



MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 4 | Winter 2013

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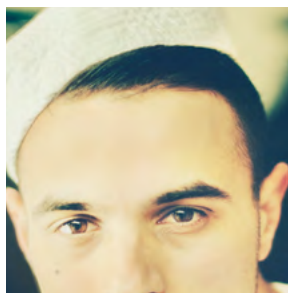
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MASCULAR

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CELEBRATING MASCULINE ART AND THE MEN WHO CREATE IT



Depuis Homère nous connaissons la valeur symbolique du voyage : qu'il soit philosophe, commerçant, aventurier, touriste, poète ou étudiant, celui qui prend la route part à la découverte d'un ailleurs rêvé ou sublimé autant que de lui-même.

L'expérience vécue favorise l'ouverture au monde et aux autres, laisse des marques indélébiles sur le corps et l'esprit. On ne revient pas tout à fait indemne d'un voyage.

Ulysse, Dante, Gullivers, Sindbad le marin : la figure du voyageur est souvent un homme et la littérature universelle abonde de leurs récits. Mais à une époque où l'on se fait davantage touriste de quelques jours que voyageur aux long cours, l'appareil photo a remplacé la plume pour témoigner du périple accompli.

Mascular Magazine, dédié à l'art au masculin, explore dans sa 4^{ème} édition le thème du voyage en y apportant son propre regard. Au fond, alors qu'on parle d'un culture gay quasi universelle, transfrontalière, avec des codes, des rites et des modes qui se correspondent d'un bout à l'autre de la planète, y-a-t-il une expression photographique gay quand il s'agit de témoigner du monde ? C'est à cette question que nous vous proposons de répondre, en compagnie de contributeurs prestigieux, qui se sont intéressés à tous les aspects du voyage : les préparatifs, le transport, les rencontres, la découverte et le retour !

Tout voyage ne saurait s'entreprendre sans avoir d'abord boucler son sac ou sa valise. Ce que l'on emporte avec soi pour partir revêt une valeur symbolique, sensé exprimer son statut social ou sa personnalité dans un ailleurs où l'on est un inconnu. Dans "Baggage", Vincent Keith s'inspire des photos de mode, prêtes à tout pour attirer

l'attention, et moque avec son propre style, sobre et plein d'humour, ce que pourrait être la campagne publicitaire d'une célèbre bagagiste.

Rien ne prédestinait Elodie Fougère à apparaître dans cette édition : c'est une femme qui aime les hommes, mais pas l'avion, dont elle a très peur ! La série "Le Vol" est un rare témoignage, celui d'un voyage effectué dans le cockpit d'un avion de ligne, en compagnie des pilotes. Elodie restitue avec finesse la vie à l'intérieur du poste de pilotage, depuis la vue sur les immenses étendues de nuages jusqu'à la piste d'atterrissage.

Gaétan Rossier prend la route à la rencontre d'une Amérique fantasmée, qu'il ne connaissait qu'au travers d'images de grands photographes américains. "My American Iconography" montre que la réalité dépasse parfois la fiction. La Californie qu'il nous montre est minérale, dépeuplée, désertée et laisse un étrange goût de solitude, comme certains voyages qu'on entreprend.

"Le Train" de Max F. circule sur des rails au milieu de paysages enneigés. Ses photographies en noir et blanc, prises à l'avant du train, sont comme le fruit d'un cheminement intérieur quand, dans le froid de l'hiver, on attend le bout du tunnel, pour que la couleur revienne.

Arrivé à destination, le voyageur solitaire loge provisoirement dans des chambres d'hôtel. Ce n'est que par sa seule présence qu'il donne vie à ces lieux vides et impersonnels, qui se ressemblent tous. Trois photographes offrent dans cette édition de Mascular Magazine leur regard croisé et se mettent en scène dans des séries d'autoportrait, comme pour tromper l'ennui ou la solitude : Sikander en Inde, Giuseppe Rannoichiari en Chine et Olivier Vinsonneau en France.

Les voyages sont aussi l'occasion de rencontres. Jean-Christophe HUET consacre depuis plus de 10 ans une partie de son travail photographique aux body builders africain. Sa série témoigne des efforts incroyables auxquels se livrent dans des conditions précaires ces athlètes pour sculpter leur corps, dépasser leur condition et accomplir un rêve.

Jéren, sur les plages de Goa, en Inde, rencontre des lifeguards bien éloignés des clichés californiens.

Anthony L'Huillier nous livre un portrait de Bronson, camionneur australien rencontré par accident qui accepta de poser nu pour lui, ainsi qu'une série sur des athlètes du Moyen-Orient.

La série d'Igotz Ziarreta, "Made in basque Country" met en scènes de robustes basques coiffés de leur bérêt et apporte une vision corrosive, humoristique et tendre sur ce peuple ancré dans la modernité mais fier de ses traditions.

Eenar Kumar photographie ses amants pour ne pas les oublier. La série "Erotic Travelogue" se regarde comme le journal de bord d'un séducteur qui nous dit que la vie est belle, comme ces longues journées d'été et de farniente au bord d'une plage dorée ou d'une piscine bleue.

Dylan nous rapporte aussi de superbes images de vacances, quand la vie n'est que douceur, surtout en bonne compagnie.

Dans la série "The Bikers" de Vincent Keith, un court texte accompagne les photos de puissantes motos et de leur conducteur dans des décors post industriels pour illustrer le pouvoir érotique de ces bolides : le bruit d'un moteur, la vitesse et les carrosseries sculpturales fascinent les hommes. Vincent nous le démontre avec conviction.

De retour dans son Kansas natal, Robert MacRae aime à parcourir les routes désertes et les vastes étendues pour se ressourcer. "No place like home" est un vibrant témoignage de son amour pour cet état d'Amérique, rural et bucolique, en compagnie d'un ami lui aussi photographe dont il tire le portrait dans des paysages sauvages ou inhabités.

On peut aussi entreprendre certains voyages à côté de chez soi, comme la découverte du "London Loop", que Scott A. Hamilton voulut immortaliser par une série d'autoportrait dans un cadre bucolique et pourtant si proche de la capitale britannique.

Il y a de nombreuses façons de voyager, et autant de raisons. Pour Ali Moussa, il s'agit de rejoindre l'être aimé, dans une relation à distance. Sa série en noir en blanc raconte son voyage aller et l'excitation qui va avec, mais pas le retour, trop difficile.

En fait, l'acte photographique est destiné à immortaliser souvenirs ou émotions. Chacun de nous connaît la nostalgie que provoque la redécouverte de vieilles photos prises lors d'un voyage ou d'un séjour lointain, comme Andrès Hannach qui nous livre une sa série métaphorique, "Well-traveled and unwrapped again and again", comme Jacinto Caetano qui témoigne dans sa série sur l'Arabie Saoudite du contraste entre traditions islamiques et modernité occidentale.

Chaque voyage laisse une marque indélébile sur la personne qui l'entreprend. C'est ce que semble nous dire Craig Calhoun, qui utilise des photographies prises lors d'un voyage en compagnie de ses parents pour les mixer avec des autoportraits suggestifs, ou Manel Ortega, qui demande à ses modèles de poser avec un souvenir.

Nous espérons que vous prendrez autant de plaisir à parcourir cette édition de *Mascular Magazine* que nous en avons eu à la préparer.

Enfin, je souhaite également remercier Vincent Keith pour la confiance qu'il m'a témoignée en me proposant de co-éditer ce numéro avec lui !

Jérôme Oren

Mars 2013

Ever since Homeric times, we've understood the symbolic nature of travel: whether it be a philosopher, business man, adventurer, tourist poet, or student, he who takes to the road leaves in search of the land of dreams of the sublime, and in the end finds himself. The experience opens him to the world and to others, and leaves an indelible mark on both body and spirit. We do not come back unchanged from a voyage. Ulysses, Dante, Gulliver, Sinbad the Sailor: the figure on a voyage is often a man and all of literature abounds with their stories.

In an era where we are more likely to be occasional tourists than long distance voyagers, the camera has replaced the pen as the tool with which we witness our journeys. Mascular Magazine, which is dedicated to masculine art, has chosen to explore the theme of travel in our 4th issue and to bring to the subject our particular perspective. While we may speak of an almost universal gay culture,

crossing borders, with rites, codes and fashions that are shared from one side of the world to the other, is there a gay photographic language we all share when witnessing the world? This is the question we hope to address, with the help and company of our accomplished contributors, who have focused on all the aspects of travel: the preparation, transport, encounters, discoveries and the return home!

You can't begin a trip without having first closed your bags or luggage. What we take with us when we leave has great symbolic value. It defines our social standing and denotes our personalities in a places that are alien to us and where we are the strangers. In "Baggage", Vincent Keith is inspired by the world of fashion photography. He pokes fun at its desperate need to attract attention with his own spare but humorous style, and in doing so creates what could be a fashion campaign for a famous baggage company.

There was nothing that suggested Elodie Fougère would appear in this issue – she's a woman who likes men, but hates airplanes, which scare her terribly! The series "Le Vol" gives us a rare insight, that of a flight seen from the cockpit of a commercial airline and in the company of its pilots. With finesse, Elodie captures life in the pilot's seat, from the expansive views over the clouds right through to the runway.

Gaëtan Rossier goes on the road to discover a ghostly America that previously he had only known through the works of the great American photographers. "My American Iconography" shows a reality that is sometimes stranger than fiction. The California he shows us is barren, unpopulated, dry and gives you a strange sense of solitude, not unlike some voyages we may have experienced ourselves.

Max F.'s "Le Train" rolls through snow covered landscapes. His black and white photographs, taken from the front of the train, are like the fruit of an inner journey, in the depths of winter, where we wait to see the light at the end of the tunnel - for colors to return.

*When he's arrived at his destination, the solitary traveler seeks provisional lodgings in a hotel room. It is only by his presence that these anonymous, empty and impersonal spaces come to life. In this issue of *Mascular Magazine*, three photographers have put themselves into this context to confront and defeat solitude and ennui: Sikander in India, Giuseppe Rannochiari in China and Olivier Vinsonneau in France.*

Travel also creates the opportunity for encounters. For over ten years Jean-Christophe Huet has dedicated himself in part to photographing African bodybuilders. His series explores the incredible lengths to which these athletes go, in precarious conditions, to sculpt their bodies, to escape their conditions and to achieve their dreams.

Jéren, on his beach in Goa, in India, meets lifeguards who are far removed from the Californian clichés.

Anthony L'Huillier has given us a portrait of Bronson, an Australian trucker he met by accident and who agreed to pose nude for him, as well as a series on a couple of middle eastern athletes.

Igotz Ziarreta's series "Made in Basque Country" depicts beefy Basque men, wearing their berets and

brings to life a challenging though humorous and tender portrait of a people anchored in modern times but proud of their traditions.

Eenar Kumar photographs his lovers so as never to forget them. The series "Erotic Travelogue" feels like the diary of a seducer who tells us that life is beautiful, like those long summer days lazing on a golden beach or by blue swimming pool.

Noodles & Beef has also brought back his superb vacation photos, where life is lovely, especially in good company.

In Vincent Keith's "The Bikers", photos of powerful motorcycles and their riders in post industrial landscapes accompany the words of the bikers to reveal the sexually charged power in these machines: the sound of the engine, speed and the sculptured bodies are fascinating to men. Vincent brings it all to life with conviction.

Back home in his native Kansas, Robert MacRae loves to explore deserted roads and vast landscapes to recharge himself. "No Place Like Home" is a vibrant exploration of his love for this rural and bucolic American state, accompanied by a fellow photographer whose portraits he has taken in this wild and uninhabited landscape.

We can also undertake a voyage closer to home, such as the one uncovered in "London Loop" which Scott A. Hamilton wanted to immortalize with a series of self-portraits in a bucolic setting, and yet so close to the British capital.

There are numerous ways to travel, and just as many reasons for doing so. For Ali Moussa, it's about rejoining the one he loves, in a long distance relationship. In his black and white series he tells us the story of his outbound trip, and the excitement that goes along with it, but not of the return, that's too hard.

In fact, the act of taking a photograph is meant to immortalize memories and emotions. We've all experienced the feelings of nostalgia that arise when we rediscover old photos taken on a trip or in a time long ago, just as have Andrès Hannach who has submitted his metaphorical series "Well-travelled and Unwrapped Again and Again", or Jacinto Caetano who in his series "Middle East" explores the contrast between traditional Islamic and modern western culture in Saudi Arabia.

Every voyage leaves an indelible mark on the person who has undertaken it. That seems to be what Craig Calhoun is saying, using photographs taken on a trip with his parents and mixing them with his suggestive self-portraits, or Manel Ortega, who has asked his models to pose with their souvenirs.

*We hope that you take as much pleasure in exploring this issue of *Mascular Magazine* as we have had in preparing it.*

Finally, I would like to thank Vincent Keith for the confidence he placed in me by asking that I co-edit this issue with him!

Jérôme Oren

March 2013



LETTERS

We are very happy to hear from our friends and readers. Here is a sample of the feedback we have received since the publication of the last issue. Please feel free to write to us and send feedback. We love hearing from you.

Fantastic issue, Vincent, the magazine is getting better and better every time. I am amazed with its fantastic content.... Congratulations!

Jéren.
French Riviera

wow, grandes avances en diseño y variedad,, enhorabuena.

C. Uruego
Barcelona, Spain

That is a handsome and high-quality magazine. Well done. I would be happy to contribute some pieces of art if there is any interest.

Kirwan Arts.
Los Angeles, California

:(I wanted to submit so badly to this one, but time just didn't work for me. I'm definitely going to have to submit for the next! I absolutely love this magazine, thanks so much for your contributions :)

A. Moussa
Michigan, USA

Wonderful magazine and photography! I like it very much.

M. Johnson
Northwest, USA

Wow. You have made a very beautiful series, dear Jean. Congrats on being in Mascular Magazine!

M. Leth
Denmark

This is a beautiful series, Jean! I'd love to know more about it. Congratulation on being in the magazine! I'm so glad that your watercolor drawings are represented as well!

Thanks also for letting me know about the submission process, I got my entry in just under the line.

R. Siegelman
Boston, MA

An interesting magazine. Great contributions, too, from various photographers/artists. Wonderful variety of subjects. Thanks for sharing it.

Dale
Seattle, WA

I've been enjoying this magazine thoroughly. It not only has some great contributors, but the design of the whole magazine is one of the very best I've seen, providing an excellent setting in which to enjoy the images and stories.

M. Magee
Santa Maria, California

I would imagine a difficult time for you in your personal life Jérôme - but a brilliant way of expressing your emotions through your photography. It may well be you will re-evaluate in the future, but the images you have created are, as you say, 'real-time' and that can never alter the way you feel at that time. Hope this works well for you. L..

Leon
UK

That is a handsome and high-quality magazine. Well done. I would be happy to contribute some pieces of art if there is any interest.

Kirwan Arts.
Los Angeles, California

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M. Leth
Denmark

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Igotz Ziarreta - I was born and grew up in Meñaka, a small town between valleys and mountains in the Basque Country. In 2004, I moved to Barcelona (Catalonia), where I resumed my self-taught interest for photography, which became my passion. Since then, my photos have been published and used by numerous news media outlets, associations, cooperatives and companies. I enjoy portraying people in fictional scenes which tell a story, and I am always looking for people willing to appear in my photos. If you happen to be in Bilbao or Barcelona and are interested in working with me on a photo, you can contact me via Facebook at facebook.com/igotzziarreta. To see my work, you can visit www.igotz.com. See you soon!



Laurent Goldstein is a French photographer, art director, designer, author and film producer living in Varanasi (Benaras – India). Laurent was trained to be an architect and later became the designer and the art manager of several high fashion companies in Paris, London and Milan before he settled in India and launched Red Halo, an household linen label involving people living with difficulties. Along the Ganges relationships with people are different and Laurent carries on this human adventure through photography extending his glance to the world and showing many aspects of Indian society sometimes deeply de-

voted to its traditions or on the contrary forward-looking. His attempt to capture the soul of people allows him to show the inner beauty of those who cross his way. Benaras, the oldest living city in the world, became one of his favourite topic where in a kind of biblical set, he is introducing people who are most of the time wrapped in a state of grace. The work of Laurent Goldstein is currently published and exhibited in several art galleries in a few parts of the world in order to sustain the Education of several children in Benaras and to support Guria, a Human Rights organisation and since a few years he is writing and producing movies or documentaries for the same purpose as well. His work is spontaneous and influenced by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Raghu Rai, Herbert List and photographers from the 19th century such as Samuel Bourne, Madho Prasad or Brajo Gopal Bromocharywork as I do making it.

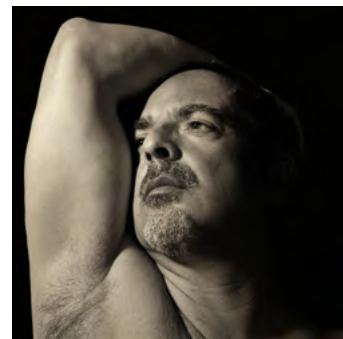


Jacinto Caetano My mum tells me that as a child, I was obsessed with changing everything around me: moving round the furniture in my bedroom, renewing the covers of text books - basically, if it existed, I changed it. I first boarded a plane when I was 20 years old. The experience was magical, and I wanted to do it over and over again. In 2002, I began my studies in graphic design and discovered I could create amazing things just thinking about them! It's like making your dreams come true. I was absorbed. By 2004, I had become the Art Director of a modest communication agency in Seville. During those initial stages and hard financial times I chanced upon someone handing out flyers announcing flight attendant courses. This was to change the direction of my life again. Buenos Aires was my first ever destination as a flight attendant and ahead of me there was to be a long list of wonderful cities

to explore. Four years later, during the extremely hot summer of 2008, I found myself living in and exploring Saudi Arabia, an unexpected but mesmerising adventure. I left the airline industry and enrolled in one of the most successful design schools in Barcelona. It was one of the best decisions of my life, and enabled me to become involved in one of the most exciting and fulfilling projects I have ever embarked on: the building of a business in Fort Lauderdale. It was then that I realised I want to spend my life dedicated to art, design, and travel.



Eenaar 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 had been brought up on a steady diet of Bollywood films where it was mandatory to have at least one song-and-dance scene where the boy and girl got drenched, fully-clothed (there was a prohibitive censor board in place), in a monsoon shower. 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. Eenaar lives in India. He wishes to maintain his privacy.



Giuseppe Ranocchiar was born in 1958. Since 1979, he has expressed his artistic creativity through photography, capturing a universe of material and virtual spaces, often real stages, in order to share his passions and his emotions. A passionate vision of the world, without ever denying the aesthetic art and the pure beauty which often turns to glamour, witnessing to the umbilical cord with the world of fashion never broken.



Andrés Hannach Born to German-Jewish immigrant parents in Santiago, Chile, I moved to Toronto as a fresh graduate of architecture school and young, print making artist. I have since worked mostly in graphic design, editorial illustration and visual arts projects. I have travelled extensively worldwide and keep discovering new things regularly in my local neighborhood and, whenever possible, in faraway places. Having spent close to 15 years in Canada, I returned to Chile with my young daughter. I welcomed my gay self rather late in life and, after a number of years trying to make sense of it all, I met the wonderful, magical man whom I have been lucky to share and explore life with, for nearly six years so far. He keeps me grounded and is vital to keeping my sense of awe and wonder alive, at home in Santiago and wherever we go.

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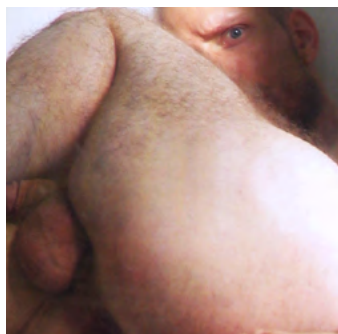


Born in Paris, **Jean-Christophe Huet** is passionate about early to distant destinations. He directed his attention to the ethno-geography of the tropical world and stayed in the loop of the Niger River in Mali. More recently, he decided to make a photographic report on the endangered traditions of Vanuatu. His book "Vanuatu" was published in 2009 by Editions Michel Husson. Past three years, he traveled many times in Ethiopia and has been specially marked by the rich cultural mosaic of the Omo Valley and the mysterious city of Harar where Arthur Rimbaud spent his last years



Jérôme Oren (Jéren) - French photographer born in Paris in 1966. In his youth, numerous trips abroad with his parents gave him a taste for discovery and adventure. His father, himself a keen photographer, gave him his first SLR camera for his 16th birthday, and taught him the basics of technique and practice of photography. To this day, he retains a nostalgic love for analog photography but has long since converted to digital for most of his work. However his old Rolleiflex is never far away. A graduate of the Institut d'Etudes Politiques de Paris ("Sciences Po"), he lived in the U.S. for more than a year in Boston, MA and in the mid-West, where he

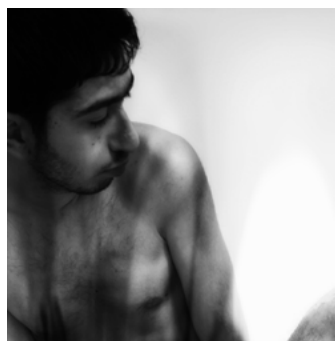
discovered American culture. He did his military service in the French Navy. His ship was on a world tour and undertook various missions in support of indigenous peoples, allowing him to discover remote lands and islands, but also instilled in him military values such as , determination, sense of leadership, solidarity and male friendship. After his military service, he became involved in the family business situated on the French Riviera, where he has lived ever since. He also becomes involved in professional lobbying., Culminating in the role of head of a major union. Photography had been a hobby among others, but the discovery in 2008 of a social network dedicated to photography (www.Flickr.com) and meet other fans encouraged him to go further in this process, by devoting more time and seeking always greater control.



Craig J Calhoun was born in Binghamton, NY in 1971. He was then raised in Greene, NY. He attended S.U.N.Y. New Paltz from the Fall of 1989 to the Fall of 1994, graduating with a BFA in metals. He attended The School of The Art Institute of Chicago from the Fall of 1996 to the Spring of 1998, graduating with an MFA in fiber. He first started manipulating digital images with Photoshop in June of 2004. He currently lives and works in Chicago.

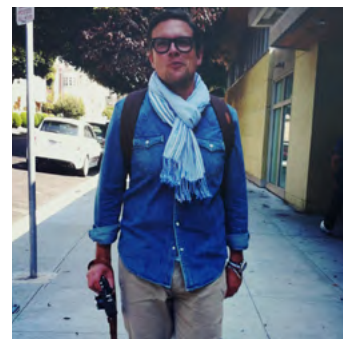


Vincent Keith - I am a London based photography interested in all-things creative. I had neither the talent nor the courage to try to make my career as a creative - I would have love to have been an architect. So I make do with a home studio, and living vicariously through the creative works of an amazing and inspiring array for friends and contacts. I stated taking photos when I was eight years old and there was always a dark-room at home as I grew up. Being a bit old-fashioned in my approach, much of the technology around modern photography is beyond me. I get as much of a kick sharing my work as I do making it. Last year I founded *Mascular Magazine* as a forum to celebrate masculine art and the men you create it.



Ali Mussa - I was born near Detroit, Michigan and was raised in a conservative religious family. Obviously, I took the first chance I could and went running for the hills. I dropped out of a biology degree after my first year and enrolled in a Fine Arts program away from home. Here I was assaulted by a vast array of people of countless shapes, sizes, cultures, religions, and experiences. I began to experiment with various forms of Art while beginning to accept myself for who I always was and finally embraced my homosexuality. In my work, I have been swaying back and forth between trying to challenge people's concepts of beauty by portraying figures that would otherwise be considered not beautiful, and challenging our place in nature and how we live (not so well) alongside it - generally by portraying people being used as plant-food, of course. It wasn't until after I had finished my degree that I truly began to enjoy photography and taught myself how to use a camera. Today I live alone with my 2 cats but hope to move to be closer to my

boyfriend very soon. We've been together 4 years now, I think it's about time we got our asses out of this long-distance relationship!

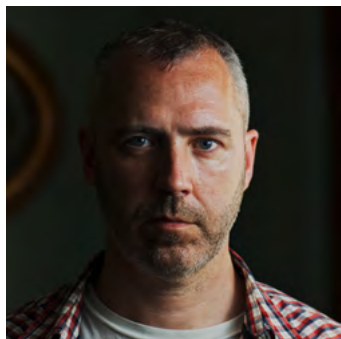


Born in Switzerland in 1975, **Gaëtan Rossier** has been a photographer since 2002. Interested in to urban photography and architecture, his work deals with contrast such as distance and closeness, detachment and expression, innocence and intensity. His approach to light, to the framework, colour and subject familiarizes the spectator with the common identity in his photographs. The detail is in general focused in the middle of his photographs, as the main element - the intriguing motor of the photograph.



Elodie Fougère - Stemming from a more classical background when it comes to education (art history, l'Ecole du Louvre and psychology), Elodie never considered photography to be her profession. She wouldn't even qualify it as 'photography' but rather visual art; it's a starting point to which she adds paint, textures even in furniture and textiles. The pseudonym "Kalanch-Ôé" is a representation of her artistic persona and a simple way of being free as an artist without the constraints of appearing egocentric or self-obsessed. She finds inspiration in her daily life, the places she visits, the individuals she meets, her lectures and most of all in the people she likes (or in the ones she doesn't).

CONTRIBUTORS



Scott A. Hamilton - People are what interest me and I enjoy making pictures of them. While I love the detail and quality of a DSLR camera I'm often using a compact camera and enjoy the challenges that presents. Working part-time as a school teacher allows me the artistic freedom to do the kind of photographs I want to, however, I'm always interested in finding new ways of working and remain open to other ideas.



Robert MacRae - Towards the end of 2012 I turned 40 and left my desk job, so I'm starting 2013 full of ambitions. One goal is to take my photography to a wider audience. I have had no formal training, but my parents first showed me how to load film into their Brownie Starflash when I was five or six. I grew up on a Kansas farm where cameras came out for vacations and celebrations to capture merely one or two moments. My photographic approach remains one of studied observation: taking the time to find a unique angle, waiting for the best light or lingering until a special moment can be captured. Most of my subjects are buildings, landscapes and street scenes: places that look much the same from day to day except when carefully framed, exceptionally lit or enlivened by an in-

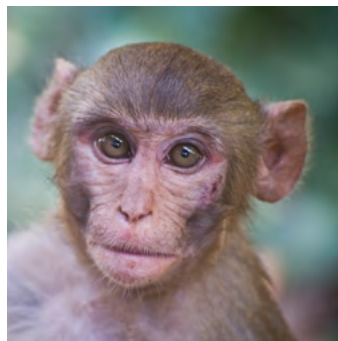
teresting subject. Today I live in England where I continue to use antique film cameras as well as digital ones. Combining digital with analogue excites me; I like using vintage lenses, pinhole attachments or even a kaleidoscope with my DSLR. My online gallery is redbeardphotos.com; my travel blog is redbeardtravels.com. Portraiture and physiques are new for me but I'm always looking for models or collaborators and I'm still assembling my male physique portrait work online. E-mail me for details at robert@redbeardtravels.com.



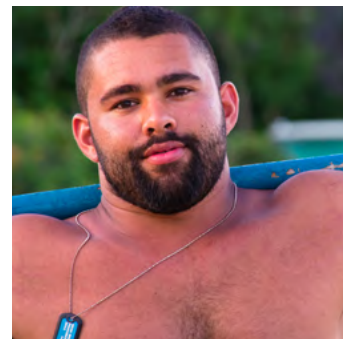
Manel Ortega - was born in Granada, Spain and was fascinated by photography from an early age. During his military service as a sub-mariner, he bought a camera with his first pay cheque which confirmed his destiny. He then moved to Barcelona where he became an assistant photographer, laboratory manager and then established his own commercial studio in the heart of the city which is now run by his business partner. His work has been featured in Spanish Vogue, Arte Fotografico and La Vanguardia, 10 years ago he moved to Brighton, UK where he has held several successful exhibitions exploring his creativity through collaborations and a wide range of media. He was also commissioned to produce work for anti-discrimination campaigns, World AIDS Day, The Terrence Higgins Trust, NHS and numerous cover shoots for G-Scene. He is renowned for his interpretation of light, his portraiture and his interpretation of the male form. He is now settled in Brighton with his partner Ross and their whippet, Basil who is an expert and patient model.



Anthony L'Huilier - Hailing originally from Brisbane Australia, Anthony has lived and worked in some pretty exotic places including Pakistan, India and all over the Middle East and Asia. A veteran filmmaker, photographer and film editor in advertising and television, he's made films for Sheikhs, Presidents, governments, corporations and humble NGOs. Despite growing older Anthony still possesses a restless creative mind and hopes to write more and make films that reveal some personal truths. He currently lives in small county town on the edge of the outback in South Australia.



Sikander grew up in New Delhi, India, and has returned to settle in the city after living on the East and West coasts of the United States. He works as an artist, photographer, and designer. While studying photography after high school in the highly creative but socially conservative atmosphere of the Triveni Kala Sangam in New Delhi, he was forced to use his own body for his 'clandestine' explorations of the human form. This period coincided with the development of his sexual identity, making self-portraiture integral to the expression of his sexuality. His photography has since gone through various phases while also reflecting the influence of his higher studies in architecture.



Noodles & Beef is an amateur photographer from San Francisco. He is currently working on a daily self-portrait project, drawing inspiration from his idols Bruce Weber, Jim French, and Steven Miller.



Tino García - Born in 1970 in northern Spain, diploma in television direction and production, later I attend various photography workshops. I conclude with a university course in digital photography, but my photographic training is primarily self-taught.



Olivier Vinsonneau - After 20 years in fashion, dressing women and men, today I'm only interested in looking at them. Looking at them in order to better photograph them. As an autodidact, for me photography is a passion, my camera is always at my side so that I can explore urban landscapes and portraiture.



BAGGAGE

Vincent Keith

Some of the most creative and dramatic photography I've seen has been in the context of print ads for the world's premier brands. The photographers and art directors who bring these visions to life are constantly pushing the boundaries of what can be done in the never ending effort to capture the attention of the 'oh so impatient' magazine reader's eye. With unlimited budgets and egos to exploit them, the industry's greats have every advantage at their disposal, and regrettably, with increasing frequency, computer aided magic to capture the impossible.

I know I'm not alone when I say that I look at the glossy magazines for the photography. Most of the products advertised aren't targeted at me and it's clear I fall outside the target audience. The products they advertise and

many of the models they use don't interest me, even if the photography does. The concept for this shoot was a collaboration with my good friend Philippe. We were discussing the magazine and he suggested doing a series of photos around his Louis Vuitton luggage. I jumped at the idea as I wanted to examine the travel theme from a perspective that had little to do with destinations or movement, but rather the ritual it entails. Baggage seemed the perfect subject.

The next step in bringing the concept to life was to study ads for the world's leading luxury brands. I looked through hundreds and hundreds of photos, and noticed that many fell into a few categories – celebrities, details, uber-glamour, casual use were the most obvious. With time and budget

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



constraints, I chose to pair down the compositions rather than trying to replicate the incredibly elaborate sets that some ads used. Instead, I decided to insert an iconic bear form into the scenes and moods these ads evoked.

Fortunately, Philippe was completely at home in this world. Before each shot, I would explain the scenario, and he would enact it impeccably. In one case he was to enact an older passenger standing in line looking at a younger one full of bling but lacking in style. In another, he was to be the lover making a quick exit from a hotel room. With all of these setups, I never lost track that they were meant to be (mock) product advertisements, so the luggage needed to appear prominently in each image. We had a fantastic time and laughed most of the afternoon.

In our discussions, a few observations came to light. Luxury and quality (even if its only perceived) impart confidence and authority. Nice luggage imparts to the “wearer” a sense of self-confidence and self-importance that

resonates with their own views of the importance of their voyage. It helps them stand out from the crowds. It’s meant to send a message to fellow travellers that while we may be headed in the same general direction we are most definitely not in the same boat. When the train stops at the terminus, you will simply have got to where you were going, while I will have arrived.

At first, I thought the luggage might form a barrier or type of protection, both for what’s inside and against the throng. But I no longer believe that to be relevant. Travel is one of those occasions when you are forced to interact with the larger public, and as it has become mainstream, you lose your sense of self. It’s all the more uncomfortable if you have an elevated sense of self. It’s therefore all the more important to send signals (subtle or not) to the people around you to indicate how you see yourself. In other words, when you travel, the metaphorical baggage we carry comes full circle and into its own.





(L) NON, MAI ÉCOUTE...
(R) TOUCHE PAS, CONNASSE









(L) BIEN HABILÉ
(R) RIEN À CACHER

THE TRAVEL MIX

Brian Maier



Life is certainly a journey, not a destination. And that means you're going to see some very wondrous things along the way.

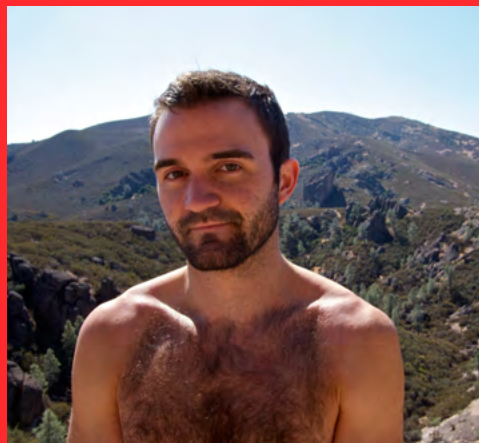
January 1st, 2013. Hundreds of people gather for a yearly tradition - the Polar Bear Swim in the English Bay in Vancouver. The perfect cure for the late night hangover, this was the very first thing I did on New Years Day after an amazing evening DJ-ing the RUFF party. While the water was freezing cold, the energy and enthusiasm from the on-lookers and the swimmers was palpably warm. It was the perfect finish to a magical journey to Canada and a collaborative New Years Eve bash.

Travel and music are intrinsically linked - there are few things that bring back the memory of a place like the melody you associate with it. Whether it's the soft fall of snow, the chirp of fluttering birds, the hum of cars and bustle of street life, the harmony of a live band, or the songs your friends and family play for you; you're constantly associating space with rhythm and mood with melody.

Each year, I try and find new and special places to visit and forge a new perspective. This past fall, it was Yosemite National Park and the trip was transformative. I got closer to a life long friend, Corey Christopher, as we shared stories while playing some of my past shows from my iPod. The narrative of that trip was both physical and lyrical.

This month, I invite you to take a journey with me through *Mascular Vol 2*. The sound is one of my most involved to date, featuring a gradual build of atmosphere and mood until we come to a climactic finish. I think you'll love it.

www.djbrianmaier.com



MUSIC



If you would like to hear Brian Maier's 'Travel' Mix, you can download it from <http://soundcloud.com/brianmaier/mascular-vol-2> or on iTunes here:
The icons below will take you there directly.



WWW



LE VOL

Elodie Fougère

Lors d'un petit vol interne sur la France, le pilote qui accueillais les passagers et a qui j'ai dit que j'aimais pas l'avion m'a proposé de faire le vol dans le cockpit avec lui et il m'a autorisé a faire des images.

Complètement par hasard je suis retombée nez a nez avec lui à l'aéroport de Copenhague un an plus tard, et rebelote il m'a proposé de faire le vol avec lui et là j'en ai encore profité pour faire ces quelques images. Ces images sont donc un mix des deux vols.

Sachant que déjà normalement depuis le 11 septembre on ne peut pas accéder au cockpit et que sur le milliers de rotations qui existe j'avais peu de chance aussi de retomber sur lui, cette série reste un souvenir que j'affectionne, d'autant que l'avion et moi c'est pas vraiment une histoire d'amour mais que comme j'adore voyager malheureusement il en faut en commencer par là...

On a short internal flight in France, I told the pilot who was welcoming the passengers aboard that I didn't like airplanes. He asked me to join him in the cockpit for the flight and let me take some photos.

Completely by chance, I found myself face to face with the same captain a year later in Copenhagen airport, and once again, he invited me to spend the flight with him. Once again, I took the opportunity to take some photos. These images are a mix from both of those flights.

Bearing in mind that ever since September 11, you're not normally allowed to access the cockpit and considering the thousands of flights how unlikely it was that we should meet again, I have a great deal of affection for this series. The story of me and airplanes is no love affair, but since I love to travel, I have to start from there...











MY AMERICAN ICONOGRAPHY

Gaëtan Rossier

Septembre 2012, départ de Zürich pour San Francisco. Trois semaines sur les routes de Californie m'attendaient. Des images plein la tête. La solitude du désert, la torpeur de la Cité des Anges, la mélancolie de Santa Cruz, le charme suranné du post-modernisme de Palm Springs, les excès de Vegas... j'étais prêt. Bob Dylan, Nancy Sinatra & Patti Smith ont fait une grande partie du chemin avec moi.

J'avais le pressentiment que quelque chose ne sera plus comme avant. Un tournant... J'allais enfin confronter mon imaginaire (My American Iconography) à LA réalité.

Les Etats-Unis, la Californie, la Route, je les avais souvent fantasmés. C'est notamment au travers des clichés de William Eggleston, Robert Frank, Jim Goldberg, Stephen Shore et bien d'autres, que je m'étais créé ma propre American Iconography. Un mélange de "sujets ordinaires", qui pouvait inclure de vieux pneus, des distributeurs de Dr Pepper, des climatiseurs hors-d'âge, de vieilles Buick abandonnées, des distributeurs automatiques, des bouteilles de Coca-Cola vides et sales, des skateboards, des affiches déchirées, des poteaux et des fils électriques, des barrières, des "gueules", des panneaux de sens interdits, des panneaux de déviations, des panneaux d'interdiction de stationner, des horodateurs et des palmiers amassés sur le même bord de trottoir. Un mélange de complexité et de beauté d'un quotidien ordinaire.

Trois semaines sur la route... San Francisco, Santa Cruz, Pismo Beach, Los Angeles, Palm Springs, Las Vegas... une orgie d'images, de lieux, de "gueules", d'odeurs, d'excès, de beauté, de liberté.

Ce n'est qu'au retour de mon voyage, que j'ai constaté que la banalité apparente qui se cachait derrière les sujets traités et cette quête d'une Amérique fantasmée était trompeuse. Un sentiment étrange émanait de l'ensemble de mes photographies. Une impression de solitude et de mélancolie se dégageait clairement de cette série. L'Homme semblait évoluer dans son univers très codifié (Billboards, cars, roads, shops & ...) sans toutefois ne plus vraiment avoir d'emprise sur lui... C'est comme si l'Homme s'effaçait derrière des images stéréotypées de son propre environnement, victime de ses propres excès.

Résultat... le photographe en quête d'une Amérique rêvée, fantasmée au travers du regard d'autres photographes (mythiques) américains s'est retrouvé d'un univers bien plus codifié et stéréotypé qu'il ne s'y attendait. My American Iconography était dépassée par la réalité. Sentiment étrange.

Série réalisée avec les appareils suivants :

- Mamiya 6 / Kodak Portra 160 NC
- Nikon D800 / Voigtlander 40mm f/2

September 2012 - Zurich to San Francisco. Three weeks on the roads of California await me. My head full of images; the solitude of the desert, the torpor of the City of Angels, the melancholy of Santa Cruz, the quaintness of post-modernism in Palm Springs and the excess that is Las Vegas. I was ready. And Bob Dylan, Nancy Sinatra and Patti Smith were going to carry me along the way.

I had a feeling that things were going to change. I had reached a turning point. I was finally going to confront my imagined LA with the reality. American icons brought down to earth.

I had often fantasized about the United States, California, the roads; especially through the pictures of William Eggleston, Robert Frank, Jim Goldberg, Stephen Shore and others. I had created my own American Icons. A mixture of 'ordinary subjects': old tyres, Dr Pepper dispensers, air conditioners, abandoned Buicks, vending machines, empty Coca-Cola bottles, dirty skateboards, torn posters, and electricity pylons. A mixture of complexity and beauty of the everyday ordinary.

Three weeks on the road. San Francisco, Santa Cruz, Pismo Beach, Los Angeles, Palm Springs, Las Vegas. An orgy of images of places, 'wizened faces', smells, excess, beauty and freedom.

It was only on my way back home, I realised the apparent banality of these subjects in this American fantasy was misleading. An atmosphere of loneliness and melancholy emerged throughout the series. Whilst we imagine we have shaped the world we live in (billboards, cars, buildings), in reality we have no control over it. It's as if we're hiding behind the stereotyped images of our own creation, a victim of our own excesses.

The result? A photographer seeking out the American Dream. But the fantasy I'd imagined through the eyes of other photographers was far more rigid and stereotypical than I'd expected. It was a strange feeling, the images I had of the American Dream, My American Iconography, were the reality.

Series carried out with the following devices:

- Mamiya 6 / Kodak Portra 160 NC
- Nikon D800 / Voigtlander 40mm f / 2

























LE TRAIN

Max F.

To travel, that's living!
Where motion is the breath of the journey.
The uncertainty; the tunnels.
Darkness and high humidity let you fall inside yourself.
There are no signs for orientation.
You have to feel and count on other senses and perceptions.
And coming up, inner images.

The scene from outside is moving in your head.
The smell is dry; colours have lost their form as they turn into im-
pressions, memories.
A photograph catches the light.
And at the end of a tunnel, you'll find them.
Colours.













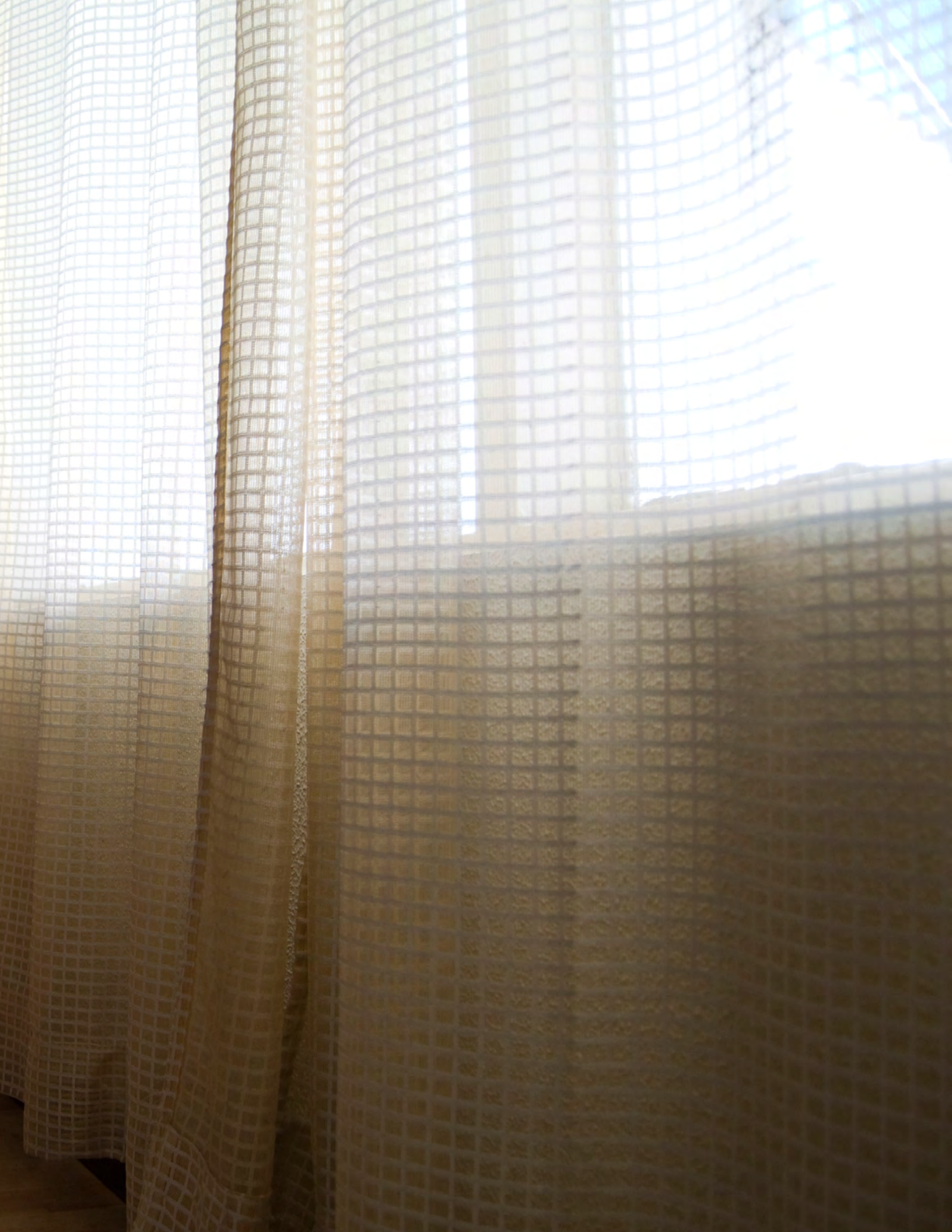
HOTEL ROOM
(OPENING THE DOOR FOR THE DEVIL)
Sikander

These photographs are taken from a series of self-portraits in hotel rooms during my travels across India. When travelling, the hotel room is both alien in its newness and yet familiar as a generic space. It is at once your refuge, your home but also somewhere you've never been before. And so, in the hotel room you can behave like in no other place. It allows for a sense of intimacy and even familiarity, whilst at the same time being new and unfamiliar. These self portraits attempt to record these warm, but somewhat disquieting feelings.

You can see more of Sikander's work on Flickr at www.flickr.com/photos/9911618@No6/ and on www.modelmayhem.com/sikander











UNA TAZZA DI THÈ A SHANGHAI

A CUP OF TEA IN SHANGHAI

Giuseppe Rannoichiari



Il volo Lufthansa LH729 dopo 12 ore nel cielo atterra finalmente a Shanghai.

La città mi accoglie in tutto il suo clima tropicale umido e piovigginoso.

Il taxi mi porta direttamente in albergo, il Pullmann Skyway Hotel, quello visto per mesi su internet, immenso, tutto a vetri, un sogno alto 55 piani.

L'avveniristica Shanghai spaventa per la sua grandezza e confusione, una città che va a mille, tutti gli spostamenti richiedono tempo ma tutto allo stesso tempo...corre veloce.

Era un rito quello che consumavo in hotel al mattino, mi piaceva dal letto

osservare lo skyline di grattacieli, strade e ponti sul fiume, uno spettacolo che lascia impietriti.

Lontano nell'orizzonte si intravedono il Bund ed i padiglioni dell'Expo internazionale.

Restavo nudo ad osservare quel trionfo architettonico e seguendo i principi dell'armonia, purezza, rispetto e tranquillità mi gustavo come ogni cinese una calda tazza di thè.

Buon viaggio

You can see more of Giuseppe's work at:

www.facebook.com/giuseppe.ranocchiar,

www.flickr.com/photos/gr_photo1958 or [GR_photo](#) on Instagram



After 12 hours, finally the flight Lufthansa LH729 was landing in Shanghai. The town welcomes me with all its humid and drizzly tropical weather.

The cab headed straight for my hotel, the Pullman Skyway, the one I have seen on the internet for months; huge, completely glassed-in, a dream 55 floors high.

The futuristic Shanghai can frighten by its sheer magnitude and sense of chaotic confusion. The town goes at full speed, every move is slow, but at the same time, extremely fast.

It was a morning ritual: from my bed I watched the skyline, the roads and the bridges on the gleaming river. It's astonishing sight.

Far away, I could just see the pavilions of International Expo. Naked, I watched that architectural triumph and, in accordance with the principles of harmony, purity, respect and quietness, I enjoyed a warm cup of tea just like any other Chinese.

Bon voyage!











CHAMBRES D'HOTELS

Olivier Vinsonneau

“Ces lieux neutres, des lieux de passage avec leurs odeurs si particulières, des odeurs qui troublent parce que loin des parfums familiers. Ces lieux sans vie, conçus pour que chacun s’y sente à l’aise, mais où finalement personne ne l’est, par peur de troubler l’intimité des prédécesseurs et des suivants aussi.

Des lieux où le sommeil est particulier ... au milieu de cette absence de vie, de cet ordre si parfait et clinique, il y a cette présence fantomatique permanente. Une présence qui nous parle de ces lieux mais aussi de son occupant d’un soir.”

Texte : Emmanuel Tigé

“These neutral places, transient places, with their oh so particular smells; smells that trouble you because they are so far from anything familiar. These lifeless places, designed to make you feel at ease, but where in the end, you never can be, as you don’t want to intrude on the intimacy of those who came before and of those who will come afterwards.

Places where sleep is peculiar; in the midst of the absence of life, of perfect clinical order, there is a permanent, almost ghostly presence. A presence that speaks not only of these places but also of tonight’s occupant.”

You can see more of Olivier’s work at www.olivier-vinsonneau.com



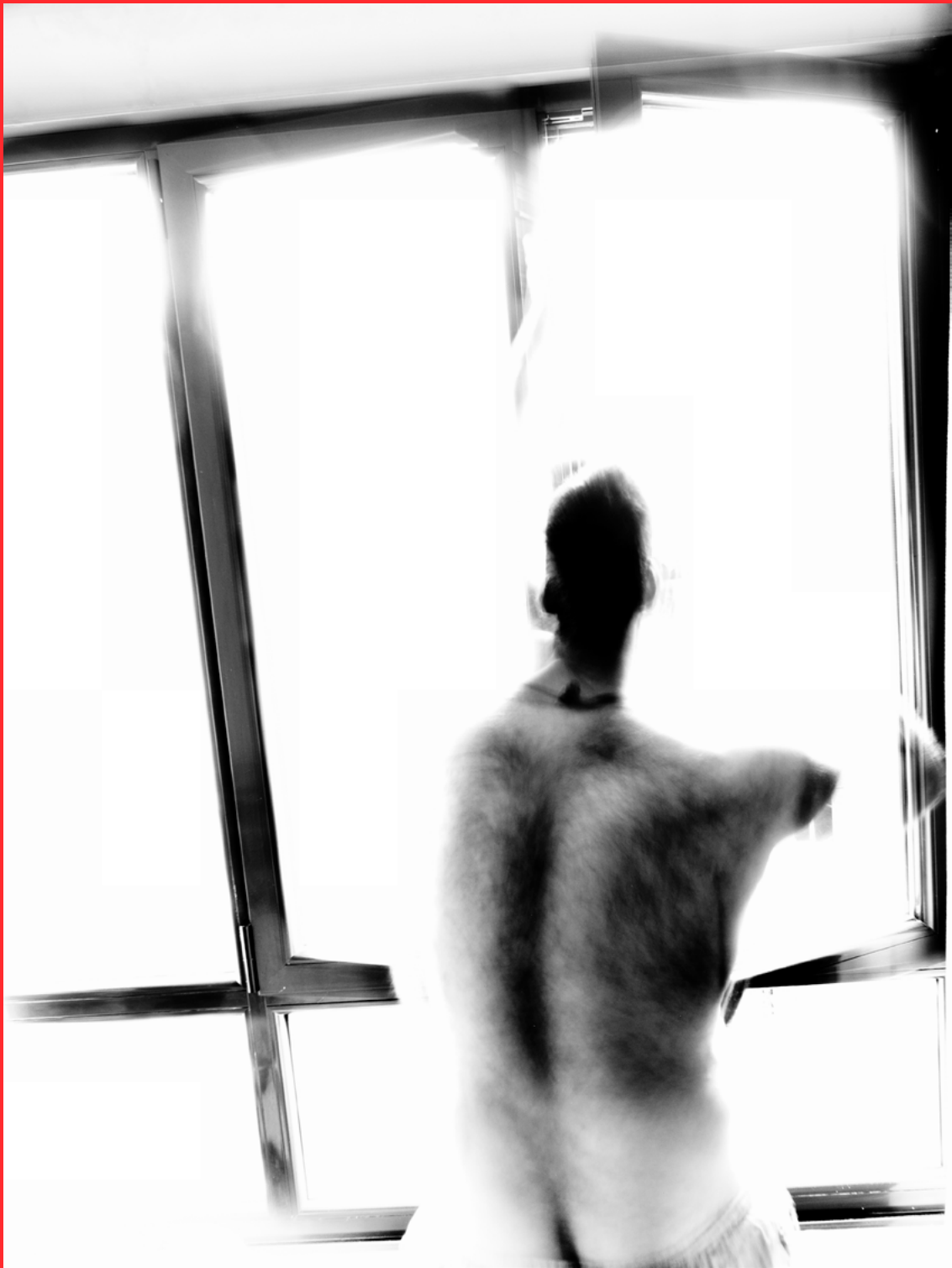








TOP: LE 22.02.2011 CHAMBRES HOTELS - TROYES
BOTTOM: CHAMBRES HOTELS | 12



FUR

Tino Garcia

You have been settled here for a long time, you have become my eldest travel mate but I don't know you well, you never show your real face. I wonder myself whether in fact you are the one you say you are or whether you are a kind of evil demon who inhabits inside me. For me you are like an all-pervading light explosion, you always manage to get through in spite of all the drawn curtains.

Right from the beginning you have drawn an insurmountable barrier between myself and the loved one, but I think enough is enough, I'm already weary, and I think the best option for Me and ME is to break up for some time.

You can see more of Tino's work at www.ochoarrobas.wix.com/fotografia







BODYBUILDERS AFRICAINS

AFRICAN BODYBUILDERS

Jean-Christophe Huet

Mon travail sur le thème des « bodybuilders africains » remonte à une dizaine d'années.

J'étais en déplacement au Mali et je recherchais une salle de gym où m'entraîner, comme je le fais en France.

En me renseignant, je trouvais rapidement une salle mais qui n'avait rien à voir avec les clubs de gym que l'on trouve en Europe ou aux Etats-Unis. L'arrière-cours d'une maison avait été aménagé et quelques jeunes hommes costauds se déplaçaient, entre les femmes qui préparaient la cuisine et les enfants qui jouaient, pour rejoindre des haltères fabriquées avec des matériaux de récupération.

L'endroit me sembla tellement extraordinaire que je décidai, non de m'entraîner, mais de faire des photos.

Rapidement je découvris d'autres salles du même genre. Lors de chacun de mes déplacements en Afrique, j'essayais de découvrir d'autres lieux, non pas les clubs modernes très onéreux des centres-villes, réservés aux expatriés et à la bourgeoisie locale, mais plutôt les salles de quartiers. Celles-ci sont fréquentées par des jeunes, souvent chômeurs, qui se retrouvent tôt le matin ou en fin de journée, quand la chaleur n'est pas trop forte, dans l'espoir que cette activité sportive leur permettra de sortir de leur situation.

Car la musculation, dans ces pays, n'est pas qu'un passe-temps. C'est aussi le moyen de trouver un travail, le plus souvent comme videur dans une boîte de nuit et, avec de la chance, comme garde du corps. Et peut-être de quitter le pays, de venir en Europe ou en Amérique, avec comme modèles des sportifs comme Arnold Schwarzenegger. Bien peu y parviendront, et de tous ceux que j'ai connus, un seul, d'origine ougandaise, mène aujourd'hui une carrière pro aux Etats-Unis.

C'est peut-être aussi, plus simplement, le rêve de partir en épousant une touriste européenne de passage. C'est, semble-t-il, le souhait de beaucoup de jeunes gambiens qui, en se musclant, espèrent séduire plus facilement une de ces européennes venues passer l'hiver dans ce petit pays d'Afrique de l'Ouest, souvent à la recherche d'aventures amoureuses.

Mes premières photos furent réalisées en argentique noir et blanc, qui me permettait de saisir, en lumière naturelle, les ambiances souvent obscures des salles de gym. Depuis 2007 et mon passage au numérique, je préfère travailler en couleurs et jouer autant que possible sur les couleurs vives et saturées.

My work on the theme of African bodybuilders dates back more than a decade.

I was traveling in Mali and looking for a gym where I could train, as I do in France.

I quickly found a place but it was nothing like the gyms you find in Europe or the United States. It had been built in the backyard of a house and as the children played and the women prepared things in the kitchen, big young men lifted dumbbells made with recycled building materials.

The place was so extraordinary that I decided not to train, but take pictures.

I quickly discovered other gyms of the same kind. During each of my visits to Africa, I tried to find these local neighborhood gyms, not the expensive city centers clubs, reserved for expatriates and the local wealthy, but real spit and sawdust places where real people trained.

These places are often frequented by the young, unemployed, who arrive early morning or late afternoon, when the heat is not too high, in the hope that this sport will lift them out of poverty.

Bodybuilding in these countries is not a hobby. It's the way to find a job, most often as a bouncer in a nightclub or, with any luck, as a bodyguard. They have dreams of leaving their home countries and going to Europe or America and becoming the latest Arnold Schwarzenegger. Very few will succeed, and of all the ones I knew, the dream has come true for only one young Ugandan who is now a pro bodybuilder living in the United States.

More often they dream of marrying some European who crosses their path whilst on holiday. It is romantic to imagine these young Gambians building their muscles in the hope of capturing the heart of some lonely European who winters in this small West African country hoping to find love.

My first pictures were black and white, which allowed me to take in the natural light of the environments of these often obscure gyms. Since I switched to digital in 2007, I prefer to work in colour and play with bright and saturated colour as much as possible.























LIFEGUARDS OF GOA

Jéren

Goa : ce nom me fit rêver pendant des années. J'imaginai des plages immenses, des soirées endiablées, des églises portugaises toutes blanches, des hippies attardés...

Les plages et les églises étaient bien là, semblables à ce que j'avais imaginé, mais les soirées n'avaient plus rien d'endiablé et les hippies avaient migré plus au sud depuis longtemps, chassés par une cohorte de bobos parisiens, de fashionistas milanais, ou de russes en mal de jeunesse...

Mais il restait l'essentiel : la beauté des lieux et la gentillesse des habitants. Après d'autres séjours au Rajasthan, au Gujarat et à Varanasi, je découvris à Goa un autre visage de l'Inde, plus souriant, moins austère, le sud déjà, avec sa douceur de vivre et sa nonchalance bienheureuse.

A Goa, il suffit de marcher un peu sur les plages infinies pour quitter toute forme de concentration touristique. Ce faisant, je regardais le spectacle des pêcheurs ramenant leurs filets, ou celui des dauphins qui jouaient à quelques mètres du rivage.

Je fus surpris de trouver ici des maîtres nageurs sauveteurs, surveillant la plage du lever au coucher du soleil. Je pus bavarder avec quelques uns. Cette série de portraits est un peu l'histoire de ma rencontre avec eux, bien loin des clichés Californiens ou Australiens, mais tout aussi sympathiques...

En revenant sur ces photos pour Masculine Magazine, je me suis rappelé ces moments d'échange et de complicité entre le sujet et le photographe, les rires, les poignées de mains, et toute la magie de l'Inde.

Goa: I dreamed of the place for years. I imagined endless beaches, lively evenings, Portuguese churches all in white, retired hippies from the 60s...

The beaches and churches were there, just as I had imagined, but the evenings had lost their frenetic energy and the hippies had long since migrated to the south, driven out by a cohort of boorish Parisian and Milanese fashionistas or evil, vulgar Russians.

But the essence had remained: the beauty of the place and the friendliness of its people. After visits to Rajasthan, Gujarat and Varanasi, I discovered another face of India in Goa, brighter, less austere, a 'southern' vibe, with its relaxed lifestyle and blissful nonchalance.

In Goa, a simple walk on one of the endless beaches is all you need to leave behind the tourists. By stepping away like that, I was able to watch the spectacle of the fishermen bringing in their nets, or dolphins playing just metres from the shore.

What I didn't expect was to find lifeguards, watching the beach from sunrise to sunset. I was able to chat with a few of them. This series of portraits is in part, the story of having met these men, far from the clichéd Australian and Californian varieties, but just as nice.

Looking back on the experience of having taken these photographs for Masculine Magazine, I was reminded of the intimacy between the subject and the photographer, the laughter, the handshakes and the magic of India.

You can see more of Jéren's work at :
www.jerenphoto.com
www.flickr.com/people/jeren_france
www.facebook.com/Jeren.photo

















F I F O

Anthony L'Huillier

FIFO is the acronym for the employment method of 'flying-in and flying-out' workers to remote mining locations in the resource rich states of Australia.

Cost-conscious mining companies save hundreds of thousands of dollars per employee by flying workers into the mining sites to complete intense rosters after which they are flown out so they can recuperate back in their hometowns.

Bronson is a FIFO.

I initially met him by accident through one of the 'r' apps and was impressed by his rugged looks, country manners and matter-of-fact disposition. I offered to photograph him but added that he would have to pose naked. He agreed with a nod and a barely noticeable raise to the eyebrows.

With his schedule we did not meet again for eight months.

Like other FIFOs, Bronson flies into mines all over Australia sometimes performing twelve-hour shifts for up to twenty-six consecutive days with only a nine day resting period. It is an intensely disjointed way to earn a living and he's often required to spend huge chunks of time far from family, friends and lovers. But as the saying goes, a man's got to do what a man's got to do.

Bronson drives the mother of all monster trucks,

You can see more of Anthony's work on his Flickr Photostream.

the indisputably awesome CAT 785D, an ultra-class vehicle with a payload of 380 tons, but he's no size queen about it. That's just his job, driving house-sized mega-machines that can complete real, world-building feats.

I'm struck by Bronson's matter-of-fact attitude to earning money in remote locations in what would be considered extreme circumstances. Most gay men I know could not conceive of being away from fag-friendly cities – they say they couldn't cope with being too far from easily accessible sex and other essential gay sensibilities.

Just over two years ago I took a job in a small county town in outback South Australia. I took the post because I thought it would be a solid stepping stone within the company and at the time I perceived that I had few options after having spent eight years overseas. This town, my new stomping ground, was also Bronson's hometown and it's over three hundred kilometers from the nearest city.

I felt an affinity for Bronson's capacity to sacrifice for gainful employment and concluded that this competency, this self-sufficiency was indeed an attractive masculine quality.

These days when I shoot portraits I prefer having

a conversation and seeing how the sitter positions himself as opposed to setting up particular poses. I like men to look natural and relaxed in my photographs – to me this looks more masculine.

While I photographed Bronson our conversation became more candid and enlightening. What I really liked about the truck driver was that while he identified his emotions he still remained detached and unsentimental. It really struck me that looking masculine and being masculine was not one and the same.

I must admit that in my younger days I was in a constant wrestle with the whirlwind of emotions that accompanies a gay male's modern existence. Now older, and perhaps a little wiser, I have come to question the value of entertaining coming-of-age gay man feelings such as anxiety, apprehension, fear and dread.

What purpose do these emotions serve and for whose benefit? And aren't these worries fuelled by insecurity, vanity and conceit? Get over yourself I say to myself.

As the photo session progressed I learnt more about him and the notion of masculinity percolated through my thoughts again. A fella that drives a huge mining truck is an archetypal gay





cliché but Bronson had a manliness that seemed a far cry from your mainstream gay man. He had a peculiar dignity that is indeed masculine and it dawned on me that this was nothing more than good, old-fashioned restraint. I hoped for him that he might avoid that incredibly unattractive promiscuous phase that all gay men seem to go through.

We talked about working in the mines like everyone in town does.

Bronson tells me that once you step on site you're literally owned by the mining company. Every waking hour is their time not yours because you're only there to work for them. You have to keep your act together, he warns, or you won't survive the regime.

I ask a really dumb question. Do other guys check you out in the communal showers?

He does that nod again. Guys apparently do just check each other out in the showers but it's not sexual, they're just checking you out. I ask if he's ever acted on someone being interested in him. His expression darkens a fraction and he shakes his head warning me that you can't have straight mates if you do shit like that.

Bronson had recently made the life changing decision to 'come out' to his family and friends. What I really liked about him was the complete lack of fuss in which he recounted the way his new life was unfolding and that he exhibited few of the

insecurities and vanities I have observed in other gay men. The most notable thing about Bronson was that he didn't need to become somebody else; he just wanted to be comfortable in himself and was methodically working towards that goal.

There was blokey gold in what this miner was saying.

Being masculine wasn't about looking masculine- it was about having masculine qualities and Bronson had illuminated a few of them by the unsentimental sharing of his life.

It struck me that in the gay male world we strive for the appearance of being masculine while possessing few of the inherent strengths or traits. It's dress-ups in real life to appear umm... more attractive. And the purpose of this, as far as I can tell, is to get more 'action'.

I don't know about you but if someone applied for a job, got to interview stage and he/she then told me that the secret to their success was being able to look like the archetype of what I was seeking I would probably feel a tad cheated, in fact I might even think it was fraudulent, manipulative and possibly feminine in origin.

Let me put it another way. Ever made the mistake of going home with a 'hunk' only to discover they collect stuffed teddy bears and have a full collection Glee? And they're perfectly happy to suck the life force out of you by enmeshing you in their

embarrassing need-bucket of insecurity?

But who am I kidding? That's all ok right? There are no set rules these days. You just try and get by with whatever means you can. A white lie here, a grey ruse there and a dim authenticity everywhere – it's just part of modern everyday life.

If I consider myself like a product I should leverage my market share like any smart multinational would. Everyone knows that a brand is distinguished not by what the target audience is buying but by what the target audience thinks it is buying.

But this gets me wondering – is this process of striving for an aspirational manly appearance disconnecting us from possessing real masculine qualities?

I go back to Bronson, and do a quick anxiety filled comparison.

Capacity for sacrifice? Check.

Undaunted by solitary life? Check.

Self-sufficient? Check.

Unsentimental appraisal of emotions? Check.

Absence of vanity? Fail.

Doh! Well four out of five ain't bad, right?









MEN OF THE LEVANT

Anthony L'Huillier

These photographs were taken in Dubai, United Arab Emirates around 1994.

This was right at the beginning of Dubai's meteoric rise to economic and international fame and people from all over the world were flocking to the city to try their kismet and seek fame and fortune. At the time you could really feel possibility in the air, Dirhams flowed freely and astonishing projects by both government and private sector sponsors were launched on a weekly basis.

Everyone thought they could grab a piece of this exploding prosperity and most of these fortune hunters were men from the neighboring countries hoping to send the benefits back home to their families.

In Dubai, Friday is Sunday – it is the day of prayer and rest. Jum'ah prayers happen just after midday and in the afternoon many of these expat men would head down to Main Beach on Jumeirah to swim and check one another out. This was a popular place for Friday afternoon entertainment because it was a free.

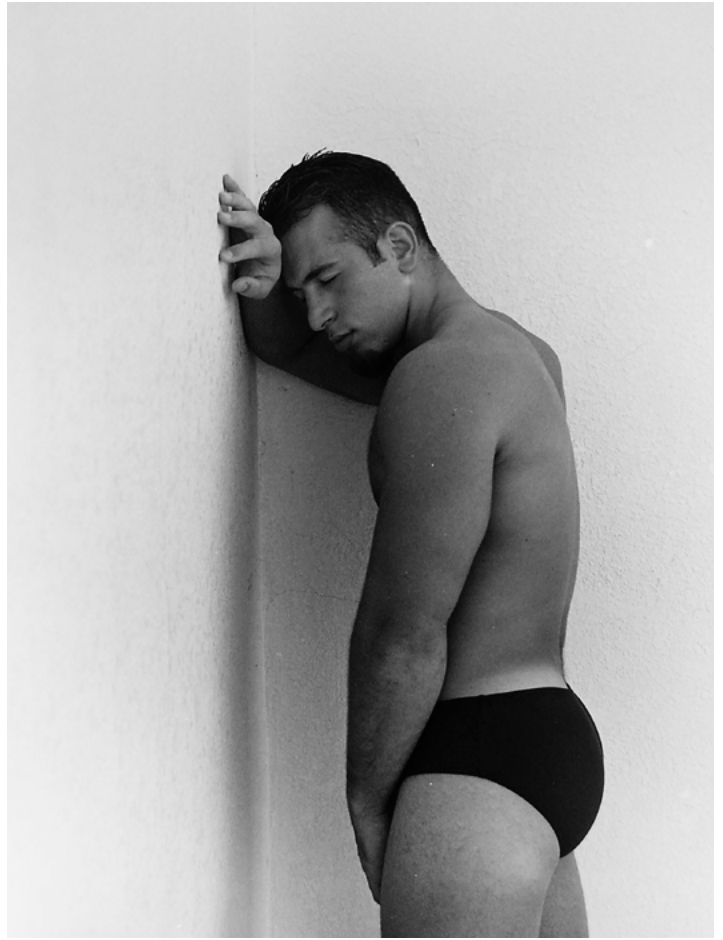
Main Beach was essentially men only for the sad reason that women were eye-balled so brazenly by some of the ill-mannered peasants that few females would brave the sand, let alone disrobe in to a bathing suit.

In fact, back then most of the men on the beach were extremely conservative themselves and painfully shy about showing off their bodies. Occasionally you'd find a gym pumped-physique on the strip with a body consciousness to match and if you were bold enough to ask they might let you photograph them.

These photographs are of two expatriates from Syria who I met on Main Beach and then photographed on an apartment building rooftop in Diera. I had almost forgotten about these shots until I went through an archive of 35mm films and discovered them. They were rescanned with a little treatment to their current digital form.

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











MADE IN BASQUE COUNTRY

Igotz Ziarreta

Euskaldunen herrialdea oso aspaldiko garaietatik bilakatu zen bidaiari askoren helmuga edo igarotze etapa; Estrabón-ek (K.a. 63 - K.o. 24) hasi zuen ondoren ezagunagoak egin ziren bidaiarien zerrenda: Aimery Picaud, Andrea Navagiero (1483- 1529), Mdme. D' Aulnoy (1651-1705), Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778)... XIX mende aztoratuan sekula ezagutu gabeko proportzioak hartu zituen gertakariak; ikerketa zientifikoaren garapenak, mugimendu erromantikoa, guda... guzti hauek abenturazale, kazetari, ikerlari, literatur-zaleak, etab. animatu zituen lurralde honetatik bidaiatzera, nahiz eta XVIII mendetik aipagarria izan eman zen jende-etortzea. William Von Humboldt (1767-1835), Víctor Hugo (1802-1885), George Borrow (1803-1881), Théophile Gautier (1811-1872) ... moduko bidaiari ezagunak, edota hain ezagunak ez diren Jouy, Bourgoing, Huber, Doussault eta abar luze batek, lurralde honi eta bertako jendeari buruz jasotako zirrarak bildu zituzten bidaia-liburuetan argitaratutako orrialde iradokigarrietan.

Egilearen imajinarioaren uzta propioa den kontzepzio estetizista batez oso, Igotz Ziarretak bere lanean modernitatea euskal tradizioaren testuinguru sinbolikoarekin bat etortzean sortzen den emaitza erakusten digu. Sinbiosi honen ondorioz, inpaktu bisual handiko irudi serie bat sortzen da. Azaletik, tradizioaren berrikuste ero eta ironikoa dirudi, baina artistaren gizarte sentsibilitatea ere erakusten dute, XXI mendera bere sustraiak galdu gabe egokitzen saiatzen den herri batek, Euskal Herriak, dituen sentimentu kontrajarriak azaleratuz.

“Muga diplomatikoen, tratatu horien ere, ez eta Pirinioen ere puskatzea lortu ez duten lotura sekretu eta sakon batek, lotzen ditu muga natural horien, euskal familia misteriotsu hori. Nafarroa hitz zaharra ez da hitz bat. Euskaldun jaiotzen da, euskara hitz egiten da, euskaldun bizitzen da, eta euskaldun hil.(...) Frantzia Pirinioen alderdi bat hartu zuen eta Espainiak bestea: ez Frantziak ez Espainiak ez dute lortu euskal komunitatea sakabantzea.

Victor Hugo [1843]

From the earliest times, the Basque Country became a destination or transit place for travelers: Strabo (63 B.C. - 24 A.C.) starts a long list followed by such famous travelers as Aimery Picaud, Andrea Navagiero (1483-1529), Mme. D'Aulnoy (1651-1705), Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778). In the tumultuous 19th century, the phenomenon acquired unprecedented proportions. The development of science, the Romantic Movement and war forced a great number of adventurers, journalists, scholars and authors to migrate and the influx had been considerable since the 18th century.

Famous travelers such as William Von Humboldt (1767-1835), Victor Hugo (1802-1885), George Borrow (1803-1881), Théophile Gautier (1811-1872) and less-known adventurers such as Jouy, Bourgoing, Huber, Doussault among many others, gathered their thoughts and impressions about the Basque Country and published them in travel books.

With a highly aesthetic concept born to the author's own imagination, Igotz Ziarreta shows in his work the outcome of fitting modernity within the deeply symbolic context of Basque tradition. The result is a series of images that have a powerful visual impact. This might seem like an ironic and idiotic review of tradition, but it also hides the artist's social sensitivity that reveals a country's conflicted feelings, struggling to adapt to the 21st century without losing its roots.

“A deep and secret bond, and which nothing has been able to break, links, despite the treaties, those diplomatic borders, even despite the Pyrenees, those natural borders, all members of the mysterious Basque family. The old word “Navarre” is not a word. One is born Basque, speaks Basque, and dies Basque (...) France took one side of the Pyrenees, Spain took the other one; neither France nor Spain have been able to break up the Basques.”

Victor Hugo [1843]









BITELLI

BITELLI



SF200R







EROTIC TRAVELOGUE

OR

HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE BEAUTIFUL MEN

Eenar Kumar

Let's call him Haneef. My first man ever. We were both sixteen. He was running his family houseboat along the still-misty banks of the Jhelum river in Srinagar (it was March or April) and I had taken one of the rooms for a few days. I had travelled by train and bus - it had taken a good three or four days - from Bombay all the way up north to Kashmir. At a time when no one I knew did such things. Because I had secretly admired Kashmiri men from a distance for as long as I could remember and wanted to get to know them from up close. And because Kashmir is Kashmir. A land of mountains and rivers, lakes and gardens.

Haneef had offered me a good price - I was just out of school on a no-budget holiday - and I had accepted with alacrity. Breakfast in bed was included (they didn't have a dining room). The very first morning when he came to clear the tray, he jumped under the quilt with me and insisted we play the 'kissing game', which quickly led to the 'jerking-off game'. Unsurprisingly, breakfast became the highlight of my day. It's the only time he was free to fool around with me. His nights were spent with his family next door.

Let's call him Rafeeq. One such lonesome night after dinner found me on a bench in a poorly lit park not far from the houseboat. I was being chatted-up by a 'drunk' truck-driver who wanted me to walk with him to the polo ground.

My sense of adventure was far stronger than any fear I felt. I went with him to the ruins of a shed on the edge of the deserted polo ground where we had very unsatisfactory sex. He was done within seconds and had vanished into the night leaving me to find my way back to the houseboat in the dark. 'Bastard', I cursed him.

Let's call him John. A New Zealander, a uni-type sat beside me on the overnight bus back from Srinagar to Jammu. We talked about our travels. It felt so terribly grown-up. "You're the first Indian who's talking to me who doesn't want to sell me something" said John. I commiserated with him.

"Hmm," but inside I thought, "I don't want to sell you anything. But I would like to give you something. For nothing."

I won't lie - nothing happened apart from having his head roll onto my shoulder as he gently snored. The bus rumbled on into the darkness.

Now, thirty-four years have passed and I continue to travel, I continue to look for adventure. But now I almost always take my camera with me. I would like to have had a photo of Haneef to look at. I can't remember his face anymore. I remember he had rosy cheeks and skin like honey. And that his kisses tasted sweet.





































365 PROJECT

Noodles & Beef

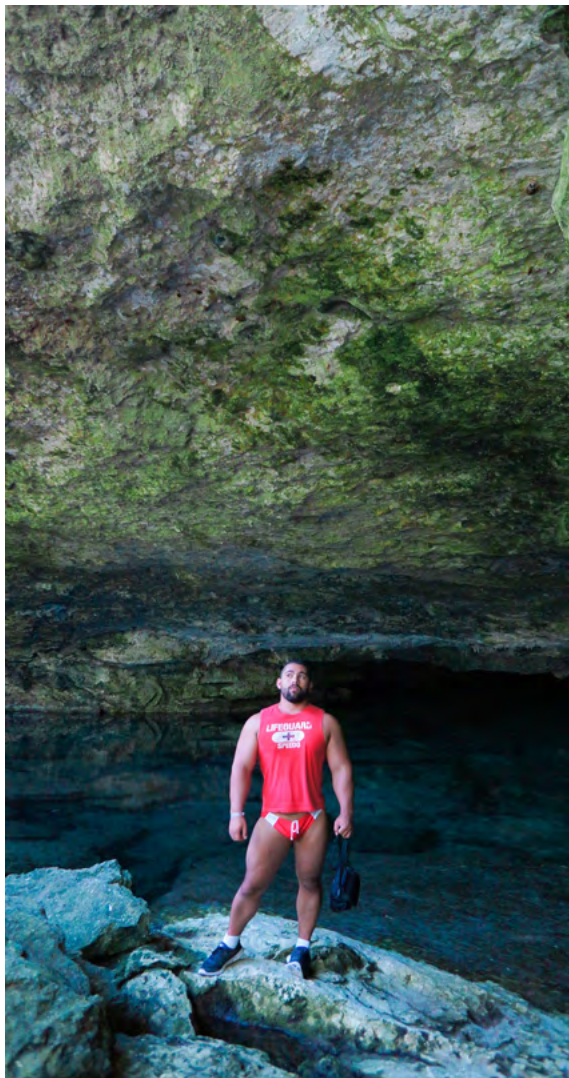
I'm so tired of the typical vacation photo trope: you, your friends, an exotic backdrop, big smiles. A vacation is an escape from the usual cityscape of my photography to the romantic, sunset-kissed dunes of Provincetown, or the breathtaking beaches in Cozumel. I treat vacations as if I'm shooting on location, capturing the beautiful scenes while I can; it drives my friends crazy when I recruit them for photos.

Next month I'm taking a trip from Singapore to Hong Kong, visiting all the countries in between. I've been researching locations and sights for months, I can't wait to get out there and shoot.

You can see more of Noodles & Beef's work at www.noddlesandbeef.com







(TOP) 365/115 BIRTHDAY, CANCUN
(L): CENOTE, CANCUN
(R): PHIL SWIMWEAR, CANCUN







BIKERS

Photos by Vincent Keith. Text by Tony Swanson and Jonathan Armour.

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



Mastering a motorbike can be exhilarating, challenging, daring, immersive and sexy. Riding a bike in a group is a satisfying shared experience. Following a line of bikes through mountain turns, fast paced, ensures you are part of bikes leaning in unison, accelerating hard out of corners; a continuous ballet of movement, metal, rubber and leather. Ride outs or ballades offer not just a destination, but a journey of technical curves, climbs, descents and wide landscapes for a group to enjoy.

Changes in wind, visibility, temperature, road surfaces and traffic all challenge the senses, your alertness and experience. Torrential rain tests the rider – but strength, endurance, stamina, resilience and patience overcomes adversity - traits men can demonstrate to the world.

On a racetrack handling a bike well shows dominance, maturity and calmness – a man in control of a powerful machine speaks volumes about his confidence and position in life. Sports bikes demand a honed tight physique in an all in one leather riding suit balanced on top of a powerful, faired, streamlined smooth two-wheeled machine. Upright riders on track and trail bikes are lofty and confident,

get splattered with mud, and dominate gravel and rocks. They look for bumps, obstacles and demanding terrain. Sports tourers with their waterproof touring suits, coordinated luggage, panniers and pillion covers great distances, cross mountains and follow sat nav directions through blue tooth connected helmets.

At lunch stops, drained riders slump in their leathers around communal tables, pile helmets in the corner, unzip jackets and loosen trousers so bodies can breathe. Although riders are isolated on individual machines during a ride they come together at a stop to relive the journey like other road users never can. Out on the open road bikers gesture, wave a glove or cock a leg at each other in recognition. At stops, bikers park and chat together - no longer strangers. Motorcyclists - a community that enjoys the freedom, identity and recognition to travel.

Tony Swanson





WANTED: Biker's Bitch

Short & Light. Knows riding positions. Can handle fast & furious. Regular servicing provided. Apply to Power Rider.

Taureau - Hi PowerRider, I would like to apply for the position, but I am 5'7" tall.

PowerRider - OK, boy, what weight are you? Waist and chest size? Have you ridden pillion before? Got any gear?

Taureau - Yes sir, been on the back of an R6 several times. Waist is 28" and chest 37". No biking gear.

PowerRider - On an R6? You certainly did ride bitch. So whose gear were you wearing in the Recon pics?

Taureau - The guy with the R6.

PowerRider - I will have to kit you out boy. And train you how to handle my bike. Meet me at Kennington Tube on....



I met Taureau at the tube and lead him back to the house.

“Try these on” giving him the leather trousers. I watched clinically as he stood before me, and self-consciously took off his jeans. Nice quads and gluts, lightly covered with dark hair.

“My guess is that you are not French”, I asked.

“Spanish”, he said.

Hmmm, I thought, firming up. I handed him a long sleeved rowing vest, wanting to see his upper body. It was the natural shape of a 30 year old, a little hair in the valley between his pecs and running down over his abs. Boots, jacket, gloves, he sheepishly looked me in the eye. Hmmm.

At the bike, I explained how to hold on. In urban riding with stopping/starting, to use the handles behind; on the open road, above 50mph, to tuck in behind and either put arms through by my sides to push against the tank or hold onto me. I programmed the bike suspension for two-up.

We did a circuit of the square. He seemed relaxed. We did another circuit, with gear change and more rapid acceleration and braking, he seemed relaxed.

“Ready?” I asked. He nodded.

I headed out onto the main road. Elephant and Castle, Tower Bridge Road, Rotherhithe Tunnel. Hooked round into the Limehouse Tunnel surfing the speed cameras whilst weaving between the slow vehicles. Winding it up as we peeled off onto the road through to City airport and leaning sharp into the roundabouts onto the quiet road that runs parallel to the Royal Albert Dock opposite the airport runway. Time to burn rubber. The gear quickshift flicked in rapid succession as the engine note changed to a pleasing scream, igniting the adrenalin.

His inner thighs gripped the outside of mine. His arms came through to find the tank. As the power surged, he clung onto me instead. The adrenalin was pumping up. On the way back along the side of the dock, he moulded his body against mine, and we became one entity of men and machine.



I pulled into the Rowing Centre car-park. He stepped off. As I undid my helmet strap, I scrutinised his leathers.

“How are you finding it?” I asked.

“OK”, he replied with a slight but uneasy grin.

“Its bigger and more powerful than the R6”.

He was unsure of what I was thinking. On the return ride, I could feel him adjust his position to be in tune with the bike. I moved my left hand behind and slapped him reassuringly on his leathered thigh, letting it linger there for a moment. He twitched his adductors.

Back at the house, he set the helmet on the table beside mine. He took off the jacket and hung it on the back of the door. As he stepped away, I moved behind him and put my hands on the top of his thighs. In the mirror, I saw his initial look of alarm soften and he relaxed.

“Don’t move”, I instructed.

Slowly, I removed his upper body clothing. Then opened his fly, easing the trousers down a little. I inspected the top curve of his buttocks and the bulge of his cock trapped by the leathers, with my tongue.

Condom, lube and moved his trousers down just enough. I kicked his legs apart to get the perfect height.

Despite his protests, he came with the beautiful unabashed love for orgasm of a true Catalan. I carried him over to the bed, laying him flat, and removed his boots and trousers. Still clad in my leathers, I held him in my arms and gently caressed him while he slid into a jellied snooze.

He slowly came round, and snuggled closer. He sniffed my leathers, and smiled. I slowly massaged his nipples, and buttocks. Gradually his young cock straightened out. I rolled him over and pulled him up onto his knees. This time the engine was red-lining and my violent orgasm cut off his words “I’m com...”. The combined tsunami surged over us for several minutes, until we collapsed into the still wilderness of after-the-storm.

“That was your 20 mile service”, I explained as he was leaving. “Your next service is due in 100 miles time”.

The early morning sun was starting to burn the mist off Salisbury Plain as we galloped across the A303, the bike relishing the opportunity to really stretch its long legs.

The 100 mile service was booked in at the Francis Hotel, Bath.

Jonathan Armour

The-Staircase-Gallery



PEHLWAN - THE INDIAN WRESTLERS IN VARANASI (BENARAS)

Laurent Goldstein

Every morning before sunrise when the oldest living city in the world is still sleeping, a few men are reaching the Ganges in order to perform a daily physical training routine.

In Varanasi, the holy city for Hindus also known Benares or Kashi, there are little akharas (gymnasia) at almost each ghat along the sacred river.

Those men are trying to keep an ancient part of Indian culture alive designated pehlwani or kushti which is a synthesis of an indigenous Aryan-Hindu form of wrestling that dates back at least to the 5th century BC and a Persian form of wrestling brought into South Asia by the Mughals.

A practitioner of this sport is a pehlwan and is trained by a teacher, titled guru for Hindus or ustad for Muslims, who keeps him under strict rules on everything from what he eats to what he may do during his spare time.

A pehlwan has to focus on living a pure life, building strength, practicing his wrestling skills and therefore he can't drink, smoke or even have sex.

Nowadays, some men come for the training only in order to build strength and develop muscle and they don't follow those strict rules as they don't take part in a pehlawani dungal (competition).

They join the gym at dawn or at the time of sunset whenever they are free from work.

These pictures were shot early in the morning when the sun is reflecting in the holy waters and bringing vivid colors to the walls of the wrestling grounds.

The poses belong to sequences of basic daily exercises that any pehlwan has to do including sawari (the passenger), the practice of using another person's bodyweight to add resistance or oil massage which is regarded as an integral part of the training.



Even though this photography work was candid, spontaneous and improvised, there is a fallacy of composition because those men were not aware of the sensuality nor the ambiguity that is arising in this series of pictures.

This is why it is important to mention that all those images are absolutely innocent and that it is all about a kind of martial art that remains important in the Indian culture.

Pritviraj, Vinod, Anand, Manish, Akhtar or Vikram kindly accepted to be in front of the lens, they are local champions of Girkoraman Kushti, chai wallah (tea maker), boatman, fashion model, milkman or sari seller.

All enjoyed to be a part of this photo shoot and ever since some keep on posing for the Red Halo catalogues.

You can see more of Laurent's work here:

www.flickr.com/photos/designldg

www.facebook.com/laurent.goldstein.photography

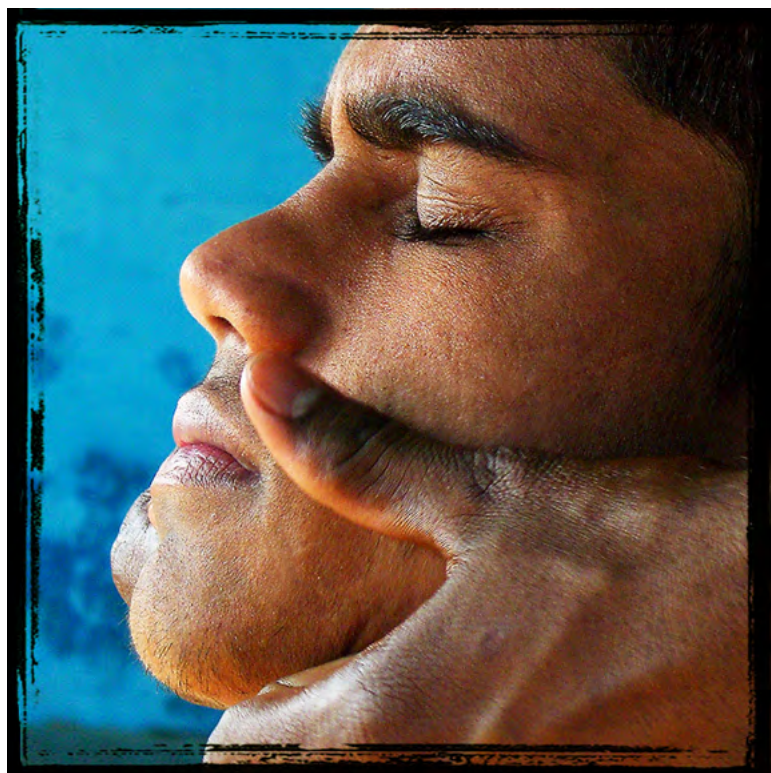
www.facebook.com/redhalo.in

PREVIOUS PAGE: OMNIA VANITAS (ALL IS VANITY)

THIS PAGE (L): PRITVIRAJ, PEHLWAN

THIS PAGE (R): PEHLWANI





(L): JEU DE MAINS
(R): RESTING IN SHIVA'S ARMS













(L): WITHOUT HARNESS AND CHAIN (OPUS 1)
(R): UNCOMMITTED SINS



NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Robert MacRae

Curses! Who would have thought a good little girl like Dorothy Gale would still be the most famous Kansan? Nearly 70 years after the Technicolor musical *The Wizard of Oz* was released, the film earned UNESCO status as a 'memory of the world.' Many of my fellow Kansans probably sighed in frustration at the news, wondering if we are to be linked in the public imagination forever with a medicated Judy Garland, pigtails and a picnic basket.

In the film, my home state of Kansas is presented as an unhappy place laid waste by tornadoes. This notion that Kansas is brown and boring has become entrenched in the world's collective psyche, which is a bit like thinking that Atlanta still smoulders after being razed to the ground in *Gone With the Wind*.

During the past 15 years I have lived in England and upon each introduction to new acquaintances or work colleagues I am soon faced with questions about Munchkins, twisters and Auntie Em. Ironically, as the euphemism goes, I am indeed a 'friend of Dorothy.'

Despite the hardships of growing up gay in Kansas (where I had firsthand experience of confronting Fred Phelps from the Westboro Baptist Church, among other flat-earthers and homophobes), I remain fond of my home state and return from England every two or three years to visit friends, connect with family and reconnect with myself by driving down long dusty roads at random.

Kansas is a vast place to explore: the state covers an area equal to England and Scotland combined, yet has fewer than 3 million residents, which leaves many empty acres for exploring in near solitude.

I was fortunate on my latest visit to meet a long-time contact off Flickr, Kansasdude, a fellow photographer and 'friend of Dorothy' (as luck would have it) who was happy to join for me a day in the Gypsum Hills of south-central Kansas. They are also called the Red Hills, the reason for which becomes clear when driving along the section of US Highway 160 that is designated as an official scenic byway. Travellers can glimpse at speed, features like Twin Peaks



and Flowerpot Mound. For anyone brave enough for 'gravel travels,' there are dirt roads with names like Rattlesnake Trail and Crazy Horse Road that wind around the buttes, along small canyons, past prairie dog villages and through acres of vast open range where cattle and horses roam freely for miles.

Empty barns and homesteads sit abandoned amid the green pastures and wheat fields, a few of which we stopped at for our photographs. We found these locations at random and despite having no personal connection to these places, it was easy to imagine the lives of those who had made these places their home and to wonder what their ghosts thought of our momentary intrusion. With his full beard and long hair, Kansasdude has the look of an old-time cowboy who has just stepped down from his horse, or perhaps even the Messiah fresh from his triumphal entrance to Jerusalem. Dale in fact runs a small town car repair shop outside Wichita.

During these travels home I like to end each day by watching what the state should be most famous for: its extravagant sunsets. A Kansas sunset is like a silent volcano, mutely erupting jets of colour and shredded clouds, especially after a storm. Should this explosion of colour be enlivened further by a rainbow, a few bars of Judy Garland's signature tune do come to mind and I remind myself that little Dorothy spends all her time in the fantastical world of Oz only wanting to go home - to Kansas.

You can see more of Robert's were at:
www.redbeardphotos.com
www.redbeardphotos.com
www.flickr.com/people/kansasdude







LONDON LOOP

Scott A. Hamilton

For 140 miles, the London Loop (London Outer Orbital Path) follows a green corridor right around the capital offering a circular walk among secret countryside." (David Sharp from his guide book The London Loop.)

I am not a landscape photographer and have not developed skills in that direction so taking a camera with me on this trip was to allow me to keep a diary of my journey. The photographs were intended as an "I was here" record and not a guide for other users though, hopefully, some of the images may convey a sense of the remote beauty this walk offers which is accessible at many points by Oyster card!

While receiving treatment for an injury a physiotherapist told me to go without shoes as often as possible, so during the first few sections of the Loop I did just that. Having made a full recovery, there were still times I walked bare-

foot as it's something I enjoy doing and something I like seeing on other guys (especially if they're wearing shorts too!)

Starting unassumingly at Erith (where you can see the loop ending across the water at Coldharbour Point) to the River Cray then through many sedate woodlands and the stunningly beautiful Bushy Park continuing onwards using the pathways of farmlands and country parks such as Trent, Hainault and Havering eventually leading to the Ingrebourne Valley and then finally reaching the riverside walk (opposite Erith) to finish at Purfleet.

Any one of the sections would make for a wonderful day's hike.

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













LONG DISTANCE

Ali Moussa

My partner and I have been living 700 miles apart for over 4 years now. It may have taken a toll on our relationship but also truly helped us bond and get to know one another. The long distance has also meant seeing 'the mister' means travel. In this series of photographs, I bring you with me on my trip. These are a selection of photos taken from the morning of my departure to finally arriving at my destination and wandering around town over the next few days. I've always loved travel.

The grooming the morning of departure is such a familiar tradition in a familiar setting and really helps me relax for the rushed hours ahead. I'm very focused and know exactly what I have to do to get what I want. On arrival at the airport, things become more confused.

I quickly lose myself in a throng of thousands of other human beings wandering hurriedly through what feels like thousands of miles of terminal to get to their destinations. Seldom can one feel so alone when among so many

and I take my time to cherish the sounds, sights, and smells of the rush of people. As the day progresses and I find myself boarding the plane, excitement takes over. Arrival at the airport is just as confusing as the departure and again I find myself enjoying a slow walk among a jungle of lost souls trying to find an exit.

Getting out into the air my days become a blur and bright, fast moving lights, honking cars, and the sights of the city from the road assault me. Finally, I'm with my better half and the photos trail off.

My journey home is far too difficult to photograph and I take that trip truly alone.

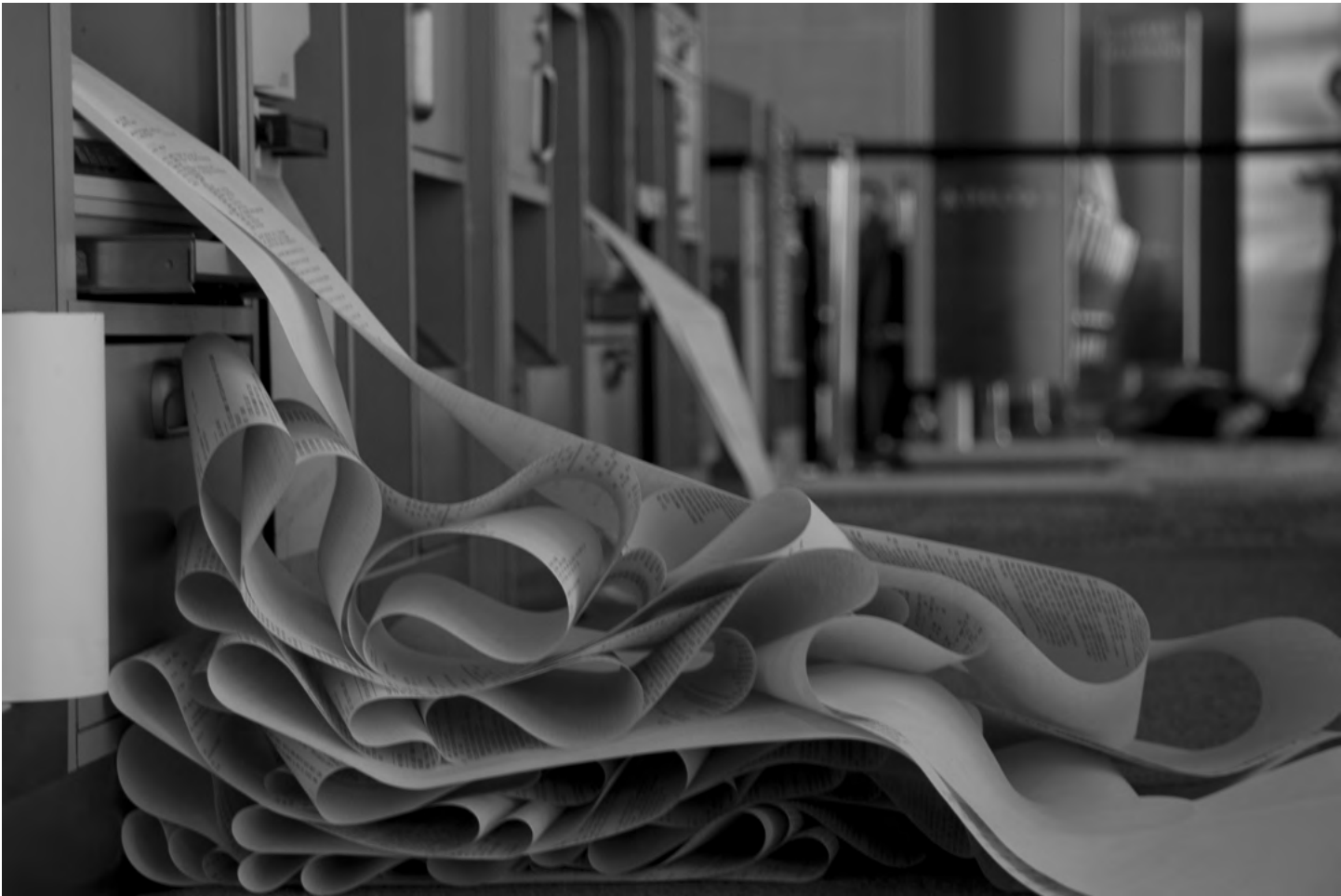
You can see more of Ali's work here:

www.alimoussadesigns.com

www.flickr.com/photos/cobaltseeker













WELL-TRAVELLED AND UNWRAPPED AGAIN AND AGAIN

Andrés Hannach

For the longest time I was fearful to really explore deep within myself so I travelled aplenty to faraway places and thrived on the exciting absorption other cultures and places provided. I always have looked attentively around me, constantly examining both familiar and unfamiliar surroundings. What follows is a personal account on the insight acquired through the new assessment of old travel photos.

Many years ago I moved to Canada. A few weeks after landing in Toronto, while exploring the city on a gray day, wearing a heavy sheepskin coat and fur-lined boots, I accidentally arrived at a stretch of waterfront land, a completely deserted place that astonished and intrigued me.

From afar, what I saw resembled a playful group of tall, canvas sculptures trembling in the wind. Upon closer inspection, I realized this

piece of land was populated by a number of weatherproofed trees, carefully wrapped in burlap, stretched over lopsided supporting poles.

As I slowly wound my way around these structures to observe their unique shapes, I realized that no two were alike, and each was equally restrained by wires attached to pegs driven well into the ground. I was overcome by an unsettling, bittersweet feeling. I pulled out my camera and shot away a roll of black and white film.

After this lakefront shoot, I had fun playing with the prints, on a state-of-the-art photocopier that had just recently arrived at the Toronto studio where I was freelancing. But the strips of negatives, the set of glossies and the fresh, experimental photocopies quietly slid into an envelope which moved house with me several times



over the years, eventually squeezed among items I brought with me in the big move South.

Fifteen years later, back in my native Chile, some worn-out tinplate picture frames I picked up at a Santiago flea market triggered my memory of the impromptu Toronto photo shoot. Fortunately, I found the well-travelled envelope within days, amidst art supplies and junk in a partially unpacked box in a corner of my new studio. A few of the high-contrast photocopies got trimmed and mounted on improvised mats, set into the frames and hung on a wall. The bright envelope and its remaining contents disappeared again into a pile of printed matter.

When first displayed, the decorative frames or their content spawned interesting conversations. People associated the images with torture victims, blindfolded hostages or KKK characters. The concept of winterizing ornamental trees was received as a puzzling, foreign and, actually, shocking notion in this developing country.

I got so used to having the images up on the wall, I rarely really looked at them anymore, yet they provided familiar company, and a personal Toronto link on the wall of my Santiago homes. But, eventually, the cheap mounting tape dried up, became brittle and gave out. When the photocopies started sliding around behind the glass, the frames came down and joined other items kept from view.

Fast forward to 2013. It's been roughly 22 years since I last saw the bright envelope, but the photos taken in 1976 still continue to captivate my memory. Shot, printed, photocopied, stored. Found, trimmed, framed, hung, moved and hung. Moved, hung and rejected. And the envelope remained misplaced somewhere.

I do not remember the train of thought that triggered my recollection, not of the actual lakefront shoot, but of the still fascinating photos that I saved in an envelope over decades. The remembrance simply surfaced that afternoon while I was jotting down words to help me define the nature of the piece that would fit this magazine's call for submissions.

After frantically sifting through heaps of files on shelves and in boxes, finding long-forgotten souvenirs, I finally located it, well-sandwiched between folders: the signature bright orange Agfa envelope holding the glossies and negatives; it had survived nicely international and domestic moves and a major earthquake three years ago.

I carefully pulled the contents out, then grabbed the pile of glossies. Leafing quickly through the small stack twice, I randomly picked out a photo and scanned it. As I zoomed in on-screen and scrolled across the image to check details in different areas, I suddenly felt the familiar stirring. Woof!

It amazes me that throughout the many years since I shot the photos, I had not even once consciously related their 'intriguing attraction' factor to any homoerotic feelings. I clearly realize that I was not ready to feel as I happily and freely do today, but I did not foresee that exploring the mysterious, deeply seductive qualities of this imagery would reveal the major shift in perception that had taken root in me over time. This is what prompted me to re-view and re-assemble these well-travelled images and unwrap my memories of them.





ORIENTE MEDIO

MIDDLE EAST

Jacinto Caetano

Mayo 2008

No es un secreto recurrir a la Wikipedia para buscar información de un país a la hora de preparar una gran maleta con ropa para más de una estación del año. Tampoco lo es que, desde que te enteras de la noticia, todo el mundo te habla teorías hipotéticas de cómo te va a ir, lo que te va a ocurrir y con lo que tienes que tener cuidado, y mucho más siendo lo que se denomina como un destino “exótico” -que no es más que poco habitual-.

Arabia Saudi y Liechtenstein son los dos únicos países cuyos nombres provienen de las familias mandatarias, reza la enciclopedia sin páginas de papel, junto a unos cuantos datos demográficos e históricos, y poco más. Pero en esta ocasión lo que sí que era un secreto eran todos los datos de los que te enteras una vez allí. Sólo en Arabia Saudi existen más de 5000 príncipes, de los cuales casi la mitad son homosexuales. No pidamos que lo sean abiertamente reconocidos, pero ahí están. Nada más llegar, descubres que no es nada difícil comenzar a crearte una red de amigos, algo esencial en un país en que la homosexualidad está penada hasta con pena de muerte.

De una forma o de otra, gente de tu misma condición sexual aparece de entre las inesperadas tormentas del desierto: bien por prohibidísimos perfiles en internet, bien por el bluetooth del móvil o bien por una llamada de un amigo, que me acaba de invitar mañana a una fiesta. Es en el Hotel Holiday Inn. Me apunto.

Mañana es miércoles. En el mundo medio-oriental, eso significa inicio de fin de semana. El jueves es sábado y el viernes, domingo, día santo. Es curioso cómo a tan sólo 5 horas de avión pueden llegar a cambiar tanto tus costumbres. A la fiesta asiste una suite completa de hombres de todas las edades: libaneses, brasileños... Todos ellos viven en compounds, lejos de las leyes saudíes. Y algún que otro saudí también en la habitación.

Con la música de un iPod y unos altavoces, se anima la noche repleta de botellas de prohibido alcohol de todas las grandes conocidas, botellas que han llegado a costar \$120 y una controvertida llamada de teléfono. Dicen que los camellos arriesgan su vida para vender droga, por eso cuesta tan cara. Igual pasa con el alcohol.

Arabia Saudi y, en general, Oriente Medio, es un mundo desarrollado al que aún le queda mucho por desarrollar. Aún no se han dado que no se puede frenar el curso de algo que es evidente. Como siempre sigo, prohibir es provocar.

Marzo 2013

Marty McFly en “Regreso al Futuro” viaja por accidente al 1955. Yo hace 5 años me coloqué sin quererlo en el 1429, en plena Edad Media, aunque una Edad Media un tanto diferente. En este caso ya se había descubierto América, como mostraba el Starbucks que tenía bajo mi apartamento.

May 2008

There's no surprise in resorting to Wikipedia to look up information about a country just as you are preparing a big suitcase with enough clothing to cover more than a single season. Neither is it that the moment they hear your news, that everyone gives you their hypothetical theories of how you're going to find it; what's going to happen to you? You have to be careful; and calling a destination 'exotic' when they actually mean unusual.

Saudi Arabia and Liechtenstein are the only countries named after their ruling families. So says the paperless and free encyclopedia, along with some demographic and historical data, but little else. There are some facts you can only find out once you get there. It's only in Saudi Arabia that you find out there are over 5,000 princes, and nearly half are gay. Don't ask them to be open about it, but they are there. Soon after you arrive, you discover that it is not difficult build a network of friends, which is essential in a country where homosexuality is punishable by death.

One way or another, people of your own sexual orientation appear in between the unexpected desert storms: be it through prohibited online profiles, or Bluetooth on your mobile, or on a call from a friend who had just invited me to a party the following day. It's at the Holiday Inn.

Tomorrow is Wednesday. In the Middle East, that means the start of the weekend. Thursday is Saturday and Friday is Sunday, the Holy day. It's funny how just a five hour flight can have such a big cultural impact. At the party there was a hotel suite full of men of all ages from every part of the world. They all live in compounds, out of reach of Saudi laws.

With music from an iPod and speakers, a clandestine phone call and the night comes alive with \$120 bottles of banned alcohol from all the well-known brands. They say that camels risk their lives to sell drugs, which is why they are so expensive. The same goes for alcohol.

Saudi Arabia and the Middle East in general, is the developed world that still has a lot of developing to do. They still haven't figured out that you can't slow down the course of things that are inevitable. As ever, prohibition drives demand.

March 2013

Marty McFly in 'Back to the Future' accidentally travels to 1955. Five years ago I inadvertently took myself back to 1429, and the Middle Ages, only these Middle Ages were different. In this case America had already been discovered, as evidenced by the Starbucks at the bottom of my apartment building.











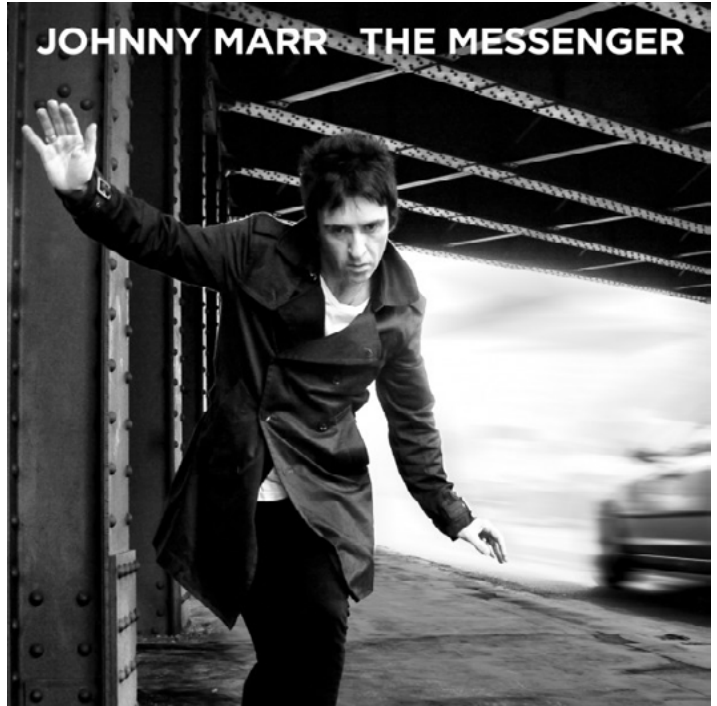








JOHNNY MARR THE MESSENGER



MUSIC REVIEWS

by
Sprechhund

We are fortunate to have Sprechhund as our music editor. He is intimately involved in the music industry and hugely knowledgeable about the contemporary scene. He has chosen three recently released and noteworthy albums to review for this edition of Mascular Magazine.

Next issue I will review the amazing new album by Daft Punk – it's a fabulous return to form from the French robots that will have you dancing from here to eternity - amazing new songs with some fantastic collaborations

THE MESSENGER Johnny Marr

This is the first solo album from “The Smiths” legendary jangly guitar axe man and features Johnny on vocal and guitar duties– 12 glorious tracks that will satisfy any muso’s desire for the melancholy guitars riffs associated with the many now legendary Smith tacks that’s formed a soundtrack for many of our possibly wasted youthful years.

There are also reminders of the finer moments of Johnny’s years with New Order front man Bernard Sumner from New Order in “Electronic.

This is a really great album – there are many standout tracks including the title track “The Messenger”, “Upstarts” written about the rioting in Marr’s hometown of Manchester, “Newtown Velocity” is a well crafted song that describes Marr’s decision to quit school in favour of poetry, European Me” also is a fantastic song worthy of many listens.

The album is full of very strong songs and proves that Marr is an accomplished vocalist as well as songwriter and proves that he does not need Morrissey’s reflected light to shine.

ITUNES
SPOTIFY



BLOODSPORTS
Suede

This is the first new album from the reformed Brett Anderson and Suede minus the guitar duties of Bernard Butler in 10 years but a true return to form for the band to the glory days of "Coming Up" – classic Suede but a little more grown up.

The album features 10 new tracks the lead track – "Barriers" is a typical Suede build up to anthemic chorus calling for us to jump over the barriers ...

Other stand out tracks are "It starts and ends with you" the first single is a cracking guitar driven indie pop tune and "Sabotage" is a darker and lushly produced track with Brett crooning how love is "sabotage" and "Faultlines" closes the album as a beautiful ballad with echoing vocals and the great orchestration that we have come to love from Suede.

In a recent interview Anderson described their new album "It's about lust, it's about the chase, it's about the endless carnal game of love."

This is a great return to form and the band are performing at Alexandra palace in April and festivals throughout the year so worth catching for the new album and all the hits.

Released 18 March 2013

iTUNES

THE NEXT DAY
David Bowie

Well who'd of thought that we would be hearing a new David Bowie album after so many years out of the limelight and the fact that no one knew anything about it until last month when we woke up to see that David has sent us a birthday present in the form of the release of the single "Where Are We Now" which is a beautiful ballad that sees Bowie heading back to his Berlin period hanging around Potsdamer Platz – the vocals are mellow and show his voice ageing like a fine wine.. He almost sounds vulnerable.

Second single "Stars Are Out Tonight" is classic upbeat Bowie

Other stand out track are "Valentine Day" "I'd Rather Be High" "You Will Set The World On Fire" and "You Feel So Lonely You Could Die".

Many of the tracks on this album could easily have been recorded in the 1980's and would sit well along side the albums such as "Scary Monsters".

This album is a great Bowie album which is good after all the dodgy misguided "rubbish" from the 90's with Tin Machine etc bar the one lucid moment when he did "Halo Space boy" under the guidance of the "Pet Shop Boys".

Recorded with long time Bowie producer Tony Visconti over a two year period in complete secrecy – no mean feat these days in our world of instant news – hopefully there will be more to follow. Its unusual these days to see seasoned artists create good new music rather than rely on endless rehashes of yester year hits.

This is Bowie's 24th album and hopefully not his last – you can listen to a stream of the full album on iTunes at the moment ahead of the full release on 11 March 2013.

iTUNES



TRIPPING

Craig Calhoun

In the Summer of 2012 my parents and I took a trip to South Bend, Indiana so we could visit the College Football Hall of Fame and, more importantly, walk around the campus of The University of Notre Dame (my mom is a huge ND football fan).

Half of the photos in the montages were taken on the university campus; the other half were taken in the bathroom of my apartment in Chicago, Illinois.

This series continues my interest in the creation of hybrid, portmanteau, spaces where interiors and exteriors intermingle and public and private overlap.

You can see more of Craig's work can be seen at craigcalhoun.tumblr.com
Craig also has books for sale at www.blurb.com/user/store/cjrc24











FLIGHT CREW

Anonymous

Travel is queues; caged people who have surrendered control but still try to cling to it; greasy plastic food served when you're told to eat it; buckle up your seat belt when you're told to do it; feel nervous and insecure in a foreign city; feel alone in an unfamiliar yet repeated hotel room; miss Christmas, birthdays and kids sports days.

Travel is to be who you always wanted to be, to feel the excitement of a jet thrusting its engines as it powers you to take off to somewhere new, foreign and unfamiliar. To explore cities you never thought you would, to meet people you only know from television, newspapers, movies or film and to drink champagne gazing at Mount Kilimanjaro.

A wallet full of currencies you save for your next anticipated trip, you open your mind to cultures and people that are strange and inviting, and make other peoples' holidays, to celebrate with them their birthday, a marriage or a first visit to a new grandchild. You comfort them through their nervousness and fears of flying and just smile at an old lady too inhibited to remove her coat; you make a cup of tea for the gentleman in 34B who can't sleep on a 14 hour flight caged in by two snoring women.

The smell a new city, finding the false teeth of someone who left them on a meal tray, to console the child leaving his parents for the first time going to boarding school. And best of all, to greet to your idol by name, face to face and may be save their life in an emergency!

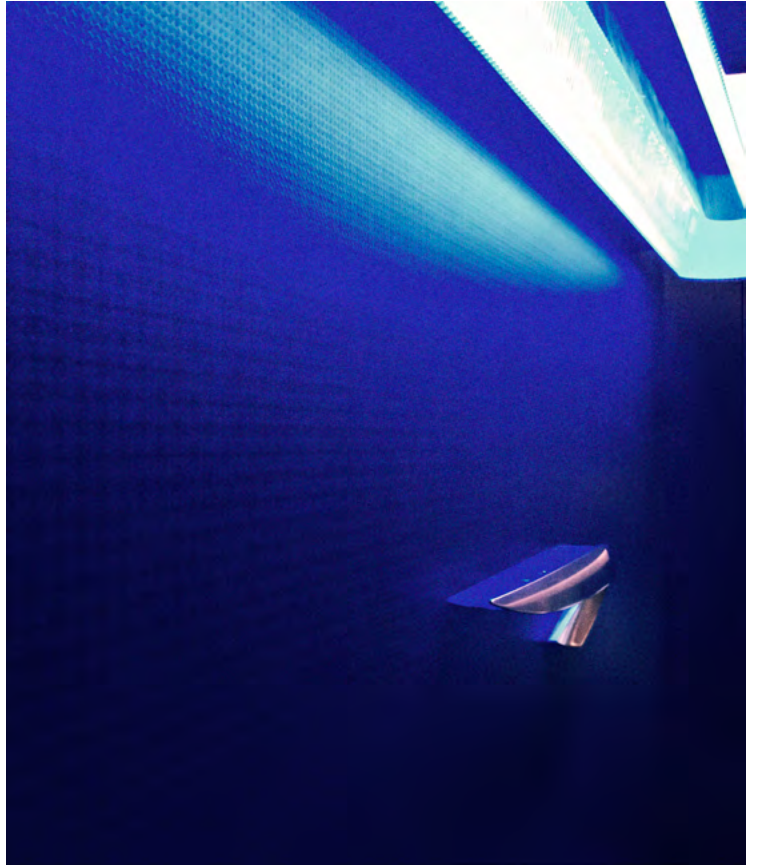
To wake up excited at what every new day can bring. Yes, travel is me.

















SOUVENIRS

Manel Ortega

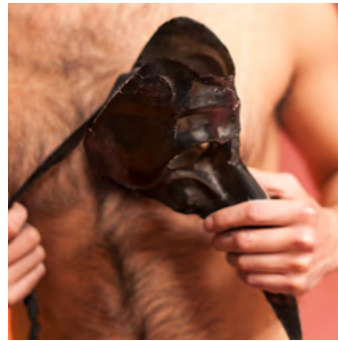
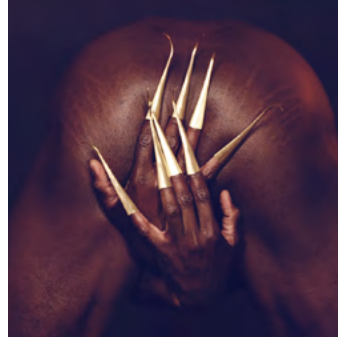
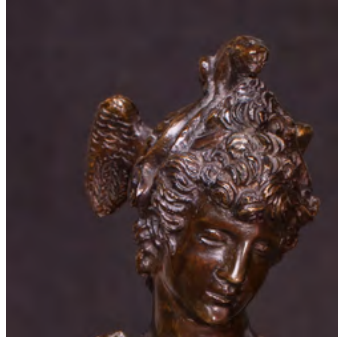
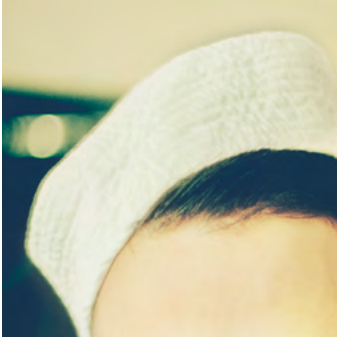
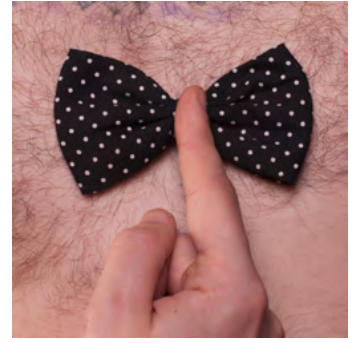
When I first heard of the Travel theme for this issue I was really eager to take part but felt, as someone who is not travelling a great deal at the moment, that it might be difficult.

Then the idea of 'Souvenirs' began to develop. Most people have an object that reminds them of a particular holiday, a time in their life or an adventure. It's usually something quite special that can transport the person to that time and place and evoke special memories.

So I asked models with whom I was shooting to bring a souvenir with them. This soon developed into specific photo-sessions for this project.

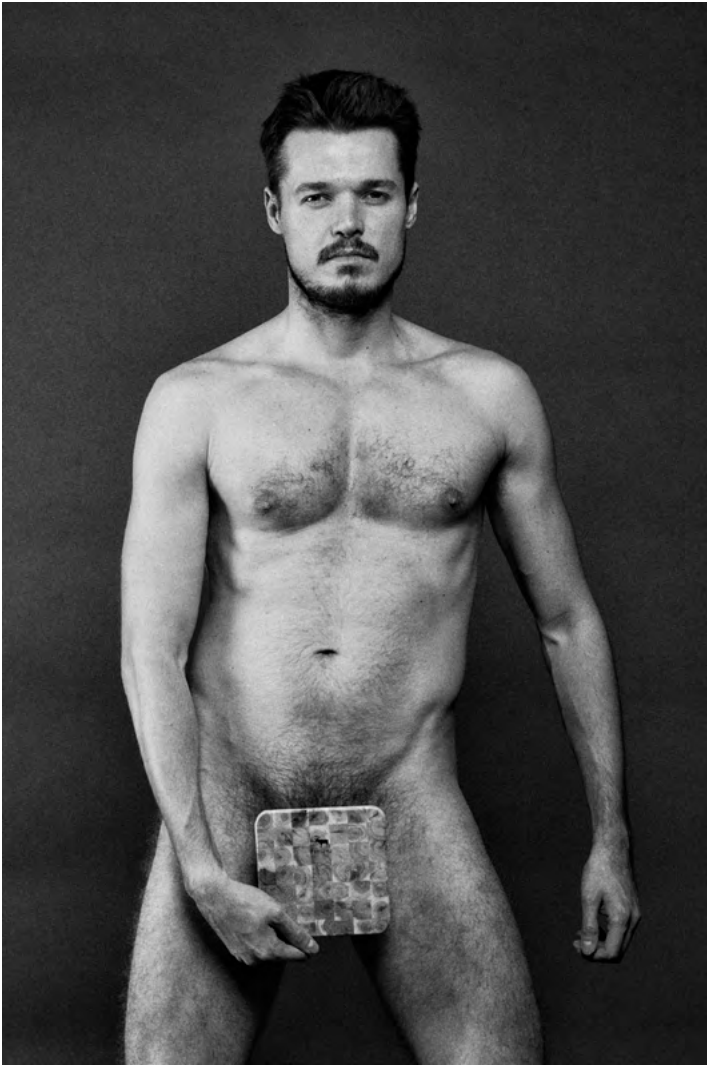
I'm going to continue the Souvenirs Project to include both men and women with the ultimate aim of producing a book. If you'd like to take part please get in touch.

You can see more of Manel's work at www.modusphotostudio.com





Matthieu: The house of Mouse... is it a den of sin? With such outwardly cleanliness there's a dirty mind inside. I wear my ears for balance - Filthy/Clean



Adam: "I fell in love with the smell of the evocative birch wood in Finland."



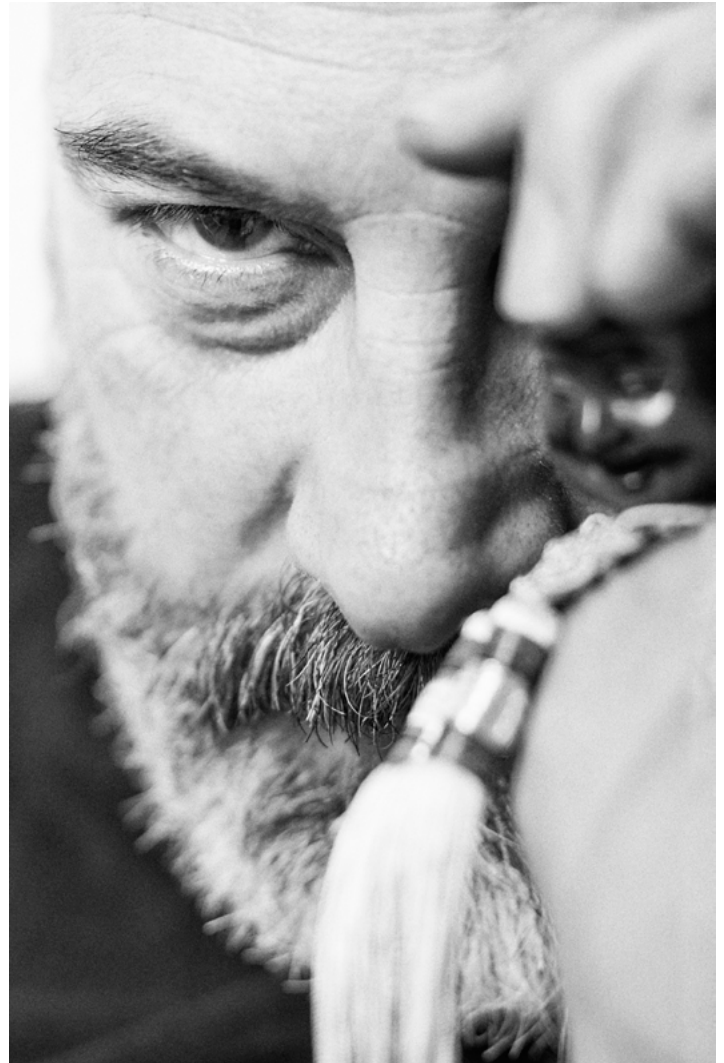
Ethan: I was told "if I went down to the woods, I would be sure of a big surprise". I went down to the woods, I didn't go in disguise. That was the day my teddy bear had me for his picnic.



Ged: I met my Merman in San Diego. I was attracted to his cheeky charm and sparkling personality.



Palm ETE: Cruzcampo - it's the best beer in the world from my home town Seville. Luckily - it travels very well. Great memories, great beer!



Victor: Thailand is one of the places on this planet I look forward to visiting. I simply adore their cuisine. I clearly see myself finding a convenient corner to feed myself to my hearts content, eating the way food was meant, with bare hands. Beyond the food, something else that has always intrigued me about the land of the Thai, also involving fingers has been the brass nail extensions that performers adorn in traditional dance. There is a theatricality about them that frees ones creative moment and movement. Via eBay I bought mine and adore them.

Tim: On a visit to Hong Kong we made a day trip to Lantau Island, the largest of the islands. After catching a Star ferry across the harbour, and a slightly scary public bus ride up through the hills of the island we found ourselves at the Tian Tan Buddha. This is an 85-foot bronze outdoor Buddha, once the largest in the world. High up the hills, the monastery smelled of incense and it felt exotic and peaceful, despite all the other tourists. I would normally steer clear of religious souvenirs but I felt I had to buy my Happy Buddha. After this we took a perilous-seeming cable car ride on the Ngong Ping 360, which whizzes down from the hills, high above the new Hong Kong airport and back to the suburbs of the city, where we caught the subway back to the centre.



Adam: The bow tie I got at Camden market because I am a huge Dr. Who fan. It's a silly thing I know but it makes me happy.



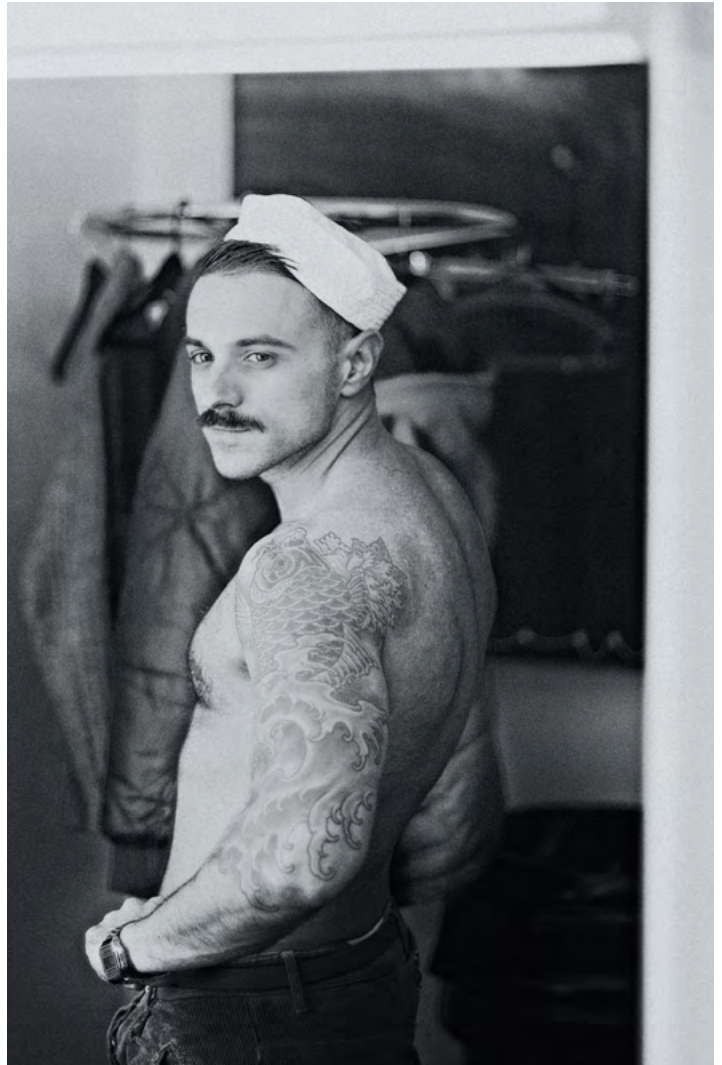
Jerome: I just fell in love with his cute face! He makes me remind of my holidays in Spain and the ferias!!!



Jorge: I bought this in a street market in Venice - it's such a powerful image that reminds me of the beautiful, mysterious city. The mask represents 'Medico della Peste', the plague Doctor. Its purpose was to protect the Doctor and the beak was filled with aromatic herbs. I love the strong, intense image.



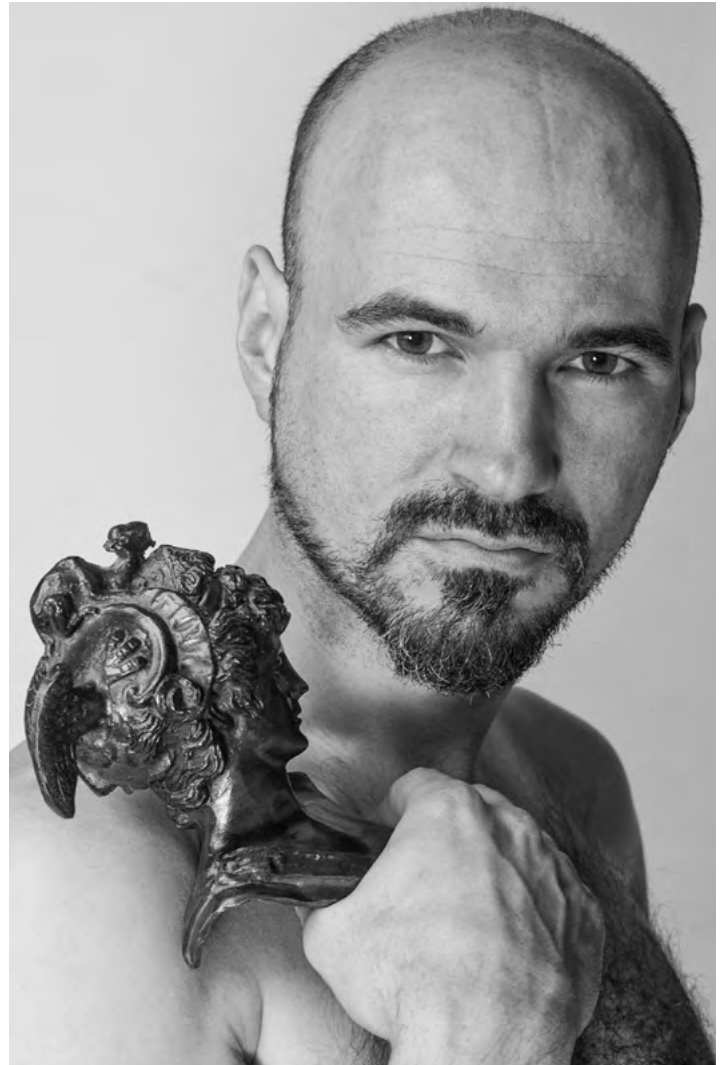
Vicente: This Indalo reminds me of sunny days and walks on unspoiled beaches of fine sand and warm water. Slow walks at sunset and then back to the hotel, watching the long nights, Indalo ...



This is a souvenir from a photoshoot. I posed with the hat and it felt very natural. I was so attached to it that the photographer kindly gave it to me - it always makes me smile.



Sergio: I was captivated on my first visit to Paris and fell in love with the strong structure and phallic symbolism of the landmark. I bought this icon to remind me of the city. It's also quite significant in other ways as I now have a French boyfriend.



Jorge: Benvenuto Cellini's Perseus is one of my favourite sculptures in Florence. Sophisticated and aggressive at the same time, Perseus is fighting against Medusa's power and has cut her head. Explaining Perseus' beauty is as difficult as describing the powerful attraction of Florence, a new Renaissance Athens, where male nude sculptures everywhere. Luckily these small souvenir statuettes are affordable for visitors, as this bronze showed in the picture that permit me refresh the Italian atmosphere.



Adrian: found this pendant in the street and immediately loved it. I've worn it ever since. Like the best souvenirs it reminds me of special place, home.



Javier: I live in Barcelona but spent a very happy and fun 18 months in London. The Union Jack Flag remind me those happy days.



Jose Miguel: This is special for me as London is my adopted home - and this is one of the most recognisable and funny icons of the city.



Pascal: Although I am French, my boyfriend is Spanish and I love the theatrical flamboyance of fans and the way they can convey a mood as well as serving a cooling purpose. I think Manel was interpreting the traditional Gallic symbol of 'le coq gaulois' in this shoot!



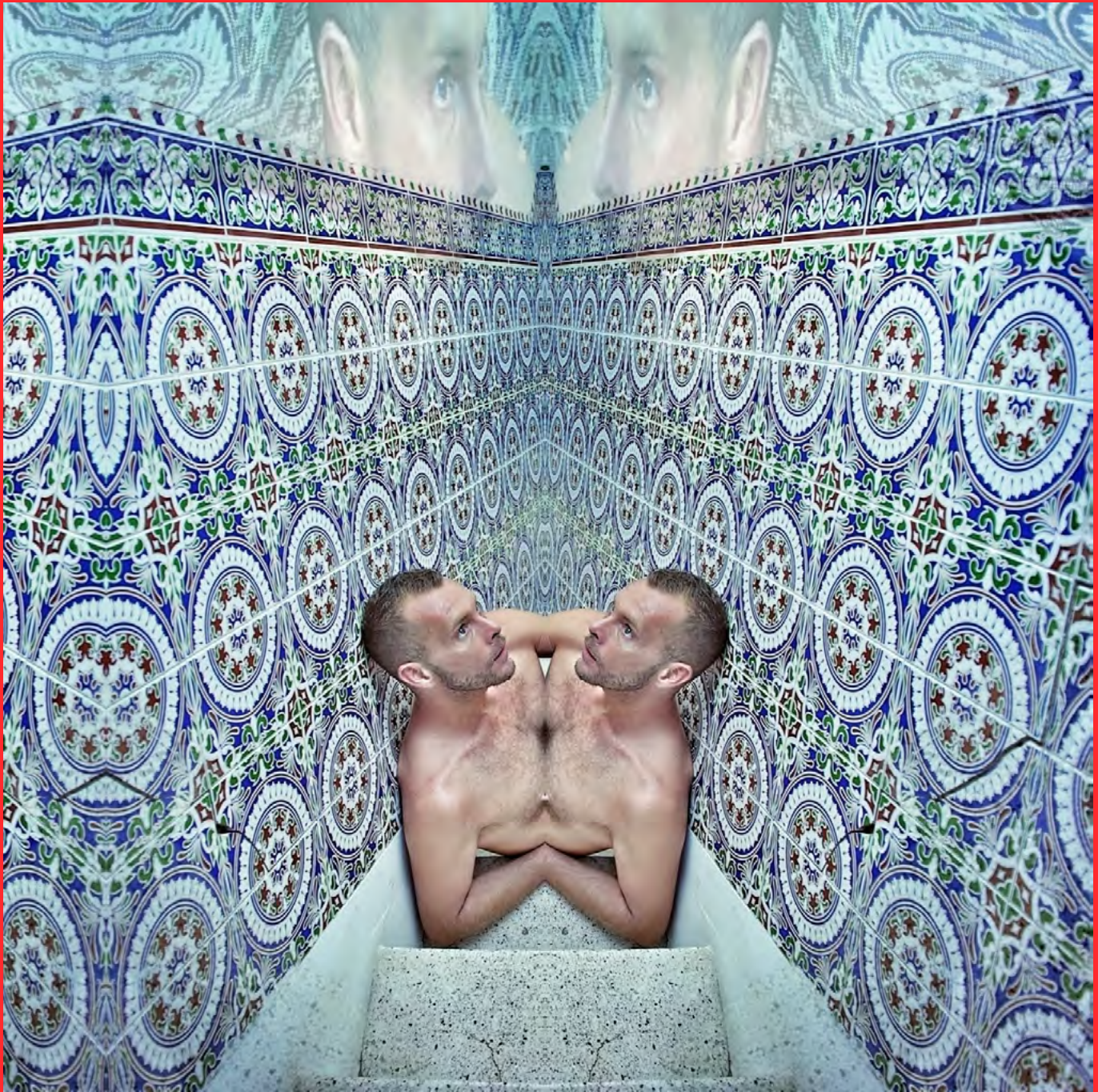
Med: My friend had a fancy dress party - it was a great night. My costume was not that original but I enjoyed my role as a Pirate and the eye patch was a particular talking point. Great memories of good times!



Jamie: My souvenir is a replica of an Israeli army bullet. One of my best friends, Drew in Chicago gave it to me years ago. I've worn it every day since then.



Manel: I bought this tea pot in Barcelona 17 years ago and since then I always have it handy for those special cups of tea



MARRAKECH BLUES

Jéren

C'était il y a six mois, à Marrakech. Les jours heureux. Toi et moi, nous, nos jeux. J'ai le blues. C'était bien, et aujourd'hui plus rien. Je n'ai plus que quelques images. Je les brûlerais bien.

That was six months ago, in Marrakech. Happy days. You and me, us, our games. I have the blues. It was good, but now nothing's left. All I have left are a few images. They'll burn well.

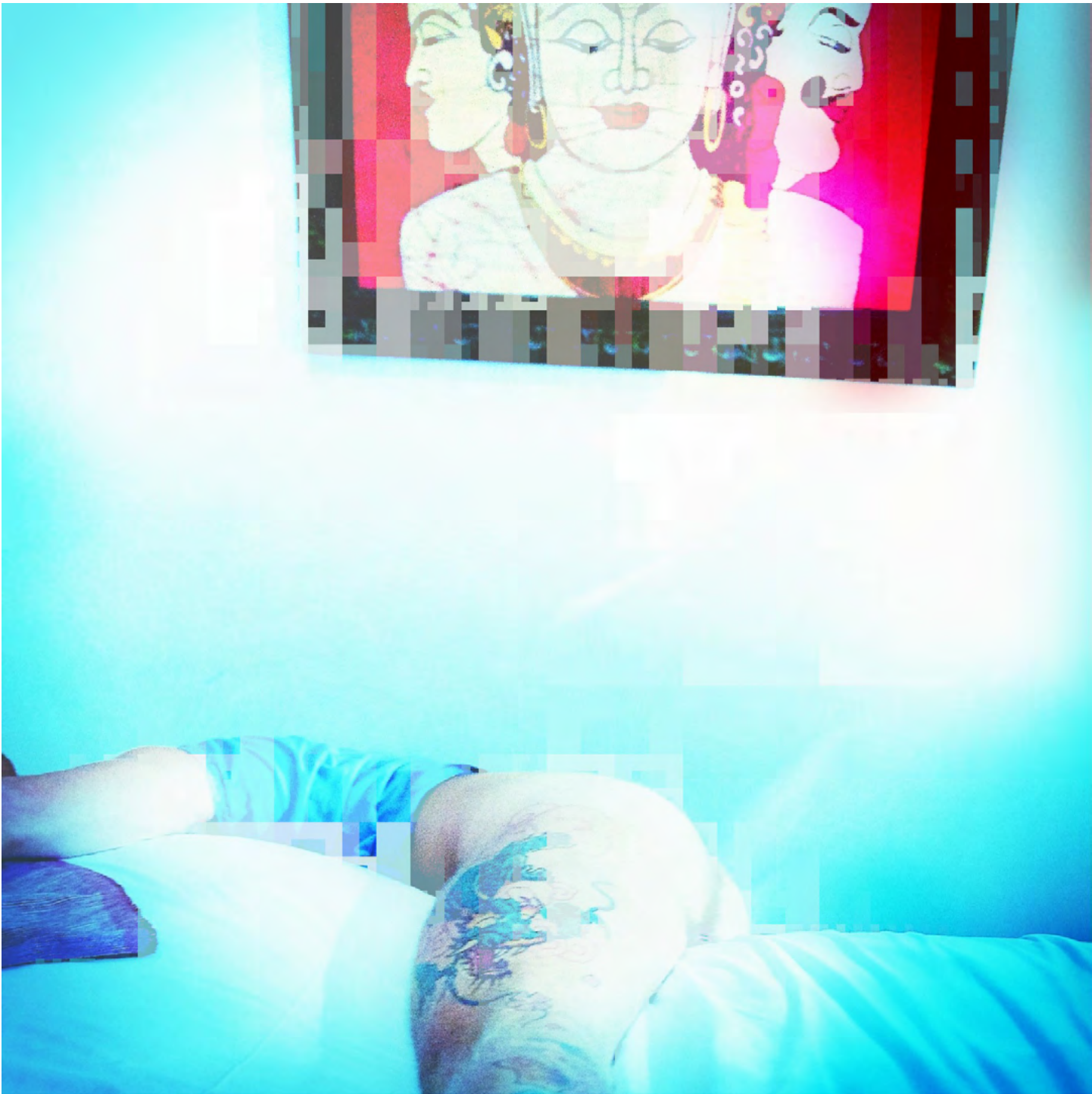


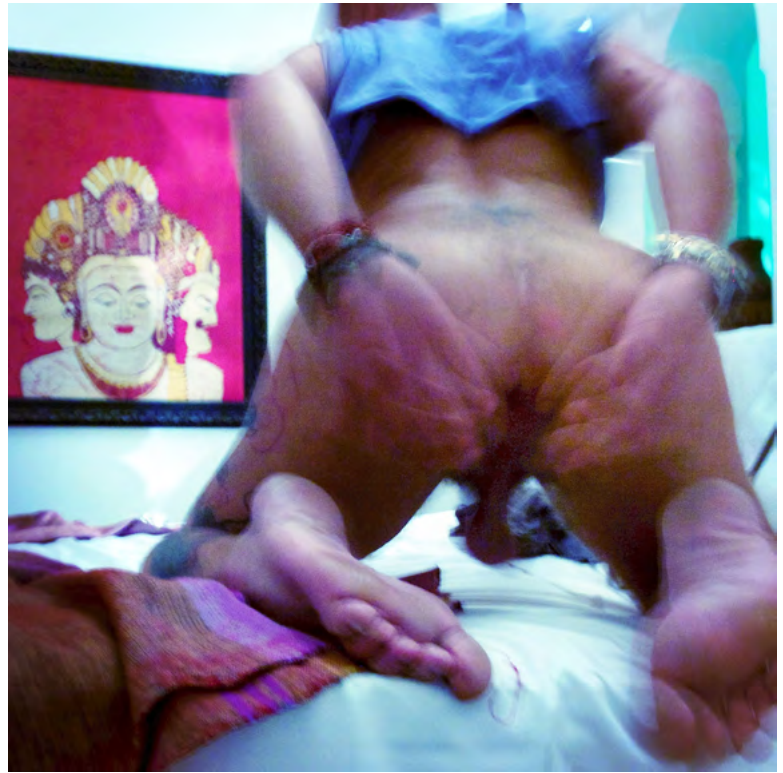
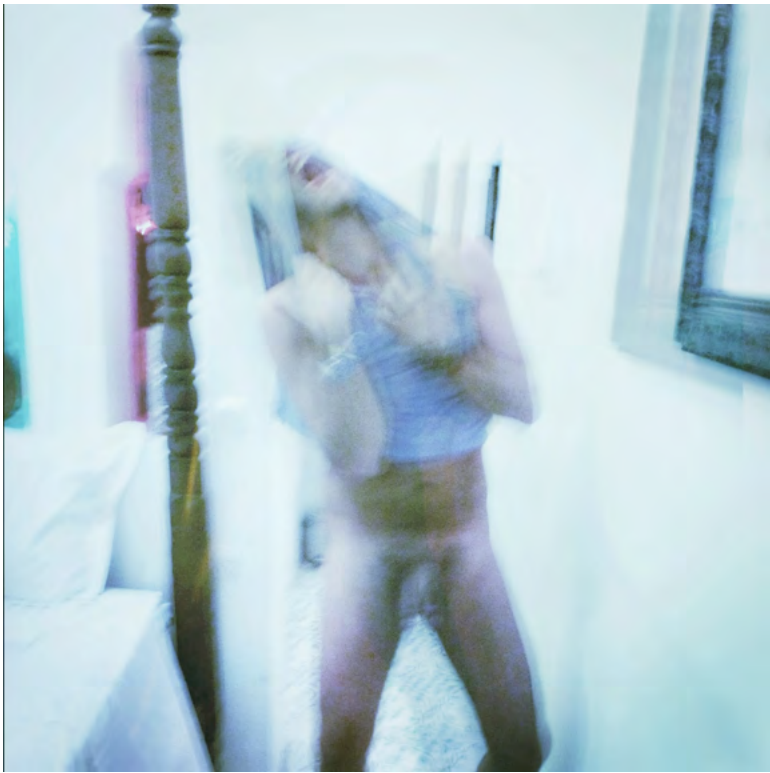








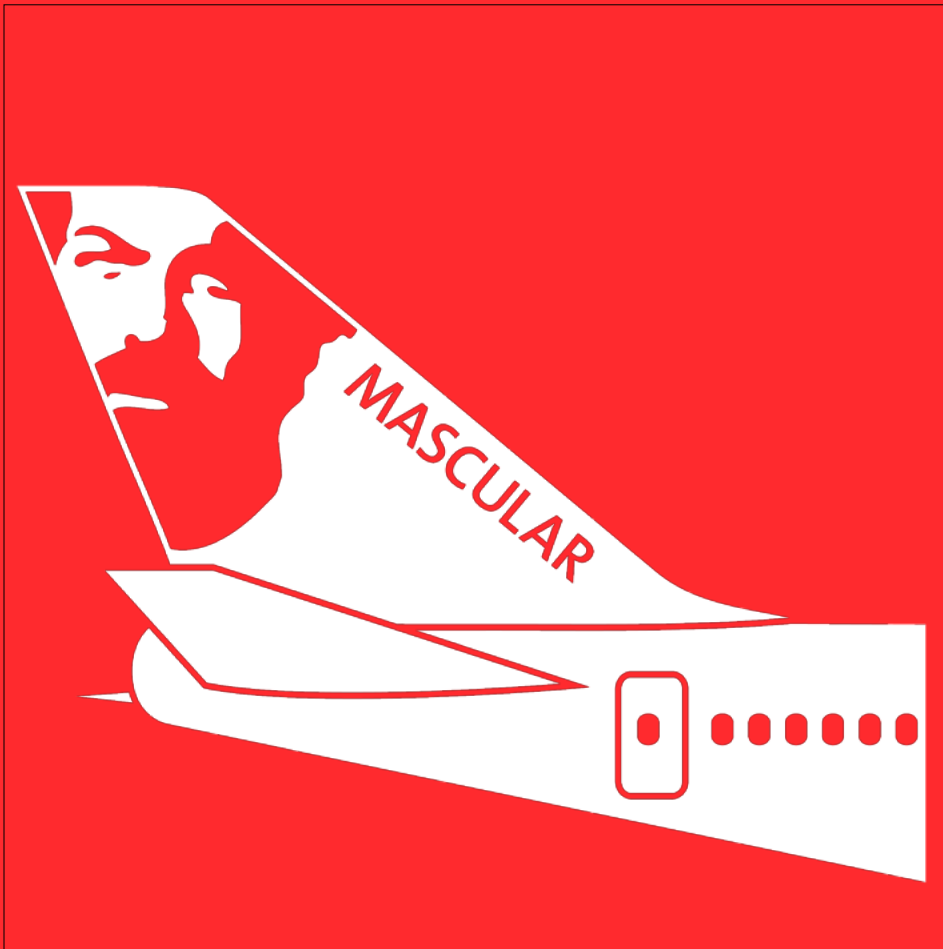




MASCULAR

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THE MASCULAR T-SHIRT



'Bud'

I've always loved going to airports. They are such a rich source of inspiration. I remember as a kid gazing out the window and seeing all the planes lined up at the gates and loved all the bright tail graphics. This tee is a bit of an homage to Alaska airlines, I always thought it was really cool they have a portrait of a Native Alaskan man on the tail.

You can order your t-shirt from RedBubble
www.redbubble.com/people/mascular/works/10076880-mascular-winter-2013

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BLACK

MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 5 | Spring 2013

BLACK & WHITE

BLACK & RED

BLACK & TAN

BLACK & BLUE

BLACK & YELLOW

BLACK & GREEN

BLACK & PURPLE

BLACK & ORANGE

BLACK & GRAY

BLACK & GREY

Black is the absence of color, but it has immense presence for something that isn't there. On its own or contrasting with other colors, black is the extreme. It represents death, mourning, evil, night and magic. It's also the color of the clergy, royalty and sober sensibility. Issue No. 5 of Mascular Magazine celebrates the non color black. We would like to see what you can do with nothing. Leave your mark or lay waste, enhance detail or explore the shadows. Show us what isn't there.

If you are interested in contributing to Issue No. 5, please contact Mascular Magazine at: submissions@mascularmagazine.com

Deadline for submissions is May 17, 2013.



GUIDE FOR THE
MODERN BEAR



A FIELD STUDY of BEARS in the WILD
 By Travis Smith and Chris Bale



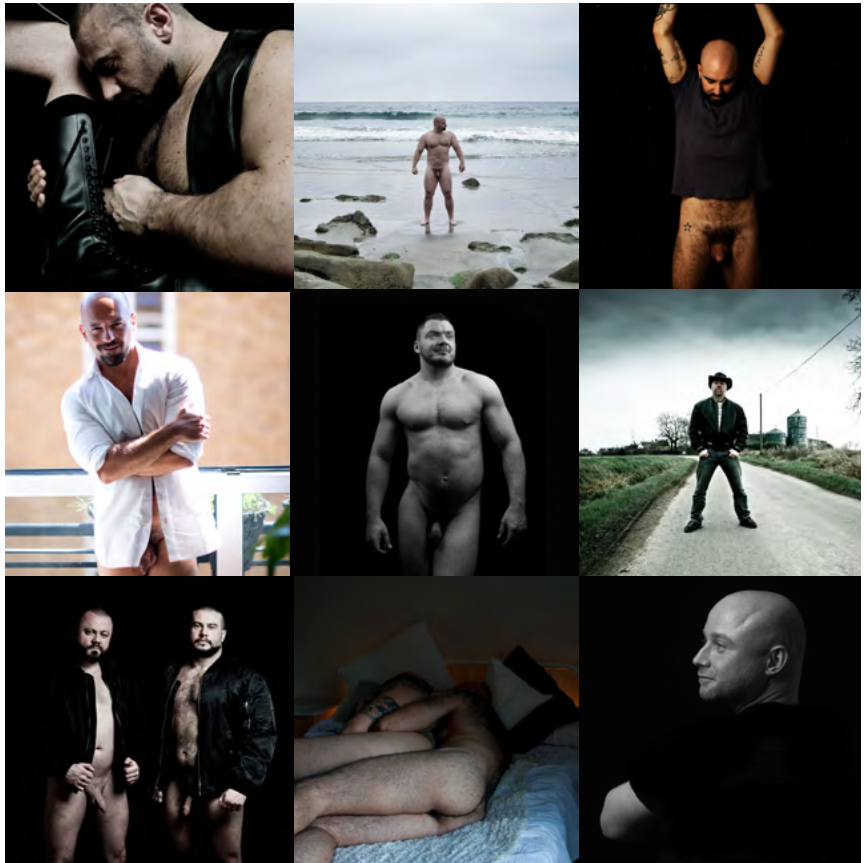
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March 15 - April 5
opening - 7pm, March 15

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"Sometimes sexy, surprising stories that will hit close to home for many men." —Xtra

SHIRTLIFTER



A Reading & Book Signing with
Graphic Novelist Steve MacIsaac

Thursday, March 21 @ 7:00 PM
Gays' The Word, 66 Marchmont, London

BALANCE MEN

David W. Aguilar and Jeff Benson

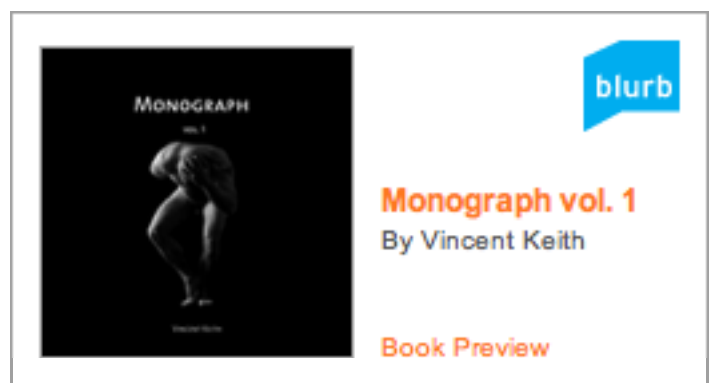
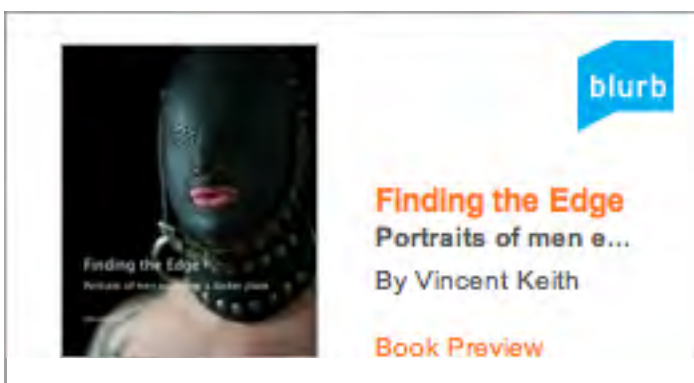
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Vincent Keith of Mascular Studio has self-published two books available on Blurb
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