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6 LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

12 MASCULAR T-SHIRT

14 DARK LAKE Steven Miller

22 WET: DROPLETS & TEARS Robert Siegelman

28 TIERRA MOJADA /WET EARTH Fotoenzo20

> 38 WET Stefan Tobaias

46 WET MALE FUR Rob van Veggel

52 BOY IN A BOTTLE Michael McAllister

> 54 NO REGRETS Randy Addison

58 WATERWORKS Jason Jackson

66 WE ARE BORN NAKED AND WET NAKED MEN, WET DREAMS Aurelio Monge

74 GETTING WET ONE BLODDY HOT SUMMER Eenar Kumar

> 82 STEVEN Eric Lanuit

92 TAKE ME TO THE RIVER Tom Calloway

102 BECOME THE MOTH Richard Vyse

> 108 SHOWER TIME Andrew Graham

116 OUR WET LOVE Gian Paolo Bocchetti

> 122 SERENITY Adam von Niekirk

132 CUMMINGTON Paul Specht

> 142 BY THE POOL Bearceval

> > 148 WET LOOK Patrick Potie

158 THE WETNESS OF WATER, THE WETNESS OF LIFE
Michael Oelofse









AHEMON 166 Oliver Núñez Díaz

MOMENT OF RELAXATION FOR BEARS 174
Julien Von Aken

THE WATER'S FINE 182 Michael Rosey

BATH TIME 188

Jason Jackson & Craig Milton Menzies

LA PETITE MORT HUMIDE 192 Rick Castro

MEDITATION ON A COLD LAKE 202
Taro

MOIST 208
James Dobbin

YOUNG & FREE 2017-2021 216 Sergey Melnitchenko

Beau Mecs 226 Cor Windhouwer

EL PLACER DE LA HUMEDAD 232 Alejamdro Caspe

HOT SUMMER IN THE KATSKILLS 238 Stephen Honicki

WET ME MY LOVE 244 Claudio Tomaiuolo

WET 252

Michael Stewart

HEAT, WATER & SWEAT 258 Lontano

IN DREAMS ANOINTED 266 Dan Romer

WET 278 K Anthony

I LIKE 'EM WET <mark>284</mark> Jackson Photografix

SOAP & WET 292 CERF

SUBSUMED 300 Steven Miller

GLISTEN 318 Vincent Keith

CONTRIBUTORS 318

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS 327



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Cover Photo: From the "Terra Mojada" Series by Fotoenzo20

MASCULAR MAGAZINE

Celebrating masculine art and the men who create it



Welcome to the 32nd issue of MASCULAR Magazine, the WET issue; and a whopper of an issue it is too! It seems as if the prospect of the end of the pandemic has released a lot of pent up creative energy. This is one of the biggest issues in our history, and one of the most diverse in terms of contributors. Was it the need to move forward after the pandemic, or was it that the theme resonated with so many people? We may never know, but the result is an amazing array of works from all over the world.

While I don't want to dwell on COVID and how it has impacted our lives, it would be impossible not to consider the submissions in this issue without taking the pandemic into consideration. Perhaps not consciously, there are all kinds of subliminal messages through the issue. As you read through these pages of this issue, I invite you to consider a number of themes. The first of which has to do with

the cleansing nature of getting wet. Be it in the shower or bath, artists such as Robert Siegelman, Andrew Graham and K Anthony represent the act of cleaning the body, and by extension, the self. This cleansing ritual, known so well to us all, speaks of renewal and rebirth - all as an intimate act. A form of self-care. In the context of the past twenty months, this simple act has great meaning. It suggests that we can, through a gentle effort, restore ourselves to form. In fact, the restorative power of cleaning is central to all forms of life and survival. Perhaps these works tell us that we are going to make it, that our instinct to survive will win out.

Not all cleansing rituals take place surrounded by porcelain. Going back to our earliest instincts and experiences, it is in natural surroundings that we can cleanse on a grand scale. Where natural balance is restored both within the self.

and outside. These natural surroundings suggest a cleansing at a deeper level than can be achieved with soap and a loofah. Notwithstanding the beauty and serenity of these images, they also remind us of our responsibilities in this context. These areas of natural beauty are fragile in themselves. They require us to do our part too. Not to be the virus that destroys these ecosystems. It's a powerful metaphor in this age pandemics and env<mark>ironmen</mark>tal awareness. Be it in the Katskills as shown by Stephen Honicki or on the river in Paul Specht's "Cummington", these men drink in locations whose health is as fragile as ours. But let's set those heavy considerations aside for the moment. Instead, let's enjoy the pleasure of seeing masculine beauty displayed in natural beauty.

Moving from the symbolic to the tangible, water, that which makes you

wet, has amazing properties. There's that delightful semi-weightlessness of floating in water. Be it a swimming pool or the sea, a large body of water envelops you, supports you, allows you to lose yourself in soothing comfort. The thing is, we can all adopt different poses and attitudes when floating. We explore the potential in our bodies. We can all be dancers and acrobats when we replace air with water. This freedom in the context of tender support is something that we have all perhaps been looking for recently. A kind of freedom to break away from restraint.

Water is a powerful material. In making you wet, it transforms you. When you are wet, you are other, in a state that is unusual. In Rick Castro's "La Petite Mort Humide", and in Jason Jackson's "Waterworks" we see representations of men who have been made to become wet. The water or urine or blood that wets us has its own look and feel. It reveals the form under the fabric, or it brings out the inner animal in us. Alternatively, it releases endorphins and passionate energy as we bathe in hot fluid. Heat, smell, taste - all heighten the sensation. The act of being wet through fluids we create ourselves is highly charged. Here, th<mark>ough w</mark>e are more inte<mark>rested in the</mark> transformative experience of being wet as opposed to the singular properties of th<mark>at whic</mark>h makes us wet. What matters is the feeling of that fluid on you, in you, ar<mark>ound y</mark>ou. Andrew Gr<mark>aham shows</mark> this beautifully with his series "Shower Time". The wetness of his images is what reveals the form. It is by being wet that the images take on their ghostly beauty.

The act of becoming wet, or perhaps its consequences are well considered in the work of Lontano. His beautiful portraits of wet men in "Heat, Water & Sweat" are striking in their frankness. These men are made wet from within. Their sweat tells

us they have been engaged in hard work. They are beautiful in their exhaustion. The gleaming sweat on their skin is charged with intent and meaning. You can almost feel it as if you were rubbing your hands over them. This male essence is brought into being through the combination of labour and physicality. It had its own smell, texture and taste. It is not simply water. It's water with a soul. Sweat is a close cousin to tears, and these portraits have a slight melancholic feel to them.

Rob van Veggel's works focus on the effect water has on fur. His colourful and textural images in "Wet Male Fur" evoke a sensual experience of wetness on a hairy man. His back, belly and butt covered in fur change when they become wet. One has a natural inclination to reach out and touch that belly and rub the wetness. The softness is gone, but you get closer to the skin beneath. In "Steven". Eric Lanuit drills down into how skin and hair react to being wet. His macro portraits of body parts show us in exquisite detail how little droplets sit on hair follicles, coating each one with a pearly dew. It turns out that when you look closely, being wet is a very intricate and detailed thing. These details are stunning in their tactile quality. Skin and hair take on epic proportions, like trees standing tall in a forest. All the same, there is an etherial <mark>quali</mark>ty too. A quick swipe of th<mark>e hand</mark> o<mark>r</mark> a towel, and all of this beautiful habitat would vanish.

Turning back to the effect of the pandemic, one of the biggest issues brought about by having to isolate was the separation of loved ones. The fact that the closeness we always took for granted was suddenly taken way was the cause of a great deal of loneliness and distress. It seems like being wet together is a great antidote. In works by Claudio Tomiuolo and Julien Von

Aken we see the human warmth that's shared when we are wet together. That which makes us wet also brings us closer together. It's something intimate that we can share and share in. Be it by the side of a pool or in a bathtub, sharing this skin to water to skin experience brings us joy. These images celebrate the end of confinement in its many forms.

In "Boy in a Bottle", Michael McAllister's short story, we encounter wet in many forms. Wet as in sexually aroused, wet as in an inexperienced newcomer to the scene, and wet in terms of quenching a thirst. His writing is evocative and brings the sensations of his protagonist to life. He shares experiences that we all know, even if in each case the particulars are different.

So there we have it, the WET issue. I hope that when you engage with the works in this issue, you get the sense, as I have, that a kind of creative energy is finally being released. We are all changed by the pandemic, even if simply in how we perceive work after a great collective trauma. In the aftermath of war or catastrophe, creatives are charged with the task of evaluating, explaining and commemorating the immediate past. They are also asked to show a path towards a more humane future. To help us take the first steps in the healing process. Perhaps these works, or our response to these works, can be seen in that context. In any event, our thanks go to all the contributors and their collaborators for the amazing works we are fortunate to feature in this issue.

> Vincent Keith Saint-Marcel-du-Périgord September 2021

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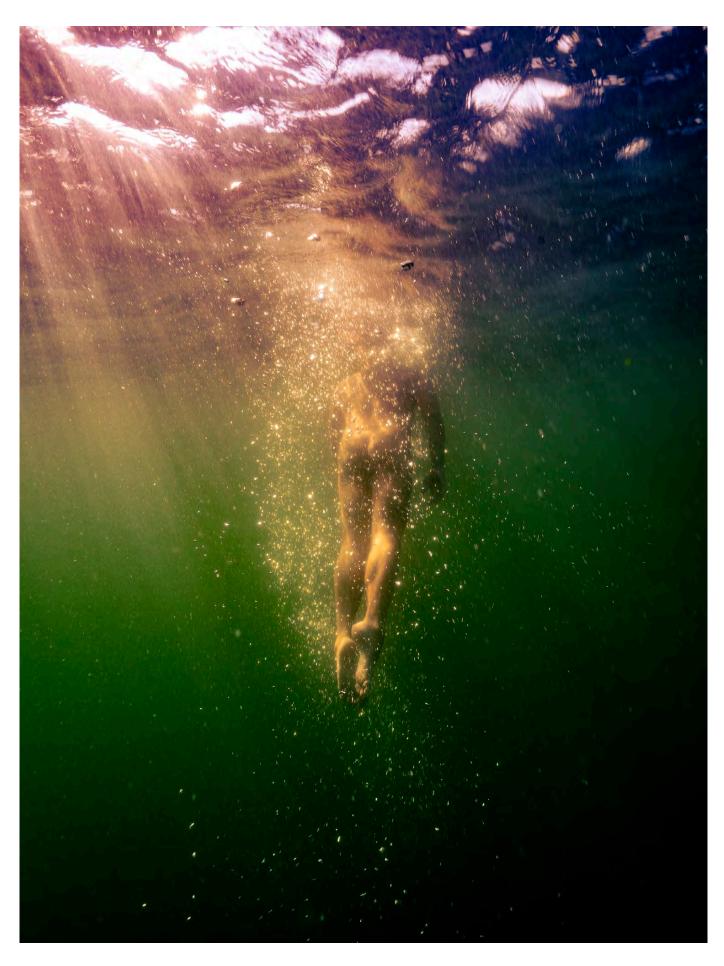


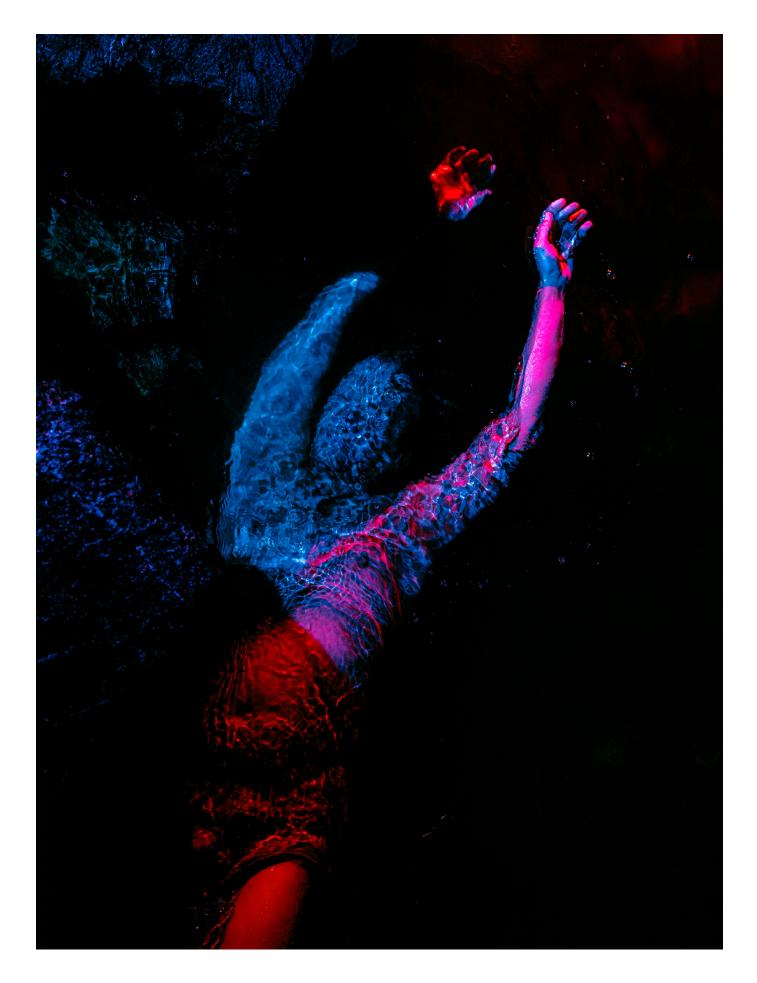


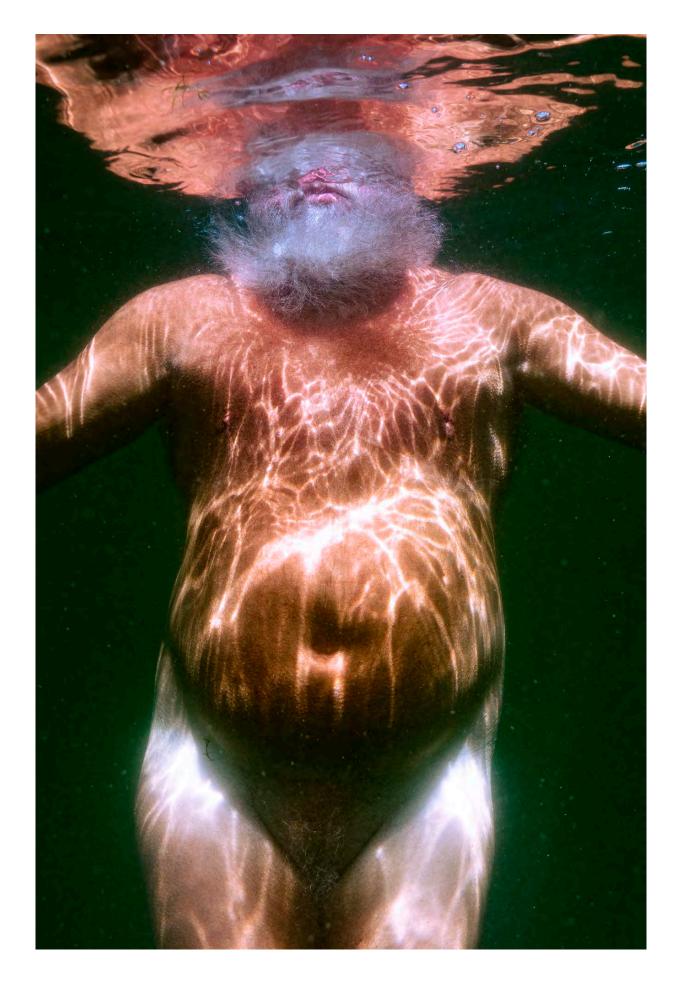
DARK LAKE

Steven Miller

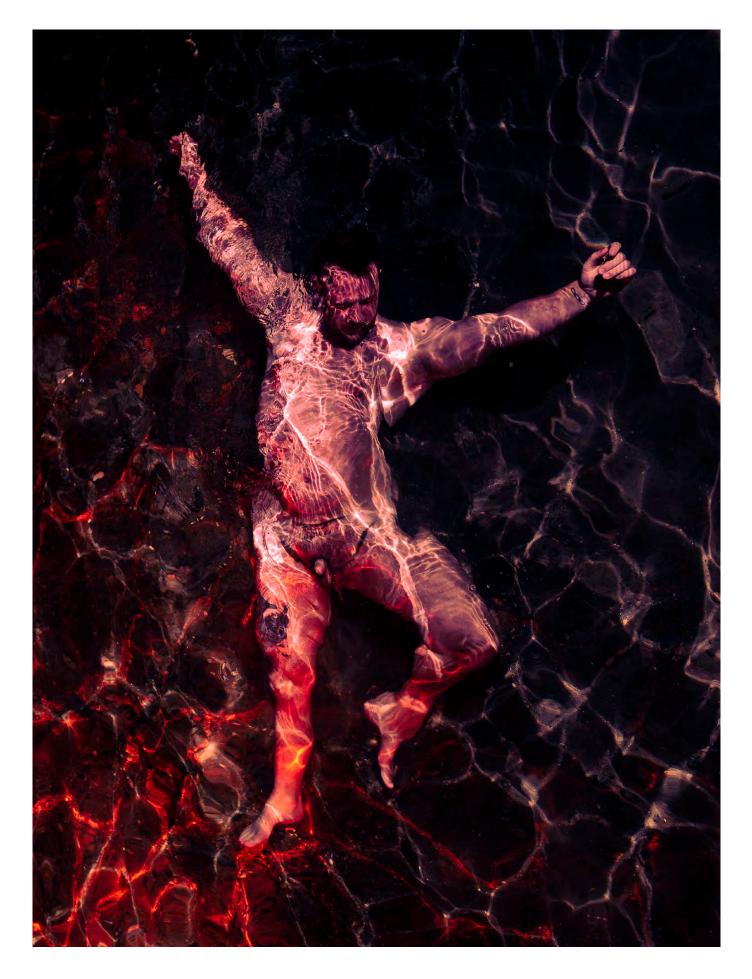
This summer began for me in early June when the small dinner gathering I hosted turned into a full blown party on a Wednesday night. By midnight my friends had grown too loud to contain so I insisted we go swimming in Lake Washington. There was already a campfire on the beach and the most adventurous of us swam far out and sang fake opera songs while the full moon made the waves glisten. I can't express how much joy radiated through my entire being, seeing that rabbit moon, swimming in near blackness and singing those songs. How do you capture a love affair with a body of water? Here's my recipe: show up after dark, precariously set up lights with colored gels on rocks, and ask friends and strangers to swim back and forth while I photograph them from above.







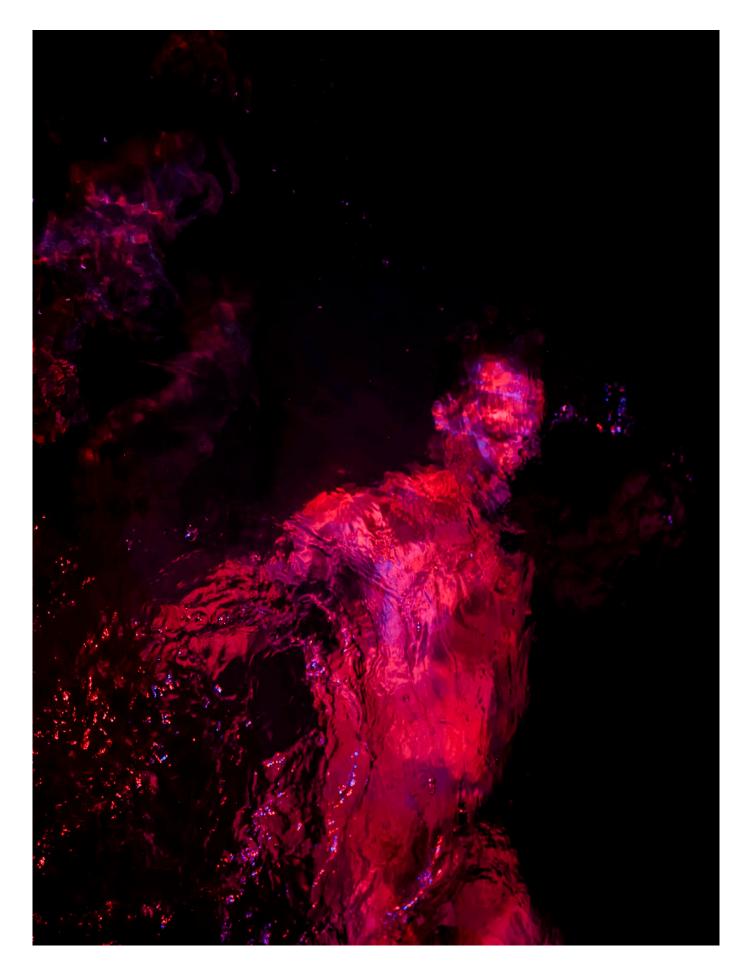
J. Otto 17



18 KEVIN



Ruben 19





RAFI 21



WET: DROPLETS & TEARS

Robert Siegelman

As a queer artist, I am exploring desire and connection through my own sexual, and emotional lens. My work speaks with candor about body issues and body positivity. The images are suffused with a sense of grief, solitude, pain and loneliness.

We live in a culture of heightened sexuality, with erotic advertising, and individuals trading their own nude images though social media. Yet we carry a sense of shame, loss and alienation. We feel vulnerable. We may show our bodies online but making connections can be elusive. I wonder how we can find our way through our desires and our identity, to find affection and affirmation as a community and individually. These are the dichotomies and conundrums that I am exploring.

This particular body of work explores where we are (where I am) at this point in the Corona Virus Pandemic. I am vaccinated and generally appear maskless. After a year and a half of not working with models because of the need to social distance, I have started again. The pandemic is not over. There are variant strains digging in,

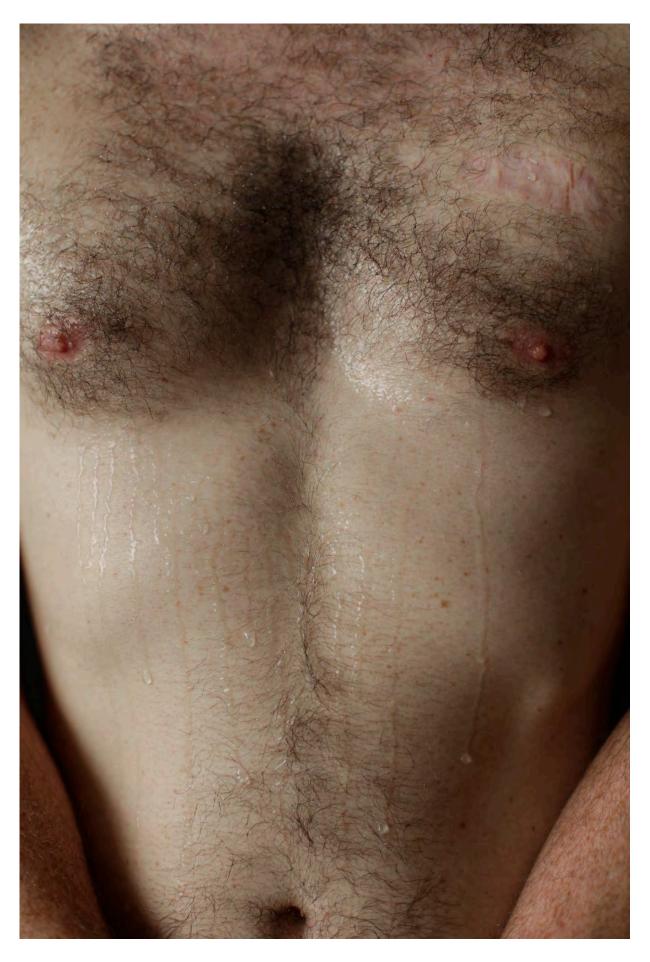
and many who have chosen not to become vaccinated. I am living in the relative safety of the northeastern United States.

Many countries are not as prepared as we are and the suffering continues.

Having seen how this country responded to the AIDS / HIV crisis and finding so many duplications in how we have been handling Covic -19 decades later, I am appalled and disheartened. Much of these works express this and the sadness I feel.

Covid-19 is a respiratory disease. We take it into our body generally through our breath. A person who has it spreads it as they exhale. It lingers in the air as droplets (tiny aerosol droplets). It is wet.

Our tears are also wet





24 Wet: Droplets & Tears | 3

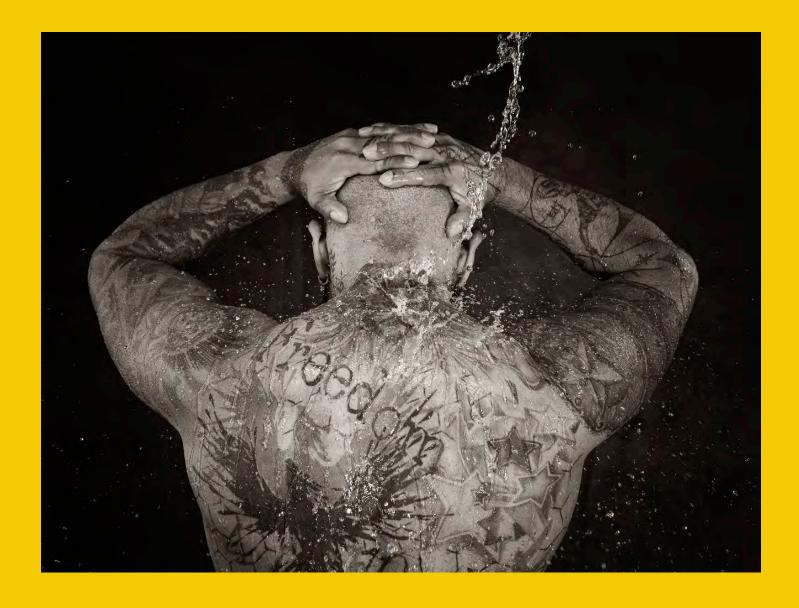


WET: DROPLETS & TEARS | 4

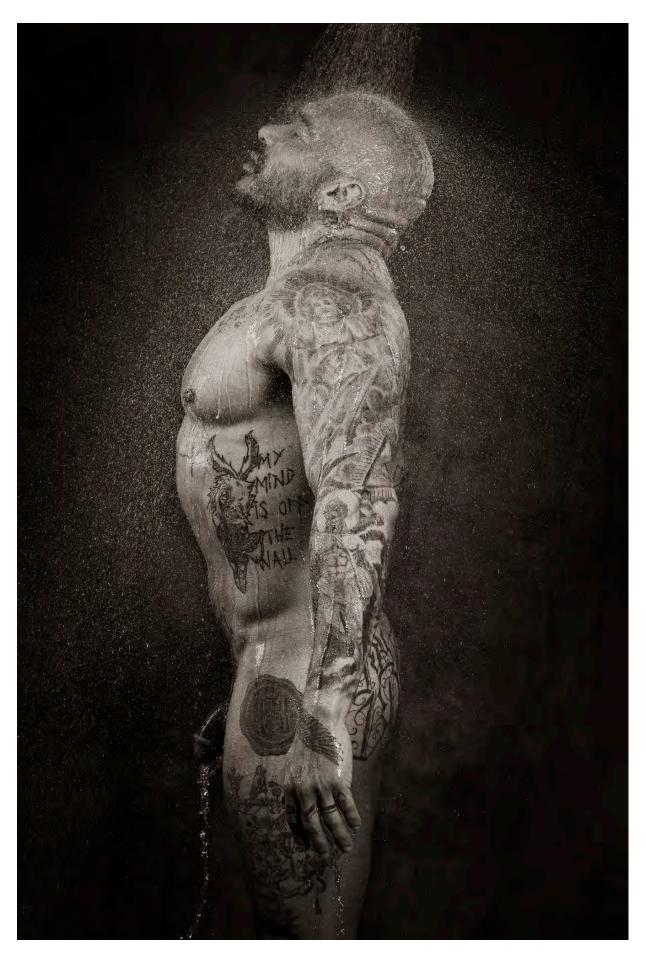


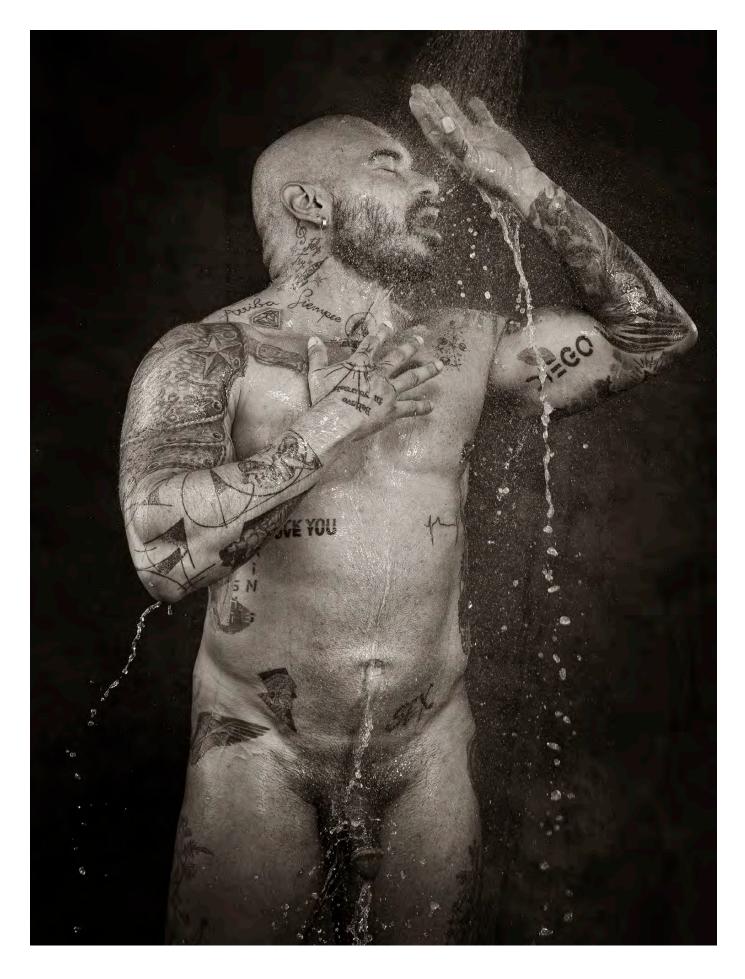


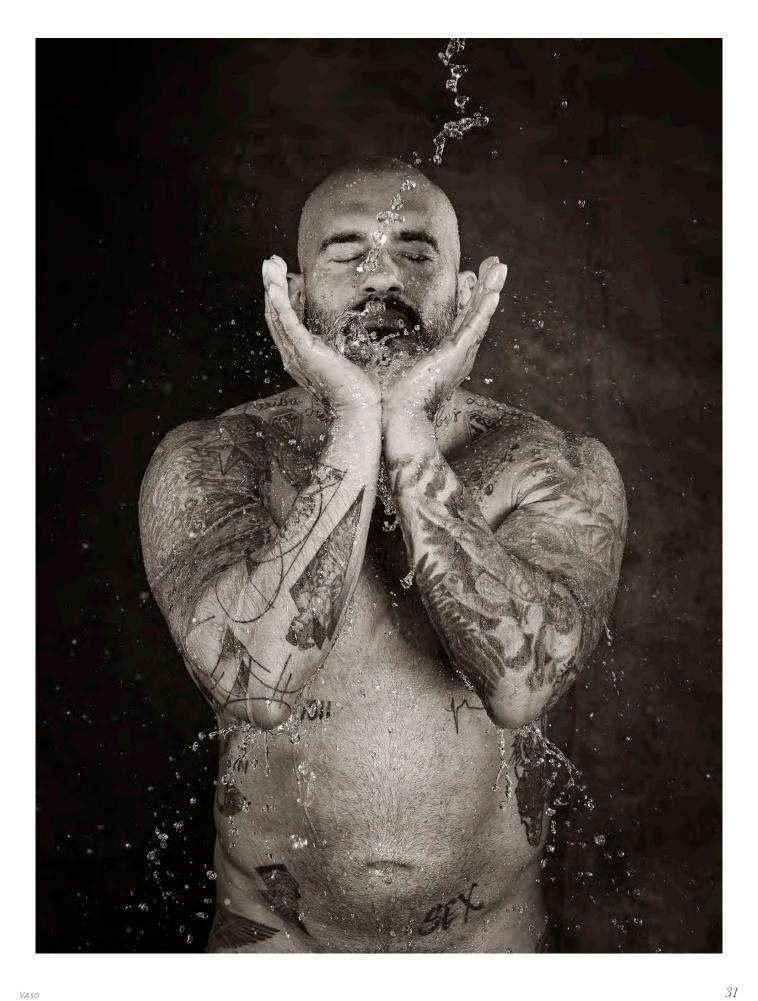
Wet: Droplets & Tears | 6



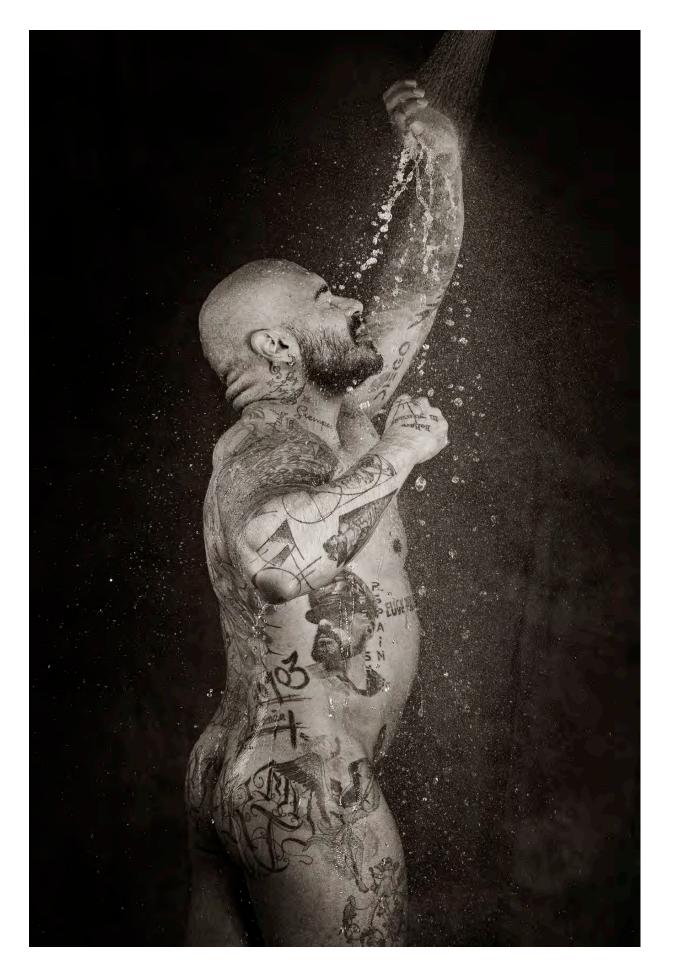
TIERRA MOJADA **WET EARTH**

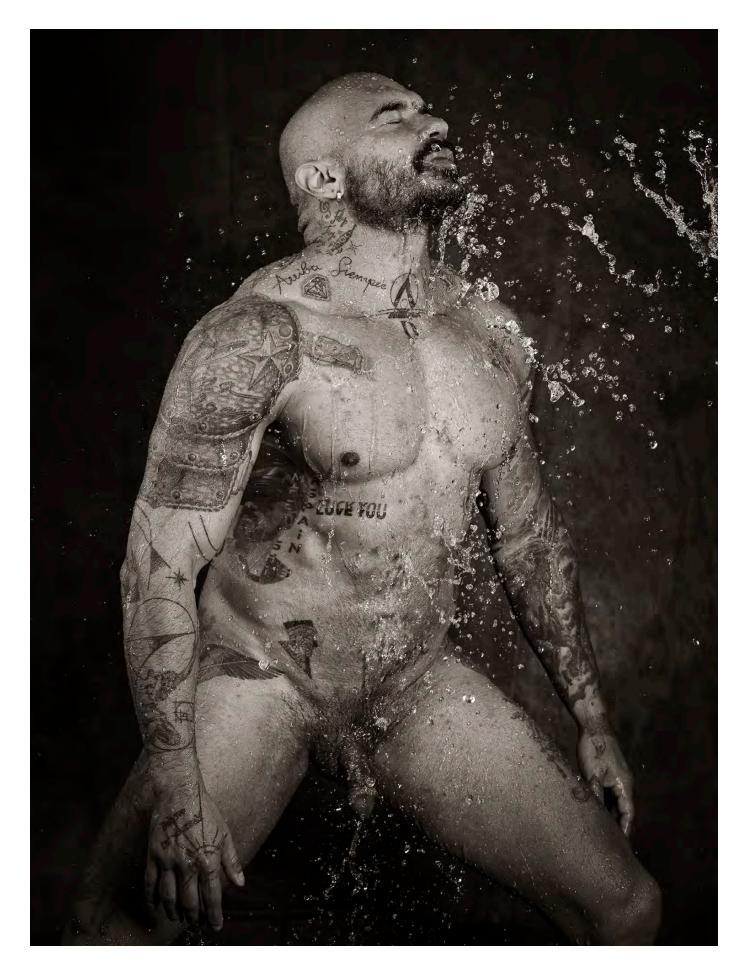




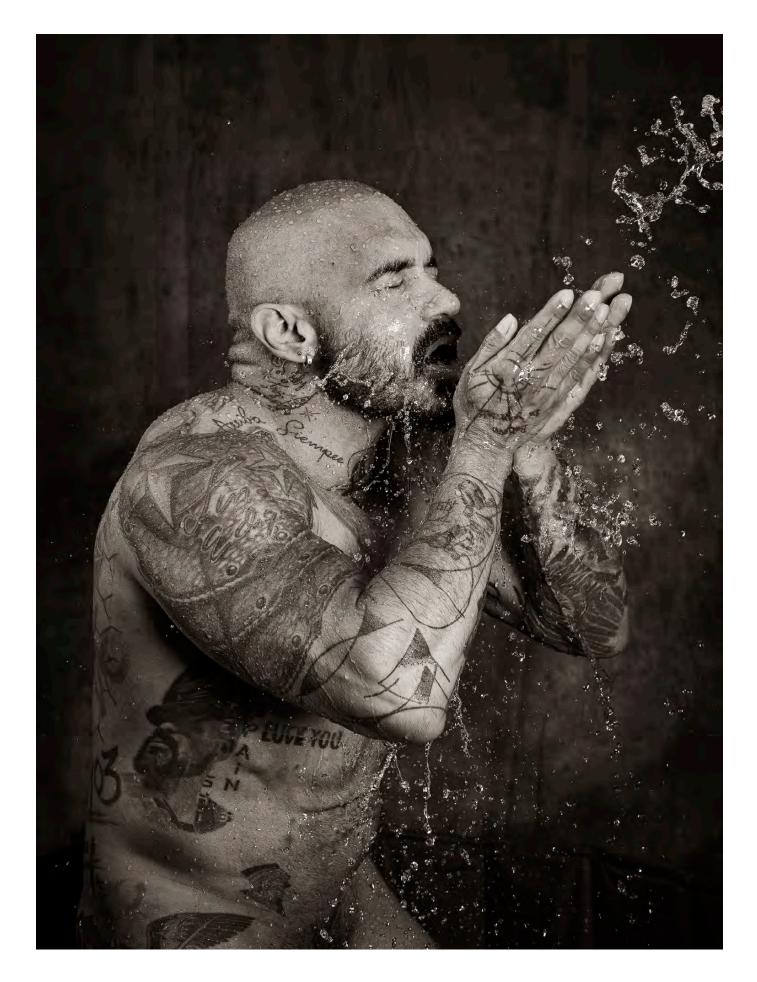


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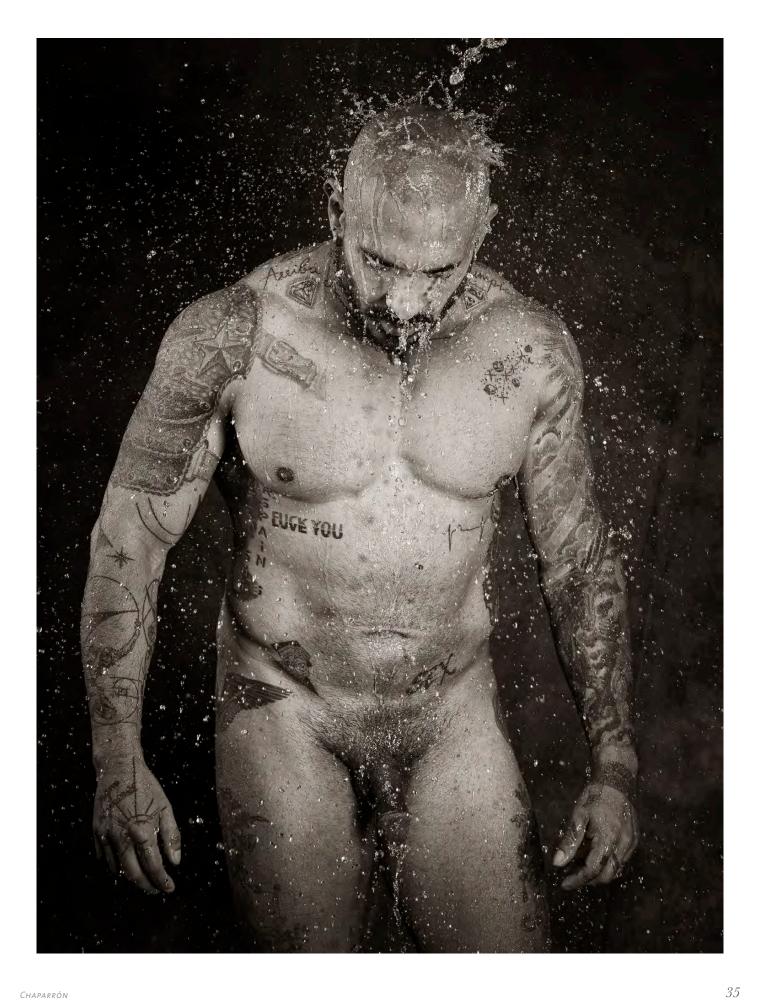




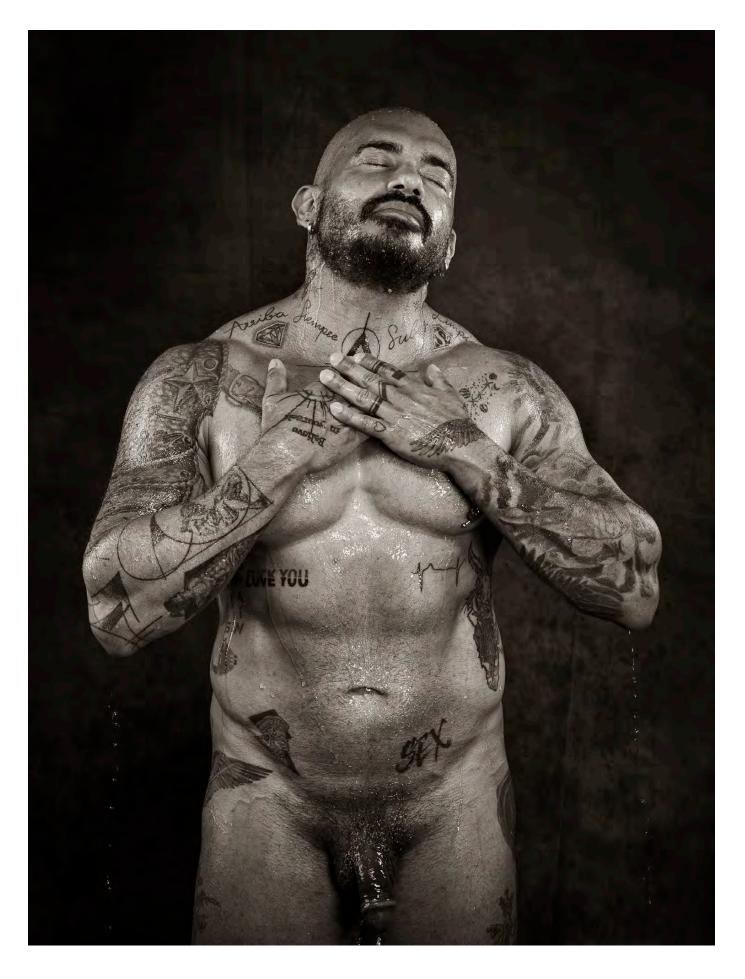
Lluvia dorada 33

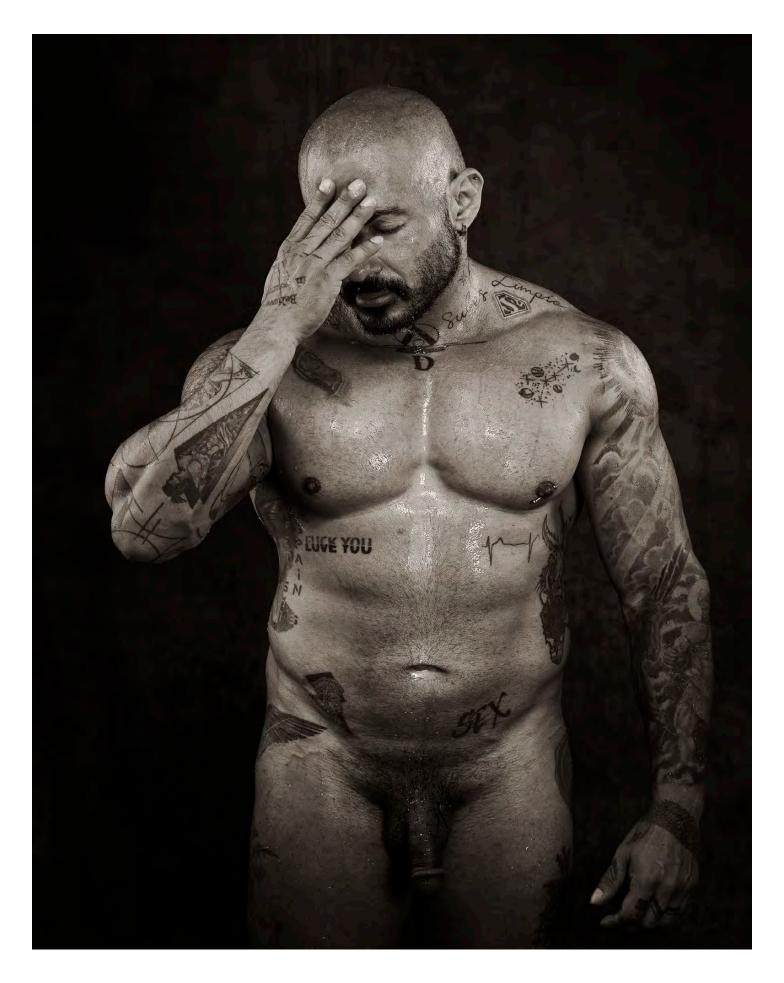


34 TENGO SED



CHAPARRÓN





Pensamientos 37



WET

STEEAN TORIAS

I also like water and in particular the feeling of drying salt water on my skin, so I was happy when Joohan from Malmö suggested a water shooting when I was visiting there in August 2019. We drove to the coast at Hovshalla, almost 2 hours north of Malmö for the occasion. The coast there has cliffs, and shallow rock ponds, full of seaweed. We played around in them for more than two hours. The water was pretty warm and the spirits were high. Johan is a great photographer, and a great person, full of insights, which is the very best recipe for cool pictures. So I did get wet and enjoyed it. I hope it shows in the pictures. I even ended up using some of them on my Grindr for a while.





40 Wet | 3



WET | 4



42 WET | 5



WET | 6



44 Wet | 7

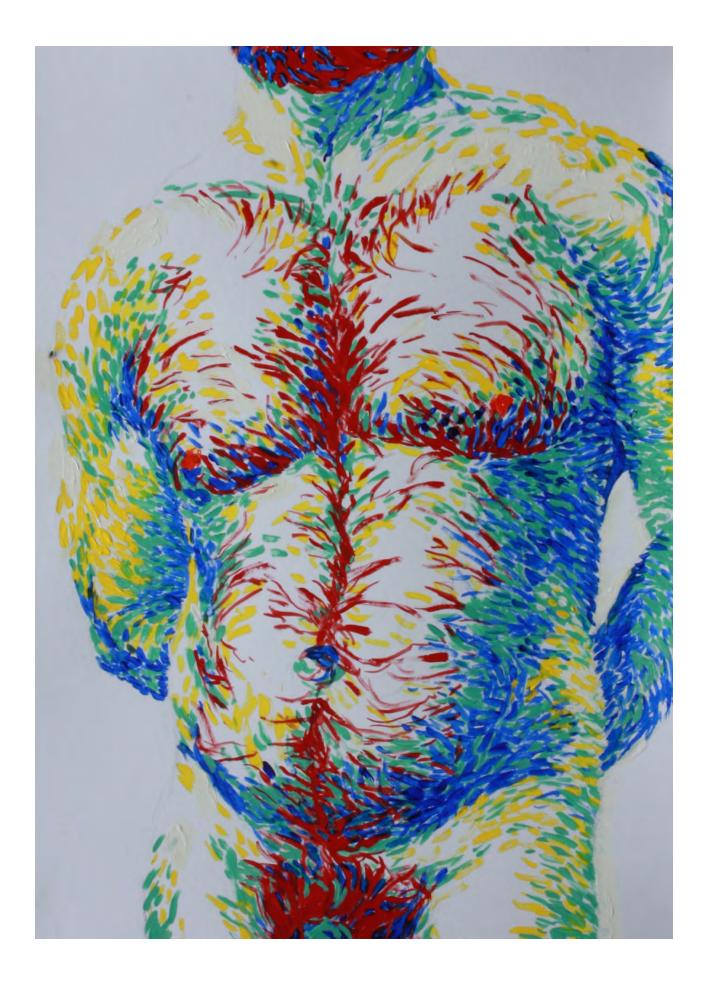


WET | 8 45



WET MALE FUR
ROB VAN VEGGEL

When male fur gets wet, it forms those kinky wrinkles (acrylic on paper, 70 by 50 cm)

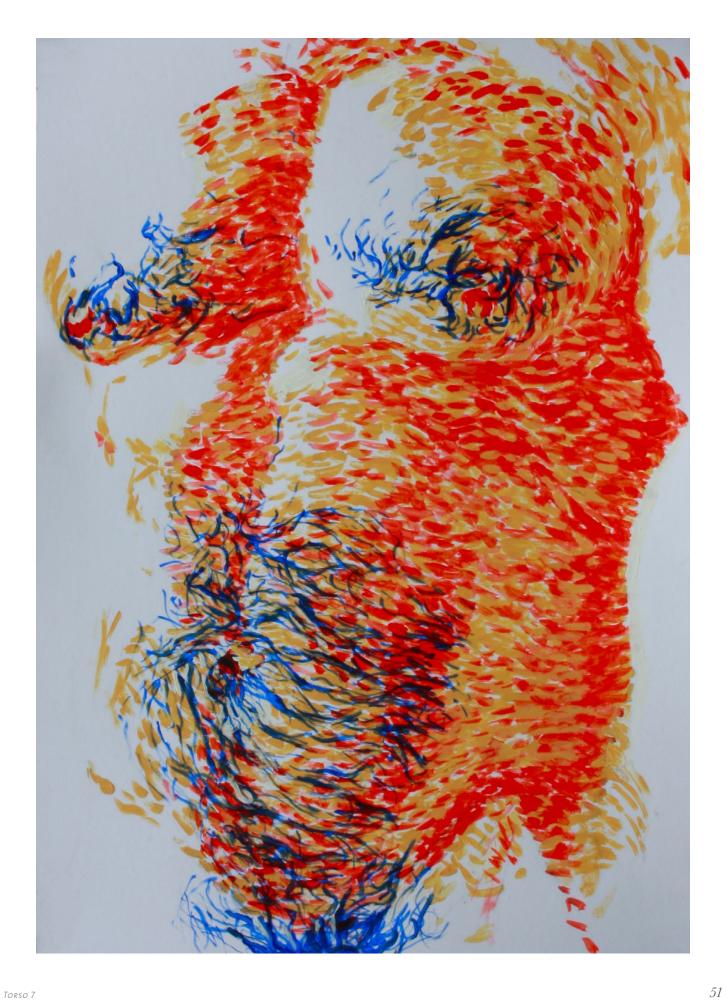






Torso 5





Torso 7





BOY IN A BOTTLE

Michael McAllister

The two enormous men beside me twisted the faucets of the bathroom sinks, held their hands under the water, and then ran their palms through their black hair. The bass of house music thumped through the walls, the rhythm muffled until the bathroom door opened and a snatch of song rushed in and echoed off the tiles. The two men gazed gravely into the mirror, as big as Clydesdales, snorting before their reflections, scanning their profiles under the spotlights, flexing biceps the size of cantaloupes. Shadows skittered across their muscles. Gold crucifixes glittered in the hollows of their throats. One of them whipped off his tank top and ran a hand over his flat belly, and I was trapped somewhere between laughter and awe. Without tearing his eyes from his own reflection, the other man knocked his fist against his friend's chest. "Ready?" he said. His friend grunted and tucked his shirt into the back of his waistband. They retreated slowly, taking long last looks back at the mirror.

I tore off a paper towel and considered my slender reflection; in their wake I looked like a twelve-year-old. I dried my hands quickly and hurried from the room, back into the dark hallway that wandered through the second – or maybe third – floor of the club, past various slick, bright bars glittering like hard cut stones. I'd managed to lose myself in Webster Hall, the latest in a string of clubs in Manhattan I'd haunted all week during my first trip to New York in 1992. I was staying with my sister in a shotgun fifth-floor walk-up on East Sixth Street. In the mornings I'd sip coffee in her tiny kitchen, which smelled like the litter box that sat in the corner. Every night I answered the siren's call, poring over a dog-eared copy of HX, a local gay rag, scanning the nightclub ads, soft-core shots of shirtless men stamped with the names of DJ's: Junior! Frankie! Little Louie Vega! Shots of half-naked men had grown ubiquitous in the three years since I'd first caught sight of John's collage, and pages ripped from HX would end up pinned to my dorm room wall. But for now I combed my hair with drugstore gel, laced up my combat boots, and ventured out alone, to the Roxy, to the Sound Factory, to the Boy Bar. I'd just turned 21, and all week I showed up much too early to find velvet ropes and thick-jawed, smirking doormen guarding empty sidewalks. Eventually I wised up, and as the week stretched on I stalled for time, wandering the streets, through neighborhoods that in those pre-Giulani days seemed to me seductively gritty. I feigned my version of tough nonchalance, desperately trying not to look like a sheltered Midwestern boy. One night in an ATM vestibule I stepped over seven sleeping men to withdraw two crisp twenties.

The thundering beats of competing songs from all the bars in Webster Hall spilled out into the hallway and ran into each other. I slipped from that cacophony into a cavernous ballroom, with an enormous crystal chandelier glowing faintly above the dark mass of dancing men. I'd never felt scrawnier. Already one boy my age, art-school lean, had slipped out of the crowd just long enough to ask me if I was from out of town. "Thought so," he said when I nodded, then slipped away again. I bought a six-dollar bottle of water from the bar and went back to the edge of the dance floor, where I frowned and tried to strip the wide-eyed wonder from my eyes. I'd spent many hours on the edge of dance floors, too young to know yet that all nightclubs are places of great sadness.

A stuttering ray of red light swept over the ballroom at Webster Hall. I wound my way onto the floor and danced alone, my eyes adjusting to the dim hall and the men who brushed against me and looked past me. Then a boy climbed onto a box.

He wore white Calvins, combat boots, and nothing else – a genuine gogo boy, nothing like the strippers I'd seen in Minneapolis and Sarasota, with their moussed hair, red g-strings, and fake tans, who spent weekend nights grinding against the drunken, squealing members of bachelorette



parties that had recently taken to slumming in gay bars. No, this boy was different: his boots, the simple cut of his schoolboy briefs, his thick muscles shifting lazily to the beat. In him was everything I envied about New York, the essence of studied, urbane cool, wrapped around the figure of sex, in view, out of reach. I watched as a blue-eyed man, gray hair buzzed close to his skull, leaned against the box and stared up at the boy. He held a five-dollar bill in his hand, and the boy slowly lowered himself to his haunches, his knees brushing the shoulders of the man, who leaned in and murmured something, and the boy smirked and rubbed the man's head. The man reached out with the bill crumpled in his fist, extended a finger, and ran it down the boy's chest and stomach, so slow and deliberate that from ten feet away I felt the boy's skin on my own fingertip. The man pulled at the waistband of the boy's briefs, and tucked the bill inside. They talked, low and close, until the boy rose back to his feet, where he rocked in the rays of blue light.

The sweat on the backs of the men around me gleamed and changed color. The bass thumped through the floor and Cuban boys and Puerto Rican boys and green-eyed Italian boys, every single one of them juiced out of their brains on steroids, stretched their arms toward the spinning lights. Frankie Knuckles at his turntable, high above the crowd: a whistle, lonely, haunted, coming from a great distance. The boy on the box rocked slowly to the beat, and the blue lights circled his body, once, twice, then fixed on him, catching him in their light as if he were a boy in a bottle. I wanted to be lit blue and clean like him, washed in sweat and envy. To stay in that song while the night stretched on and we all forgot about the world outside the dark ballroom. To be someone's boy, in that city, to walk home at dawn with my pockets full of crumpled bills.

None of these things have come to pass. I live alone in the cold basement in the house of a happy family, on the opposite coast. I'm unemployed and exiled from the city I called home, the city I could no longer afford. Divorce papers piled at the foot of my bed. I have the virus and muscles have come and gone. I haven't spoken or showered in nine days. I know now that you can't wait for things to come your way. You have to grab it all and keep grabbing – life doesn't reward passivity.



I'm not ready for that year, that moment, when my mind will turn from the future and live in the past, when I'm stranded in a wheelchair on some cold veranda. There's still fight left in me. But I remember the small boy wandering New York, stepping out of a club at four in the morning, the air cool against my damp skin. Light rain bloomed on the sidewalk, and a group of boys pushed past me, fierce and solid, and set off down the street. I followed them for a while, humming the whistling tune that Frankie had played. We twisted through the dark streets, and at first they were just a few feet ahead, but then we turned onto Second Avenue, and I bought a Coke from a bodega, and when I came out they were already a block away. I polished off the soda in two gulps, my shirt clinging to my skin, a string of red lights turning green over the empty street.



NO REGRETS

RANDY ADDISON

As photographers and artists, we are drawn to water ... the fluidity and distortion as well as the buoyancy and symbolic life-giving energy. In these photos, water is a tool of revelation. It creates transparency, movement, and insight. It facilitates a dreamlike quality, like a distant memory.







NO REGRETS 57



WATERWORKS

JASON JACKSON FOR THE EROTISE PROJECT

Water is fluid and unwavering. It is a catalyst for rebirth and growth and has historically been used as a symbol of wisdom, power and grace. It is also an unrelenting and destructive force when unleashed. All of these things come to fruition watching 2 men play, explore and push the boundaries of their use of fluid to express their sensuality and create a connectedness.

Models: Aaron Trainer and cheekymonkey81

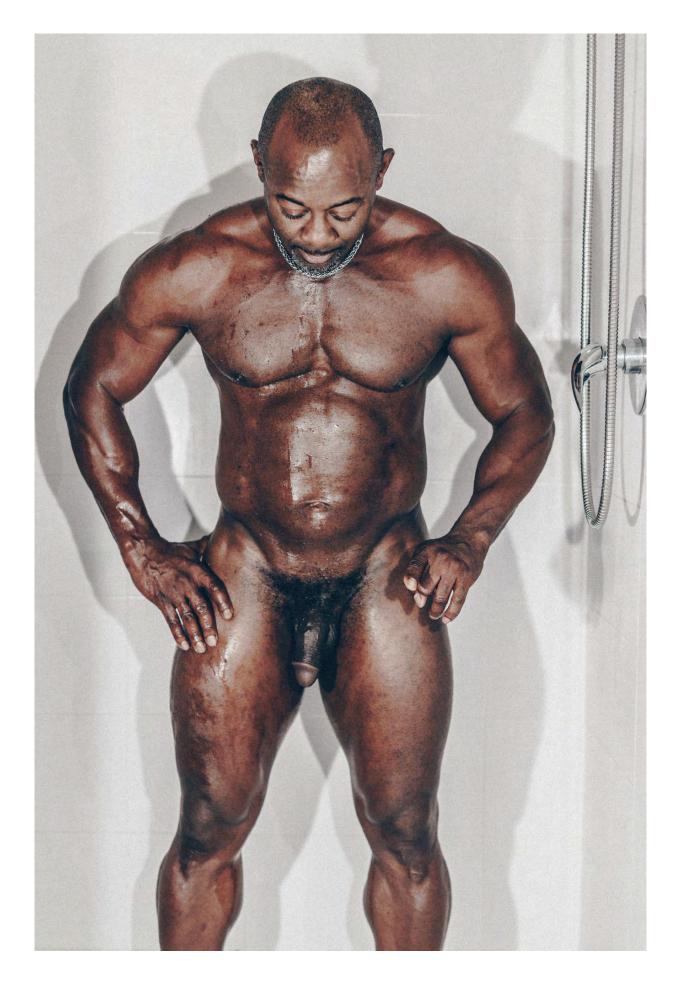






Waterworks | 4





Waterworks | 6







Waterworks | 9



WE ARE BORN NAKED AND WET. NAKED MEN,WET DREAMS

AURELIO MONGE

Nacemos desnudos y mojados.

Despertamos húmedos en el alba de la adolescencia soñando con la desnudez que alimenta la pasión.

Nos perpetuamos con el néctar de la vida, mojados en sudor y fluidos Amamos con pasión bajo la lluvia, entre las olas y los manatiales. Cerebros húmedos en constante ardor.

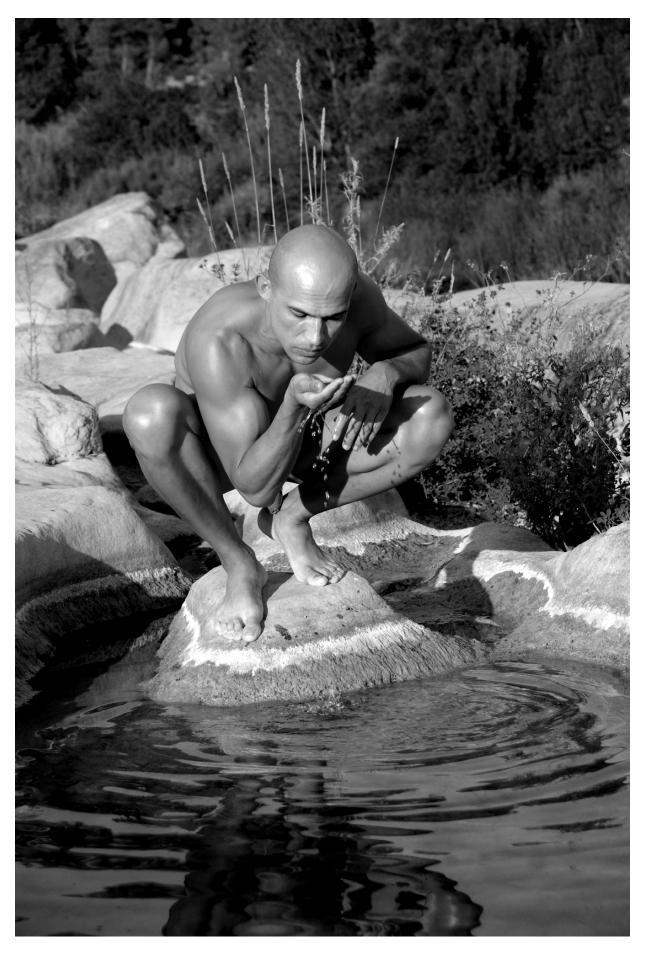
¡Ay de aquel cuya mirada no busque el matiz erótico que despierte o recuerde momentos de deseo! We wake up wet at the dawn of adolescence dreaming of the nakedness that fuels passion.

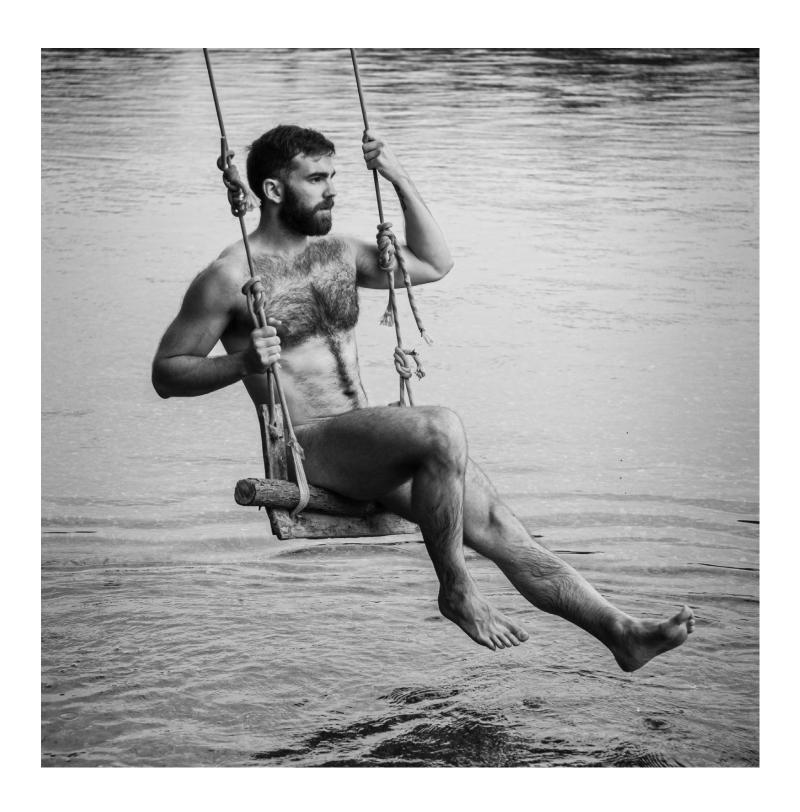
We perpetuate ourselves with the nectar of life, drenched in sweat and fluids.

We love passionately in the rain, between the waves and the springs.

Wet brains constantly burning.

Woe to him whose gaze does not seek the erotic nuance that awakens or recalls moments of desire!







ERIC & VILLE



70 The Pray of the Waves



URREA | 1 71



72 URREA | 2



In the Water 73



GETTING WET ONE BLOODY HOT SUMMER

FENAR KUMAR

each summer, we would make our way up to the mountains of north india to escape from the heat of the plains. but that summer there was no escaping the heat even at 1600 metres above sea level, temperatures soared to a crescendo and stayed there, with no respite in sight.

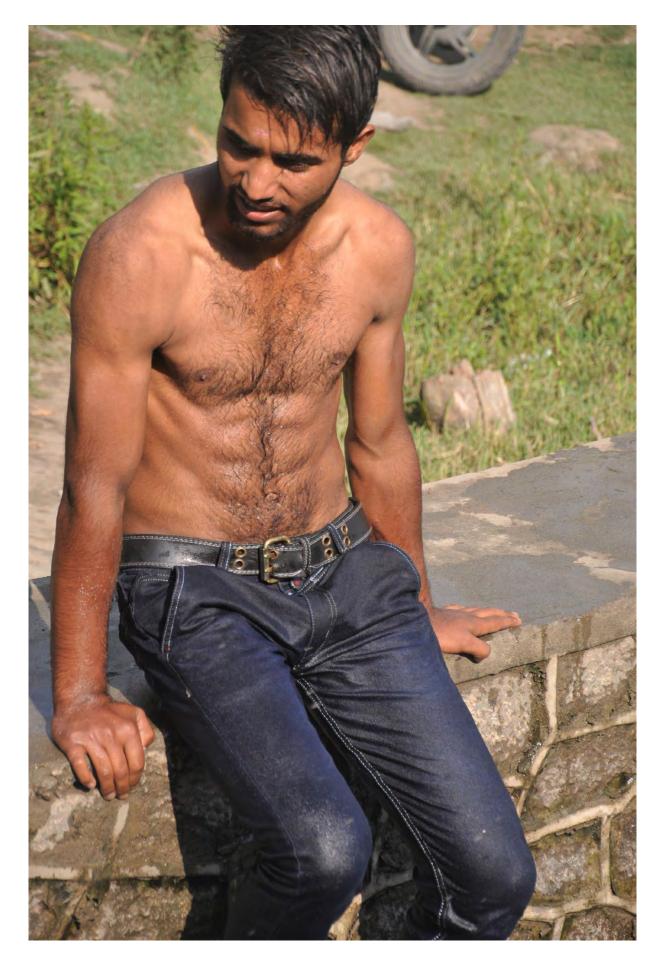
that's when we took to the water wherever we could find it – in icy cold streams, in watering holes, in the formal gardens of the mughals, in snow-fed lakes fringed by the himalayas. and in my case, the garden hose.

these photos are a record of our attempt to beat the unbearable heat of that summer by getting wet whenever and wherever we could. A lot of fun it was too.

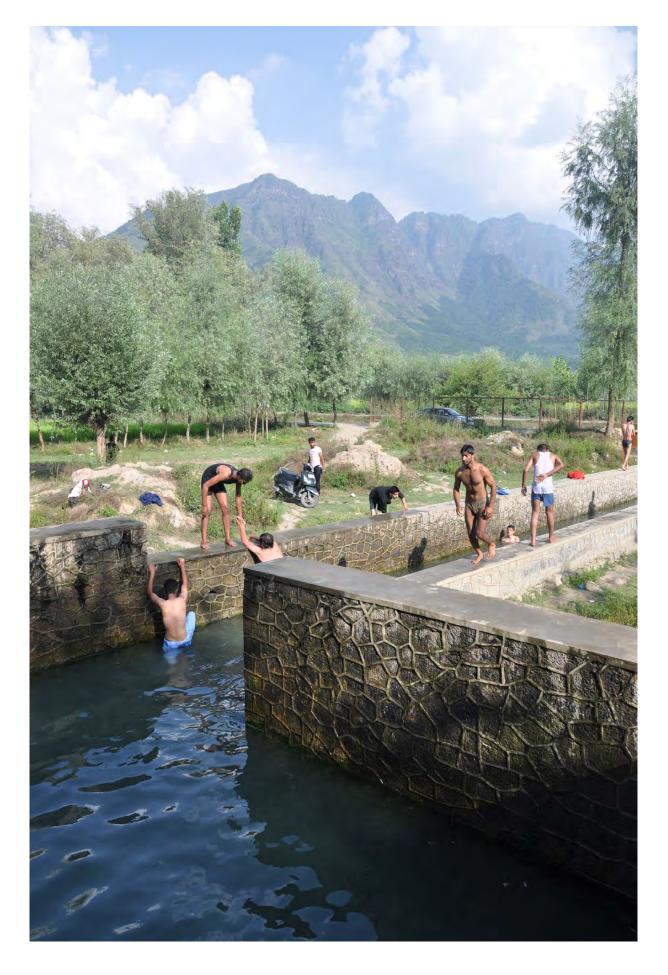




76 WATER HOLE | 2



Water Hole | 3





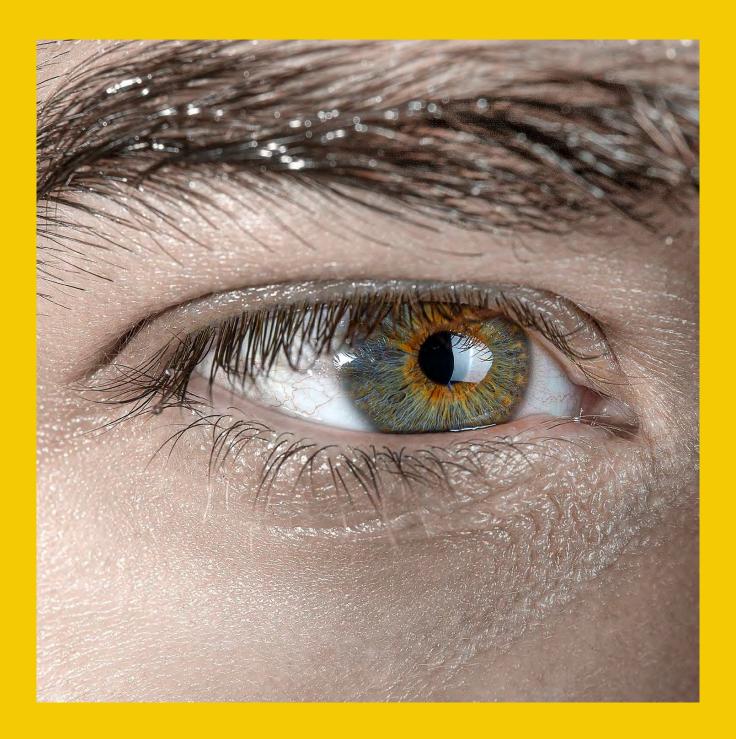
Water Hole | 6 79



80 Water Hole | 9



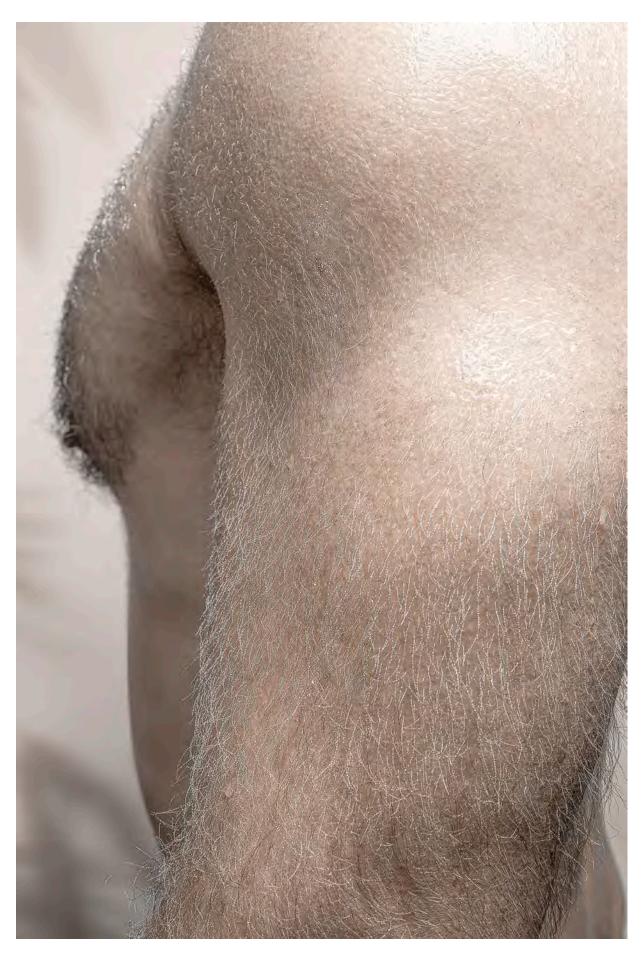
Manasbal Lake | 1

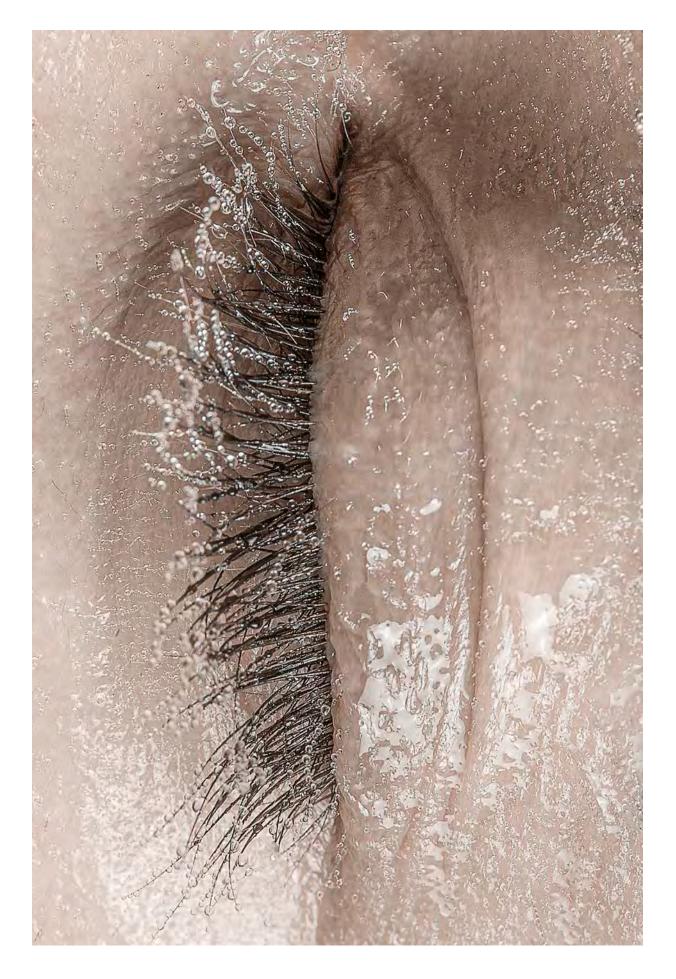


STEVEN Fric Lanuit

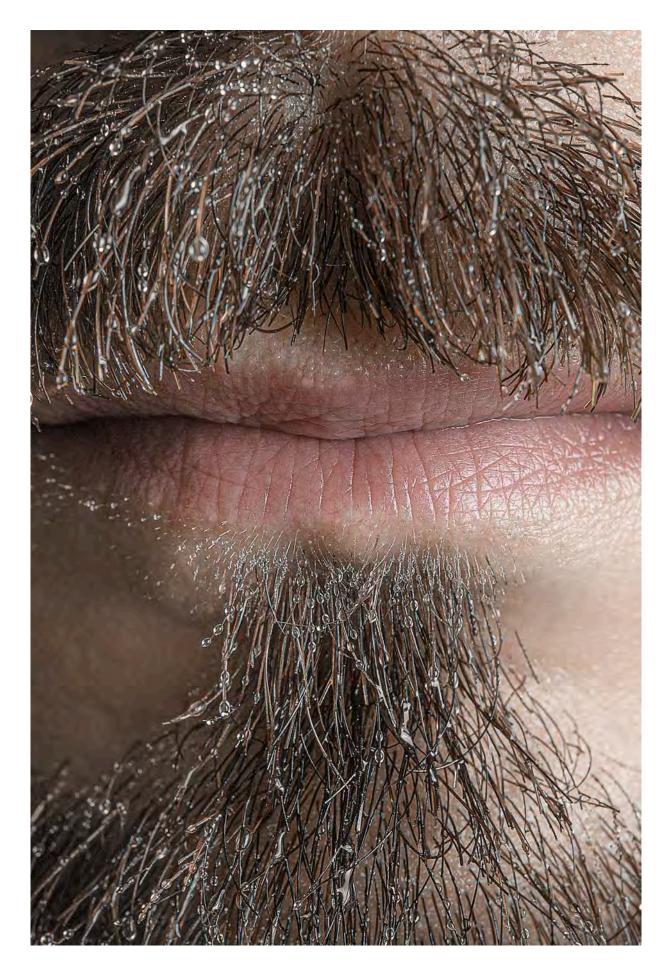
Nel voler vostro è sol la voglia mia, I miei pensier nel vostro cor si fanno, Nel vostro fiato son le mie parole. Mon désir de réside qu'en votre vouloir, Mes pensées ne se forgent que dans votre coeur, Mes paroles ne naissent que de votre souffle.

Michel-Anae / Sonnet à Tommaso Cavalieri





84 STEVEN #3



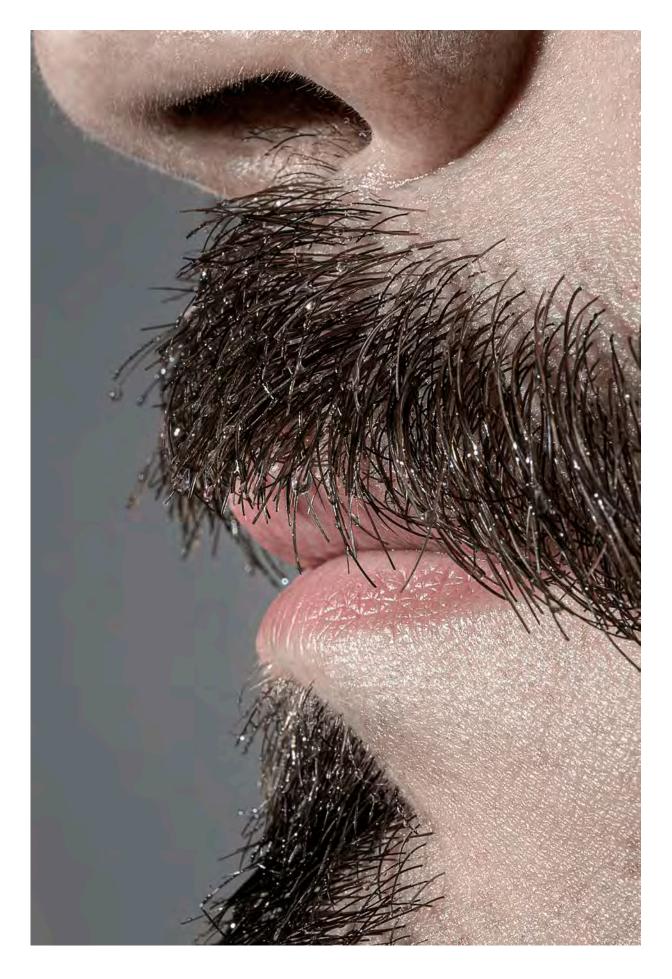
STEVEN # 4

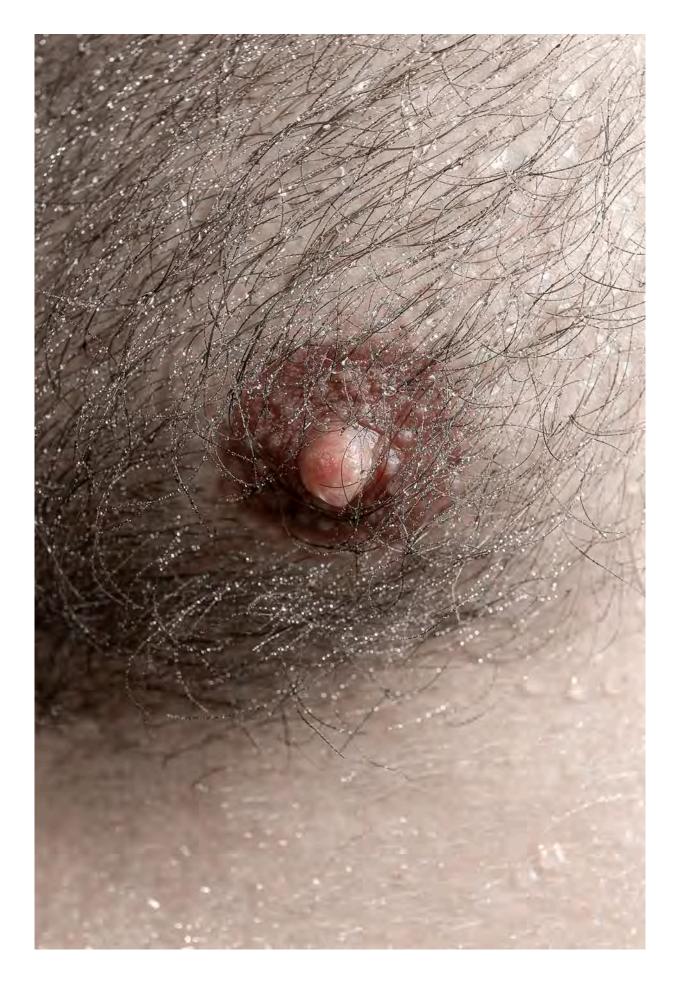


86 Steven # 5



STEVEN # 6





STEVEN # 8





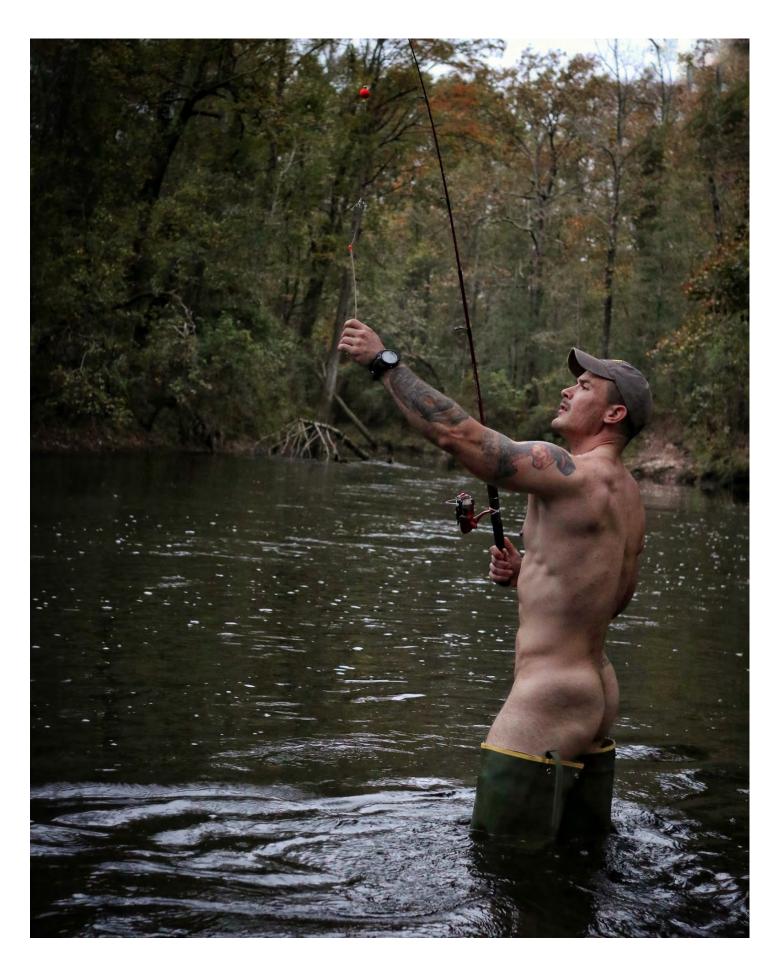
STEVEN # 10 91



TAKE ME TO THE RIVER

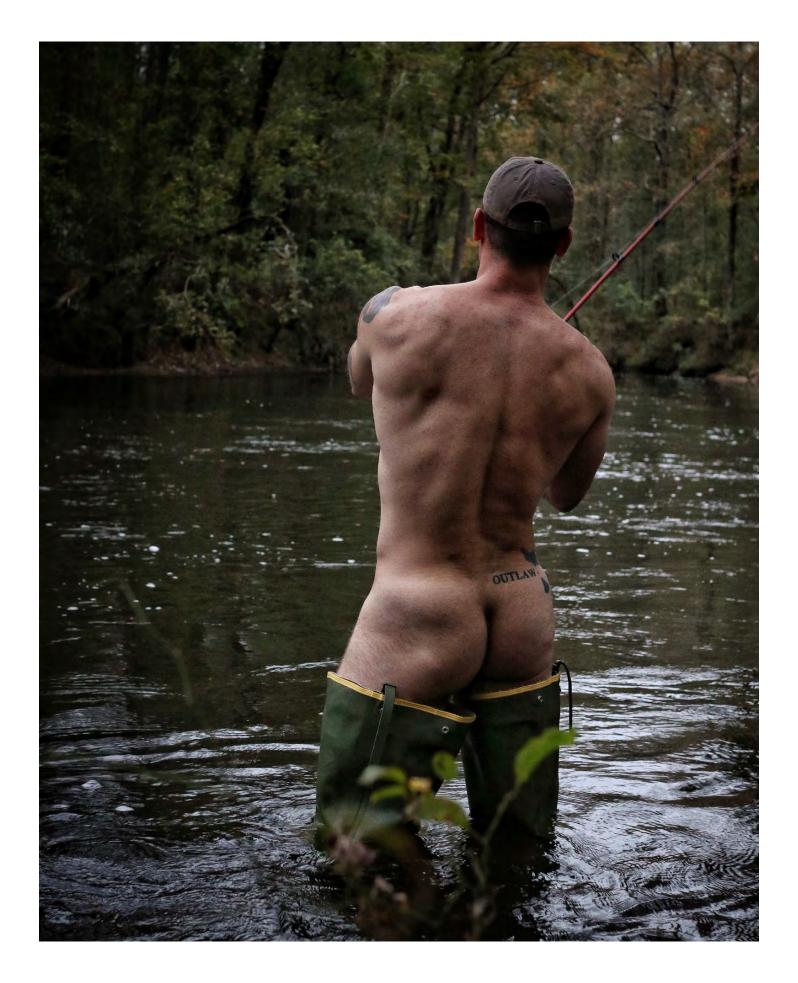
TOM CALLOWAY

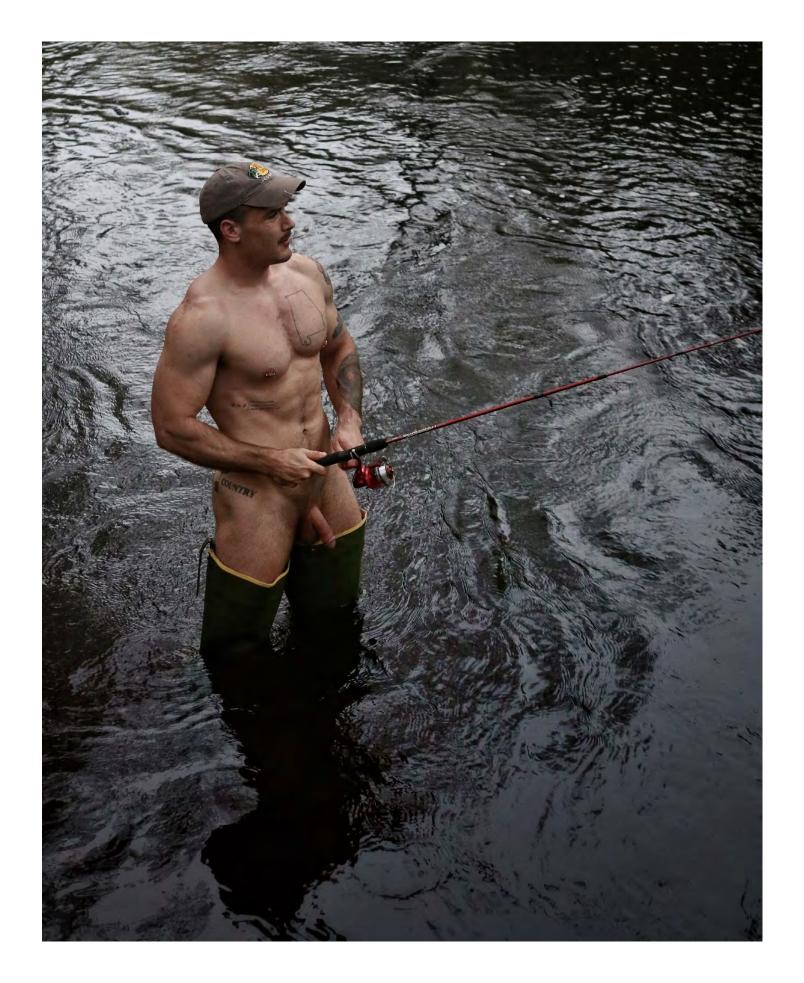
Rivers have a deep spiritual significance. When men shed their clothes to swim, to bathe, or to catch the sun; they often shed their inhibitions, fears, and reservations as well. There is a moment of complete freedom – of abandon – that accompanies the act of being completely naked in the water. There is also the excitement of being caught, naughty, in the midst of joy. We go to the river weighted down. We emerge, baptized, free to enjoy our nakedness without shame.

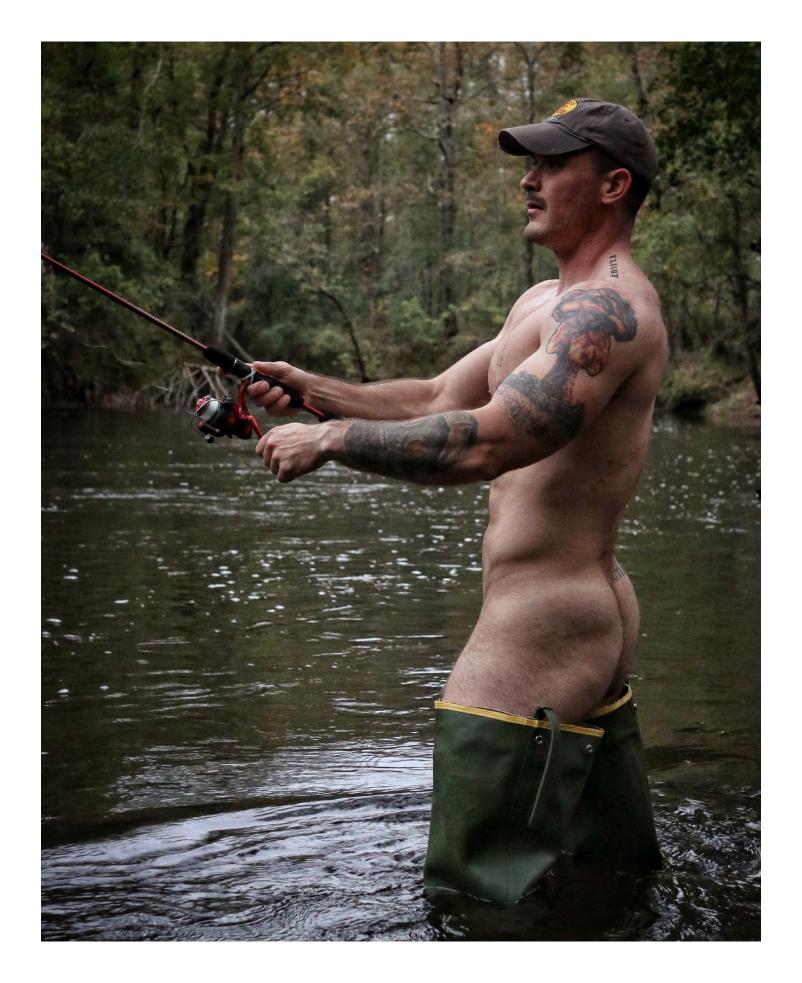


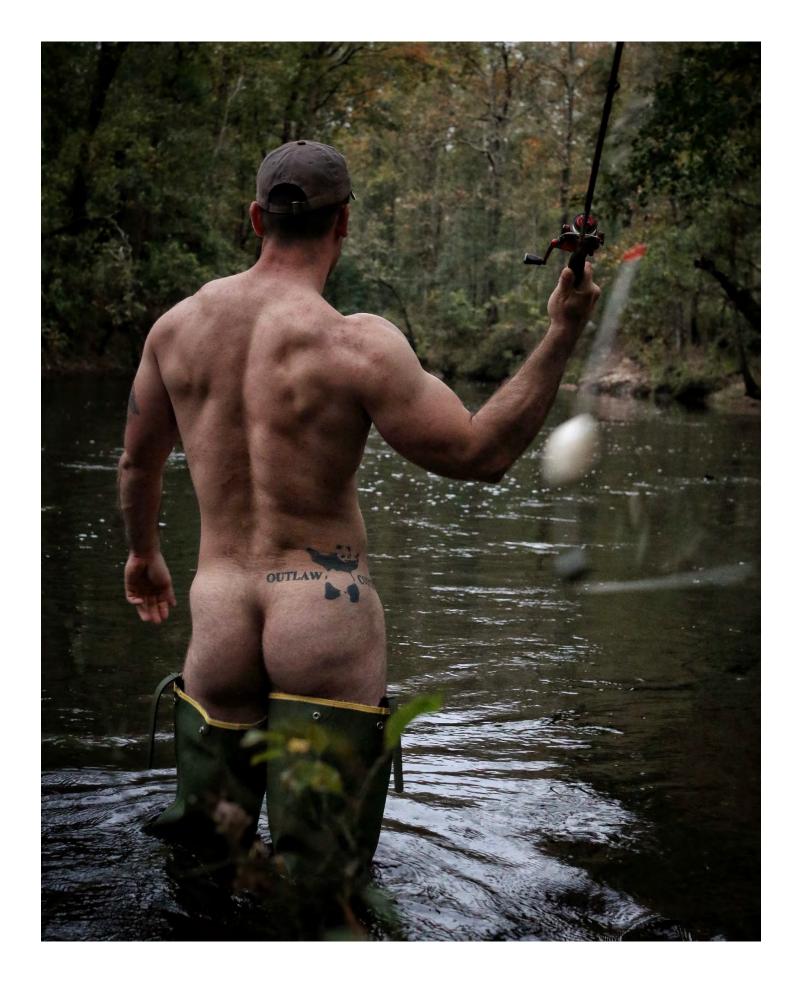


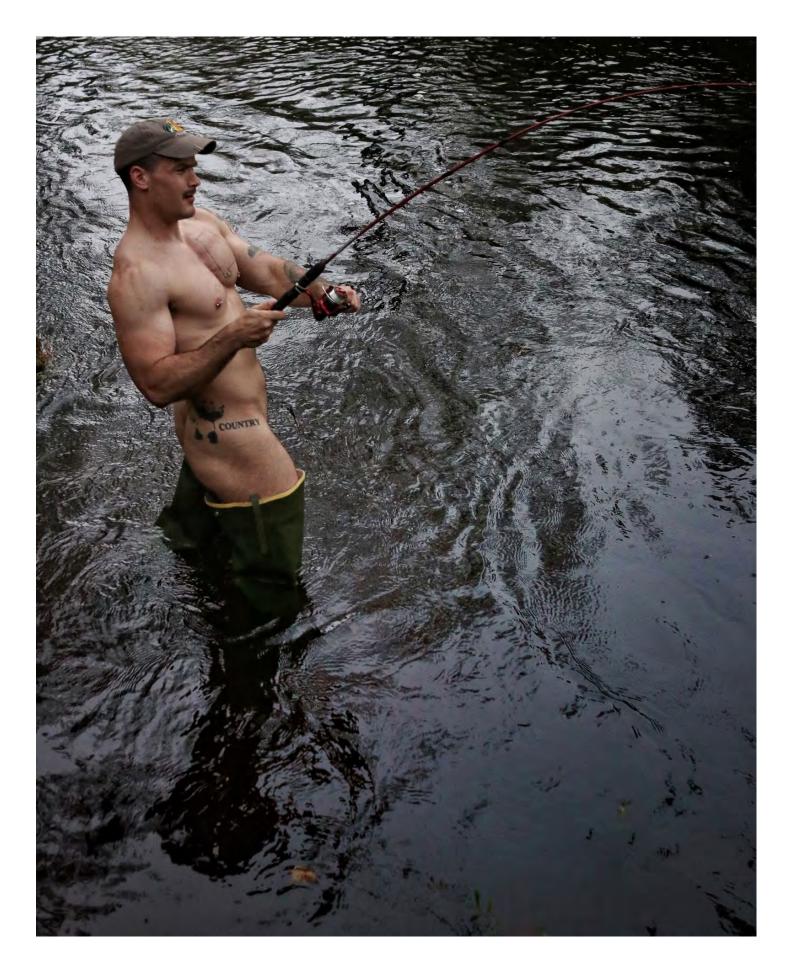
94 TAKE ME TO THE RIVER | 3





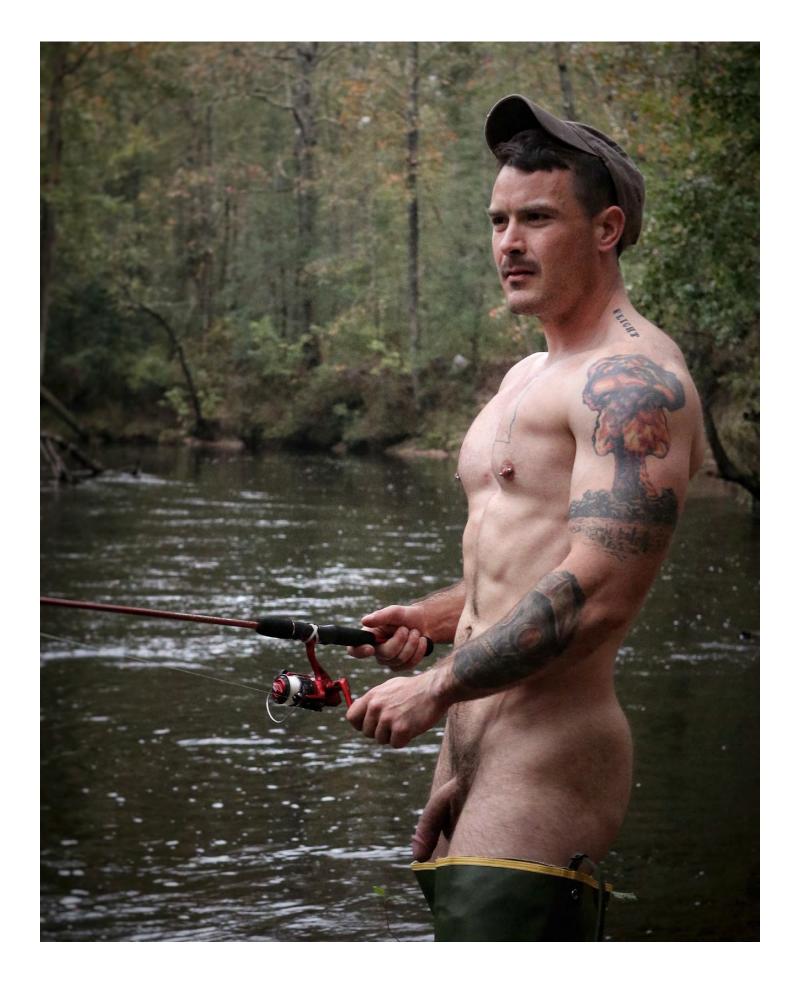




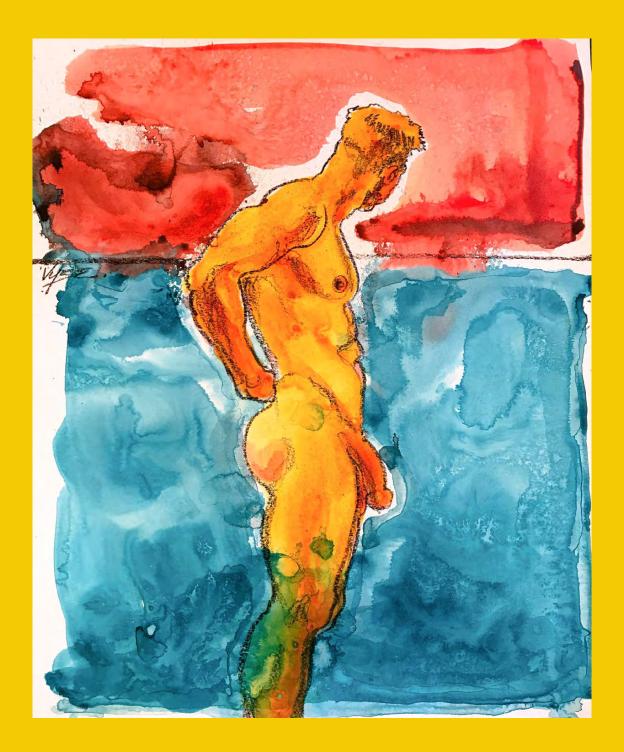








TAKE ME TO THE RIVER | 11 101



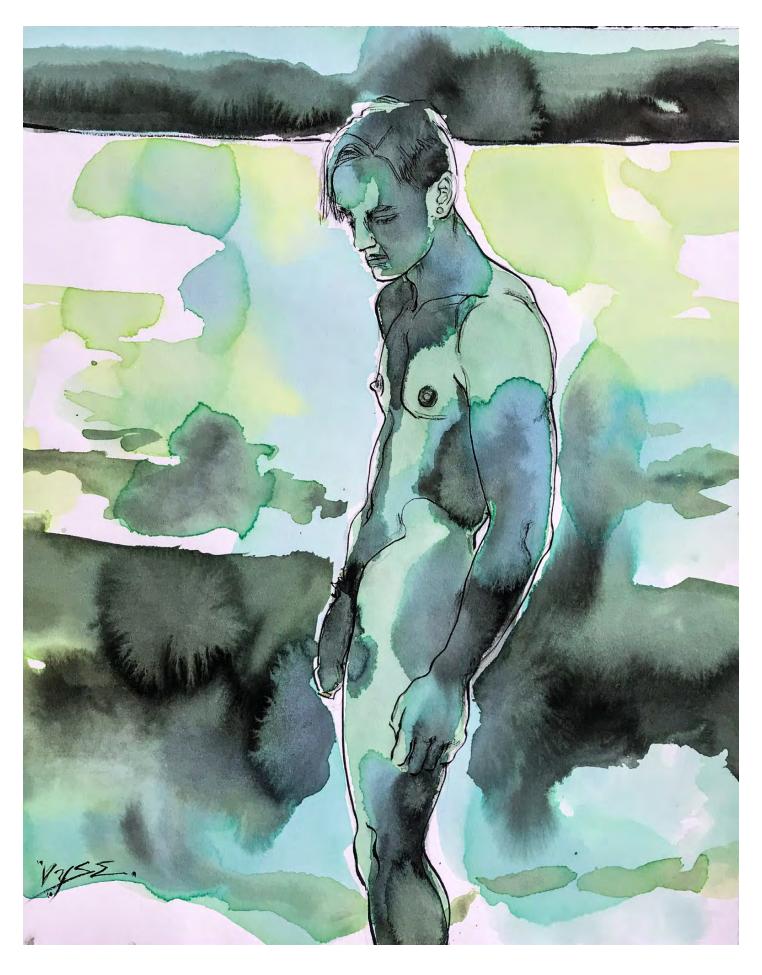
BECOME THE MOTH

RICHARD VYSE

l did not immerse myself in blood because I hate blood and bleeding. Only grape wine can wet me. I was drenched in sweat. But grape wine eliminates the smell of male sweat. To the sweetness of a man who drowned in blood to become The moth. Cheers on grapes and their derivatives.



previous page: Become the Moth | 1 this page: Become the Moth | 2



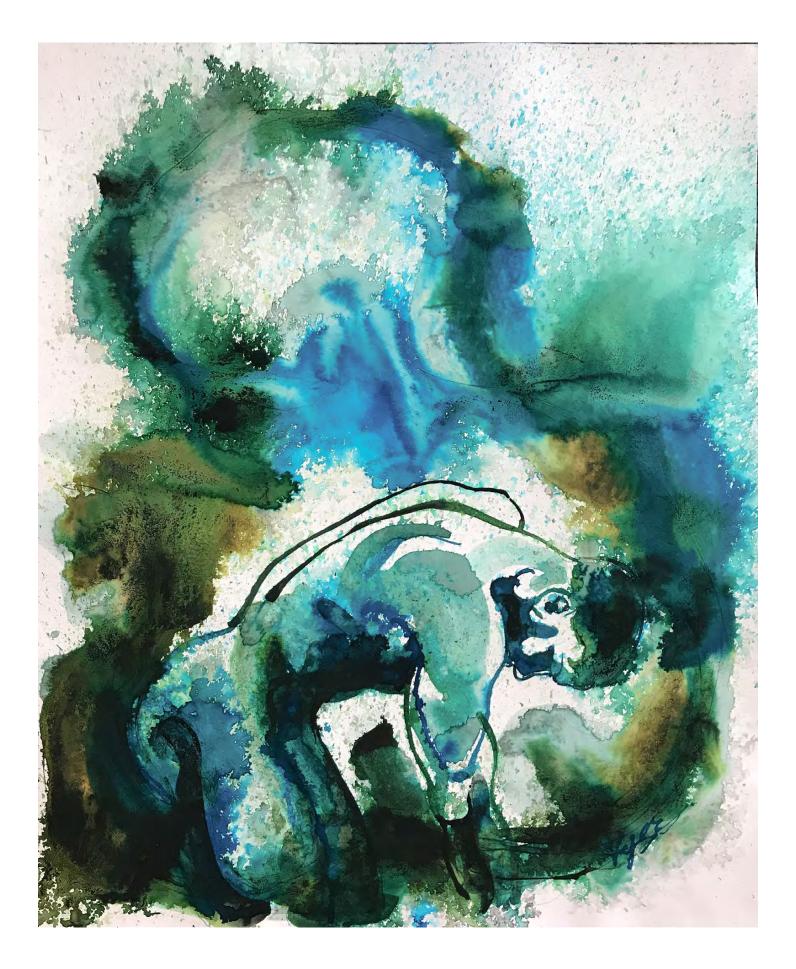
104 Become the Moth | 3



BECOME THE MOTH | 4 105



106



BECOME THE MOTH | 6 107



SHOWER TIME

ANDREW GRAHAM

Exploring art with a dear friend—a photographer and model—is one of the greatest gifts I can imagine. It allows for trying our ideas, taking risks, pushing boundaries in pursuit of something new, something beautiful, something awesome! I am always so grateful to models who get naked for my art, without whom I would not make art. And to my dear friends who selflessly sit before my lens and explore! Thanks you so much!





110 Shower Time | 3



SHOWER TIME | 4 1111







Shower Time | 7 113



114 Shower Time | 8



Shower Time | 9 115



OUR WET LOVE

GIAN PAOLO BOCCHETTI

I nostri corpi bagnati si accarezzano, si lavano con il sapone di Aleppo, la sua schiuma morbida e compatta deterge i nostri corpi.

l nostri corpi ansiosi di carezze.

Le tue carezze, quelle che ho imparato ad amare e di cui non so stare senza.

Esploriamo i nostri corpi mutuamente le nostre mani si toccano giocano una danza erotica sulla pelle.

La pelle bagnata fa scivolar via le tensioni

Il tuo sorriso è gioia per me, questi momenti sono da custodire

Il nostro amore bagnato.

Questo amore bagnato è fonte di ispirazione per questi scatti. L macchina fotografica è spettatore e complice della loro passione. Our wet bodies caress each other, they wash themselves with Aleppo soap, its soft and compact foam cleanses our bodies.

Our bodies eager for caresses

Your caresses, the ones that I have learned to love and which I cannot live without.

We explore our bodies for each other, our hands touch they play an erotic dance on the skin.

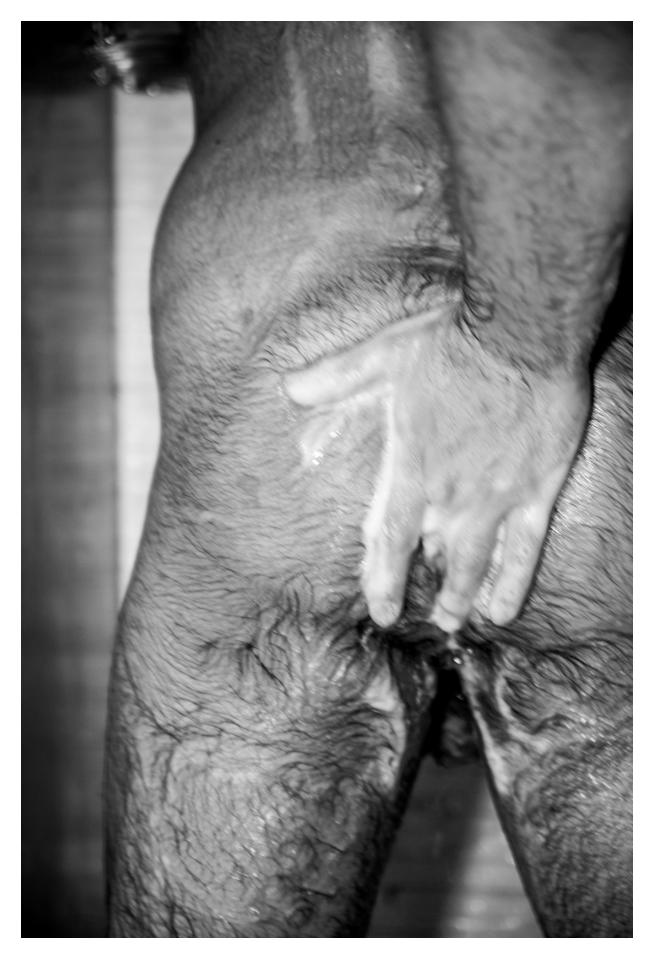
Wet skin makes tension slip away

Your smile is joy for me, these moments are to be cherished

Our wet love

This wet love is the inspiration for these shots. The camera is the spectator and accomplice of their passion.





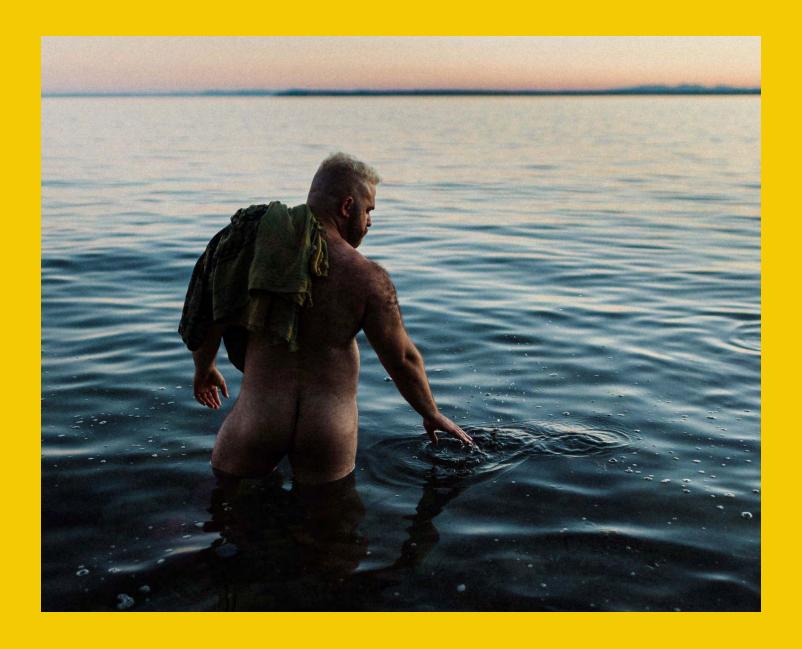




120 Our Wet Love | 5



Our Wet Love | 6 121



SERENITY

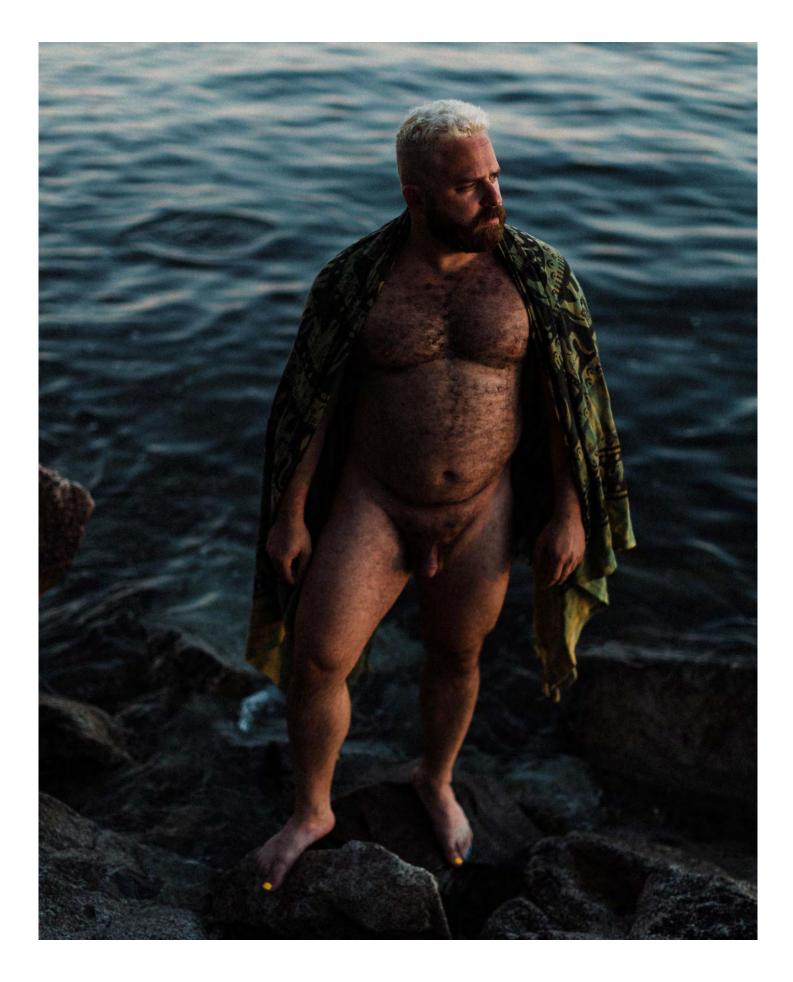
ADAM VON NIEKIRK

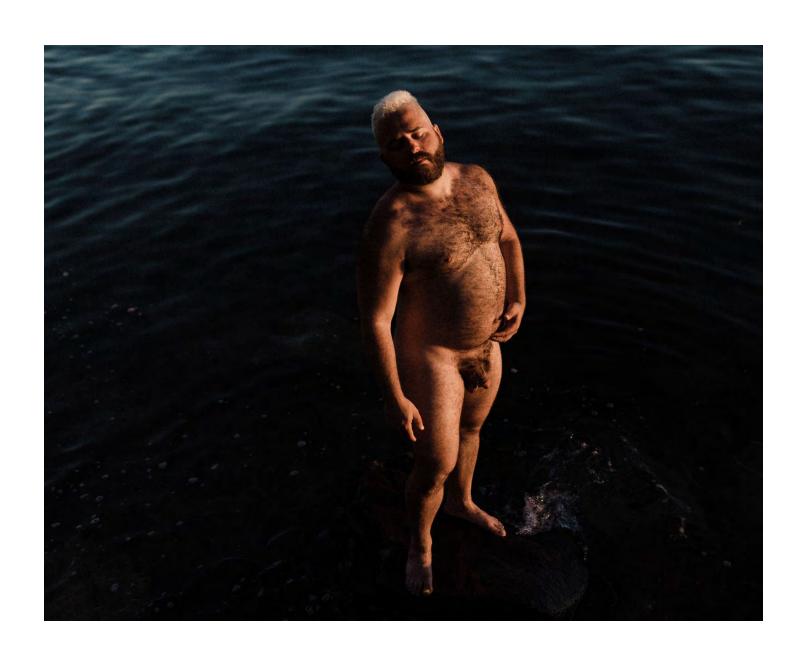
l titled this work serenity, since it was kinda the first thing that came to mind when I thought of my approach to this project.

As I've aged I've learned to appreciate the calmness of the Pacific here in Vancouver. We are largely protected by Vancouver Island and on most days you would guess it was simply a lake. My husband brings me that same peace I feel from our ocean. Everything is calm, life is good and we're exactly where we need to be.

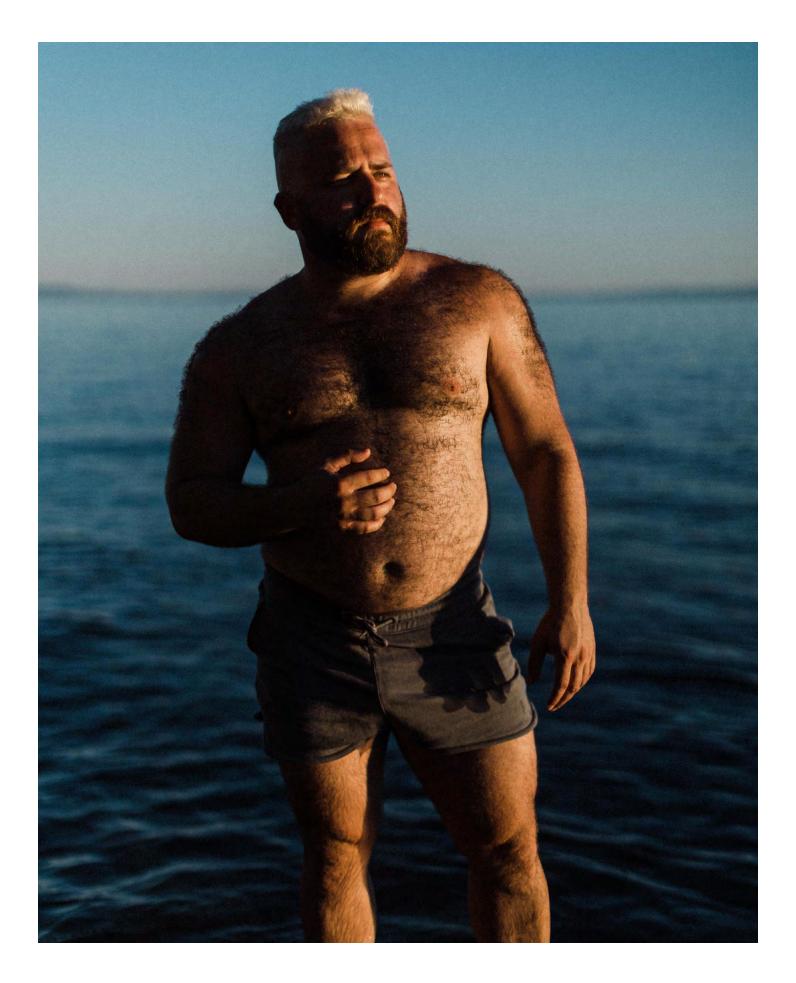
As I was working through these photos, I came to realize that it wasn't even so much this magazine that drove me to push my photograhio passion, but my man himself. He's fucking beautiful and he's mine! What I love most about this set is that he probably comes across as so masculine, 'rugged as fuck' as I once exclaimed on Grindr when I first made contact with him five and a half years ago. Truth be told, Itamar is just a teddy bear; soft, cuddly and my whole life.

I love it when we make art together and I'm thrilled to share my reasor for doing what I do.

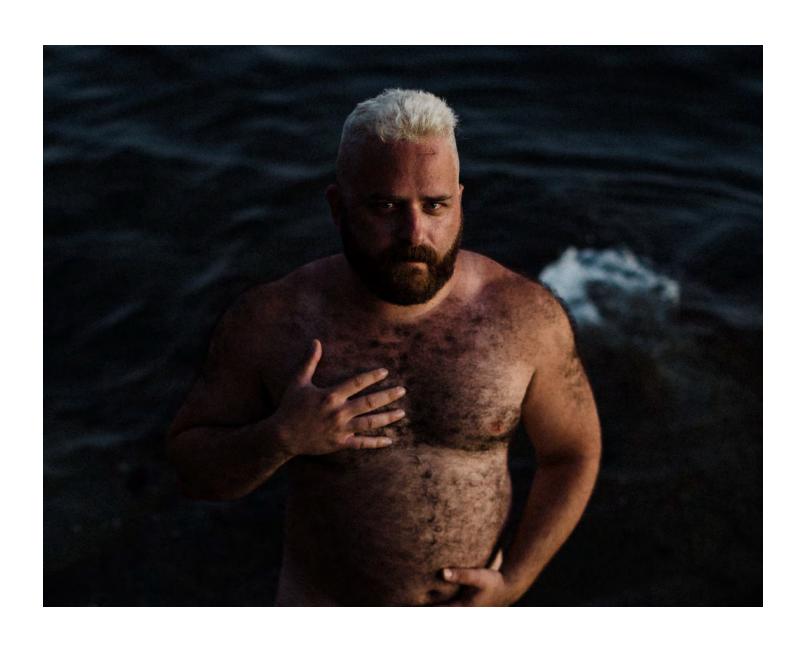




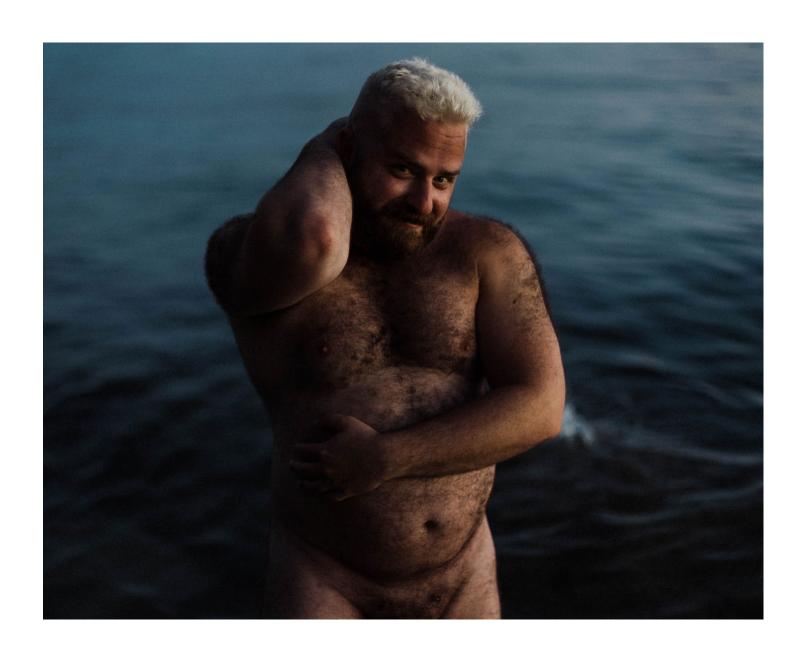
124 Serenity | 3



Serenity | 4 125



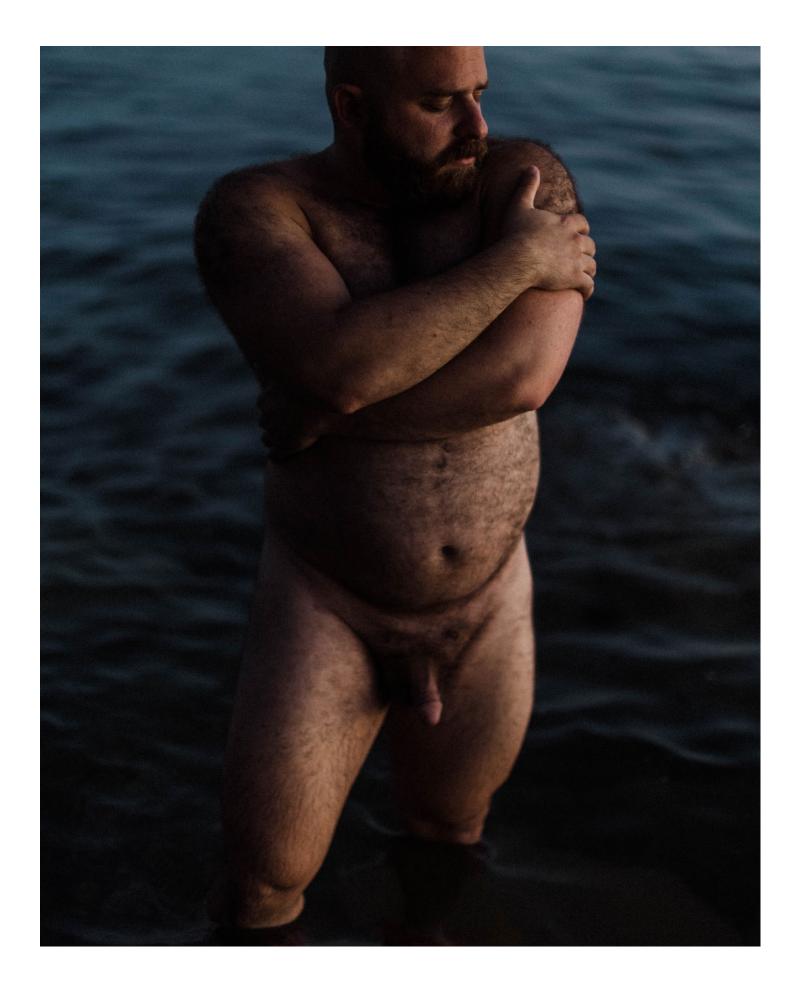
126 Serenity | 5



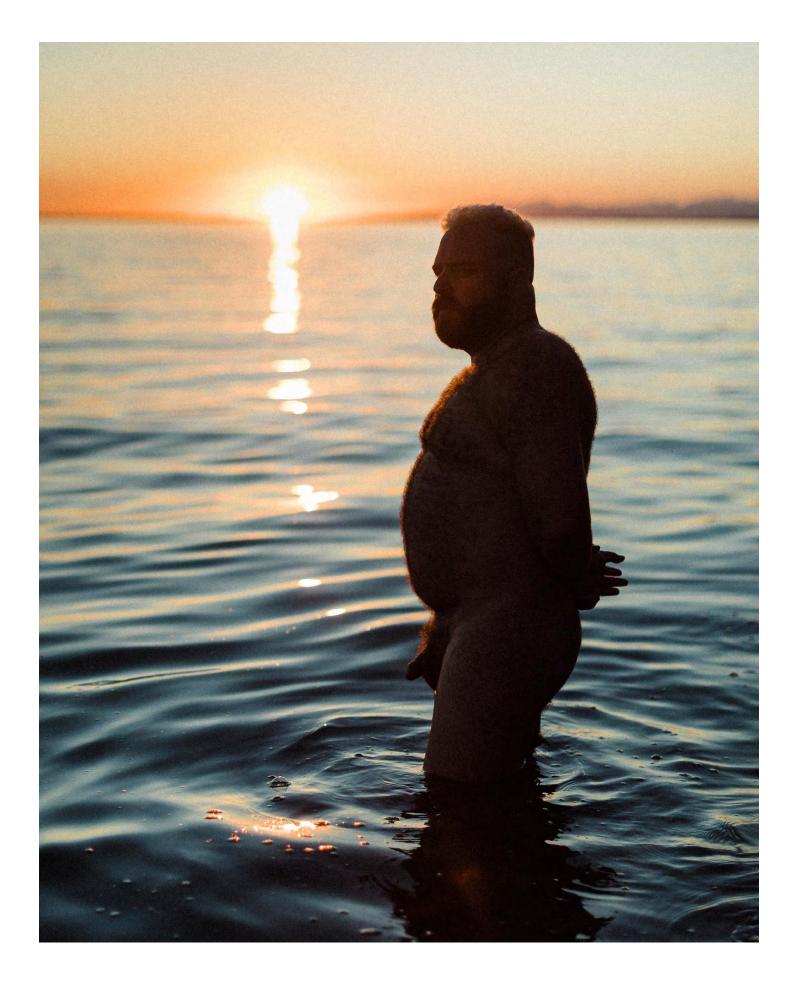
Serenity | 6 127



128 Serenity | 7



Serenity | 8 129



130 Serenity | 9



Serenity | 10 131

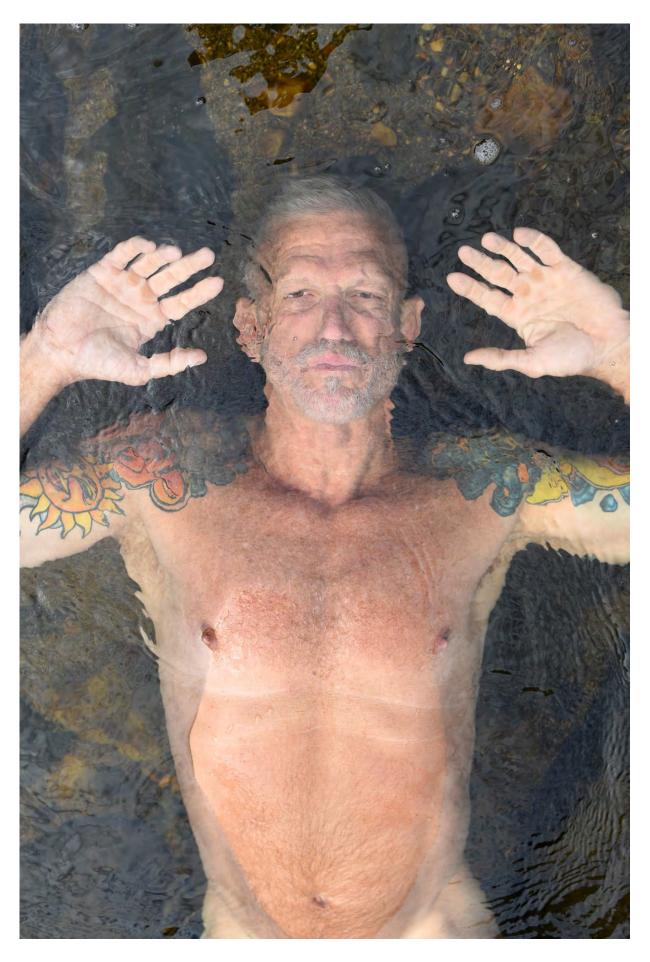


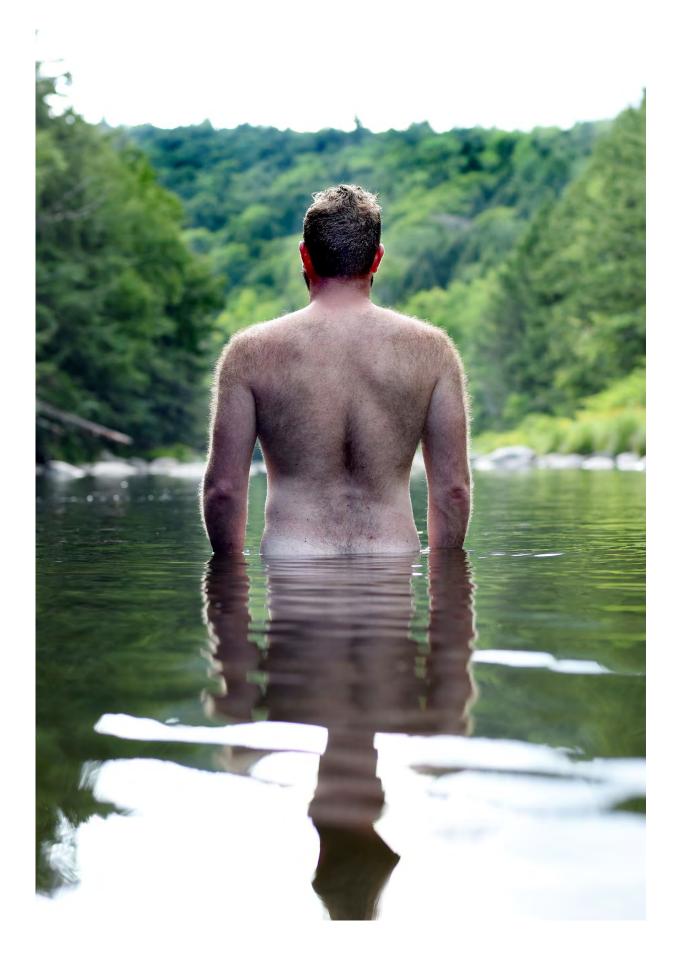
CUMMINGTON

PAUL SPECHT

Portraits at the swimming hole in Cummington, Massachusetts

A collection of Portraits taken at the swimming hole in Cummington, MA along the Westfield River.





134 ERIC - AUGUST 13, 2016



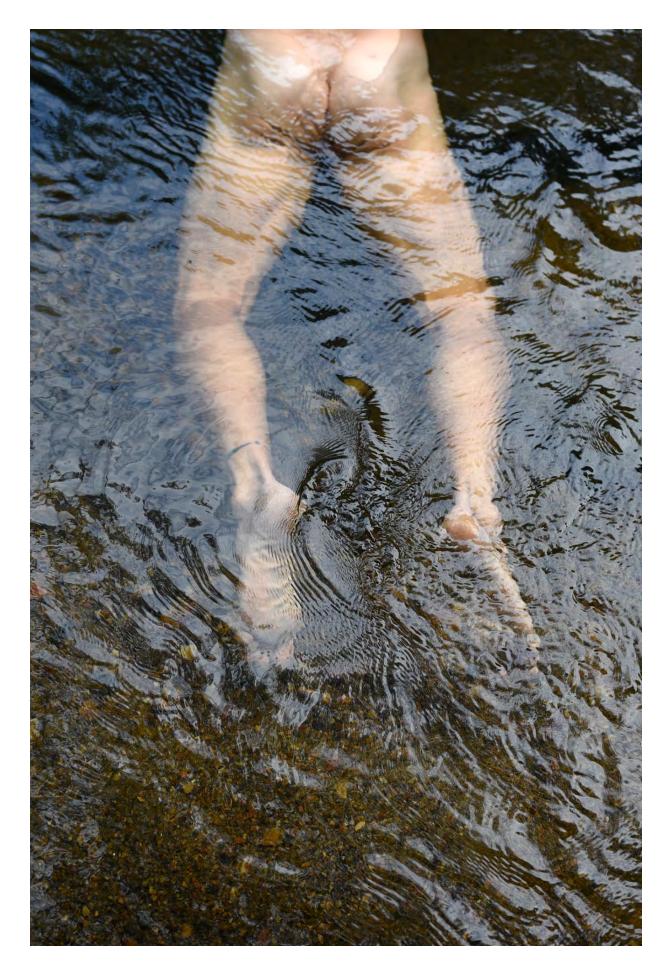
JOHNATHAN - JULY 7, 2015 135

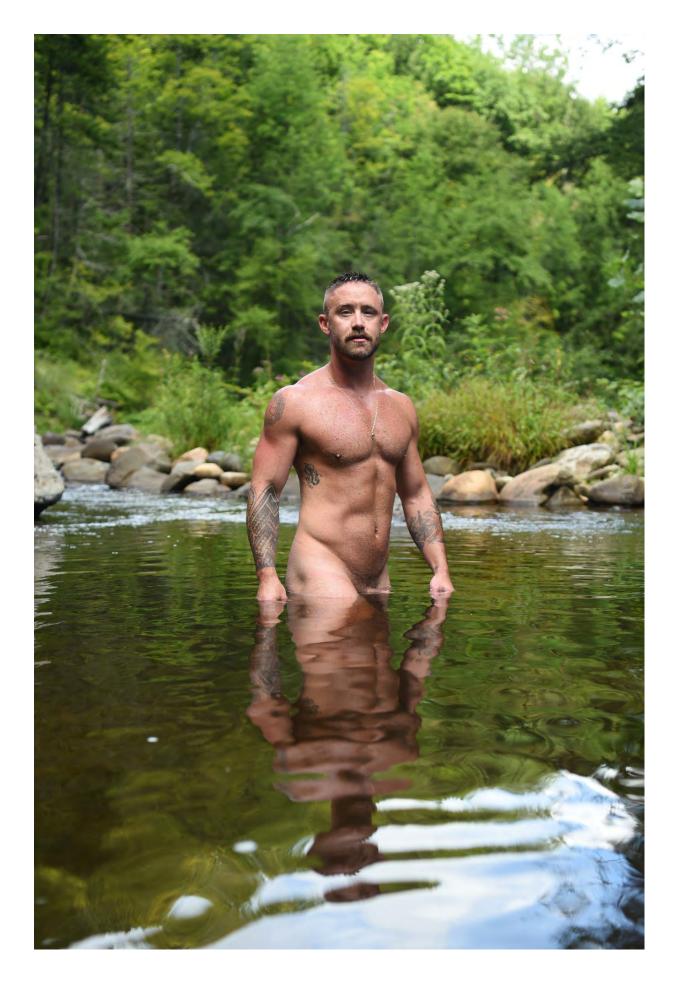


136 Dan & Jeff - September 3, 2016

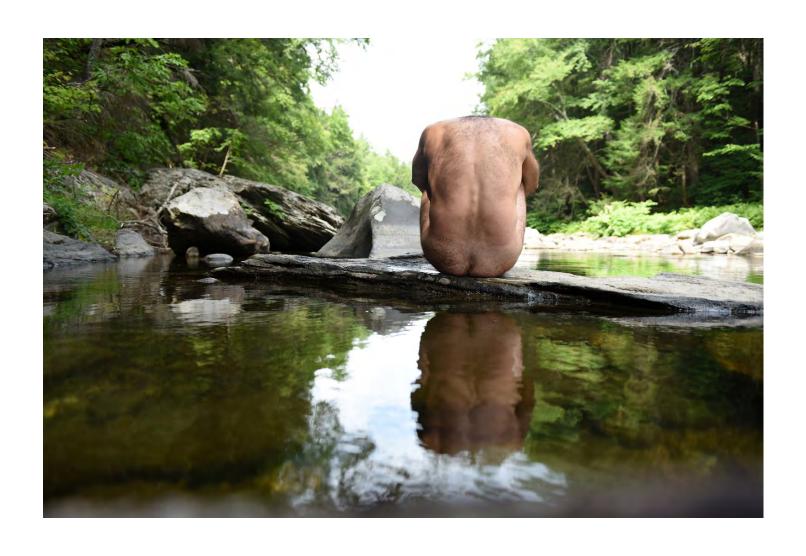


DAN & JEFF - SEP6TEMBER 3, 201





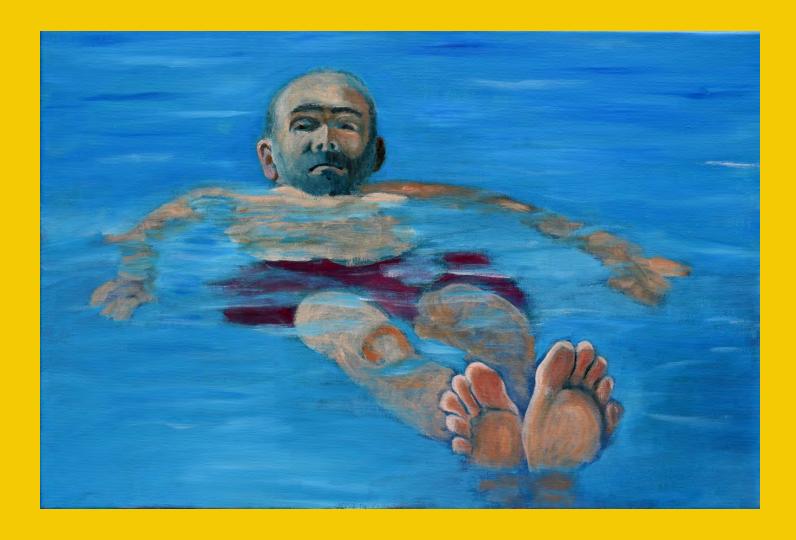
JUSTIN - AUGUST 3 - 2020 139



140 COREY - AUGUST 24, 2016



COREY - AUGUST 24, 2016 141

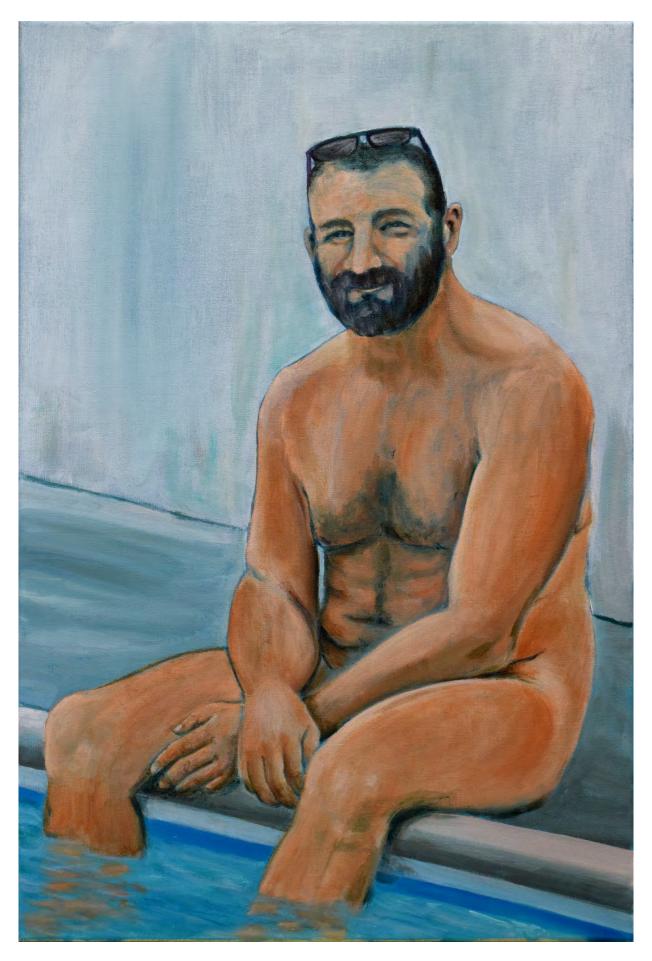


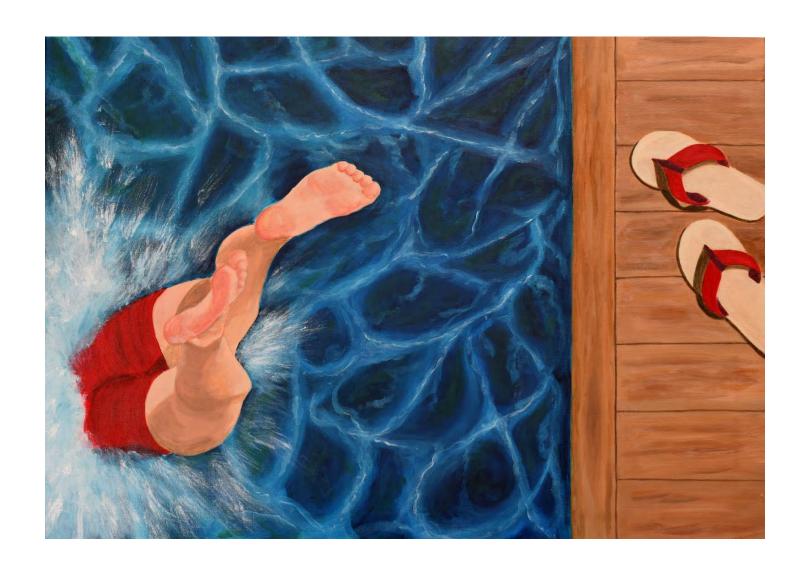
BY THE SWIMMING POOL

Bearceval

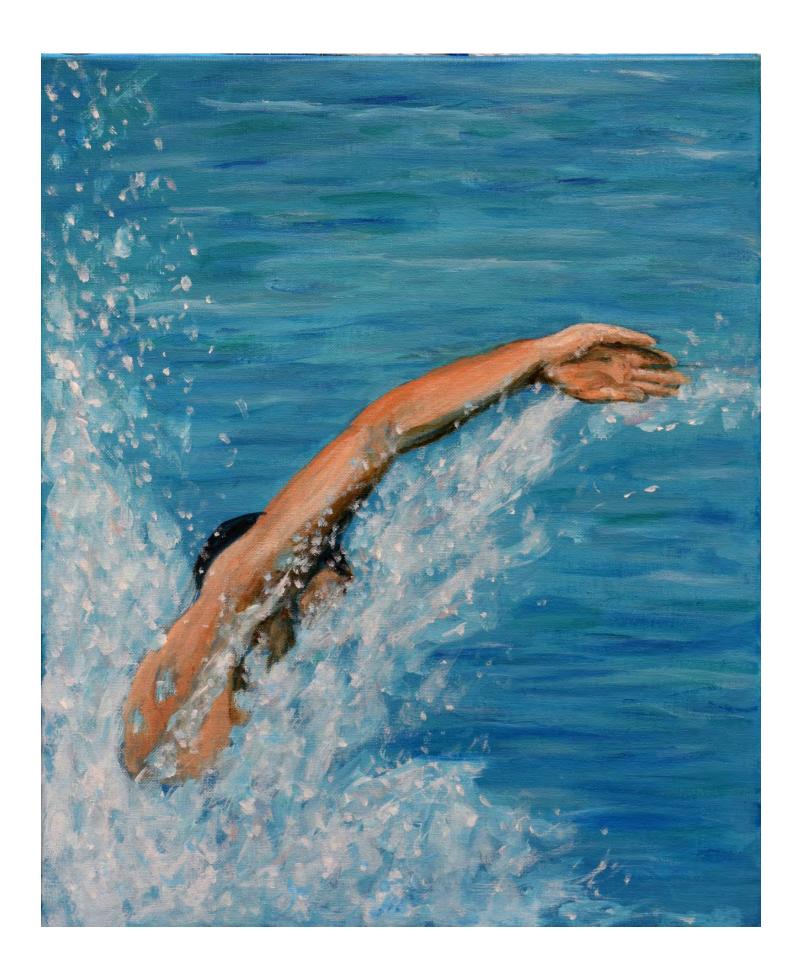
Avec l'apparition puis le développement du tourisme et des loisirs, les artistes ont pu représenter des corps nus, sans être obligés de recourir à des alibis mythologique ou religieux. Les baigneurs, de mer, de rivière ou plus tard de piscines, sont devenus des thèmes récurrents dans la peinture (par exemple avec David Hockney) et la photographie. Quoi de mieux en effet que de se poster sur les bords d'une piscine par une belle journée d'été pour pouvoir observer, étudier, croquer des corps venus se rafraîchir et qui bougent, se reposent, s'abandonnent dans des poses éminemment naturelles. La couleur bleue des liners ou des carreaux met alors en valeurs les tonalités des chairs, tandis que la lumière crue du soleil accentue les contrastes. Les baigneurs, dans les remous de l'eau ou sur les bords des bassins deviennent alors de formidables modèles...

With the tourism and leisure emergence and expansion, artists could paint naked bodies, without having to depict mythological or religious scenes. Bathers, in the sea, rivers or later swimming pools, became recurring subjects in painting (for instance with David Hockney) and photography. What could be better, indeed, than to stand or sit by a swimming pool on a sunny summer day and observe, study, and sketch bodies who took their clothes off and move, rest, or lie down in very natural poses. The liners or tiles blue highlights the flesh tones, while the raw light of the sun increases the contrasts. There, in the movements of the water or by the pools, bathers become wonderful models...





144 PLOUF



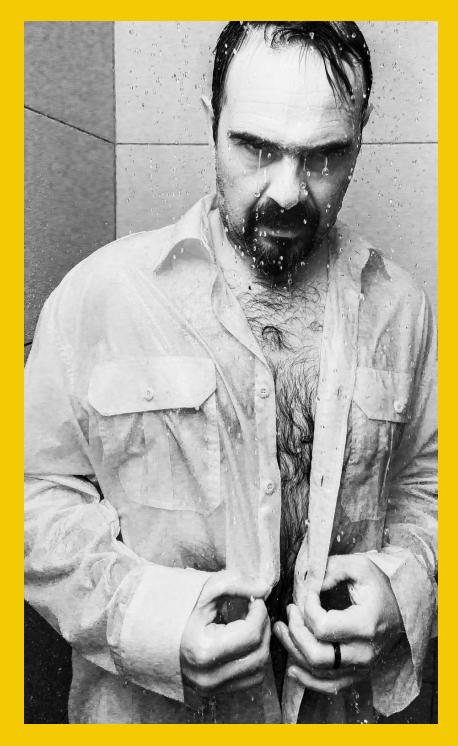
NAGEUR 145



146 Discussion



Sous L'EAU 147



WET LOOK

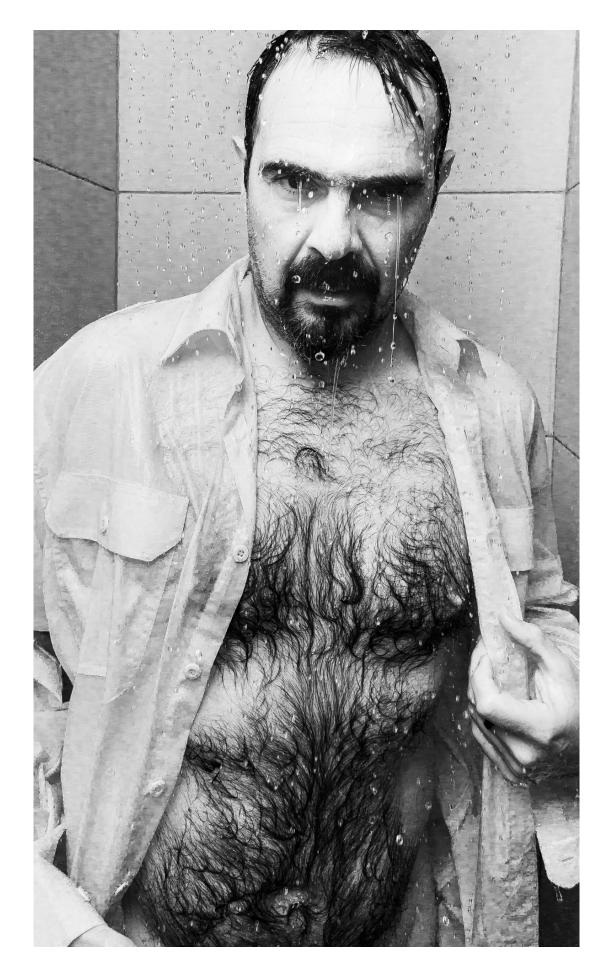
PATRICK POTIE

Ce travail vient en complément d'un travail scolaire sur le nu masculin J'ai éprouvé énormément de plaisir et de satisfaction en traitant ce premier sujet et j'avais envie d'aller encore plus loin et de relever de nouveaux défis.

Je n'aime pas trop les sujets usuels, à savoir : le paysage, l'architecture... même si ce sont des sujets intéressants à traiter. J'aime sortir du lot, me lancer des défis, sortir des sentiers battus, traiter de sujets délicats voir polémiques.

Je trouve que le fétichisme est un bon sujet car peu mis en avant lors d'exposition ou de travaux scolaires This work comes in addition to a schoolwork on the male nude. experienced a lot of pleasure and satisfaction in dealing with this first subject and I wanted to go even further and take on new challenges. don't really like the usual subjects, namely: the landscape, the architecture ... even if they are interesting subjects to deal with. I like to stand out challenge myself, think outside the box, deal with delicate and ever controversial subjects. I find fetishism a good subject because it is not highlighted during exhibitions or school work.





150 Wetlook | 3



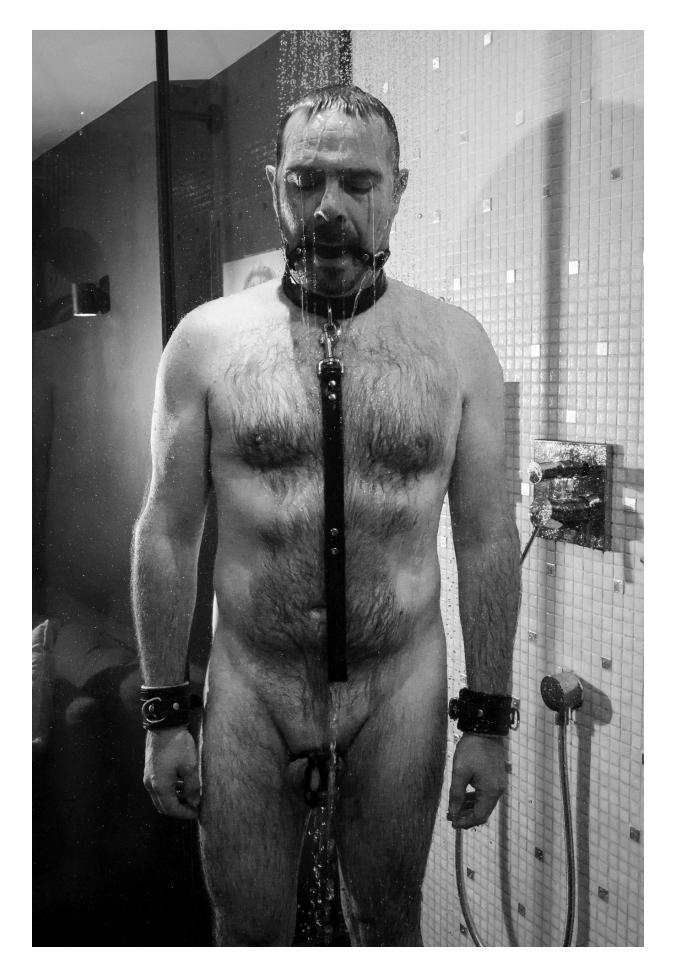
Wet Look | 4



152 Wetlook | 5



Wetlook | 6 153



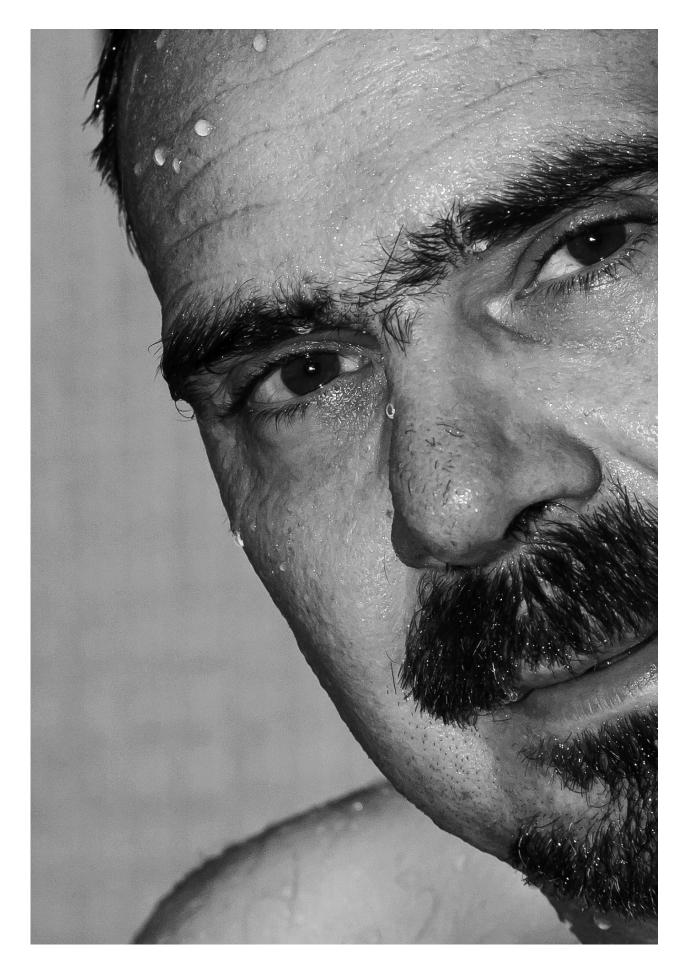
154 Wet Look | 7



Wetlook | 8 155



156 Wet Look | 9



Wet Look | 10



THE WETNESS OF WATER, THE WETNESS OF LIFE

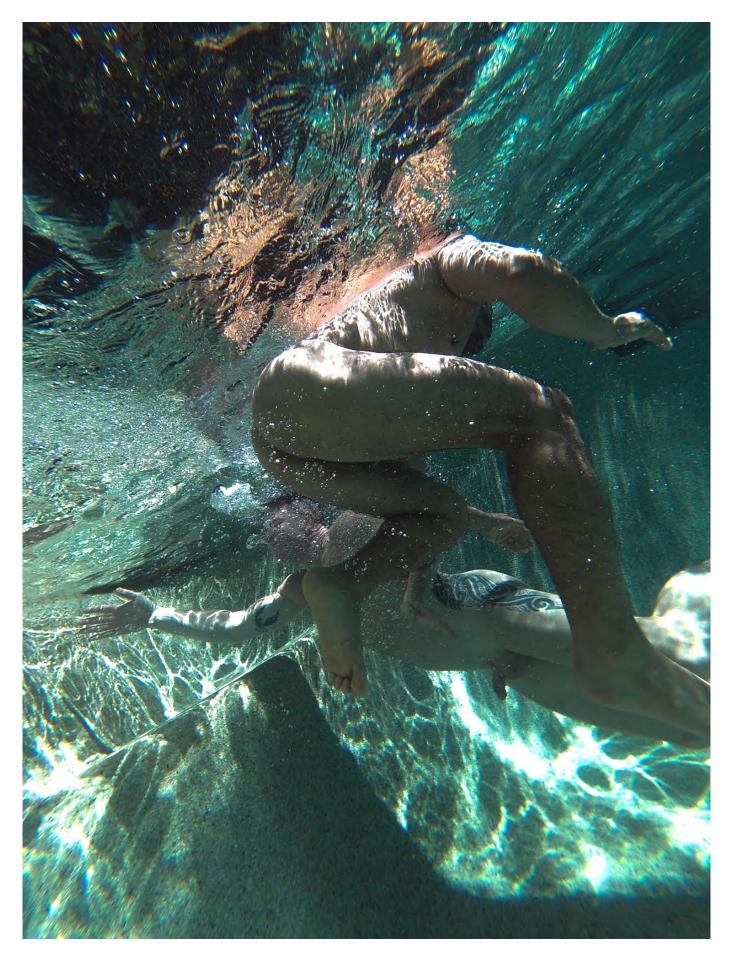
Michael Oelofse

Water is wet. Water is life. It supports life. We come from water. We are made of water. Water is billions of years old- it may be older than our solar system. We drink the same water the dinosaurs drank.

In Sydney water and sunshine are a magic potion. Throw in two very sexy men and let the enchantment begin.

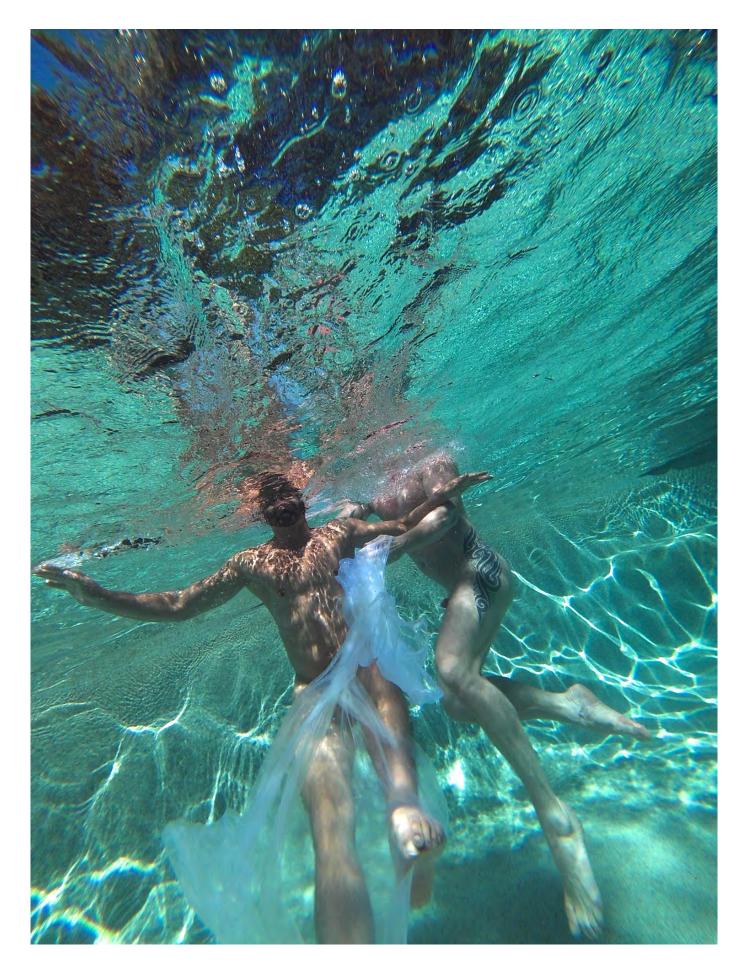
I was lucky to have worked with these two beautiful men several times before they left for North and South America. Their chemistry is obvious. Maybe the wetness of the water was catalytic!

I am fascinated by the change of perspective when photographing above and underwater. Everything changes. Conventional gestures are replaced with fluid motions- nothing is static in this floating world. The colors are vivid, the contrasts stark. Shadow and light shift with the rippling and splashing of the water and the motion of the swimmers. It is a graceful and balletic.





160 Untitled | 3



Untitled | 4 161



162 Untitled | 5



Untitled | 6 163



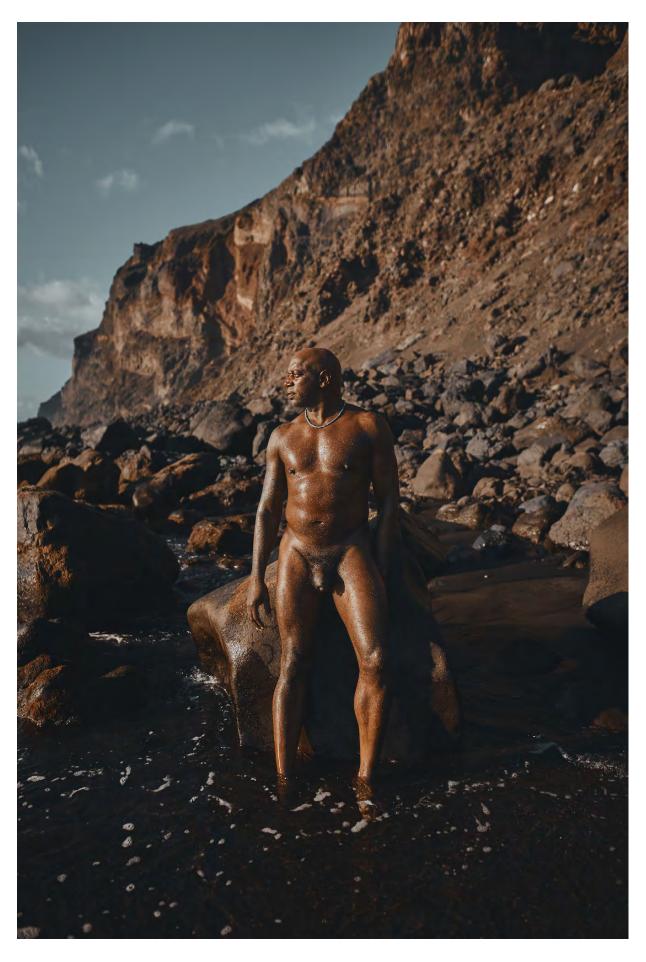
164 Untitled | 7



Untitled | 8 165



AHEMON (GUANCHE FOR WATER) Oliver Núñez Díaz



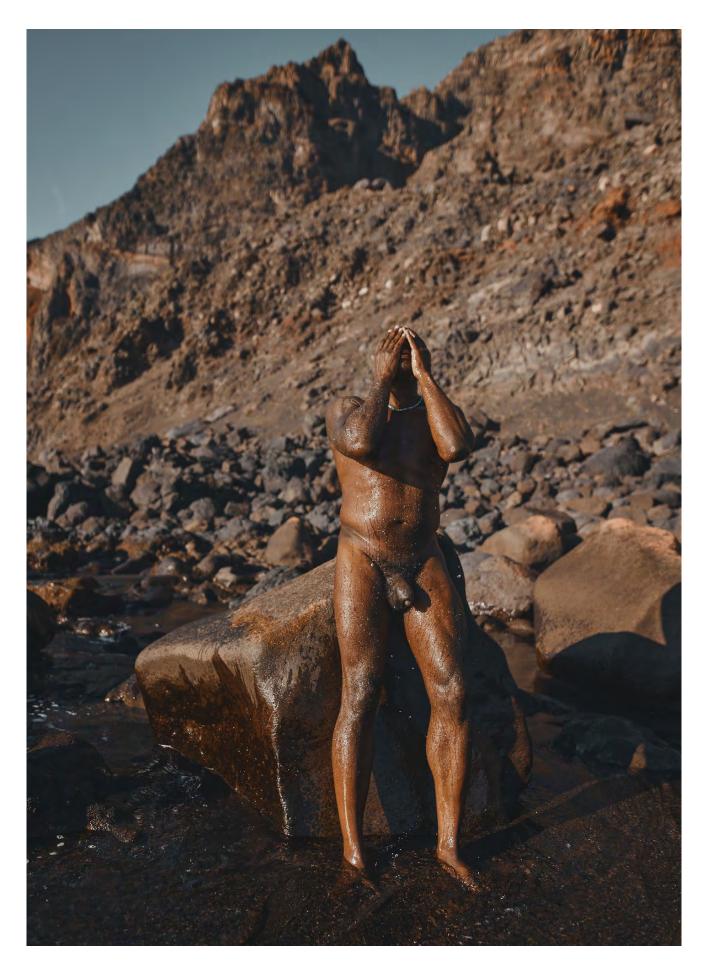


168 AHEMON | 3

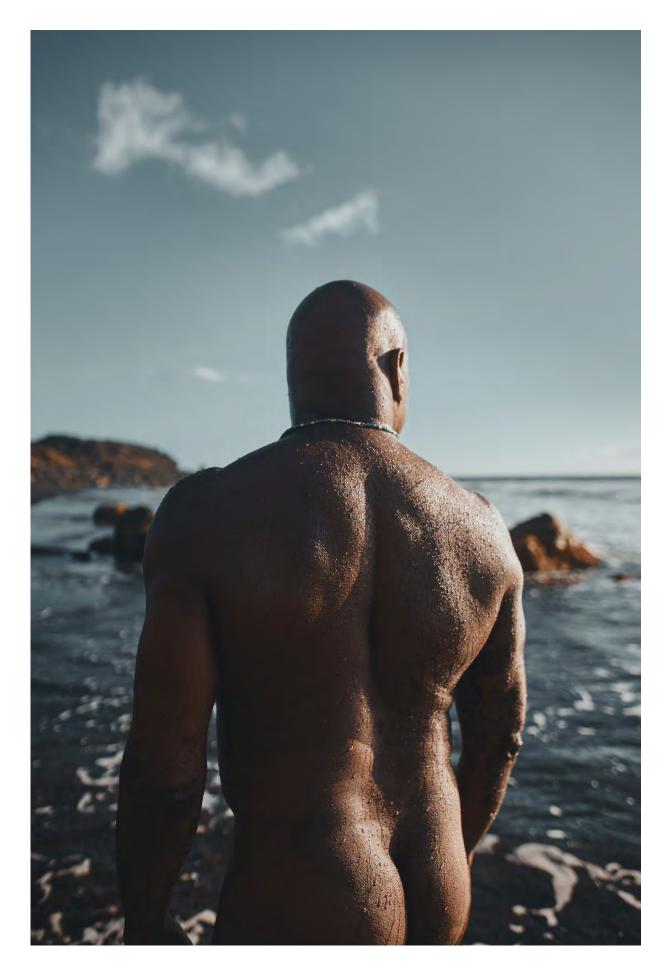


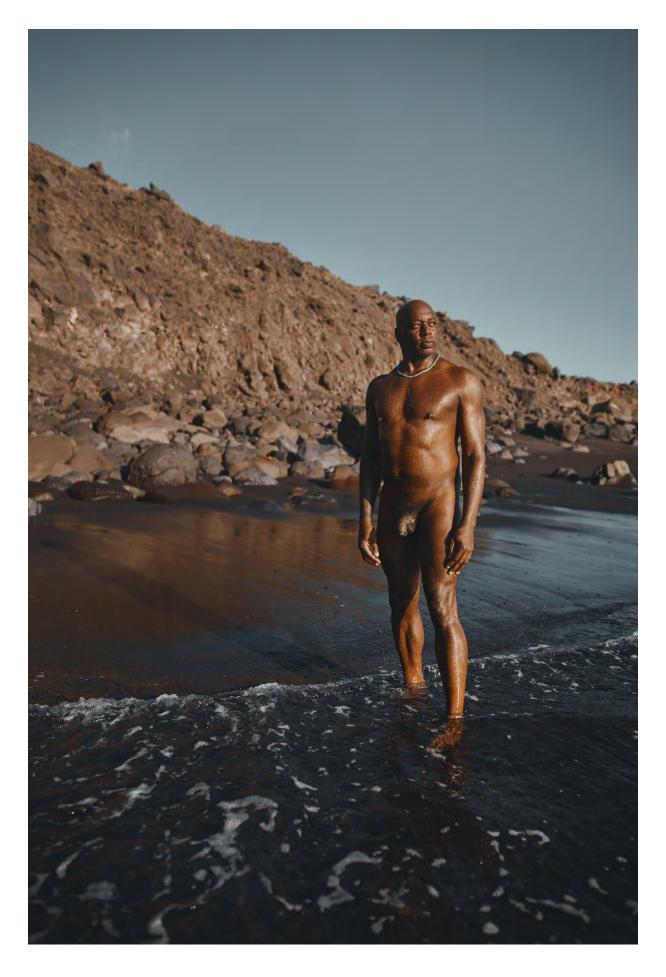
AHEMON | 4 169





AHEMON | 6 171





AHEMON | 8 173



THE MOMENT OF RELAXATION FOR BEARS

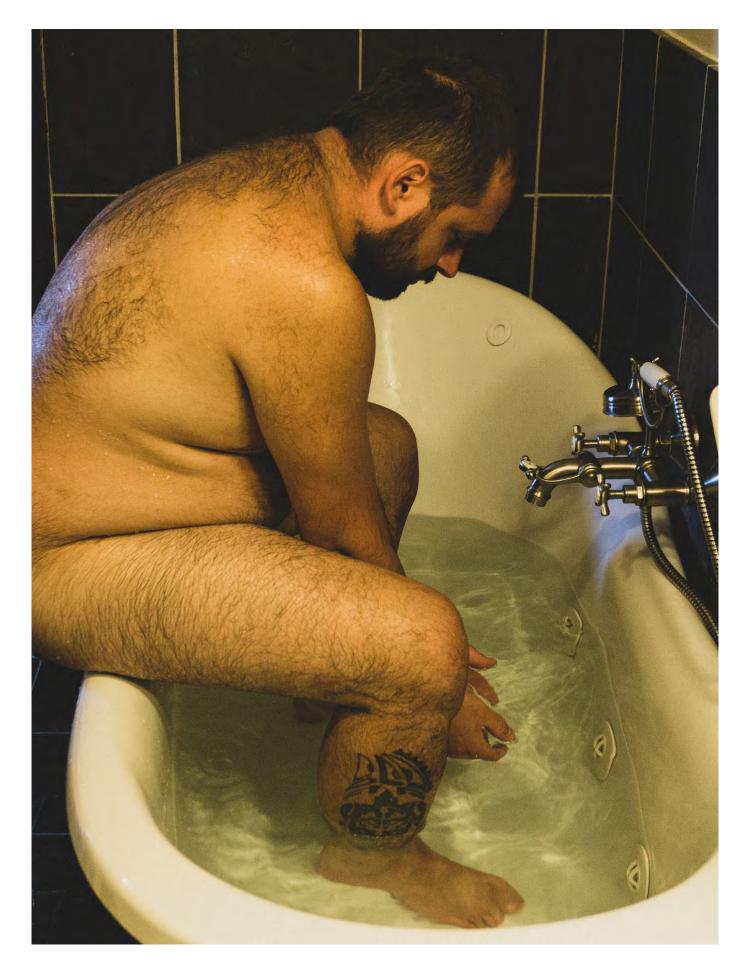
Iulien Van Aken

I slowly start photography with a vintage Minolta lenses. I realize that the rendering of this lens is just amazing. Two wonderful unforgettable days unfolded for both of us. It was I think the right time to relax like a king in a beautiful bathtub and the right time to take out my device. This series being wet in nature fit perfectly with the theme of this issue.





176 Untitled | 3



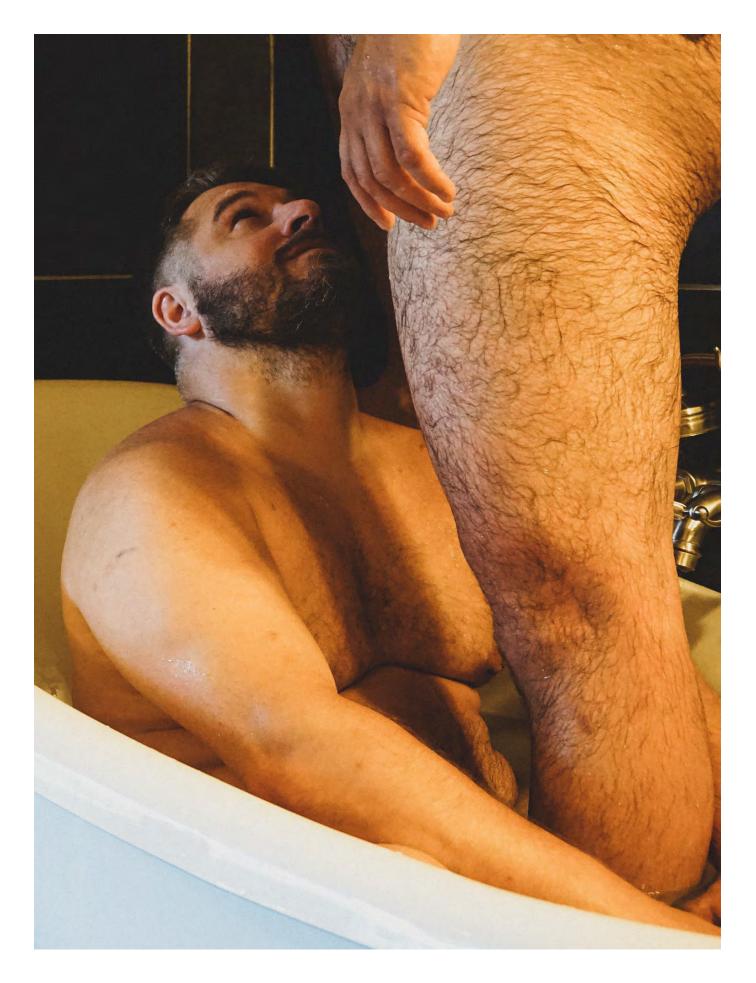
Untitled | 4 177



178 Untitled | 5

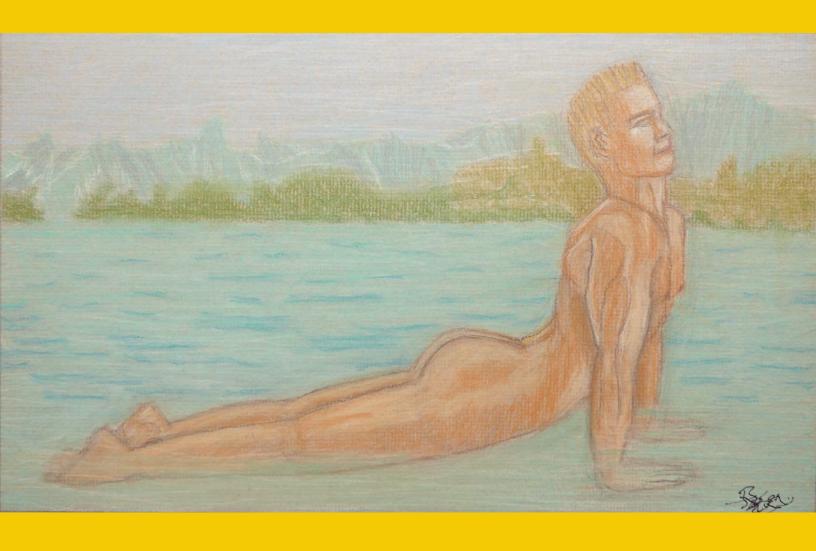


Untitled | 6 179





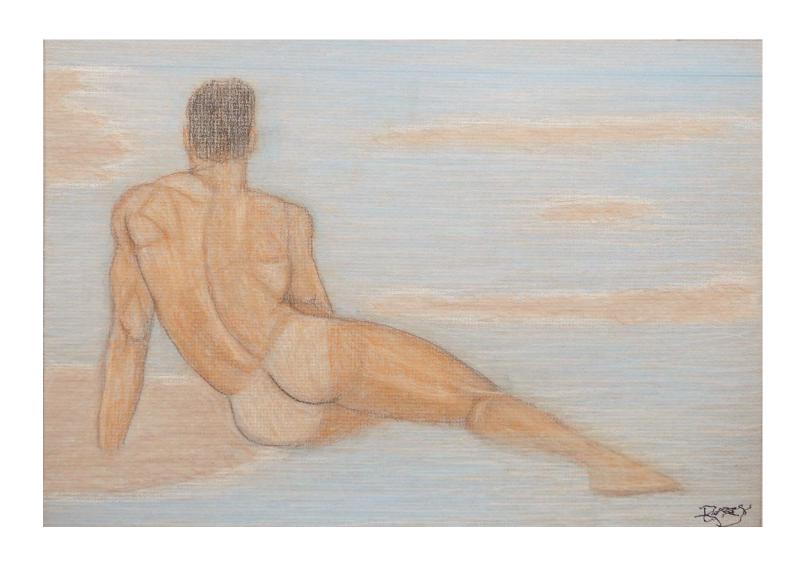
Untitled | 8

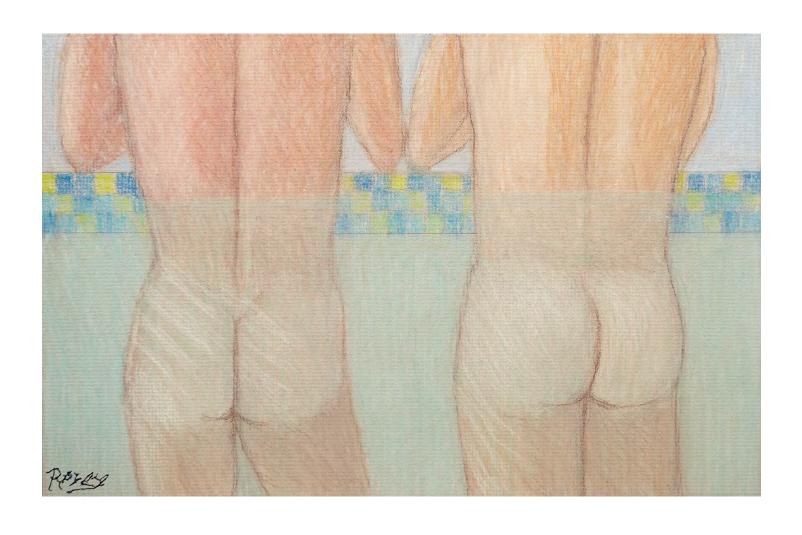


THE WATER'S FINE

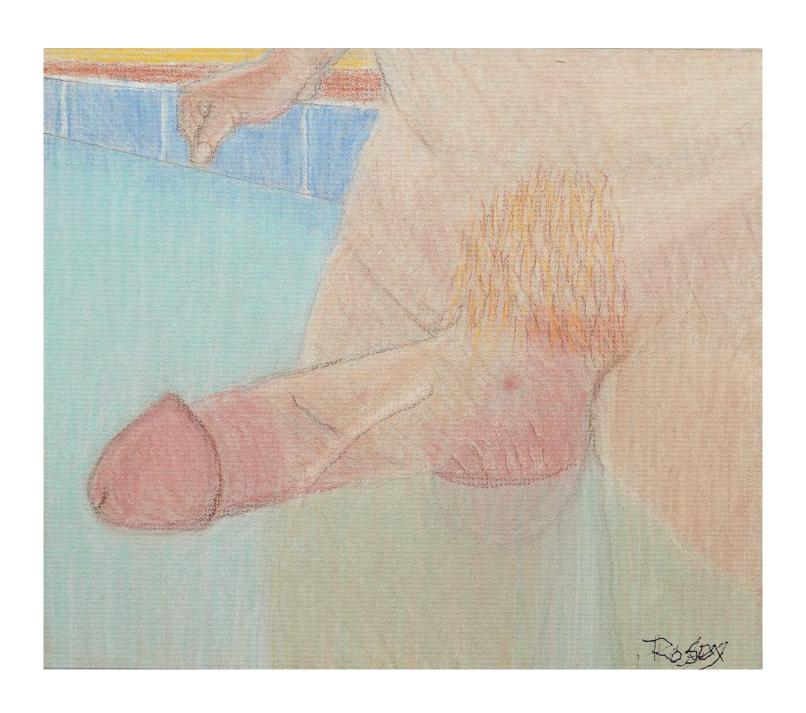
MICHAEL ROSEV A K A IRONROSE

There is an undeniable sensuousness about water. Moving in it, there's a resistance that caresses you. The rolling waves are transcendent. When you submerge, the quiet is calming. Enjoy it alone or with someone you love. Whether the pool, lake or ocean, get in and get wet.





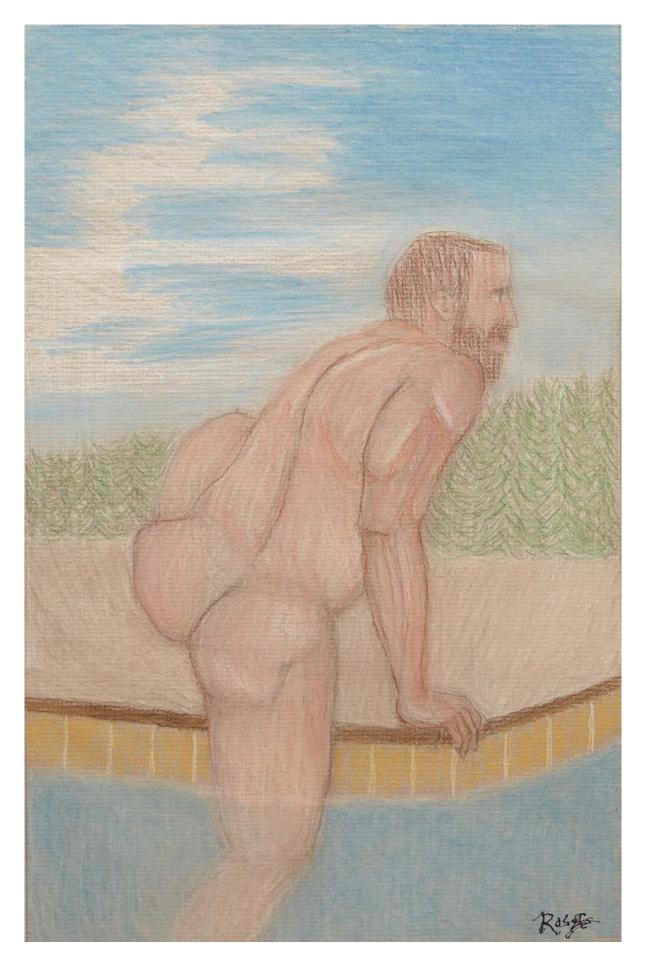
THE WATER'S FINE | 3



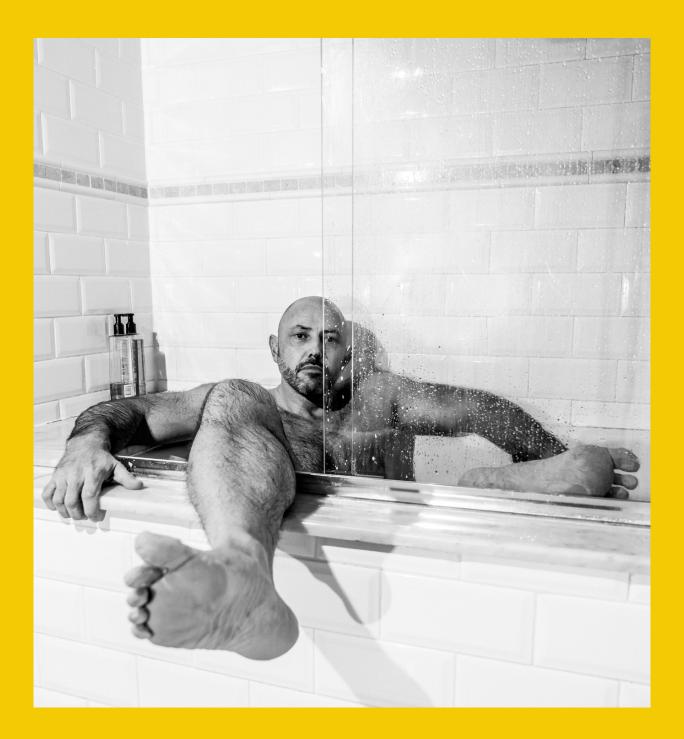
THE WATER'S FINE | 4



186 The Water's Fine | 5



The Water's Fine | 6 187



BATH TIME

Photos: Jason Jackson Model: Craig Milton Menzies

Water, Wet, Soaked, Dripping, Soothing, Savoring.

We all have a unique relationship with water, for some of us it's our lifeline to survival and others a luxury not even thought about.

For everyone, water is refreshing, and invigorating

From cupping a tap to dipping in your big toe to totally submerging yourself under water

Water is LIFF

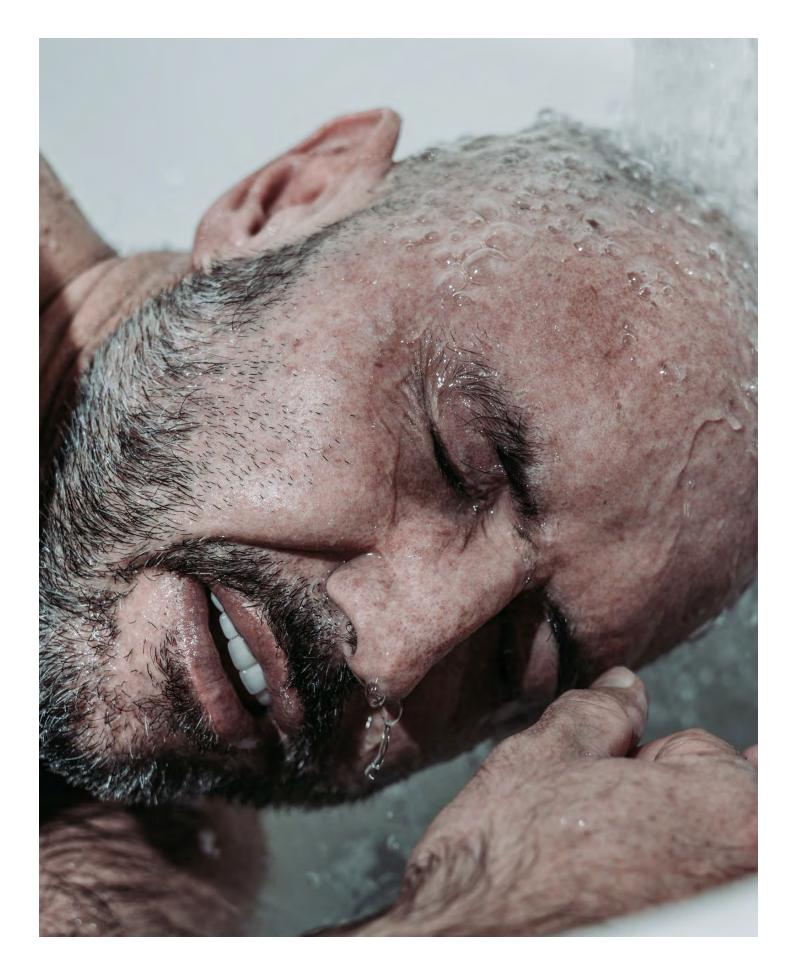




190 BATH TIME | 3

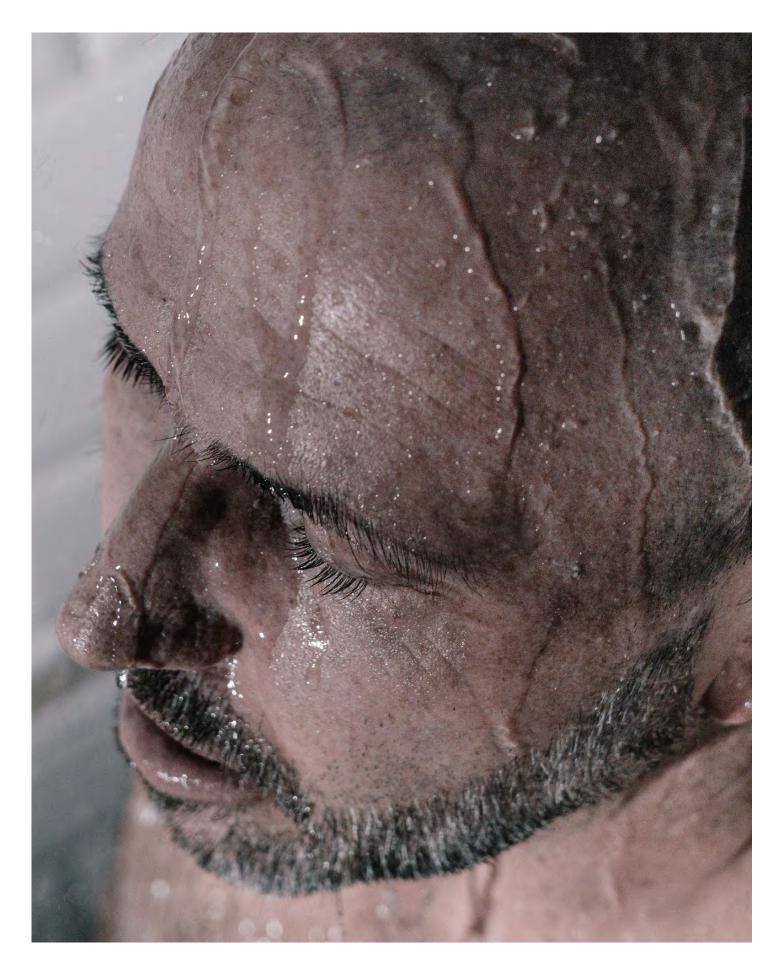


BATH TIME | 4 191



192

BATH TIME | 5



BATH TIME | 6 193



LA PETITE MORT HUMIDE

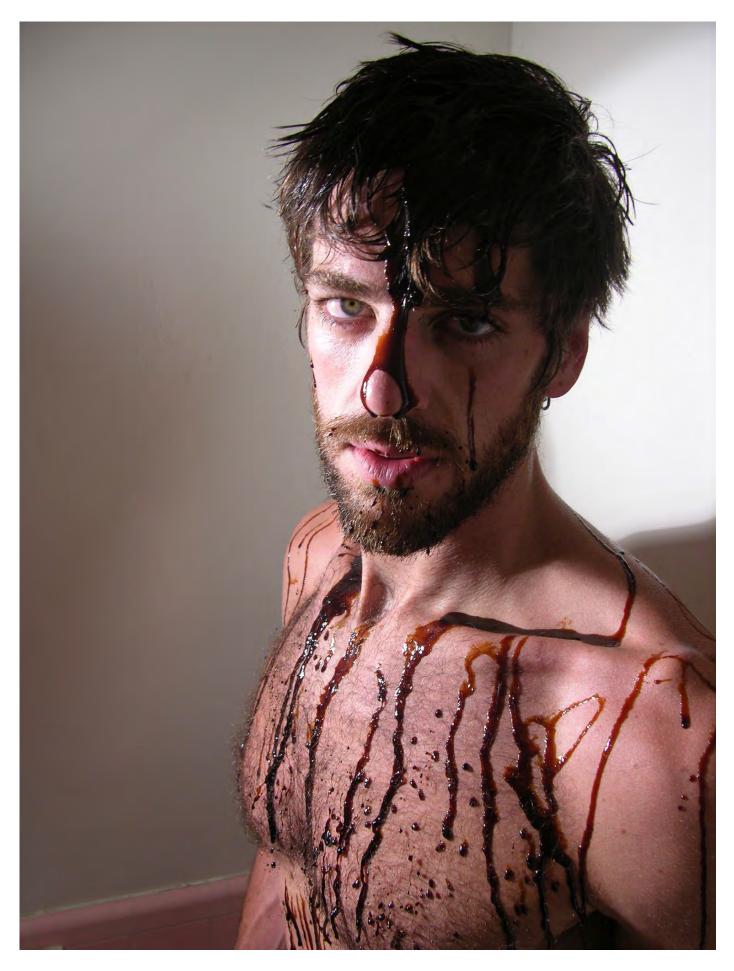
RICK CASTRO

Black & white vs color brings out surrealistic contrast of everyday liquids considered sensually provocative with a tinge of the macabre. La petite mort, can also be used in English to essentially the same effect; a little death. Defined as "a state resembling or prefiguring death; a weakening or loss of consciousness, in your dreams or during orgasm."

A full release

Model- Dillon Kammerude







LA PETITE MORT HUMIDE | 4





LA PETITE MORT HUMIDE | 6



200 LA PETITE MORT HUMIDE | 7



LA PETITE MORT HUMIDE | 8 201

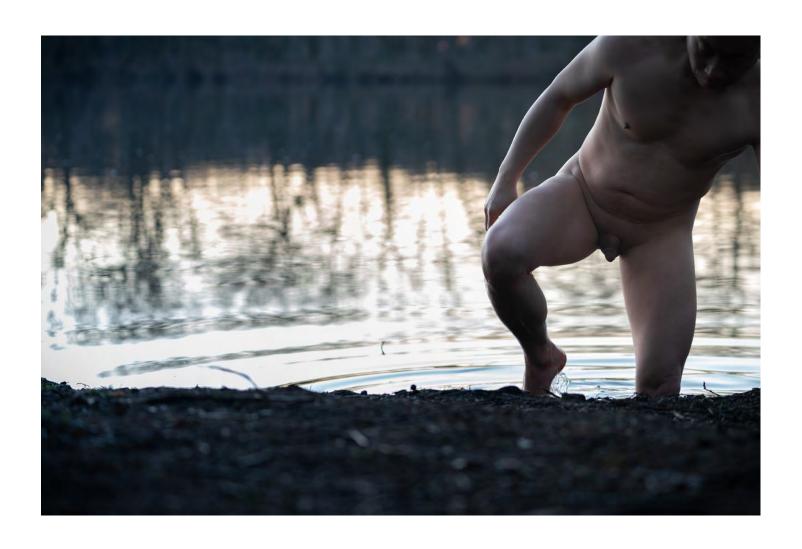


MEDITATION IN A COLD LAKE

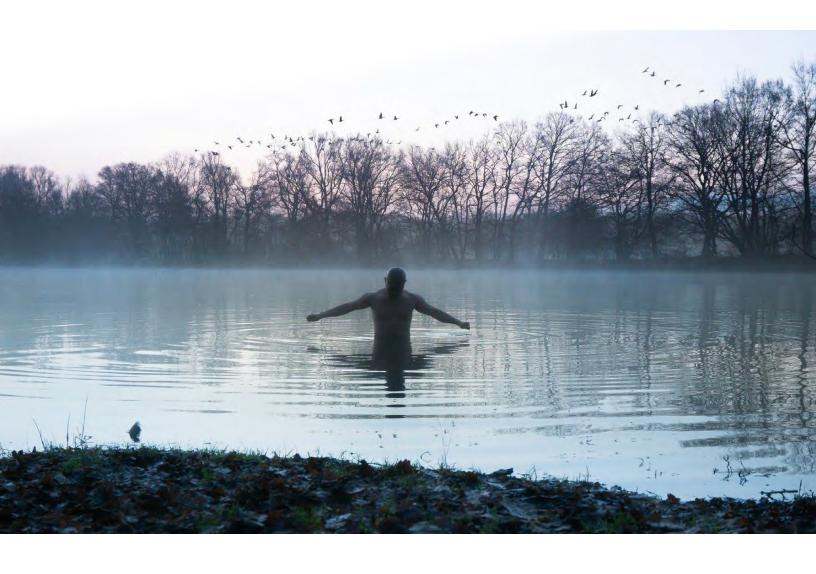
Tarc

It's my favorite lake in my town where I visit in a winter season. The lake will be covered by a deep fog when the temperature dropped huge in a morning. The surface of the lake will get frozen completely in a middle of winter. I always become full naked and enter the lake and start to talk to myself. My soul will be purified during a meditation and I have a full of confident when I leave the lake.





204



MEDITATION IN A COLD LAKE | 4



206 MEDITATION IN A COLD LAKE | 5



MEDITATION IN A COLD LAKE | 6



MOIST

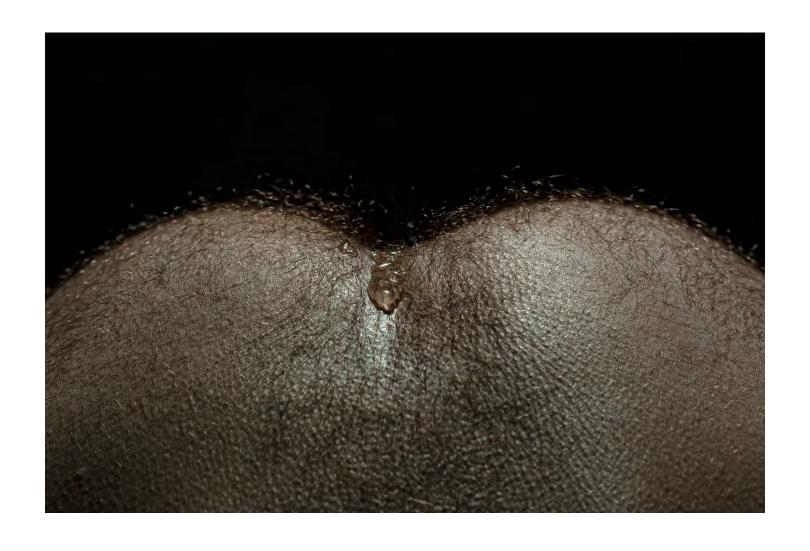
JAMES DOBBIN

I wanted to explore the myriad of forms that wetness can take and how these change with surface they are on.





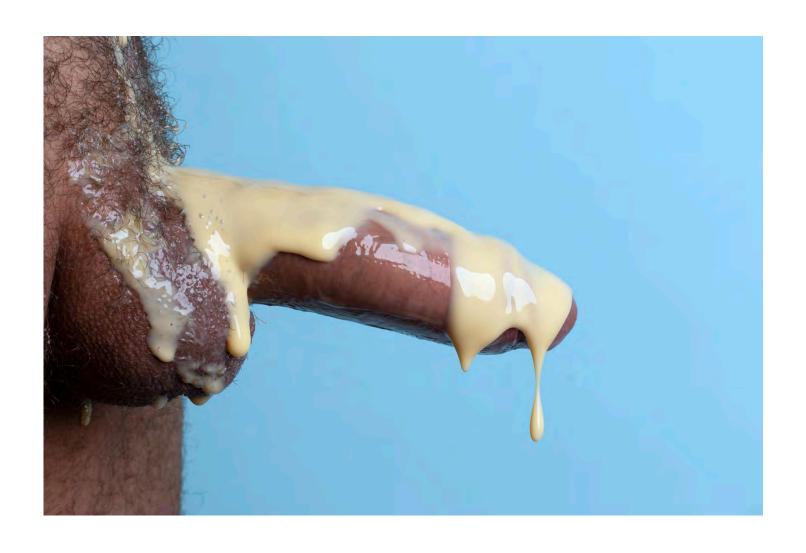
210



MOIST | 4 211







MOIST | 7



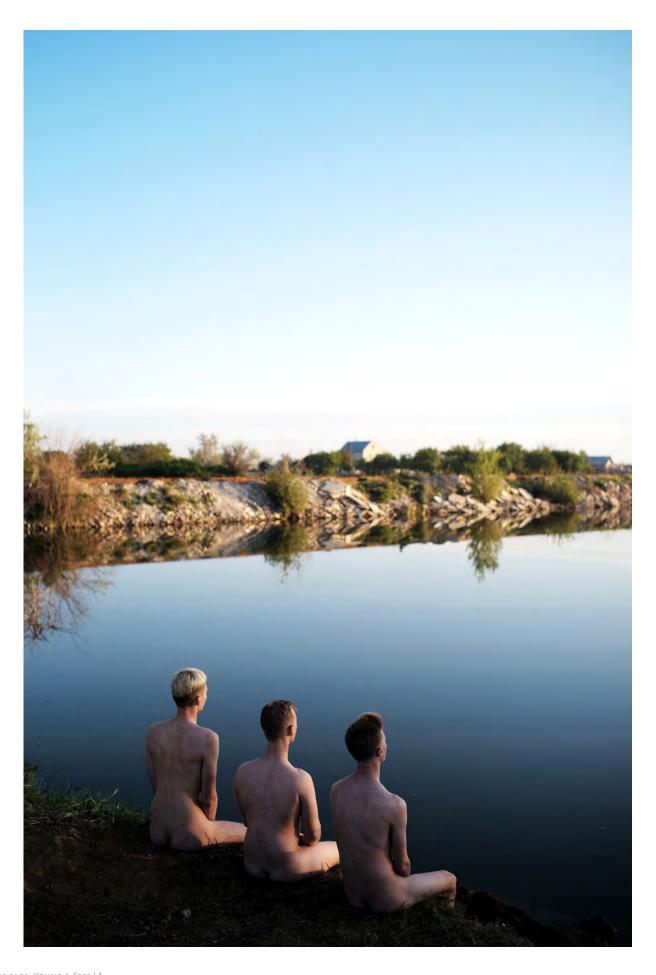
214 Moist | 8



MOIST | 9 215

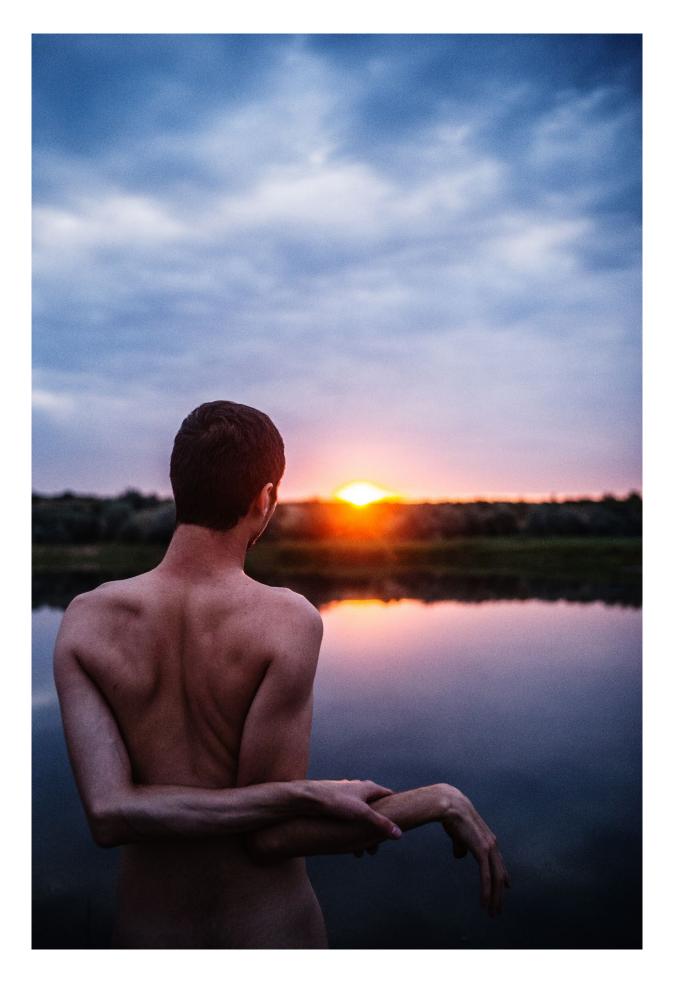


YOUNG AND FREE, 2017-2021 Sergey Melnitchenko





218 Young & Free | 3

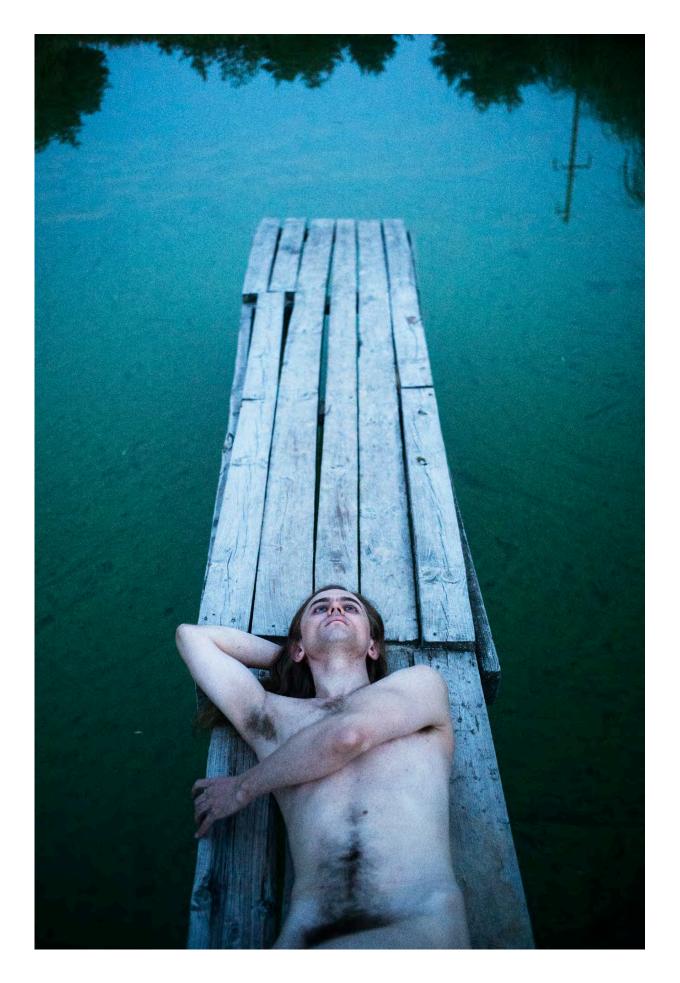


YOUNG & FREE | 4 219



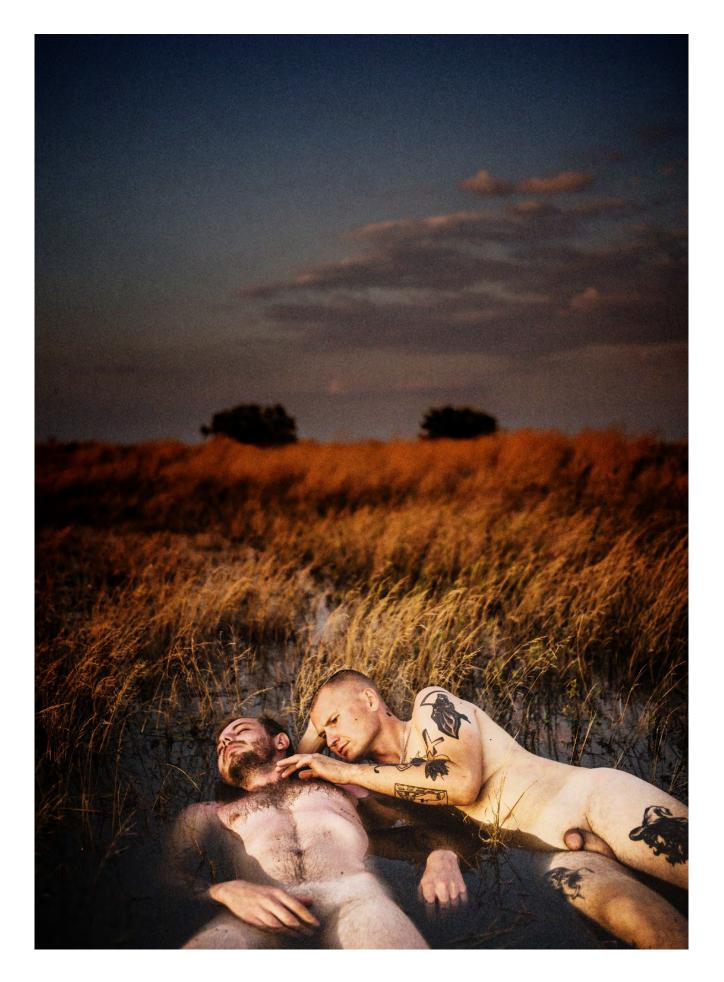


YOUNG & FREE | 6 221

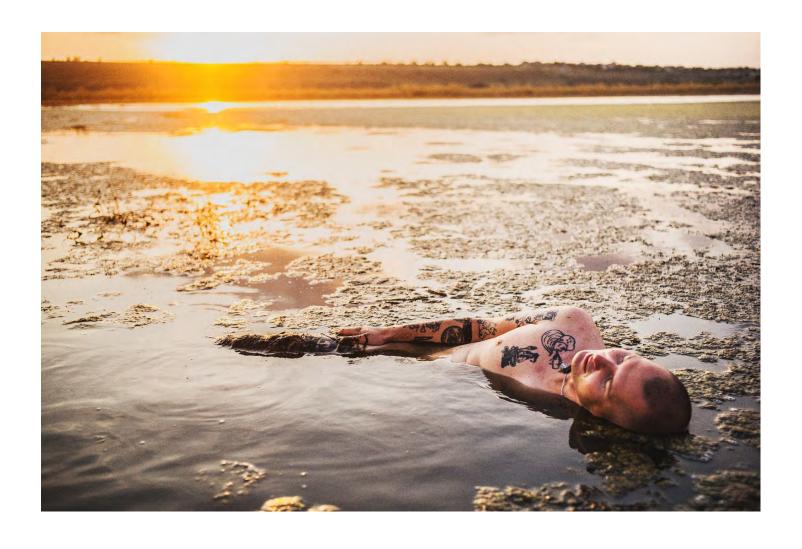




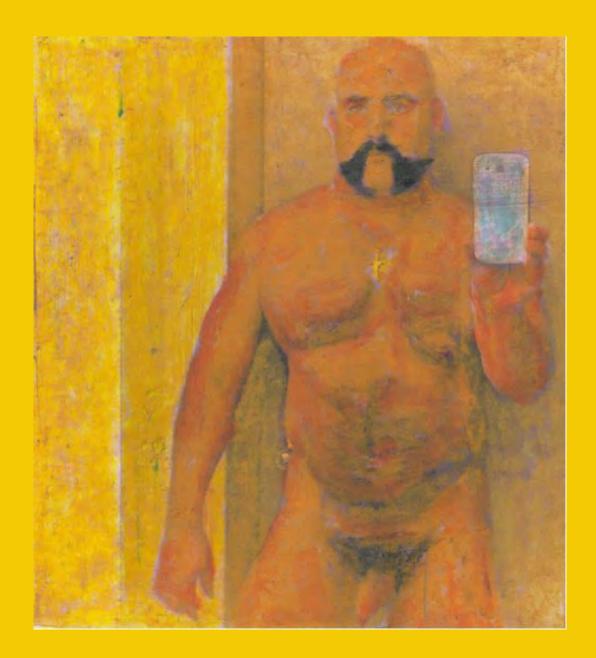
Young & Free | 8 223



224 Young & Free | 9



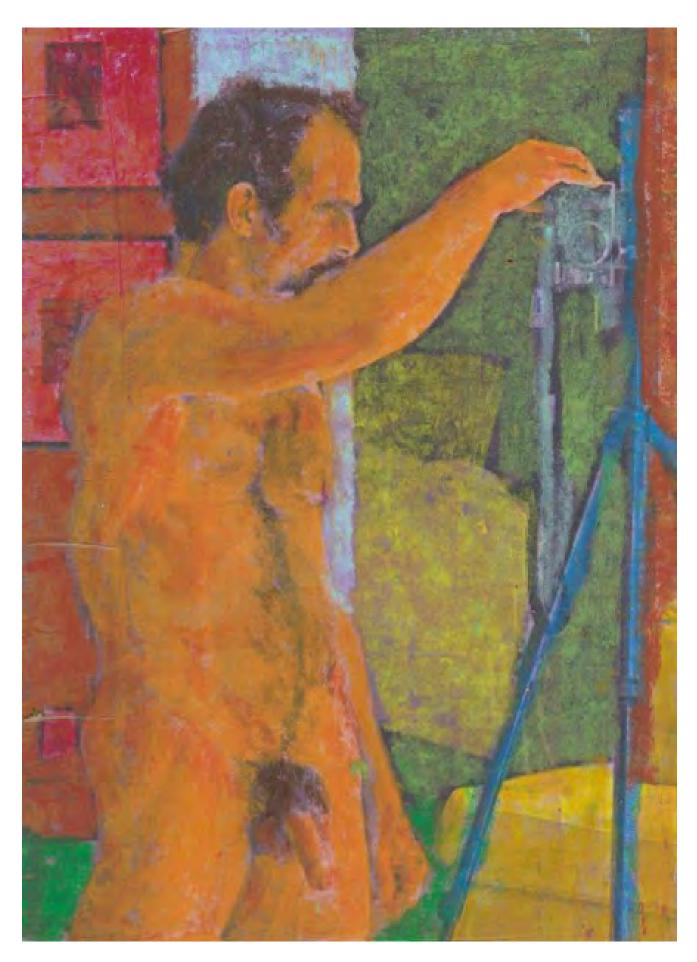
YOUNG & FREE | 10 225

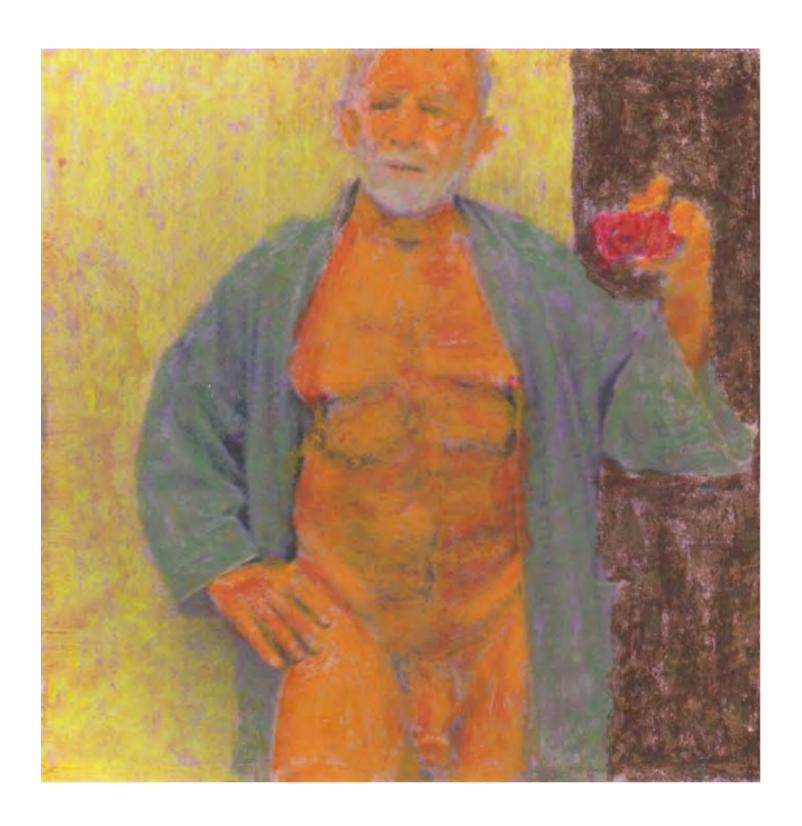


REALL MECS

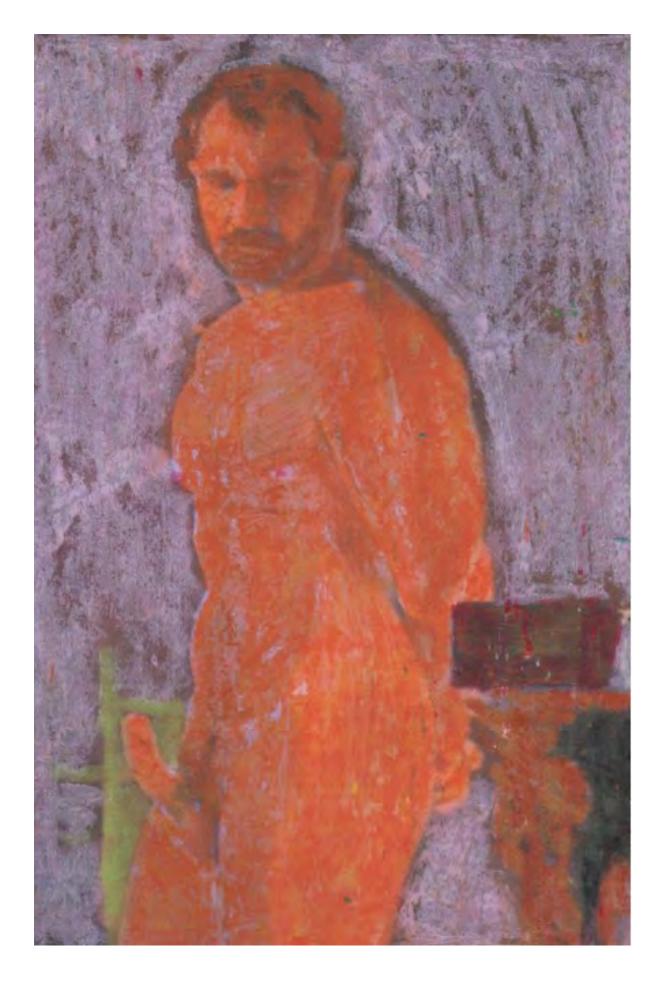
COR WINDHOUWER

Attre o years I finaly made new works, in May when the Giro d´Italia was held i tought to start again, aftre medical issues and an house move, i am able to to work in my atelier.

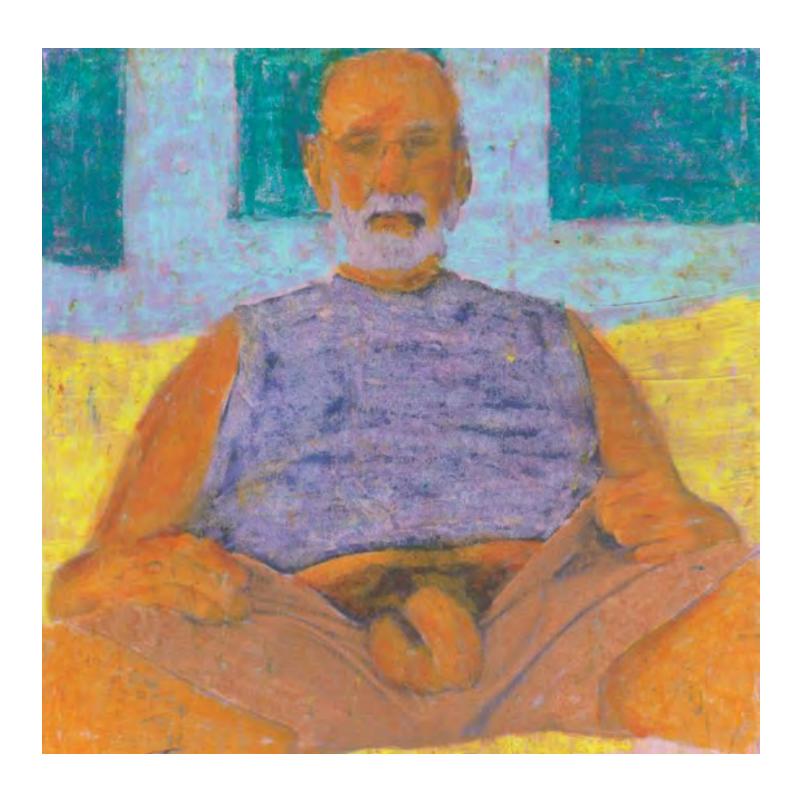




228
BEAU MECS | 3



229 BEAU MECS | 4



230 BEAU MECS | 5





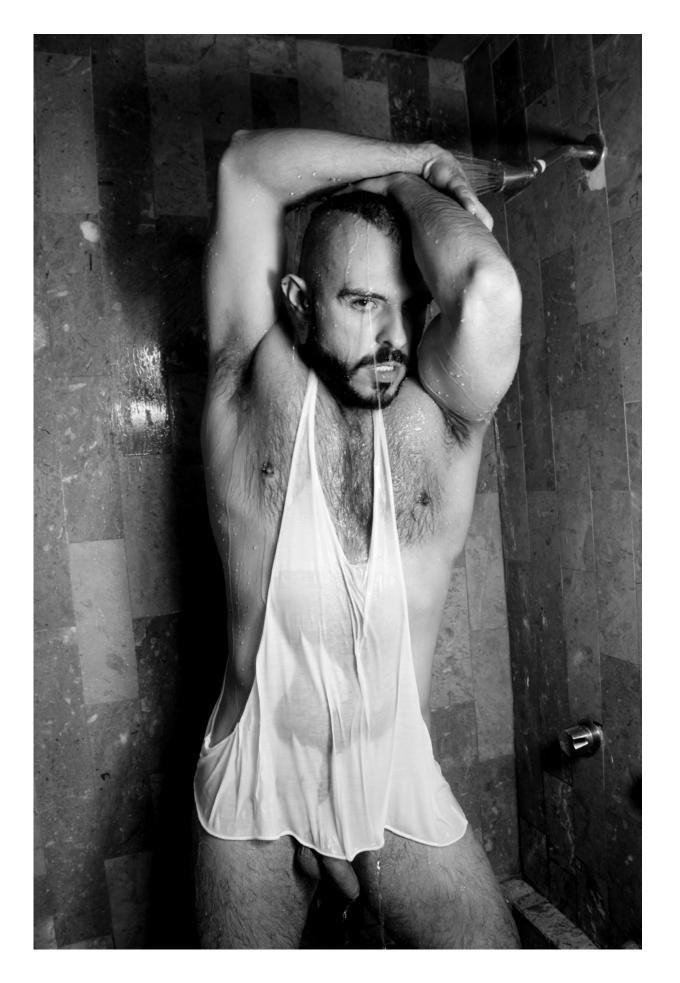
EL PLACER DE LA HUMEDAD

Alejandro Caspe

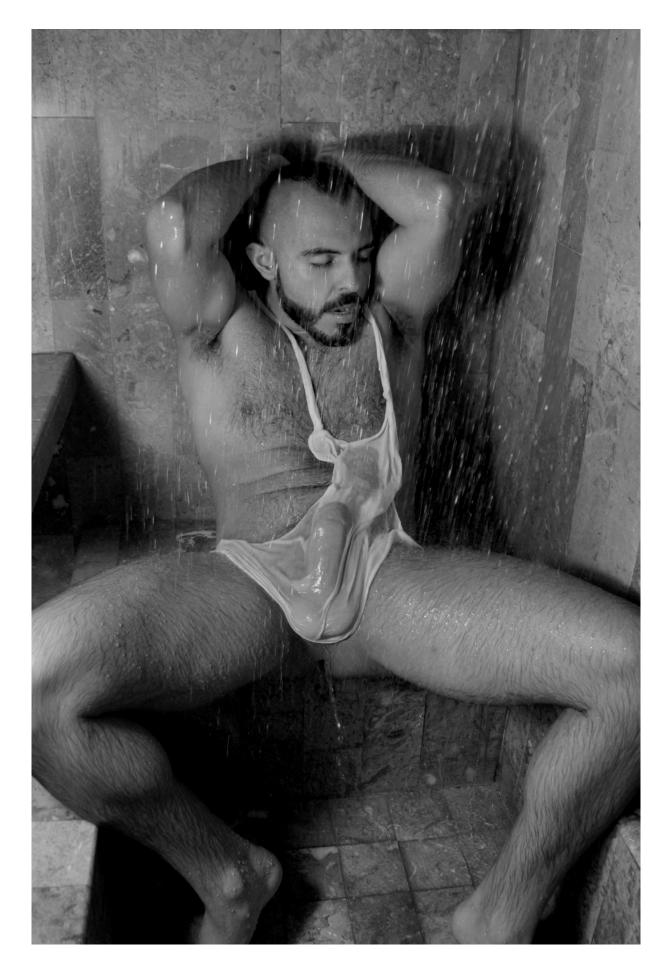
Desperté por la mañana y me quede acostado unos minutos más antes de meterme a bañar, me sentía raro, como fogoso, pero no sentía una erección, aun así baje la mano a mi verga y en efecto estaba flácida, pero me llamo la atención que estaba bastante húmeda, la ignore y me metí a la ducha, al momento en que empecé a sentir como las gotas de agua caían sobre mi cuerpo, esa sensación se incremento y comencé a sentirme muy caliente, nunca antes me había sentido algo así , por lo que deje llevarme por esa sensación mi cuerpo me hablaba y me decía, "tócame, acaríciame y siénteme' y así lo hice, explore mis pezones, lamí mi pie, y toque cada parte de mi cuerpo, hasta caer al suelo y abrir las piernas y con mis dedos y el agua que ayudo a humedecer mi culo, comencé a penetrarme lo disfrute como si hubiera pasado un largo tiempo a pesar de que solo fueron unos segundos, fue una experiencia orgásmica. Sal de la ducha extasiado, me tendí desnudo sobre la cama y mi verga comenzó aponerse dura y lubricada, termine desahogando mis huevos de tanta leche que genero, el estar húmedo.

before taking a bath, I felt strange, like fiery, but I did not feel an erection, even so I lowered my hand to my cock and it was indeed flaccid, but it caught my attention It was quite wet, I ignored it and got into the shower, the moment I began to feel the drops of water falling on my body, that sensation increased and I began to feel very hot, I had never felt something like this before, so I let myself get carried away by that feeling, my body spoke to me and said, "touch me, caress me and feel me" and so I did, explore my nipples, lick my foot, and touch every part of my body, until I fell to the ground and open my legs and with my fingers and the water that helped to moisten my ass, I began to penetrate myself, I enjoyed it as if it had been a long time even though it was only a few seconds, it was an orgasmic experience. I got out of the shower ecstatic, I lay naked on the bed and my cock began to get hard and lubricated, I finished venting my eggs from so much milk that I generate, being wet.





234 EL PLACER DE LA HUMEDAD | 3



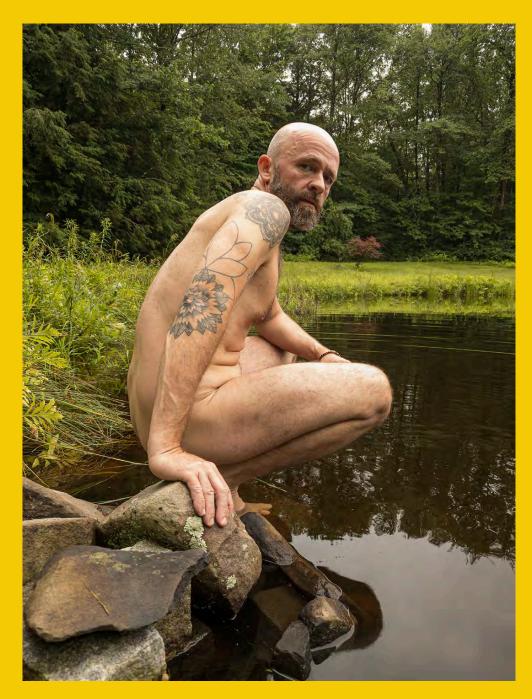
EL PLACER DE LA HUMEDAD | 4



236 PANCHO CHANGING THE SHEETS | 5



Pancho Changing the Sheets | 6



HOT SUMMER IN THE CATSKILLS

Stephen Honicki

This series celebrates the gay male figure and the freedom of being nude within nature in the Hudson Valley region of New York, along with commemorating the return of summer after being vaccinated during the pandemic.

My selections of photographs depict the photographic portrait and the spaces (environment) in which they occur. I strive to communicate how the figure relates and perhaps changes in direct relation to the space in which the figure (portrait) exists and how it (the figure) interacts with water and nature. Often times the setting in which a portrait is constructed tells us more than we might imagine.

The photographs in this series explore how the subject has created a place to contemplate and interact with nature and avoid the summer stew of heat and humidity in New York City. What freedoms do individuals who live in secluded areas have that are not always available to people living in urban areas? How does taking a shower outside differ from taking one inside? What are the advantages of having a private pond on one's property?

After scouting various locations - which isn't easy if one wants to photograph a nude figure in an outside environment - I was referred to by a friend to Doug.





240 SCOOPING UP



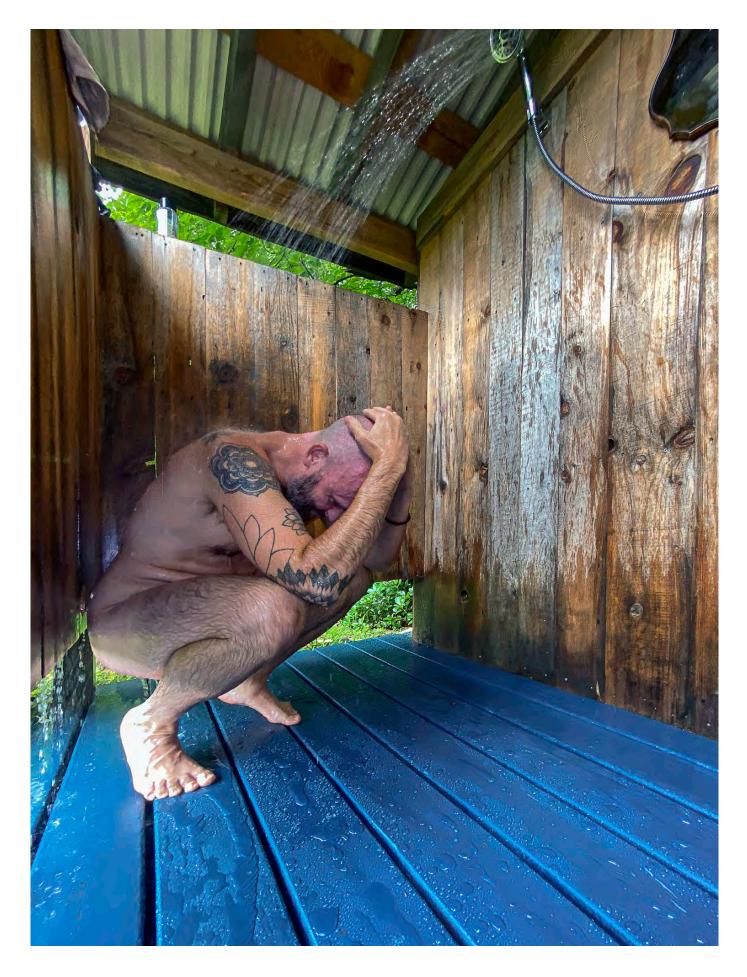
Wading 241





My choice of subjects to photograph is just as important as to the environment in which I construct my photographs. Prior to the shoot, I had a conversation with Doug (who with his partner live both in New York City and in the Catskills Mountain region), to find out what were some of the joys he found living deep in the woods of the Catskill Mountains. During our talk, I discovered his love of all creatures big and small - he keeps bees, his passion for planting flowers in his garden, his nude yoga sessions, along with his love of a "good dirty fuck in the woods."

After seeing Doug's property, I knew it was perfect for my concept. It had a pond, an outdoor shower, not to mention a secluded wooded area.



Crouching Down 243



WET ME MY LOVE

CLAUDIO TOMAIUOLO

Bagnami amore mio. Immergimi nelle tue acque. Ma non farmi sprofondare negli abissi bui. Mantienimi a galla. Fammi respirare. Lasciami accarezzare dal sole. Mantienimi lontano dai mali del mondo, con te.

Ma se proprio non riesci a mantenermi a galla, allora trascinami giù per i fondali marini, nell'universo oscuro, li dove la luce finisce, dove non c'è altro che nero, dove non ci sono pianeti, dove il sole non c'é. Magari c'è una costellazione marina, una cintura di Poseidone, che mi possa illudere con un momento di felicità. Mi basta questo. Qualche volta. Almeno una volta. Fino a che non mi mancherá l'ossigeno.

Mi manca l'ossigeno. Voglio tornare a riva

Wet me, my love. Immerse me in your waters. But don't let me sink into the dark depths. Keep me afloat. Let me breathe. Let the sun caress me. Keep me away from the evils of the world, with you

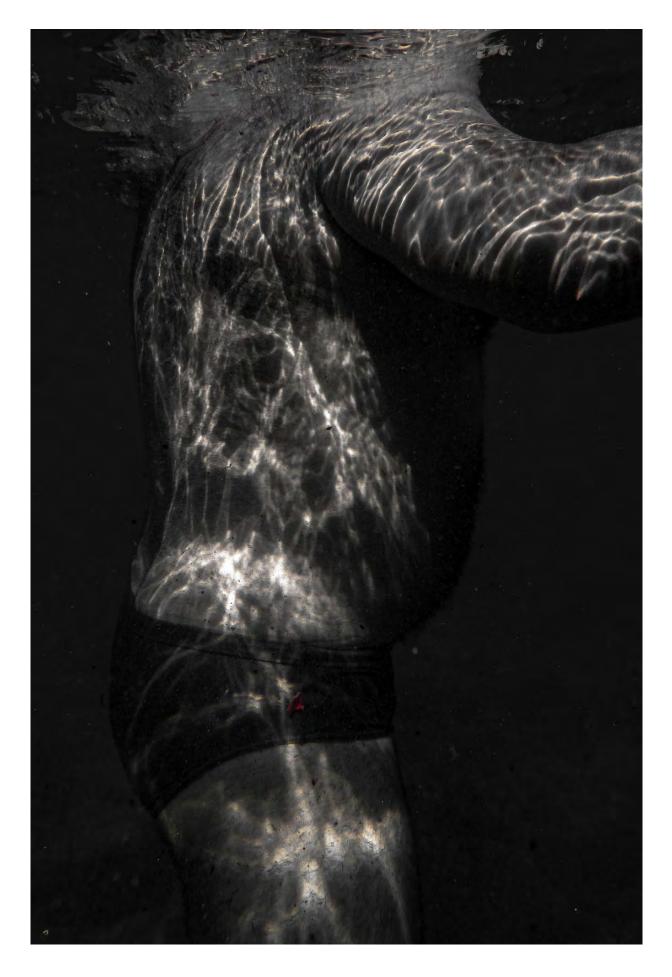
But if you just can't keep me afloat, then drag me down to the seabed, to the dark universe, where the light ends, where there is nothing but black, where there are no planets, where there is no sun. Maybe there's a sea constellation, a Poseidon's belt, that can delude me with a moment of happiness. That's all I need. Sometimes. At least once. Until I run out of oxygen.

I miss the oxygen. I want to get back to shore

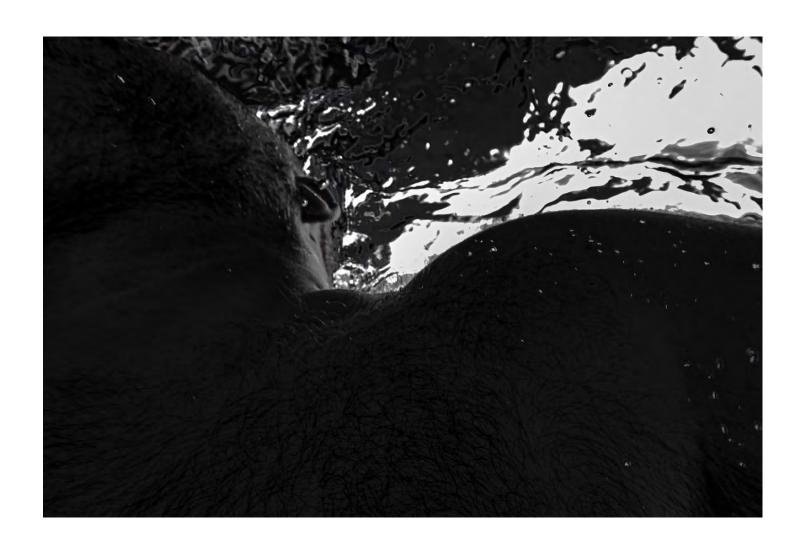




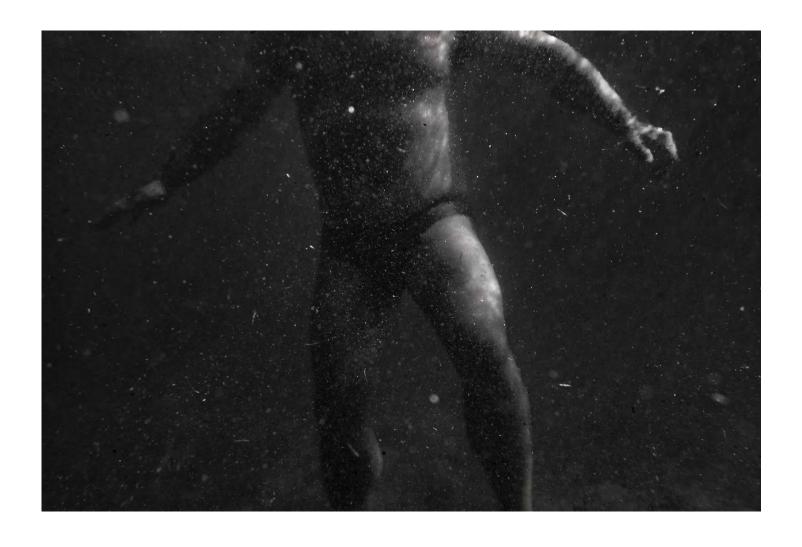
246 WET ME MY LOVE | 3



WET ME MY LOVE | 4 247



248 WET ME MY LOVE | 5



WET ME MY LOVE | 6 249





WET ME MY LOVE | 8 251



WET

MICHAEL STEWART

With this magazine's theme for this year: "wet", my thoughts immediately went to the shower. As an artist I am interested in exploring the intimacy of the mundane, and especially those moments which are perceived as sexless despite being full of sexual energy and complexity.

As a gay cis man, throughout my life I've found myseld in situations that were for me highly charged while being seemingly nonchalant for those around me, lockerrooms beng the obvious example (though through talking to guys my age I've since learned they had their fair share of anxiety surrounding these unprivate private spaces as well!).

Now while the notion of a shared space being rendered sexless by the inclusion of only people of the same sex is itself an inherently homophobic assumption, it felt like a custom I was infiltrating like some sort of dastardly spy. Though of course via circumstances outside my control. And so, despite unlearning a lot of this internalized homophobia (still a work in progress) the shower remains the setting for intense feelings of both lust and fear, and a longing for an unachievable feeling of belonging, normalcy.

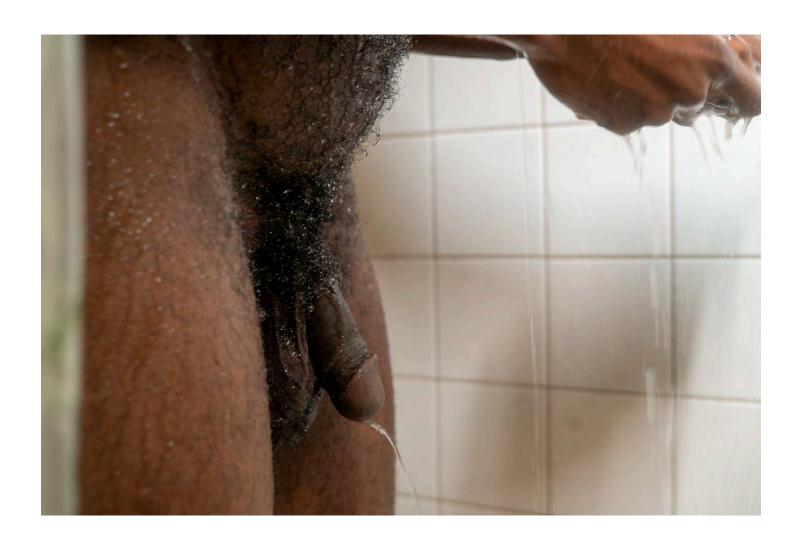
The shower featured in this series is a private one, but the experience captured in the photographs is one of an invitation to that realm of privacy. As the photographer, I was in the role of voyeur, yet as

the model was (extremely) aware of my presence, not truly so. And the photoshoot itself became an act of intimacy between me and my (hetero) model. So as an adult, negotiating my presence as I was afraid to as a young person, resulted in me being welcomed, embraced even, instead of scorned as I'd always feared. Though I certainly don't now expect all straight men to welcome me into their bathroom to photograph them showering (nor all non-straight men for that matter), I won't assume my queerness is necessarily the reason for that boundary.

The fiction depicted in the photographs, lusty and sensual photographs of a male nude in a private space, is subverted by the audience's informed knowledge that of course a photographer was present, and that that photographer and model negotiated an interplay. The mix of sexualities between the gay photographer and straight model only serve to heigten the delicacy of the situation and the meaning of the resulting artworks.







WET | 4 255





WET | 6 257



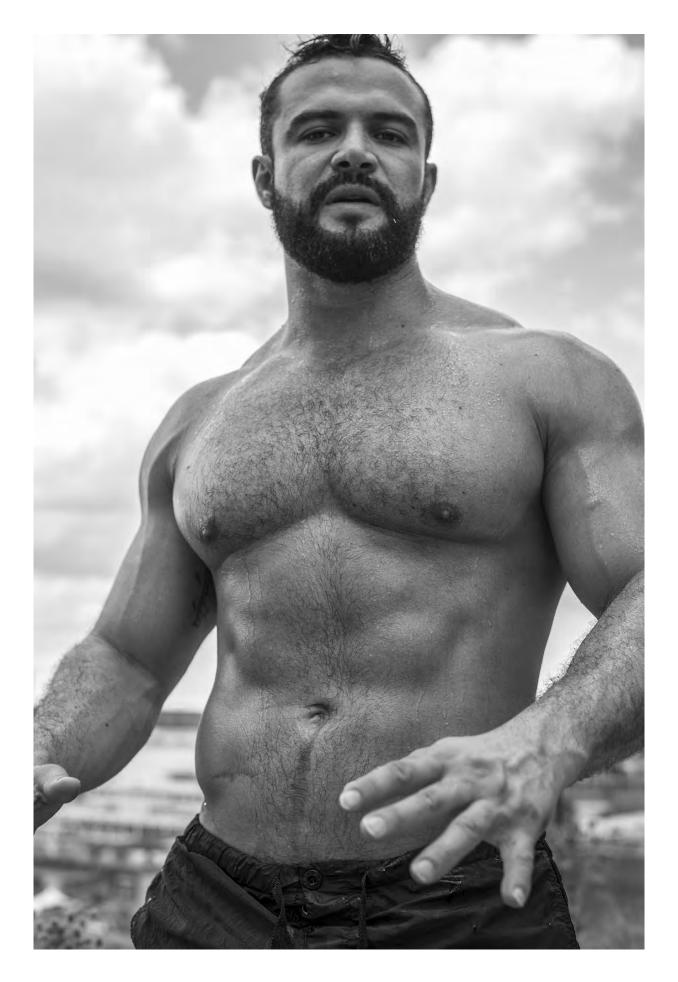
HEAT, WATER & SWEAT

LONTANO

Wet is heat. Wet is water. Wet is sweat. Wet is hot. Wet is desire. I have always thought that wet relates to a sweaty hot guy, with gasping, deep breathing, hotness and turning on. In my work I often explore how sweating looks over the male skin and how transparent looks the water falling over a face and gives an erotic contrast. Wet is erotica!

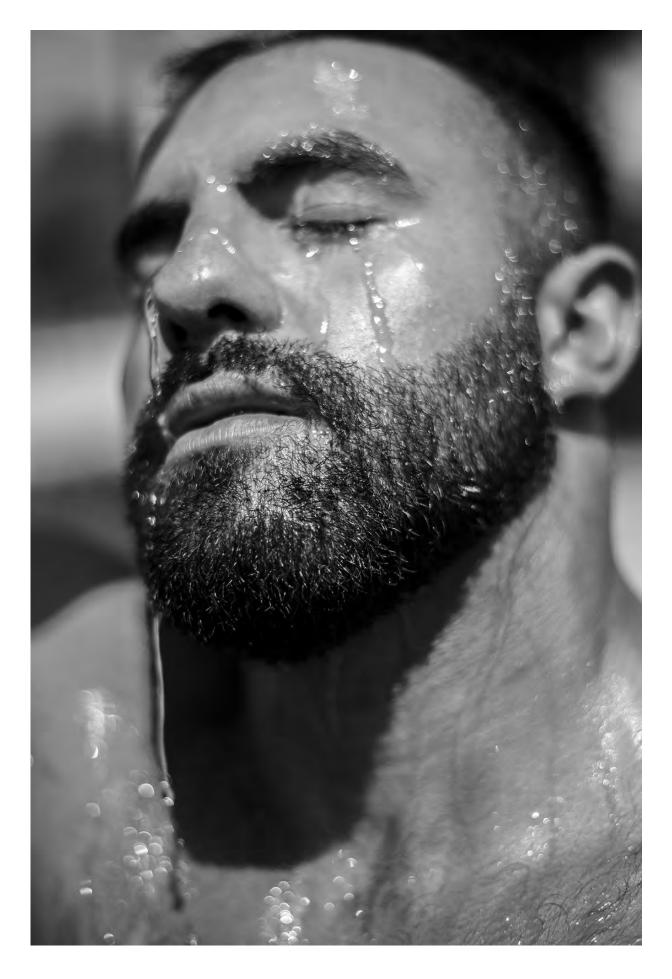






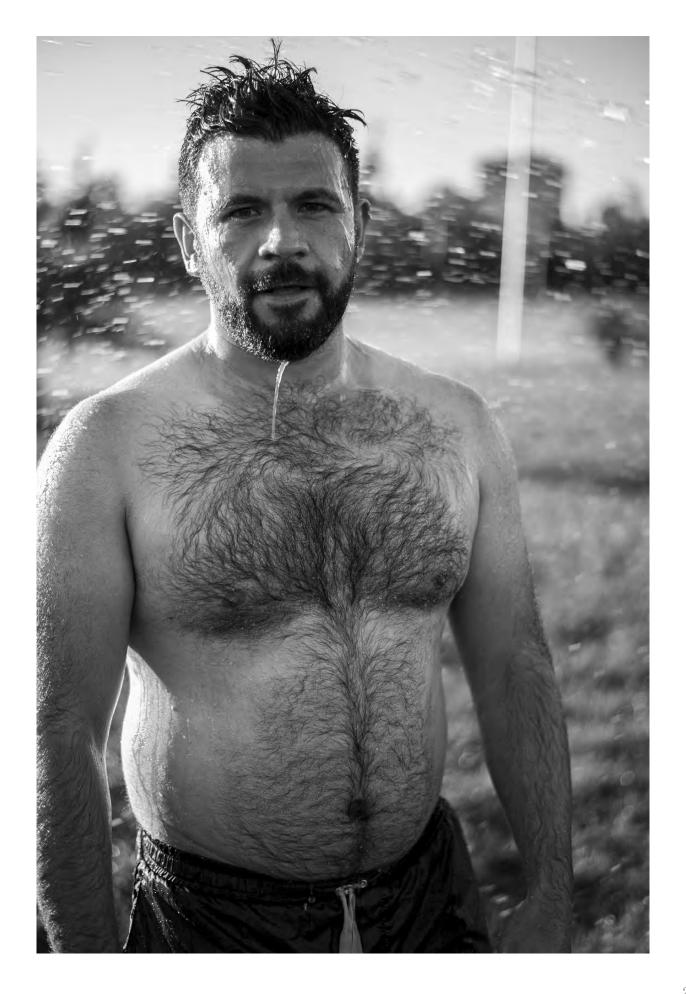
DANIEL L. 261





TOBY 263



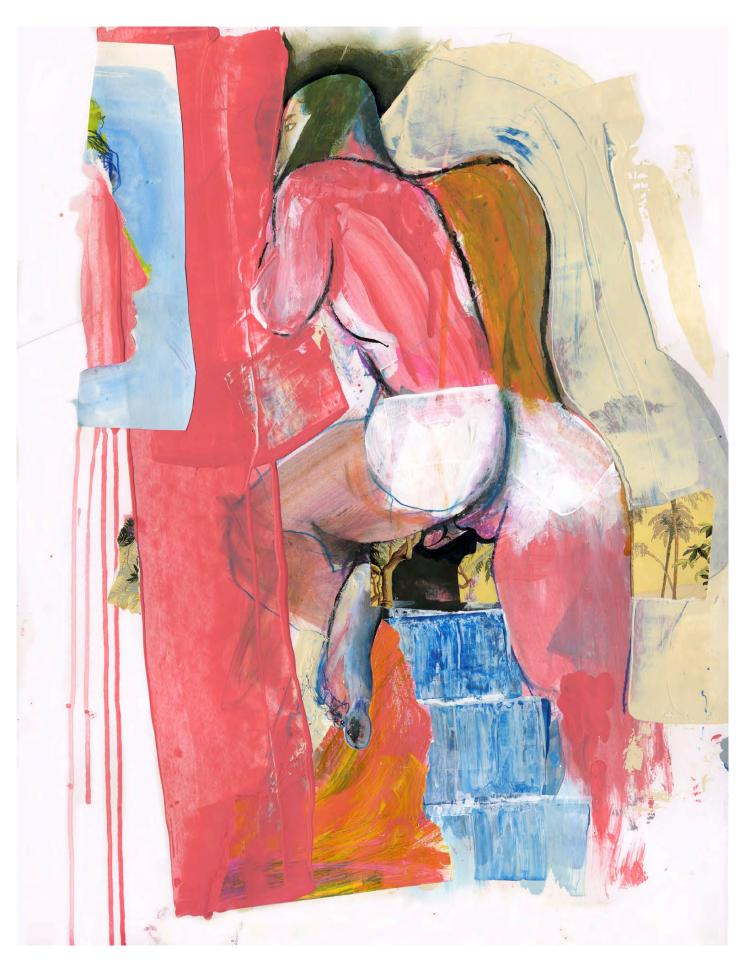


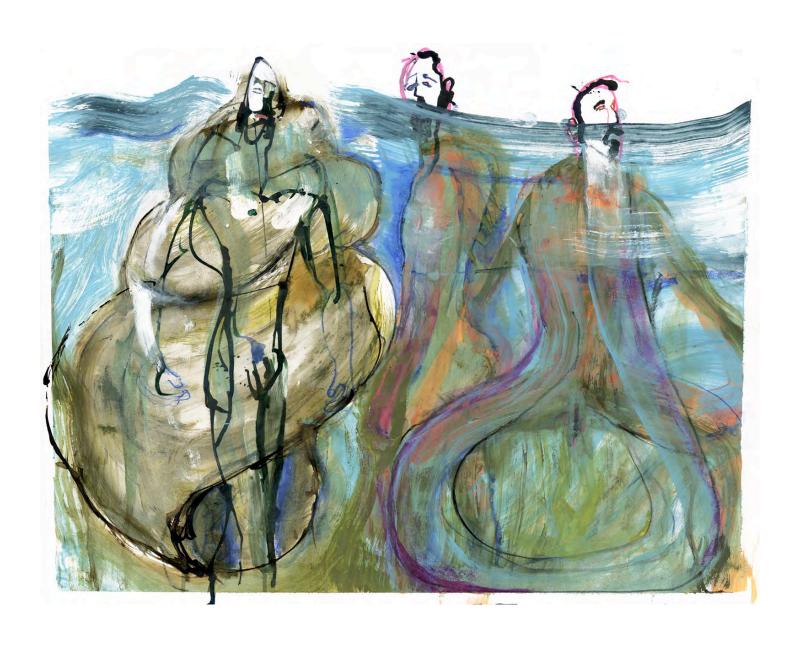


IN DREAMS ANOINTED

DAN ROMER

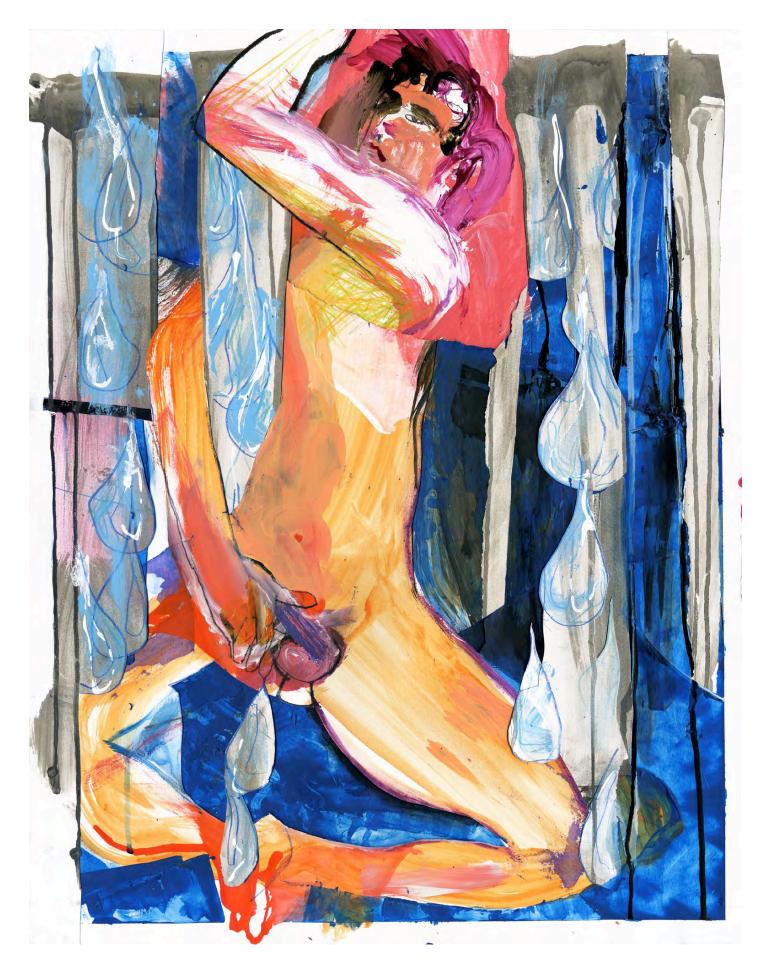
As wet describes water, anoint describes lubricate. The mind is lubricated by the fantasies that bubble up in dreams. We ever know what the unconscious has in store for us when we close our eyes for a deep sleep. And when it enters the realm of the erotic, anything goes. We get flooded by the open gates of our imagination, and a real daytime lust experience can trigger an appearance in idealized form to lucidly interact with. Whether its full on engaging or further voyeurism. I come to this realm easily because it's very similar to my creative process. I may not have my eyes closed, but I allow whatever medium to tap that unconscious and direct how I will put down on paper the face or figure I wish to capture.







Drippin 269





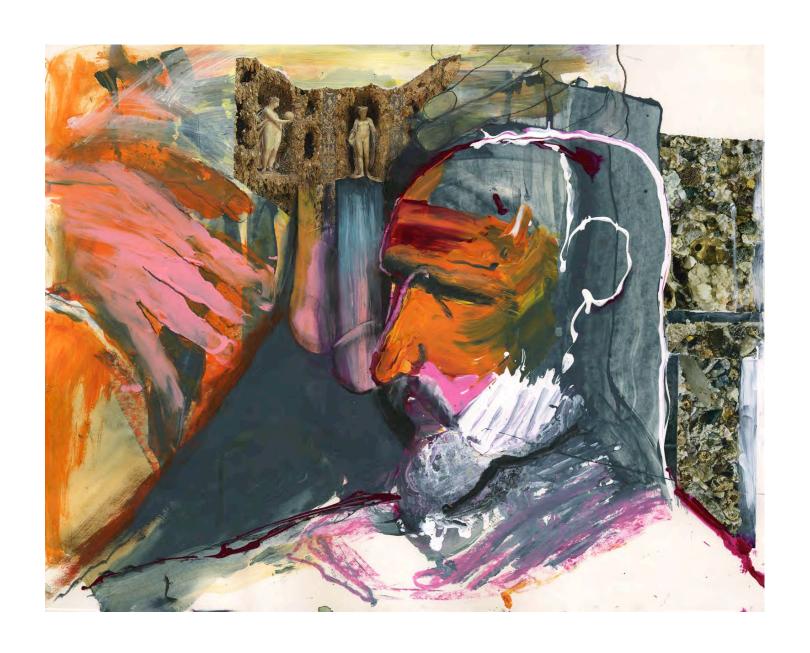
Satyr Falls 271



272 FALLEN ANGEL



HOCKNEY'S WET DREAM 273



274 PONCE DE LEÓN



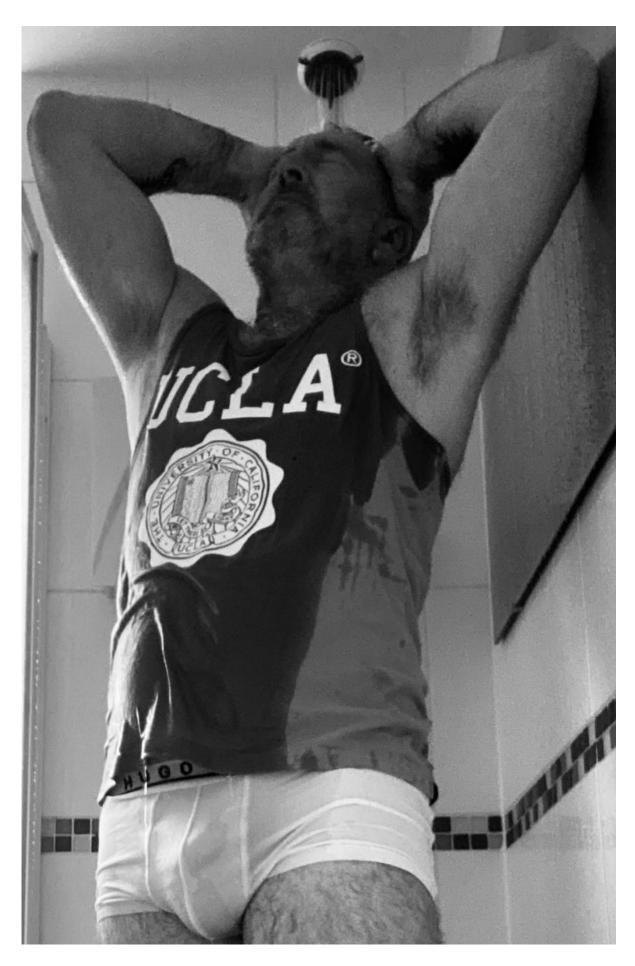
Streaming 275



WET

K ANTHONY

My series of images signifies my deep fantasy of being pissed on in a bath or me just sitting there pissing on myself. I'm unsure where this fantasy came from, perhaps it started when I found myself in a public toilet and got slightly aroused by the smell in there. I'm unsure if I will ever live this out for real but love the thought of it.







Wet | 4



280 Wet | 5



WET | 6



I LIKE 'EM WET

Jackson Photografix

Gimme a steaming hot model in a bathtub, a hotel shower, a crystal clear swimming pool, a mountain waterfall, a forest stream, or the ocean and I'm a happy photographer. I'm drawn to water. Maybe because I'm a zodiac water sign or maybe because water is truly my happy place. One thing is for sure, men always look so damn sexy when they're dripping wet

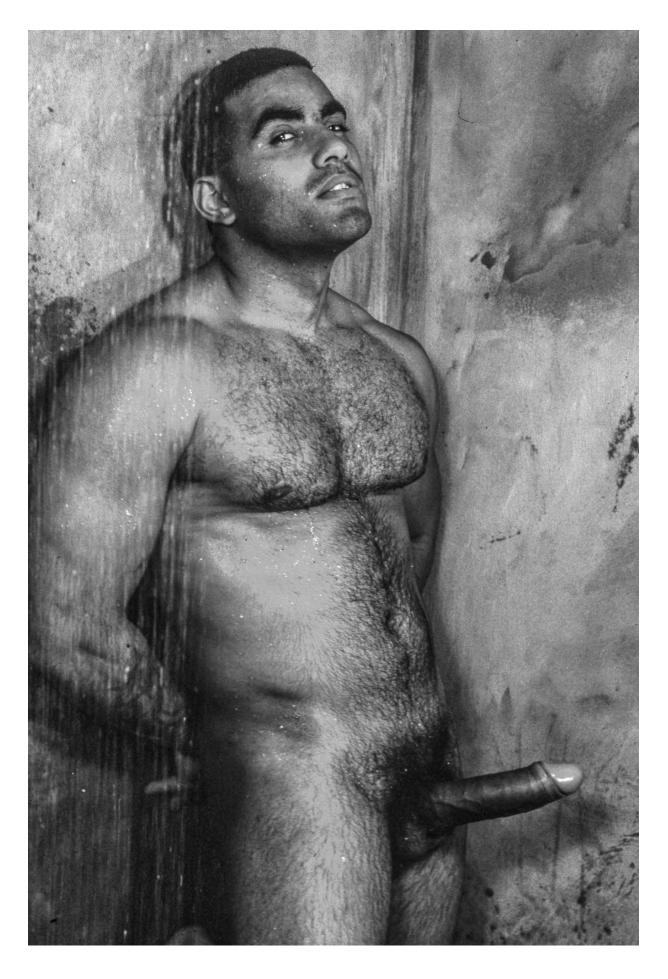


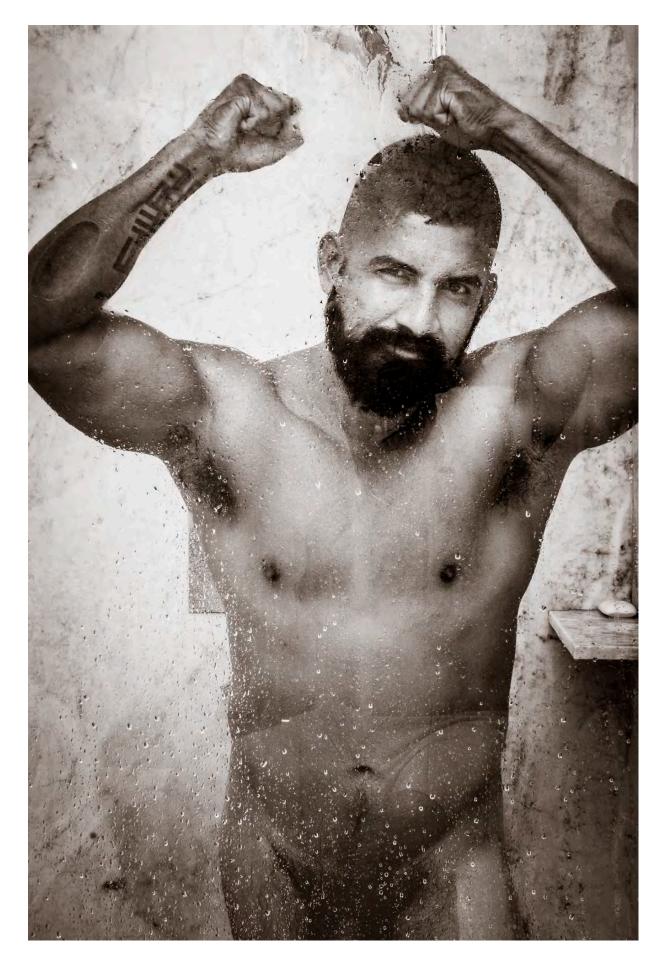


284 CARLOS MORALES



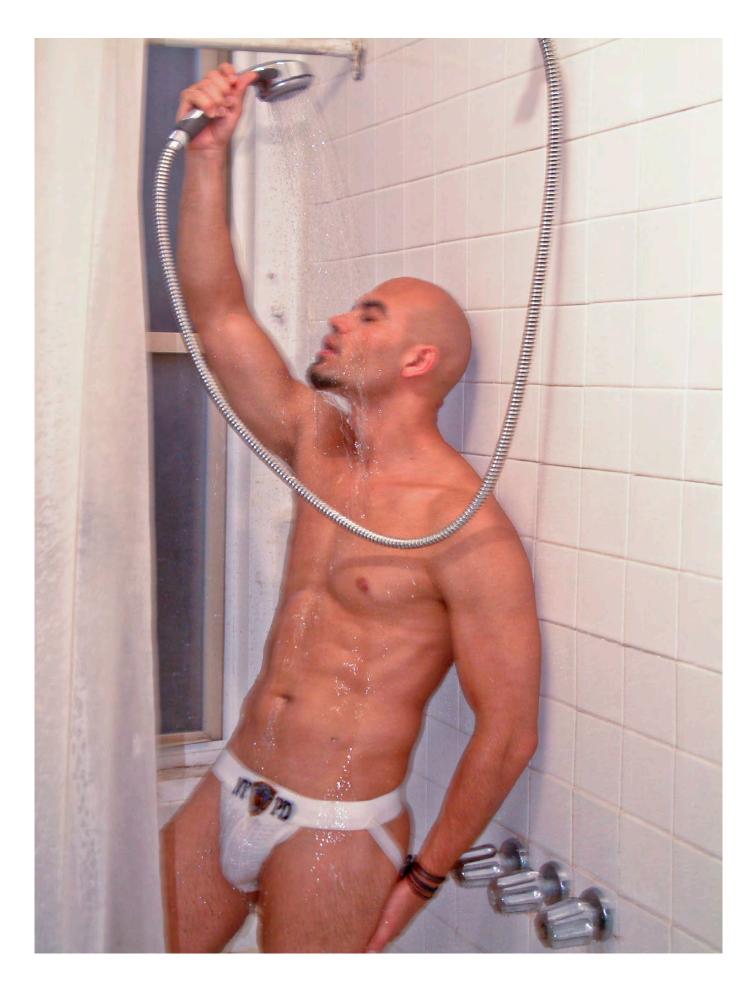
GIRL TALK 285





Untitled (Tono) 287





Untitled (Fabien)



SOAP AND WET

CERE

For a long time, water has played an important role in my work, in the reflections, in the light that it absorbs and brings out. Water on hairy bodies has fed so many fantasies in my mind, many models have passed through, with varying temperatures, for my great happiness to see them relax or the opposite. I feel that the next step will certainly be to photograph them underwater





SOAP AND WET | 3



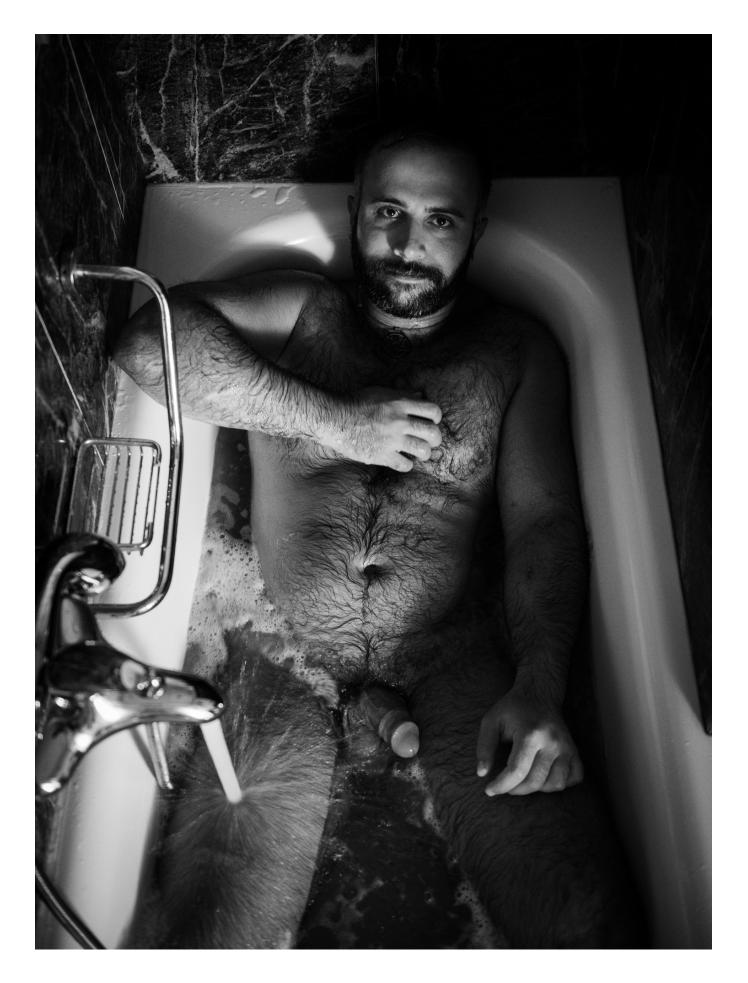
SOAP AND WET | 4 293



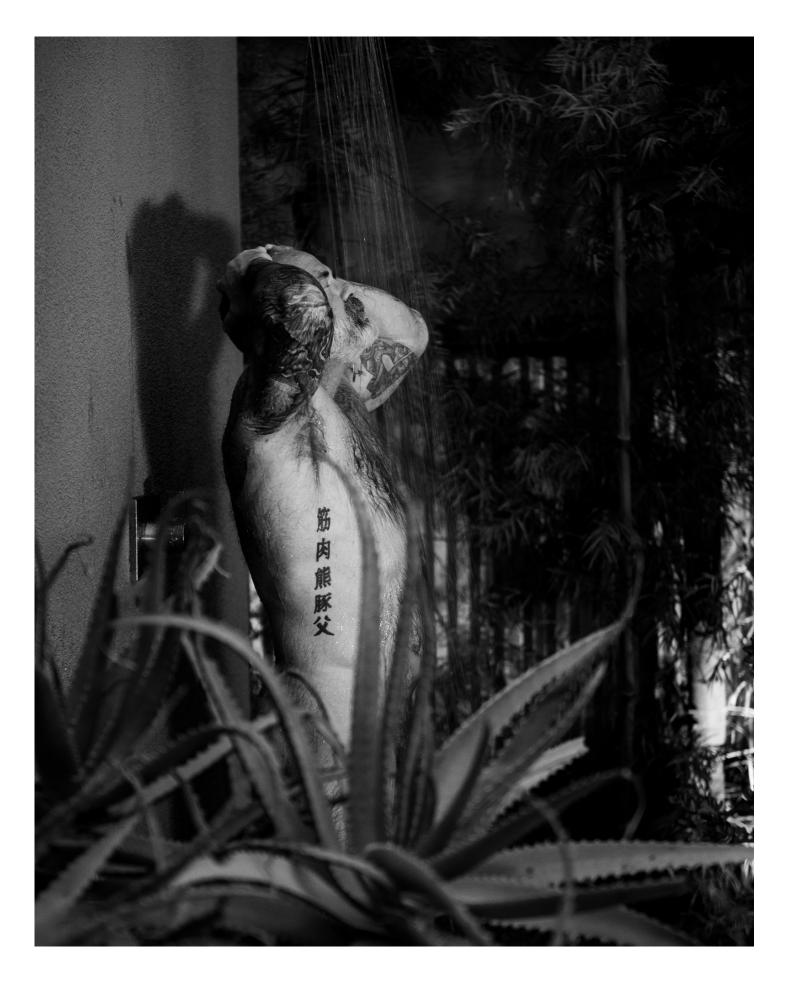
294 SOAP AND WET | 5



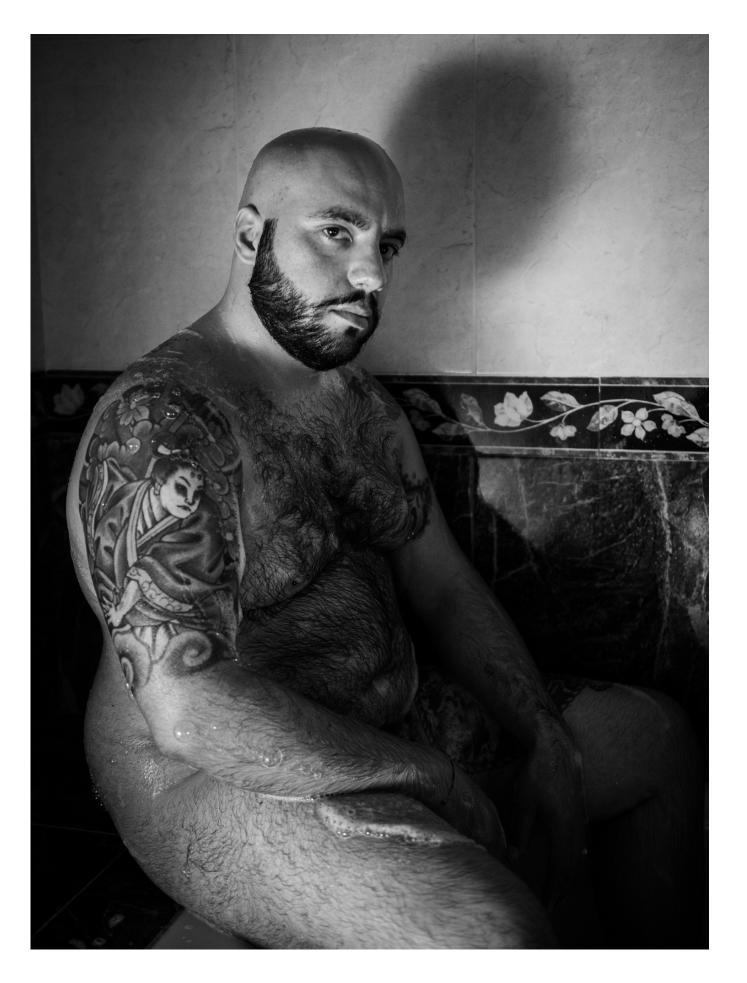
SOAP AND WET | 6 295



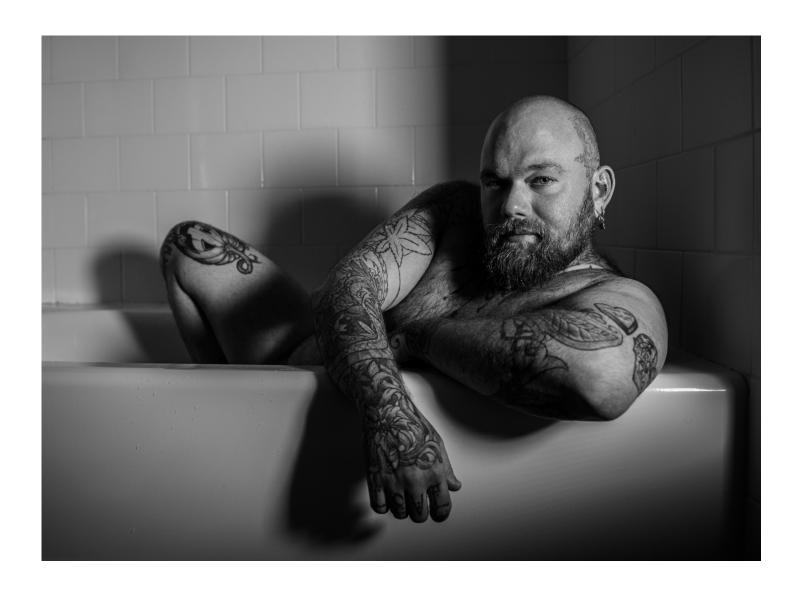
296 SOAP AND WET | 7



SOAP AND WET | 8 297



298 SOAP AND WET | 9

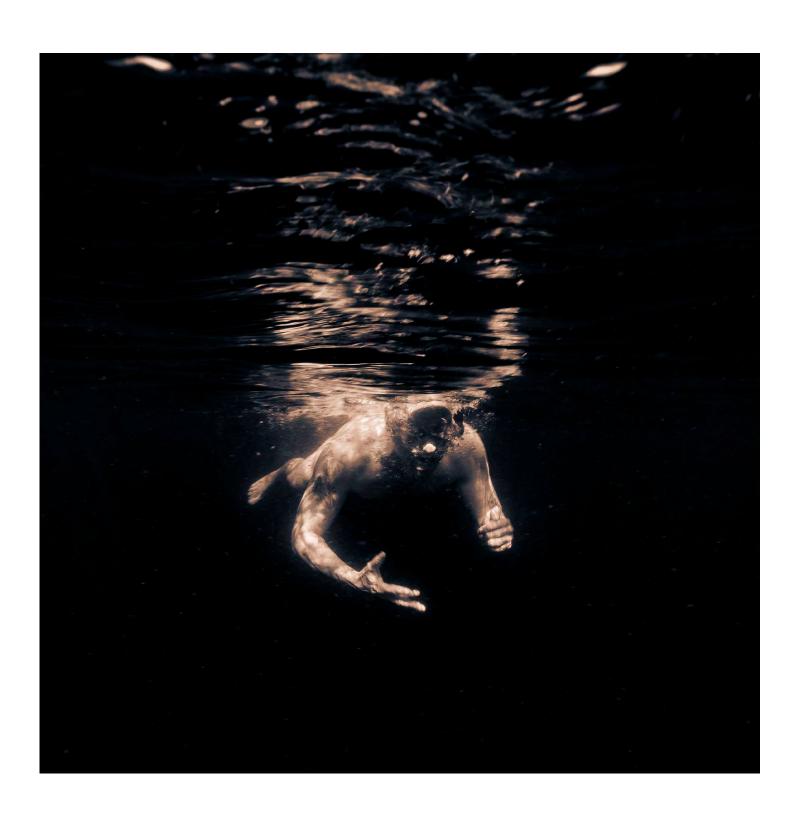


SOAP AND WET | 10 299



SUBSUMED - BLACK & WHITE

Steven Miller

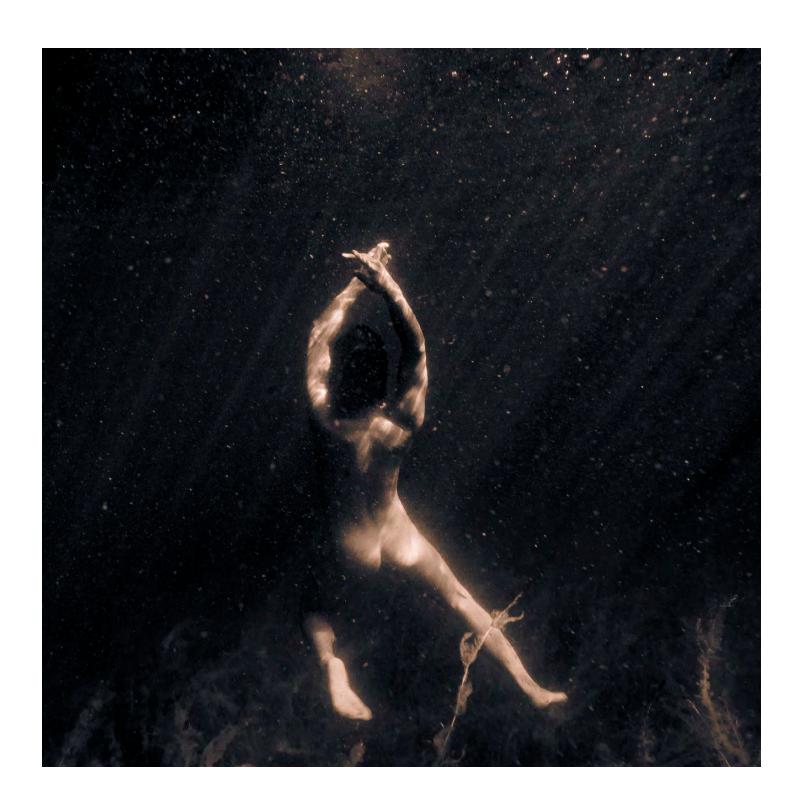




302

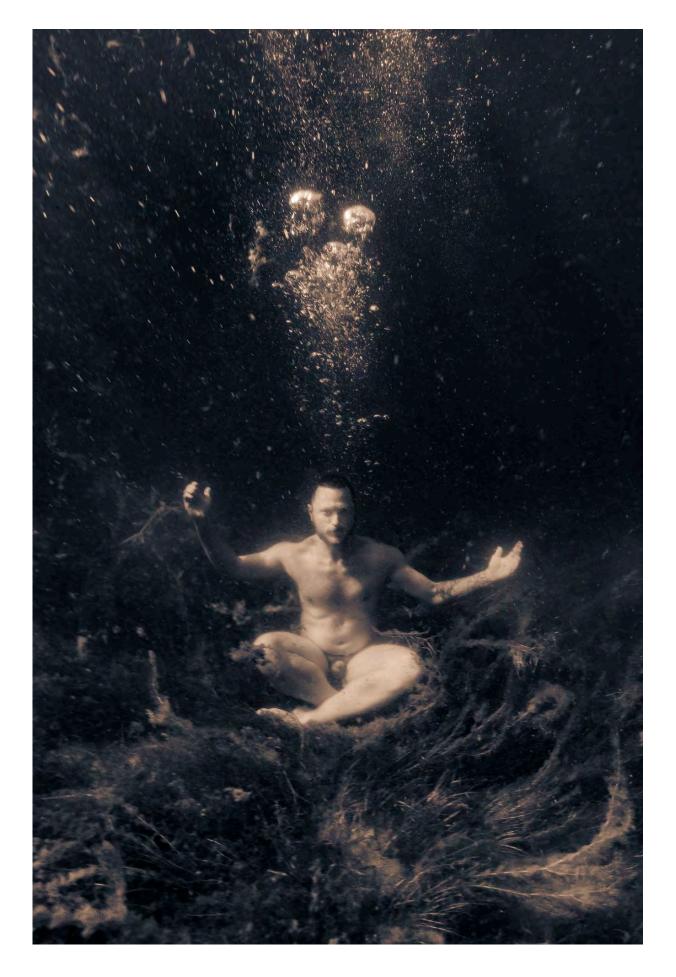


Martin 303





Bertram 305





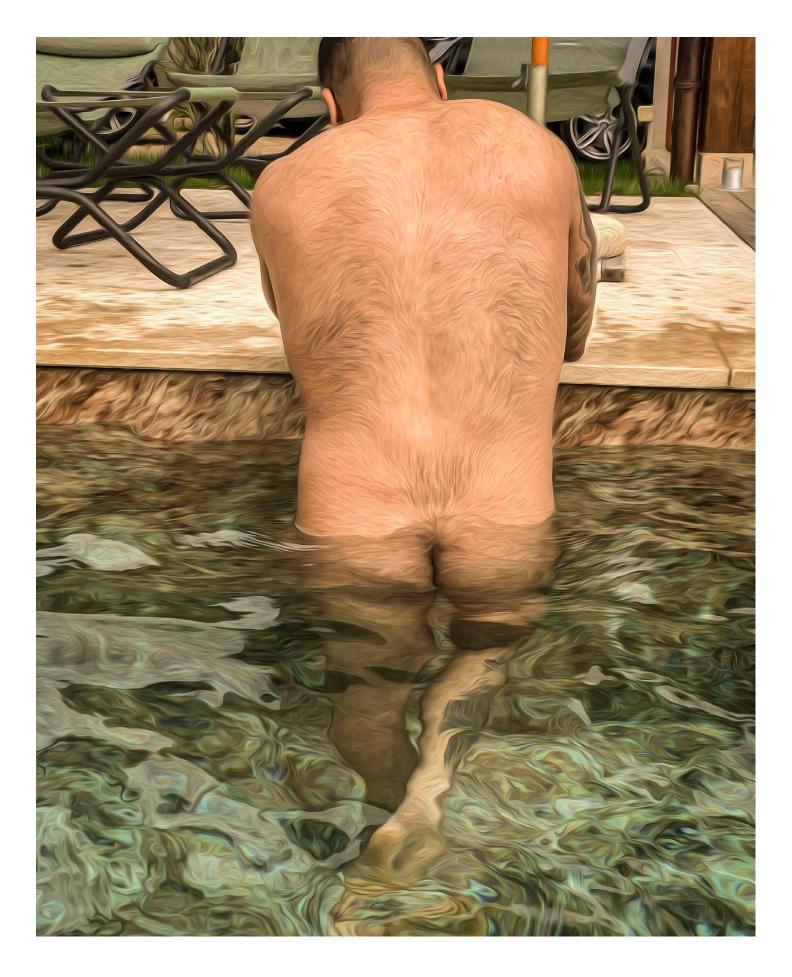
Bertram 307



GLISTENVincent Keith

It's summer and the sun is high in the sky. A house party is in full swing. Friends, old and new, gather around a pool. Inhibitions fade and laughter fills the air. There's a flirtatious electricity in the air. Bodies collide, skin to skin. Close hugs that linger, a hand on a chest, legs that intertwine - all forms a tender friendship. It feels good to let yourself be held, to let yourself be touched. The wet bodies glisten in the sunshine. Time passes. These moments are precious, and then, just like that, they are gone.





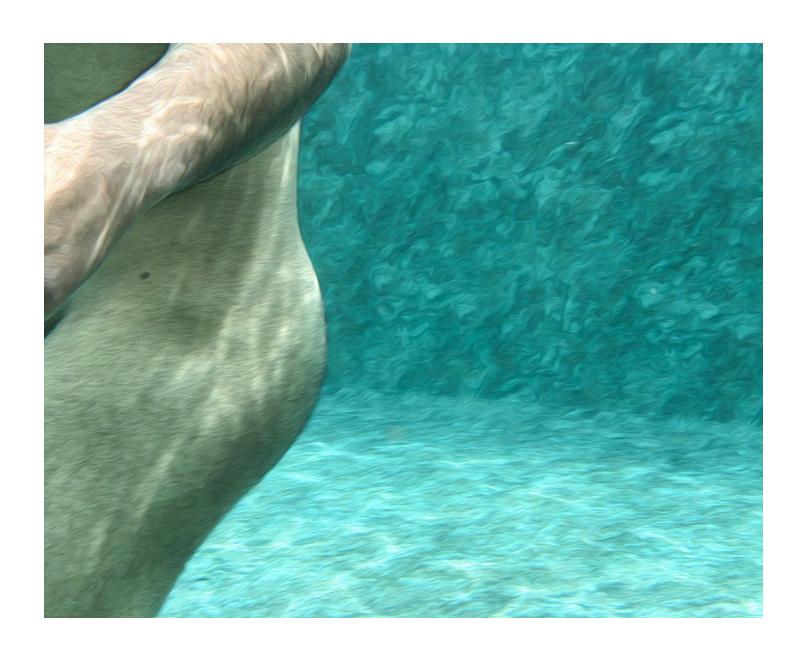


GLISTEN | 4 311





GLISTEN | 6 313



314 GLISTEN | 7



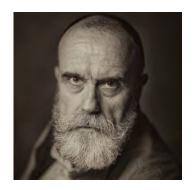
GLISTEN | 8 315



GLISTEN | 9



GLISTEN | 10 317



Vicente Gary - I'm Vicente Gary, commercially, Fotoenzo2o. Passionate about photography, since he was a child. I dedicate myself professionally to this blessed madness that is the photographic world. I have my studio in Valencia, Spain and here I do a commercial photography, from which from time to time I like to escape to create those images that are out of the ordinary, but that put the batteries on me and raise my self-esteem, so necessary in these times. The portrait is my passion and the light is my partner, my friend, the character that gives the scene everything. I love photography, and the expression that it reflects the body, the face, the gaze and the soul.



Rick Castro - Rick Castro lives in the East Hollywood area of Los Angeles; in current seclusion writing a plague diary and creating virtual photo series. In my previous life I was an independent artist working within the mediums of photography, filmmaking, writing and blogging. I co-wrote & directed the cult classic film Hustler White, (1996) with Bruce Labruce, and a documentary for MTV, Plushies & Furries, (2001). I am a contributing writer & photographer for Document Journal, AnotherMan, Homosurrealism, and my daily blogantebellumgallery.blogspot.com.l have two books of my photography, Castro, (1991) published by the Tom of Finland Foundation, and 13 Years of Bondage, (2007) Fluxion Editions. I plan to publish my Virtual Photo Series as a book.



Claudio Tomaiuolo -An Italian boy. Student of information and automation engineering. My interest in photography started when I was 19 years old. Moving to Ancona for my studies, I met two great guys. One of them is studying photography and video, the other one is an amazing entrepreneur of art and cultural contamination. They turned me around. Now I juggle street photography and carpe diem, and recently I started capturing the beauty and masculinity of the men I find on my way. After a fantastic erasmus in Barcelona. and a second erasmus in Valencia. I returned to Italy to graduate and decide which will be the next city on the planet to conquer.



Rob van Veggel - What makes me make art is the act of looking: looking at the world but also looking at what I draw or sculp. And simultaneously looking what others have drawn, sculpted, photographed etcetera. It is a continuing, open ended process, which surprises me every time I feel that a piece is finished. More and more I am interested in the male figure: portraits, bodies and parts: all its expressions but also more abstractly its shapes and textures.

I was born in 1954, attended an art school, but also obtained a Ph.D. in anthropology and have a career in design research. I'm Dutch, was born and live in the Netherlands, but also have lived for many years in Spain and the U.S.



Eenar Kumar - I was about fourteen when I first began using an slr camera. An older cousin from bangalore visited us in Bombay around that time. I hadn't seen him for a few years – the change in his physique was striking. He had been working out and was proud of his strong, muscular body. One day, I asked him if I could photograph him. It was as if he had been waiting for me to ask him. We went to a secluded rocky beach near where we lived on the slopes of Malabar hill. He didn't need much persuasion to lose most of his clothes for the photos 'to show his body off better'. I used the waves of the Arabian sea to get him wet in his underwear. These, my first 'almost nude' photos of a man, gave me a taste for more. I have been undressing men for my camera ever since. Eenar lives in India. He wishes to maintain his privacy.



Stefan Tobias - Photography since my childhood days for me has been a way of playfully interacting with the world, in search of expression and a personal artistic view. The male nude over the last years has been the main focus of my work, and I keep adding to the experience as a model, photographer and digital editor. Living in Berlin gives me the opportunity to meet other photographers, models and creatives and interacting with them. Digital photo art for me is a fascinating medium to playfully examine the relationship between the subject and the object. In my photo series I try to make a personal statement about the relationship between the individual and the world around, as I see it.



Randy Addison - Since childhood, Randy has been an artist in all his pursuits, with a degree in English, an advanced degree in Illustration, and a passion for photography, with an emphasis on portraiture and storytelling. He splits his time between Atlanta and Fort Lauderdale.



Dan Romer - Equally comfortable with pencil, oil pastel, brush, or scissor, in my exploration of the face and figures of the human species. Have also done dogs, dahlias, and dirt roads. One just can't avoid the arousal (why would you?) that comes from having a wet brush in your hand and are slapping it around on paper. All this to capture the emotional essence of the subject, the unseen in the seen. In the more practical realm, I've done design for fabric, book covers and have even wrapped a bus in graphics...and previously appeared in MASCULAR 19. I am currently doing a bimonthly portrait for THE DRAMATIST magazine, the publication of The Dramatist Guild of America



Tom Calloway - Tom Calloway is a photographer that is fascinated by the sensuality of the male figure. He's drawn to the fleeting moments where nudity is captured through vulnerability, strength, and reflection. For the past five years, Tom has been fortunate to work with men who are willing to share these moments.



Patrick Potie - Je m'appelle Patrick Potie, surnom hairybear120



Stephen Honicki - Stephen Honicki is a photographic and multi-media artist who is currently living and working in the Capital District & Hudson Valley Region of New York State. Honicki is also a media arts educator who has been working in the field for over 25 years. He earned a BFA at the State University of New York at Albany and received his MS in Art Education at the College of Saint Rose. As an artist, his intent is for viewers to see his images as a series of dramatic vignettes; dealing with the underlying themes of love, relationships, loss, and hope in our queer culture unfolding before their eyes.



Michael Rosey - After working as a jewelry designer for 20 years, a catastrophic fall left me paralyzed with limited use of my hands and arms. With the help of splints, Velcro and the love of my friends, I am able to create again. I studied nude drawing as a teenager, dabbled in fashion illustration, studied graphics as an undergrad and obtained an MA in Art Education. I have traveled extensively and been to many of the world's museums. All of this influences my work.



Robert Siegelman - Robert Siegelman works primarily in photography and drawing. He taught at Tufts University in Boston, for forty years. His work is in many collections including the Boston Public Library, Harvard, MIT, The Leslie + Lohman Museum of Gay and Lesbian Art in New York City, The Leather Achives in Chicago, and the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.the Angus-Hughes Gallery in London.



Alejandro Caspe - Alejandro Caspe born in México 1975 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.



Lontano - Lontano (1970), selftaught photographer, has dedicated himself to recording the underworld of the gay scene in Santiago, Chile, photographing drag queens and the vogue scene. Since 2017, he has been dedicated to male erotic photography with his "massive men" project, which also alternates with other specific personal projects and collaborations such as the one he did with the singer Felipink and his video Pecado (2020). He has also photographed several national fashion catwalks such as Pasarela Valparaíso and Mercedes Benz Fashion Week Santiago. Among his latest works, his record of the general rehearsal of Amateur Dance Film (2020) stands out.



Jason Jackson – The Erotiese Project, created by the photographer Jason Jackson, is an ongoing series of visual narratives (via studio portraits and environmental portraiture) focusing on the myriad aspects of male sensuality, expression and masculinity.



Adam von Niekirk – Adam is a husband (hopefully one day) and father of two (real human beings). He jumped into photography when his daughter was born and has since embraced many different styles of photography from weddings, lifestyle to his current dream project, male duodoir. Along with his partner Itamar, he hopes to show men of all shapes and sizes that we are all beautiful and that each of us has a place in this world where we belong.



James Dobbin - My original interest in photography was piqued by the work of in-house photographer for the thatre where I worked as a puppeteer, Val Adamson. Her work outside of the theatre is highly regarded and widely displayed. This interest simmered until years later when I bought a digital camera to send images of my nieces back to my father in South Africa. And from there all things blossomed. I eventually did an HNC to push myself. I am lucky enough to have a small studio at home, and currently my work focussing on exploring and experimenting with lighting and exposure.



Michael McAllister - Michael McAllister's writing has appeared in The New York Times print and podcast formats, and in national literary journals. He lives in Los Angeles.



Jackon Fotografix — Jackson is a selftaught Vancouver-based photographer, who has spent over 20 years (ten of those in New York City) photographing the male nude. Under the name jackson photografix, his work has been seen internationally in print and online. His fine art photography has been exhibited in galleries like the prestigious Leslie Lohman Gallery in NYC. Jackson is available for private commissions.



Paul Specht- Paul Specht is a portrait and fine art photographer living in Easthampton, Massachusetts. He has been visiting the swimming hole in Cummington for almost twenty years.



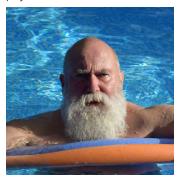
Taro - Taro, 50+ yo man, japanese. I like myself putting in a severe environment to train the mind and body. Harder the training, higher the motivation.



Michael Oelofse -Born in Johannesburg, I moved to Sydney in 2004. I picked up a cheap plastic camera when I was six or seven and photographed a cactus. Since then I have a compulsion to capture bits of the world and to try and hold on to it through fixed images. I studied photography at TAFE NSW and picked up some technical knowledge, but the rest of my work is my own fault.



Gian Paolo Bocchetti - I was born in Turin in 1962. After several multifaceted experiences I graduated at the faculty of Architecture of the Politecnico di Torino. For years I played the role of assistant of a famous professor. Between students in tears, master classes and house projects for unconscious buyers, the years passed. Passionate traveler, l'explored countries and people of the 5 continents. The passion for photography was born to documenting with my eyes people, spaces and architectures. "World theater in one click" becomes my photographic project. I am currently preparing a book on Berlin and a project called Bodouir.



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 and pastel), painting and photography.



Andrew Graham - Largely self-taught photographer Andrew Graham photographs naked people. He has long been drawn to the human form, initially exploring the nude in the 1980's, and coming back to it 20+ years ago. He finds the unclothed body is an amazing art form, so changeable with pose, light, mood, the energy of the day, and the relationship between the model and the photographer. It has been said that Andrew's "drug of choice is people!" Andrew enjoys creating art with bodies of all types and colors—male, female, nonbinary—yet as a queer artist he feels the male nude is under represented and under appreciated.



Aurelio Monge - I was Andalusia (Spain, 1971) and my first contact with the photography art was at 18 years old. I focus my work on the human figure, especially the male body, not only as the study of it, and starting from the ideal representation of the nude classic beauty; sometimes Apollonian, as well as sometimes Dionysian; from the corporeal to the essential and linked with the sense of beauty, as a necessity of my sensible reality, and only reachable through the harmony, balance and proportion. From my point of view, the nudity

art-expression transcends the merely erotic field in order to search the form's domain and the light's strength. It explains why at the same time, I also conceive a desert landscape as an Apollonian nude expression, or see a sea-wave blast as pure Dionysiatic manifestation. I dedicate sensible amount of time exploring the wonderful expressive possibilities of the human male nude body, using the chiaroscuro technique in productions like series of academic studies which are drunk from the western artistic tradition which apparently remind the baroque paintings.



Craig Milton Menzies -Born, raised and educated in South Africa, A husband and father living with my family in Hong Kong. In my professional design career I have projects in the UK, Europe, Asia and Middle East. I am also a Photographer, digital content creator and Brand creator, weightlifter, traveller and social entrepreneur. I think of myself as broad-minded and creative, sometimes loud, and also reserved but have a real passion for photography. With the knowledge and experience I have gained from many years of shooting, my photographic styles keep evolving and intensifying.



Julien Van Aken - My name is Julien, I am 36 years old and I am Belgian. I love everything related to the human body and especially when the human being is demonstrating his body without being ashamed. I am a servant of bodypostism

and I often demonstrate it through my various posts on social networks. We may be strong but we are not ashamed of who we are. Being a model bear, I turned my jacket over and challenged myself to get into photography myself. Beginner certainly but motivated and miserly of photographic knowledge, I will continue my evolution and I hope one day to be able to say to myself, I have arrived there!



Sergey Melnitchenko - He was born in 1991 in Mykolayiv, Ukraine. Founder and curator of the school of conceptual and art photography MYPH. Member of UPHA - Ukrainian Photo Alternative. He started photography in 2009. In recent years, he has participated in more than 150 solo and group exhibitions around the world. Winner of Ukrainian and international competitions, including "Leica Oskar Barnack Award Newcomer" in 2017 (Berlin), "Photographer of the Year" in 2012, 2013 and 2016 (Kyiv, Ukraine).



Oliver Nunez Diaz - Oliver Núñez Díaz - I'm a German photographer living in Düsseldorf. In 2015 I got in touch with photography and took my first snapshots. I quickly fell in love and submerged deeper into photography. That's how I came up with my slogan "From Snapshots to Passion". In November 2016 I released my first coffee table book "Sexy Sunday" which was a great success. At the same time I had my first photo exhibition in cologne. My work is especially known for my love to details and the focus on the subject. "The viewer is to feel

more than he sees." 2019 I started my new label "PHOTOMOLEKUEL" under which I present my new works, as well as some of my favorite photos from the past.



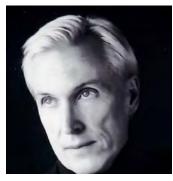
K Anthony - Age - 50. Birmingham, UK



Eric Lanuit - Born in Paris in 1965, Eric Lanuit has always been interested in image, fashion, and photography. After 15 years as the head of communications and press relations for various haute couture houses, including Givenchy with John Galliano and Alexander McQueen, he decided to change his direction, and in 2003 he began working with the famous Parisian cabaret the Lido. At the Lido the spectacle of what happens onstage and backstage revived his original interest in photography. Eric Lanuit is now based in Lyon, France, and focuses on his photography artwork which appears in numerous American and European magazines. He regularly shows his artworks in Paris, Lyon and Los Angeles.



Cerf - Photographing men (often naked) goes back 35 years with my small reflex, llford film in black and white. I have since worked on weddings, pregnant women, very young babies but I always come back to these hairy men, bearded, thin or not, muscular or not. Because I always fixate on a face and its ability to express what I can't find in words.



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 in Brooklyn. His art has been featured in many international art magazines. His art is in the Leslie Lohman Museum Collection in Manhattan.



Michael Stewart - (b. 1990, Brockton, Massachusetts, USA) is an NYC-based photographer and video artist. Michael's photography has a timeless quality. He experiments with both vintage and new age lenses, allowing him to add an air of nostalgia to

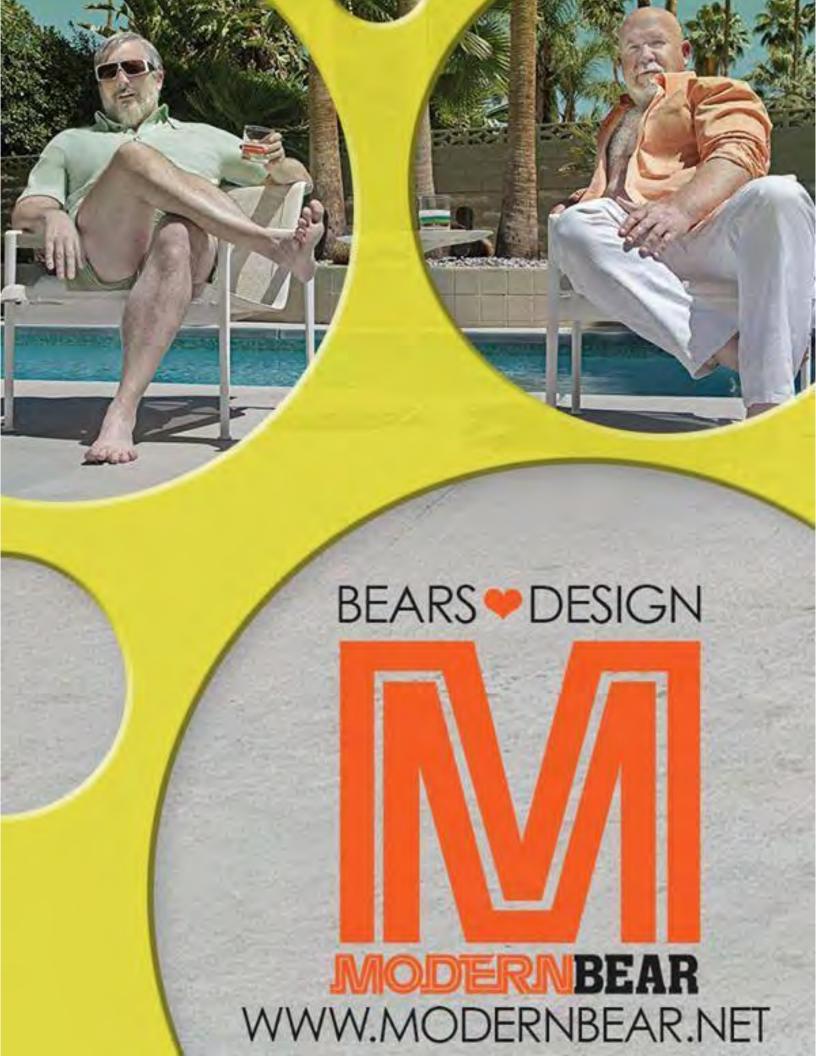
modern environments and subjects. His portfolio shows an artist trying to slow down the world from it's dizzying pace. Through a series of photos taken in Taipei he is able to tame the loud and bustling urban scenery into quiet and thoughtful moments of stillness. Michael's recurring and careful exploration of the nude figure expresses our collective and hurried attempts at establishing intimacy with unfamiliar figures and locales. Stewart has a degree in Media for Global Citizenship and a Certificate in Film Studies from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. He presented his work in two solo shows in Boston, "fish people" in 2018 and "TPE: MJStew in Taipei" in



Steven Miller - Steven Miller is an artist living in Seattle, Washington.



Cor Windhouwer - I am a Dutch artist, first years made mostly abstract paintings but over the years changed more and more into `figurative`, as ideas for my work i use photo's from men, landscapes and cows from Internet or magazines. I love to play with colors, use mostly oil pastels, ink and acrylic paint on paper. I've also made 4 sculptures in bronze, two male figures, a cow and a portrait of a nun.



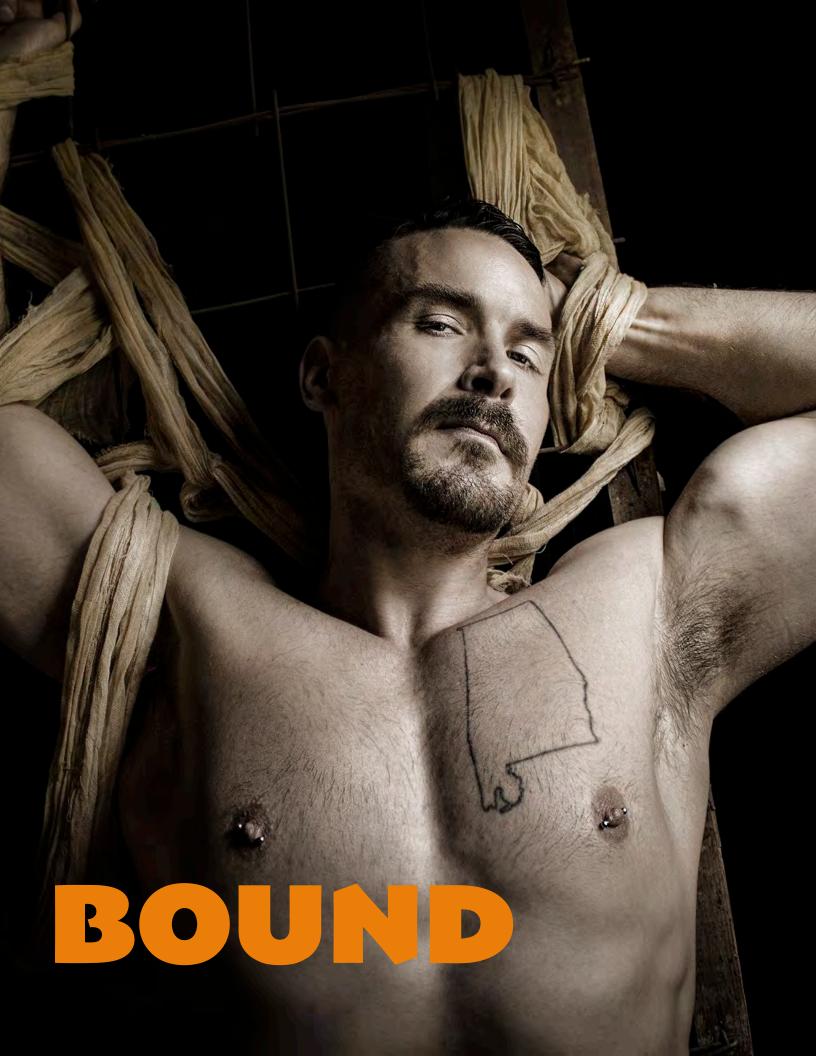


A PORTRAIT IN ISOLATION

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BOUND

In Issue 33, we are exploring BOUND. A broad concept, BOUND refers to anything that ties us to something external or internal. Maybe our first thought would be to picture someone tied with rope, or in some form of bondage; but a broader interpretation might be to remember we can be home-bound, or snowbound, or bound to memories from the past. We can be bound to a partner, a crush, an idea ... or a post.

Taking it one step further, we can break free of our bindings, whatever they might be. Ultimately, whether we are the bound ones or the ones doing the binding, those ties reveal something. And our interactions with bindings, whatever they may be, expose a narrative.

For more than 30 years, BOUND has been a constant theme in my work: first, with drawings, and then with photography. We want to see how this concept shows up in your work, literally or figuratively. Maybe you are bound to an idea, a nuanced theme that influences everything you do. Or maybe it is a driving force in your creative nature, showing up in all sorts of ways in your work, boldly or subtly.

As gay men, we are intimately acquainted with the concept on many levels. At some point or other, through exploration of leather, or a Tuesday night love-making session, we have experienced that feeling of bindings, literally or emotionally ... savagely or softly. This is about your interpretation.

In *Paradise Lost*, Milton wrote "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven..." How does your mind affect your ties? We want to know.

Randy Addison

Guest Editor for Issue No. 33 of MASCULAR Magazine

If you are interested in contributing to Issue No. 33, please download and complete the Submissions Form which is available from the Submissions page on our website: www.mascularstudio.com, or for more information, feel free to contact MASCULAR Magazine at: submissions@mascularmagazine.com

Deadline for submissions is November 29, 2021.





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SMALL BATCH HAND CRAFTED SCOTTISH GIN AND VODKA DISTILLED IN THE CAIRNGORMS

