



MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 6 | Summer 2013

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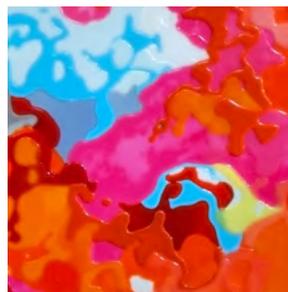
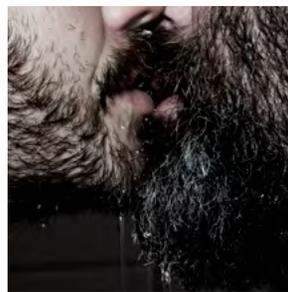
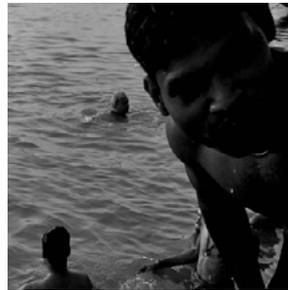
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MASCULAR

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Vincent Keith

CELEBRATING MASCULINE ART AND THE MEN WHO CREATE IT



Water is all about potential. It's nature and properties imbue it with the remarkable ability to influence and inform anything or anyone it engages with. It can be both subtle and devastating. At once tranquil and capable of unspeakable violence. But it requires a force, element or intent to act upon it to release its potential.

I'm struck by the waste and disorder water can bring about. A few drops on a piece of paper will mark the paper forever. A tsunami or flood can reshape a landscape laying waste and destruction to communities and the natural world alike.

We speak of water with a bewildering range of terms. Quantities of water, its shape, its quality or qualities. From drops to oceans, sweet to deep. We choose terms to impart to this liquid our own views and expectations of which quality we wish it to possess. I suppose you could drown in a sufficient quantity of tea, but we never consider that when brewing a pot. Clouds, for instance, are incredibly heavy but our language when we speak of them evokes lightness.

For all our efforts to ascribe to water qualities and the many ways it shapes our lives, water actually exists in a world with very strict tolerances and rules. It is entirely predictable. Heat it to a certain temperature and it will turn to vapor and steam and will keep doing so until you tire of hearing it or you've exhausted the supply. It will keep its solid form only as long as it is kept below a given temperature. No matter how much you want it not to, the ice cube in your drink will melt in due course, watering down your drink and depriving you of the cold you seek.

Water transports everything from dyes to bacteria, cells to cantaloupes. While we can float in it, we can't walk on it, no matter what some may believe. Brought to our earth in the very distant past as a block of ice falling from the heavens, crashing into the planet's surface, it's been carving and shaping that same surface ever since. Flowing through us and around us, it is everywhere, and sorely missed when it is not. We breathe the gaseous components that make water, and sweat it out when we are stressed.

So if water is in everything, occupies every realm and shapes all that we know, what impact does it have on our creative lives? Does this ubiquitous substance occupy our imaginary worlds as much as it does the physical one? Surely such an important part of our lives must occupy a central place in how we communicate and represent our existence. Or does it? Does the fact that water can take most any form and exists everywhere make it difficult to pin down, difficult to describe? Are the sensations that water causes so universal and well understood that there is no reason to explore that area of the human experience?

If there is no mystery to water, is there any reason to consider it artistically? Conversely, if it is impossible to define, is there any language of vocabulary capable of describing it? This issue of Masculine Magazine challenged artists to consider water. To look at it in all its forms and in all the ways we encounter it.

The submissions and works contained in this issue show us that water plays as diverse a role in our artwork as it does in our lives more generally. Artists such as AZT, Vincent Keith, Hairysucker, explore how water can transport us from this earthly realm defined by gravity and the ground we stand on to one where we are released from our earthly bonds and allowed to float and move through the three dimensions we occupy. The human body is capable of all manner of forms and movement when not constrained by the bonds of gravity. In that way, water is a liberator. Perhaps this is a metaphor for the ability that resides in all of us to move outside of our quotidian existence and go places that have different potentials or realities. Perhaps these artists challenge us to want to go there, but to what end? Does this newfound freedom provide us with any insights? Does the act of exploring beyond our limits necessarily bring new and useful insights? I think it probably does.

As liberating as it may be physically and spiritually, JL2 reminds us 'In Water No One Can Hear You Scream', and that this is a substance not to be trifled with. Liberating perhaps, but if one is not careful, it can easily liberate us permanently from our sanity or this life in general.

Water changes whatever it touches. It alters the state of an object or being. Blake Little's portraits of wet men demonstrates this beautifully. Their wetness adds a palpable element that heightens all of the details that define them. The men are more masculine, stronger and more primal when wet - more themselves. The water they have engaged with compels them to reveal more about themselves and what makes them men. Even the smallest gesture takes on greater meaning because of the presence of the water.

A number of artists considered water in the context of its cleansing properties. Central to the cleansing rituals we engage in, from a simple shower to a languorous bath, we come to be cleaned. Tim Gerken's childhood experiences of public showers were fraught with dread and shame. This ritual forced him to confront issues around body image, growing up and his sexuality - all in the name of getting clean. How strangely this contrasts with the communal bathing on the river banks of India. Bishan Samaddar's photographs of Men and the River explore a different world of communal bathing - almost as if its really communal energy. Less emphasis on clinical cleanliness and more on a spiritual cleansing.

For all our efforts to get clean, water can be a medium with which or in which we can get dirty. Paul Dymond's portraits of 'dirty' men in the bath asks us to consider if paint (another liquid) hides our true identities or gives us the freedom to bring our true emotions forward. But the story has an inevitable conclusion - these men will eventually be cleansed and that metaphorical fig leaf will go straight down the drain along with the paint and dirty water. Matt Cotsell explores this theme from a different perspective. He seems to have created a watery stage on which his dreams can be played out.

So far, we've only considered water from the outside - in our surroundings. How about the water contained within us. It comes as no surprise that a number of artists chose to consider the topic from a more introspective but still tangible perspective. BJ Broekhuizen's Anabolic Warrior is brought to life and empowered by male hormones, but Broekhuizen questions whether this creation is truly real. Jean Mailloux's Bodily Fluids series depicts a dialogue between the man and the fluids he produces. The effect is to provide evidence that we are indeed "real". That our bodies are functioning and producing these liquids is always a bit of a surprise, no matter how familiar we are with them. These beautiful daily miracles, suggest something magical about us, but by their very nature, question the divine.

All too often, we consider these fluids as waste. Certainly when they are produced, we act quickly to be rid of them. Entire industries are devoted to keep us as far away from what's inside us as possible. In *Passing Water*, Robert Siegelman challenges us to reconsider this. His portraits of men with urine - their familiarity with it, are gentle and considered. Rather than waste, he speaks of containing. As it is something that we produce and that comes from the act of living, does it deserve to be treated with such disgust? Siegelman's works touch on the cycle of life and celebrates what is natural about us.

Other contributors considered water and perspective. How we perceive water, as in Jonny Dredge's landscapes and cloud studies, can change depending on where and how we engage with it. While in some instances it reveals more, clarifies, in others, it obscures, distorts. In Kit's nude studies, the water distorts and blurs - leaving only ephemeral impressions of the subject. In the same way, Migogay's paintings of seascapes capture the dynamism, power and beauty of the sea but with unusual representations of the sea itself. There are no signifiers that indicate that the paintings are of water, but we are left in no doubt as to that subject or the meaning.

I've only touched on some of the themes, ideas and questions contained in the works within this issue of *Mascular Magazine*. There is so much to explore. Take your time, flick through, then come back and take your time again. See where the works take you. Perhaps they will show you something new, or inspire you to create something that communicates your perspectives on water - to see it in a new way.

The theme for the next Issue of *Mascular Magazine* is *PORTRAITS*. We look forward to seeing what past and future contributors have to say about the state of modern portraiture. What is a portrait today and what does it tell us about who we are.

Vincent Keith
September, 2013

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BLAKE LITTLE MANIFEST

MANIFEST is a progression from Blake Little's groundbreaking book, *The Company of Men*. Little's documentation of a new gay masculinity continues as he pushes his portraiture in different ways. His visual vocabulary has evolved from the more formal structure of his earlier pictures, taking more chances and benefiting from this freedom. This time, the photographs were taken both in and out of his

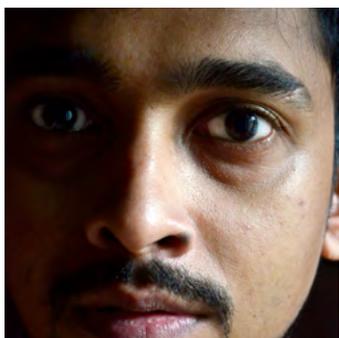
Los Angeles studio and in England, Canada and all over the US. Some are more intimate than he has ever presented before, surprisingly so. He also captures couples for the first time, presenting portraits of real relationships. Manifest features 104 remarkable photos of compelling men with a powerful, humorous and heartfelt forward by actor and icon Nick Offerman.

ORDER YOUR COPY OF THE MANIFEST HERE: WWW.MANIFESTBOOK.COM

CONTRIBUTORS



Ken Sloan - Born in Seattle, I've lived all of my life on the west coast, from Alaska to California. San Francisco has been my home for the last 17 years and is where I first started experimenting with epoxy resin.



Bishan Samaddar - Born in Ranchi, Jharkhand, and brought up in Calcutta, India. Started career as a social development worker. Veered into arts administration, and now works in publishing, at Seagull Books (Calcutta, London, New York). His photographs have appeared in several newspapers and journals in India and abroad, including Outlook, Tehelka, Telegraph, India Currents, Asia Literary Review and the San Francisco Chronicle, and on the covers of several books, including Kossi Efoui's *Shadow of Things to Come* (2013), and *Incidents* by Roland Barthes (translated by Teresa L. Fagan) which included 154 of his photographs which were subsequently shown in an exhibition at the Seagull Foundation for the Arts, Calcutta.



Kit - based in Tokyo, Japan worked freelance for G-men magazine, the

only bear magazine in Asia. Educated as a marine bio-technologist, worked for a pharmaceutical company for 5 years. His passion in photography since childhood is so strong that he quit his job and studied photography in a night school. Kit now lives in Cologne, Germany since 2012. He continues to hunt for bears in both Europe and in Asia.



JL² Born in France in 1965, living in Montréal, Canada, since 2000, JL² is a self-taught photographer. One of the major themes in his work is the role that conformity plays in society and how people suffer, having no choice but to conform, consciously or not, in order to avoid trouble, persecution and ostracism. JL² also has a major interest in portraying people in their own environment without artifice. Inspirations in his work are numerous: Wolfgang Tillmans, Nan Goldin, Robert Mapplethorpe and work by pop artists such as Wayne Thiebaud and Duane Hanson. Besides photography, JL² has always had a special interest in the American movies of the 70's.



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

Samuel Jackson, Gweneth Paltrow, and many others. He shoots for such publications as London Times Magazine, Entertainment Weekly, People Magazine, Time, Los Angeles Magazine and ESPN the Magazine. Little's artistic work has been exhibited in New York, Seattle, Los Angeles and Japan and has resulted in two monographs, his first book "Dichotomy" in 1997, and his second publication "The Company of Men" released September, 2011. He is represented by the Wessel O'Connor Gallery. Born and raised in Seattle, Washington, Little moved to LA in 1982 after graduating with a photography degree from Seattle's Central College.



Whether he's shooting an event, portraits or landscapes, he captures a moment or two in time that you might not have otherwise noticed.



Jonathan Dredge - I was born and raised in the small university town of St Andrews, Scotland. Following a quiet 'Oxo Family' childhood, reading car magazines and drawing in my bedroom (escaping chronic hay fever), I studied Automotive Design in Coventry before moving to London, and spending five years working in book shops! After retraining as a TV Editor and Designer, I spent 12 years working post production, as well as on personal collaborations with people such as Nick Knight, Peter Saville and Simon Costin. Throughout my career, I have worked as a photographer, for a variety of magazines and clients, though I am now spending more time on personal projects. I live with Garv, my partner of 4 years, with our cat Miss Josie Jones, in Islington.



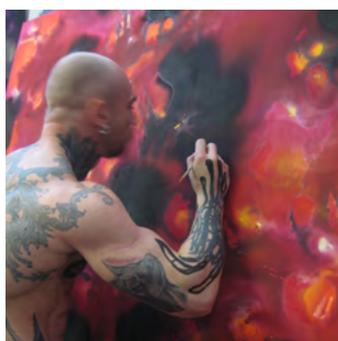
Werner Friedl (WF) - Werner is a self taught photographer and digital artist, who has been exploring photography since he was 12. He always had a vivid imagination and started expressing himself through images, with a special interest in portraying men. His main subjects are men who are not professional models. He is always fascinated by the diversity of his models and their collaborating attitude towards achieving great results. He lives and works in Vienna, Austria.



Austin Wondolowski - studied photography at the Academy of Art University in San Francisco, brings a fresh eye to his viewer by seeing the possibility of the otherwise ignored or mundane. Looking at Austin's work, you can't help but notice the few pieces that fail to observe the "rules" of photography and urge you ever so softly to look outside the lines of traditional beauty.

Migogay -(Miguel Gay Puente) is an artist living in Asturias, Spain. His work often explores themes of the soul, life, death and sex.. His paintings are in museum collections and have appeared in shows at Galeria de Arte "Van Dyck" in Gijon, Museo de la Ciudad de Móstoles, Galeria Cinabrio, in Leon, The Americas Museum in Miami. Miguel apprenticed under artist Jose Carlos Guerra and hold degrees in architecture and in interior design.

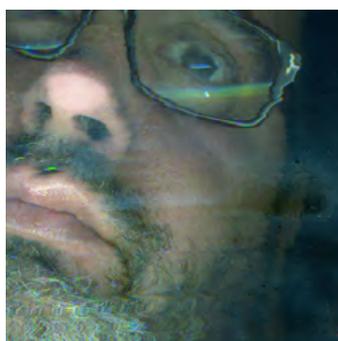
CONTRIBUTORS



BJ Boekhuizen (b.1979,Cape Town, South Africa) has exhibited in London and South Africa. Past exhibitions include "Art in Mind, Brick Lane Gallery , The New Artist Fair and Espacio Gallery. BJ's desire to explore the intersection of art and science has seen him develop highly individual drawings and paintings. As long as he can remember he was enthralled by the random beauty found within the minutest natural forms. His workplace is more like a laboratory than a traditional studio: piles of medical books and magazines, patient's scans and x-rays compete with his own artwork for space, some of which are inspirations for his vision. BJ is inspired more by Natural Scientist than traditional art magazines. Shades and pigments of the body exploding off canvasses. Capturing and entralling the mind through their compositions of the lights within cells. BJ lives and work in London since 2001



Paul Dymond - is an artist and photographer out of Toronto Canada. Through his work, he wants to change the perception of art in the LGBTQ community. It can often seem exclusive and inaccessible and that pisses his right off! His life goal is to create a collective of street artists, metal fags, electro dykes, trans models and crafting bears to lead us all into the next decade.



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 a 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.



Eenar Kumar: I was about fourteen when I first began using an slr camera. An older cousin from bangalore visited us in Bombay around that time. I hadn't seen him for a few years – the change in his physique was striking. He had been working out and was proud of his strong, muscular body. One day, I asked him if I could photograph him. It was as if he had been waiting for me to ask

him. We went to a secluded rocky beach near where we lived on the slopes of Malabar hill. He didn't need much persuasion to lose most of his clothes for the photos 'to show his body off better'. I used the waves of the Arabian sea to get him wet in his underwear. These, my first 'almost nude' photos of a man, gave me a taste for more. I have been undressing men for my camera ever since. Eenar lives in India.



Jean Mailloux - lives and works in Montreal (Canada). He holds a bachelor's degree in Fine Arts from Concordia University. After participating in solo and group exhibitions and receiving several prizes, he dedicated his time to disseminating the work of other artists through artist-run centres in Montreal and Quebec City. During those 15 years, his activities included curating a number of video programs and exhibitions in Montreal, Paris, Toulouse and Santiago. He returned to his own artistic practice in 2007 concentrating on photo, drawing and lithography..



AZT - is a gay, HIV+, Italian artist. Born in 1974, he lives and works in Bologna. His interest for photography made him first develop the most narrative aspects of the medium, as in an exquisite torture (2006), *histoire deau* (2008) or where is my mind? (2007-2011) – where he frequently used his own naked body as an instrument for identity search and emotive expression together with urban landscapes and details. From 2007 he dedicates almost exclusively to portray naked men with the many male nudes series.

His research starts with the statement of difference as human inestimable value and explores the most personal and erotic aspects of his subjects. Through their physical nudity, he unveils a male universe that strongly differs from rules and stereotypes imposed by fashion and mass culture. Bypassing cultural superstructures, he displays an image of personalized, intimate and strongly politicized masculinity. He produced many artist books and published his works in contemporary art magazines and catalogs. He exhibited in museums, private galleries and non-profit spaces in Europe and United States. His works are included in important European and international art collections.



Matt Cotsell - Born in post-colonial Southern Rhodesia in the late 1970's, Matthew Cotsell yearned to travel and be with nature, from a young age. Moving to Wiltshire at the age of six brought a sharp shock as he was confronted with the perversities of English suburban life. That restless streak continued and he travelled Europe and America in his teens before finally settling in London in 2006. His work is a collection of intimate portraits of the friends and lovers who continue to inspire him. He is currently back in academia, studying BA Fine Art photography, at the CASS School of Art & Design..



Hairy Sucker - Husband. Lover. Wanderer. Trying to be a photographer. Currently resides in Western NY state. But not for long...

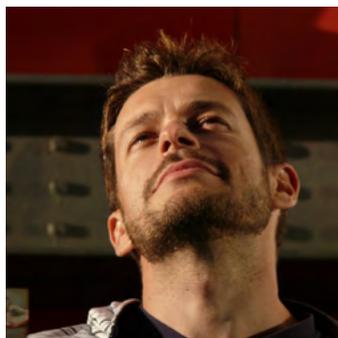
CONTRIBUTORS



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



Stephan Tobias - Born in Berlin, raised in Southern Germany, self trained as photographer and graphic artist, studies of history, philosophy and law in Tübingen, Aix-en-Provence, Hamburg, Munich, photo exhibitions in Stuttgart, Aix-en-Provence, Arles, Hamburg, Berlin. Lives and works in Berlin. Photography interests me most when it aims beyond arrangement of the objects of the visible world, when it is playfully interacting with time and space and aims at visualising the process of perception. But to get there I take a lot of ordinary pictures, too. Posing nude and photographing nude models recently become part of the playful interaction. The results just get a lot more clicks than anything else I've done in my life.



David Sierra - I was born in 1978 in Zamora, Spain. When I was a child I soon realized that art was very important in my life and that's why I started to paint when I was 9. Nevertheless, I presume that mainly due to my good marks at school, when I grew up I decided to study Forestry Engineering. After several years of technical employment I felt that I was starving art creation in my life so three years ago I bought a camera and started to shot the human body. I must admit that when I have a naked model in front of my camera, I really feel that I am making gentle love with him without any need of contact. Currently I am living in the mountains close to Madrid, place where I have found a kind of spiritual retreat and where I combine my job as engineer with my photographic devotion.



inkedKenny - After more than 20 years of working in styling and creative direction for high-profile fashion and commercial clients, Toronto-based inkedKenny moved behind the camera in 2008. He has since established himself as an in-demand photographer with a distinctive vision—one that most often finds its expression through his ongoing exploration of the male body. Drawn from the communities of Canadian and American cities, the men that he shoots reflect a mixture of confidence and passion, strength and sensuality, captured in bold images whose technical assurance and dark beauty provide the foundation for

their power. inkedKenny's work has been seen in solo exhibitions in Ottawa and Montreal and group shows in New York City and Toronto. He is currently collecting works for a 2014 solo exhibit in Chicago. His work and creative process is the subject of *Through the Lens of inkedKenny*, a 2012 documentary short by German directors Denize Galiao and Marie Elisa Scheidt. Produced in partnership with the Hochschule für Fernsehen und Film München and Canada's L'institut national de l'image et du son, the film has been widely showcased on the European festival circuit.



Blade T Bannon - started his career in the industry as a model. While modeling for colleges, artist's workshops and erotic art shows, he learned the classic body stances and was featured in a number of magazines as well as other publications. However, it soon became apparent that he wanted to be on the other side of the lens. He worked as an assistant under a featured photographer for 100% Beef Magazine, SFBearhunter, after which time he began his solo career as a photographer of men. Since that time he has been featured in a number of international books and magazines which include five with Bruno Gmunder. He currently resides in San Francisco with his fiancé Mike.



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.



Bearfighter - Photographer for brute souls. "My pictures are recollections of the martial man" The photographer, who goes by the name of "Bearfighter", is 46 years old and lives and works in Cologne/Germany. His powerful pseudonym was taken from his days as an active heavy weight wrestler, during which the first genuine photos originated. "...because I wanted to see men fighting & sweating..." Applying a self-taught approach and his trained eye for detail, he began 2002 during our time of the digital revolution, to immerse himself in photography. Using friends from the bear scene as subjects for his work, his hobby quickly developed into a new profession. Soon thereafter, he made his debut as an artist for the first time in the popular bear bar COX in Cologne. International exhibitions in Zürich, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels & San Francisco followed. My vision is that of a rough & impetuous soul like a Viking, uncontrolled and irrepressible like a rebel, noble and proud like a warrior. All of these impressions are reflected in my photography as a reminder to all men & their strength. Real brute souls".

CONTRIBUTORS



Rob van Veggel - What makes me draw is the act of looking: looking at the world but also looking at what I draw. And simultaneously looking what others have drawn, sculpted, photographed etcetera. It is a continuing, open ended process, which surprises me every time I feel that a piece is finished. Lately I am interested in drawing shells (their abstract shapes and textures) but also the expressions of the human face, which actually also have interesting abstract shapes and textures. I have drawn, painted, sculpted and photographed my whole life yet with varying intensity. I was born in 1954, attended an art school, but also obtained a Ph.D. in anthropology and have a career in design research. I'm Dutch, was born and live in the Netherlands, but also have lived for many years in Spain and the U.S.



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. To this day, he retains a nostalgic love for analog photography and his old Rolleiflex is never far away. A graduate of the Institut d'Etudes Politiques de Paris ("Sciences Po"), he has lived in Boston and in the mid-West, where he discovered American culture. He did his military service in

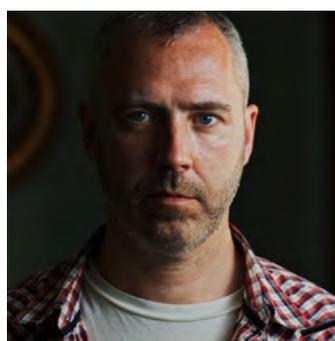
the French Navy which instilled in him military values such as , determination, sense of leadership, solidarity and male friendship. After his military service, he became involved in the family business situated on the French Riviera, where he has lived ever since. He also becomes involved in professional lobbying, culminating in the role of head of a major union.



Gianorso - I am a self taught, middle-aged photographer, living in Rome, whose main subjects are men not usually featured in mainstream medias, nor featured in fashion magazines or in posters of fancy teenagers, but they have a beauty, a sensuality and a strength that make them unique, conquering the hearts of the viewers. If you are visiting Rome and would like to pose for me, contact me at gianorso@gmail.com



Aurelio Monge - also known as "mG", was born in Andalucia (Spain, 1971). A near-death experience marked him forever and was, in fact, decisive in his work. His main source of inspiration is the human (male) body; but he is also drawn to classical sculpture, architecture and landscapes which, like an open window, offer views into the inner and deep mystery of the human soul and the ephemeral nature of all things including life itself. His portfolio is full of enthusiasm for Art & History, characterized by his interest in Greek-Roman Culture and the Great Masters. Obsessed by all that light can reveal he works with "chiaroscuro" in extreme conditions in an attempt to uncover what the darkness hides.



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 SIEGELMAN holds a diploma, and a Fifth Year Certificate, from the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston in the United States. He teaches at the Museum School and the Eliot School. He also leads workshops and consults with artists privately. For many years he co-directed Art In Amsterdam, a workshop and residency program for artists and art students from around the world. Siegelman's work is in many important collections including the Boston Public Library, MIT, the Harvard University Art Museums, The Danforth Museum of Art, The Art Complex Museum, The DeCordova Museum, The Leslie + Lohman Museum of Gay and Lesbian Art, The Leather Archives and Museum, and the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. His work has been published and reviewed internationally in a variety of publications including The Sciences, XNOTDEAD, and Mascular Magazine. He is included in the book "100 Boston Artists" organized by Chawky Frenn. Upcoming publications include "Identities Now: Contemporary Portrait Photography" and "Self Portraits by Others". Siegelman was

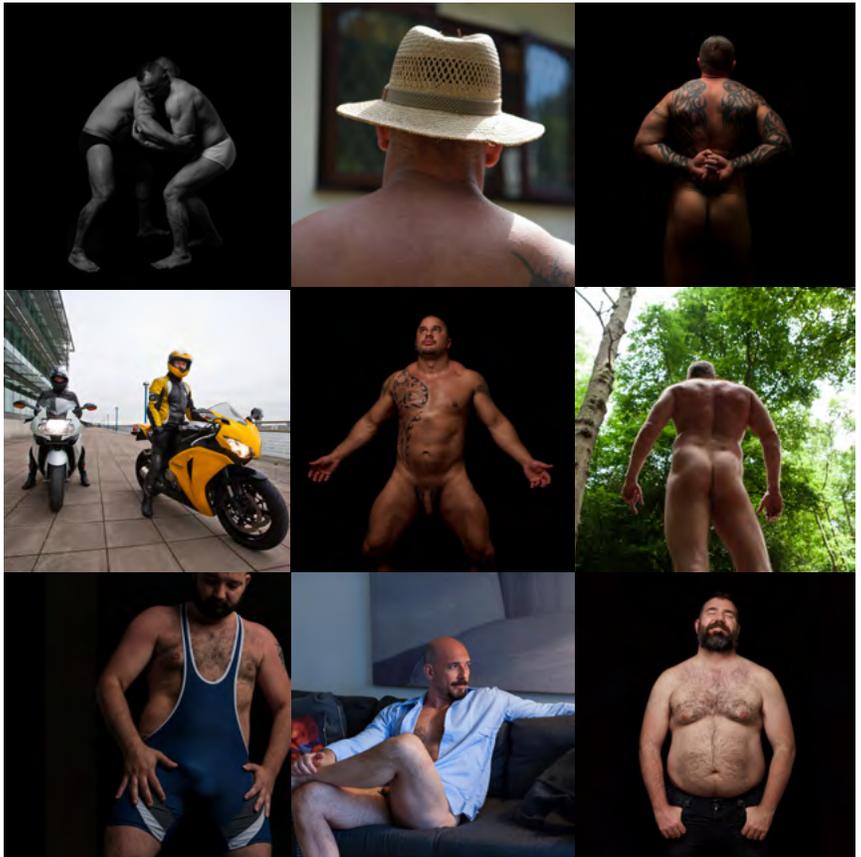
recently included in: "Untitled Male Id" at the William Angus-Hughes Gallery in London England. Gallery NAGA in Boston, and McGowan Fine Arts in New Hampshire represent Siegelman in the United States. He is a recipient of various grants.



Tim Gerken - The Leather Stocking Region of upstate NY is my current home. I take pictures and teach writing at a small state college nearby. My first camera was a Polaroid Big Swinger 3000. I realized if I was the one looking out through the lens I could avoid getting my picture taken. At 18 I was given an Olympus OM-10 and started the conscious process of looking for beauty. In 2006 I transitioned to Olympus digital cameras, so I could keep my favorite lenses. The quest for beauty continues. Oscar Wilde wrote "the object of Art is not simple truth but complex beauty."



PETER JACOBS Peter Jacobs wrote poetry as a teenager. Inspired by gay literature and the lyrics of music he loved. Then when he went to university - to study English, ironically - he stopped. For twenty years. Then a major work and lifestyle change gave him the time and the material - he generally writes from a darker place - to start again. Peter hasn't written a poem for about five years. He found other creative outlets. But one day, inspiration will return, life will change, and he will once again start writing. That's the theory, anyway.



MASCULAR
STUDIO
london

www.mascularstudio.com

MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

THE MASCULAR T-SHIRT



 **BEARFIGHTER**
PHOTOGRAPHER FOR BRUTE SOULS

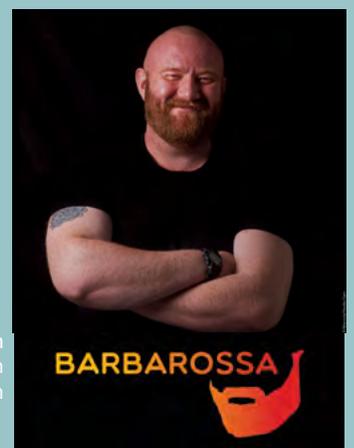
MASCULAR

BLOODLUST

Bearfighter and Alan Thompson collaborated to create the latest version of the Mascular T-Shirt. This unique design looks fantastic and all purchases go to support the Mascular Magazine project.

The design is inspired by Bearfighter's photography and is taken from an image that appears within this issue.

You can order your t-shirt from:
[RedBubble](https://www.redbubble.com)

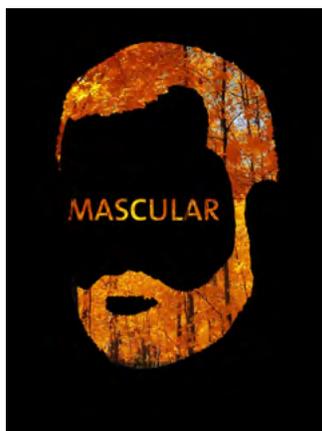


Alan Thompson
www.bgadesign.com
www.barbarossaclothing.com



Mascular Magazine is proud to bring you unique t-shirt designs from celebrated graphic designers and artists. You can get your own T-Shirt in a variety of colours and show your support for Mascular Magazine with wearable art.

T-Shirts cost approximately US\$28.00 and can be ordered from [REDBUBBLE](#).



Autumn 2012
Design: Alan Thompson



Winter 2013
Design: Alan Thompson



Spring 2013
Design: Fantasmagorik

You can buy our T-Shirts at MascularMagazine.Com on our [T-Shirt Page](#).



MANIFEST

Blake Little

Blake Little's photographs do everything they can to answer these challenges short of reaching out and shaking the viewer's hand in a bone-crunching grip. These people look like men, like real men. When next I need to load a ten-foot length of walnut trunk into my truck bed, I will think longingly of these stalwarts and then resume trying to 'lift with my legs.'

Do they like peanut butter? Do they like men? I don't give a shit. Whether they are about to engage in work or play, the men pictured herein are about as manly as they get.

- From the Foreword by Nick Offerman

You can see more of Blake's work at www.blakelittle.com and purchase Manifest at www.manifestbook.com.











DAVID, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



I DO LIKE TO BE BESIDE THE SEASIDE
Scott A. Hamilton

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



I have long held a fascination for the sea and feel very at home on the deck of a ship but where this comes from I have no idea.

Another effect of the seaside is wet clothes and no clothes; one of my earliest erotic encounters was at the age of twelve when I watched an older lad (probably eighteen) charge people to row them across the harbour at (the Scottish sea town of) Largs, stripped to the waist, barefoot and rolled up jeans.

I didn't understand what I was looking at but knew I wanted to.

Encountering a seascape is reason enough for me to get the camera out but, like nearly all my work, it is probably because of the humans involved.



THE PHOTOGRAPHS:

LOOKING FOR CLUES: This was one of a series of photographs I staged to become magazine ads for the XXL nightclub; they often advertise “retro” nights so I planned a series of “famous album cover” parodies where the main subject was replaced with a bearish bloke. This one was an attempt at Robert Palmer’s Looking For Clues album and I even went so far as to convert it to monochrome and add red lettering until I realised it was probably too obscure so I didn’t proceed further. (Successful ones were takes on Sheer Heart Attack,

Heroes, Parade, Born In The USA and Low.) I may still attempt Kimono My House just for my own amusement!

MALAGA: This was taken at a poolside in Malaga; my partner Derek kicking water at me while my mate Kevin drinks in the background between two cocktail glass-shaped tables. There is a theme in there!

SEASCAPE #1: This was a record of a beautiful day in Brighton during the gorgeous English Summer of 2013 with its deep blue sky and deep blue sea (Hello Sailor) which are two essential components for a perfect seaside visit. I was stood on the sea wall trying to discern if



any sailors were visible on the distant ship..

SEASCAPE #2: This is more of a study in texture so I posed in with a “classical” posture then gave the photograph an antique aquatic colour scheme.

(UNDER THE SEA) SEASCAPE #3: There is a statue of a mermaid in Copenhagen which springs to mind but I was just capturing another perfect afternoon on the Isle Of Wight which I (England Of The 50s) often refer to as “England of the 50s” since my impression was of old fashioned community with good manners and spotless pavements;

one of the few towns I would feel safe to travel through barefooted.

DRY AS A: I had no big hike project this year but plenty of fine weather days to go wander the beautiful English countywide. Usually, I plan for there being a pub or cafe where I can grab some refreshments but the only ones on this trip (as I soon discovered) were at the start and end which meant I had to make one small bottle of water last as long as possible. This photograph captures me devouring the last of that precious WATER. These are the moments when we realise how much it means!







OF MYTHS, MEN AND TIDES

Vincent Keith

Dungeness Beach on the South Coast of the England is desolate, windy, often overcast and in the shadow of a nuclear power plant. This shale beach is littered in the detritus of a small fishing industry with rusting machinery and rotting sheds to be seen in all directions. It feels as if it had once been a busy place and for some unnatural reason, one day everybody put down tools and walked away never to return. It's beautiful, utterly compelling and otherworldly.

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





REBECCA



There is a romantic mythology around man and his relationship with the sea. Across art forms and media, we revisit this theme. It's elemental. We are naked before the sea because nothing we can do will protect us from its awesome power and vastness. Even if we are armed with weatherproof clothing (now there's a laugh), shelter, or boats, we know deep down inside that we are not protected. The sea can do us harm.

So why do we find the seashore so compelling? In all other areas of our lives, we avoid danger. We treat things that can hurt us with respect and distance. The sea is cold, while we prefer warmth. The sea is dark, while we prefer light. Even its beauty is stark and often melancholy. On the surface, there's nothing for man in this place. And yet we can't get enough.

When I created this series of images I had in mind a story of a quixotic warrior prepared to take on the sea. He thinks he's prepared and armed – ready for what is to come. But the clouds are ominous, his defences will fail him. He is naked. He looks at us as if to tell us we needn't worry, that his strength will protect us. We know better though, and the outcome of this conflict is a foregone conclusion.

So why fight this battle? Perhaps it's in our nature. We are compelled to confront any challenge before us. We are driven to attack what we can't control. Perhaps being human or being a man is the quality of not shrinking before impossible odds. We learn more about ourselves when we fail.

Onward...







ANABOLIC WARRIOR

BJ Broekhuizen

The growing muscle culture in the gay scene has seen a thriving black market emerge as men seek a quick route to the “Body beautiful”. Anabolic steroids are the synthetic version of the male sex hormone testosterone, also known as roids, gear, sauce, water or juice. The use of steroids, testosterone, and other things we inject or swallow seems pretty prevalent in urban gay culture.

Ecstasy, speed, crystal meth and cocaine - these chems wipe out your energy levels and interfere with gym workouts and make you

lose weight when you’re trying to bulk up. As steroids can affect your mood it is advisable to avoid other drugs that change your mental state.

This body of drawings is called Anabolic Warrior: He’s a man who fought himself by chemically challenging his own Body, exploring the darker side of sex and the needle. The equality of the needle.

You can see more of BJ’s work at bjbroekhuizen.com.







(TOP): ANABOLIC WARRIOR (2)
(BOTTOM): ANABOLIC WARRIOR (5)





THE MASCULAR MIX: LIQUID - vol. IV

Brian Maier



They say form matches function, and liquid as we all know carries an idea and intention wherever it goes. Whether it's the beaches of sunny Hawaii, calling to be dove into by a curious traveler, or the muddy river Thames, bringing prosperity and economy to cities by and by in the United Kingdom, life happens where there is water.



As a Bay Area resident, I can attest to the sea being a space for immense change, imminent danger, and good-ol' frivolity. Human beings are almost magically drawn to these large bodies of liquid -- and to me, it's no wonder. Water is a substance in a state of change. It is by definition in an in-between state, neither stuck in an expansive gas or frozen in to hardened form.

What strikes me most about this quarter's theme is not the idea of liquid as an actual physical thing (the most immediate thing being water), but liquid as a descriptor or a metaphor for how things are. We go through life constantly inundated in things of seeming permanence, but the joy for me in all things is a sense of change and a sense of energy. To make this mix, I reflected on the travels I've had recently to London, Vancouver, and Paris as a means of evolving. The mere idea of mixing things up and being in an "in between space" promised new momentum, rearrangement of some old theories, and a way to get in to my own "energy of the present."

The tunes for volume IV are just as elaborate as this intention of change - a slow subtle start, a great rise of rhythm and melody, and a few key pieces of magic and familiarity to keep you engaged and entertained. I hope you enjoy!

www.djbrianmaier.com



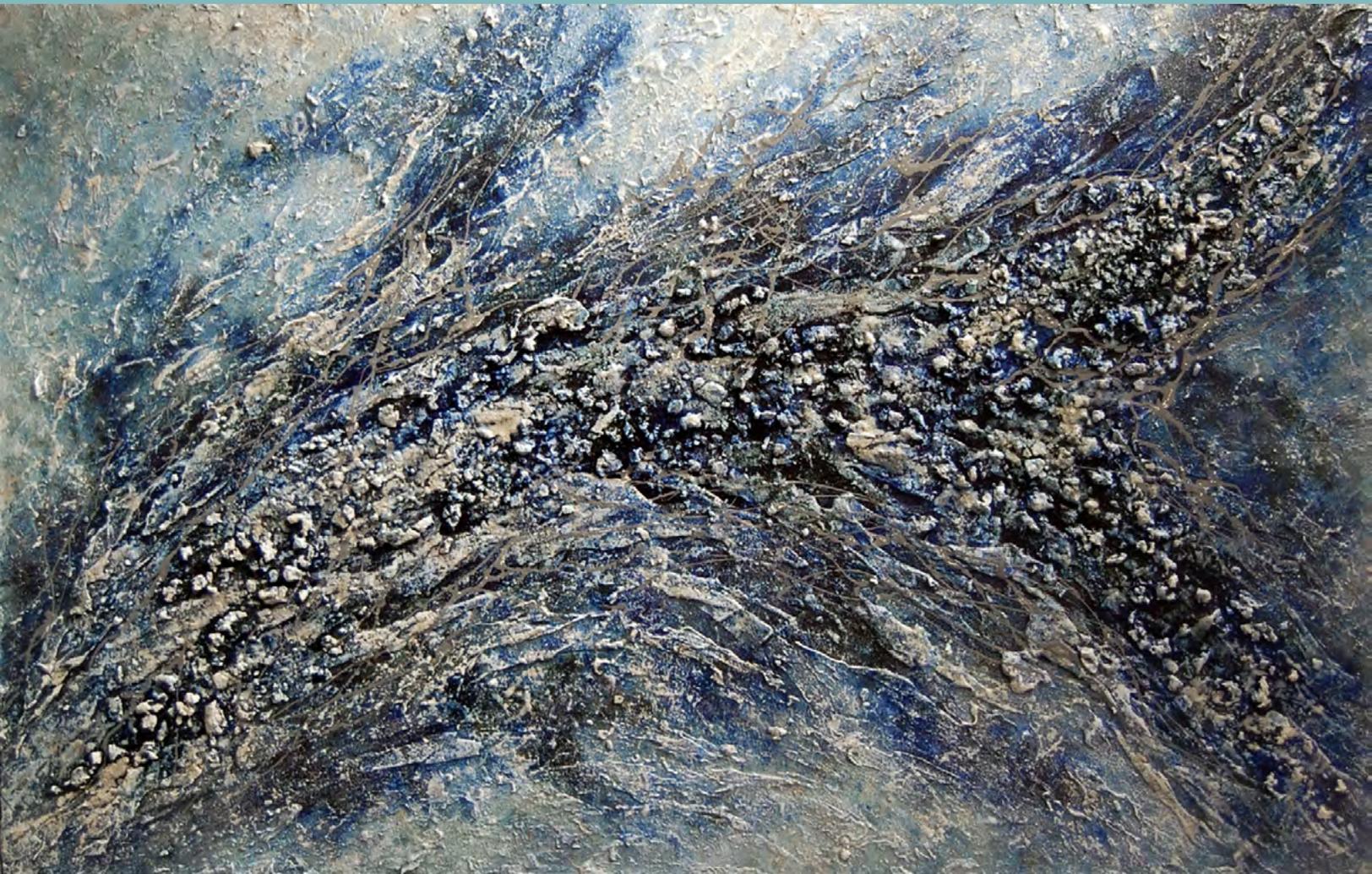
LISTEN TO OR DOWNLOAD THE MIX HERE



If you would like to hear Brian Maier's 'Water' Mix, you can download it from soundcloud.com/brianmaier/mascular-vol-4 or on iTunes. The icons below will take you there directly.



WWW



AGUA

Migogay

POEMA DE LOS ELEMENTOS

“La tierra es un amor dispuesto a ser el aire
dispuesto a ser un volcán y una fuente.

Después del amor, la tierra,
después de la tierra, todo:
fuego sobre fuego,
viento sobre viento.”

El corazón es agua,
que se remueve, arrolla,
arremolina, y mata.

Ya no hay fuego,
y los amantes separados están apagados.

Del amor sólo queda en el aire, un traje frío
donde ardió la sangre.”

El mar tiene sed,
y tiene sed de ser agua la tierra.”

(Inspirado en poemas de M. Hernández)





OBJETIVO Y PROYECTO.-

Les propongo hacer partícipes de un camino plástico personal:

ELABORAR CUATRO MURALES INSPIRADOS EN LOS CUATRO
ELEMENTOS BÁSICOS DEL COSMOS.

TIERRA-AIRE-ÁGUA-FUEGO.

Expresados en los cuatro conceptos fundamentales de la vida:

MUERTE-ALMA-VIDA-SEXO.

Una obra única, formada por cuatro murales que se puedan valorar
independientemente pero que cobren verdadero sentido en su conjunto.

En el proceso de elaboración de los cuatro murales desarrollaré una
serie de lienzos preliminares sobre dichos elementos y conceptos,
por separado y relacionados entre sí.

Los paneles serán el resultado final de todo este proceso. Cada uno
de ellos dialogará con los otros tres y serán parte indivisible del
proyecto. Tendrán sentido en sí mismos, pero especialmente como
pieza del conjunto. Todos ellos se complementarán y equilibrarán
entre sí.

Los temas alma, vida, muerte, sexo son un referente constante en
mi obra plástica. Quiero hacerles un homenaje en este proyecto.



OBJECTIVE AND PROJECT.

I propose to go on a personal artistic journey:

To create four panels inspired by the four basic elements of the cosmos

EARTH - AIR - WATER - FIRE

Expressed in the four fundamental concepts of life:

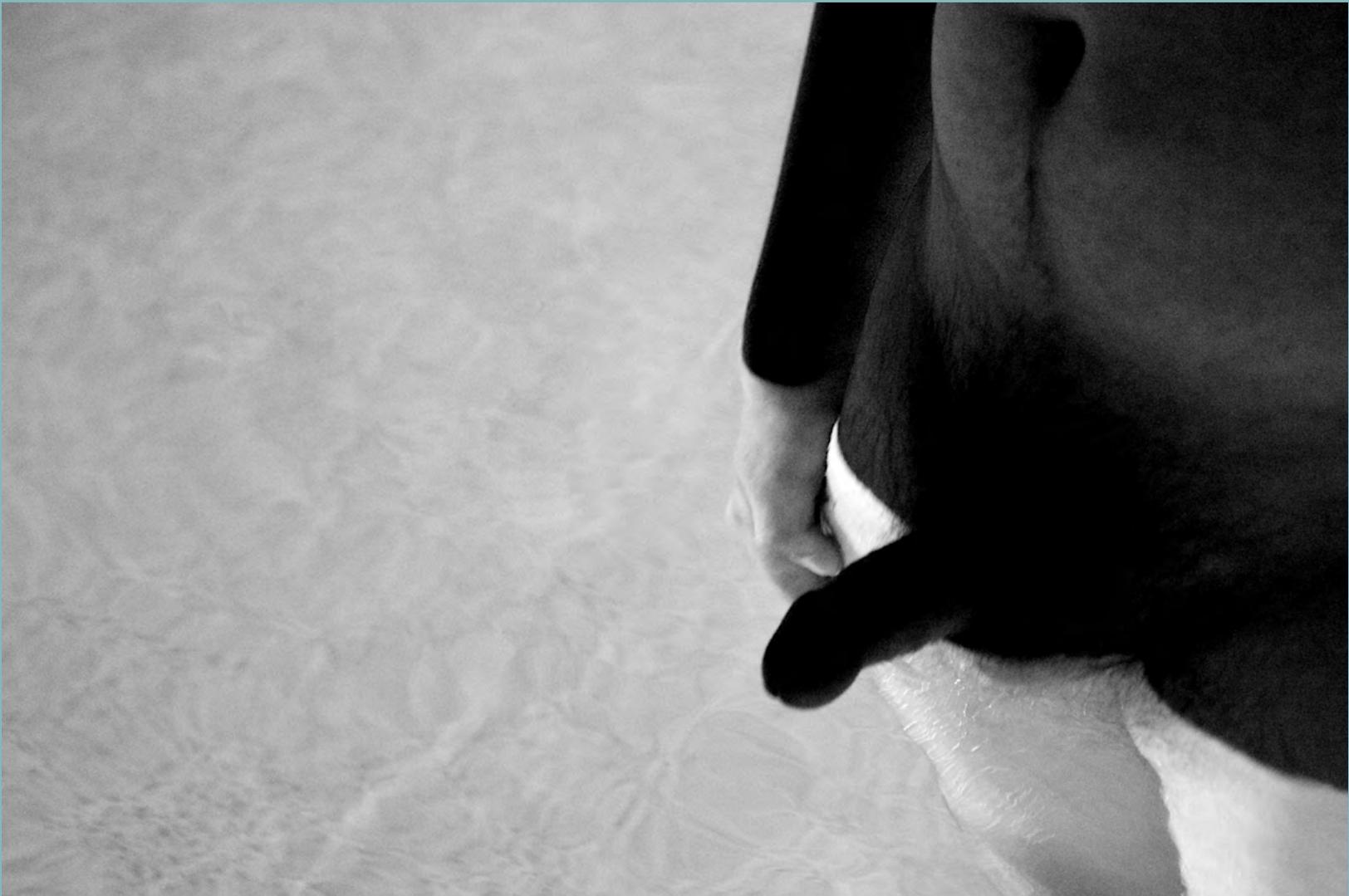
DEATH - SOUL - LIFE - SEX

A unique body of work, consisting of four murals that can stand independently but that express a truer sentiment when taken as a whole.

In the preparation of the four murals, developed a preliminary series of canvases exploring each of the elements and concepts separately and how they relate to each other.

The panels will be the end result of this process. Each in a dialogue with the other three and indivisibly a part of the project. Each will have its own meaning, but its truer meaning will be revealed as part of the whole. They will complement and balance each other.

The soul, life, death and sex are themes that I constantly reference in my work. This project will in essence be an homage to them.



DRIFTING. FALLING

Hairy Sucker

Man. Floating. Timeless. Space.

The interplay of the lights, colors, and shadows on the body conveyed to me the feeling of floating through space.

Weightless.

Drifting.

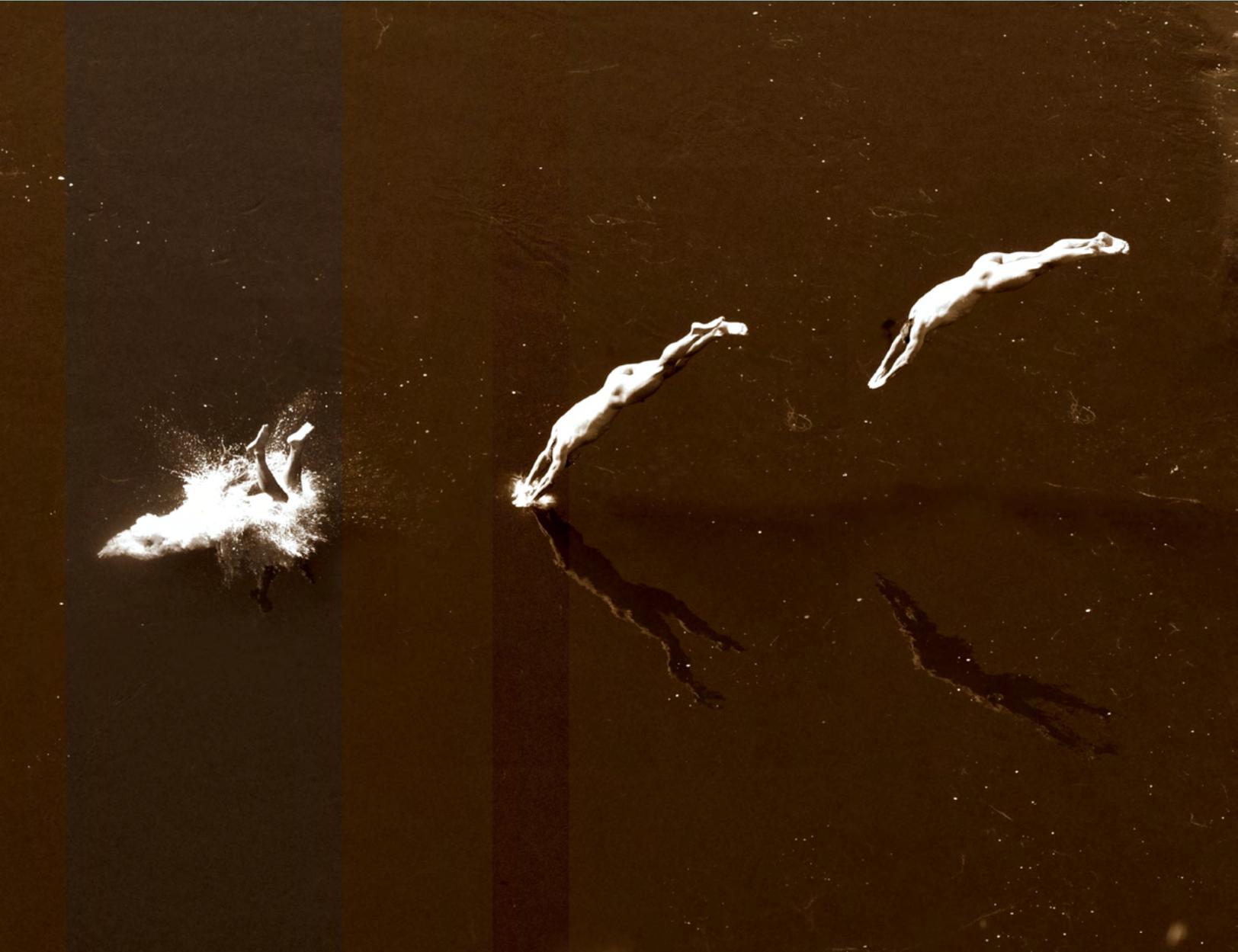
Falling.

You can see more of Hairy Sucker's work at www.flickr.com/photos/hairysucker









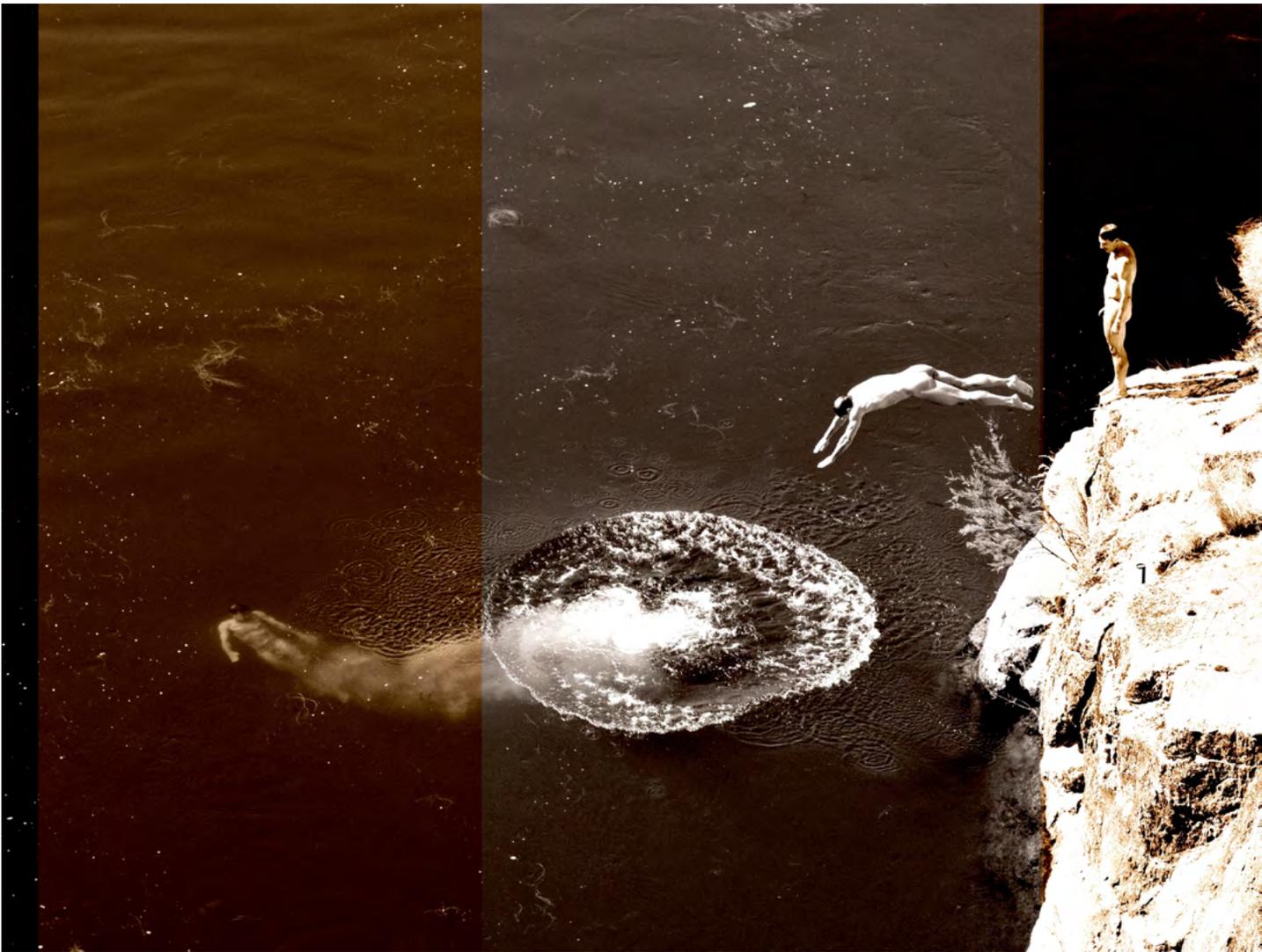
WATER

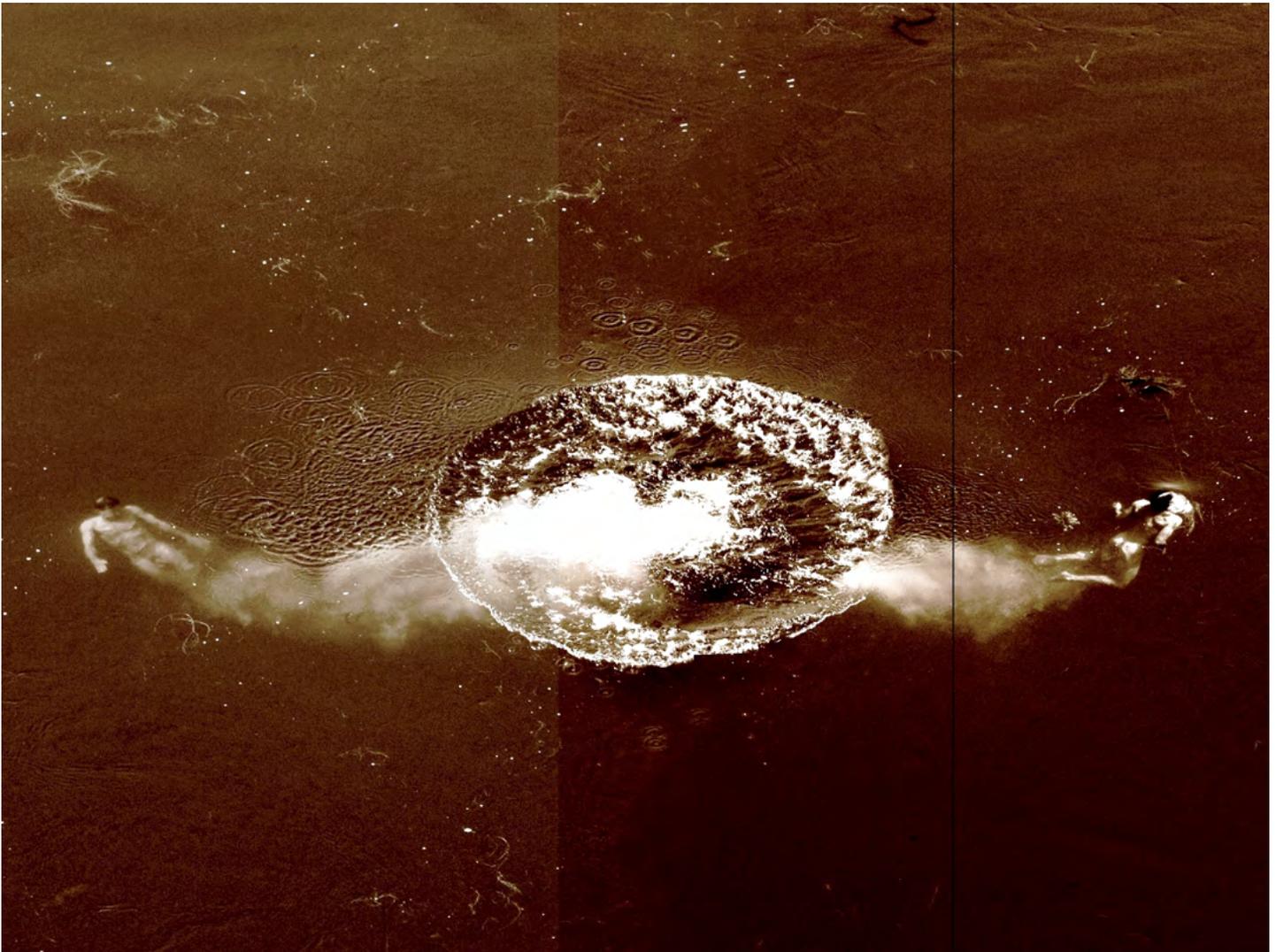
Stephan Tobias

My very first memories have to do with water. I am three years old, sitting nude in shallow waters on a beach at Castelldefels, mixing sand and seaweed and warm saltwater in a red plastic bucket. This feeling of sun and salt on my freshly oiled skin, the slight tension created by the mix, are an incredibly sensuous experience.

Summer vacation in the Sixties. Childhood memories. My mother is heavily pregnant with my younger brother, but my parents nonetheless had driven all the way from Germany to this summer resort near Barcelona in Franco's Spain, my older brother and me on the back seat duly separated by our fat blond nanny, to prevent constant fighting. How did 5 people plus heavy luggage ever fit into that grey beetle?

You can see more of Stephan's work at www.artphoto-berlin.de and on his [Flickr page](#).





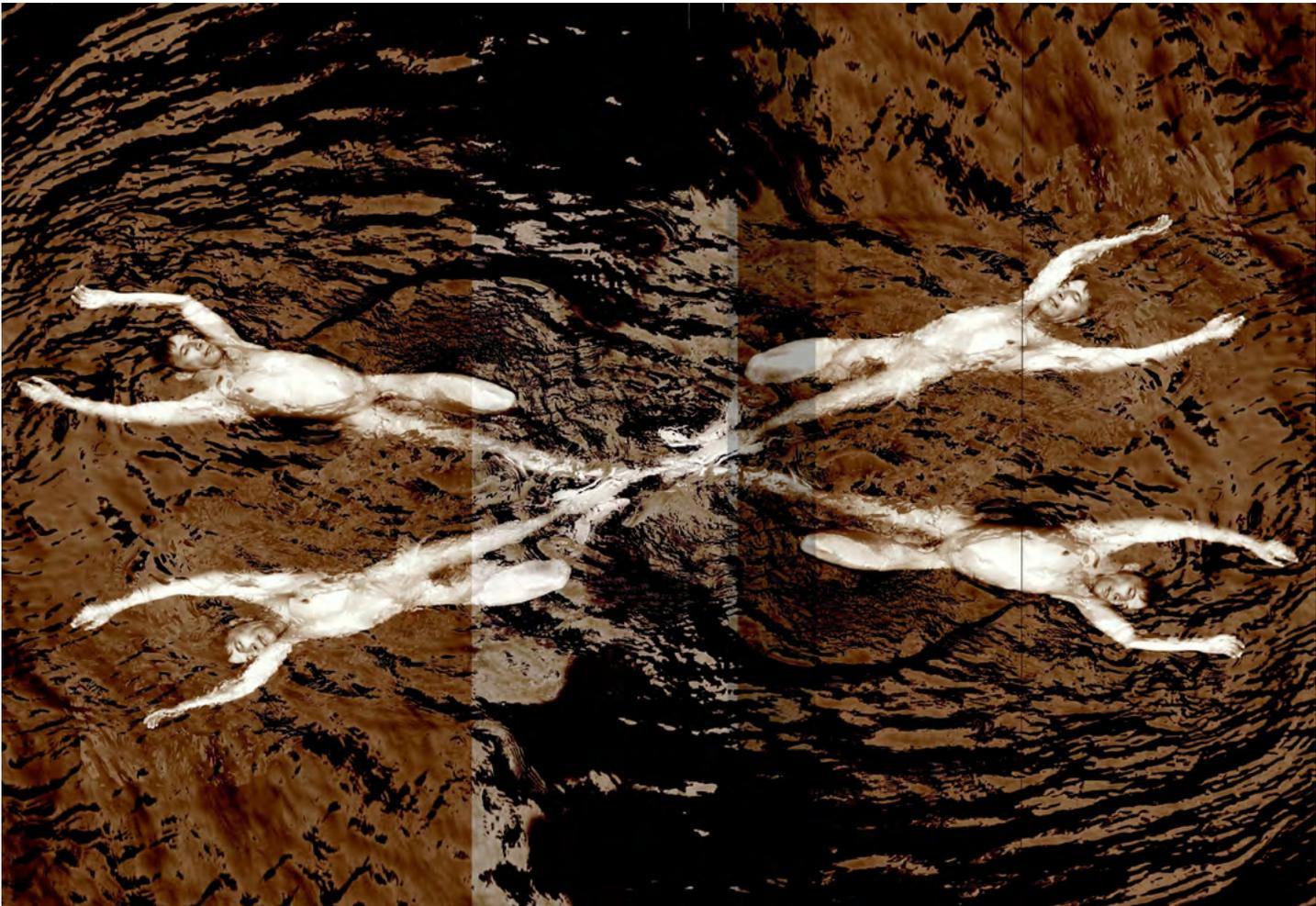
The beach is crowded. Single engine aeroplanes are towing advertisement banners through bluish skies. Here comes a candy bomber: a red double decker plane is dropping loads of little paper parachutes that hold a mix of sweets and colorful leaflets. Like dandelion seeds hundreds of parachutes are drifting in the breeze and threaten to fall into the sea. Fathers are dashing into the surf to get hold of them for their children. Proudly I carry one home. The sand is so hot that it is burning my feet.

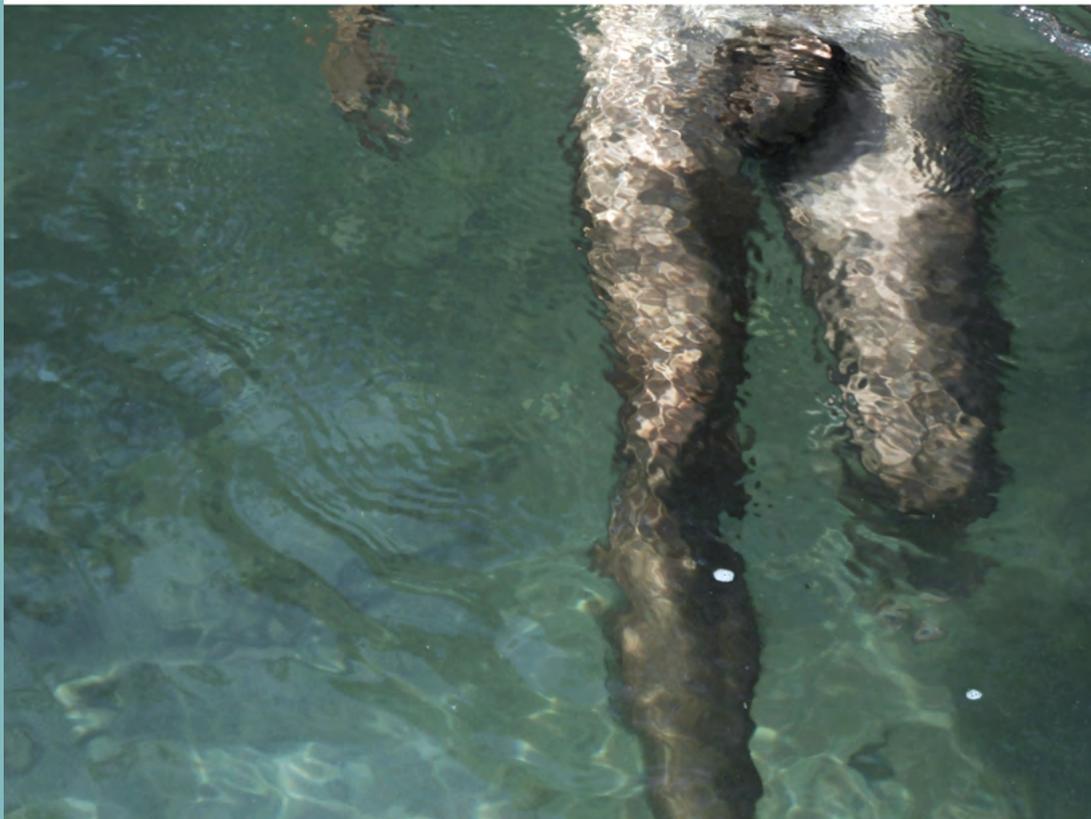
Water has remained a favorite playground and remained dear to me ever since those childhood days. I could dive before I could swim, impressed my classmates in elementary school by diving almost 50 meters and learned to swim faster than Johnny Weismüller, 30 years too late for this to be relevant to anyone. Fifty years later I still hop into the lakes around Berlin on warm summer days whenever I can.

If it is on a Fjord near Oslo or on the Ebro river, the feeling of sun and water drying on my naked skin remains a most sensuous experience. And what are swimming trunks good for, anyway?

Hälfte des Lebens. Mit gelben Birnen und voll mit wilden Rosen hängen, das Land in den See.

Much time has passed and I've swam in so many seas already. But water remains eternal and will be dear to me for the rest of my life.





OLTRE LA PELLE | BEYOND THE SKIN
AZT

You can see more of AZT's work at www.azetati.net



OLTRE LA PELLE

nella circolarità del tempo, due corpi immersi nell'acqua
// è necessario superare l'io

effetti collaterali: confusione / smarrimento del sè /
perdita dell'orizzonte / mancanza di riconoscimento /
alterazione della percezione, dello stato di coscienza /
rimodulazione delle fisionomie / estensione della di-
mensione onirica / mancanza di gravità / perdita di peso
/ allucinazione / attenuazione delle percezioni sonore /
opacità della visione / rallentamento dei gesti / inutilità
della volontà

un ego liquefatto che espande i propri limiti
la pelle non è più il limite estremo dell'esistenza
la pelle non è più confine
in un orizzonte liquido la mente si riscopre fluida / il
movimento non è finalizzato a un'azione ma al sentire
la percezione del sè si svincola dai criteri imposti dalle
politiche dei corpi / non esistono canoni
i modelli estetici scompaiono
il bello non esiste / esiste solo il fluido
non è importante apparire // è importante attraversare

dalla fissità delle percezioni alla pluralità dei processi

la fusione dei corpi nell'alterazione percettiva // la foto-
grafia è uno strumento imperfetto

silenzio // il tempo non è più // lo scorrere del fiume
porta lontano le immagini

BEYOND THE SKIN

in the circularity of time, two bodies submerged in water
// it is necessary to overcome the ego

side effects: confusion / loss of self / loss of the horizon
/ lack of recognition / alteration of perception and of
consciousness / remodeling of the physiognomies /
extension of the oneiric dimension / lack of gravity
/ weight loss / hallucination / attenuation of sound
perceptions / opacity of the vision / slowdown of
gestures / pointlessness of the will

a liquefied ego that expands its limits
the skin is no longer the ultimate limit of existence
the skin is no longer the border
in a liquid horizon, the mind rediscovers itself fluid / the
movement is not intended to an action but to feeling
the perception of self is freed from the criteria imposed
by body policies / there are no canons
aesthetic models vanish
beauty does not exist / there is only fluid
it is not important to appear // it is important to pass
through

from the fixity of perceptions to the plurality of
processes

fusion of bodies in the alteration of perception //
photography is an imperfect language

silence // time is no more // the river flow takes the
images far away







M-MEN

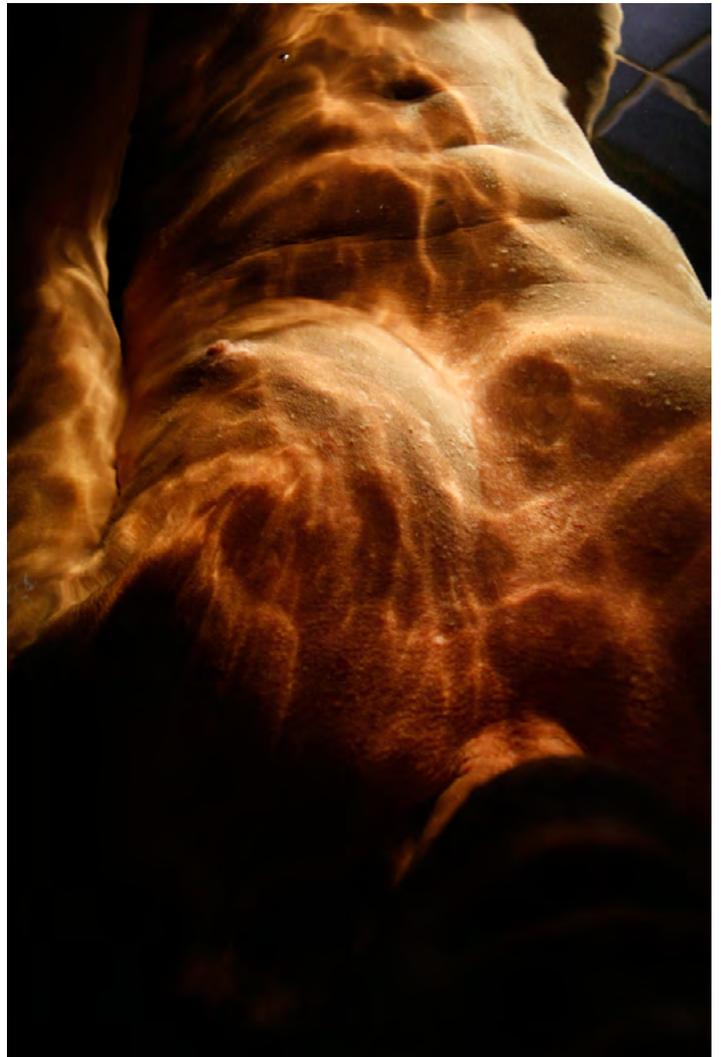
Kit

H₂O is so critical, we believe that without water no life form could exist. M-Men (merman) were born in the deep waters. He is constantly evolving and going through metamorphosis. Metamorphosis is a biological process controlled by hormones, by which a living creature physically develops after birth, involving a conspicuous and relatively abrupt change in body structure through cell growth and differentiation. M-Men continues to evolve, his new life from water to dry land has just begun.

You can see more of Kit's work at fotologue.jp/kit-w









HARMONY

Vincent Keith

I came to know two beautiful men. I watched as they moved about with effortless grace and confidence. They were beautiful in body and in spirit with bright eyes that reflected equally bright intellects. Easy to laugh and open to ideas they were profoundly attractive and very special. There was an unspoken form of communication between them, a sort of instinctual and primal connection. In a word, they

were beautiful. But it went beyond the timbre of their voices, the quality of their skin or the curves of their bodies – it was the whole.

And yet, there was something incredibly fragile about them. What they shared, that intimacy, seemed incredibly precious. A thing of tangible beauty is at risk by its very nature. I could not conceive of them as individual or separate.

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



Surely this must have been suffocating for them. Were they trapped in an embrace that would eventually squeeze the life out of them? Could the one exist without the other? The idea was too horrid to contemplate, so instead, I watched. I listened. It was thrilling to see them alive.

There are many literary examples of beautiful spirits, but what concerned me was that writers through the ages have ghoulishly revelled in the demise of such a creatures. As if the nature that created beauty eventually abhors its creation and cannot help but destroy it.



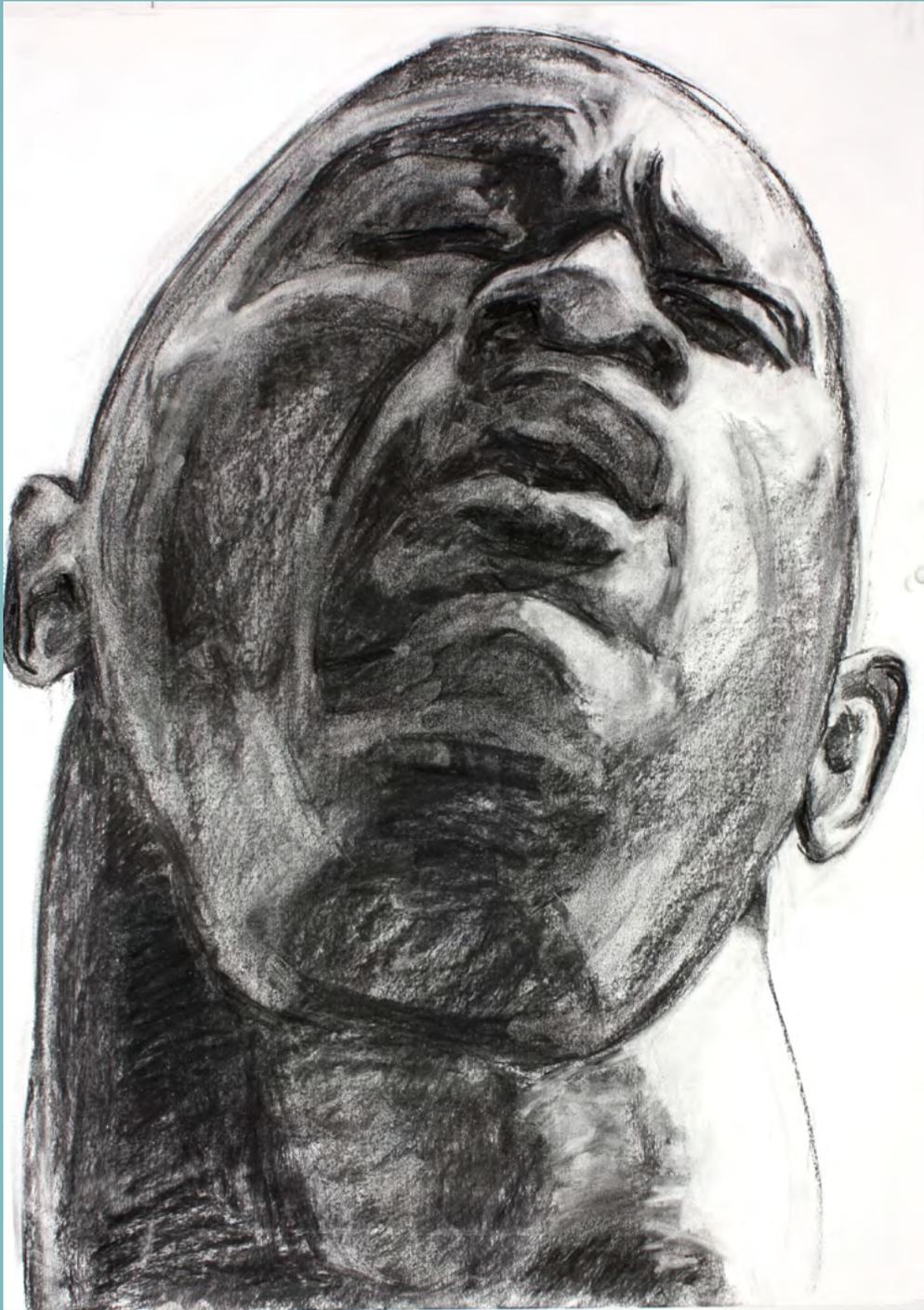
I have often seen them in the context of water, by the sea or a swimming pool. I came to see a connection between these two men and the water – almost as if they were nymphs. There’s no suggestion of innocence or spirituality. Theirs is an existence very much rooted in the present and in the physical. The water somehow emphasizes

this. They seemed to share a subconscious need to be in the water or to commune with it, to submerge themselves in it. It was in the water where they seemed to be the most free. They were as comfortable in the water as out, and naked as they day they were born. They always emerged from the water with smiles, as if replenished and restored.









FLUID TRONIES

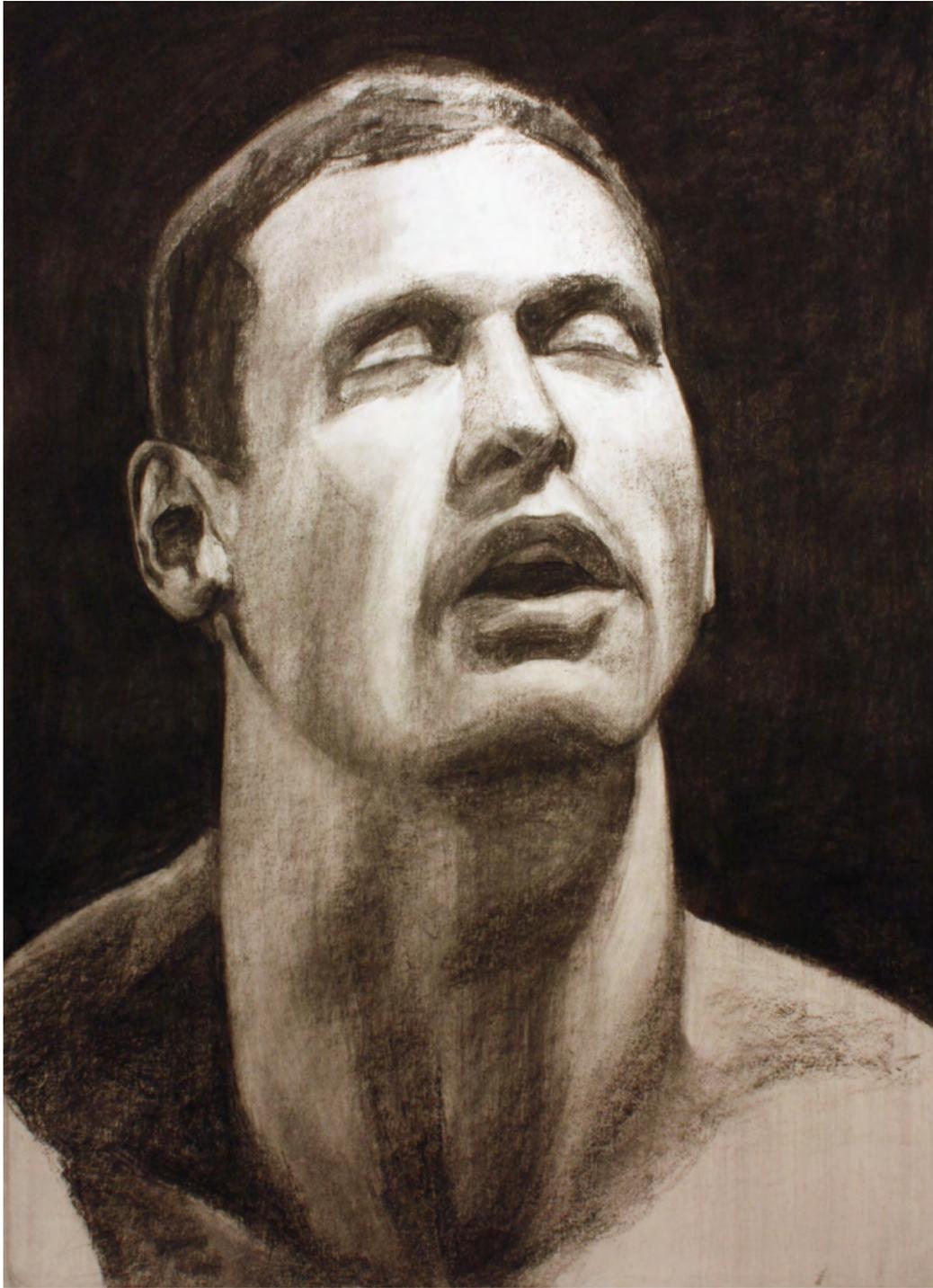
Rob van Veggel

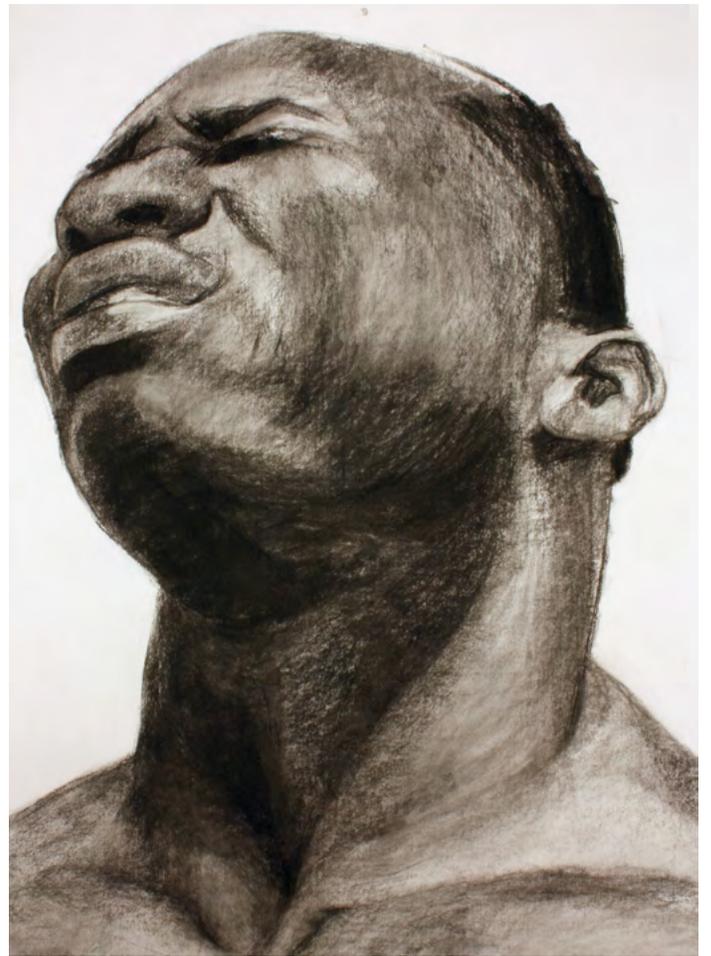
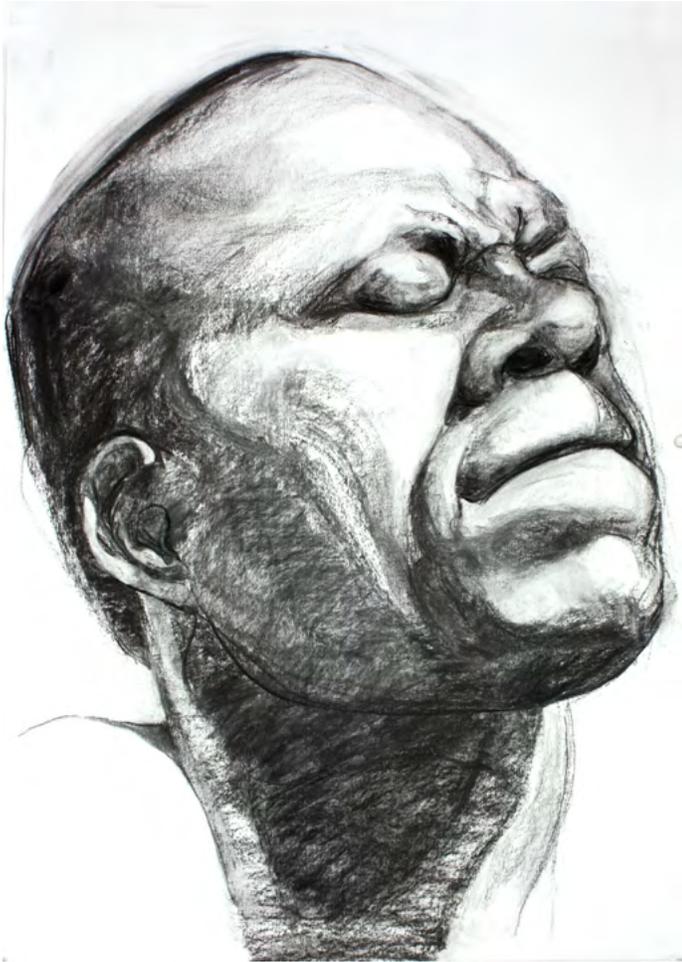
A tronie (Seventeenth century Dutch for a "face") is a common type, or group of types, of works of Dutch Golden Age painting and Flemish Baroque painting that shows an exaggerated facial expression or a stock character in costume. In contemporary usage the term might cover any picture of an unidentified sitter, but in modern art-historical usage it is typically restricted to figures who do not seem to have been intended to be identifiable, so genre painting in a portrait format.

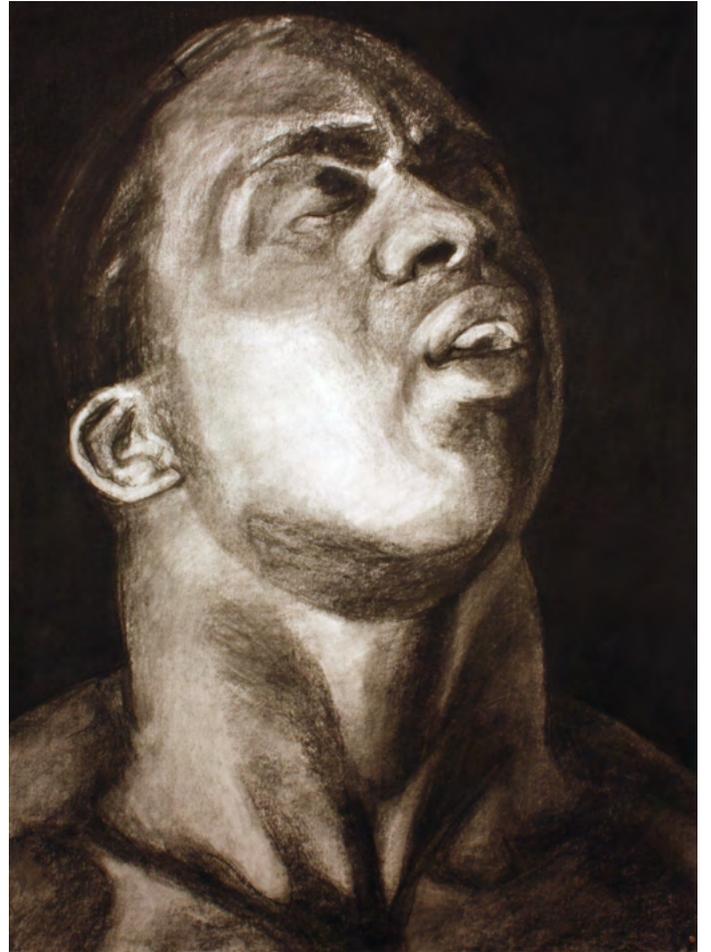
- Wikipedia

These are drawings of men at the moment that they shoot their male fluids. I based them on stills from porn movies, selecting the still (or often several stills if more information for one drawing was needed) that most expressively showed 'le moment suprême'. With these drawings, I wanted to explore - to look carefully - at what goes on at that fluid moment. (All drawings are in charcoal in the sizes of 56 x 80 cm or 65 x 90 cm.)

You can see more of Rob's work at robvanveggel.exto.nl







(L): TRONIES | 3
(R): TRONIES | 7



METHORN

Bearfighter - for Brute Souls

The drinking-horn, methorn, of the Vikings has for me endless inspiring meanings. It can stand for intoxication, companionship, nutrition, adventure and conquering, something brute. But it also stands for something endless like a cornucopia, always giving. I intend to continue exploring this theme through my photography in the future.

You can see more of Bearfighter's work at www.bearfighter.de.











THIS PAGE BLOODLUST
NEXT SPREAD: BLOOD BROTHERS IN BLOODLUST







ANIMA INIQUA
Aurelio Monge

WATER TALK You are water
I'm water
We're all water in different containers
that's why it's so easy to meet
someday we'll evaporate together.
But even after the water's gone
we'll probably point out to the containers
and say, -that's me there, that one-.
We're container minders.

*Yoko Ono collection
Til / For Half-A-Wind Show,
Lisson Gallery, London (1967)*









BODILY FLUIDS

Jean Mailloux

Roughly 70% of our bodies are made of water. Human body is the theatre of an intense activity, absorbing and removing this water which is vital to its functions. Water dissolves or emulsifies other life-supporting substances and carries them to intercellular and intracellular fluids. It is a medium through which various reactions take place, and that under certain forms, such as blood, can play a symbolic and religious role. In Western culture, body fluids are often regarded with disgust or fear. Modern hygiene practices treat body fluids as potentially unclean because they can transmit diseases. From another perspective, body fluids can be objects of desire and eroticism or vectors for such impulses. Indeed, brains treat differently social or emotional information contained in sexual sweat from other odors.

Being interested in revealing the aspects of intimacy and proximity that one can find in scenes from daily life, it was natural for me to focus on bodies and present them in their relation with what makes them: water. Through my work, I look at humans and relationships with curiosity and sensitivity, alternately revealing moments of intimacy, vulnerability, tenderness, and desire. Despite a situation's familiarity, I try to maintain a touch of mystery that draws the viewer to the heart of a scenario where aesthetic aspects play an important role. For this specific project, I chose to focus on the sensuality of body fluids, on what makes a human body reacts to another one in certain situations. Ambiguity and mystery reign through the unspoken, and the moments depicted sometimes vacillate between the banal and the sacred.

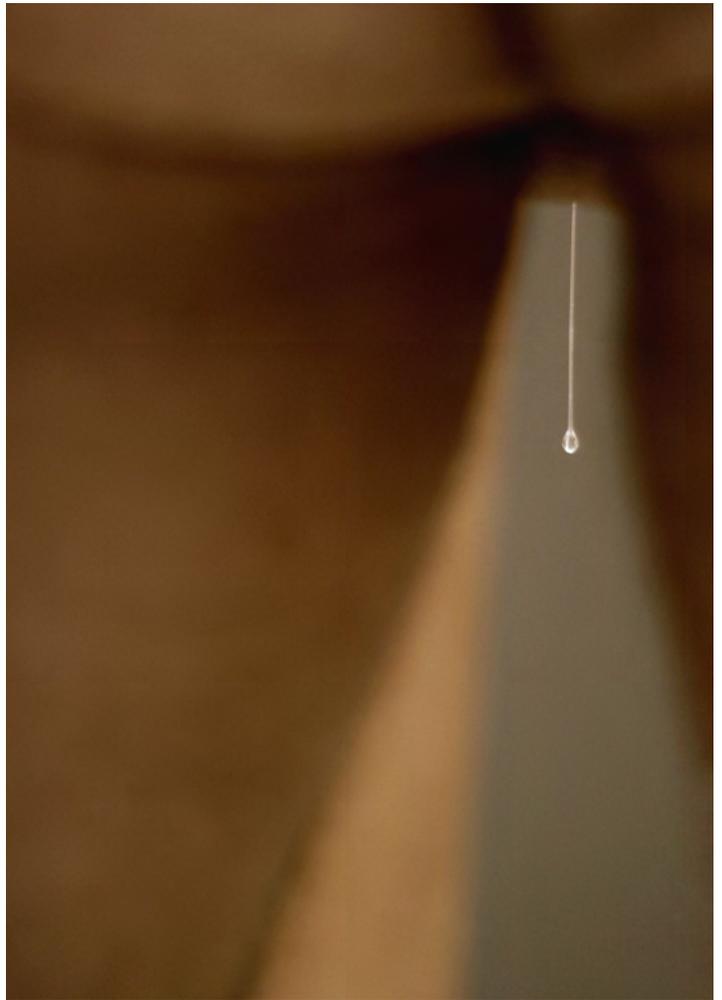






(TOP L): 5290; (TOP R): 6008
MIDDLE: 5802
BOTTOM: 4782





(TOP L): 6113; (TOP R): 6902-3
(BOTTOM L): 5924



PASSING WATER

Robert Siegelman

My work investigates the body, nudity, sexuality, and that which is considered taboo. The irony that I find is that many taboos are simply commonplace activities. Urination is generally an everyday occurrence. It can also be part of a sexual activity.

I am highly influenced by 17th Century Dutch Painting (The Golden Age of Dutch Painting). One of my goals in photographing the most intimate areas, and acts, of the male body is to imbue these images with the sense of light and importance that one might expect in a Dutch still life. I want to treat the body, and images that could be seen as foul, and make them inviting and beautiful.

Rembrandt is known for his masterful paintings of the wealthy Dutch citizenry. However he was also involved in painting scenes from everyday life. In his time this practice was criticized. It was thought that these images were not exalted enough for works on canvas and etchings. Rembrandt was a constant risk taker. His thirst in image making and the range of possibilities were inexhaustible.

Rembrandt is very much an inspiration to me. His small beautiful intimate etchings of males and females urinating* were in my thoughts as I began this series of men passing water. In my work I take the men out of the bathroom and have them perform the act of urination in my studio and directly in front of the camera. Taking the everyday act of peeing and putting the action front and center highlights the beauty of the everyday. This makes an ordinary act noble and sexual, and more important for me visible.

* www.eroti-cart.com/rembrandt-van-rijn-c-47_48/man-and-woman-pissing



PREVIOUS PAGE: UNTITLED (HOLY WATER) / BOSTON MA, USA
THIS PAGE: PASSING WATER / GREG / BOSTON MA, USA





(TOP L): PASSING WATER / BOSTON MA, USA; (TOP R): TOUCHING / GREG / BOSTON MA, USA
(BOTTOM L): CAPTURE / GREG / BOSTON MA, USA



WORKS FROM PUZZLE AND TRANSPARENCY

Ken Sloan

For me, the primacy of painting is color. Color is the inspiration and the resolution.

I am certain that is not a unique “philosophy” but I assume my approach to color is uniquely defined by my own aesthetic.

For me, color is memory. Color is music. Color is heart. Color is soul. Color is intellect.

I agonize over the colors I create for each piece...like a musician searching for a sound that will resonate exactly as he or she wants it to.

Colors (and combinations of colors) are tied to a person’s visual / sense memories in ways that I don’t think anyone can completely grasp.

The actual process begins with transparent, semi transparent and opaque epoxy resin. Both liquid and powdered pigments are used in the medium.







When I pour the resin it looks like liquid. When it dries, it still looks like liquid. Each color layer is allowed to fully cure before the next is applied. The layers form a heavily textured puzzle-like appearance. The viscosity of the medium can be manipulated with heat and the timing of the pour. I think of the finished pieces as fluid, liquid sculptures.

The glassy transparent and semi-transparent layers allow the viewer to see the evolution of the piece. Perhaps that is what defines my work...this sense that the history of the process is revealed in the final painting. I believe the word *pentimento* applies. I look at a finished piece and can see its roots, its evolution. I can see the journey I have travelled in painting each image.







WATER - THE STUFF OF LIFE AND DEATH

Eenar Kumar

It was through a series of past life regressions conducted by a visiting friend that I discovered I had come to a watery end in at least three past lives. An accidental drowning in the sea off Barbados as a young English naval officer's wife one stormy night in the 1800s; two successful suicide attempts, one in which as a disillusioned Kashmiri gardener I roll off a shikara boat into the dark waters of a lake, another by walking into a pond in rural England as a rigid elderly Victorian heiress after losing everything to a fire.

This explained to me why despite my deep love of water there was always an underlying fear of it as well. Each time I entered the sea near which I live and love, a thought "will this be the last time?" would flash inside me. I usually managed to quell this seemingly unreasonable fear and swam and splashed about like one of the beach boys right until the lifeguards began to blow their whistles at the swimmers to come out after sunset.

But there were times when I would pull myself out to the safety of the beach, overwhelmed by the fear of the sea wanting to claim me, unable to go back inside it for days on end.

Since the regressions and the understanding they brought in their wake I have lost all fear of water - only the love for it remains. Many of my photos - from the earliest of my older, well-built cousin stripped down to his underwear getting drenched by waves in Bombay to the more recent ones of short-term lovers frolicking in the Greek and Italian Mediterranean - are a testament to this love for water, that most sensual, and paradoxically, spiritual, of all elements.

You can see more of Eenar's work at www.flickr.com/photos/anaranar













IN WATER NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU SCREAM
JL²

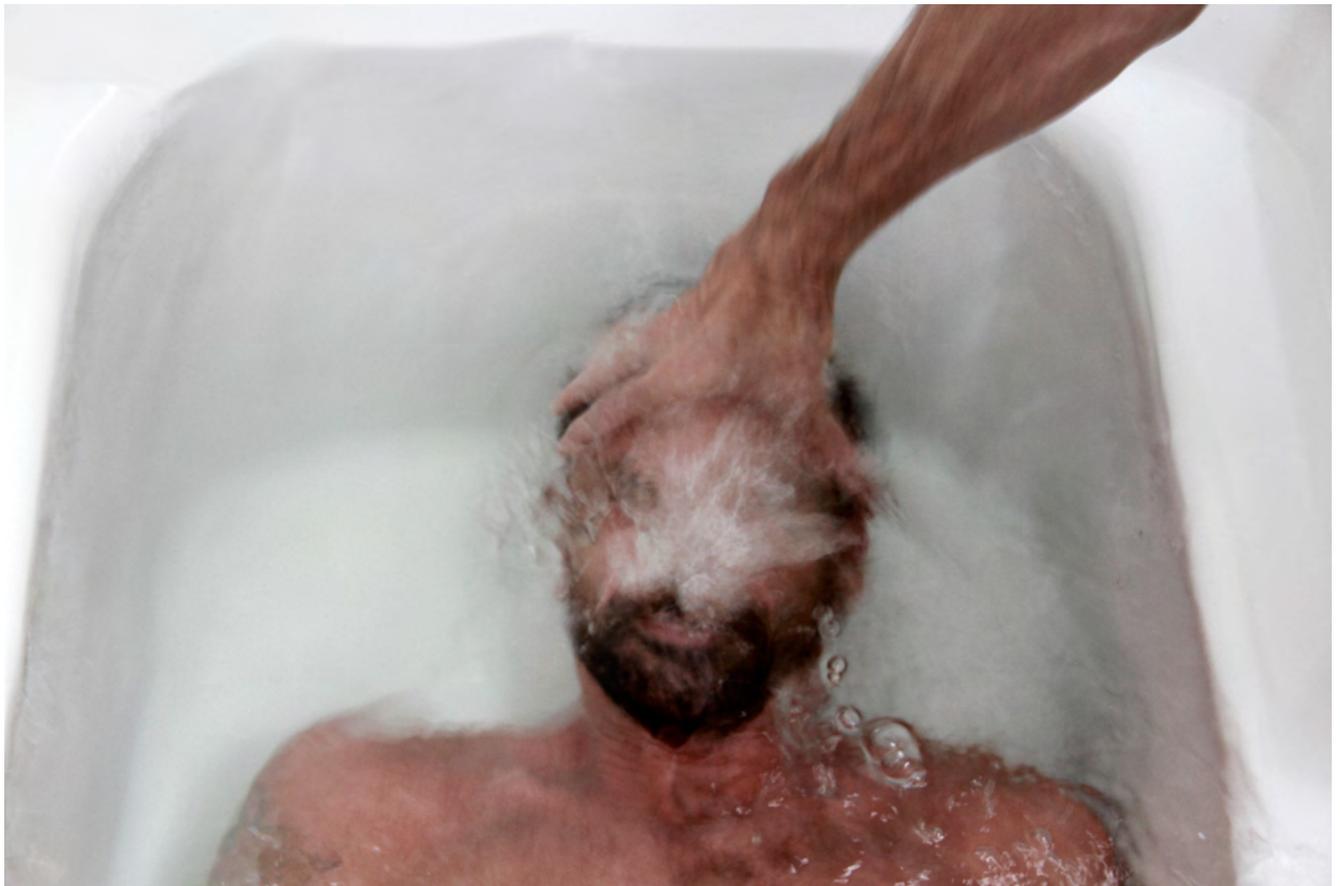
You can see more of JL² work on his [Flickr page](#).





Torture in society is protean: obvious or insidious, taking forms both physical and psychological, always traumatizing.

Often associated with life in a positive way, water can also be used as a means of coercion. Perpetrators are like water, often calm on the surface but troubled deep below. Water can be used to silence or to make speak. Being in society is like being in water: we must say what we do not truly think, or be silent.









WATER

Paul Dymond

I've spent the last year completing portraits of men and women covered in paint. The paint can either hide emotion or bring it forward. Every once in a while I get permission to photograph the paint as it comes off. Watching the skin as it reveals itself (almost an unmasking) often appears so surreal to me. Above all else, the change in color of the water can be pretty trippy!

You can see more of Paul's work at www.pauldymond.com.













RULES OF THE LOCKER ROOM AND SHOWER

Tim Gerken

Don't gossip or linger.

It is usually best not to stare at another person's private parts.

Even if you are wholly embarrassed being naked, don't shower with your clothes or underwear on. That's just gross....

Wear a towel. Many men are uncomfortable with nakedness and would rather not have a parade of naked men march past them while they are changing.

- eHow

No one ever told me the rules. In fourth grade, I joined a swim team. I quickly learned the conventions of the group shower. The post practice routine was easy: pool, shower, locker room. I showered in my suit, walked to my locker, grabbed my towel, wrapped the towel around my waist, and dressed.

Seventh grade wrestling was a different story. The ninth grade wrestlers were mean; a few even went to jail before graduating. While they did not necessarily pick on us in the shower (there were 7th grade basketball players for that), their long lean bodies looked nothing like mine. My body was just beginning to change shape shedding the fat I had been carrying for years.

You can see more of Tim's work at www.timgerkenphotography.com.





But, I was still soft. Soft is about the worst feeling to imagine upon your self in a locker room full of wrestlers and basketball players. I worked my way in, soaped up, rinsed off, and left. It got easier over time, but I was never comfortable walking into a “gang” shower.

I hoped by photographing myself in some of these places, I could reclaim some of the self-esteem I lost. However, I discovered as I pursued this project that many schools have stopped building these communal showers. Instead individual showers with curtains seem to be the new normal. In fact a couple of locations I had planned to use had recently renovated their locker rooms and done away with their group showers. It seems this is a more modest generation. This forced me to rethink the project and to showcase “The Shower.”

Shooting in people’s homes was much easier as I no longer had to worry someone would call security because I had a camera in the locker room. The few institutional shoots I did make were done relatively quickly and at times when I did not expect anyone else to be around.

Since no clothing is really suitable for a shower, the rubber waders made the cut. The waders have been kicking around the garage for years. They provided the protection I would have wanted back in 7th grade, and the discretion I need today. They suggest the water outside, and the fun we can have inside. So, here they are along with some soap, some overly serious expressions, and a lot of water.









MEN AND THE RIVER

Bishan Samaddar

Varanasi, in the Uttar Pradesh state of northern India, is one of the oldest still-inhabited cities in the world. Apart from being one of the holiest cities for India's one billion Hindus, it is also a major destination for all tourists and travellers to this subcontinent.

When I went to Varanasi for the first time in 2006, I was struck by the way mighty River Ganges, on whose western bank Varanasi nestles, forms the lifeblood of the city. Although the river is primarily known for its 'holiness' among devoted Hindus, for all the inhabitants of Varanasi it is much more: it is sustenance in entirety.

Bathing in the Ganges is a constant phenomenon in Varanasi. Men happily shed their clothes and jump into the river in their underwear, which is often a loincloth. This is a circadian routine—essential, yet fun! The early mornings are especially busy—no better way to begin the day than by anointing yourself heavily with the holy waters.

This series of photographs, taken over a few mornings in 2006, marvels at the way male bodies (of all shapes, sizes, ages) blend happily and nonchalantly with the holy waters of the great river. Nowhere else have I seen such perfect coexistence of male bodies and flowing water.

You can see more of Bishan's work at www.bishansamaddar.photoshelter.com





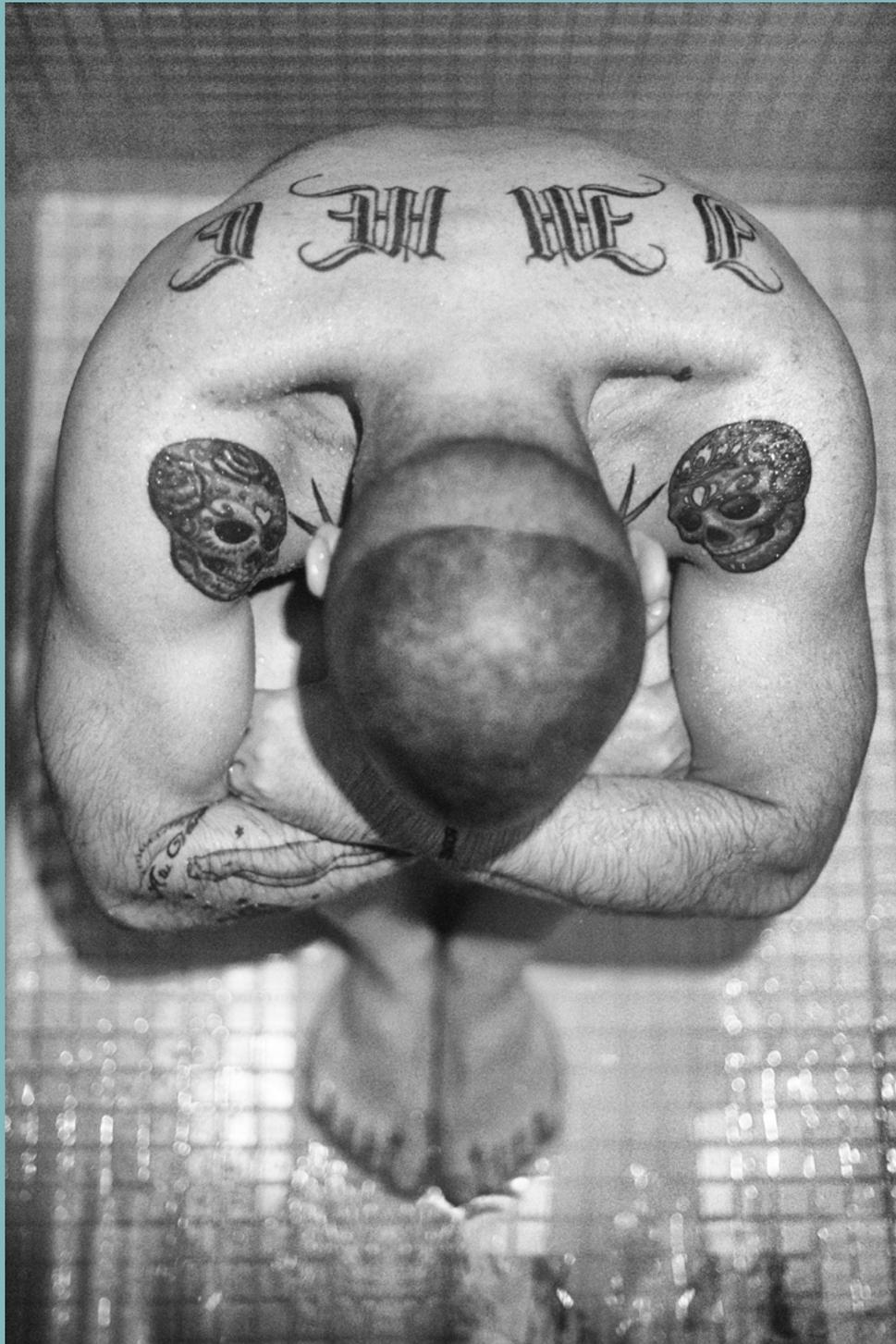


(L): MEN AND THE RIVER | 4

(R): MEN AND THE RIVER | 5







HOT WATER

Manel Ortega

Since childhood I have been fascinated with water and subsequently with the different ways it is possible to capture it on camera. I love the sense of energy and movement it conveys. This, combined with the effect of water on skin, presents an image that is erotically charged. I also wanted to capture the voyeuristic element of the bathroom where it is not clear whether the models are aware of the photographer.

Perhaps it brings to mind a glimpse in communal showers or uninhibited guys on the beach. I hope these images fire your imagination.

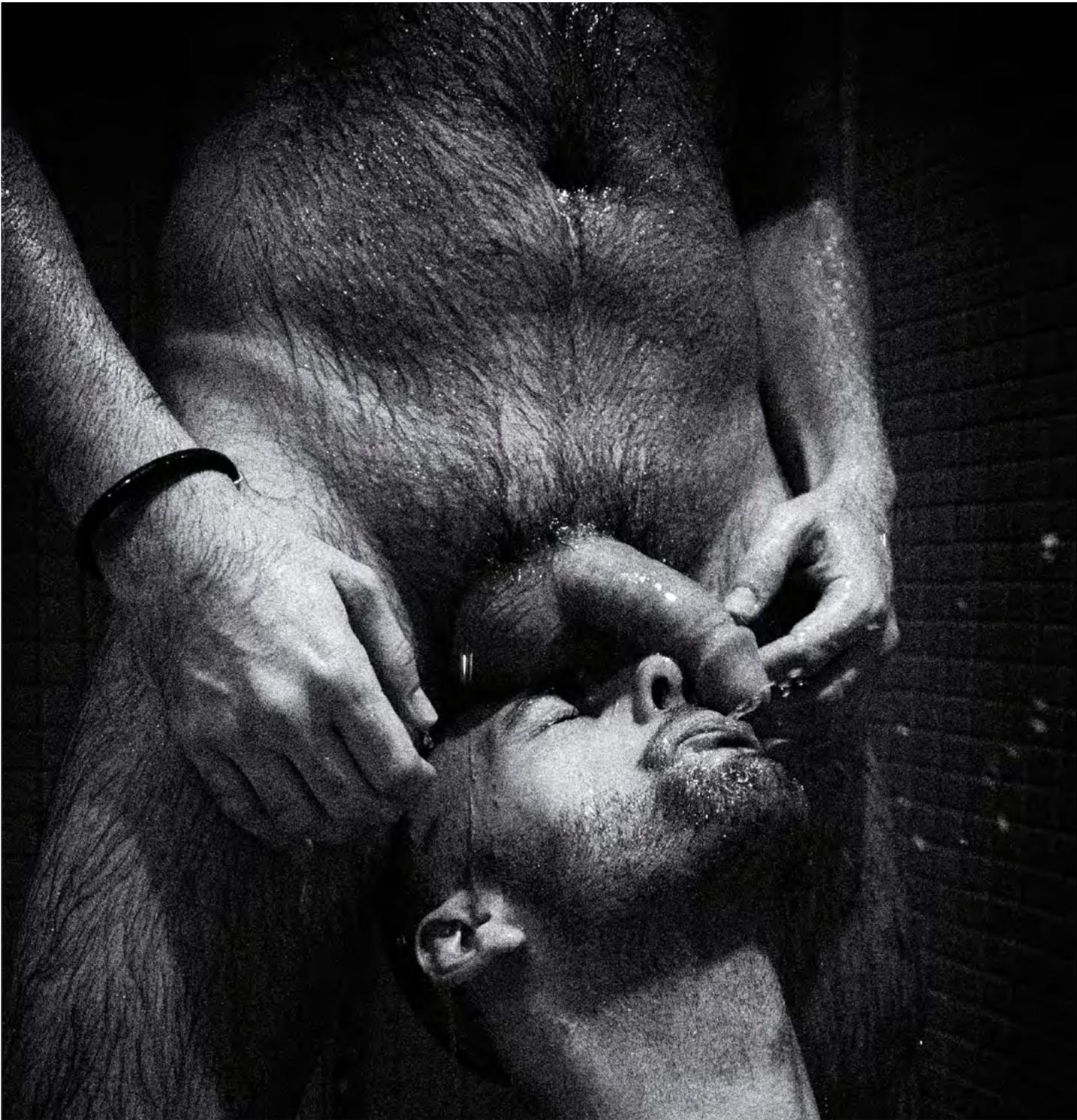
You can see more of Manel's work at www.manelortega.co.uk.













FLUIDITY

Werner Friedl

I like to include liquids in my setups. They add a dimension of fluidity in an otherwise static setup, and trigger all kinds of emotions and expressions in a portrait sitting. With Pavel I gave it a first try pouring water over his head. It worked so well that the whole 'Fluid' series developed with other models. I tried milk, mango and raspberry juices, and a lot of other stuff, even champagne. The warm, sticky chocolate sauce was Sasa's own idea, though. I would not have asked for that one. The shoots have always been fun, yet the final outcome was slightly unpredictable.

You can see more of Werner's work at www.facebook.com/wfgallery or www.flickr.com/photos/wfgallery.



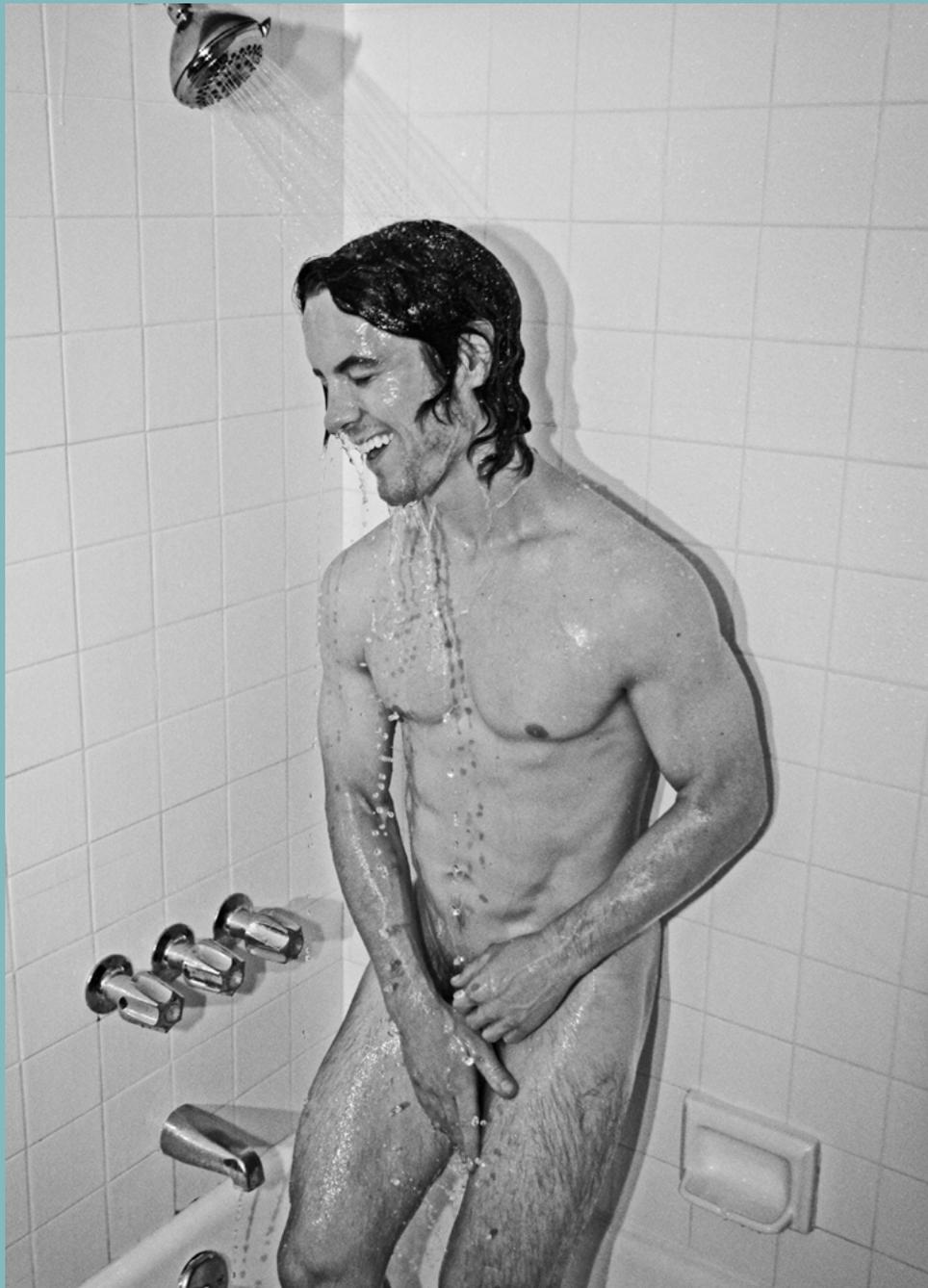








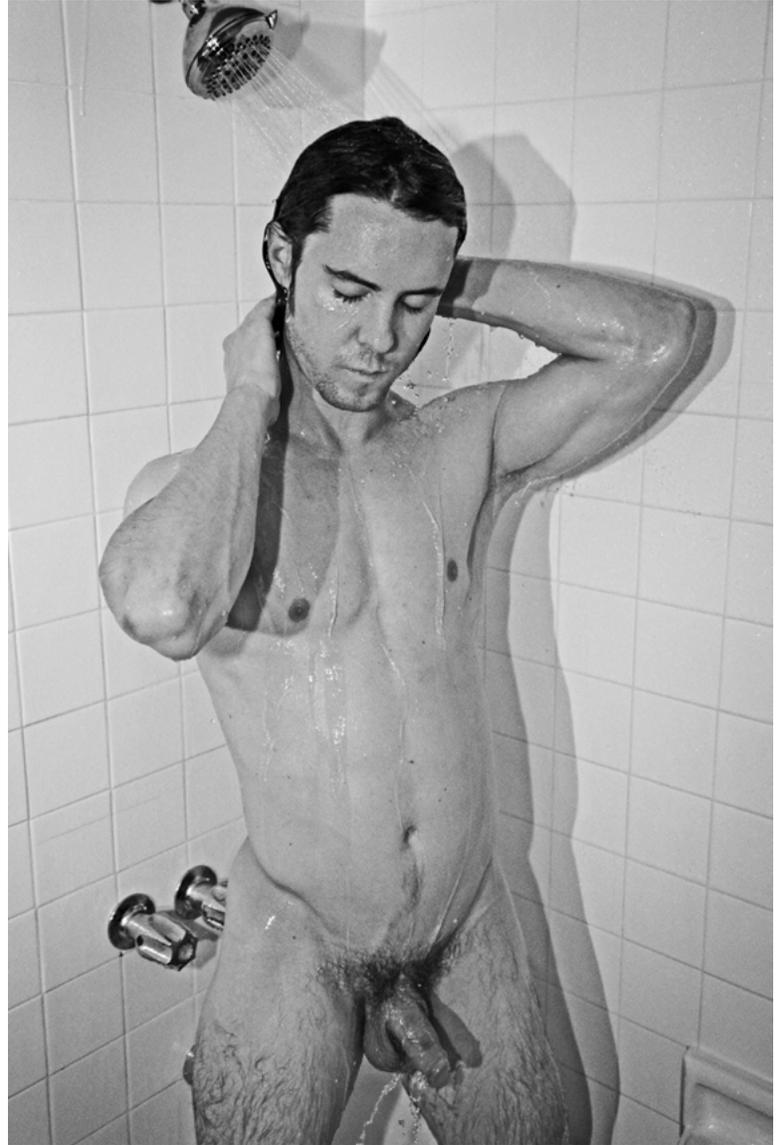
(TOP L): FLUID II, CHRISTOPHER (2011); (TOP R): FLUID IV, STEPHAN (2011)
(BOTTOM): FLUID V, RANDOLF (2011)



DIRTY/CLEAN
A STUDY IN JUXTAPOSITION
Austin Wondolowski

I've spent the past few years of my photography career studying the male form, and the emotion that can be captured through that form. During this session with Los Angeles based model Eric Cahill, what started out as a playful concept of "a boy splashing around in the water" quickly became proof of what can happen to a man when his

sensuality is peaked at just the right moment and in just the right way. Though our setting was a clean, stark-white environment the activities I was a spectator to were anything but pure. I was so drawn to the juxtaposition of those two energies...the dirty and the clean, working side-by-side to create something else entirely.



Eric was quickly consumed by the feel of the water rushing over his body. His initial reaction to be shy and protective of his body and emotions soon melted away, and I found myself getting a rare glimpse into what a man does when he chooses to believe no one is watching. Once we found ourselves in the relationship of exhibitionist/voyeur...the sky was the limit. Eric began playing with his conflicting emotions of both basking in his seemingly private, unbridled ecstasy and his unavoidable urge to share those feelings, and

actions, with his voyeur. As the experience played out, I found myself becoming fascinated and aroused by the juxtaposition of what I was witnessing. The steam from the shower wasn't the only reason for the heat in that room. I didn't know Eric well, but after our experience together, I believe I know him in a way that most are never exposed to. By looking at the images we created together, I feel I have captured the precise essence of the experience, and I am thrilled to be able to share that experience with others.







WET DREAMS

inkedKenny

We watch as these massive figures emerge from the water, muscles bulging. We stare, wishing that we could be the droplets running down their rippled bodies. Their glistening chests and arms that encompass such strength and power. These gods becoming one with the element only to drive us mad and to send our minds to the most explicit places. We extend a hand to touch these divine beings only to wake up, grasping for nothing but air. The feeling of disappointment coming over us. You notice your clothes are damp, was it all real? Or just a Wet Dream?

You can see more of inkedKenny work at inkedkenny.com











FROM
Darkness Before Dawn
THE
NEVER-PUBLISHED POEMS OF
PETER JACOBS 1980-2008

THE STORM INSIDE HIM

Walking through a landscape once familiar.
A different quality of light that seemed to change everything.
Cutout shapes on a blurry background.
Grey-green stones hummed in and out of focus.
The slow, uneasy applause of the rain.
Utterly calm, he felt blank rather than refreshed,
Blinking his only motion.
Aware of his own breathing
So much so that he suddenly had to concentrate on breathing.
A metallic taste.
A veil of rain.
The wet trees seemed to shed far more water
Than the sudden shower had released.
An epidemic of drizzle.
Blackened from overuse,
Ripples on water like a dance of lights,
Wet, as if wet were all.
A watery conclusion of sorts.
An undiscovered discipline gave him strength,
The storm inside him had subsided long ago.

DEEP WATER

Arriving at the waterfront,
Hunched by dull pain he could neither place nor name,
Coat pulled tight by hands thrust into pockets.
A flurry of leaves in a sudden wind surrounded him.
The bitter, starless pre-dawn night ached.
His reflection pale, unfamiliar, frozen.
With a painterly eye he surveyed the broad brushstrokes of his life.
A bleak landscape with no use of colour. No sign of life at all.
Perhaps a suggestion of figures in the distance.
How could he spend so long in a place he could barely recognise?
No soundtrack, no visible means of escape.
As the steel grey sky pinked beyond the tower cranes,
He turned and headed back to the place he longed to leave.

IN THE EARLY HOURS

With sudden force, the rain came last night
In the early hours. The first rain,
Seemingly, for weeks.
The noise of the downpour on the old tiles
Of the outhouses below our window,
The thirsty rustling of the garden, awoke us.
The cool breeze, which had, since early evening,
Battered away the worst of the fierce daytime heat
Of the past few long days,
Fell away.
Curtains parted by the nightlong play of the wind,
One brilliant shard of lightning rent the sudden sky,
Followed by a long, even grumble of thunder.
We pulled the window almost closed against the threat
Of a watery intrusion,
Leaving a crack for the welcome air;
The curtains again tight.
As I tried to return to sleep,
Despite the soothing chatter of the rain
An increase in heat kept me awake,
Damp, restless. Neither inner calm or inner turmoil.
Drifting in and out of the same dream -
Now blurred and forgotten, but for its endless
Rewind and replay -
Left me feeling heavy and un-refreshed.
Like I'd been drugged.
The morning came, drearily overcast,
Sluggishly, to claim my waking hours again.

THE RAINS CAME

The rains came.
Even as the warm spring sun
Heralded a slow explosion of green.
Flowers of blues and white had begun to appear
- the delicate laundry lines of the Bleeding Heart
Gently swaying in the yet chilly breeze.
I had begun to think that I was starting to thaw,
Starting to live again,
Just like those plants.
Shriveled to nothing in the frosted soil,
Trying to hold it all in
- now eager and precocious.
Fresh, renewed, stronger than last year.
But the rains came.
And under the grey, overcast skies
In the almost forgotten monochrome
Of the wintry world,
I felt myself retreat again;
Back beneath the comfort of the too-welcoming soil.
I long for the aching wellness of the sun's embrace.
To feel normal again.

AT SEA

Railing at the turning of the world
My dreams at half-mast
No flags to unfurl
A wintry place at the heart of the world
A new kind of dancing
And the eternal seas kept on rolling and breaking against the rocks
A homecoming of sorts

ECHOES ON WATER

Echoes on water
A ship becalmed in a lifeless sea
Land in sight but rudderless, drifting
No knowledge of currents or flow

PUSHING THE RIVER

A wilderness at the heart of the world
Dreams of childhood turned long ago to stone
Denied permission to roam
A man on a bridge over a riverbed dry
Dancing to a different music heard through a curtain of half-remembered dreams
Pushing the river

RANDOM ACTS

How the rain fell in those last days.
Wintry clouds scattered the lilac sky.
Startled by the light, he was unable to move away.
The waterside gave him a feeling of release.
Headlights from the roadway flashed like some poorly equipped discotheque.
The light from the moon made everything silver dipped.
Feeling that he was falling was so much easier to bear than the fear of landing.
He was terrified the noise would stop,
Or start again,
Or whatever it was, or wasn't, doing now.
The wet wood felt like raw meat beneath his hands.
He pulled away, gunfire startled.
It was only when the salt touched his lips that he had any idea at all that he was crying.
How could there be so much pouring out of him?
He knew that no one in the world truly loved him and felt only relief.
Warmth surrounded him, as if he was being lowered into a bath.
If he could only remain warm and safe, would all the horrors of the world cease to exist?
Even an angel would have no time for someone who had so little faith in anything.
He checked his body for telltale signs that he was still capable of any life at all.
He looked at his hands and had no idea who they belonged to.



SOLID - GASEOUS

Jonathan Dredge

ICE

noun

frozen water, a brittle transparent crystalline solid: she scraped the ice off the windscreen. her hands were as cold as ice

a sheet or layer of ice on the surface of water: the ice beneath him gave way

CLOUD

noun

a visible mass of condensed watery vapor floating in the atmosphere, typically high above the general level of the ground: the sun had disappeared behind a cloud [mass noun]: the sky was almost free of cloud

an opaque patch within a transparent substance.





Water at high altitudes (say in the Alps) tends to inhabit one end of the natural states it exists in or the other. Water vapor as clouds comes in a multitude of types – from the cumulous nimbus and stratus to the rare and strange cloud formations often mistaken for flying saucers. As children, we lie on the grass and spot teddy bears and ice creams in the clouds. Cloud gazing, or aeromancy has it's own website ([cloudappreciationsociety](http://cloudappreciationsociety.com)) and is documented as far back as the Ancient Greeks. They appear throughout popular culture, with Donald Sutherland and Kate Bush creating them (to their cost) and Rickie Lee Jones famously describing the 'Little Fluffy Clouds' in the Arizona skies of her childhood for the Orb. It seems that man, through out history, has always been fascinated by clouds.

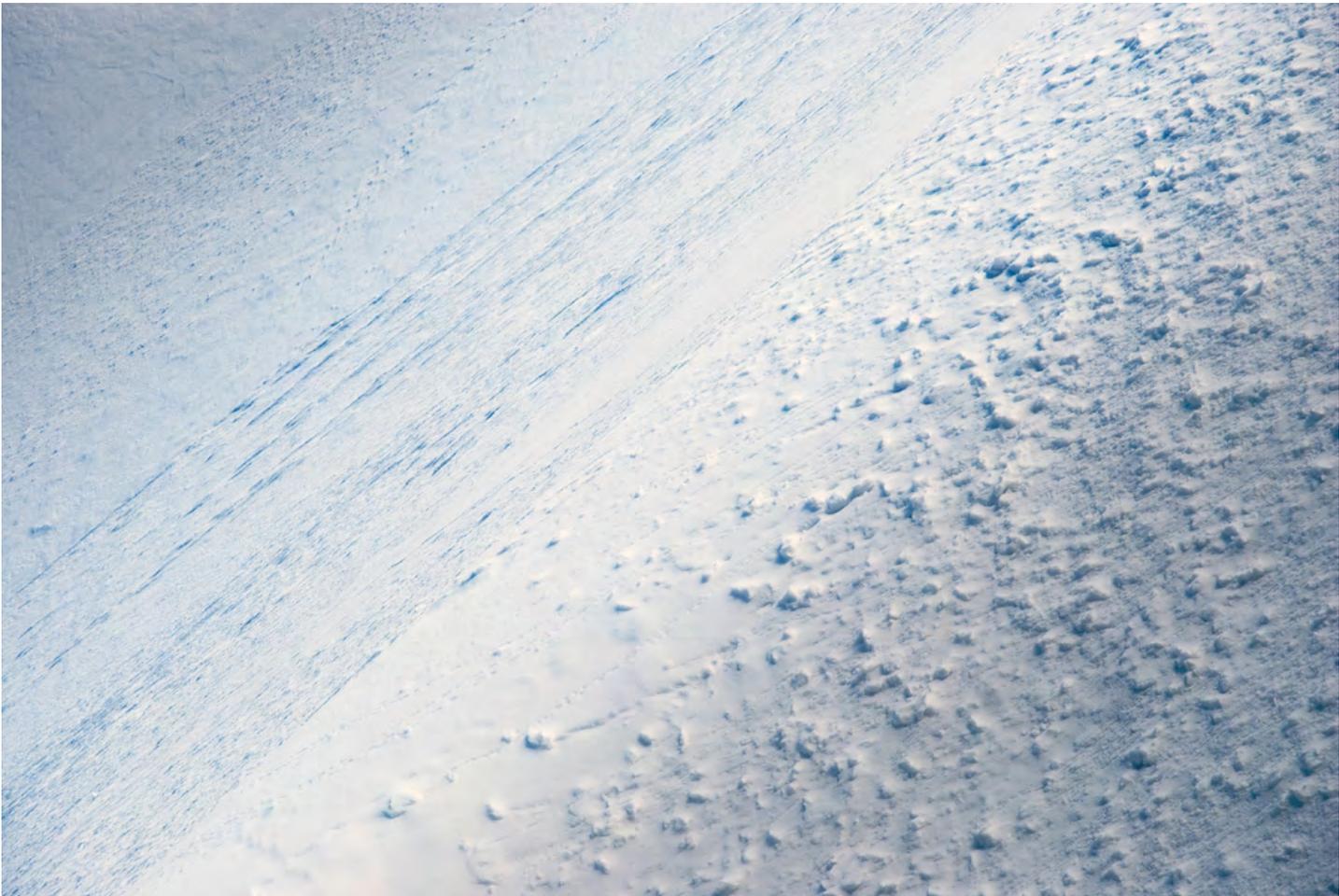
Ice, on the other hand, is solid, hard and unforgiving. Its exploration is dangerous and it is associated with harsh and forbidding landscapes – glaciers and mountains, usually accompanied by its softer cousin snow. Conquering it was a huge accomplishment and

a demonstration of man's power over his environment, as illustrated by the desperate quest to be the first team to reach the South Pole at the beginning of the last century. Antarctica's been shot by many for it's beauty, but with films like *Chasing Ice*, it is also evidence of our changing climate.

For the photographer, both of these states offer challenges – to capture the essence and beauty of something as transient as a cloud, or as huge and seemingly featureless as vast expanses of white. The challenge is to capture the natural patterns and variations in both whilst retaining the sense of awe and wonder when confronted by the epic...









LIKE DREAMERS DO
Matthew Cotsell

The photos are a tribute to recollections of summers past, enduring friendships and the cleansing of various sins.



PREVIOUS PAGE: UNTITLED | 1
THIS PAGE (T): UNTITLED | 2
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NEXT SPREAD: UNTITLED | 4







OASIS MEDITERRÁNEOS

David Sierra

Sinónimo de riqueza y fecundidad, el agua juega un papel importantísimo en la cultura mediterránea. Caracterizado por veranos cálidos y secos, el clima mediterráneo ha contribuido sin duda a forjar el carácter de la gente que habita bajo su dominio. Es durante los veranos, momento en que las precipitaciones se vuelven prácticamente inexistentes salvo por las puntuales tormentas, cuando el agua se convierte en uno de los principales protagonistas del paisaje. Mediante esta serie de fotografías os invito a zambulliros durante unos minutos en arroyos, lagos, embalses, ríos y acequias del interior de la península Ibérica, frescos vergeles que consiguen que la dura estación estival se convierta en un verdadero oasis mediterráneo.

Synonymous with wealth and fertility, water plays a very important role within the Mediterranean culture. Characterized by hot and dry summers, the Mediterranean climate has contributed to forge the character of the people who live under its control. During the summers, moment in which precipitation become virtually non-existent except for the occasional thunderstorms, it's when the water becomes one of the main protagonists of the landscape. Through this series of photographs, I invite you to dive just for a few minutes in streams, lakes, reservoirs, rivers and channels of the Iberian Peninsula, which are well-stocked gardens that change the hard summer season into a true Mediterranean oasis.

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









SUMMER ON A SOLITARY BEACH

Gianorso

It was here that we met,
along the open sea
naked, alone, and wishing to be
you took my hand and led me away
off to a place I couldn't call home today

only, you lived in a place much too out of reach
just as pristine as where we lay, the beach
Soon, you washed away without a trace
all that's left, but a memory of your face

- Benjamin Fiske



PREVIOUS PAGE: ESTEBAN & CARLOS, TENERIFE_AUG 2008 | 117
THIS PAGE (T): ESTEBAN & CARLOS, TENERIFE_AUG 2008 | 128
THIS PAGE (B): ESTEBAN & CARLOS, TENERIFE_AUG 2008 | 132











PLAYING WITH MYSELF

Paul Specht

This series of photographs were taken on an August afternoon in 2013. Most days during the summers months, I am home or at a coffee shop sifting through the wedding images I would have taken from the previous weekend. On this particular overcast Tuesday afternoon, I closed my laptop and decided to turn the camera on myself. About 20 miles from my home in Western Massachusetts, There is a secluded swimming hole where the parking is scarce, scenery is lovely and the clothing is optional.

On this particular day I found my car, would sit alone in the small lot and I would have two hours of alone playtime. I enjoyed my own company and for the first time since my twenties I made a series of portraits that were just me. I recommend it to any portrait photographer. When there are no jobs to work on and models to photograph, turn the camera around and play with yourself.

You can see more of Paul's work at www.paulspecht.com













WET RED SPEEDOS

Andrés Hannach

Amazing, addictive and breathtaking in hot springs tucked away in a forest of ancient trees, native bamboos and flowering fuchsias. Second to none when poured over cucumber slices sitting in a cooled glass. Bright and frantic in tall and narrow falls tightly framed by bushy, wet ferns. Captivating when staggered dribblets slide down a hazy window pane. Haunting when daring swimmers gracefully disappear into the dark gray pond.

Engaging as a wake-up call when raindrops meet the tin roof. Playful running over sharp rocks displaying glittering splashes. Gorgeous when shaped into massive waves that break loudly during a beach stroll. Three years ago, the waves swelled so much they swallowed half of the town and several coastal villages further south.

Decades earlier, a great storyteller described how steady rain had turned the town's main street into a river mudslide that carried away the entire contents of a home, its dwellers and pets included. A boiling stockpot awaits the happy drowning of bowtie pasta. Vibrant, strong sounds stem from oceans, rainstorms and mountain rivers; while healing, comforting ones are the gift of a simmering kettle as are the familiar noises of garden sprinklers, faucets, and showers.

Among other unforgettable wet sounds I count the curious crackling of ice cubes in the downpour of your potion, and the liberating roar of urgent pee in the dead of night. There might not be anything as evocative of water and joy as a hot day at the beach. Seductive springs to mind easily with summer, sand, sea, sunbathe, sweat, soak, swim, sail, seagull, salty, skin and red speedos.

**“[IT] IS THE
DRIVING FORCE
IN NATURE.”**

L. DA VINCI (1452 - 1519)



“[IT] SUSTAINS ALL.”

THALES OF MILETUS (624 BC - 546 BC)



**“WE NEVER KNOW
THE WORTH OF [IT]
TILL THE WELL IS DRY.”**

THOMAS HAYLER (1608 - 1661)





CHRIS IN WATER
Jéren

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



L'eau est un thème central dans mon travail photographique, sans doute parce qu'il s'agit de mon élément favori. Est-ce sa nature primordiale ou amniotique, mais l'eau m'attire et me rassure.

Pour donner une suite à ma série "Mémoire d'eau", commencée en 2009, je souhaitais trouver un nouveau visage autant qu'un corps musclé et volontaire.

Ma rencontre avec Chris, strip-teaseur masculin m'en donna l'occasion. Bodybuilder confirmé, ancien fusilier marin, Chris accepta de se prêter à un shooting plutôt sportif sur une plage méconnue de la Côte d'Azur. A l'origine, la série devait surtout comprendre des photos sous l'eau, mais la mer ce jour-là était trop agitée et je m'en suis tenu à des prises extérieures.

Cette courte série met en scène un corps musclé et nu sous une lumière naturelle implacable. Les gouttes d'eau sont ici un prétexte pour illustrer l'incroyable travail auquel Chris se livre sur son propre corps, construit avec une volonté de fer et une détermination sans faille.

Pour le moi, le choix du format vertical s'imposait ici, pour évoquer la stature humaine, comme les tons sombres et mutés ainsi que les contrastes violents, évocateur de la statuaire antique sous l'ardent soleil méditerranéen.

Modèle : Chris (www.stripfire.fr/striptease/chris/)





Water is a central theme in my photographic work, probably because it's my favorite element. Be it for its primordial or its amniotic nature, water attracts and reassures me.

Following my series "Memories of Water", started in 2009, I wanted to find a new face as much as a muscular and willing body.

Meeting Chris, a male stripper gave me the opportunity. A serious bodybuilder, former marine gunner, Chris agreed to take part in a "sports" shoot on an unknown beach on the Côte d'Azur. Originally, the series was primarily meant to include pictures underwater, but the sea that day was too rough and I had to settle for taking pictures on the surface.

This short series features a muscular body, naked and in strong natural light. Water drops here a pretext to illustrate the incredible work that Chris has done on his body, built with an iron will and unwavering determination.

I chose to use the portrait orientation here to compliment his human stature, like the dark and mutated tones as well as violent contrasts, evocative of ancient statuary under the hot Mediterranean sun.

Model: Chris (www.stripfire.fr/striptease/chris/)











THE NATURE OF WAVES

Blade T. Bannon

My inspiration on this shoot was to mix the nature of waves and the sea with the muscular curves of the male physique. The model, Rich Alba who was featured in this setting, loves the ocean so it was the perfect combination of these two elements. We had a lot of fun on the shoot, and the ocean had a lot of fun with him too.

You can see more of Blade's work at www.bladetbannon.com







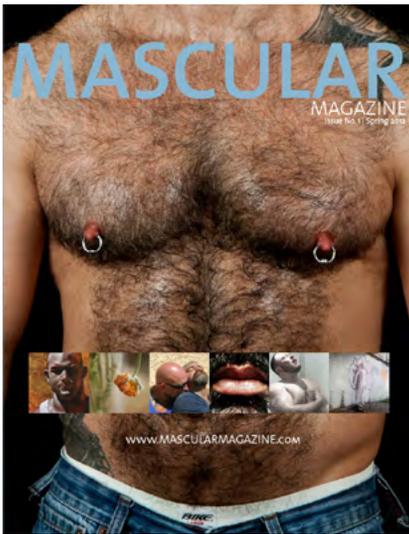
MASCULAR

PICNIC

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29 June 2013 - Hampstead Heath, London

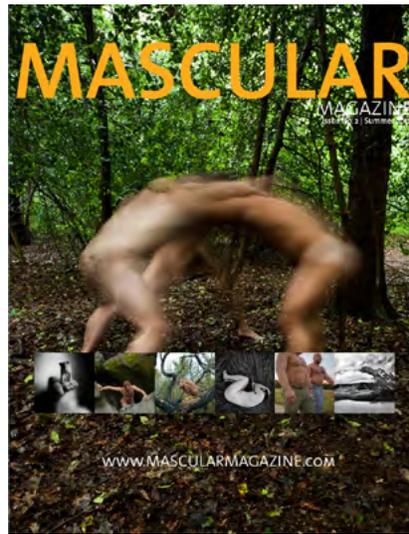


Thanks to Bobshaw Pete, Scott A. Hamilton and Vincent Keith for the photos.



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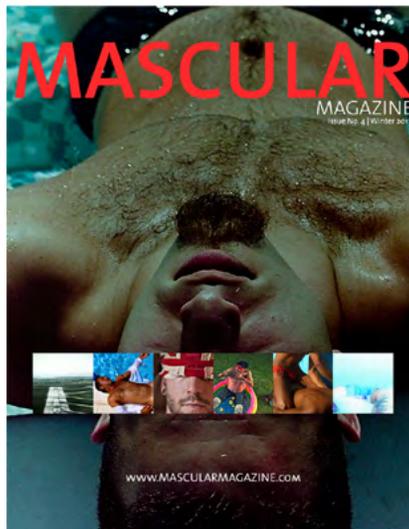
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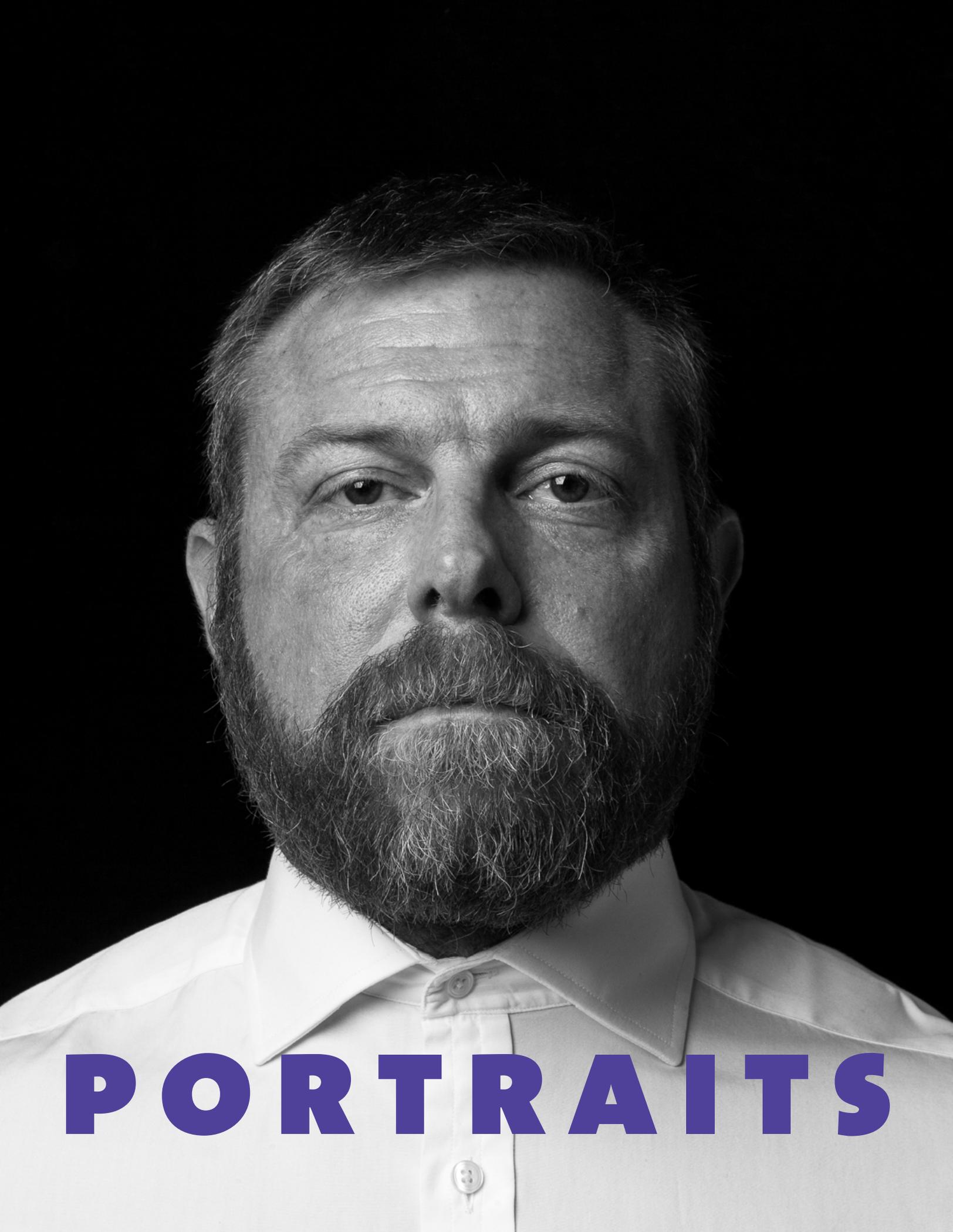
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PORTRAITS

LOOK AT ME PORTRAITS

For many, capturing the essence and character of someone or something or some place is at the heart of our artistic expression. As artists and creatives, we take a subject or an object and through our creative eye, render it for others to see. Why? Perhaps subconsciously we believe that others see the world differently than we do - and we feel compelled to correct that. Or maybe its a form of generosity and sharing?

Issue No. 7 of MASCULAR Magazine will be dedicated to portraiture. People, places and things shown as the artist sees them or wants them to be seen. Show us the people or things that matter to you using your own creative vocabulary.

Portraits can obscure as much as they reveal. They are meant to show some form of truth but by their very nature, offer us a unique perspective. Is the truth unique? Is a true portrait and honest one? Finally, which is actually exposed in a portrait, the subject or the artist?

If you are interested in contributing to Issue No. 7, please contact Mascular Magazine at: submissions@mascularmagazine.com

Deadline for submissions is November 18, 2013.



GUIDE FOR THE
MODERN BEAR

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



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Studio Andros

1984-1994

Gay art archive looking for a new owner and home.

A unique opportunity to become the curator and archivist for a collection of 3,000 photographs.



For ten years, from 1984 to 1994, I photographed beautiful men under the pseudonym Studio Andros. My encounters were varied and intense. We made love, I took photos and sometimes fell in love. At other times, friendships were forged, some which exist to this day.

My work appeared in the pages of British gay magazines Him, Mister, Zipper, Prowler and French and German ones Gai Pied and Manner. I was able to share the sensuality and passion I experienced with a broader audience interested in gay erotica.

My models were usually young, beautiful and untainted by life's challenges. Their innocence was matched by their energy and sensuality. Those were heady years - I drank it all in.

Those days, however, are long gone but the record of all that beauty and erotic sensuality still exists. An archive of over 3,000 photos (transparencies as well as B&W negatives and positives) in boxes has spent years unseen and forgotten. Unless someone chooses to rescue them, the photos will go the way of those forgotten laughs and embraces. For personal reasons, I am unable to keep them.

This archive needs a new home and a new caretaker. Ideal for a documentary project, a researcher, a private collection or simply to conserve a small piece of gay cultural heritage.

I am prepared to sell this catalogue to the highest bidder with 50% of the proceeds going to the Terrance Higgins Trust. Copyright and ownership rights will be transferred to the new owner.

The archive is available in its entirety and available for pick-up in London. We can discuss shipping if required.

If you are interested, please contact me by email at: studioandros8494@gmail.com

Studio Andros images have appeared in the pages of Europe's gay magazines and formed an important part of gay erotica for 10 years.

BALANCE MEN

David W. Aguilar and Jeff Benson

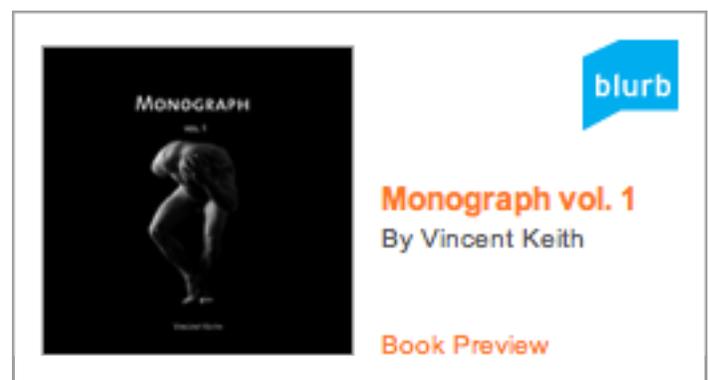
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Vincent Keith of Mascular Studio has self-published two books available on Blurb either in hard copy or e-book format.