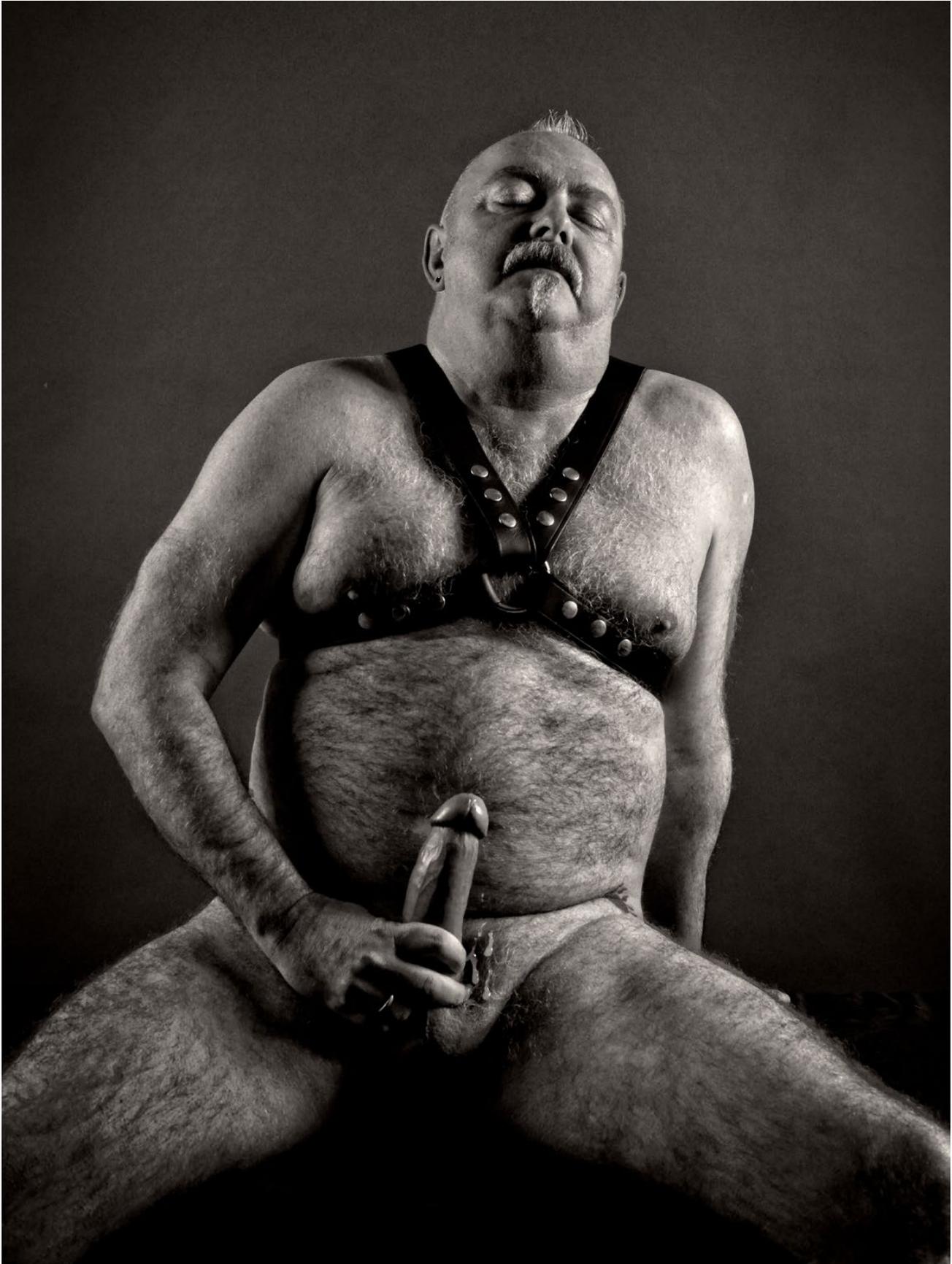
It is the vulnerability that fascinates me. The powerlessness that leads to uncertainty and loneliness. What I love is that such vulnerable men – all men in my eyes – can grow and blossom from that vulnerable state into wonderful personalities. Powerlessness becomes strength. And it is a very different type

of strength than the strength I alluded to in the first sentences.

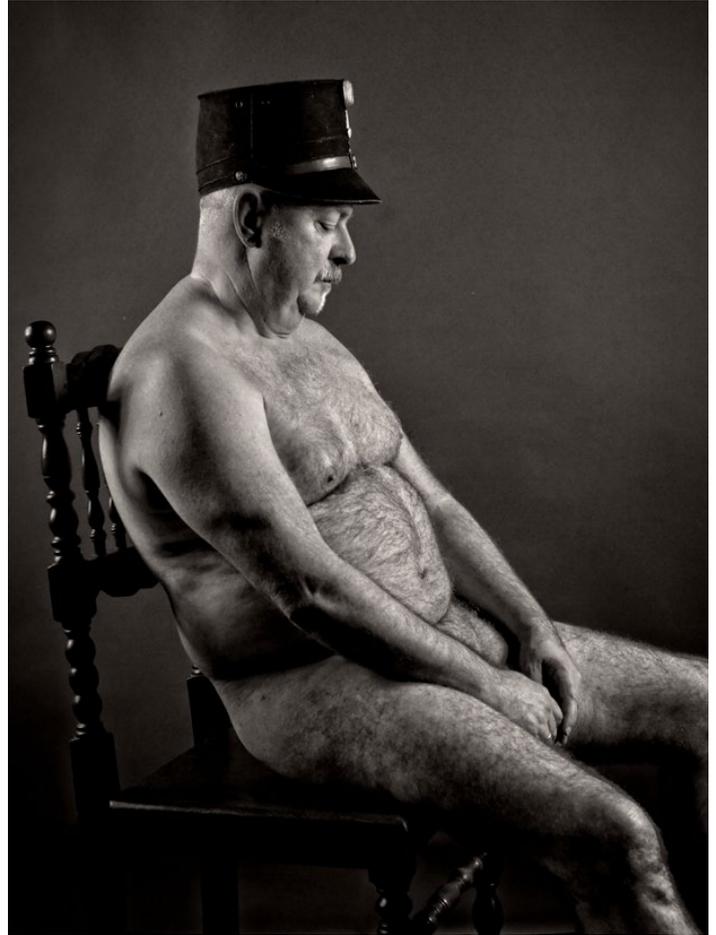
In the seven deadly sins I see the total vulnerability of mankind. Unfortunately this vulnerability doesn't become strength. On the other side the seven deadly sins don't have the same meaning and intention as they had in the Christian Middle Ages. In particular Luxuria is not a deadly sin anymore. We all can enjoy this sin.











(L): IRA
(R): ACEDIA



SINS FOR A MODERN AGE

Vincent Keith

I don't believe in God, and therefore, I don't believe that there will come a day when I will have to atone for all of I've done wrong in my life. Neither will you. In fact, I think we atone for our actions all the time. I don't believe that another man, no matter how exalted, can determine my worth or the shape of my soul and by giving his blessing, cleanse me of all I have done. It just doesn't work like that.

Sin is a bold concept - biblical in size, and epic in scope. To have the effect that it has had over the ages, Sin has been at the center of a global marketing campaign unlike any other product. For millennia, people have been taught to believe that there are certain unforgivable acts, behaviors and thought

patterns that, if indulged, will damage them in ways that are profound and eternal.

So what, across all these ages, has been the point of marketing the concept of Sin? To what end all the pressure and fear? I suppose that Sin has been an elegant and simple tool used to control behavior and sustain social structures. The Seven Deadly Sins provided a schematic for avoiding the behaviors that create dissent, undermine productivity and distract ye olde serf from digging up as many turnips for his Lord as possible, or the virgin next door from straying.

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











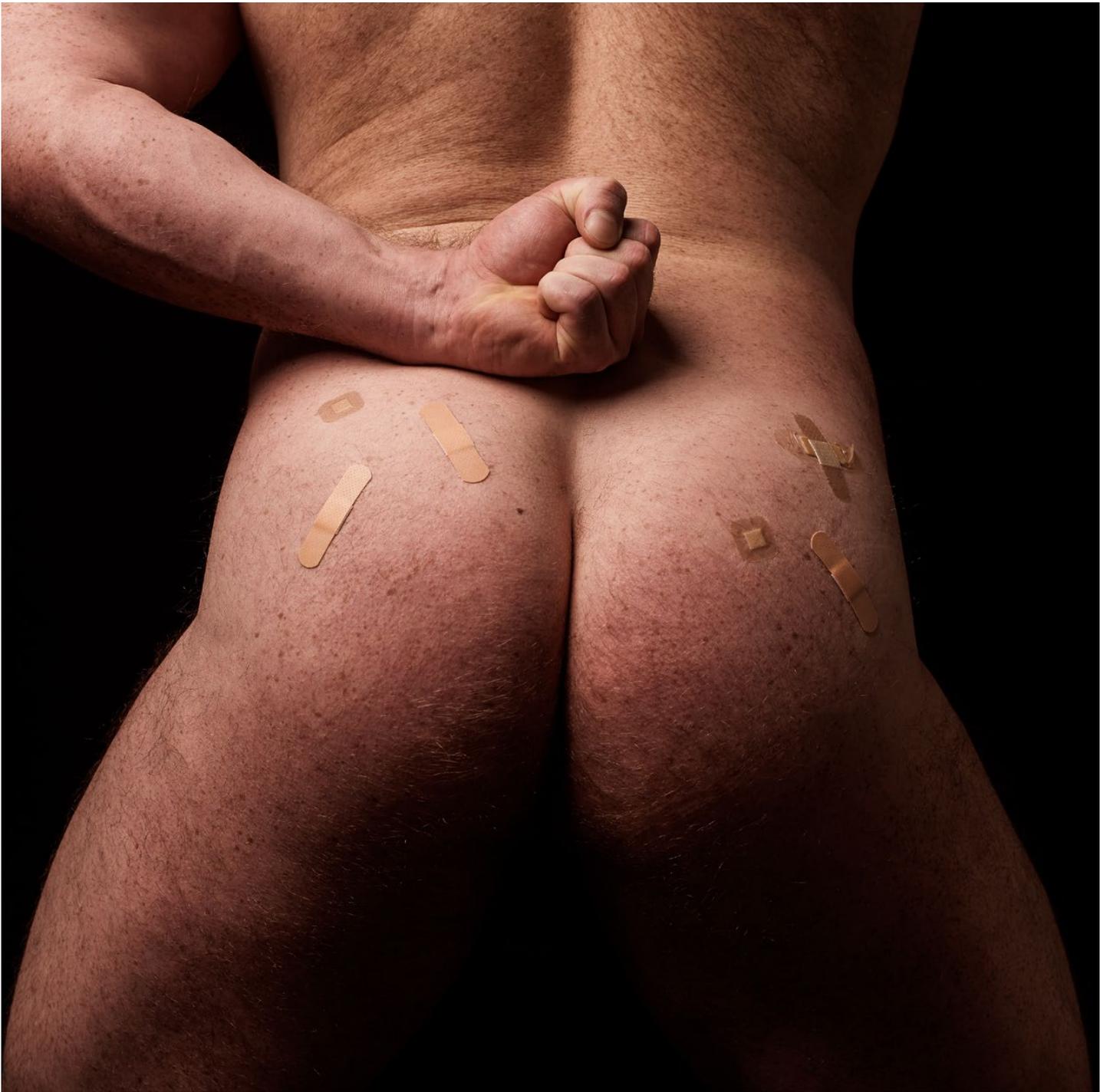
But what about today? Is there value in having a set of guidelines to follow for a cohesive and peaceful life? If so, what are the behaviors that we should be weary of in this age? Few of us make our livings digging up turnips anymore. Today's 'sins' are, by necessity, modern. The Renaissance, the Enlightenment, Space Age and Computer age have brought with them certain realizations about human nature. Lust, for instance, isn't all that bad. A little wrath may be just what you need to work through some of your issues. Gluttony may simply be consumerism gone a bit too far. Who hasn't consumed more than was good for them at some point in their lives? It's called living!

I'm not trying to make light of the concept of Sin. It's been responsible for some of the most terrible suffering and evil at the hands of people who claim to have been doing God's work. The quantity of shame and self-loathing,

betrayal and fear doesn't bear thinking about. What's changed now is that Sin is more self-referential. It's more about denying truth, and in particular, denying truths about yourself. In this modern age we have the power to modify things that in the past we considered immovable and unchangeable. Everything can be altered to reflect the image of ourselves that we choose. Humanism puts us at the center of the universe now, and the traditional sins have gone out of fashion. If we want to be bigger, or sexier, or have nice things, it's all within our grasp. The question is where does this 'image' come from? Have we really found truth or have we simply succumbed to a more sophisticated and updated marketing message.

I created this series of images to focus on some of the issues and truths that some modern men grapple with.







COCK ENVY

Jonathan Lemieux

I stumbled upon my dad's dirty magazines when I was very young. Back then, as it is still the case now, I was only interested in cocks. And I believe it was at that tender age of 12 that my cock envy started. I became obsessed with the male reproductive organ. I became a glutton, so to speak, and would consume images of cocks as much as I could.

After twenty years of watching pornography, I can say that my vision of it changed. What I used to consider intriguing, and arousing, almost feels poetic now. My vision of my own sexuality also morphed. What I considered precious

and private became something that I wanted to show a lot. The more I saw cocks, the more I wanted to show mine. I can't even recount the number of times that I've shown my penis on webcams, or sent photos of it. I became, like a lot of people of my generation, a closeted wannabe porn star, showing off his manhood whenever he could to whomever wanted to see it.

This work reflects both newfound vision of pornography as well as my need desire to transform myself as a porn star. And most of all, cock envy (and obsession).

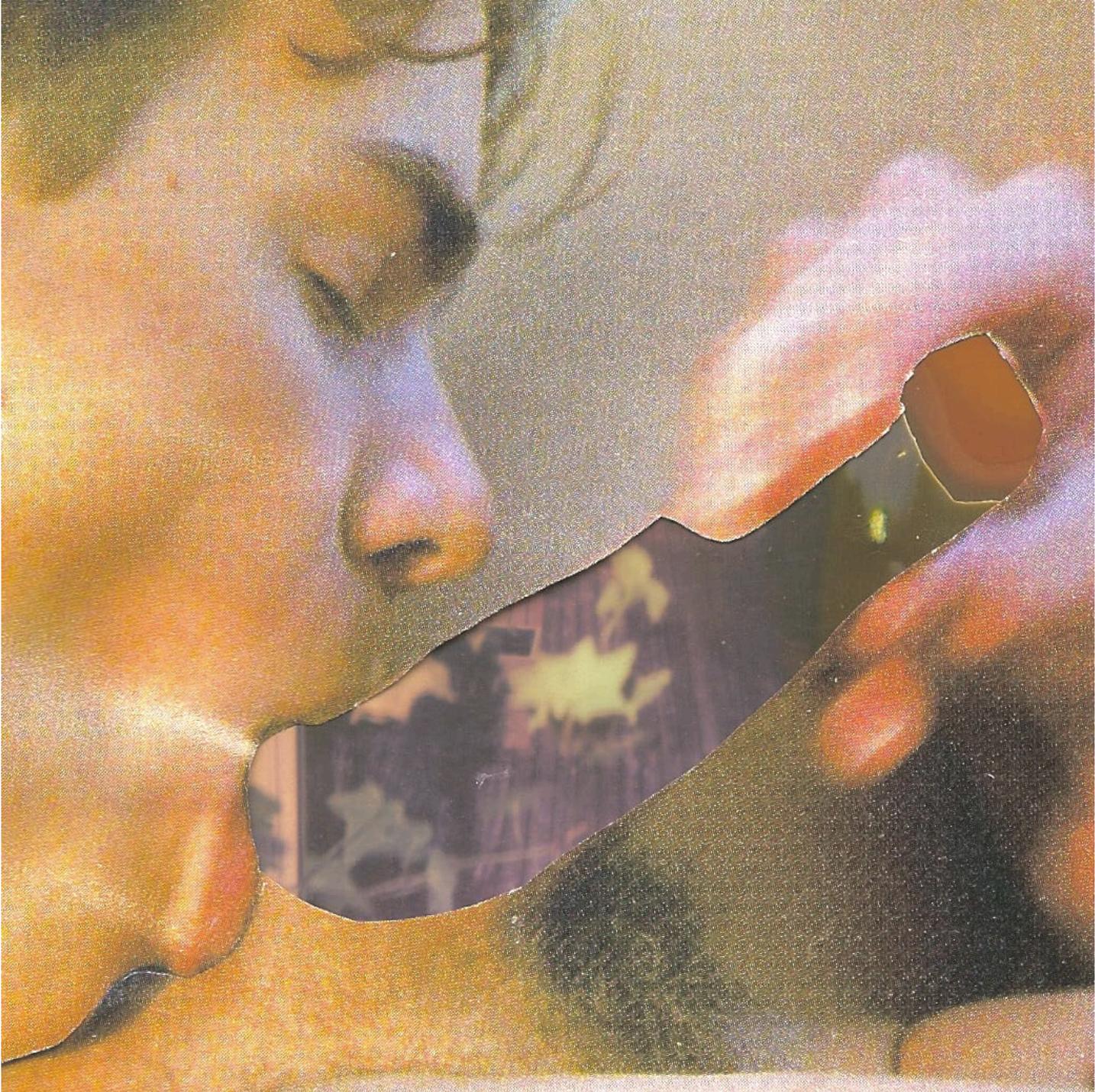
You can see more of Jonathan's work at www.jonathanlemieux.com



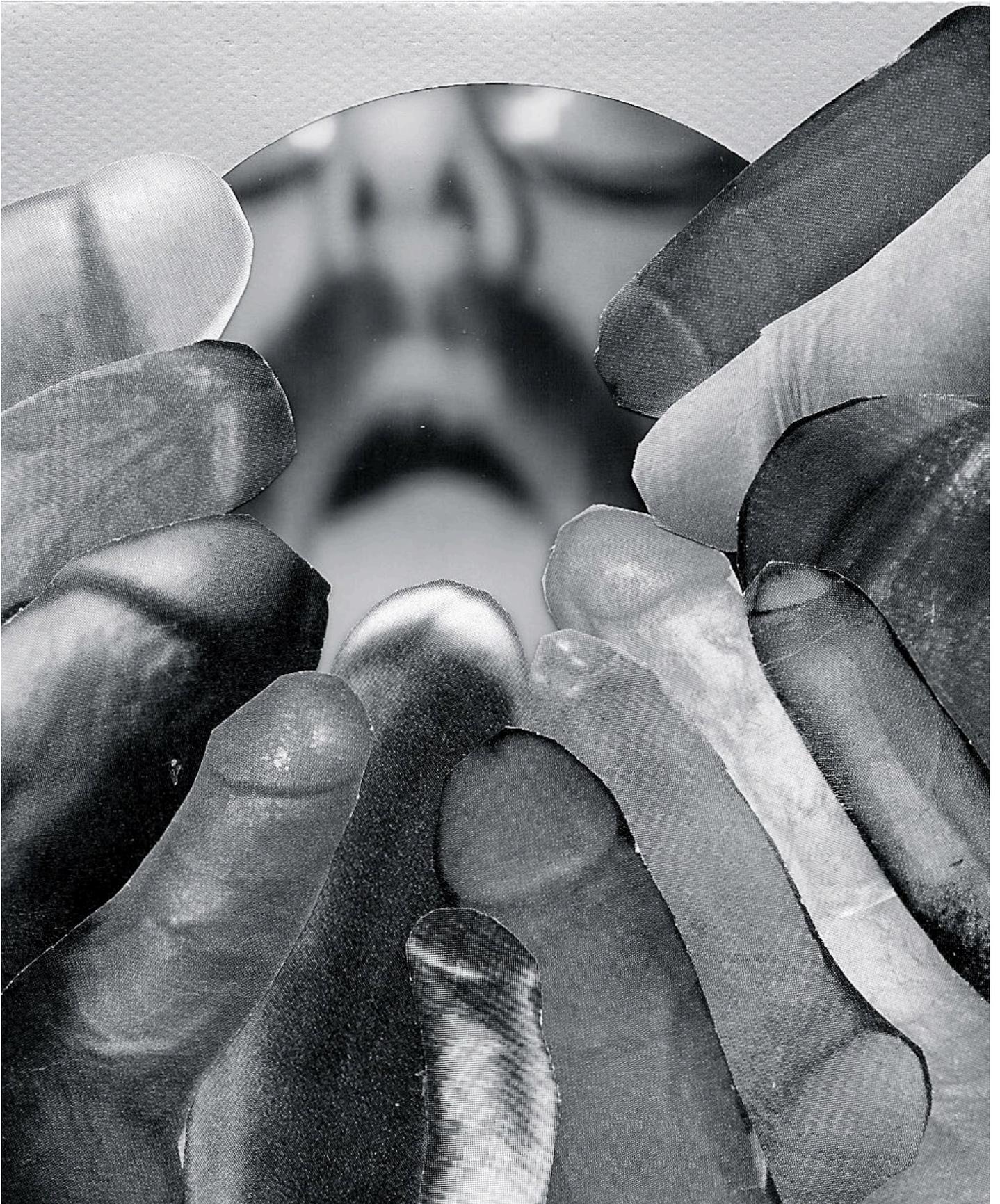














FALLOS: SEVEN ERECTIONS

Arthur Gillet

A short walk introduces you to seven objects. Seven vases or cloches with the potentially receptive or insertive reading, however converging into silhouettes looking nearly identical. They are 7 archetypes of monuments, which are in systematic erection. Powers and ruins at once, their mirror-like texture reflects the pattern which lies at their base, the revelation of vanities. But the nearly faded petals that adorn the vases will cover them, as to remind you of each message in its essence :

Monday

Now then, my first is a full shape, the most monolithic, the most abstract.

It is associated to prehistory. It is a menhir.

At the base, the flowers are blue. Reorganized in the reflection we could read Memento Mori "remember that you will die". The plate, subtly chipped, has been remarkably conserved.







Tuesday

Following, my second is a designed and elegant shape that widens and opens itself towards its top.

It is associated to antiquity. It is a column.

At its base blossoms a purple pattern, here again the reflection reveals the message *Quod aspicias fugit* "what are you looking at, (life) is fleeing".

Wednesday

My third is a pointed shape that elevates itself as high as possible towards the sky as if it were trying to reach it.

It is associated to the middle-ages. It is a steeple.

The yellow flowers subsist among the debris of a smashed plate. From

then on having become stronger, they tell in a double: *Omnes vulnerant ultima necat*, "all (the hours) hurt, but the last kills".

Thursday

My fourth is a harmonious, semi-spherical shape elevated by a cylinder, accurately mathematical, simple and complex like a sky.

It is associated to renaissance. It is a dome.

Certainly hidden inside, the treasure is surrounded by a floral pattern formerly orange, then red, almost pink. In the reflection unveils *Vanitas vanitatum omnia vanitas. omni vanitas*. Being, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity".





Friday

My fifth is a shape ascertained by function, thick and rational, that elevates itself to the sky but was sliced before reaching it, resulting in an opening.

It is associated to modernity. It is a smokestack.

At its base, the white especially, but also the black (turning almost blue) generates a well contained garden, albeit reflecting Nil novi sub sole. That "there is nothing new under the sun".

Saturday

My sixth is a practical synthesis of the previous shapes, simple, open, straight.

It is associated to everything we have recently come to know. It is a tower.

At the base, the purple has faded into brown, but the reflection still designates that "man flees like the shadow". (Fugit velut umbra).

(L): SATURDAY
(R): SUNDAY



Sunday

Finally, my seventh is a military object governed by the science of dynamics.

It is a rocket.

My seventh is a symbolic object that represents an erected phallus.

It is an ancient african urn.

The black, turning to blue, plays with the white to create this floral pattern and in a reflection instills « Et in arcadia ego » (Even in Arcadia death exists).

"Fallos" will be first shown in Berlin - Germany, from 25th March to 6th May 2016.



SIN

Stuart Gregory

In ancient Greece, when archers missed the centre of a target, they were deemed to have sinned. That's where our word for sin is derived from. Missing the mark.....that's all. Now, it covers thoughts as well as actions. But the truth is, those thoughts and actions are rarely sinful. They are what give us pleasure. And that's the whole problem. There's no room for pleasure in the doctrines of the various religions of this world. Seven deadly sins and who knows how many vices? We're always told to stay away from them.....but they're just too alluring. They're too much fun.













DEADLY SINS

Stephan Tobias

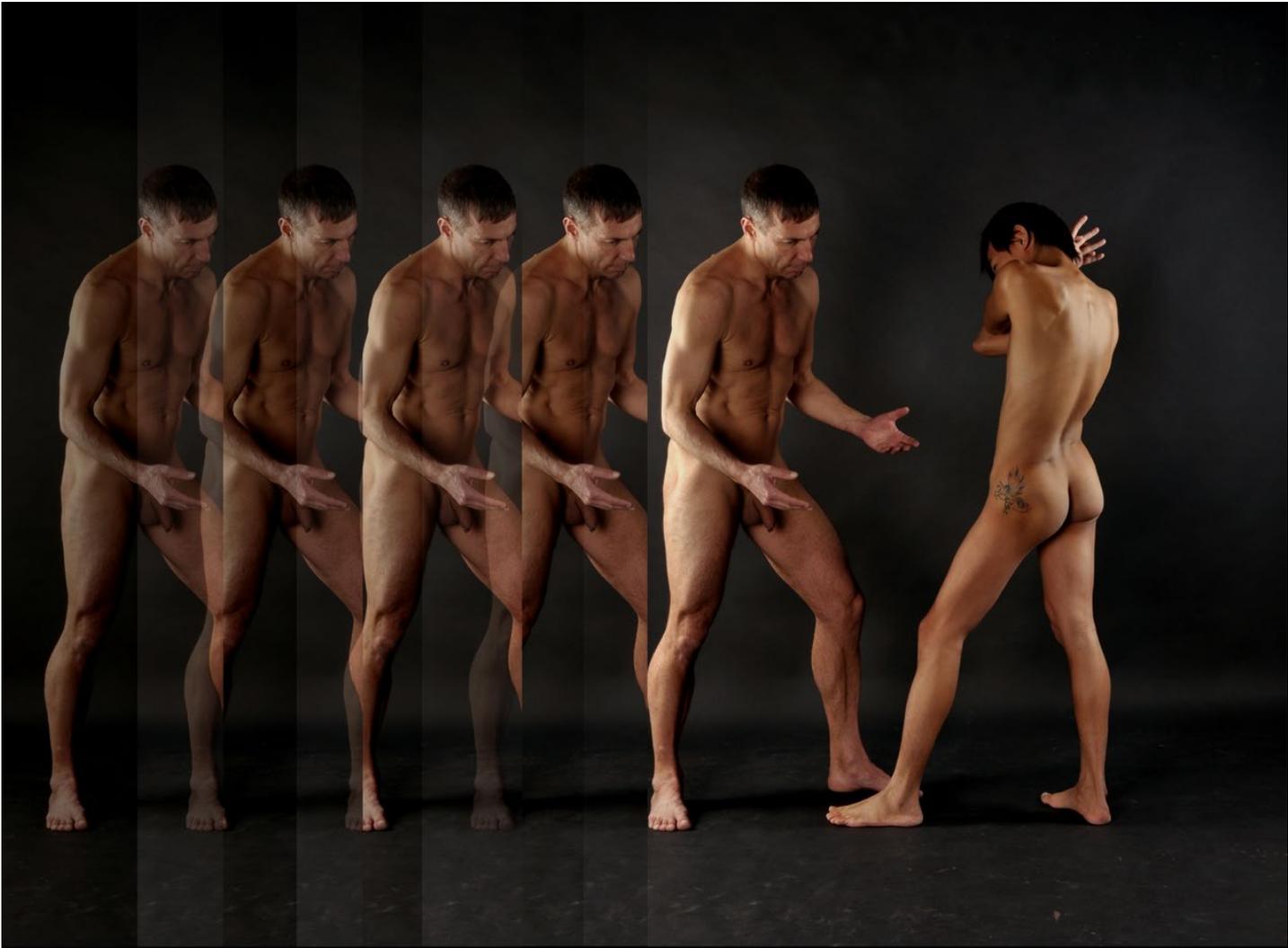
When I suggested a photoshoot about the subject of the seven deadly sins and the corresponding virtues to a Chinese friend three years ago he spontaneously exclaimed: "oh yes, but only if I can be the sins".

Yes, deadly sins are fun, at least as long you are not too catholic. They stem from a repressive society which tried to reign through fear. They are totalitarian as they tried to govern the individuals in a field which should be respected as the private sphere. They are irrational and moralising and rightly deserve to be ridiculed.

What makes them fascinating is their context of history, their questionable categorisations and historic visual interpretations. The fact that a medieval society linked deadly consequences to them adds to their aura and sinister qualities. Superbia, Avaritia, Acedia, Gula, Ira, Invidia, Luxuria - all of these categorizations are difficult to translate into

any contemporary language, and none of the translations comes to a very clear result. So when dealing with them aesthetically it may be the best to just stick to the original latin names.

But as always there is a grain of truth. Visualizing the deadly sins in the confines of that photo studio it did make sense for me to enact them together with my friend, as a couple. Aren't they all about sozial qualities, or rather the lack of them: Don't abuse others, for your own sake better be social minded, don't behave in a way which can not go as a general rule. Arrogance, Greed, Ignorance, Selfishness, Fury, Jealousy, Reckless Self Indulgence - there are translations which do make sense, in any society. Humanity is about morality, too. It can't hurt to reflect on that a bit from time to time. So let's better just be good.













PRIDE & ENVY

Pierre-Yves Monnerville

Whatever the achievement, whether physical or other, seemingly big or small, many of us like or even need to step back and acknowledge how far we've come.

In our current era of selfies and relentless search for validation by likes, woofs and followers how easy is it to go from mere satisfaction to excessive pride otherwise known as vanity?









SEX & SIN

Michael Rose aka Iron Rose

All seven of the Deadly Sins exist in sex. I paraphrase from the dictionary:
Sloth - the laziness felt after a heated and passionate session; a group of (sexy) bears.

Gluttony - devouring in excess

Greed - rapacious desire where two of anything is never enough

Wrath - a fierce unleashing of anger, but there's an argument between parties which involves "informed consent" and a "safe word".

Envy - covetousness.

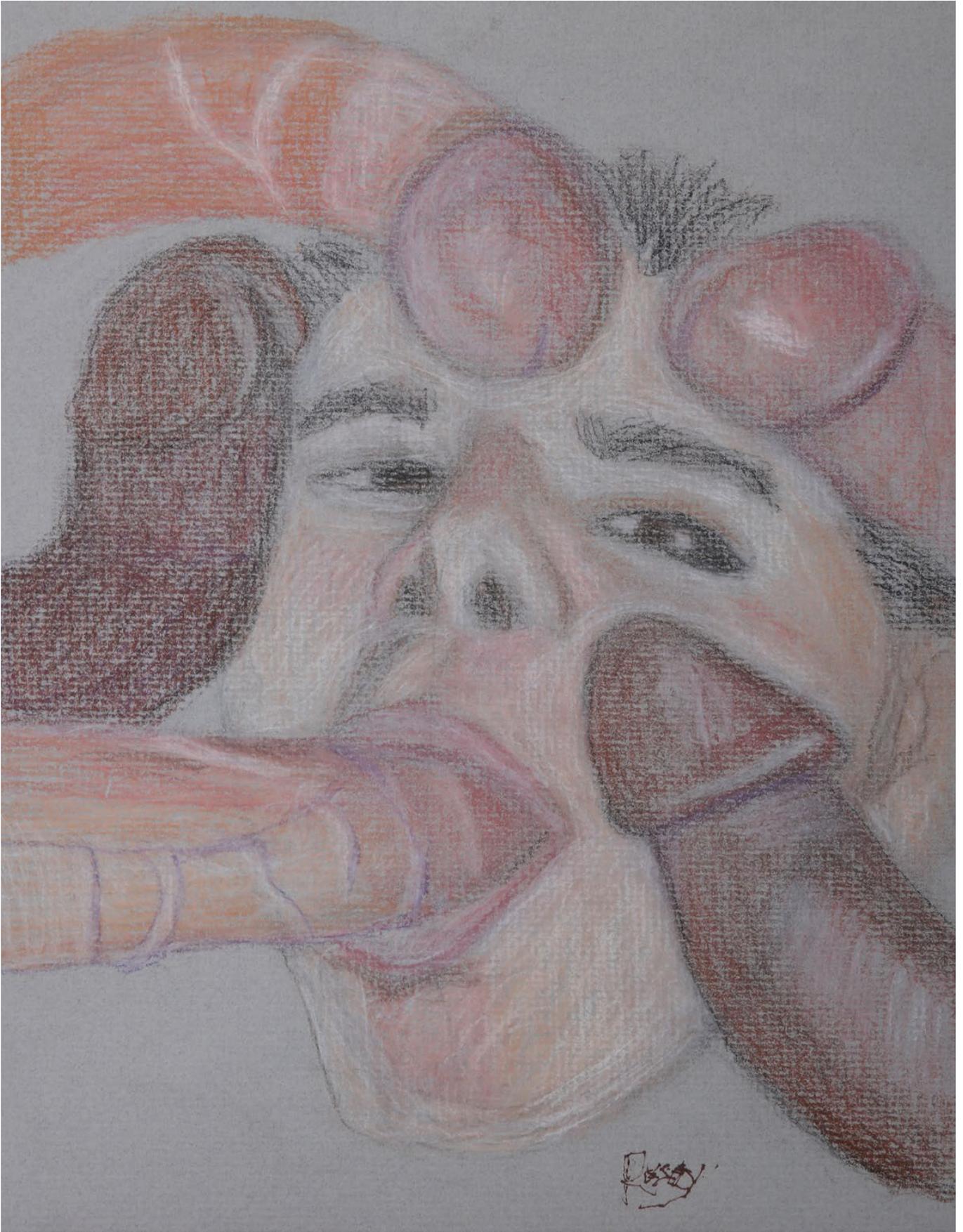
Pride - a high opinion of one's own importance, merit or superiority.

Envy and Pride run together, In male worship there are often feelings of jealousy mixed with the intense adoration, meanwhile, the one being idolized is well aware of his sought after attributes.

Lust - the heartbeat of sex. Some say, "What about romantic love?" The two often cohabit the same space.

Sin - a transgression of some religious or moral principle.

As an atheist, I have no belief in or fear of divine retribution for carnal behavior. With recent medical advances in sexual health, many are rediscovering their ravenous, bestial sides. Come what may, men are still libidinal creatures.











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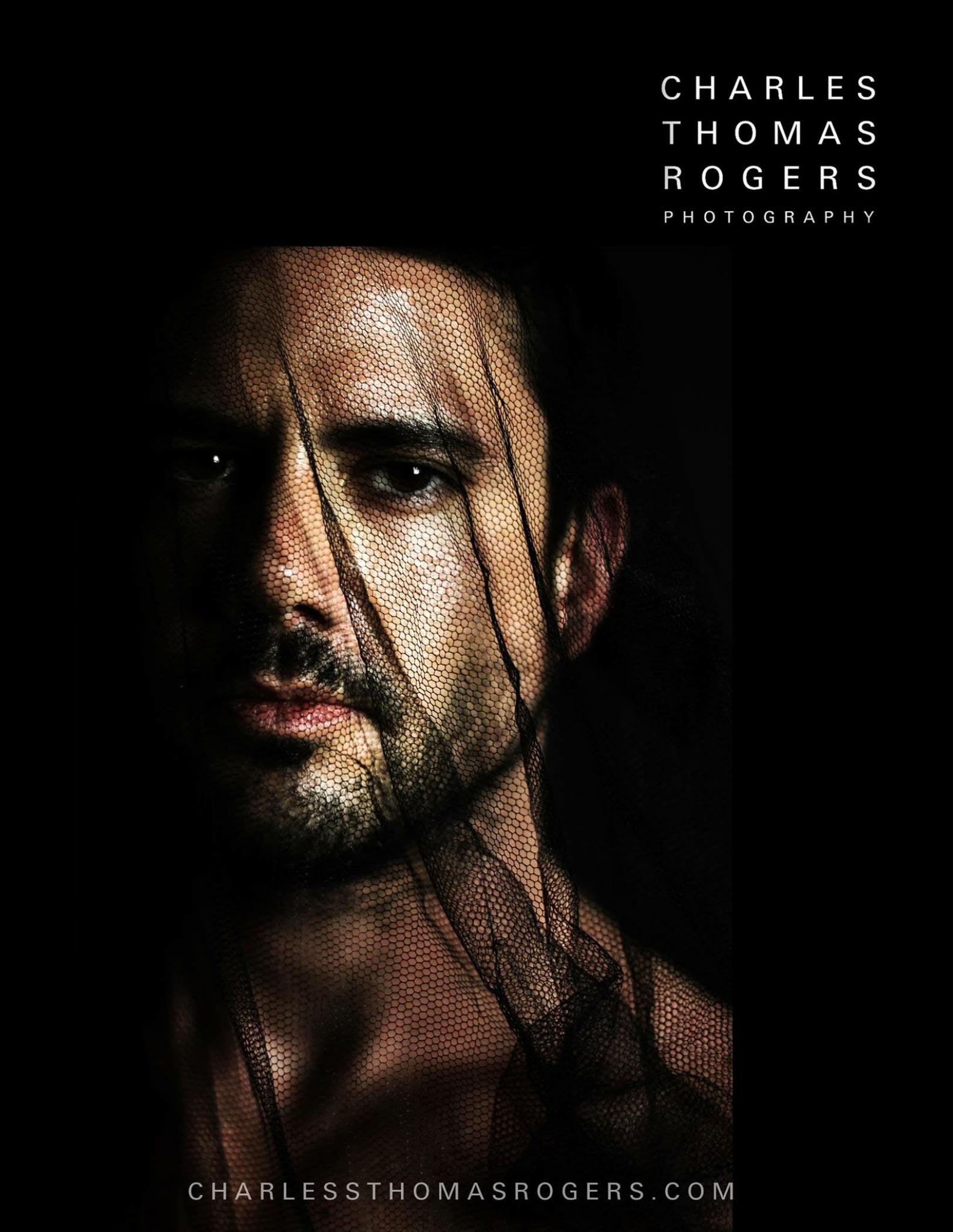
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Richard Vyse - Internationally collected artist Richard Vyse has been featured in galleries in New York and Hawaii. He has studied at the School of Visual Arts in New York City and has taught at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. His art has been featured in the Art of Man issue #19 and Noisy Rain magazine Winter 2015. His art is in the Leslie+Lohman museum in New York City.



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.



Victor Hansel-Coe - (b1992) studied BA Hons Photography for Fashion and Advertising at the University of South Wales. Currently living in South London he specialises in portraiture, fashion and club photography.



Ramon Maiden -I was born in 1972 in Barcelona, but I've never felt bound anywhere. I have never studied art and I am entirely self-taught. I have lived in other countries and I consider NYC as my second city. My work is a reflection of my way of life, my career, training, experiences, travels, interests. It is difficult to define and is constantly moving, growing and modified on the fly. I am very interested in history, the ancient religions, politics and my art is imbued with that.



Jonathan Lemieux - is a multidisciplinary artist who currently lives and works in Montreal. His videos are distributed by Videographe (Montreal) and Vtape (Toronto), and have been screened around the world in high-profile festivals. He published *Survivre avec une poignée de change* (Les Éditions Transcontinental), an experimental cookbook, which got an amazing media coverage around Canada. Jonathan Lemieux is also the author of numerous erotic gay short stories.



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.



Peter ERZVO Zvonar - My key strengths: reliability, professionalism, originality, humanity and humility at the same time. Photographs of people, their stories. I have too many ideas that I would like to implement, they are simple and some very complicated, which requires...



Stephen Roberts - Stephen Roberts is a portrait and still life artist living in San Francisco. His work developed out of documenting food and recipes for his catering business and evolved to capture the stories and objects of cooking and cuisine. His portrait work has focused on gay male imagery and sexuality. His most recent work "The Dutch Masters Project" was featured in *MASCULAR* Summer 2015.



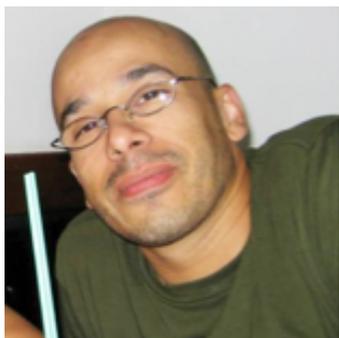
InkedKenny - His inspirations come from a legacy of influences and relationships. A lifetime of leaving a mark on people and faces has now transitioned to imagery. He challenges his subjects to be aware of their

CONTRIBUTORS

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.



Fernando Bracho Bracho - Venezuelan journalist, freelance photographer. He won the third prize of the IV Biennial of Photography Seguros Catatumbo. The Grand Prix of Salon City Coro Visual Arts in 2007 and the "Order of Merit Artistic Francisco Hung" conferred by the University of Zulia. 2011. He has participated in numerous exhibitions and art salons in Venezuela, Colombia, Italy, Canada and Aruba. Is the author of more than a dozen photographic books. Currently working in the Venezuelan cinema as a photographer. Member of Photographers Agency Orinoquiphoto. Guest MINDPIRATES by the organization to participate in the documentary film Dropping Knowledge "Questions Confronting Humanity in The 21st Century" Ralf Schmerberg. Berlin 2010. Received, shared, the National Journalism Award in 1992.



Vilela Valentin - Vilela Valentin was born in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, naturalized Portuguese since 1990. In Brazil he studied drawing and painting during several years, in Portugal Masters in Psychology and furthered his knowledge of holistic and alternative therapies. About his art: he loves painting in Blue and Red, his favorite colors, and loves painting male nudes, that's his passion!



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.

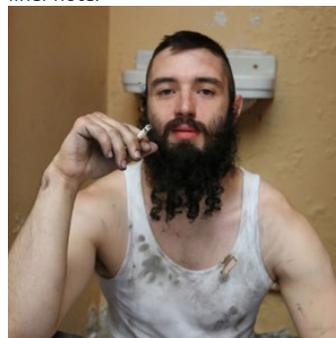


Justin David - lives and works in East-London. He studied Graphic Communication at the University of Northampton. His photographic collection, Night Work, documenting London's endangered performers was exhibited at Jackson's Lane. He's currently working on Threads, a poetry-photography collaboration with Nathan Evans, funded by the Arts Council, for publication 2016. After graduating from the MA Creative and Life Writing at Goldsmiths he wrote his debut novella, The Pharmacist, a bildungsroman about love and chemistry - published by SALT, 2014. A new darkly comic book He's Done Ever So Well for Himself

inspired by life in the West Midlands will be released 2017. He's been a contributor to Paul Burston's literary salon, Polari, at London's Southbank Centre. His writing has appeared in numerous anthologies, including: 'Even More Tonto Short Stories', Tonto, 2010, 'Goldfish', Goldsmiths 2011, 'Queer Episodes', Little Episodes, 2012. He is a founder member of Leather Lane Writers.

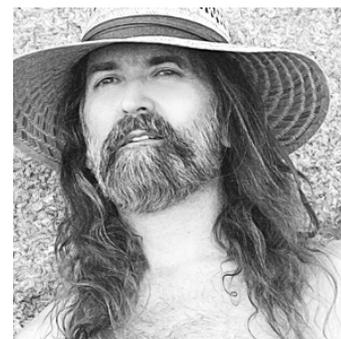


Cauro Hige - is a Japanese self-taught artist born and brought up in Osaka, Japan. He began his painting career in earnest in 2008, mainly focusing on male figures, and won the prize from Tom of Finland Foundation in 2009. He has exhibited his work in New York, Los Angeles, Sydney, Spain and Tokyo so far, and his works appear on various publications internationally. Now his first monograph 'Bearutus' is available on Amazon.com and Amazon's European websites. It includes 90 works, an interview and liner note.

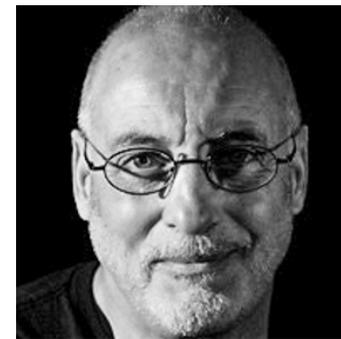


Arthur Gillet - Born in 1986, in Brittany (France) to deaf parents, Arthur had complex and difficult early years which shaped his current interests, which centre around an examination of identity and reality through aesthetic and poetical experimentation. He graduated from the Beaux-Arts school in Rennes. He uses his own body and image, building upon his work as a model for both artistic and erotic purposes. He visited the Male Nude exhibition at the Musée d'Orsay in the nude himself. His artistic practices were highlighted in an installation at

the MAC/VAL museum in the Paris region, where he collaborated with Monstre magazine in an enquiry on perceptions of gender and sexuality; of indeed in being awarded the Young Designers' Prize at the Maison et Objet fair, for a phallic memento mori: "Seven Erections".

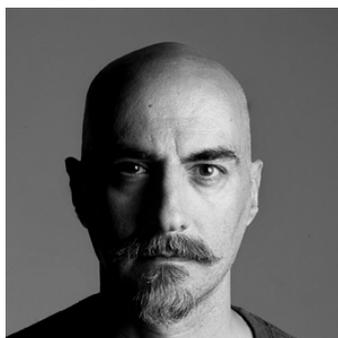


David Gray - David Gray is currently living, shooting, and Photoshopping in San Diego, California. He founded YogaBear Studio in 2003 and has published widely in the bear community. YogaBear Studio specializes in portrait and nude imagery for men of all fitness levels, with an emphasis on hirsute masculinity.



Patrick Steele - I am a photographer and writer living in Seattle and Palm Springs. Whatever the genre - whether fashion, nude, art, glamour, editorial, or some fusion of those traditional categories -- my core approach remains constant. In my ongoing project, "Faces of Masculinity" I am exploring the complexities of the masculine and the quest for authenticity. My work is about those sacred moments of risk and connection. That instant when your spark is seen, when that veil falls, when you risk exposure in all its voices. You remind us of our common journey of spirit and heart, clay and soul. In your most individualized expression of the heart, we all have the opportunity to reconnect as members of a common tribe.

CONTRIBUTORS



Ron Amato - Ron Amato has been making photographs since his early childhood in Brooklyn, NY. His early influences were fashion and portrait photographers of the 1970s and 1980s such as Richard Avedon, Robert Mapplethorpe and Francesco Scavullo. Most of Ron's adult work centers around the male form. Ron has a BFA from School of Visual Arts and an MFA from Long Island University. Ron is currently the chairperson of the photography department at the Fashion Institute of Technology in NYC. His work has been exhibited extensively both in the US and internationally.



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.



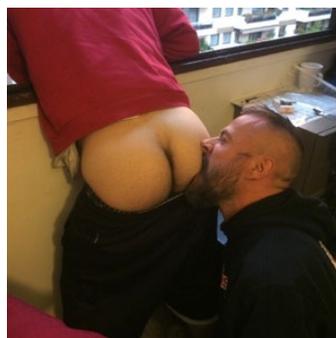
Joe - Joe can sum up his life and wants best through this Raymond Carver poem:
 "And did you get what you wanted, even so?
 I did.
 And what did you want?
 To call myself beloved, to feel myself beloved on the earth."
 He lives in Los Angeles with the "one" and likes to spend all his money on trips to London.



Jaap de Jonge - (1949) Studied Dutch Language and Literature at the Rijk-universiteit Groningen (Netherlands). Autodidact photographer. Since 2005, active in the field of art photography. Resides and works in Anloo, a small village in the North of the Netherlands.



Bearceval - Born near the Pyrénées, and now living and working in south Saintonge, not too far from Bordeaux. Studied history and art history. Interested in writing, drawing (especially with red chalk), painting and more and more photography which was only used before to serve as a basis for drawing.



Marc Martin - is a French photographer and film-maker, based in Berlin. He works on men. He focuses on maleness, with its apparent triviality and nonchalance, giving rise to a sensual force that oscillates between poetry and pornography. His pictures put the spotlight onto the darker zones of erotic play, and confront our notion of beauty and repulsion; of good and bad taste. All notions of authenticity are doubtful in Marc Martin's work; the artist's motives are transgressive. He highlights maleness and virility in an environment which is seductively filthy, offending the antiseptic nature of the 21st century male. Marc Martin created the "Pig-Prod" label in 2008. He published in 2015 "Dur Labeur", his kinky book. He recently exhibited in Berlin (Koll and Friends gallery) and Paris (Au Bonheur du Jour, Nicole Canet). "Fallos", his new project, explores the many aspects of virility embodied in a sole, unique, model - Arthur Gillet : From illusory manliness to manly illusions...



Ivan Y 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 people.

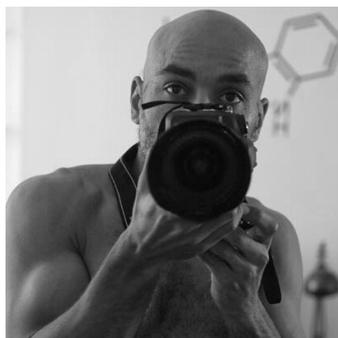


Gerard Floyd - Born in Ireland in the 1970's I choose to remember very little about my childhood years. Except that it was clear from very early on I was not the sort of boy that fitted in. I was a bit odd and the local priest was the first one to finger me for it. Irish Catholic priests are very perceptive 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.



Joerg Brunsendorf -As a creative and skilled photographer, I have an impassioned interest in both portrait and fashion photography. That interest has translated into producing engaging images that capture the personality, uniqueness and individual style of my subjects. This ability has led to my photographing for Vivienne Westwood, Jonathan Saunders, I LOVE YOU, OutThere, Toast TV, London Collections: MEN, and the Royal Fashion Day London.

CONTRIBUTORS



Pierre Yves-Monnerville - I was born in Paris but spent my youth between Martinique and Paris. Always wanting to live abroad I moved to Berlin but settled in Brighton. Coming across Mapplethorpe's Black Book at 15 made me want to be a photographer. I'm also a big fan of Jim French and hope to someday work out the difference between eroticism and art for myself (if there is one, obviously...). Beyond those labels however I am more interested in people's feelings and love exploring what we have in common despite our superficial differences, whether it's loneliness, search for love and companionship, etc. shared, the National Journalism Award in 1992.



Aurelio Monge - I was Andalusia (Spain, 1971) and my first contact with the photography art was at 18 years old. I focus my work on the human figure, especially the male body, not only as the study of it, and starting from the ideal representation of the nude classic beauty; sometimes Apollonian, as well as sometimes Dionysian; from the corporeal to the essential and linked with the sense of beauty, as a necessity of my sensible reality, and only reachable through the harmony, balance and proportion. From my point of view, the nudity art-expression transcends the merely erotic field in order to search the form's domain and the light's strength. It explains why at the same time, I also conceive a desert landscape as an Apollonian nude expression, or see a sea-wave blast as pure Dionysiac manifestation. I dedicate sensible amount of time exploring the wonderful ex-

pressive possibilities of the human male nude body, using the chiaroscuro technique in productions like series of academic studies which are drunk from the western artistic tradition which apparently remind the baroque paintings. But I feel myself attracted by other more hazardous works inside the avant-garde tradition of the twentieth century; for instance, the simultaneous movement representation, or to capture -the almost impossible- temporal dimension faced by the Futurism expression. In fact is in this field of that kinetic image where I find most innovative and inspiring new challenges. In other words, my artwork is experiencing a maturing process in line with my restless interests of my own being, always in constant evolution.



Vincent Keith - Born in Beirut in 1967, Vincent is a photographer, collaborator and magazine publisher based in London.



Jonathan Dredge - I was born and raised in the small university town of St Andrews, Scotland. Following a quiet 'Oxo Family' childhood, reading car magazines and drawing in my bedroom (escaping chronic hay fever), I studied Automotive Design in Coventry before moving to London, and spending ve years working in book shops! After retraining as a TV Editor and Designer, I spent 12 years working post production, as well as on personal collaborations with people such as Nick Knight, Peter Saville and Simon Costin. Throughout my career, I have

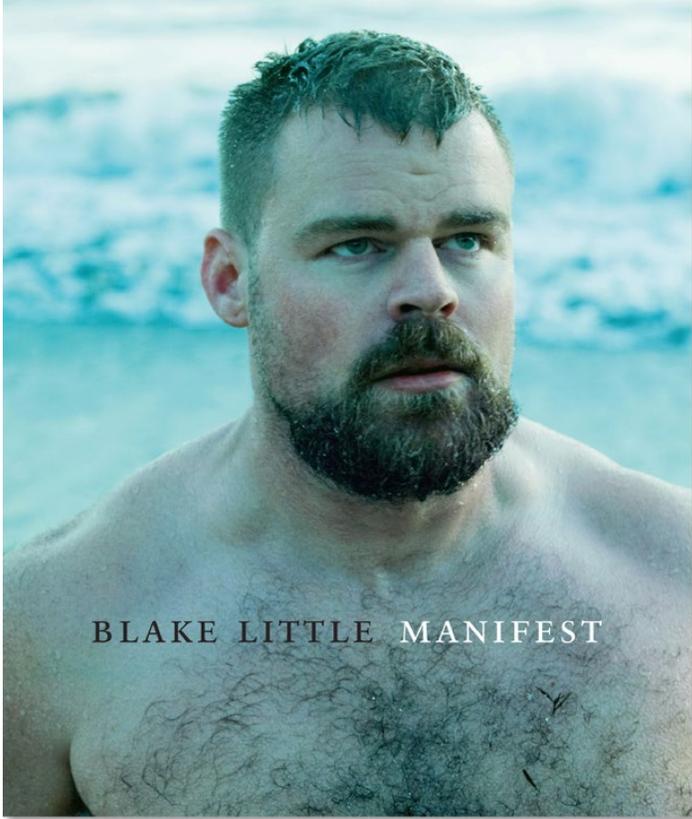
worked as a photographer, for a variety of magazines and clients, though I am now spending more time on personal projects. I live with Garv, my partner of 4 years, with our cat Miss Josie Jones, in Islington.

Emanuel Martins - 27, psychology student. I have been working as performer for two years and this is one of my main works so far. The first one was "Caos" (Chaos), 2013. It has three parts: photographs, three performances staged in different places "Caos-Agonia" (Chaos-Agony) and a short-movie "Vermelhx em Lábios" (Red Lips). My field of interests are visual arts, Psychoanalysis, existentialism, body issues, gender, sexuality, life experiences and my inspirations are pornography, dream images, such as James Bidgood and Kenneth Anger, all works that combine the erotic with fantasy.

AKÁCIO VIANA, 26. This is my first participation in photos. My field of interests are cinema, photography, art porn and fashion.



STUART GREGORY - With a keen interest in media and pop culture, I've always been interested in photography. Apart from studying photography in my youth, my career left little room to explore the art form other than as a model from time to time. After a 20 year career in law enforcement, I've recently launched into a new career in photography. My inspiration is drawn from my travels, music, pop culture and and the amazing men I am happy to call my friends.



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.



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SPORT

S P O R T

Run, jump, lunge, squat! Win! Throw, catch, hit, punch! Win! Have you got the right kit, the necessary equipment? Are your skills honed? Have you been practicing and hitting the gym? Perhaps you are more comfortable on the bench, 'sitting this one out'. For some, all things sporty and athletic conjure up memories and feelings of elation and endorphin fueled happiness. For others, dread, pain and shame. Hours of watching football on TV or the silent and contemplative loneliness of the long-distance runner. Whatever your take on it, Sport is part of the fabric of your lives. Universal to all cultures and ages, physical exertion in the pursuit of glory is as central to the human experience as religion, art, love or war.

Issue No. 16 of MASCULAR Magazine is dedicated to Sport. We invite artists in all mediums to explore Sport from a creative or artistic perspective. Is it about winning or taking part? Pitcher or catcher, throwing the javelin, long jump - perhaps your sport is water based? Sporty things are young and fresh and strong and dynamic, and, it would seem, desirable. We admire good sports and we look up to jocks. But is sport good for the soul? Is it not also a constant reminder of decline and loss? We put so much energy into sport, and to what end? Is winning all that it's cracked up to be? Of course, there's also a link between sporting prowess and virility/masculinity. Is this justified? Then there's the matter of teams. Some say that rooting for a team satisfies our urge to make war on our neighbors.

Perhaps you grew up as daddy's little slugger. Or maybe come from a culture that has a completely different view to sport. The Rio Olympics this summer are meant to bring together athletes from around the world to pursue human achievement through athletics. Perhaps its fitting that the Games are being held in a place where, in some respects, human achievement has a bit of catching up to do. Will the Games be a catalyst for progress and development? The Games will also have an artistic component, but that raises the question "Is there room for competition in art?" From the beauty of the perfect human form in motion to those athletes who rely on other abilities, from the best of what mankind can conjure to the worst of mankind's falabilities - we invite you to share your visions of Sport!

If you are interested in contributing to Issue No. 16, please contact MASCULAR Magazine at: submissions@mascularmagazine.com

Deadline for submissions is April 25, 2016.



LOVED

Heroic stories of passion and acceptance

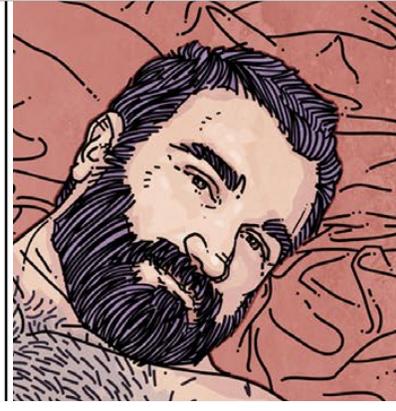
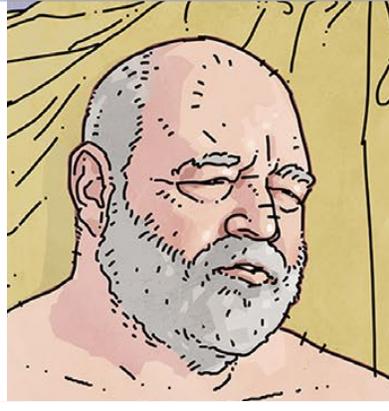
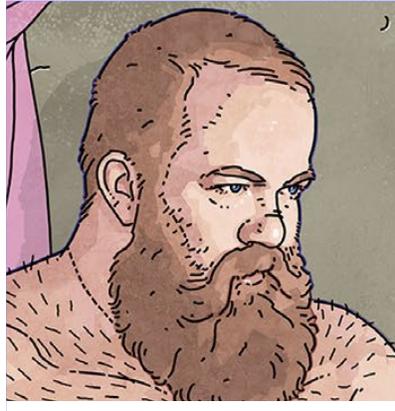
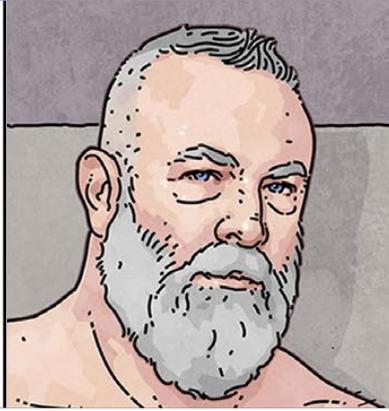
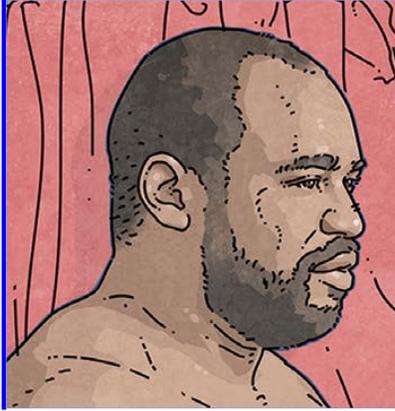
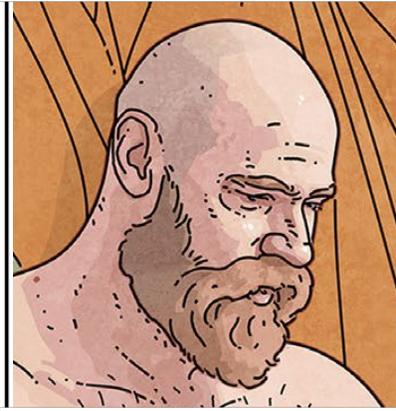
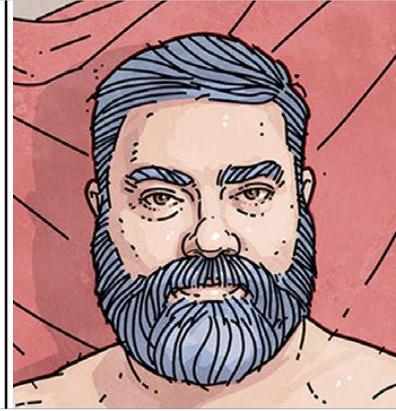
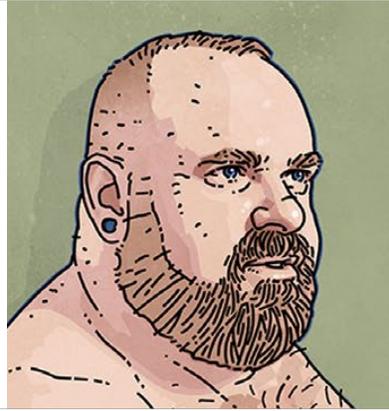
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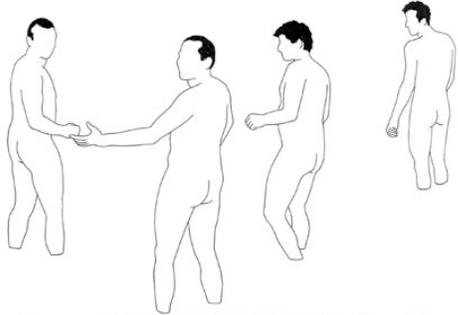
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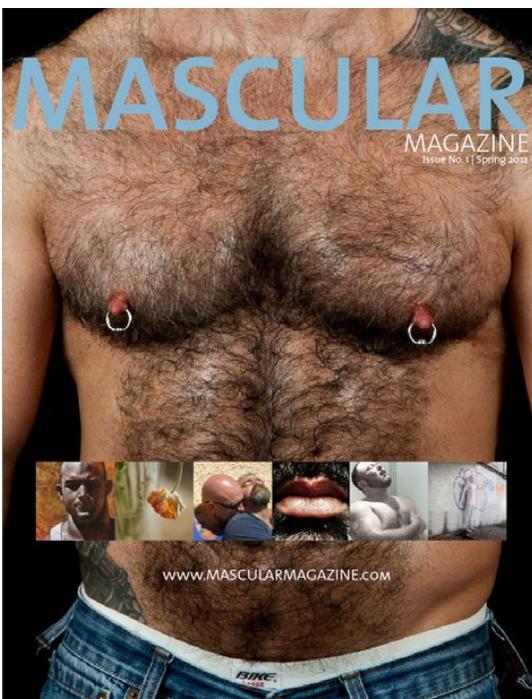
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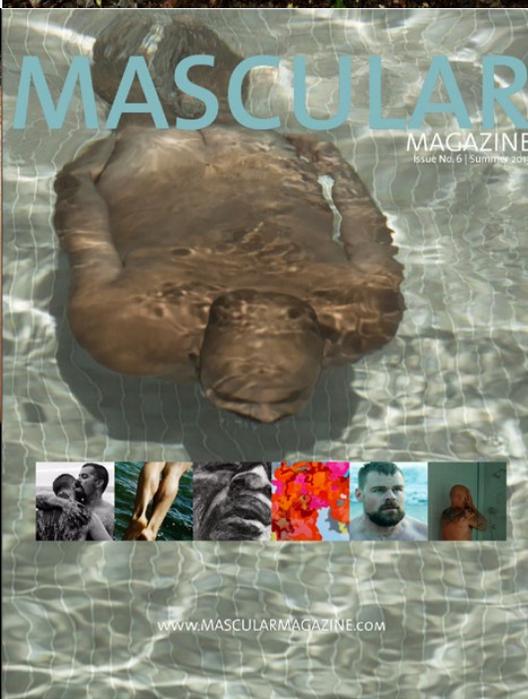
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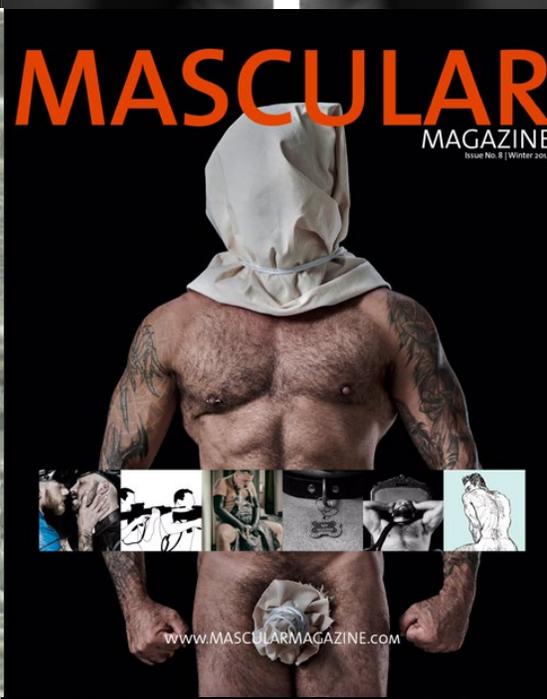
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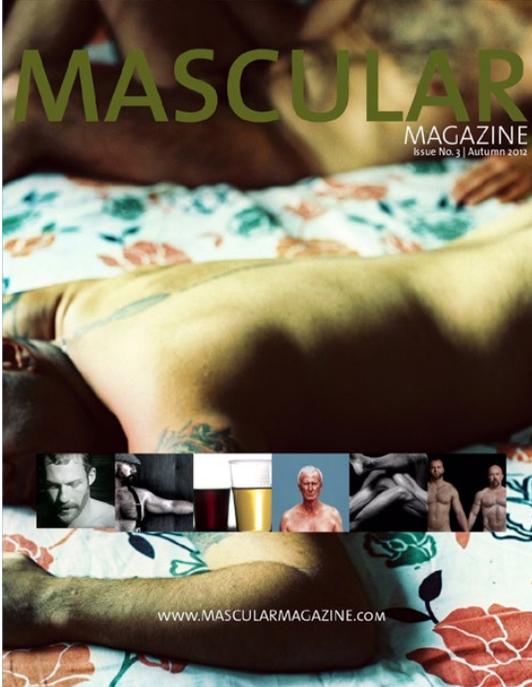
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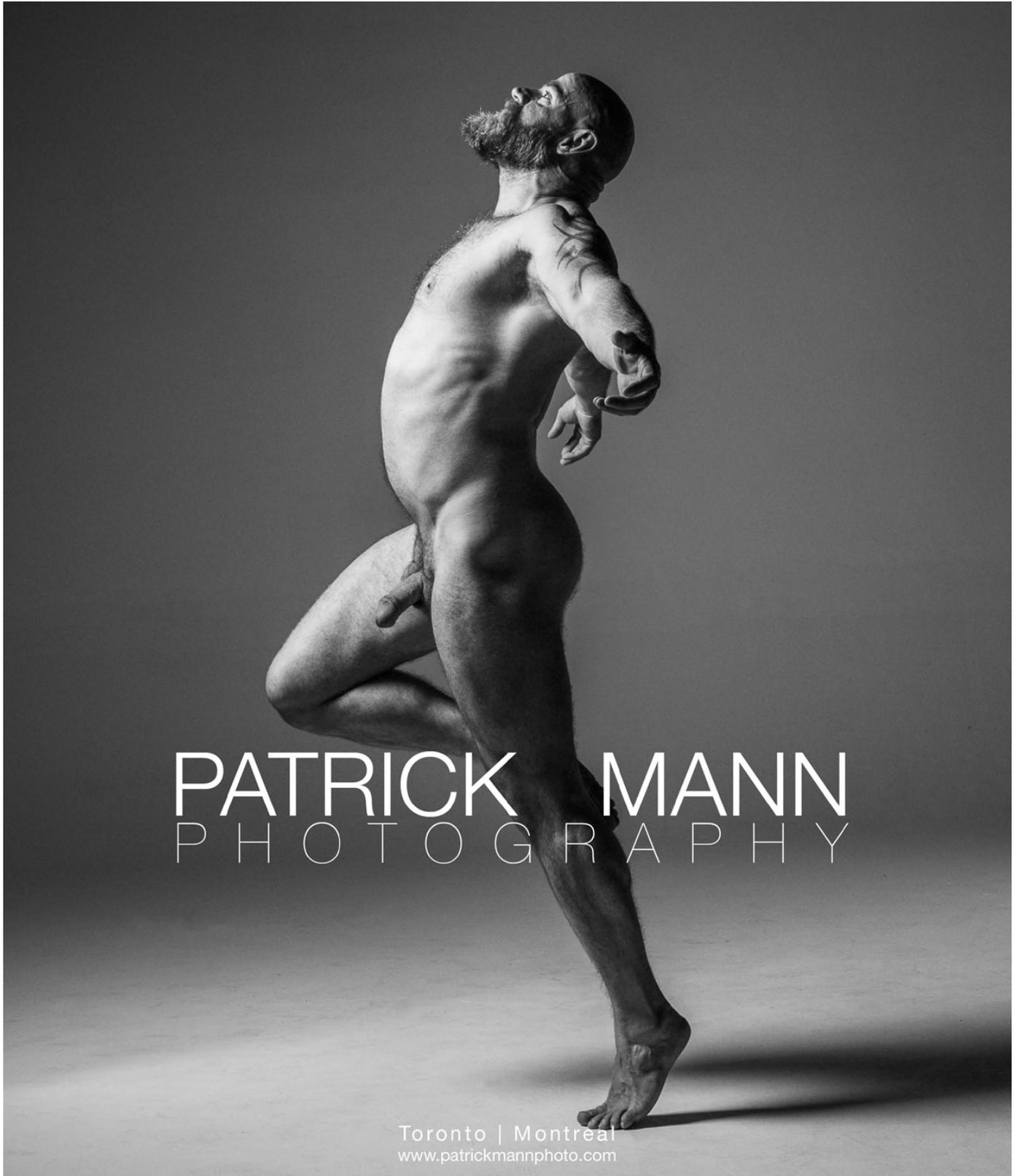
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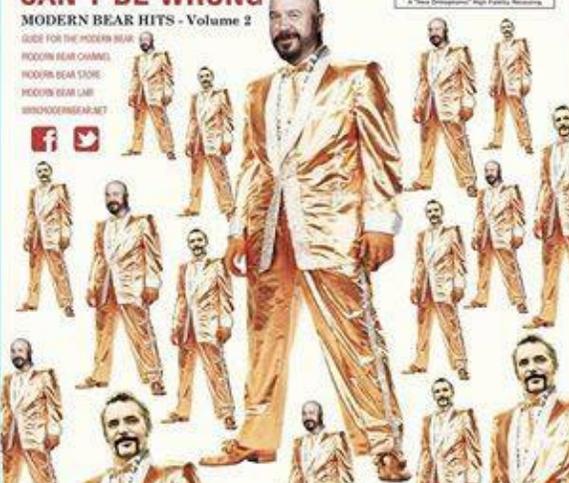
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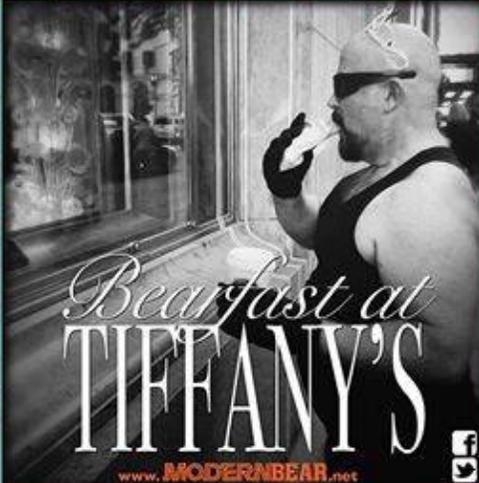
 




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