

# MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 19 | Winter 2017





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# MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

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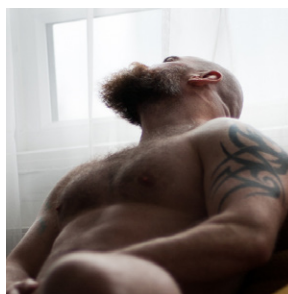
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From the "Sleepover" series by Inked Kenny

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# MASCULAR MAGAZINE

*Celebrating masculine art and  
the men who create it*



Ron Amato in front of his childhood home

Home...

...it's where the heart is  
...you can't go there again  
...it is on the range  
...a house is not one  
...chickens roost there  
...charity begins there  
...there's no place like it

I've been thinking about the concept of "Home" for the last number of weeks. I know what it means to me, but what I found is everyone's idea of home varies by life experience. On first blush most think about a structure where they once had shelter from the cold. However when asked to push a little deeper, it often become a time period or individual that offered happiness, protection and love. I found this quote from Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr.

Where we love is home - home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts.

-Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr

The other day I had lunch with my friend Peter. Peter was born in Panama, move to Florida when he was a teen and has been in Brooklyn, New York for the past 30 years. I asked him what he thought of when I said "home." He immediately said Panama. I asked, "Even though you've been in Brooklyn for 30 years?" "I know how the rain sounds when it hits the leaves in Panama," he answered. For Peter it is visceral. We certainly see this echoed in Ludovic Seth's gorgeous photo pictorial Childhood Home. I chose to end this issue with Seth's photographs because I feel they embody many of the themes other artists are exploring in these pages. They are reminiscent, sensual, melancholy, bittersweet and, dare I say, sexy.

That got me thinking about the visceral home. What is implanted so deep in our visceral experience that bubbles up only when we think of home? What do we feel when we think of home? Certainly it is all the emotions listed above but, as we see with Gerard Floyd's self portraits, there can be something unexpected as well. Floyd depicts a man at home in what we assume

to be the comfort of a familiar chair. Yet there is a yearning, a feeling of lack of fulfillment. What is he yearning for? Is it love? Is it sex? In the 1964 song A House is Not a Home, Burt Bacharach and Hal David make the case that without love, there is no home. Ultimately, is it all about love?

In photographer Paul Specht's My Muse and My Home we are privy to a visual love letter to Paul's husband Eric. As for many of us, the man Paul loves is his emotional home. Indeed images of people, whether a life partner, parent or sibling, are conjured up for many of us when asked to think of home. Paul's images of Eric paired with images of objects that occupy their home together, go right to the heart of home for many. There is a sense of comfort and shelter from the outside world, a place of refuge with the one you love.

Memory plays a very important role in how we think of Home. Peter's story about the rain on the leaves in Panama is all about memory. I know when I think of home, my mind is flooded with bits and pieces of images not anchored to each other and in no particular order. It is this stream-of-consciousness way of thinking

about home that makes Joe LaMattina's collection, *Recycled Consciousness*, so powerful. Indeed Joe's technique of combining seemingly unrelated images on a single canvas mirrors the way one's mind combines separate experiences into a seamless, surreal narrative.

How can any conversation about home not include childhood. Can anyone really separate thoughts of childhood from thoughts of home? For many those thoughts are often painful, especially when you are queer (more on that later). However, as we see in Joe Mazza's *The Big Kid in All of Us*, those thoughts are equally as often joyful. I've been looking at Joe's photographs for weeks now and, still, a spontaneous smile comes to my face when I see them. Joe's pictorial adds a very important and easily overlooked element to this collection about home, the simple elation of being a child, at home, on the floor with your toys. The fact that Joe's "big kid" happens to be a grown man who exudes a potent sexiness is just the icing on the cake!

Further on in my conversation with Peter, he said, "When you are queer, you have no home." The statement made me stop eating and listen closer. Asked to explain, Peter went on to talk about something all queer people understand. When you are part of a marginalized community because of ethnicity, class or geography, you usually share that status with your family. Rarely do you share being queer with your family. I've always understood this but this was the first time I thought of it in terms of being homeless. Fernando Bracho Bracho's contribution, *Anguish of the Closet*, addresses the solitary nature of

being Queer with a celebration of gender bending fabulousness. While Kryz Fox and Shelton Lindsey collaborate with image and word to explore a queer boy's journey from his childhood home to creating homes wherever life takes him in *Home or 7 Definitions Toward Defining Something*.

When you live in an urban center, your view of homelessness is usually shaped by the destitute living on the streets, in parks or in subway stations. As a lifelong New Yorker, I can attest to the becoming callous to the plight of this part of my city's population. If you let yourself think about them too long, the feelings of helplessness and despair overtake you. However, I've never considered emotional homelessness. What is it like for someone whose emotions have no home, when they are untethered to any other individual or experience? Stephen Honicki's haunting pictorial, *A House is Not a Home*, depicts snippets of emotional restlessness from paranoia to despair. The men in the photographs are in a physical structure yet appear to be searching for a home.

Okay, let's talk about SEX. A number of our contributing artists approach the concept of home as sexuality and sex. *Inked Kenny* shows us an apartment as home to a brotherhood of sexy, mostly naked men playful engaging in normal household activities such as brushing their teeth and sitting by the fire. Only these guys do it in groups, covered by strategically placed towels. Maybe Kenny will let us see the out takes some day. Mike Harwood's *Kitchen Playhouse* is similarly occupied by naked or nearly naked men hanging out on counter tops and tables. Are they waiting to be served?

Bil Donovan's gorgeous illustrations in *Home Alone* certainly feel like memory with their overlapping bodies and diffuse edges. Bil talks about one's sexual awareness beginning at home, alone, in in the bedroom, bathroom or basement. This brings thoughts of one's adolescence in their childhood home discovering their sexuality in secret, learning what brings them pleasure, developing a thirst, creating a rich fantasy life. Our sexual awareness begins at home, but it is only when we leave, that our fantasies can be fulfilled.

As I write this, I sit in my home in Brooklyn. My husband, Seth, is sleeping in our bedroom. Our two fox terriers, Ben and Zeb, are pushed up against him. There is a peaceful quiet. I know I am safe, loved and protected from what lies outside. I've lived in many different houses and apartments in my lifetime, but few I think of as home. For me "home" encompasses all of the aspects our contributors have explored in these pages. Sometimes you don't have all of them at once. Sometimes you have to test drive different types of homes before you know which is right. Whatever home is, it is as individual as there are people in the world. I hope as you read this, you too, are home.

- Ron Amato, May 2017



## THE MASCULAR Mix: HOME - vol. XVII

Brian Maier

# MASCULAR

vol 17



## HOME

If you would like to hear Brian Maier's 'White' Mix, you can download it from  
<https://soundcloud.com/brianmaier/mascular-vol-17> or on [iTunes](#).

The icons below will take you there directly.



www

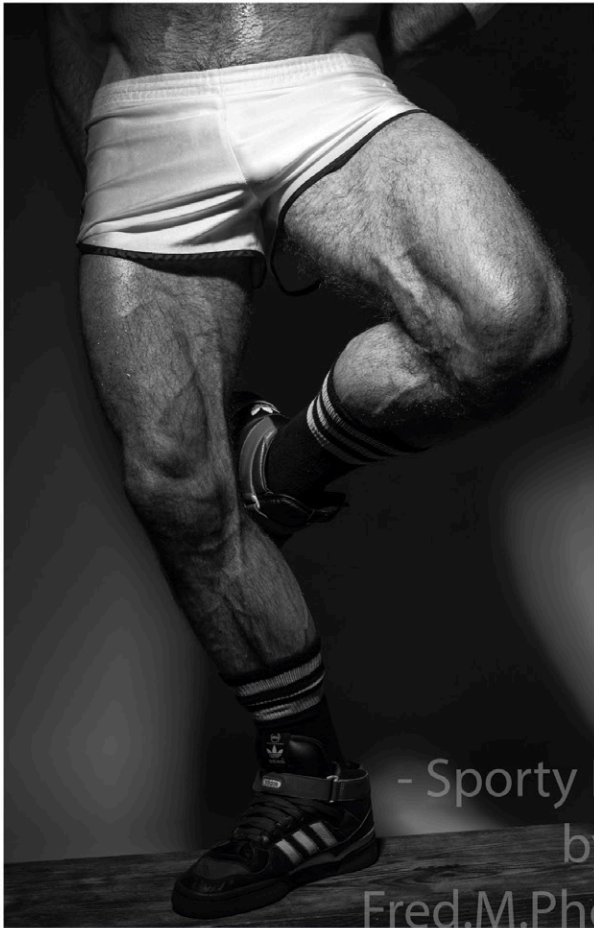


GIORGIO | 11  
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# Bernard André

A personal vision of masculinity



[www.bernardandrephotography.com](http://www.bernardandrephotography.com)



# MAGNANIMOUS

GREY PICTURES AND XXL LONDON PRESENTS

## MAGNANIMOUS

FEATURING GERARD FLOYD, GERRARD WOODWARD,  
CHRISTOPHER CRAGG, MARTIN BULLOCK,  
CASSIO PERIONI TRAVERSANI, PEARSE EGAN,  
LOUIS KWONG, DAVID GOLDENBERG AND SAM HENDI

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LOUIS KWONG

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# MASCULAR

## APPAREL

### THE MASCULAR T-SHIRT



Jeff Miller is a New York-based artist. His work can be seen at [jeffmillerdrawings.com](http://jeffmillerdrawings.com) and on Instagram @jeffgraphos.miller. Email: [eJeffy895@gmail.com](mailto:eJeffy895@gmail.com).

#### MASCULAR HOME

Jeff Miller

[Mascular Shop on Redbubble](#)



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## HOMELIKE

*DANIEL DECOT*

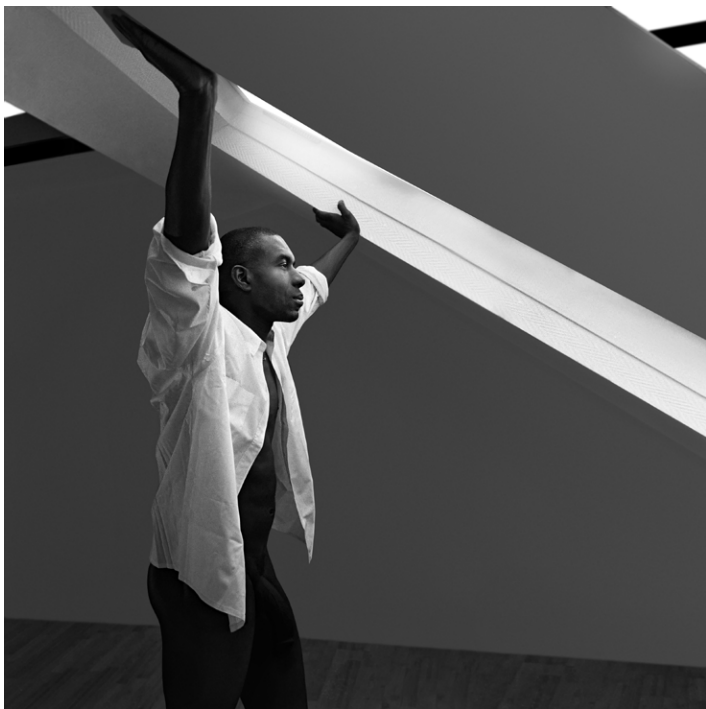
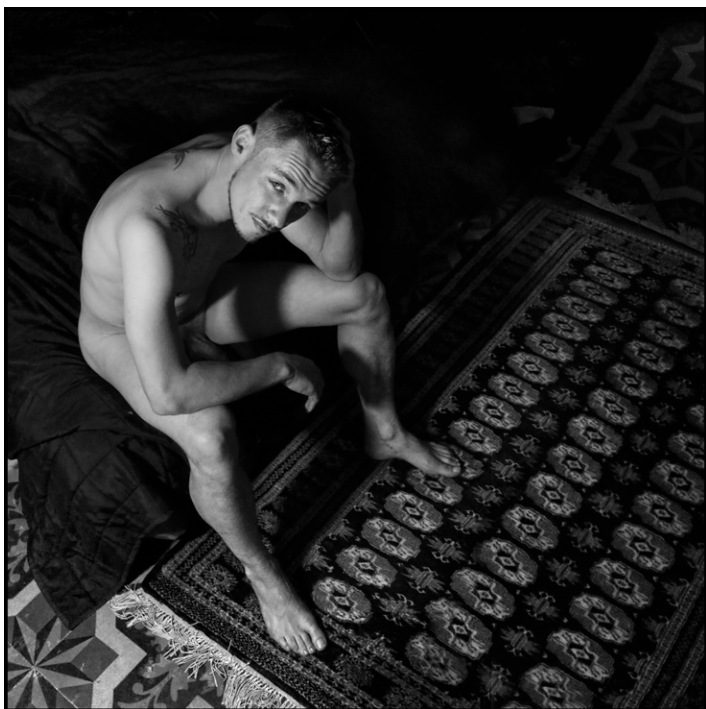
It's about real people in their home place -so they feel more at ease since evolving in their environment. I prefer the release during a session so I give privilege to loosening over acting. « Don't do, don't act, don't pose, do nothing », no drama effect but just a look, a presence, the raw drawing of a gesture, a growing thought. An intense yet discreet emotion, nearly mute and blind which tends to reveal a true moment, unutterable, subtle and far away from bashing clichés. End purpose being to suggest intimacy and not to steal it from the subject. A meeting, some shared instants. A caring look from my ends. A deeper look on the inside from yours. I always go shooting unplanned, adapting to the environment and its unexpected circumstances. The (natural) light conditions, the room constraints are of interest to me and force me to cope with all contingencies, composing my picture on the exact moment. A face, a look, a body, a room. Once they have taken their clothes off, peeled their skin off their social ID, there is just them, in front of then, men exposed in their true essence. My personae have a link with those of Edward Hopper's paintings, for being solitary, melancholic, mute and wholly-engrossed in their thoughts, locked within, alone, nude facing a window letting the light floating in and suggests the possibility of an infinite world lying behind, on the other side.

*You can see more of Daniel's work at [www.danieldecotphoto.book.fr](http://www.danieldecotphoto.book.fr)*









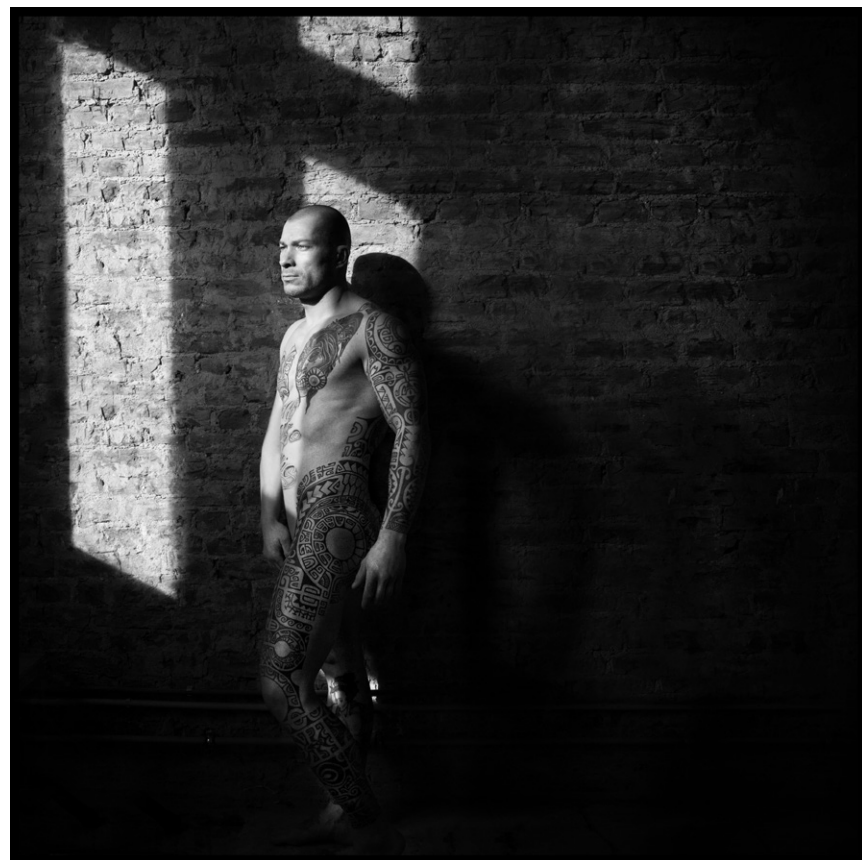
TOP (L): BORIS, (R): XAVIER D  
BOTTOM (L): GUY T; (R): FRED G



















(T): MIKE V  
(B): KEVIN





## HOME ALONE

*BIL DONOVAN*

“Home Alone” reflects the idea about the Self. Sexual awareness begins at home, alone, in a bedroom, bathroom, basement or mirror.

Sexual identity begins to emerge through experimentation which heightens sexual pleasure.

The discovery of self has its genesis in the home, but the intimacy of knowing oneself unveils the idea that home within the self.

I asked the models posing for the drawings to contemplate their sensuality at home and to replicate those moments in various poses.

There is a specific intimacy between the artist and model highlighted by a charged eroticism. My intent was to communicate that eroticism and sensuality through the drawings with a selective suggestion of the moment, allowing the viewer to create the narrative.



PREVIOUS PAGE: BLOOM  
THIS PAGE: SELF LOVE



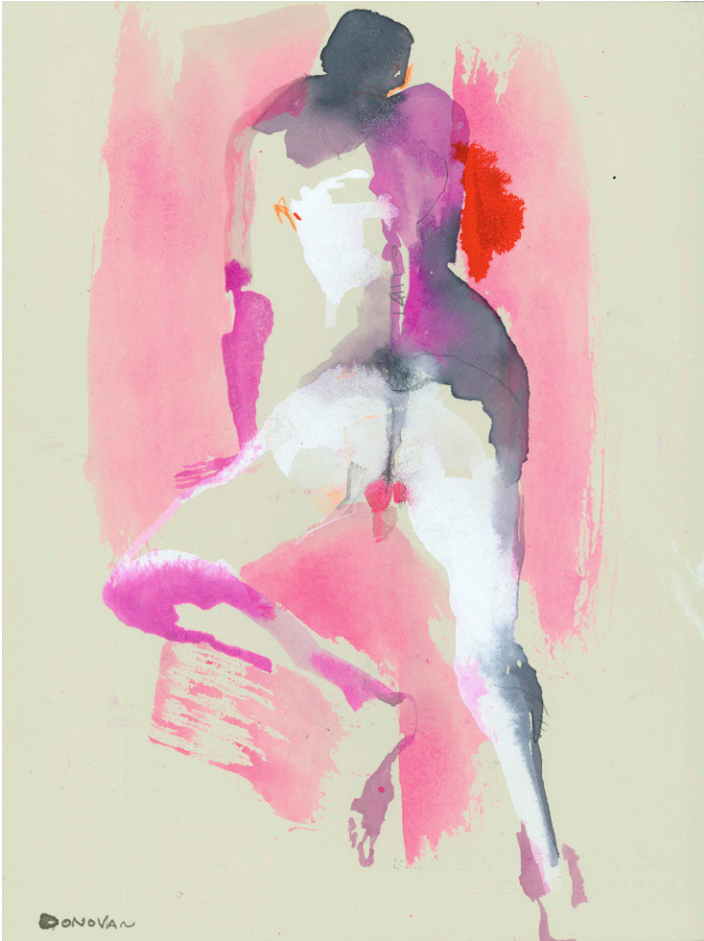


(L): SEDUCED  
(R): DISCOVERY







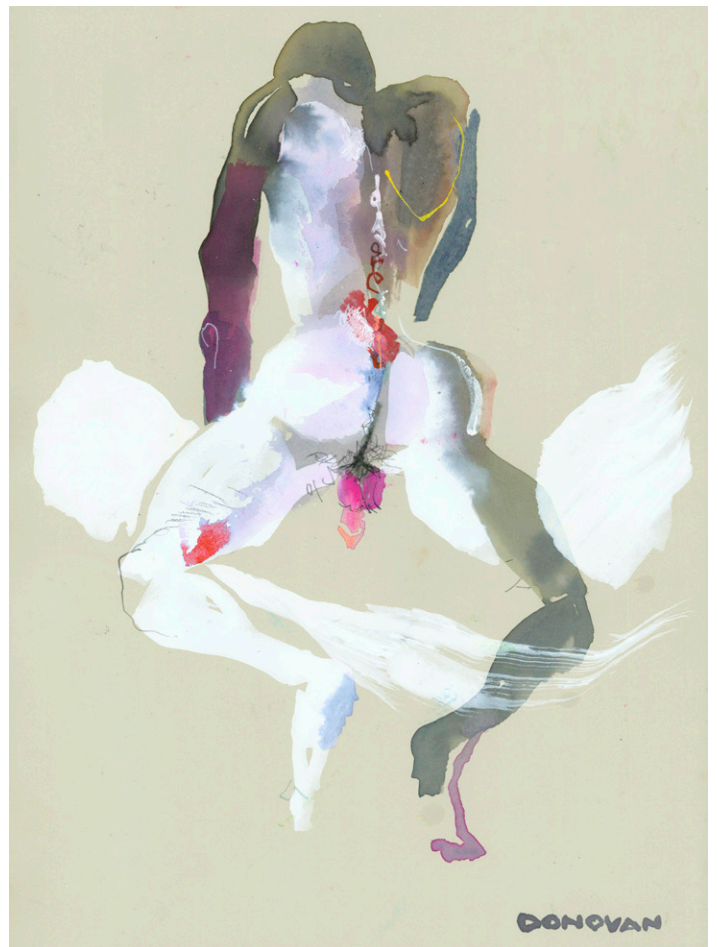


(L): PINK PASSION  
(R): CARNAL KNOWLEDGE













TRILOGY OF DESIRE





## HARWOOD'S KITCHEN PLAYHOUSE

*MIKE HARWOOD*

These photos were taken in the blessedly spacious kitchen of my New York City apartment, a humorous setting conducive to narrative and metaphor, as well as offering a stimulating and disinhibiting workspace for my models.

The men are friends and acquaintances of diverse professional backgrounds. My method is collaborative and improvisational. My style is casual and intimate, which entails the use of low light and fast film.

I create these images as artful evidence of particular erotically charged events, rather than pictures fashioned with an audience in mind. Yet they have proven to be eminently audience worthy and valued as well by the men who inhabit them.





PREVIOUS PAGE: CRUNCH (SAM)  
THIS PAGE: ITALIC (MATT MILLER)



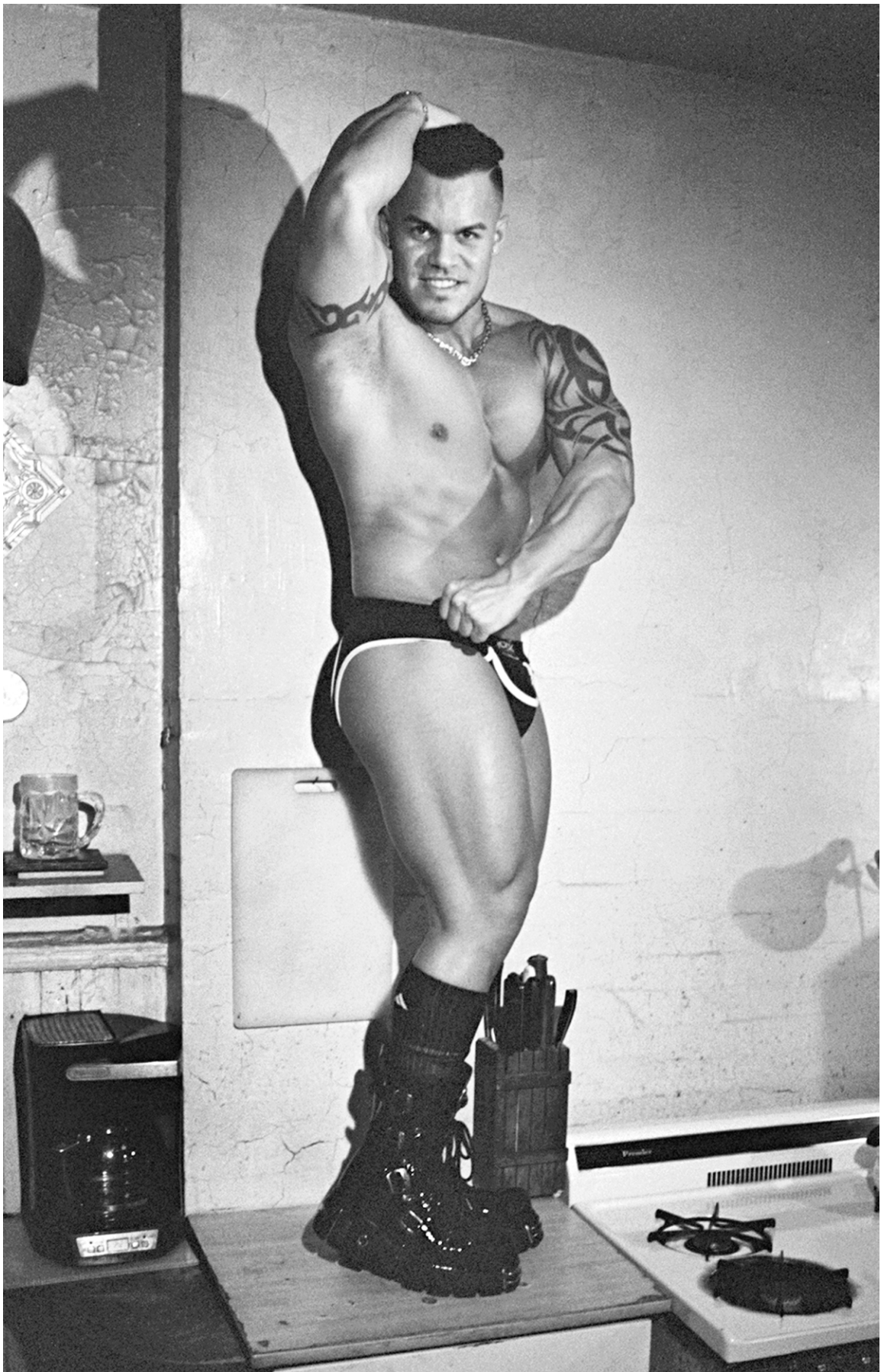


COLOSSUS

















SUAVE (DREYDEN)









## MY MUSE AND MY HOME

*PAUL SPECHT*

A collection of portraits of the man whom I love.  
A collection of portraits taken in my home.  
A collection of images that is my love letter to the man, who is my home.

*You can see more of Paul's work at [www.paulspecht.com](http://www.paulspecht.com)*





































i carry your heart with me(i carry it in  
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere  
i go you go,my dear; and whatever is done  
by only me is your doing,my darling)  
i fear

no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want  
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)  
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant  
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows  
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud  
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows  
higher than the soul can hope or mind can hide)  
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

e e cummings





## ANGUSTIAS DEL CLOSET ANGUISH OF THE CLOSET

FERNANDO BRACHO BRACHO

### Angustias del clóset

Él, atormentado psicológicamente, presionado por la sociedad, confundido y exhausto por el esfuerzo que hace para que su verdadera sexualidad no lo traicione en público, encuentra en su hogar vacío; sin hermana, sin madre o esposa que puedan interferir cuando curiosear en sus clósets y se sumerge en la fantasía que le da una oportunidad de aliviar sus temores y dudas, termina conformando ese espacio en un oasis al infierno de sufrimiento y de conductas autodestructivas que él, como homosexual de clóset, se somete para no delatarse y asumirse.

### Anguish of the closet

*Him, psychologically tormented, pressured by society, confused and exhausted by the effort he makes so that his true sexuality does not betray him publicly, an encounter in his empty home; without a sister, without a mother or wife who can interfere when she snoops in her closets and immerses herself in the fantasy that gives her an opportunity to relieve her fears and doubts, ends up turning that space from an oasis to a hell of suffering and self-destructive behavior that he, as a closet homosexual, undergoes not to betray and and is consumed.*







TOP: : NINO  
BOTTOM: CAPRICHIO



















## HOME: FINDING WHERE YOU ARE WANTED

*GEORGE TOWNE*

"Home" for me is a small, one-bedroom in an old East Village tenement building. I do my art making here as well. I fill it with stuff that inspires me; art supplies, a ton of books about painters. I love being in front of my easel, jacked up on coffee, a favorite song blaring through my headphones, and just allowing something unexpected to come out through my paintbrush.

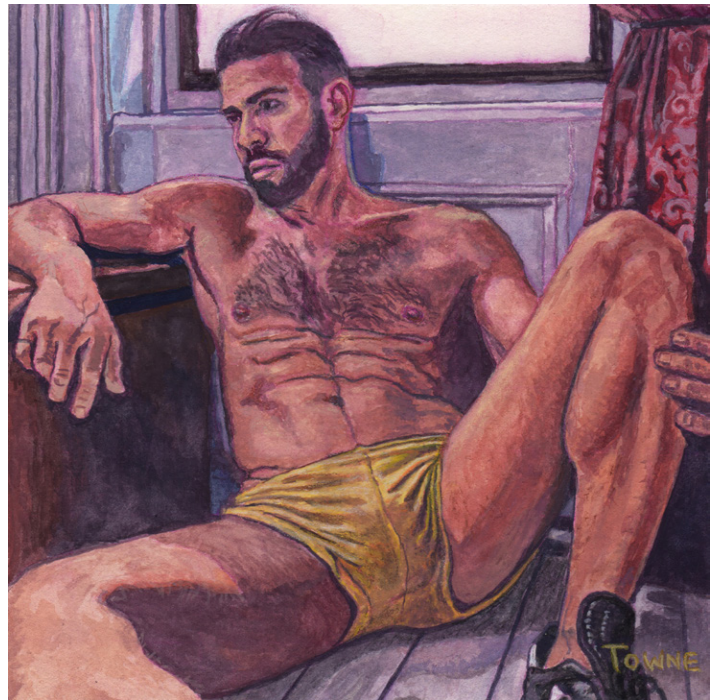
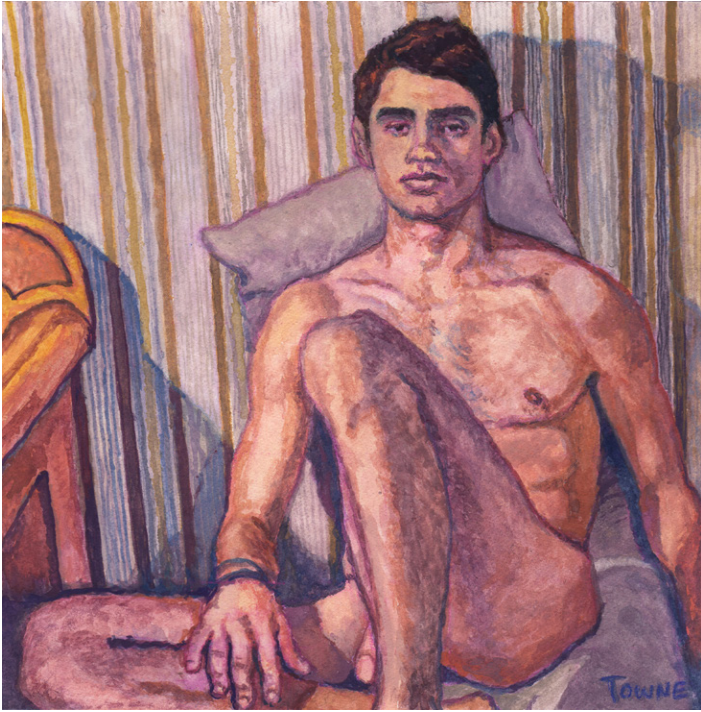
I love tricking my conscious to forget left-brain stuff and go to that other, unthinking place where I can do my best work. "Home" is also about finding community, finding where you are wanted. Some of my paintings feature guys I've met along the way in that effort. I feel that if I keep trying to be true to myself and listen to my conscious that more opportunities will come my way.





PREVIOUS PAGE: SLEEVELESS 64  
THIS PAGE (T): RICH AND SETH; (B): ROLY AND CHASE





TOP (L): ROLY, SEATED NUDE, STRIPED WALLPAPER; (R) GREGORY, JOCK, WINDOW  
 BOTTOM (L): GUSTAVO, ARM UP; (R): GREGORY YELLOW SHORTS





ANDY SEATED





*BOUND CONFEDERATE SOLDIER*





ST SEBASTIAN









ERIC, SEATED, CHAIR





## THE BIG KID IN US ALL

*JOE MAZZA*

When I embark creative photo projects I approach them in one of two ways; I have a concept or story in my head and I cast a specific model to tell that story, or I meet a model who's personality and demeanor inspires a project. In the case of Daniel White, it was the latter. Daniel is a big sexy man and a big kid at heart. He's an author of children's books, loves music and vintage toys... and clearly, loves to workout at the gym. His physical stature is big and intimidating but I wanted to capture the big goofy kid side of him. The vintage feel to the images is meant to invoke a sense of nostalgia for the time in all of our lives when we were kids, able to spend the afternoon playing. Working with Daniel was a true spontaneous collaboration. I think the images really reflect the personality and playfulness to the shoot.

Model: Daniel White

*You can see more of Joe's work at [themaleimage.com](http://themaleimage.com)*









(T): BIG KID 3  
(B): BIG KID 4





(T): BIG KID 5  
(B): BIG KID 6





















## BUILT FOR PLEASURE

*BLADE T BANNON*

### Dark Pleasures:

Dusky, Darkling, A Dark Horse, Tall Dark and Handsome, Pitchy, Murky,  
Lurid and sometimes mysterious...

### Amber Pleasures:

For those who's hair is kissed by fire.

Cinnamon

Ginger

Strawberry

Auburn

Whichever the shade, they are all red.

### Deviant Pleasures:

Totally non conformative, absolutely bent, positively different, colorfully  
bizarre and playfully outside the lines...

### Silver Pleasures:

Cultivated

Sophisticated

Mellowed

Complete

Seasoned

Fit

Prime

Ripe and ready.

### What's your pleasure?

Or should I say spice, gratification, amusement, thrill, joyride, turn-on or  
if you like...indulgence.

*You can see more of Blade's work at [www.BladeTBannon.com](http://www.BladeTBannon.com)*





I'd like to share my thoughts regarding this book and how it came to be. My focus during the photo sessions was capturing each model being them self. When it came to clothing, I asked them to choose the things they liked or felt sexy wearing. Many times this would involve a change into something more adventurous or playful. Either way, I encouraged them to be real. I wanted to share the message that we're all unique and beautiful in our own special way. Always remember to embrace your uniqueness. It doesn't matter if you're young or old, smooth or furry, lean or burley, light or dark, kink or vanilla. What matters is to see the beauty that each of us holds and to value it.

I would like to take a moment to thank all of the people who contributed to this book. First, I'd like to thank all of the models who shared their time in order to provide you with the beautiful images found in these pages. I would also like to thank my husband Mike, who was a pillar of support and guidance in the journey to its publication. I want to thank Race Bannon for offering some great advice when I was on the fence about self-publishing. A big thank you to Stuart Goldstein for the lovely day of photography which provided you with the portrait of me shown above, as well agreeing to appear in the book himself. To all of the businesses and publications that promoted Built for Pleasure. We can't thank

you enough for your support. You're the best! To my chief graphics designer John Caterino who offered inspirational page layouts and technical assistance. I thoroughly enjoyed his fresh ideas and creativity. We had so much fun putting this book together and I highly recommend him. (John's Business info) But most of all, I would like to thank you for choosing this book. I hope you and yours enjoy it for m





*TOM ON BED*



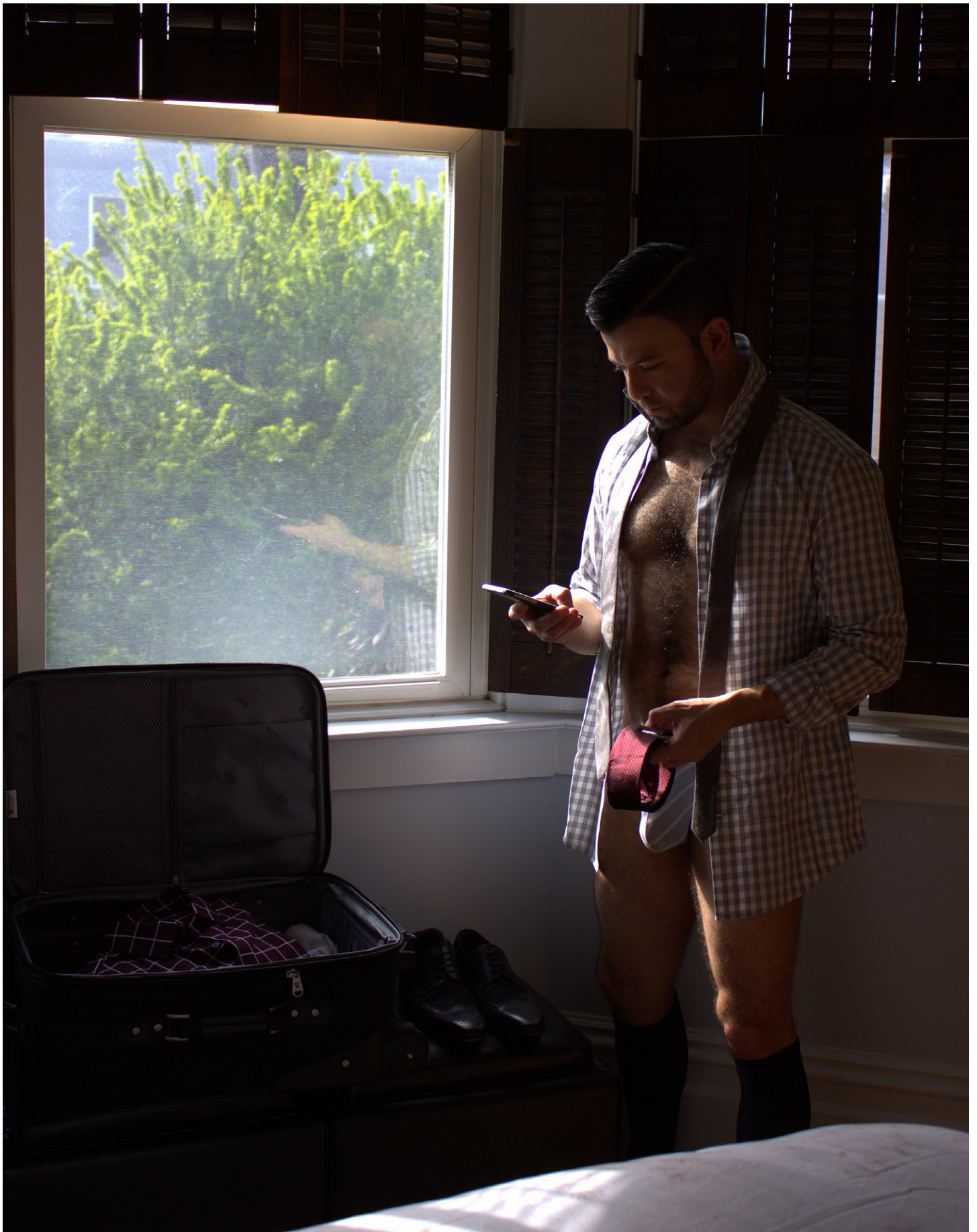






CHARLIE IN HALLWAY









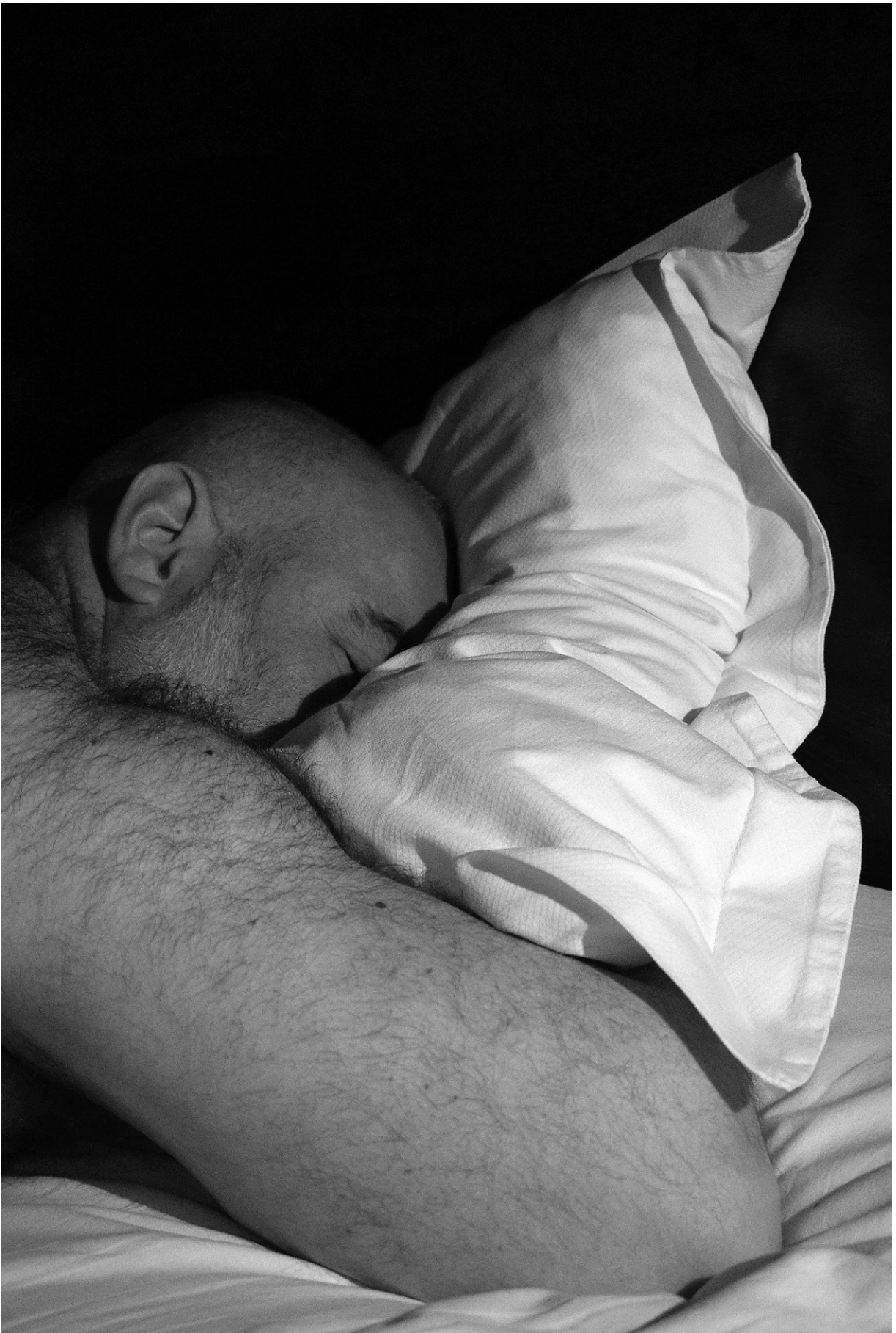
## UNE JOURNÉE À LA MAISON A DAY AT HOME

BEARCEVAL

La maison. Un lieu familier que l'on a investi, que l'on occupe, que l'on façonne pour y être bien. Un lieu où on se réfugie, où on se sent en sécurité. Où on peut enfin être soi-même sans avoir à jouer de rôle social. Où on peut se laisser aller, oublier les contraintes et les règles, et se livrer en toute tranquillité, en toute intimité. C'est cette tranquillité et cette intimité qui s'expriment à travers les images simples de quelques activités quotidiennes d'un jour de repos: se lever, prendre un petit-déjeuner, se doucher, se raser; dessiner ou peindre, faire la sieste, entretenir une moto, s'endormir... Des petits moments capturés qui restituent l'ambiance sereine d'une journée à la maison.

*Home. A familiar place we took over, we live in, we change to be comfortable in. It is a place where we take refuge, where we feel secure. We can be true there, without playing any social role. We can let ourselves go there, forget the restraints and the rules, and open up with complete peace of mind, in total privacy. It's about this peace and privacy that these simple pictures are speaking, showing some everyday activities on a day off: waking up, having a breakfast, a shower, shaving, drawing or painting, maintaining a motorbike, falling asleep... Short captured moments recreating the serene atmosphere of a day at home.*





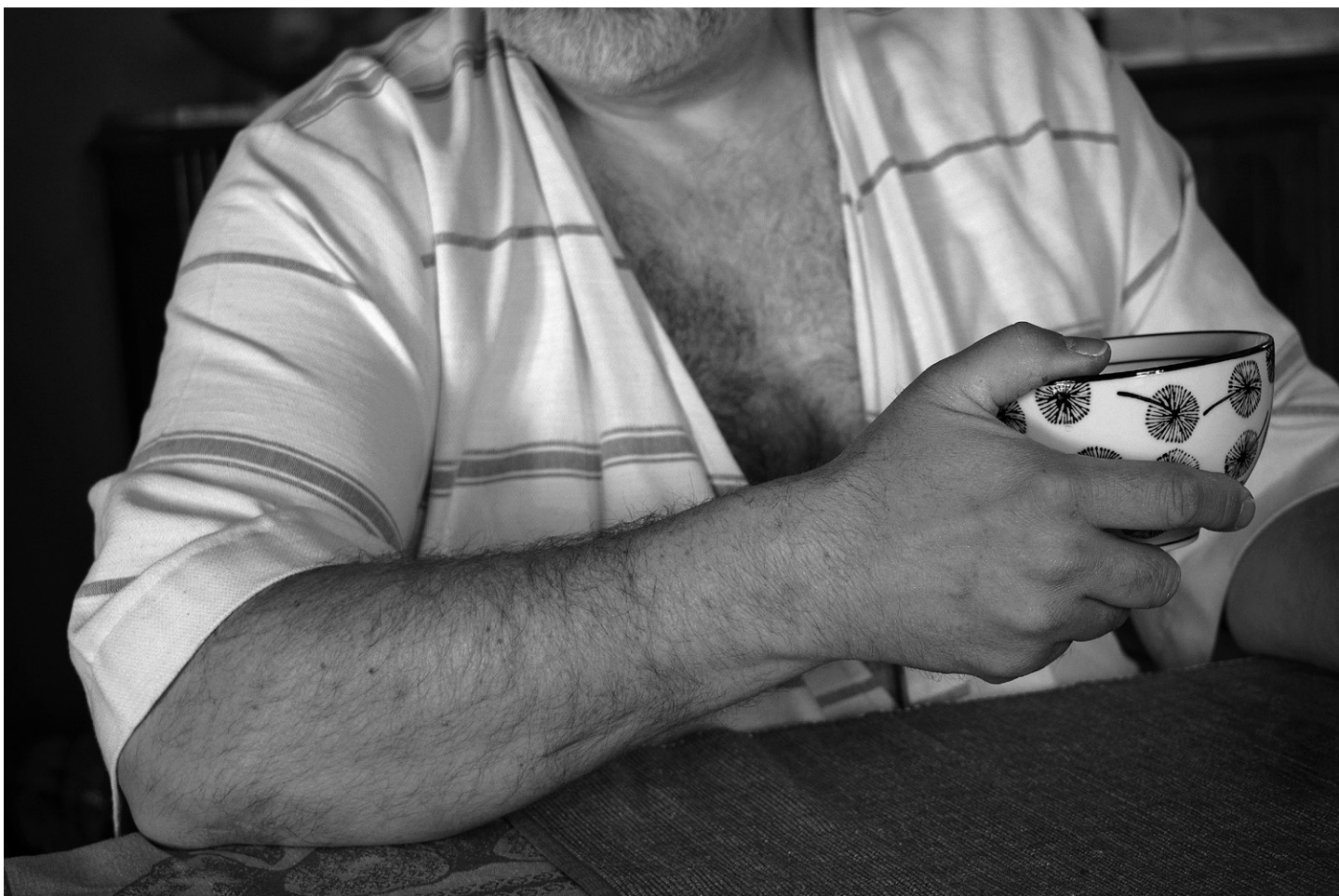




















## RECYCLED CONSCIOUSNESS

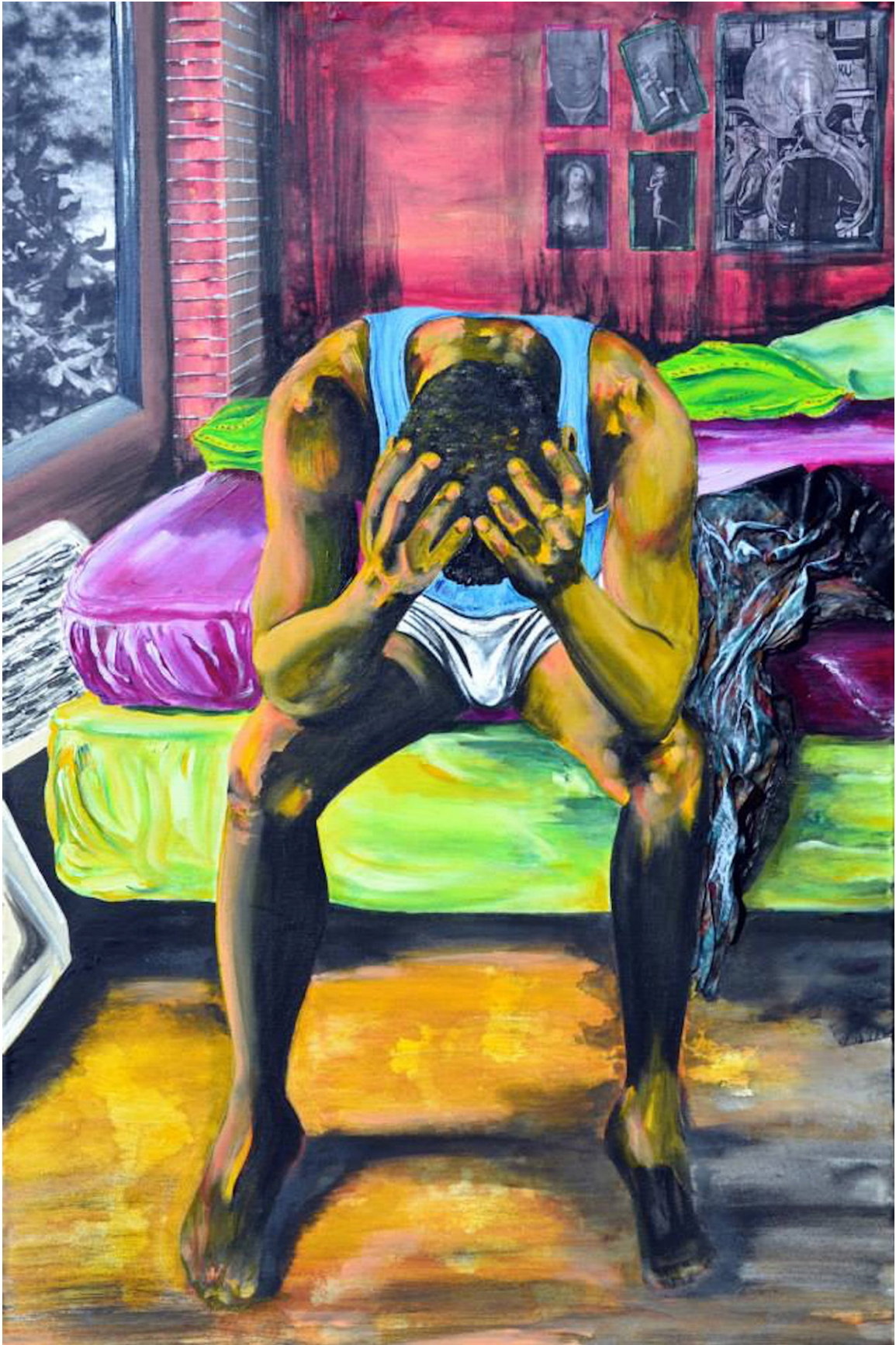
*JOE LA MATTINA*

I enjoy watching one medium spontaneously react to another. Choosing between chaos and control as my hand hovers over a canvas is an exciting place to be. Although I occasionally allow my work to rest here, finished, I usually begin to add more layers and lots of texture. Should subject matter begin to surface, it is 99.9% figurative. Interpreting and manipulating the human form is what excites me and fuels my spirit to create. I love to juxtapose unrelated images that I invite to work together through theme, color, placement and composition. Because these images that inspire me come from very different sources and experiences, I like to call this process of combining them, "Recycled Consciousness."

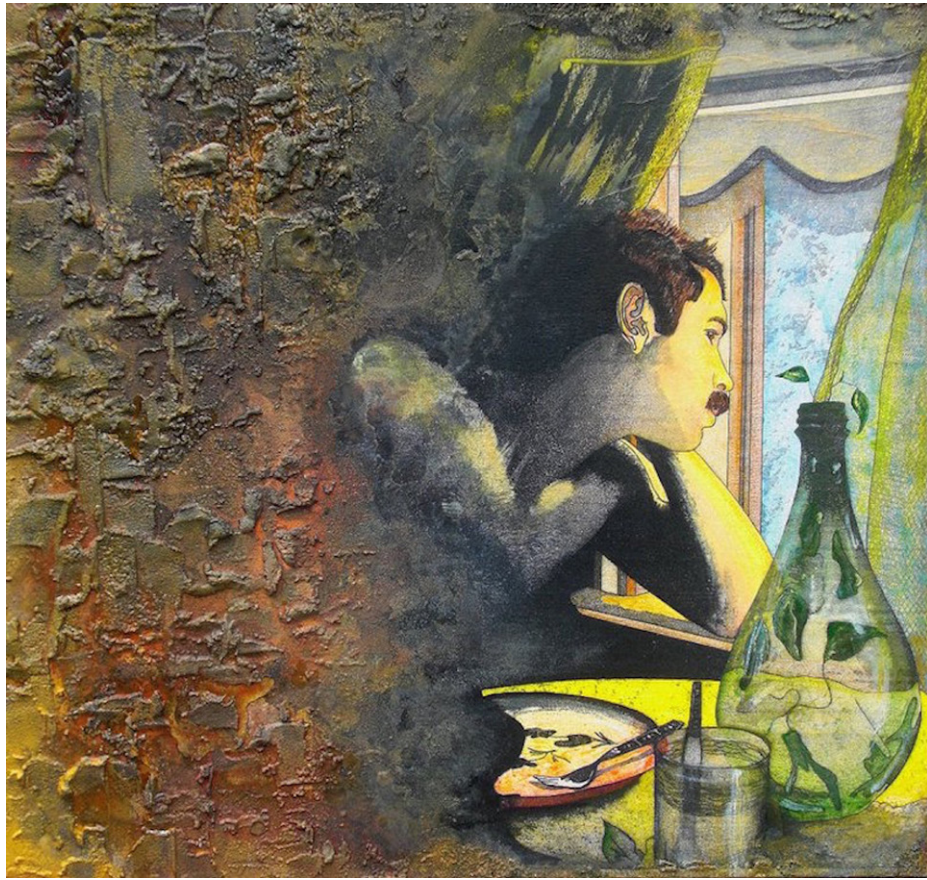
The selected images all combine a solitary, male figure, frozen in the moment, combined with the essence of an architectural element...Home!

You can see more of Joe's work at [www.joelamattina.com](http://www.joelamattina.com)



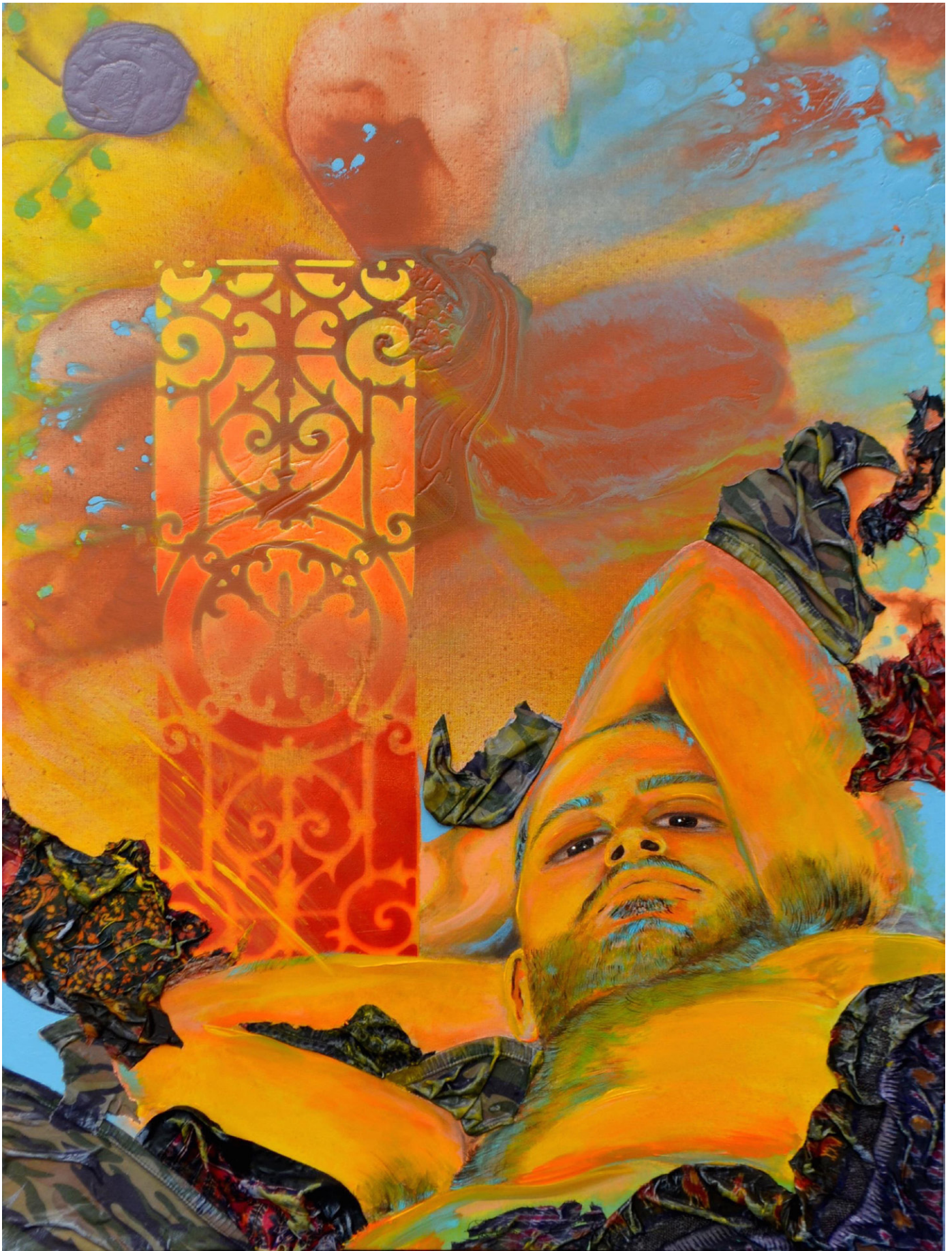






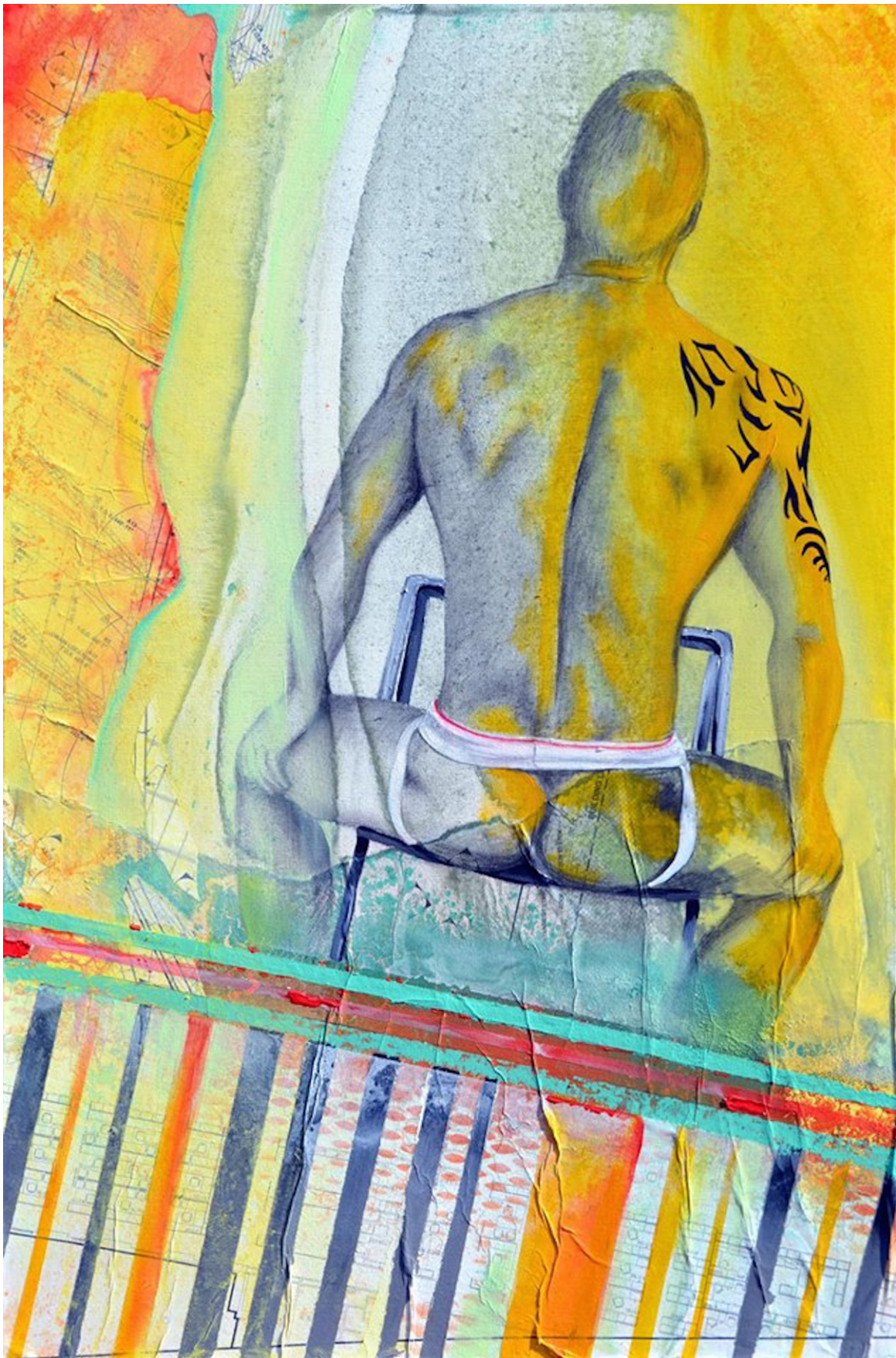
(T): *DESPUES DEL DESAYUNAO*  
(B): *THE NAVIGATOR*





PREVIOUS PAGE: WHO WANTS BREAKFAST  
THIS PAGE: I RECYCLED CAMOUFLAGE UNDERWEAR



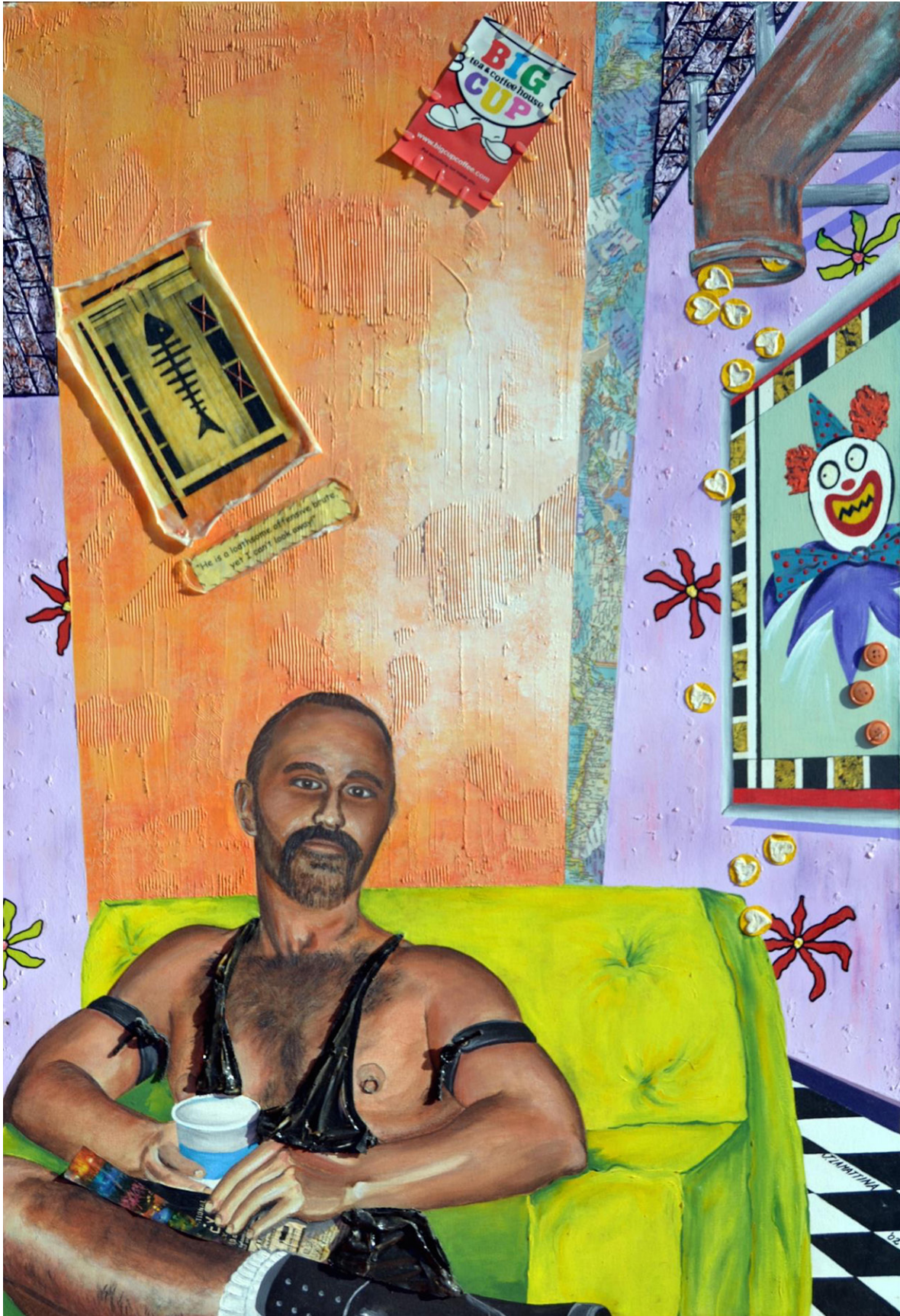






(T): BIG SHOTS AT A LITTLE SOIR'EE  
(B): DOESN'T EVERYBODY

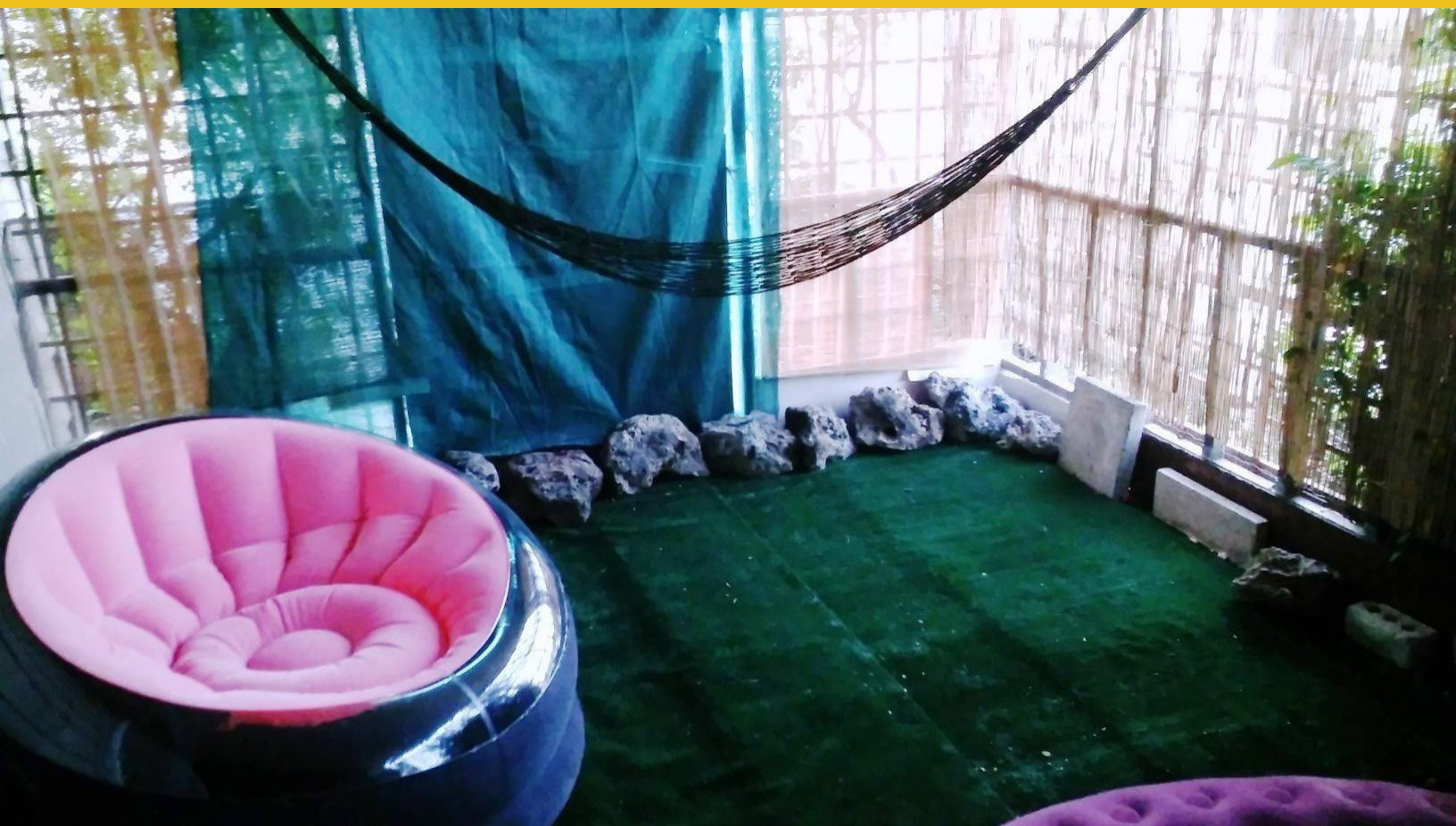










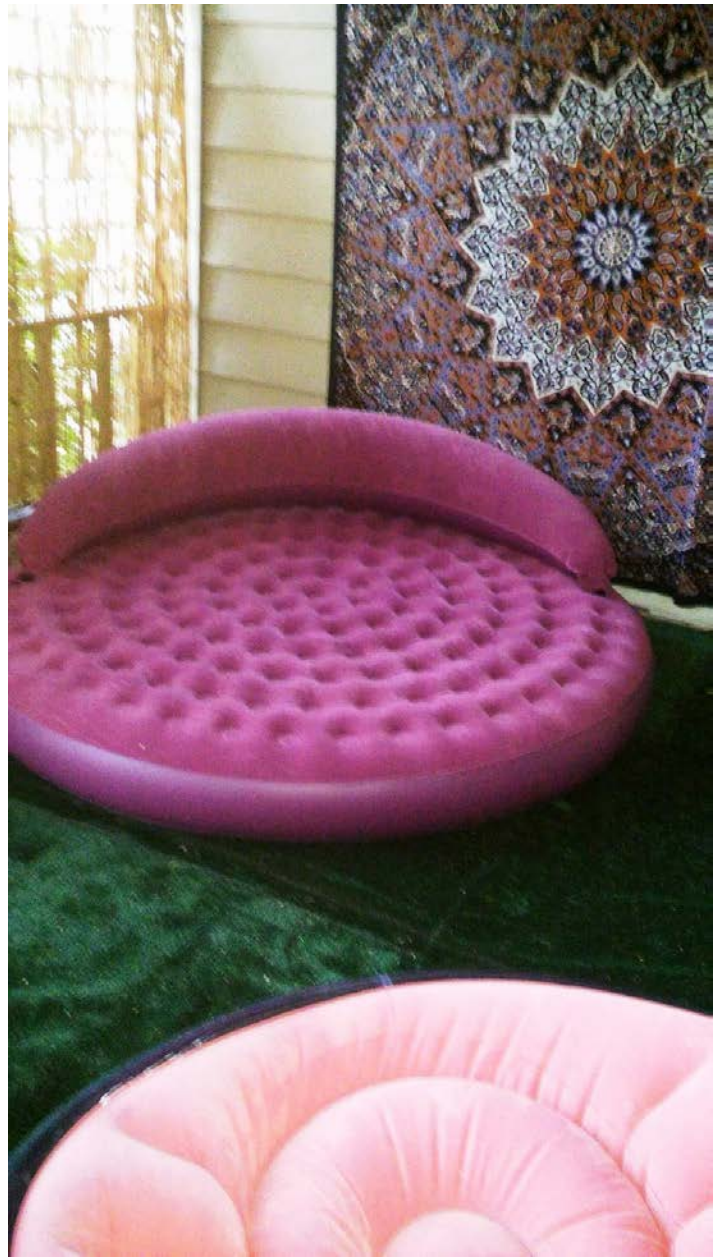
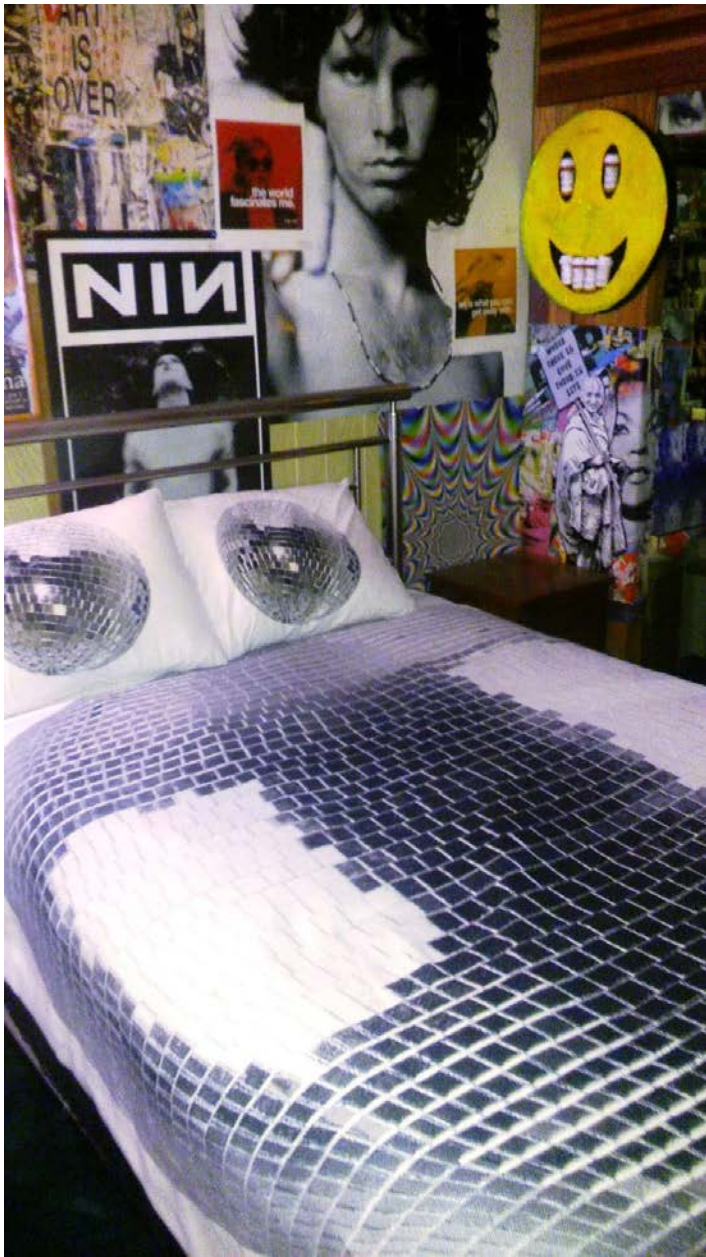


## HOME IS WHERE THE ART IS

*AL WALZ*

These are pictures of me in various rooms of my house, with some of my creative art projects I've put together, to be inspired daily and also to be reminded of what I am here to do.









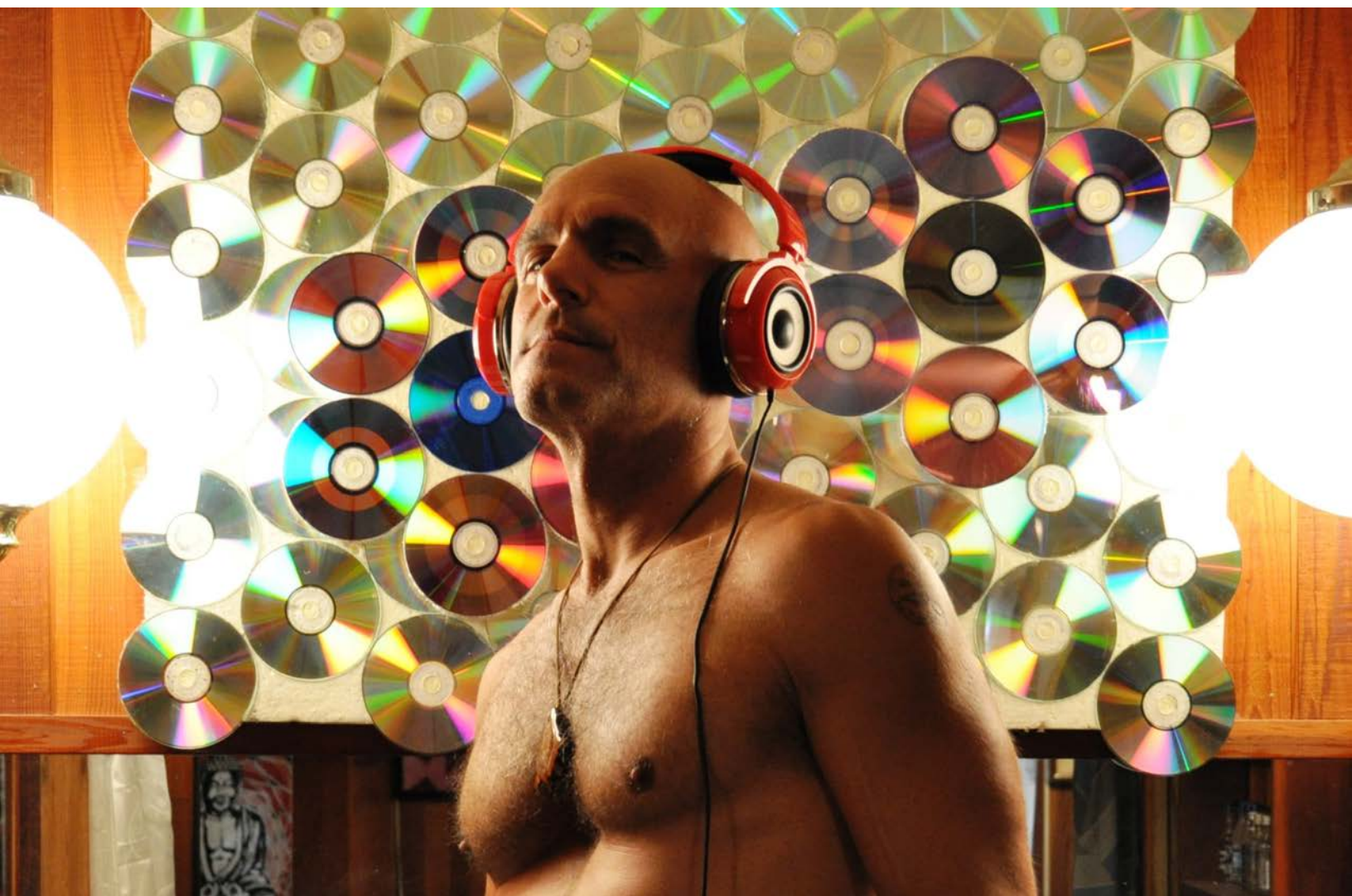
















## HOME

*GIANORSO*

Here is a song  
From the wrong side of town  
Where I'm bound  
To the ground  
By le loneliest sound  
That pounds from within  
And is pinning me down

Here is a page  
From the emptiest stage  
A cage of the heaviest cross ever made  
A gauge of the deadliest trap ever laid

And I thank you

From bringing me here  
For showing me home  
For singing these tears  
Finally I've found  
That I belong here

(Martin Gore – "Home")

These portraits have been taken in San Francisco on september 2016, while in town to attend the Folsom Fair. San Francisco. Charming, crazy, fascinating. It has been love at first sight in 2009, my first time visiting. I felt like being at "Home".

Thank you very much Ivan & Gabo, Bill, Frank and Dicky.

*You can see more of Gianorso's work at [www.gianorso.com](http://www.gianorso.com)*





















(1(t): WEEBIL & IVAN & GABO \_ SF \_ SEPT 26 2016  
(B): WEEBIL & IVAN & GABO \_ SF \_ SEPT 26 2016 (2)





## NO SHIRT REQUIRED: AT HOME IN PROVINCETOWN

WAYNE HOFFMAN

You can see more of Wayne's work at [waynehoffmanwriter.com](http://waynehoffmanwriter.com)



I am not Moe Pearlman.

Nonetheless, I have much in common with Moe, the protagonist of my novels *Hard* and *An Older Man*: We are roughly the same age, have similar bodies (and body issues), and are drawn to the same types of men. Like me, Moe is a Jewish writer. Like Moe, I am the greatest cocksucker in New York City.

But more importantly, we share the same two homes: Greenwich Village, where we both live. And Provincetown, where we both play.

What makes Provincetown feel like home? It's not simply the place itself—the Cape Cod houses, the perfect sunlight, the dunes. It's what the place represents: A safe haven for a middle-aged gay guy. A cultural bizarro world where queerness is accepted, celebrated, even cultivated. A psychic respite from the shame—from external and internal sources alike—that suffocates so much life elsewhere.

As I tried to show in this excerpt from *An Older Man*, it's the kind of place where a bear like Moe—or me—can let himself be truly seen: home.

\*\*\*

Moe stood by the edge of the dance floor with his planter's punch in hand, sizing up the crowd at tea.

A short cub with pierced nipples rubbed bellies with a lanky otter wearing a red sarong. Four skinny queens in matching tank tops that said "You had me at woof" were bumping and grinding with more silliness than sexual innuendo. A cluster of steroid-pumped muscle men who looked like retired Colt models—Moe called them "tea monsters," with an even mix of desire and disdain—danced in the center of the floor under the disco ball, their minimalist moves intended to flex every chemically engorged muscle while maintaining an aura of restrained masculinity. The occasional non-bear could be spotted—two petite lesbians with frosted hair and glasses were squished up against the drink rail, one shaved-and-plucked pretty boy who was clearly used to being the center of attention danced forlornly in a corner—but the bears ruled the dance floor. Most had their shirts off, sweat dripping down their hairy chests and backs.

The music was junk, high-energy remixes of six-month-old songs from Nicki Minaj and Pink and Katy Perry. But it didn't matter to anyone who was dancing. They sang along, took photos of one another with their phones, and threw their hands in the air in unison at the appropriate moments.

Moe saw some people he recognized from home, and when they beckoned to him, he joined them in the overheated mob.

While he danced, two men on the sidelines winked at him, separately. One of the guys who'd been at his noon orgy waved hello with a grin. And a bear with a shaved head, gray goatee, and a tattoo on his bicep that said "Daddy" grabbed him from behind and rubbed his cock against Moe's ass—a move that Moe enjoyed only on the dance floor. The bear grabbed Moe by the waist and pulled him closer, and started nibbling on Moe's neck, tickling him with his whiskers. All of this Moe took happily. But when the man tried to pull up Moe's T-shirt, Moe stopped him and shook his head. "Come on," the man whispered. But Moe's desire to feel the bear's fur rubbing against his back was outweighed by his own body issues, a source of ongoing and deepening disappointment.

By the time the music stopped, Moe's shirt was drenched. But it was still on. He peeled himself away from the man behind him and headed for the exit. Moe hated to be the last one at tea.

Outside the Boatslip, Moe found a spot on the sidewalk where he could watch what he called the parade, the massive group of men streaming out of tea dance and onto Commercial Street, blocking traffic and cruising and chatting with friends before dispersing to dinners and tricks and showers and naps. It was always good for a half-hour of people-watching, and catching up with everyone you'd lost in the crowd. Moe knew a lot of people, and his default expression—in Provincetown at least—was a smile; he looked friendly and immediately approachable, which made him a popular parade attraction himself.

Vic, his buddy from New York, came over and tweaked Moe's nipple through his shirt, before his partner Paul pulled him away. ("We've got reservations, remember?" he muttered under his breath.) The quartet of tank top queens blew him kisses from across the street. Rudd walked by and gave Moe a tentative "Hey," which Moe answered with a polite nod.

Moe checked out the barkers across the way, performers handing out palm cards for that night's performances. There were demented drag queens pushing their drunken cabarets, a couple of porn stars advertising a dance party at Paramount, and a bear photographer handing out notices about his "Hot and Hairy" gallery exhibit in the east end. A Cher impersonator stood on a Segway, next to a little girl—an actual little girl—hawking cups of lemonade for fifty cents out of a little red wagon.

"You are one hot fucker."

Moe turned away from the lemonade girl to see who'd said it. In front of him stood the bear from the dance floor.

"Thanks, you too," said Moe, reaching out to pet his hairy chest.

"Barry."

"Moe."

"I know," said Barry. Moe stopped petting.

"You know?"

"Word gets around," he said.

"I see," said Moe, smiling. "And what's the word?"

"Cocksucker."

"Yes, that's true," said Moe.

"I want to find out for myself," said Barry.

Moe checked his watch. "What are you doing right now?"

"Taking you back to my place," said Barry.

Moe stepped off the sidewalk, and said, "I'm ready."

But Barry stopped him. "First, I want to see what's under that shirt."

Moe said coyly, "You'll see it soon enough."

"Now," said Barry firmly. "Or I'm going home without you."

Barry reached down and grabbed Moe's shirt, and pulled it up above his belly. Moe hesitated for a second, at which point Barry gave him a stern look. Moe reluctantly raised his arms, and off came the shirt.

Time stopped for Moe as he felt the breeze on his back; he remembered the time he took off his shirt at a disco when he was just out of college, only to hear some nasty boy walking by mutter, "Why is it always the wrong guys who take their shirts off?" But he snapped back to the present almost immediately, when he heard a voice yell something very different from across the street: "Finally!"

The queens in tank tops started applauding. Several guys in the street woofed their approval. The men on either side of Moe reached over to rub his chest. The Cher impersonator tossed back her curls, stuck her fingers in her mouth, and whistled.

"I don't know what you think you look like, Moe, but it's Bear Week," said Barry. "So you've got to get over it."

Moe did something he rarely did: He blushed.

Barry grabbed his hand and led him away from the crowd. "Let's get out of here, hot stuff. This thing ain't gonna suck itself."

With Barry leading the way, Moe walked clear across town, past the bears and the tourists and the straight townies, with his shirt off.

Moe wasn't one of those capital-B bears who was proud of his gut, psyched about his bear physique. He was a small-B bear, an accidental bear, a bear by default: He hadn't intentionally cultivated this look, and often wished that he had a different body. But that day, on Commercial Street, Moe was a hot ticket—not just someone whose sexual skills compensated for his physical shortcomings, but someone whose appearance was an actual asset. Taking his shirt off didn't seem like such a big deal after all.

*From An Older Man by Wayne Hoffman, copyright 2015 Bear Bones Books*





## HOME

RON AMATO

Hello, my name is Ron... and I am a control freak.

My natural habitat is a photography studio. I am king of that jungle. I control every ray of light, every movement, every gesture, every image captured and choose everyone who inhabits it with me. In a chaotic world, I find comfort in the place I control. It is my home.

About seven years ago, I decided to shake up that world a little. I started a project I now call At Home. I wanted to make images of men in their private spaces. Sure, I'd been photographing in people's homes for thirty years, but I had never made nudes in the models' homes. Being naked in your home is usually a very private experience shared only with a select few. I was asking strangers to let me invade that intimate space. For their part, there was a level of cautious trust, and a little bit of exhibitionism.

For my part, I became the voyeur.

Clearly the power paradigm had shifted. I was now somewhat at the mercy of these men. They decided what they wanted to show me in a place they were comfortable, and in which, I was not. Oddly enough, I was the shy one in this scenario.

I knew I would be ceding some control. That was the point. I purposely wanted to be thrown off balance and find a new pair of sea legs. And I was, and I did.

I present here a selection of never before seen photographs from some of those photography sessions.

You can see more of Ron's work at [ronamato.com](http://ronamato.com)

























## HOME

*SCOTT HAMILTON*

I live in a flat which is piled high with the gathered property of the landlord. This creates a unique space in the nice painterly light of the living room and this is where I staged my series of Sofa Portraits.

Some of these works contain tributes to a few of my favourite artists but I'll let you work these out for yourself if you're interested enough.

(Version 2 of Disability Benefits Officer Phones In Sick is now in the permanent collection of the Guild Hall Gallery, London.)









(T): THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN  
(B): WALL OF SOUND

















## HOGAR... ES LA LIBERTAD HOME... IS FREEDOM

ALEJANDRO CASPE

La palabra hogar tiene muchas connotaciones y significados, pero lo abordare desde un ángulo emocional y de pareja, el hogar es el espacio donde una persona puede ser libre de vivir su vida como quiera, en el hogar una pareja se ama sin prejuicios, sin tabúes , sin miradas hostigantes, el hogar es el espacio donde la libertad de cada persona está en su máximo esplendor, donde nadie es señalado ni juzgado por sus creencias, ideas y acciones, de las puertas de la casa hacia afuera se viven reglas ante la sociedad, de las puertas hacia dentro del hogar se puede ser un loco y disfrutar de los placeres de la manera que se quiera, por eso se llama hogar, el lugar donde uno mismo es uno mismo.

Modelos: Josué León – Ricardo Guerra

*The word home has many connotations and meanings, but I will approach from an emotional angle and a couple. The home is the space where a person can be free to live his life however he wants. At home a couple loves without prejudice, without taboos , with no harassing looks. The home is the space where the freedom of each person is at its maximum splendor, where no one is singled out or judged for their beliefs, ideas and actions, from the doors of the house out they live rules before society. The doors into the home can be crazy and enjoy the pleasures any way you want, that's why it's called home, the place where you are yourself.*

*Models: Josué León - Ricardo Guerra*





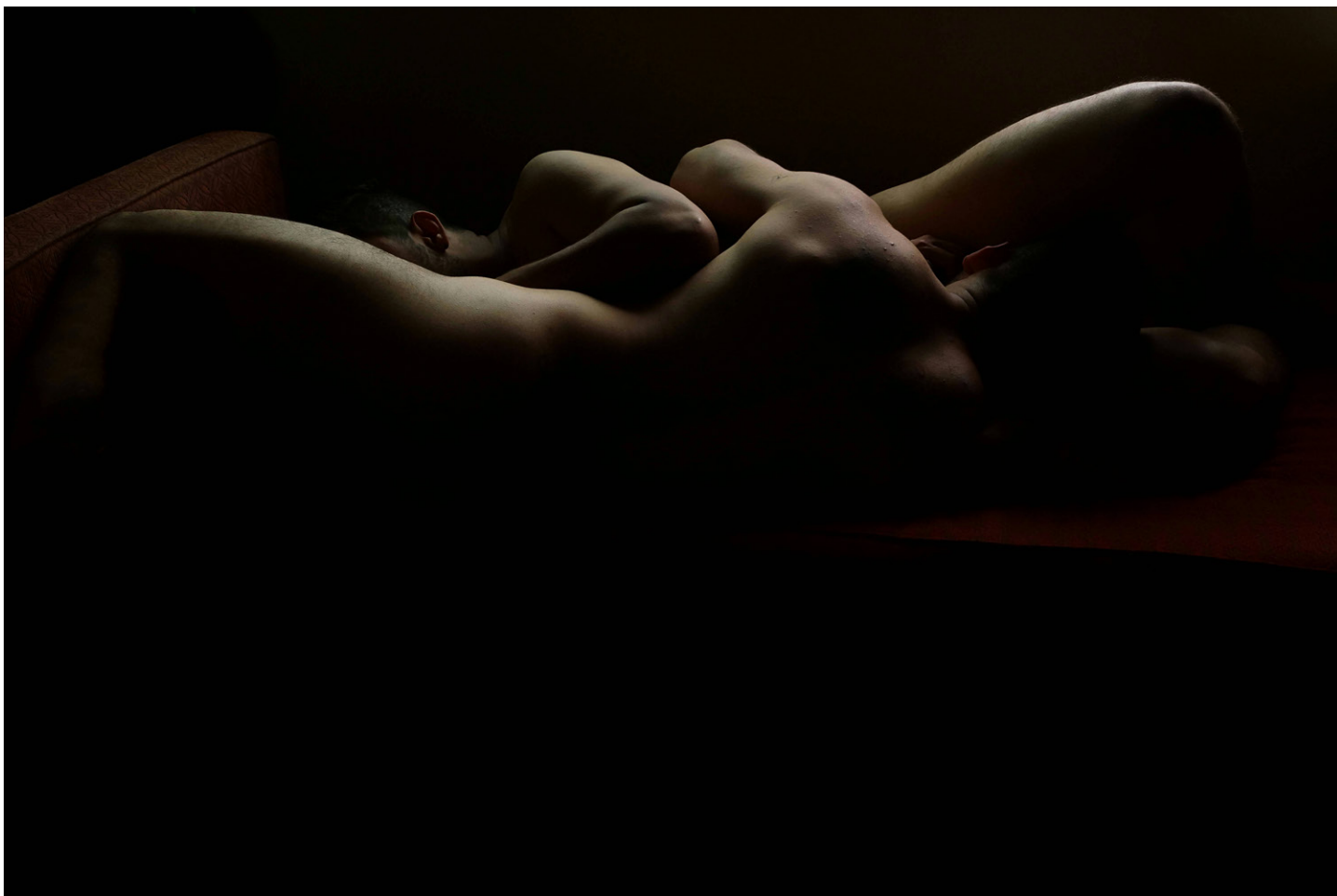




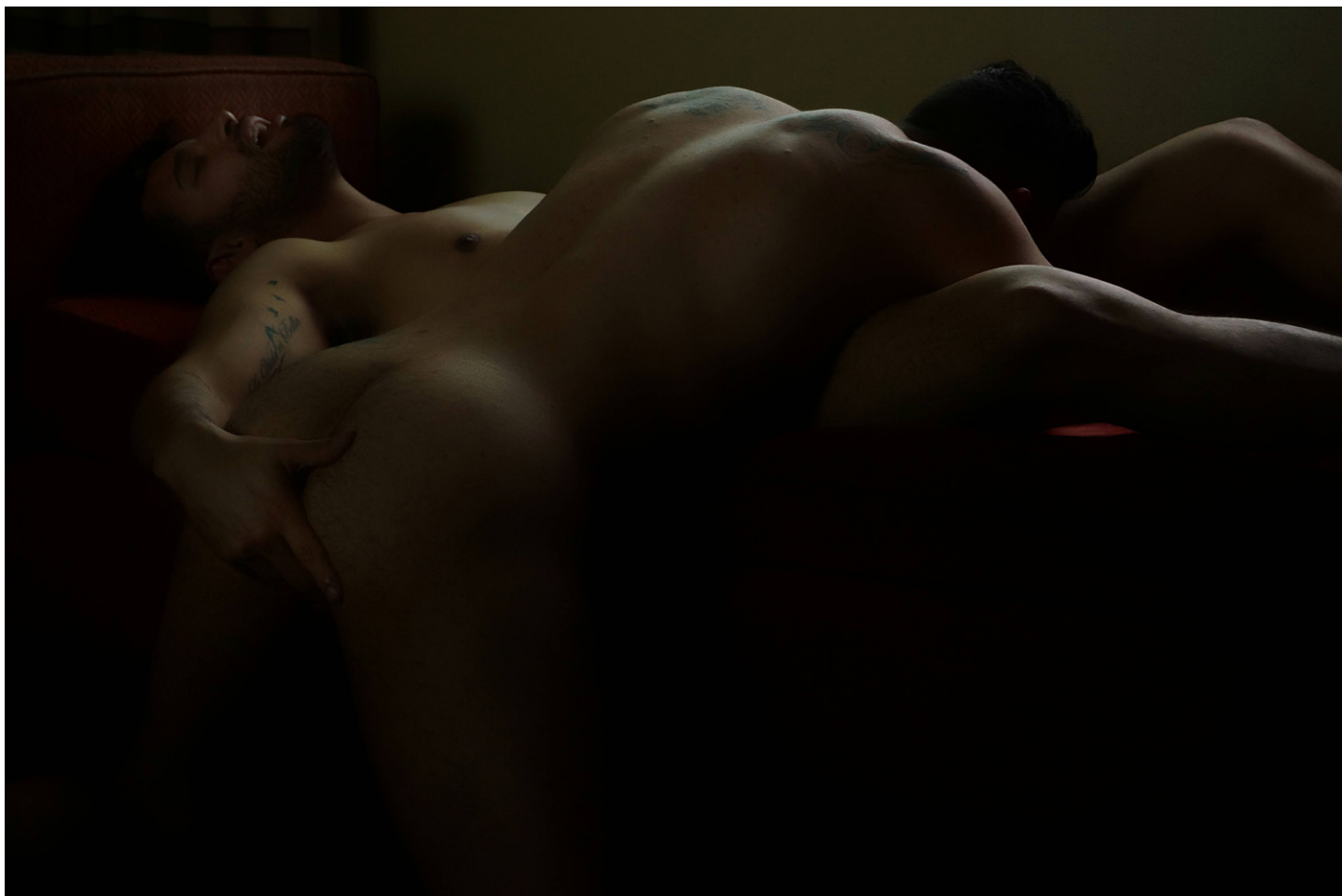
























## MODERN BEAR

*PAUL-ANDRÉ LAROCQUE*

The first time i visited Palm Spring was 2 years ago for the photoshoot with the guys of Modern Bear and also to create new artworks in the desert for an upcoming solo show in Montréal, Canada.

I was driving from Los Angeles and my first impression was, wow, i feel like i'm going to the moon, i've never seen something like that before, it's wonderful. I definitely fell in love at the first sight, the perfect dry weather, the mid-century architecture and the quality of it's habitants.

In fact, i live for the moment in Fort Lauderdale because i'm working on some projects here but i'm really looking forward to establish myself, my creative studio, part time, in this wonderful part of California.

Palm Spring makes me feel free, safe, happy, peaceful and creative.

This is everything i need to create my artworks.

I really enjoyed to do this photoshoot with Travis and Chris in this wonderful and crazy mid-century house, a jewel of architecture, everything was perfect, it has been one of the coolest photoshoot i ever did.

I'm very grateful about that, what a nice opportunity for a guy who was born and raised far away, in the country to work with wonderful persons and a beautiful, magic house, in California. Thanks for everything, Travis, Chris, Bill and Joseph.

























## STRONG ENVIRONMENTS

*GENE DODAK*

My love for designing and problem solving began at an early age. Whether it was rearranging the interior of our family Victorian farmhouse or design a landscape, it all came naturally to me. I'm still enamored by interior design, which has transitioned to exterior spaces as well. Strong Environments is a design business that I launched while living in the San Francisco bay area. The business has evolved with the move to Palm Springs, Ca to include more residential landscape design. Living in a warm climate automatically includes outdoor space, such as outdoor kitchens, swimming pools and entertainment areas.

The challenge of creating outdoor garden rooms to fit the lifestyle of my clients is a wonderful challenge for me. I always look forward to incorporating ceramic vessels and sculptures that connect both the interior and exterior living spaces.

*You can see more of Gene's work at [genedodak.com](http://genedodak.com)*









## CONTENTMENT IN AN ENVIRONMENT

DAN ROMER

The Five house shaped works are part of a series called "Real Estate Porn" they are all 5.5" sq. and are mixed media w/foil.

"This is Your Brain on Sex" mixed media w/collage. "19 x 24".

It is a take off on a popular American anti drug commercial that showed an egg being fried in a pan.

"Complex Christ" mixed media w/collage on pad back w/cuts & tears. 19" x 24".

"Home Body" mixed media w/collage. 19" x 24".

"Joseph Dreams of Becoming a Father" mixed media w/collage. 19" x 24"

"Peaces" mixed media w/foil 19" x 24"

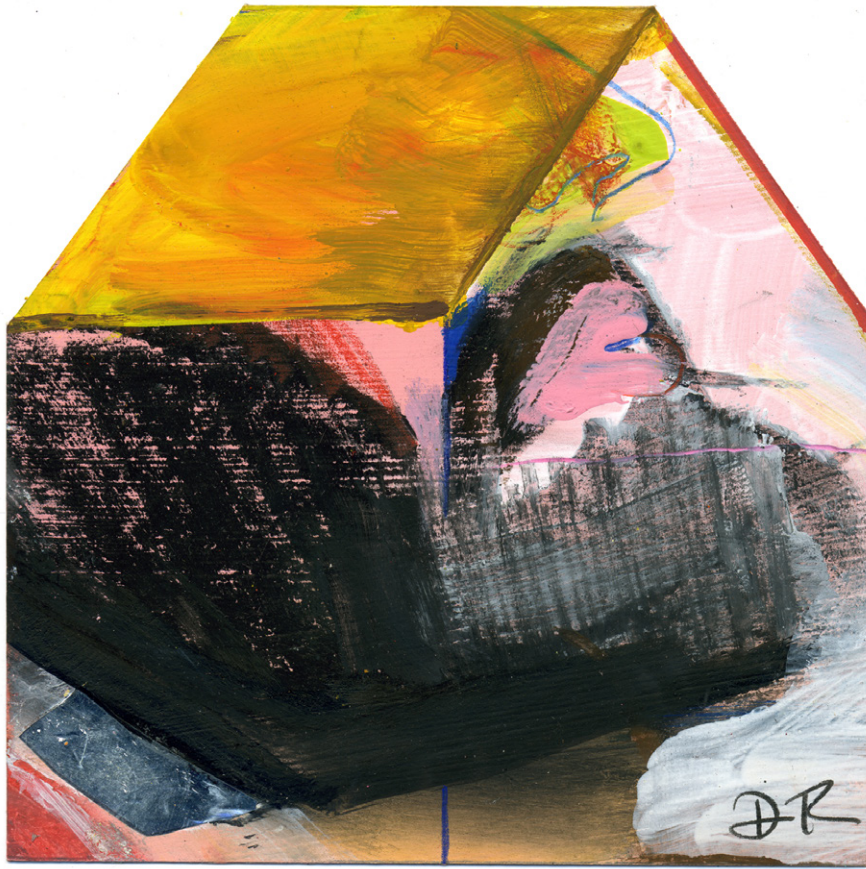
"Two Black Cats" mixed media w/collage on pad back w/cuts & tears. 19" x 24"

I've chosen these works because they embody the component of home which is contentment in an environment. I guess the concept of cocooning, feeling secure and relaxed.









TOP: :REAL ESTATE PORN 16020  
BOTTOM: REAL ESTATE PORN 16023





TOP: : REAL ESTATE PORN 16015  
 BOTTOM: REAL ESTATE PORN 16017









TOP: THIS IS YOUR BRAIN ON SEX  
 BOTTOM (L): PEACES; (R): JOSEPH DREAMS OF BECOMING A FATHER





## HOME

ANTHONY BOCCACCIO

I am a descendent of the great Giovanni di Boccaccio – the Italian poet who created the modern Italian language in 1353 with the publication of *The Decameron*. My Italian roots go back even further to the Greco-Roman world and perhaps even to Greece itself, and have served as an inspiration for my art, particularly the art of the male nude. My use of light and shadow, and the human form, harkens back to a time when the celebration of the body was a challenge accepted by the great artists of the Golden Age of Greece and the Renaissance of Italy.

Indeed, much of the inspiration for my nudes comes from the great masterpieces of Italian painting, frescos, and Greco-Roman sculpture I saw daily while living and studying painting and sculpture in Italy for ten years. It was during this time that my understanding of light and shadow deepened to the extent that I began to see the world not full of things, but filled with light and shadow – *chiaroscuro* in the Italian.

The sensual for me is more interesting visually than the erotic. Though I will not deny that my portfolio of beautiful male bodies calls forth a certain erotic tone, it is an echo of innocence, purity, and naturalness. There is an Ideal at work in my photography, and although most of my models do not possess the ideal body (whatever that is!) I am quick to say that the body is not important in itself but only as it points to and reflects the beauty and mystery hidden beneath the form. The great Socratic dictate is my constant challenge as I sculpt both in bronze and light: “The sculptor must represent in his figures the activities of the soul.”

As beautiful, strong, and graceful as they may be, the nudes in this collection are not so much showing off their bodies as they are saying to us, the viewer, “Look beyond my body. Look at my beauty, my grace and magnificence, - look at my light within - and remember we are all made in the image of the gods – *Imago Dei*.”

*You can see more of Anthony's work at [www.behance.net/tonyboccaccio](http://www.behance.net/tonyboccaccio)*





PREVIOUS PAGE: MY FIRST MALE NUDE  
THIS PAGE: GETTING READY









FALLEN ANGEL

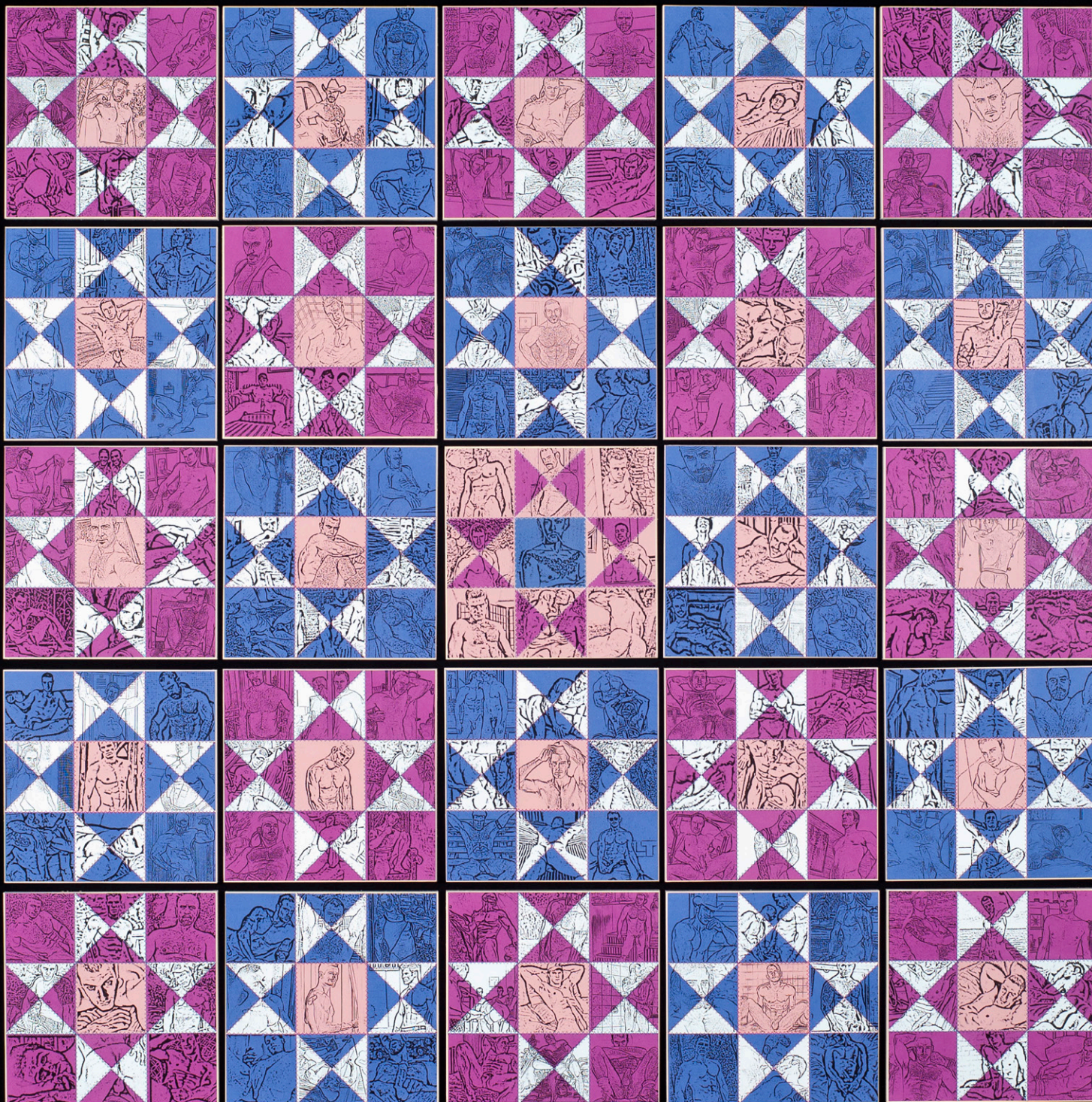












## HOME - SEWN

*JOHN PARADISO*

My grandmothers were two of the most loving people I have ever known. Their homes were decorated with lovely handmade items. They were extremely creative and made beautiful decorative gifts as an expression of their love.

I use found imagery from old porn magazines in my work. Pornography for me has been both a sexual outlet and a place to find inspiration. As a young gay man, pornography served as my first gay sexual education. As a maturing gay man I use embroidery and quilting as a medium that channels the stitch work I watched my grandmothers do throughout their lives. This work takes the overt sexuality of pornography and places it into the contest of nostalgia, the home sewn, and a more romantic point of view.

Home is where the heart is.

*You can see more of John's work at [www.john-paradiso.com](http://www.john-paradiso.com)*

























# HOME OR 7 DEFINITIONS TOWARDS DEFINING SOMETHING

*PHOTOS: KRYS FOX  
TEXT: SHELTON LINDSAY*

*You can see more of Kry's work at [krysfox.com](http://krysfox.com) and more of Shelton's work at [www.sheltonlindsay.com](http://www.sheltonlindsay.com)*



## HOME

From three days old to 23, 50 Oak Street was home to me. A little green house set into the side of a hill, at the terminus of two dead-end streets, our most notable neighbors where the mental asylum to the left and the morgue to the right. As a child, the family joke was that we lived between the 'Nuts and the Stiffs', and now that I'm a grown man whose spiritual home is just me on my knees, looking for a man to please, perhaps these comical utterances were actually prescient spells from my otherwise seemingly muggle-ish Father. But those walls were home in an unquestioned way. The sounds the breeze made as it rustled the trees, the track the moon light made as it poured through my skylight and cut shadows into witches. There was little about that place that was unknown to me. The gouges on the floor, the nicks on the walls, the legacy of me. It was home on a cellular level. I shed my skin to dust for two decades plus three years in that home. It was my sweat mixed with the paint on those walls, those were my hands that dug the earth to flower beds, and cut out graves in the grass to put pets to rest.







### WELCOME, HOMO

Until of course you find yourself deep in the forrest in some unknown State, surrounded by a bunch of men in tulle and sequins, leather drag looks and jocks straps. This is a different sort of home. Here, when I walk down a wooden path, the scent of mud is mixed with cum and a vegan feast on the wind. Here is where an old lover will clasp me by the hands and say, 'Welcome Homo', planting a kiss across my lips.

It's here my friends and I will bathe nude in the light of a blood moon, reflected by shards of pocket mirrors until lit our bodies glows and we have no more shadow. It is here that I will stare into the eyes of a fellow moon washed mortal and new lover at the edge of the bonfire and fuck him in the straw while he rips the fur from my back. It is here that I will hold him in my arms and see in his eyes something so akin to divinity. This is the place the brave call home, this is the land of the free.



## SPIRITUAL HOME

Saying that my spiritual home is 'just me on my knees', makes me sound like some dumb cock hungry slut who feels most validated as a social being when there is a cock smashing into the back of my throat as I raise my ass into the air and fantasize about that moment when my lover grows too horny and their eyes glaze over and they flip me onto my back and take my ass into their hands and pry it open while they fuck me. And that's not me at all; I'm not dumb that is. Everything else about the above otherwise is pretty much spot on. HOME. They say home is where the heart is, and my heart beats in the throbbing dicks of whatever men are in front of me.





## HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

For ages my body was nothing but the bag my soul had been poured into. A young gay boy, I was terrified of becoming the thing that I desired: a man. I was afraid at being laughed out of the gym, ridiculed for my weak body, told I could never be what I wanted. This ideal masculinity was one trip to the gym too many, and so I never went. My body grew, the edges of my flesh began their explorations outwards, until I began to pour out over the edges of my outfits. One day I slipped on nothing more than a porcelain floor and just like that snapped, cracked, broke my body, a shattered elbow, an inflamed wrist. Maybe if I had listened to my body before this, maybe if I had let my body be anything other than the sack of me, it would have been more ready to greet that floor without breaking. Yet in that breaking, I broke open some other part of me, and soul poured into body until home became the completeness of unity. And now the gym is not as terrifying to me, now working out is a pleasure, now working on myself, this 'home improvement' of my body is not so scary. No division here, my body, my heart beat, my home, me.







#### HOME IMPROVEMENT

I never watched this show.

In writing this I read a bit about this show.

Pamela Anderson was apparently on this show.

From what I can tell her job was to hand Tim Allen and some other guy power tools, in a segment called 'Tool Time.' Which is perhaps a very apt name for the segment which mostly center around sexist jokes and insulting effeminacy in men.

I also wonder was there ever a person of color on this show? Or a gay? Or anything that hints at diversity? Most of the promo images I have seen are just a bunch of white people in front of a white fence wearing

oversized t-shirts and flannel. Having never really seen the show, (but having looked at 8 seasons worth of publicity stills) I probably could tell you the major plot points relating to each character, as they appear to be more archetypal representations of the GREAT AMERICAN HOME than complex character studies.

Home has so often been reinforced and explored inside the context of the nuclear family, with its defined power structures, roles, assumptions... Home is less a place then a set of cultural rules that dictate how individuals cohabitate and share space. In America, in the 90's when I was growing up, 'Home' was an office, the Father was the boss, the Mother was the office manager, and the children were the grunts, with their homework, their chores, their days spent mopping floors. Home, the address of the patriarchy.





#### HOME OF THE BRAVE

I'm standing on the side of the road in rural Tennessee holding hands with a lover when the coke can flies from the car and slides through that space between us.

Some time before a different lover and I walked around a quaint California town when they start driving past us in this pick up truck, screaming 'Faggots' out the window. Stopping at the end of the street to turn their truck around and drive back at us as we run off the road and down the hill, through the stream and into a forest we have never seen.

I'm wearing Old Navy in Louisiana when yet again someone hurls insults at me as they drive by, though I'm less insulted and more amazed they could recognize me as a 'FAG' wearing a grey waffle shirt.

We call this country the home of the brave, but I do not see much bravery here. We call this country home, but it was home to others before us. Can a country be 'HOME' to so many when there is such hate in our houses?

A collective home like a country is a patchwork quilt of wants. It's unwieldy and personal and yet overly shared. Home is both your own place, and the space that the present Government seems so concerned with surveilling. Sexuality, the roles of women, microwaves—if the home is not a heavily policed space, with rigidly informed rules, it puts the foundation of the Republic on edge, for when the home becomes an explorative space where people question rules, it means they are likely to question those larger global structures beyond them.



## THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Why the fuck did she leave Oz? As a kid I was always perplexed as to why Dorothy was in such a rush to get back to Kansas where everything was grey scale and lacked magic. There she was, a budding high femme lesbian with a thing for older women (Aunty Em, Glinda, even that Wicked Witch) who had discovered a Monochromatic City that gave you makeovers THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF SONG, accompanied by three great faggot side kicks and she chose to go back to an actual pig pen.

Through it all she kept chanting, "Home." Perhaps it was meant to speak to the importance of family, of returning to where you belong, of finding your way back. But for me as a baby gay, I always felt she had found home the moment she awoke in Oz (in her actual home mind you) and that she was just too indoctrinated by their weird Kansas Cult to realize that she had finally found that place over the rainbow.

That 'home' Dorothy was so desperate to return to was just another big old word for 'the known' and she was so caught up in it all she never listened to her own advice. Could she not see it?

There  
is  
no  
place  
like  
home.

For a long time I thought the emphasis was positive, as if home was the best place, but maybe this whole time it was just a darker more nihilistic moment where Dorothy was trying to tell us that there is NO place that comes close to being a home, because home is not real. It's a thought you're always running towards but never reaching. It's an ideal that motivates, it's that feeling of true safety that's just beyond you. Home: it's the place adventures start and stop at. Home is the place that bookends the experience, but maybe it's no place at all.





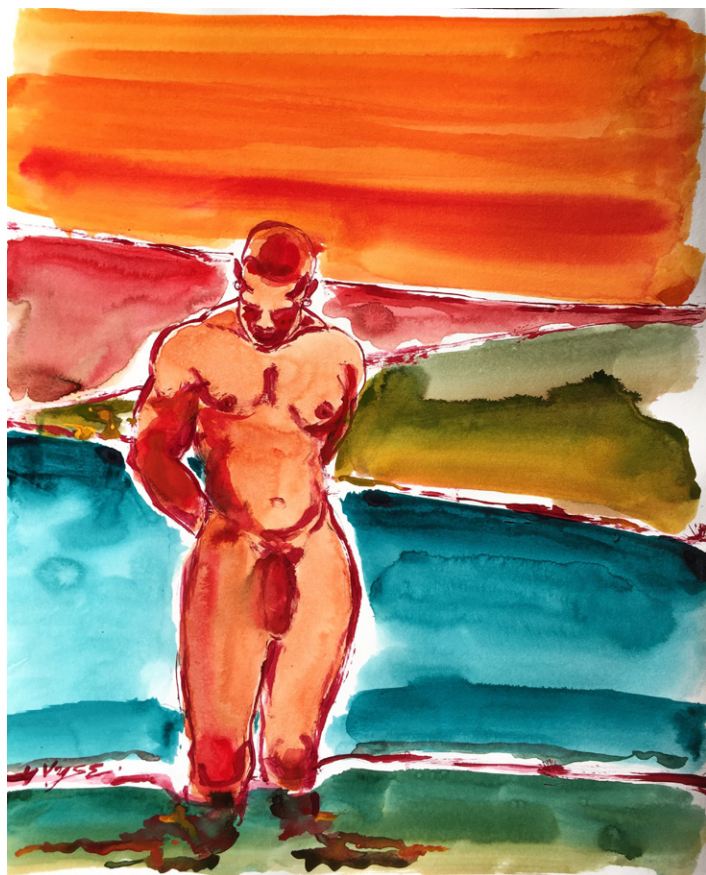


## HOME

*RICHARD VYSE*

"Nature is not a place to visit but home. Man captured in line and spontaneous brush strokes at home by sea or going to the woods is going home."





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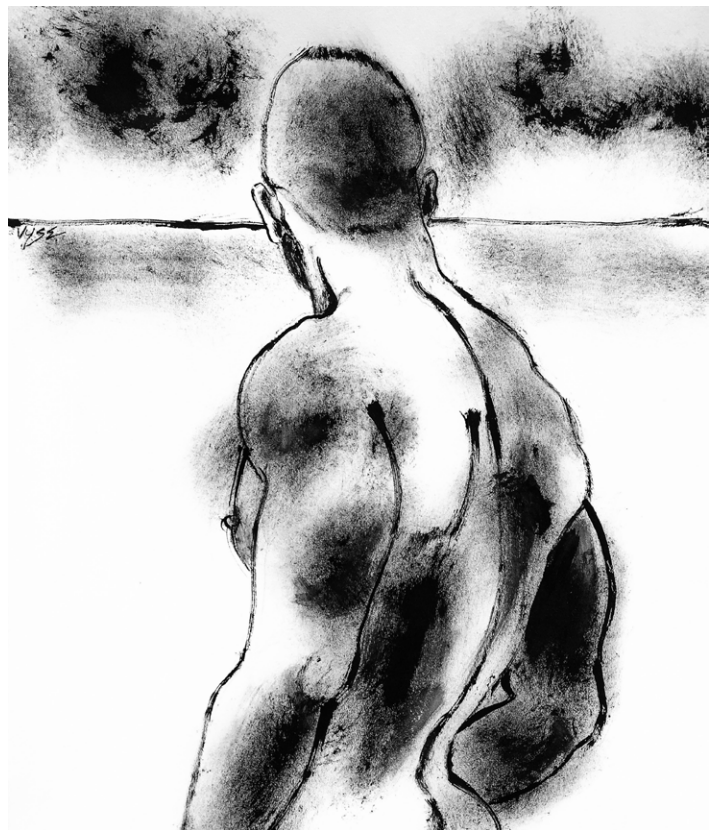




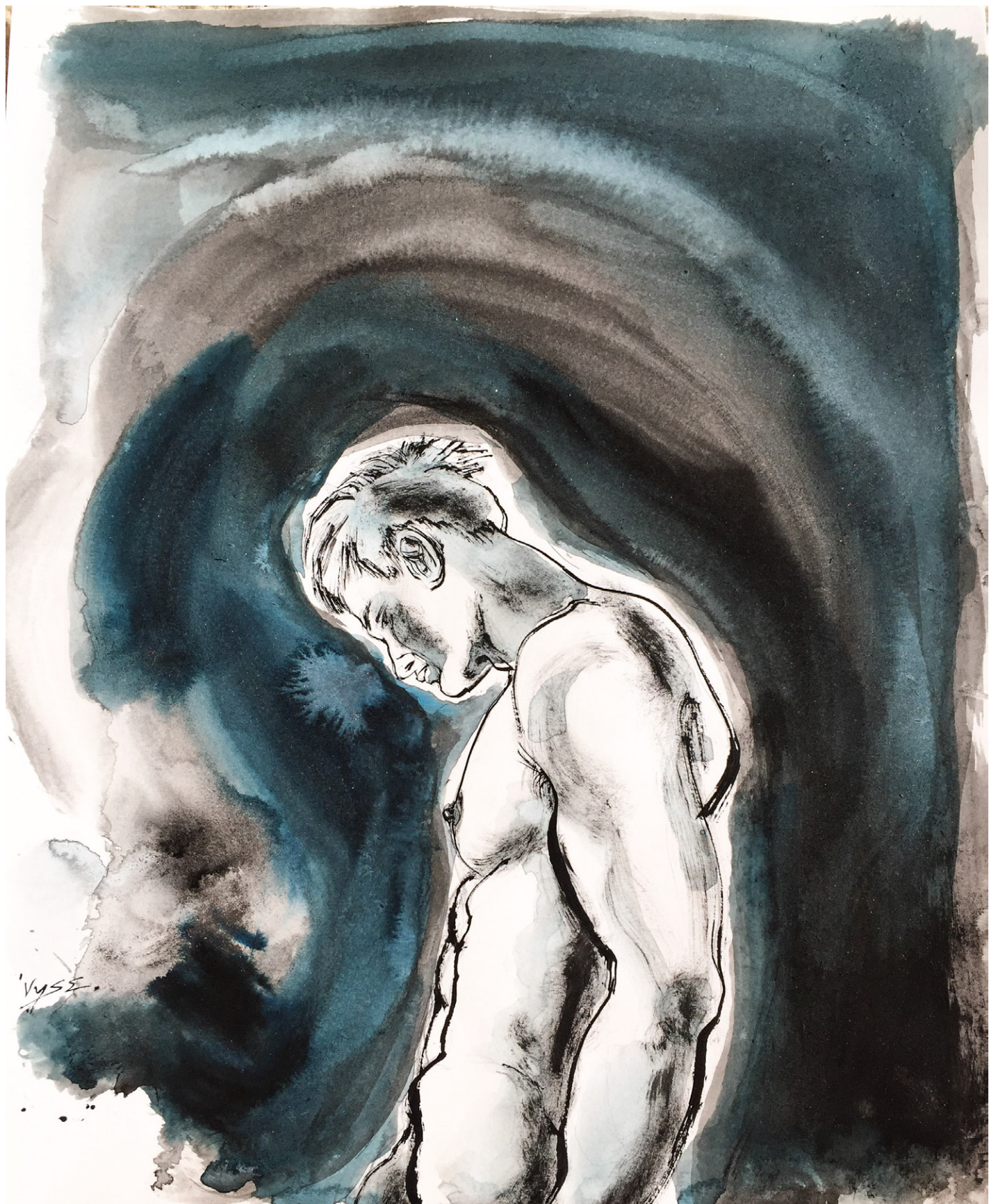
















## HOME

OLIVER ZEUKÉ

No siempre el hogar es el lugar donde nacimos o crecimos. En realidad el hogar es el lugar donde nos gustaría morir. Terminar esta etapa de la existencia, la vida. Que mejor sitio que un lugar cerca del Mar, renovador de energía, transmisor de paz y de descanso espiritual. Con esa sensación de infinito... de que nada se acaba sino que continúa de otra forma.

- J. Carlos Nuñez

*Home is not always where we were born or grew up. In reality home is the place where we would like to die. Finish this stage of our existence, life. What better place than somewhere near the sea, replenisher of energy, transmitter of peace and spiritual rest. With that feeling of the infinite ... nothing is finished, everything continues in another form.*

- J. Carlos Nuñez

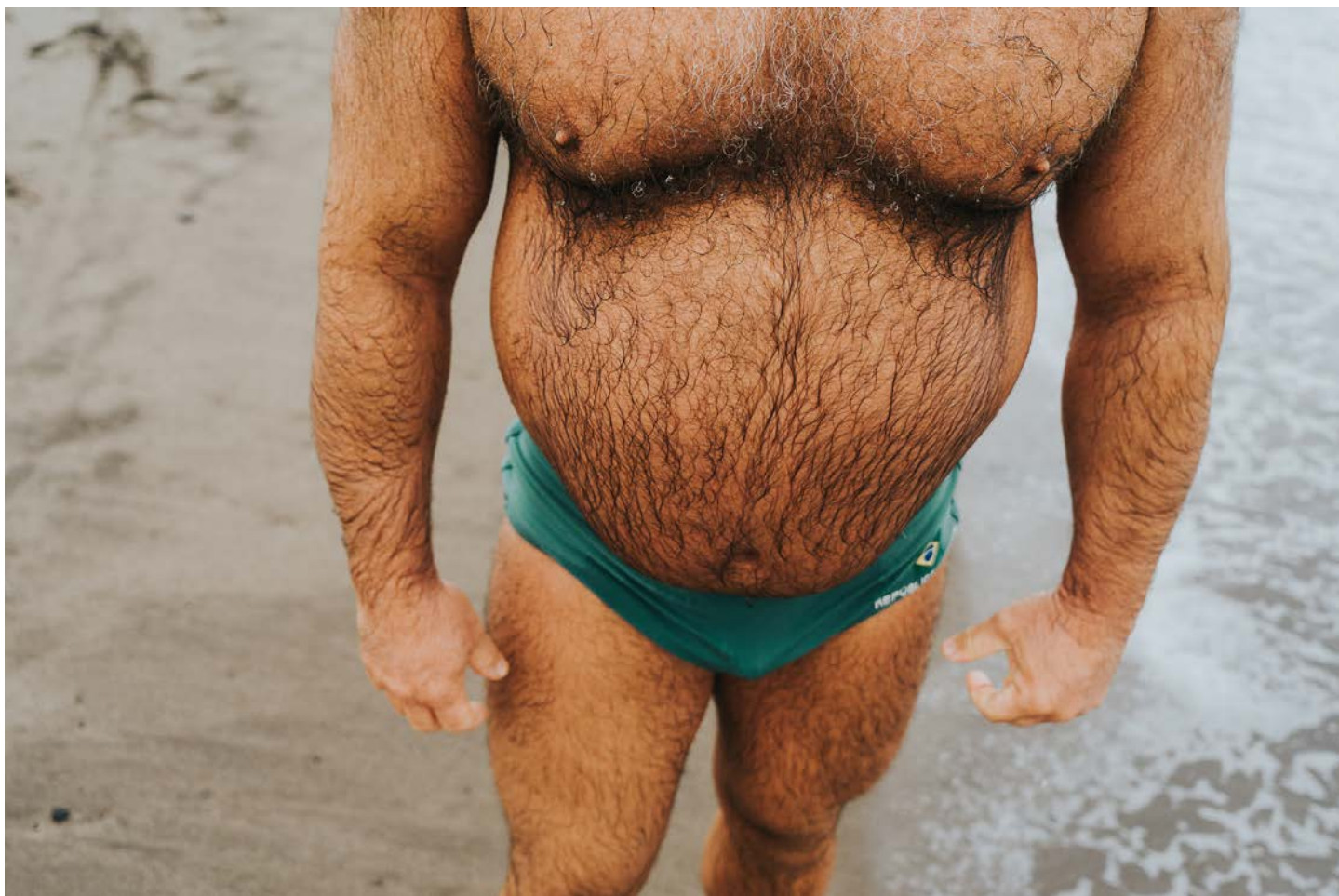
























## DOMESTIC BLISS

*IMAGES - ULLI RICHTER*

*TEXT - CHRISTOPHER STUDER-HARPER*

When it started, he had only moved the cardboard boxes with last year's Christmas decorations in another corner to turn the attic into a torture chamber.

Later, with a couple of meters of steel chain, the boiler room had shifted into a dungeon. Then the velvet sitting room, where tea spilled onto lace, was twisted into an interrogation cell. And finally, despite the tomato stalks and the goldfish pond, the back garden was also a prison courtyard and the shed served as a sleazy builder's caravan.

His home was his castle, but this fortress might just be firmly planted within the strange writhing walls of Dis.

Joseph had wondered where the grids and spikes were, the burning coals and the tortured screams. Instead, he found comfortable pillows and chaises longues.

Hell is homey, cozy and safe. Hell has a wall unit and crocheted doilies. It is where the passionate people are.

And since you will never leave, you might as well get yourself comfortable. Because, to rule in hell is better than the alternative.

- Christopher Studer-Harper

Latex by Latex Catfish ([www.latexcatfish.com](http://www.latexcatfish.com)) for all the outfits.























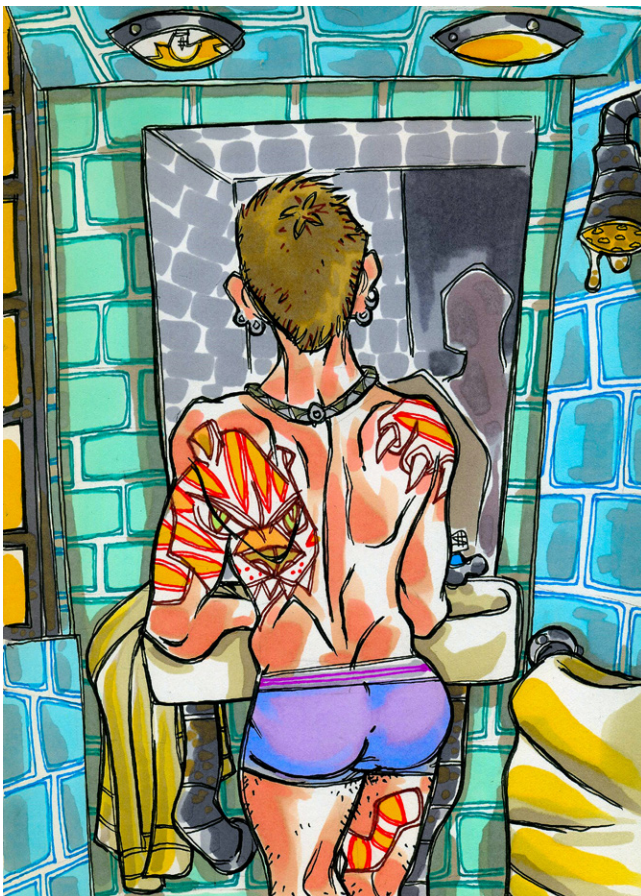
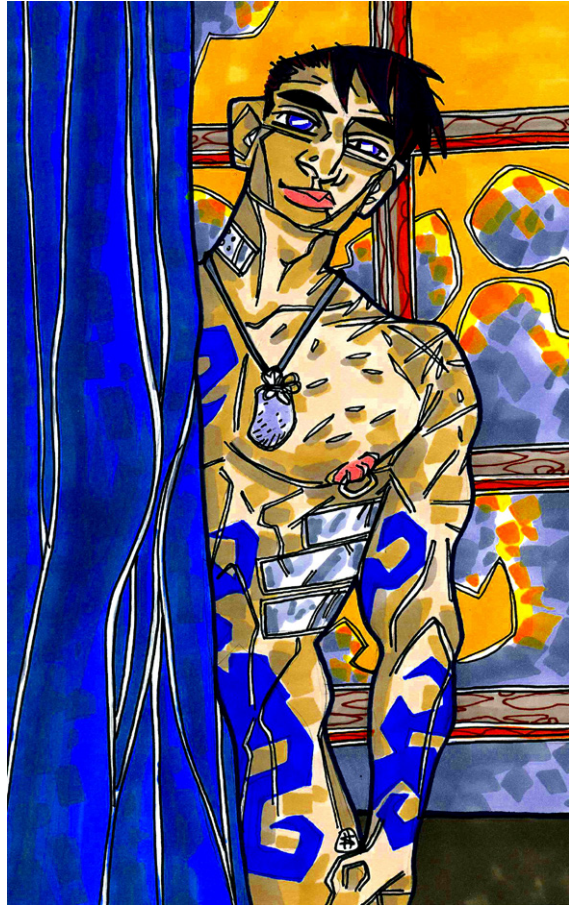
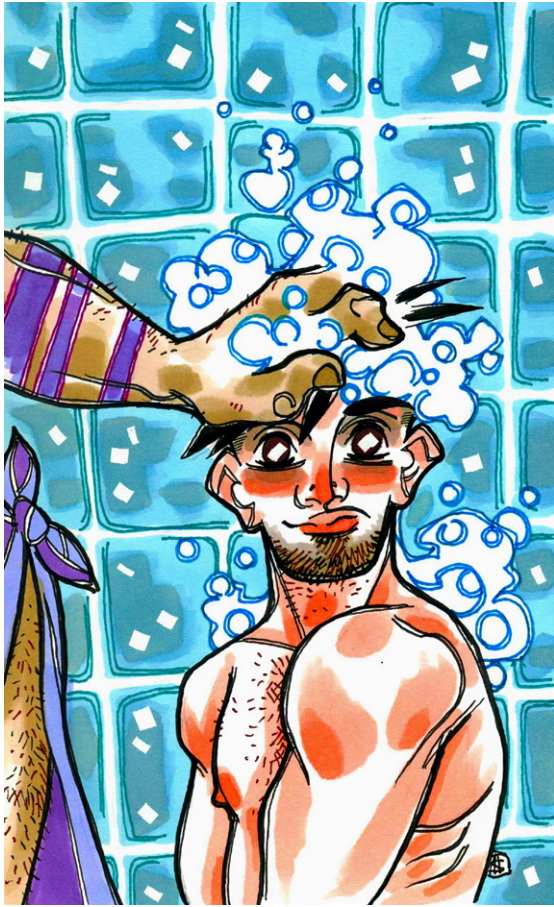


## HOMEBOODIES

*SHANNON HEDGES*

My favorite place is Home, my private safe space. In my work I try to ground the fantastic in reality and make the mundane fantastic. These pieces show the facets of daily life through an exaggerated lens; the exciting, the sexy, and the small emotional moments. Home is where you live your own life, and if you're lucky, share yours with someone else.

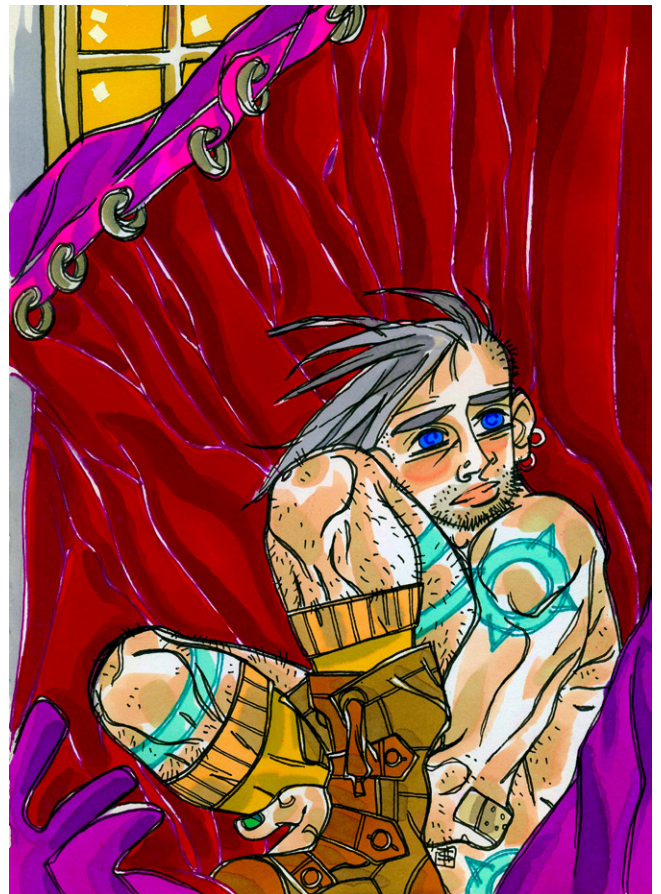
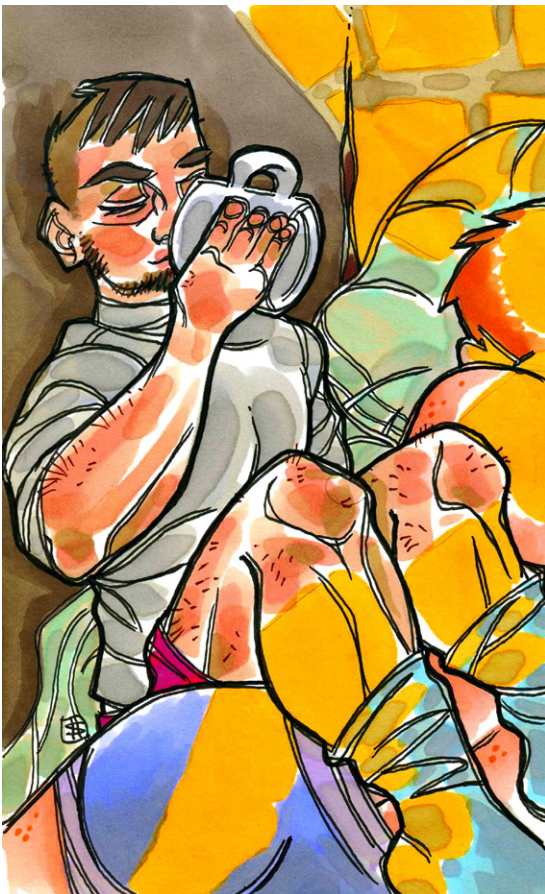






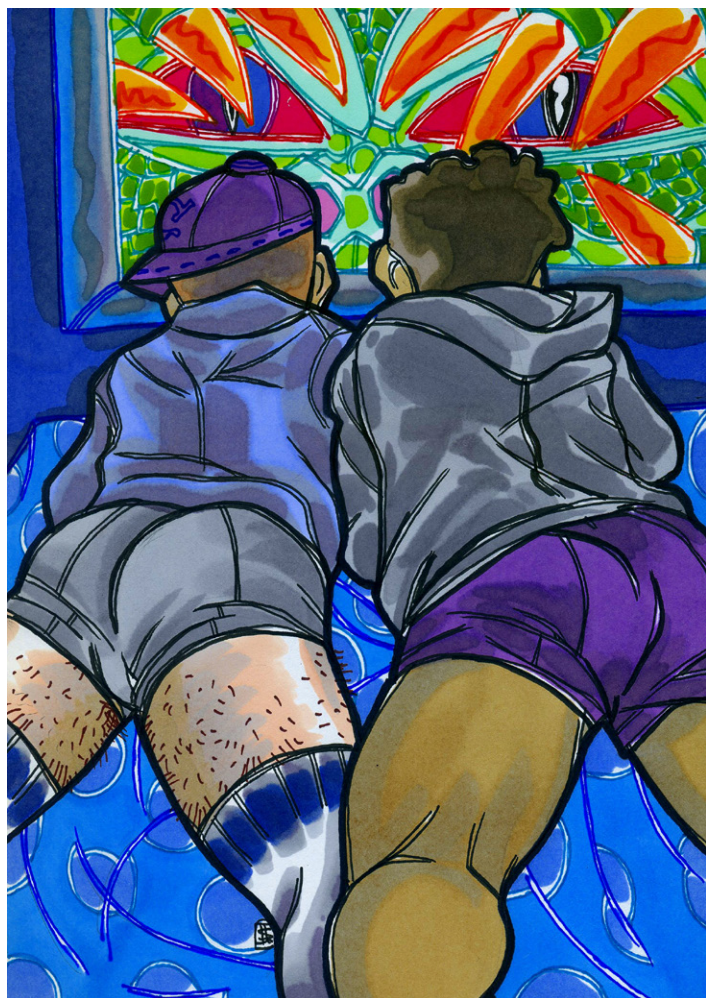






TOP (L): BOUNCE; (R): SUNRISE BREW  
 BOTTOM (R): MORNING JOE; (L): CURTAIN CALL













## ECHOES OF A HOME ONCE BORROWED

VINCENT KEITH

A home is a portrait. It reflects elements of its owner's character. So too, a home can live. And while it requires a human presence to achieve its true potential, a home also retains memories, dreams and the evolution of a life. It is a container that houses the material and the ethereal. It is a vessel that both transports and protects. A home can impart and retain a feeling, and that's perhaps why I find them so fascinating. In a sense, they speak.

I have been fortunate enough to travel extensively and to have enjoyed the hospitality and generosity of many. In a number of instances, the actual owner of the home wasn't there. These experiences are what I was channelling when I made this series of photos – the experience of inhabiting another person's space, of feeling the sensations of their home, and even hearing the echoes of their presence.

My dear friend Giorgio was borrowing a friend's apartment in Barcelona while on a brief sabbatical, and he invited us to come join him for a weekend of Autumn warmth. Giorgio's friend is involved in the creative arts, which was reflected in his home. There was a sense of theatre and anticipation comingled with a noble peace.

I felt compelled to occupy this man's home. To experience it and to leave my mark having done so. It wasn't a territorial impulse, more like wanting to be part of the party, to contribute something of my own. Shooting Giorgio in that amazing space was my way of responding to the generosity shown to me, and of leaving (and taking) something special.

This home was not, could not, be mine. It wasn't a portrait of me either. But the person I am today, the journey I have been on, have been ever so slightly shaped by the experience of that weekend. These images are amongst the few that I have taken that truly capture the way I see things. They reflect back to me an aesthetic and a sense of my own creative voice – each element working to create a whole picture.

I've never been back to that apartment, or to Barcelona, for that matter. I know it's still there though. When we left for that weekend, I had no idea what I would find, and perhaps that made me open to experiencing something new. A discovery. Myself. A home.









































Vilela Valentin

## KINGS AND PRINCES

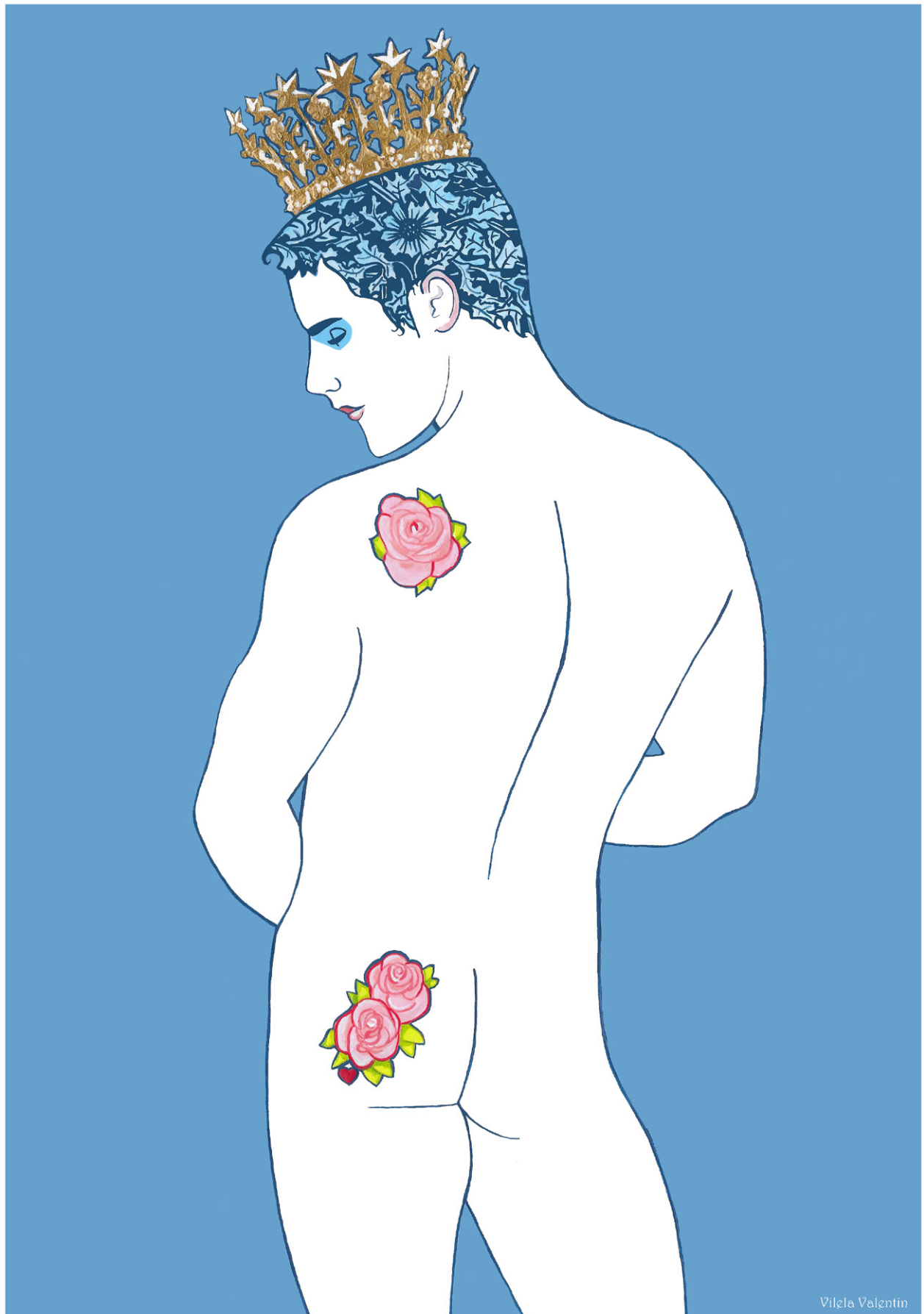
VILELA VALENTIN

Home is where we feel safe and happy.

The king and princes are the symbol of the safe harbor. Protection, masculinity.

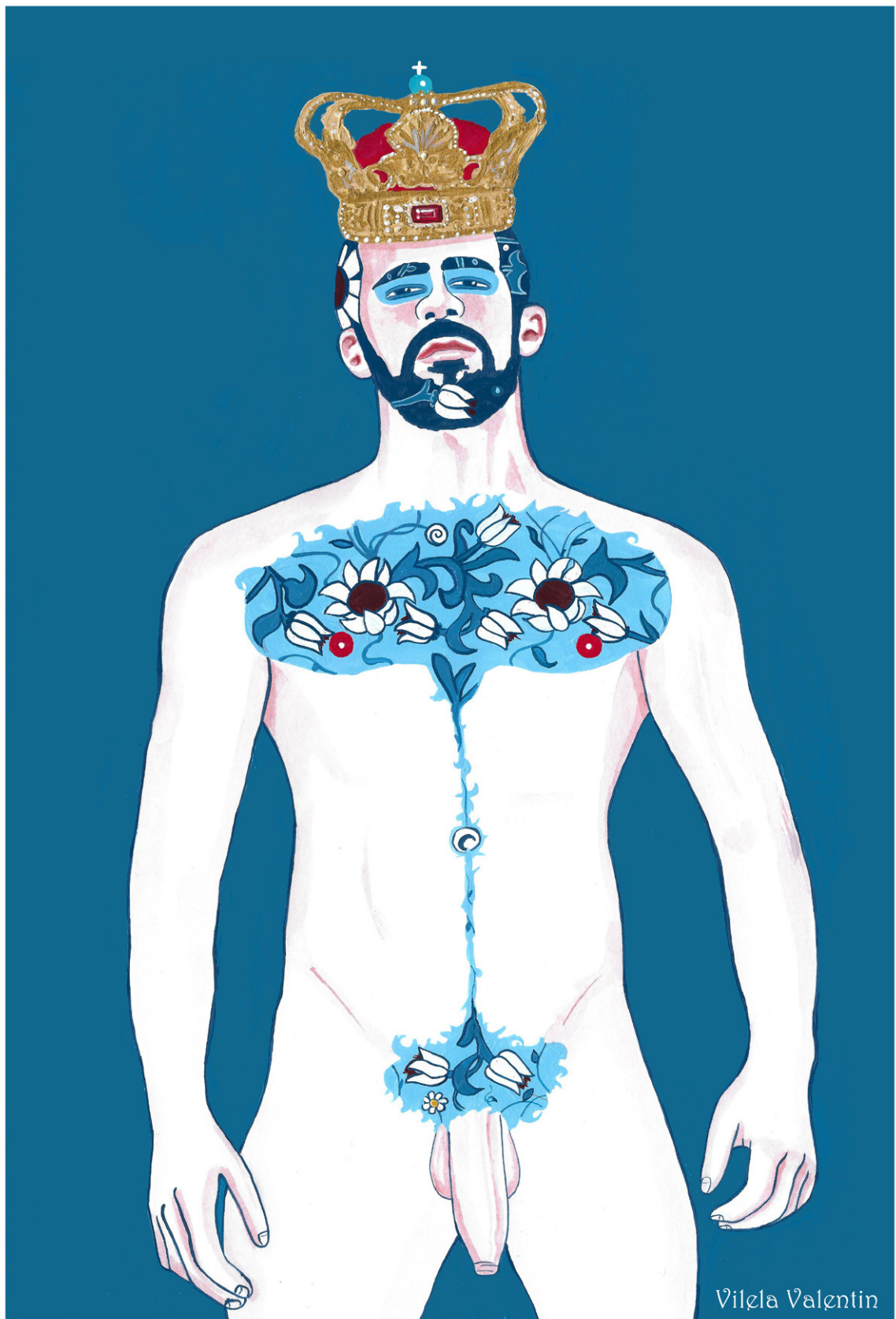
*You can see more of Vilela's work at [vilelavalentin.weebly.com](http://vilelavalentin.weebly.com) and [www.instagram.com/vilelavalentinarte](http://www.instagram.com/vilelavalentinarte) and at [pt.pinterest.com/valentinfranzin/vilela-valentin-art-work](http://pt.pinterest.com/valentinfranzin/vilela-valentin-art-work) and you can follow him on [twitter.com/valentimandre1](http://twitter.com/valentimandre1)*





Vilgla Valentin









Vilēla Valēntin





Vilgla Valentin





Vilgela Valentin









Vilçla Valentin





There was lying on his breath.

## A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME

STEPHEN HONICKI

One of the things I've come to realize over the past many years is that a house is not a home. A house is a structure. It is a dwelling. It may even be a one-of-a-kind architectural design. But all the wood, shingles, wiring, cement, and nails do not make it a home.

Our lives take place behind those closed doors and curtains of one's home, and yet very few people actually get a true glimpse as to what goes on within that home. Those that inhabited it create a home. Whether it be a single individual, a couple, or even a couple with children, interactions amongst the individuals within the environment – along with internal and external forces – is how I define a “home”.

My selections of photographs depict the photographic portrait and the spaces (environment) in which they occur – in this case the various places I've called “home” over the past decade. I strive to communicate how the figure relates and perhaps changes in direct relation to the

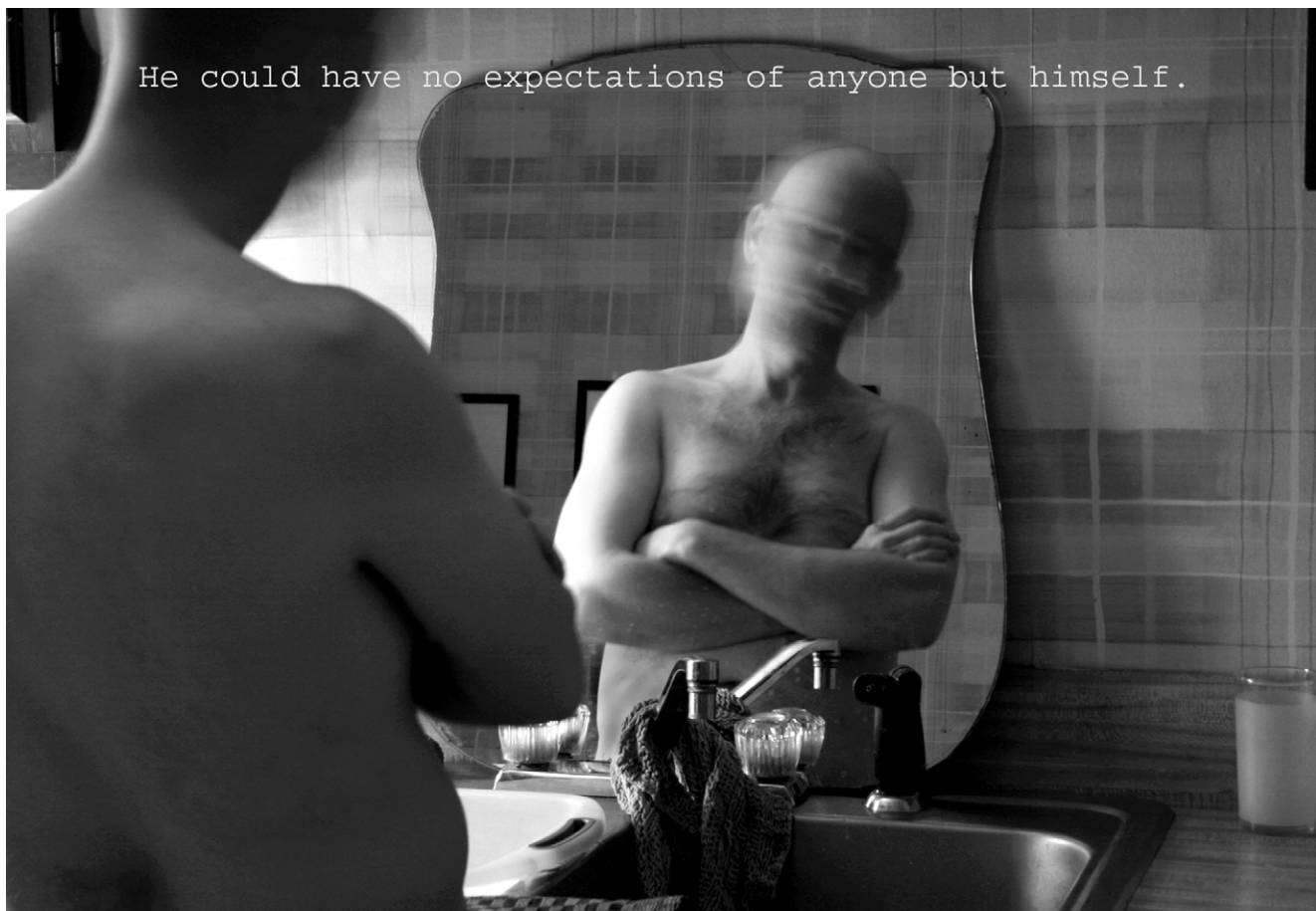
space in which the figure (portrait) exists, as often times the setting in which a portrait is made tells us more than we might imagine. I strongly believe that in addition to the “text” that accompanies the photograph, the essence of an environment can add mystery to an image or answer questions about the subject being photographed.

In addition, throughout my photographic series, I have always made it a practice to photograph my “actors” in their homes; believing that one's home environment is typically a reflection of self – adding a psychological and authentic layer to the photograph.

I believe a home – like a relationship – is temporary. Whether it be twenty years or twenty months, having the mindset of creating a “home” for oneself (and others) allows for one to detach from the physical nature of a house (and its belongings) and focus one's energy on building a home with the person(s) one chooses to be with at any given moment in time.



He could have no expectations of anyone but himself.



Sometimes, he would drive too fast.







He thought he heard a horse.



The distance was beginning to take its toll.

















The connection was sporadic.



With every loss, there was a gain.







## THE HOMELESS CHAIR

*GERARD FLOYD*

I found this pre-homed chair online. I'm not sure what kind of life it had before but I found it in a cold East London warehouse full of pre-homed furniture.

I had considered re-upholstering it but I love the garish yellow/orange colour too much and I can't think of a fabric that would suit it better. It was well cared for so I guess it was my good luck that someone fell out of love with it.

Shortly after I gave this chair a home I was given a camera that had been pre-homed and loved. These are the first self-portraits I took with that camera.

*You can see more of Gerard's works at [futurerealistic.tumblr.com](https://futurerealistic.tumblr.com)*

































## SLEEPOVER

*INKED KENNY*

Many people find home with friends. As Harper Lee wrote in *To Kill a Mockingbird*, "You can choose your friends but you sho' can't choose your family." These photographs are a celebration of chosen family.

Location: Zuko Manor Chicago

Set Design: Rich McMurray/Boxtanical Designs

You can see more of Kenny's work at [inkedkenny.com](http://inkedkenny.com)

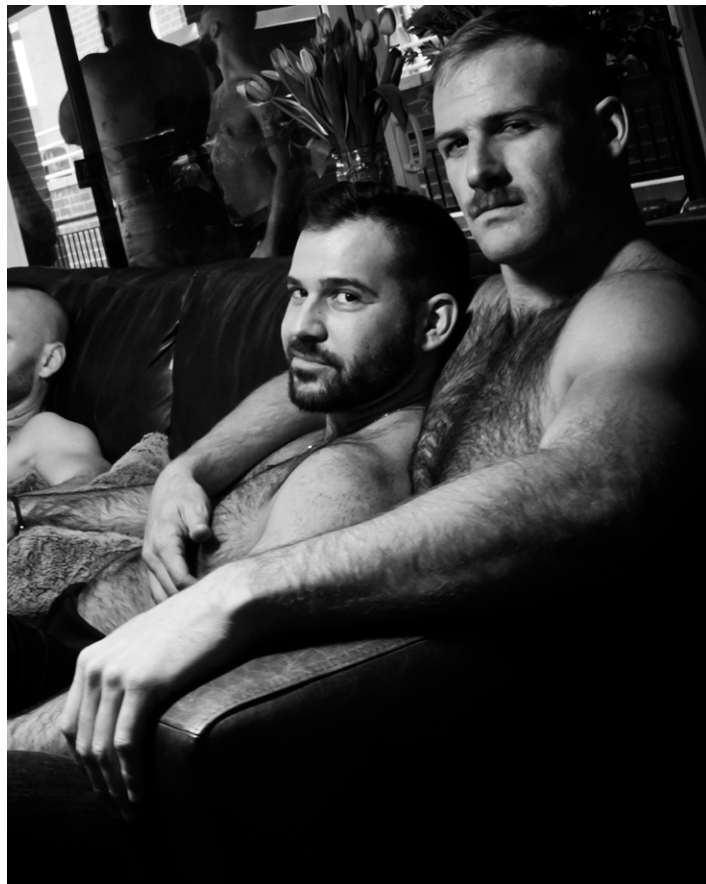












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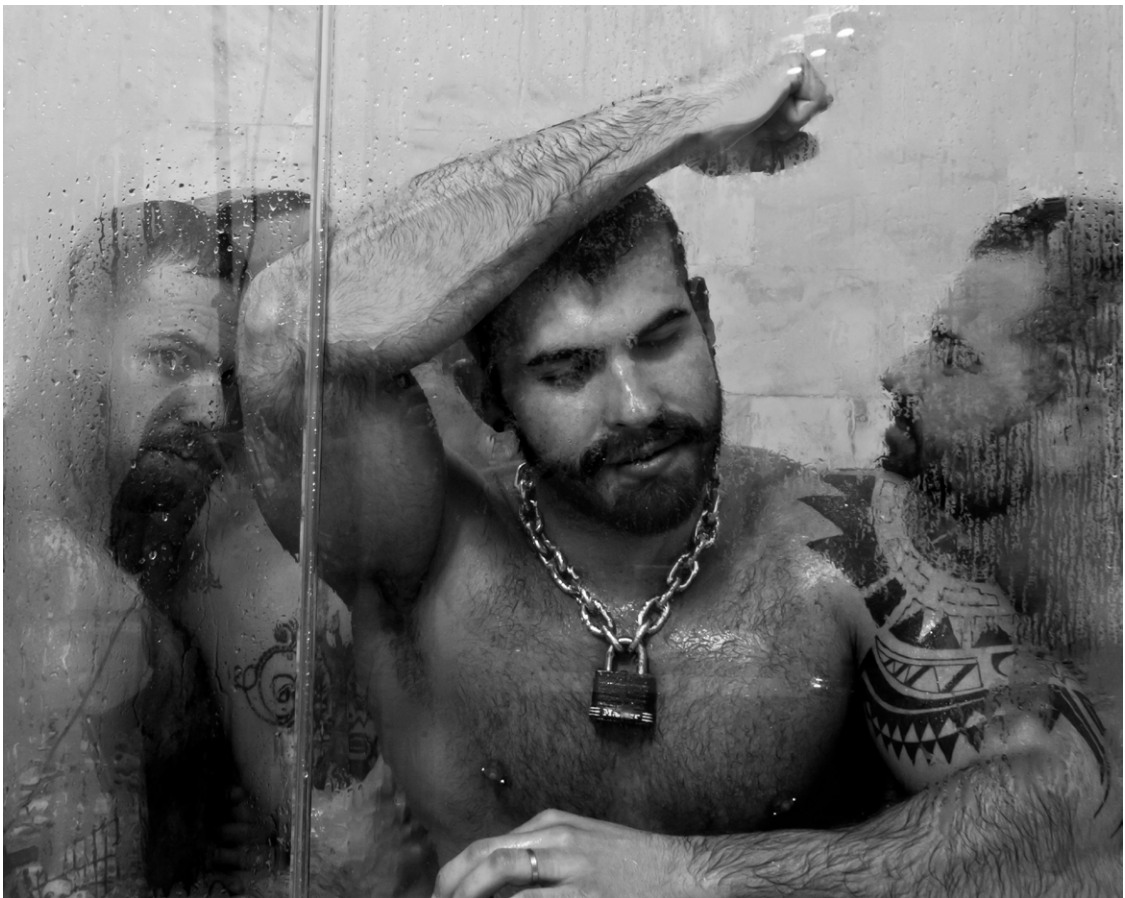






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 (B): UNTITLED | 10





















## CHILDHOOD HOME

*LUDOVIC SETH*

Childhood home...

Forgotten, abandoned... not always intact in our memory, it often remains a lost paradise.

We still live in it, sometimes, in our imagination, as of fragile occupants of the vestiges of our memories.

Under the intimate daylight, in the sweetness of a cosy setting, or the sourness of a place ravaged by time..... what's driving us, exploring the universe of our childhood homes ? Nostalgia, pain, hopelessness... peace of mind, reverie, desire, hope ?

"Childhood home" is part of a large series : "Territories of abandonment", that blends urbex and nude male.

*You can see more of Ludovic's work at [www.ludovic-seth.fr](http://www.ludovic-seth.fr)*

*Model : [www.instagram.com/mathiyeux/](https://www.instagram.com/mathiyeux/)*































Work

Blake Little





# WORK

# BLAKE LITTLE

Publication: March 1 2017 Specs: 10.25" x 12.5" • 124 pages • 96 Photographs • Edition of 1,000 • \$55



After the worldwide success of Blake Little's PRESERVATION comes WORK, the third volume of male portraiture after the bestselling COMPANY OF MEN and MANIFEST. With an insightful foreword by rock legend Bob Mould, who shares a similar obsession with making art, WORK is different from his Little's previous books. This body of work documents his compulsion to photograph as a practice, an exercise for an artist that's as necessary as breathing. His work is what he does and who he is.

The subject matter is familiar to fans of Little's previous works but his new models broaden the gay masculine archetype he established in his previous books. There is new individuality and even humor, and even wider range of ages and types.



The photographs themselves are darker, moodier, richer portraits with more depth. For these pictures, he has experimented with lighting and composition, going for less rigidity and perfection and instead capturing more spontaneous moments. Photographs were taken in and around Little's Los Angeles studio and on location in all the places he traveled to recently including England, Spain, Canada and the US. WORK features 96 color photographs of remarkable men in a large hardcover format, designed by award-winning graphic designer Sean Adams.

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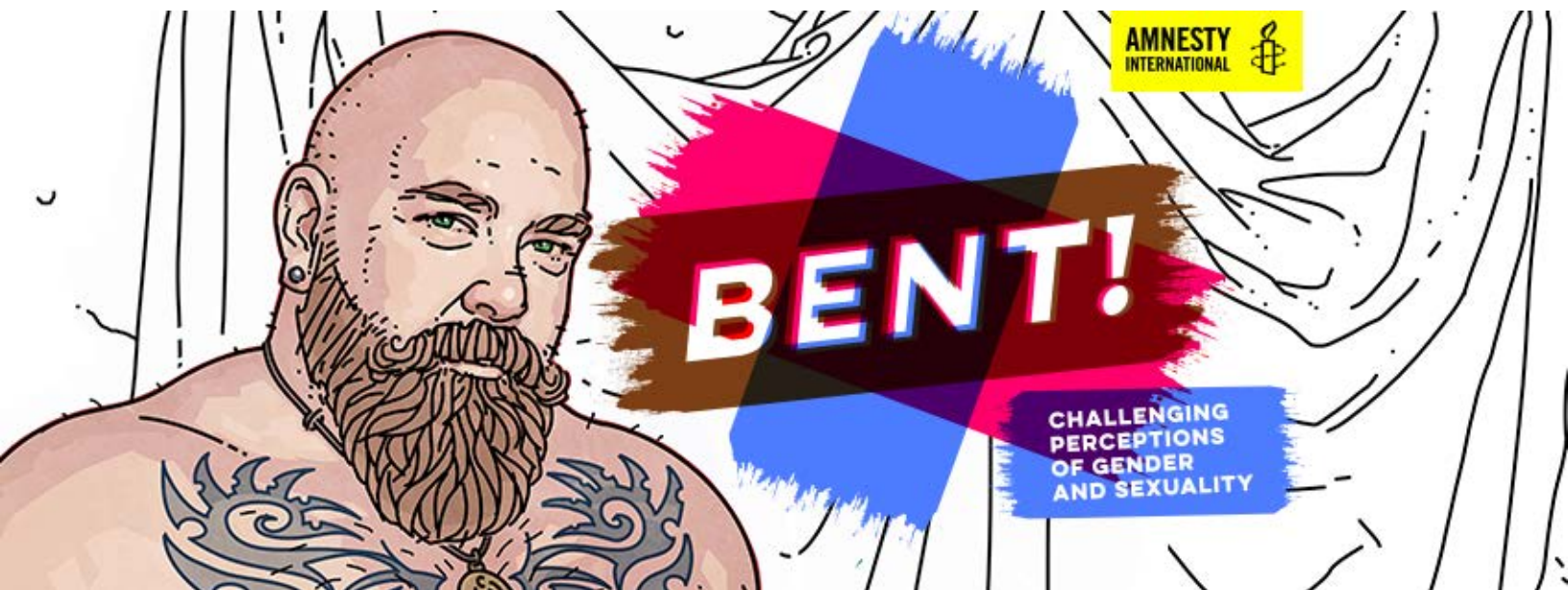




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# CONTRIBUTORS



**Daniel Decot** - I am a photographer living in Mons (Belgium). My search? ... a picture as simple as possible. I prefer the release during a session. No drama effects, no acting, but just a look, a presence, the outline of a gesture, no artifices. A true emotion, discrete but intense, my purpose is to reveal little bit of truth, far away from sensationalism. My approach on a certain neutrality accentuates the mystery and let the spectators imagine their own story. It is about meeting someone, about sharing some time together. No voyeurism. No transgression.. A loving contemplation from my side. A sincere introspection from then. And trying to suggest, through our differences, through the grain of our skins, our similarities, identity, up to the most intimate.



**Fernando Bracho Bracho** - He is a Venezuelan journalist and a freelance photographer who has been granted the third prize of the fourth Seguros Catumbó Photography Biennial in 1990; he was also a member of the group awarded the Monseñor Pellín Prize in 1990 and the National Prize of Journalism in 1991; he received the Grand Prix of the Salon of Visual Arts of the City of Coro in 2007; the Order of Artistic Merit was bestowed on him by the University of Zulia in 2011. He has been a still photographer in many Venezuelan cinema productions. He has more than a dozen published books, and has participated in numerous exhibitions in his country and abroad.



**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.



**Ludovic Seth** - 45-year-old French artist, trained at the Faculty of Arts of Montreal at the age of 22, he's an architect by profession. Photography has quickly become a focus for him, but also a complement media to drawing, to capture the world around him and report on issues that affect him. He has explored various artistic themes including the male body and the space - whatever the scale - it inhabits, to reveal all of the poetic intensity of their intersection. His work explores the graphic dimension and aesthetic qualities of nude artistic male, in an abstract or figurative way.



**Paul Specht** - grew up on the North Shore area of Massachusetts, just outside of Boston. He developed his love of photography from his father who gave him his first 110 camera. In 1987 he attended the University of Massachusetts Amherst to pursue a BFA in print making before graduating from Boston's New England School of Photography where he studied portraiture and advertising. Since 1992 Paul has reveled in capturing the unique beauty and humble elegance of his subjects in their own homes. Paul currently resides in the Pioneer Valley of western Massachusetts with his husband Eric, along with their dog Roxie.



**Ron Amato** - born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. He has been making photographs since his early childhood when his parents bought him a plastic camera and darkroom starter kit. After a few of false starts as a fashion, documentary, and wedding photographer, Ron began making photographs of men for fitness magazines. Simultaneously, Ron's personal work took a turn to more erotic images of men. His breakthrough exhibition of self-portraits at Richard Anderson Fine Arts in NYC in 2000 was in many ways a precursor to his recently released book, The Box. Ron is currently an Associate Professor of Photography at Fashion Institute of Technology in NYC. He has a BFA from School of Visual Arts and an MFA from Long Island University. Ron still lives in Brooklyn, now with his husband Seth and their two smooth fox terriers, Ben and Zeb.



**George Towne** - is a painter born in Port Jervis, NY. He studied at School of Visual Arts and has settled in New York's East Village. His artwork has been featured in solo exhibitions at venues such as the Michael Mut Project Space, The Barbara Ann Levy Gallery, and The Delaware Valley Arts Alliance. His work has been highlighted in group shows at the Leslie-Lohman Museum, the Forbes Gallery, and the National Arts Club. Publications such as American Artist Magazine, The Art of Man, Art & Understanding (A&U) Magazine, Time Out New York, and Metrosource have featured his paintings.



**Bil Donovan** - I have an ongoing fascination with the human figure, whether revolving around my work as a fashion illustrator or through my personal work. The fashion work is based on an ideal of refined beauty and light whereas my personal work has an emotional bent reflecting personal experiences. The presence of the figure is essential to communicating various themes such as Love, Desire, Loss, and Spirituality.





# CONTRIBUTORS

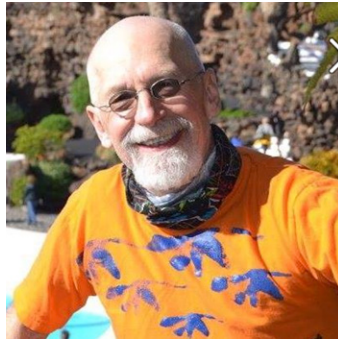
**Alejandro Caspe** - Born in Tijuana BC in 1974 and in 1992 started in photography. From childhood he was attracted by the nudity in advertising models and as continuing a childish game, moved that morbid early consolidating his artistic work, at maturity, aesthetic and expressive universe that identifies his work. This led to a creative look that has conceptualized a disturbing personal eroticism that, far from anchoring pornography is a legitimate original and bold artistic statement.



**Richard Vyse** - Internationally collected artist Richard Vyse has shown in galleries in Manhattan and Honolulu. He has studied at the School of Visual Arts in Manhattan and taught at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. His art has been featured in the Art of Man magazine #18, Men Addicted magazine Spring 2016, Noisy Rain magazine Winter 2015/Summer 2016 and Mascular magazine #15. His art is in the Leslie+Lohman museum in Manhattan.



**Wayne Hoffman** - the author of three novels—Hard, An Older Man, and Sweet Like Sugar—and his short stories and essays have appeared in such collections as Best Gay Stories 2010, Mama's Boy, and Fresh Men 2. As a journalist, he has written for the Wall Street Journal, Washington Post, Billboard, the Forward, Village Voice, and A Bear's Life. He is currently executive editor of Tablet magazine. He lives in New York City and the Catskills, but he's been going to Provincetown for nearly 30 years, to work and to play.



**Joe LaMattina** - For thirty-five years, I was employed as an art educator with the Hackensack Public School System in New Jersey, USA. Loving my job as teacher and mentor, I spent those years and most of my energy inspiring young artists ages five to eighteen. It was an amazing experience. Retired since 2010, I decided to continue my journey with a shift, which allows me more time to focus in integrating my studio time, gallery shows, and private teaching. Since then I have been exhibiting my work at various venues around the world. I was formally represented by Agora Gallery in NYC. My work is divided into three categories that I have named, "Human Essence", "representational", and "Abstract/Organic". Most pieces are mixed media.



**Blade T. Bannon** - began as a model. He started with erotic art shows and was hired for private artist workshops as well as for local colleges. While working with sketch artists, he learned many of the classic body positions and appreciated the connection between the artist and model. He had a great love for photography and decided to follow his passion. He started as an assistant for SFBearhunter who was one of the lead photographers for 100% BEEF Magazine. He has been working as a professional photographer for almost a decade and is honored to have been chosen to appear in many publications. He has donated numerous hours to charity organizations as well as many framed pieces for use in auctions. He currently lives in San Francisco California with his husband Mike.



**Gianorso** - I am a photographer, living in Rome, who is passionately obsessed by Classical Art, which has influenced, somehow and somewhat, my vision and my attitude in taking portraits of men with generous curvy bodies.



**Al Walz** - A creative seeker - "I've always been inspired to take what people discard (trash) and create something unique from it - VERY pro-recycling!" Most of my work is personal to me in some way, and no two pieces are similar.



**Mike Harwood** - Born and based in New York City, Michael Harwood has been an exhibiting artist since the mid 1970s. His porno-satirical collages were shown at Group Material (1981). In the 1980s he turned to 35mm photography as a means of recording the visual delights and peculiarities he encountered in the city and in his travels. Also, within the fertile confines of his apartment, he began to work on an original approach to photographing naked men. Harwood's photography has been exhibited at the Leslie-Lohman

Museum of Gay and Lesbian Art, the National Arts Club, the Hebrew Union College Museum, the Milwaukee Institute of Art and Design and the Menschel Photography Gallery at Syracuse University.



**Oliver Zeuke** - Oliver Zeuke was born in December 1973 in Bavaria, near Munich and moved to Düsseldorf in 2007. In 2013 the now passionate photographer, bought his first SLR camera. Out of vacation photos and snapshots developed his today's passion for photography. From that his slogan "From Snapshots to Passion" arose. In 2015 he started to work more intensively with photography and launched the project "Sexy Sunday" together with his husband in March 2016, which already after a short time is enjoying great popularity and constantly growing interest. Especially the love for detail photography is, what makes the photos special. "The viewer shall feel more than he sees" Besides his first photo exhibition in November 2016 in Cologne, the passionate photographer is currently working on his first photo book called "Sexy Sunday". Open to new ideas and challenges, he is constantly evolving his self and his photography.



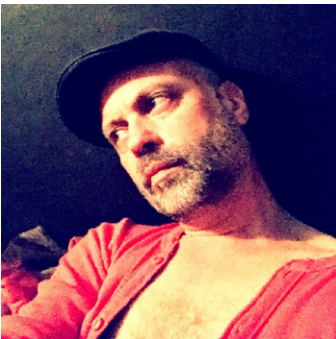
**Bearceval** - Born near the Pyrénées, and now living and working in south Saintonge, not too far from Bordeaux. Studied history and art history. Interested in writing, drawing (especially with red chalk), painting and photography which was used before to serve as a basis for drawing.



# CONTRIBUTORS



**Scott Hamilton** - Scott A Hamilton: I started taking photographs with my father's cameras in the 1970s then went on to photograph bands around Glasgow while at university in the 1980s. People are what interest me most though I will have a go at anything that catches my imagination. I've had photographs published in QX and Boyz magazines as well work exhibited at the Strand Gallery in 2013 (as part of the Gayzed exhibition) and at the Guild Hall gallery (London) in November 2016 (as part of their Money and Power exhibition). That piece is now part of the Guild Hall's permanent collection. These days I feel that I still have a lot to learn. [www.snapschotts.co.uk](http://www.snapschotts.co.uk)



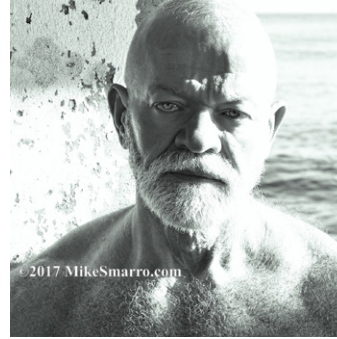
**William "Cricket" Ulrich** - After college in Ohio, a three month study of painting, drawing and art history in Paris, France made me determined to be an artist. After Paris, I moved to San Francisco. 1998 finds me with two pieces in the collection of the Museu de l'Erotica (Barcelona, Spain). As I've gotten older my work has been decidedly more gay. Group shows by Center for Sex and Culture (2013 & 2014) and Queer Cultural Center (2015) have maintained my presence in San Francisco, though I now live in Oakland. I have an art studio in Berkeley, California with Firehouse Art Company.



**Paul-André Larocque** - Born in a small village in eastern Québec, Newport, Canada, but now living in Fort Lauderdale, Paul-André Larocque spent his childhood in the great outdoors, surrounded by forest and the sea. His father, also fisherman and lumberjack, taught him a virtue he will never forget and always cherish the freedom and freedom to be yourself. Paul-André Larocque is a photographer of many talents, a travel reporter, an art director, an entrepreneur and an artist with more than a thought. His mind is pure chaos where images and colors intertwine, but everything is in order, or what appears to be. He creates multimedia works and how it proceeds, is the result of a personal and unique approach. Diagnosed with ADHD syndrome a few years ago, his works reflect his own state of mind; an explosion of a multitude of images, ideas and colors, a beautiful chaos. For him, creating is the best therapy ever.



**Dan Romer** - My Home is when I am in the process of creating art. I am fearless when I live there. In doing my work, I remind myself to be that way more in my every day life. I am not so much looking to record what I am seeing, but more what I am feeling at that moment with the model and its environs. That can also include the remnants of the process itself to give the piece it's own history. Life is not static, and neither is my work. My biggest hope is that I will ALWAYS feel comfortable in this home, and will never stop renovating and re-thinking.



**Gene Dodak** - Gene Dodak earned his BFA degree in Sculpture, Ceramics and Design from Central Michigan University. Additional studies include Haystack Mountain School of Crafts, the University of Toronto and Saginaw Valley College. In San Francisco, he worked as a window designer for Neiman Marcus and Visual Manager for the Polo Alto Store. Gene and his husband Art founded Strong Environments in 1994, a Landscape and design business in the Bay Area. Inspired by a life-changing move to palm Springs in 2004, Gene resumed working in clay medium that he loved during his college years. At Silica Ceramic Studios he met and quickly became friends with Mid-Century artist Paul Bellardo. Paul's artwork influenced some of Gene's current sculptures. Gene works at his home studio and at Silica Studios in Palm Springs where he constructs one of a kind, large, wheel-thrown and altered sculptures. His artwork has been exhibited nationally and can be found at Woodman/Shimko Gallery in Palm Springs



**Vilela Valentin** - has developed the drawing artistic tools deeply as a solid base for his artistic career since childhood, the emergence of the "Vilela Valentin" language appears well defined from 2012 with the "Roman" picture, oil and gold leaf on wood. He was considered "Homosurrealist" by a critic of French art. Since that first moment he has maintained his artistic activity, as a designer, painter and illustrator.



**Shannon Hedges** - I am an Illustrator splitting time between Columbus and San Francisco, who finds there are stories to tell everywhere we look. I use my simple and quirky style to bring attention to details and aspects of stories others might not notice.



**Kryss Fox** - NYC based photographer and artist specializing in portraiture with a dark, emotional, surreal filter. With inspiration ranging from Surrealism, 70's Underground and Exploitation Cinema, Victorian and Latin American Art and Queer Culture, Fox's eye is unique, intense, unflinching and tender. Originally from Southern California, Fox relocated to NY in 2010. His work has been exhibited throughout California, NY and the UK. In print his work has graced the pages of Paper Magazine, Time Out New York, Out, The Advocate, UK's Gay Times Magazine, Headmaster Magazine No 2, Next, Frontiers, Next Door Magazine (and two years of covers!), RFD Magazine, Summer Diary Project, Pink Mince, QX Magazine, XY and others. He has photo spreads in three coffee table books published by Bruno Gmudner, of NY Legend Joey Arias in the coffee table collection D.R.A.G., and is currently at work on publishing books featuring his popular, annual 31 Days of Halloween Series and his ongoing memento more inspired Styx Series.



# CONTRIBUTORS



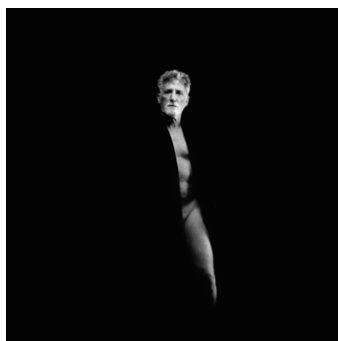
**Shelton Lindsay** - Shelton is a writer/performer and producer working and living in NYC. He is currently working on a series of modern queer myths.



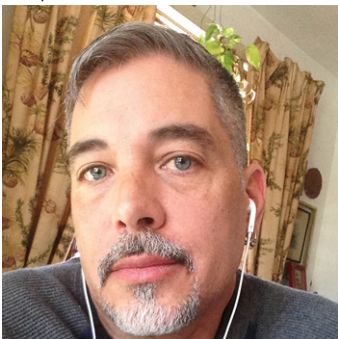
**Ulli Richter** - Ulli Richter is one of the leading documentarians of the gay BDSM-scene and a gifted photographer of natural portrait and architecture. His work is known for its often intuitive-dramatic lighting and encompasses a wide array of emotions, ranging from unsettling stillness to utter madness. In recent years, Ulli has developed a style of documenting and portraying BDSM-play that echoes Baroque painting. In contemporary art photography he is bridging the tension between careful scene setting and lighting and capturing the free emotions and wild actions so characteristic of BDSM-play.



**Vincent Keith** - Born in Beirut in 1967, Vincent is a photographer, collaborator and magazine publisher based in London. He's married to his husband Peter and has two children.



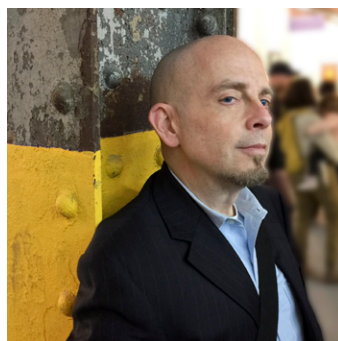
**Anthony Bocaccio** - Anthony Bocaccio began his photographic career with National Geographic Magazine in 1971. His work has taken him to over 30 countries in as many years, from the Great Wall of China to the volcanoes of Iceland and the sweltering jungles of the Brazilian Amazon. He is most known for his beautiful travel shots yet while working with the human figure, his sensitivity rivals that of the great painters. Indeed, his artistic life began as a young painter, and later as a musician trained in classical piano at the Eastman School of Music. He lived in Brazil as a teenager and in Italy as a college student. In 1996, he returned to Rome for 10 years to continue his painting and learn the art of sculpting under one of Rome's most gifted sculptors, Alessandro Nocera.



**John Paradiso** - earned his BFA at the SUNY (Purchase) and his MFA at the SUNY (Buffalo). He describes his work as metaphorical and based upon identity, sexuality, and love. He has work in private and public collections including the Kinsey Institute, the Library of Congress, The Leslie-Lohman Museum of Gay and Lesbian Art, and the University of Maryland. For many years, John Paradiso, served as a health educator in the HIV/AIDS community where he developed educational programs and provided peer-based counseling. More recently he was an Artist-in-Residence at the Washington Hospital Center working with adult cancer patients. He is currently the Director at the 39th Street Gallery, Gateway Arts Center.



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



**Stephen Honicki** - a photographer and media arts educator who is currently living and working in the Capital Region of New York State. He earned a BFA at the State University of New York (Albany) and received his MS in Art Education at the College of Saint Rose. Photographs from his narrative series, "Between Heaven & Hell", "Coupling", "A Solitary Man", and "The Book of James" were recently exhibited as part of a two-person show entitled, "Biography" at the Photo Center of the Capital Region, Troy, NY, a group show entitled, "Human Essence" at the Albany Center Gallery and in a solo exhibition, "The Simplicity of Life" at the 39th Street Gallery in Brentwood, Maryland. In addition, Stephen has had various work from his series selected to be a part of several Exhibitions By Artists Of The Mohawk-Hudson Region and Photography Regionals. Outside the area, Honicki's photographs have been showcased at the Paducah International Photo Exhibitions, Munson Williams Proctor Art Institute, and the Leslie-Lohman Museum of Gay and Lesbian Art, to name a few.



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



**JOE MAZZA** - is a photographer currently living and working in San Francisco. His early work as a photographer was shooting film in remote and desolate places around the world. His focus was not on scenery, but on the faces of the people who lived there. It was those people who helped form his fascination with the story behind the eyes of his subjects – a trait that still finds it's way into his work. For the past 25 years he has worked in the film and television industry both as an actor, and a photographer/vid-eographer. It's here that he learned about lighting and composition to create a sense of emotion or drama in his images. Most of his work now is in the commercial side but he still has a passion for developing new talent and collaborating on photo shoots to capture something spontaneous and unique.







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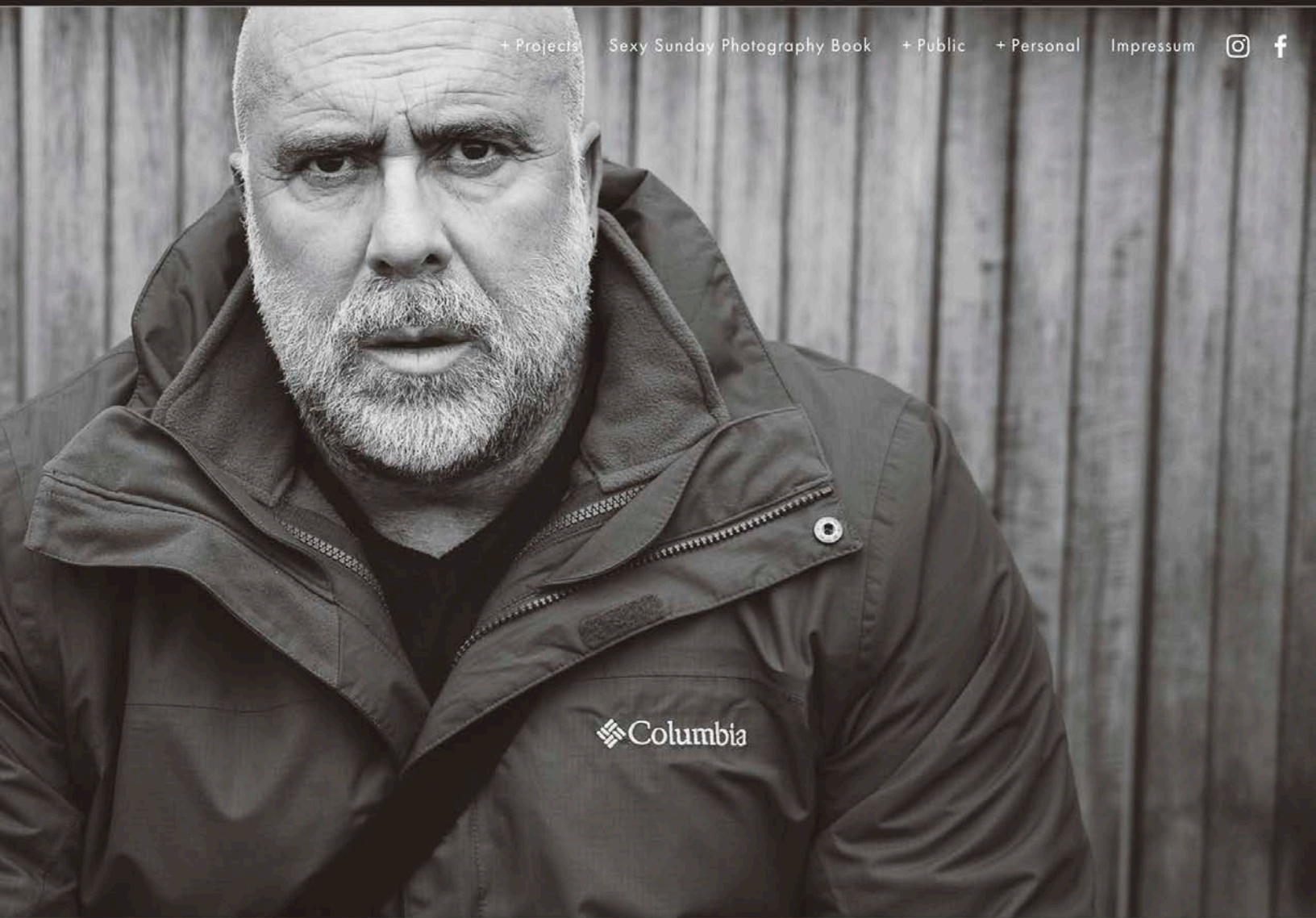
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From snapshots to passion





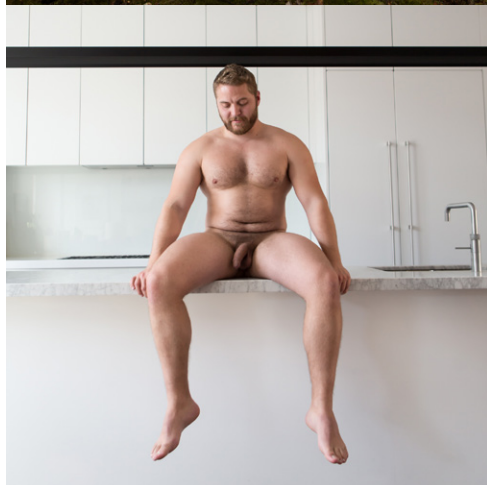
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# PARTY





# PARTY

It's time to PARTY! Let's get this PARTY on the road! Together we can build a better PARTY! Our PARTY is the best, and it can really deliver. For some, a PARTY consists of a sunny day, a swimming pool with 30 hairy men, and lashing of punch. For others, a PARTY consists of a group of like minded people, often in close quarters, pursuing a shared objective. In either case, the PARTY has social aspects and political ones too. One may be the antidote to the other. Both anticipate celebrations, they can have their awkward moments, people can feel left out, and there's generally a leader or organiser of some kind, at the very least, a steering committee.

Issue No. 20 of MASCULAR Magazine is dedicated to PARTY. These last few years have been fueled by political activity, often with unpredictable or disappointing results. Promises, accusations, fights and name calling all followed the second martini, or the were displayed in TV for all to watch. And yes, there were tears, laughter, shouts and hurrahs. But after the big event, many are left asking themselves "why do I do it?" These events are simply a part of human intercourse. They take a lot of energy, move at their own pace, and sometimes end in inconclusive ways. Hopes, fears and dreams are played out on a stage, and there are lead actors, supporting roles and an audience. Views are emboldened or changed. In the throes of the moment, we all feel very alive and very much "in the now", but these moments often fade into memory the next time, inevitably, there is an event.

We invite artists from all over the world to help us examine the role PARTY plays in our lives. Dressed up or down, with mates or as new meat - give us your creative take on what this very human pass time represents. Be it political or not, there are celebrations, failures, values and decoration that all form part of the experience of what it is to PARTY. Fertile ground for artists of every persuasion and in every medium. Polemic or "fancy dress", comfortable shoes, tuxedos or even Speedos... get your point across, make a splash - PARTY with MASCULAR.

If you are interested in contributing to Issue No. 20, please contact MASCULAR Magazine at: [submissions@mascularmagazine.com](mailto:submissions@mascularmagazine.com)

*Deadline for submissions is July 17, 2017.*



# STUART GREGORY



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