

MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 8 | Winter 2014



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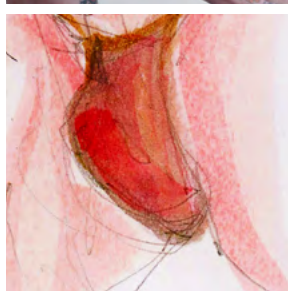
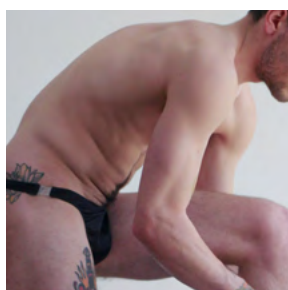
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The theme for Issue No. 9 of MASCULAR Magazine is 'Play'

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CELEBRATING MASCULINE ART AND THE MEN WHO CREATE IT



It's a sunny day and you're sitting outside at a cafe table in the middle of town. You hear laughs and see people enjoying the good weather. Your friend is sitting across from you recounting a recent adventure or plans for a future one. But you're not paying attention. You've barely heard a thing. Instead you've been concentrating on the naked feet of a man sitting a few tables away. He's wearing shorts and a plaid shirt and, until a little while ago, some black rubber flip flops. But he's let them fall to the ground and now all you see is his naked feed. The bulbous curve of his heel, the taught line of his arch, the perfect nobly little toes that seem to move about constantly. You are mesmerised, frozen, fixated. Your pulse has picked up as has your breathing, you feel the excitement growing in your body. You can't see the man's face, but oh those beautiful feet.

For the past two days, outside your office window, workmen have been pulling down an old 40 foot advertisement of George Clooney selling coffee to a pretty blond on a rooftop. You hardly noticed it but for your colleagues talking about how dreaming George Clooney is. People in the desks that surround you speculate on what the new ad will be. A car? A TV station? Perhaps another

George Clooney? They work from the top down and you see the famous letter shapes that soon come into view. Calvin Klein. Behind the letters there's sky and part of a tree. Then a forehead, eyes, a square jaw. The human form comes into being before your eyes. A naked torso, perfect nipples, a deep cleft between the pectoral muscles, ripples on the stomach, and then the workmen leave for the day. The next morning you're at your desk earlier than usual, and there he is, a man wearing nothing but a pair of white briefs. You smile broadly. This will be your view for the coming weeks, perhaps months. The bulge, the fabric, the perfect white, the openings for the legs, the "Y" shaped seam across the front. It's an obsession. Oh the underwear.

You're watching your favourite action movie again. The hero has had to give up his advantage and his weapons because the villain is holding the pretty co-star by the neck. Cut to the next scene and the hero is on his knees. Shirtless. Hands tied behind his back, taking a beating from a thug. There he is, the hero, big and strong, and utterly helpless as he's tied up and cannot get away. Even the puny villain can have his way with him. You wish this scene could go on forever.

You come home from a long day at work. People know you as competent, quiet, maybe even a little shy. You don't really feel yourself in that work environment. But when you get home, you throw off your suit and open the closet door. Oh the smell. A closet full of leather. You breathe it in deeply. The musky warm smell of warm leathers. Standing naked before all of the leather pants, vest, jackets, harnesses, shirts and caps. And boots. You're very proud of your collection. You knew each piece intimately. Each item has its history. You run your hands across the black sleeve of a favourite jacket. Slowly you dress. You select each item carefully and put each piece on. You savour the feeling of the leather on your skin. Cold at first and then warm like your body. You look at your leather-clad self in the mirror. You smile. This is the real you. As you walk out of the house and the door closes behind you, you seem to stand taller. Your gait is more purposeful. You have tapped into that inner strength and confidence that makes you whole.

You are on all-fours, and your knees hurt, but you don't mind. You've been here before and you know what's coming next. You're wearing a rubber singlet and a rubber mask that has holes for your eyes, nose and mouth. You are not allowed to raise

your head. Soon you see a pair of boots come into view. The man wearing them stands with his legs apart. He clears his throat. He unzips his pants. Moments later you feel a hot stream of urine as it covers your head and runs down your back. You lift your head slightly to capture some of the stream in your mouth. You feel a release. You are happy to be the receptacle of this anonymous man's golden liquid waste. It makes you feel so small and little and helpless - right now he could do anything to you and you wouldn't begin to resist. In fact, you would love nothing more than to be his slave. To wait on him and attend to his every need. You simply want to be used. To debase yourself to the lowest level of creature you can be. The urine fills your mouth, stings your nostrils and burns your eyes. You are in heaven. The urine stops and the boots walk away. Moments later, another pair of shoes, and the ritual begins again.

FETISH

The stories above are meant to illustrate situations where someone derives extreme and intense sexual pleasure from visual stimulus, situations and objects that the majority of us would never consider appealing, let alone sexual.

Fetish is the zone where the mind on all its levels steps front and centre to take control of your sexual experience. It's a space that goes beyond what feels good physically. Touch, warmth and caress of human contact is no longer enough. Fetish goes beyond. It is often said that the brain is the largest sexual organ, and this is where it takes control.

The drivers and experiences that shape your fetish tastes and requirements live deep in your mind, perhaps in your subconscious. Most people couldn't tell you why they like boots or chains or white sheets. And if they can, it may simply be a rationalisation. The truth is, fetish controls them, not the other way 'round.

When you take your base desires and combine them with elevated almost existential sensations, you have a very powerful combination, you attain a level of pleasure that is both physical and psychological and that is your bliss. Yes, it may involve sensations that are not categorically pleasant, beatings, piercings, forced penetration or uncomfortable positions. But the act of being there and experiencing it, the act of pushing yourself beyond your limit is precisely what you may be looking for. The ability to completely and totally let go.

Here, we must draw a distinction between 'fetish' and 'kink'. Kinky or dirty sex need not have a fetish component, and a fetish based experience need not be dirty, extreme or even heavily sexual. Consider, for instance, a man adoring another man's feet. For the two involved, highly stimulating, but for an onlooker, nothing x-rated here.

The term fetish we are interested in here hails from early African and aboriginal cultures where objects such as statues, knives or stones, for instance, were perceived to hold magical or mystical powers. These objects were treasured for their powerful properties. Within them there were spirits or abilities to ward off evil or bring on conception. Some of these artefacts were used to direct the works and attentions of the gods, such as bringing rain or improving the year's crop. Others played out their powers in personal relationships and the bed chamber. Fertility is probably the area where most 'fetiches' were brought to use. We all know the carved fertility gods with overly large genitals. Gil Plante and Jonny Dredge have submitted works that concentrate on the sexual power that resides within objects. Their images invite us to consider whether or not we also attribute value and power to the objects in our lives

When people speak of fetish, leather is often close to hand if not at the forefront of our minds. As a material it seems to be highly evocative when used for clothing - specifically pants, chaps, vests, jackets, harnesses, gloves, gauntlets and the rest. Being 'into leather' confers upon you membership in a select fraternity of hyper masculine, serious, dangerous, strong and committed men. Leather protects you. It's a kind of armour. It's also primeval and natural, it is skin, after all. But above all leather is a signifier. Wearing it tells those around you what your intentions are, what role you have assumed, and how you expect them to respond to you.

So what is the purpose of fetish? From the works in this issue of the magazine, I would say that fetish is a bridge or a link that brings together our corporeal world, that which we can touch and sense, with the mystical fantasy world that we can see in our mind's eye but that we cannot attain physically. Fetish play is the search for that space. It's no surprise that many of the submissions for this issue were drawings and illustrations. How else can you represent the ethereal. Cameras often fail in this regard. They can capture a moment, even the aftermath, but the vision itself can only be an approximation.

Looking through the pages of this issue of MASCULAR Magazine, you will see things that are familiar as well as some things that are new. There's humour, intensity, confrontation and some challenging content as well. You will see that Fetish is a language with many dialects. People from different cultures and life experiences may recognise the words, but the narratives they create are individual. Not all people are tied up the same way. Weaponry and tools can be used for pleasure. Sex isn't necessarily about your genitals, and even today, leather speaks of the 70's.

Enjoy, and perhaps, try something new.

Putting it together was a fascinating experience, and I hope that within this pages you are surprised, challenged and titillated. The purpose of this magazine is to celebrate masculine art and the men who make it, and to that end, I hope that this issue has given those men and artists an opportunity to share works that reflect a deeper and sometimes less often seen aspect of themselves.

We are already working on the next issue of MASCULAR Magazine, and are happy to announce that the theme for Issue No. 9 will be "Play". As always, the theme is meant to be broadly defined and to act as a catalyst for ideas and inspiration. From sports to the theatre, toys to music, and be it in the bedroom or the boardroom, we would like to see what you get up to when you are on your own time and want to have some fun. Read more about it in the Call for Submissions on page 258.

With this issue, we will have completed two years of MASCULAR Magazine! On behalf of all the contributors, editors and advertisers, I would like to thank you, our readers for the amazing support you have shown us. You are over 25,000 strong and your enthusiasm for the magazine drives us to reach out more broadly and bring you even more amazing content in the future. Thank you.

Vincent Keith
March, 2014

NEW BOOK AVAILABLE NOW

Amazing Men - Beautifully Photographed - 74 of the best portraits and nudes by Vincent Keith for MASCULAR Studio.



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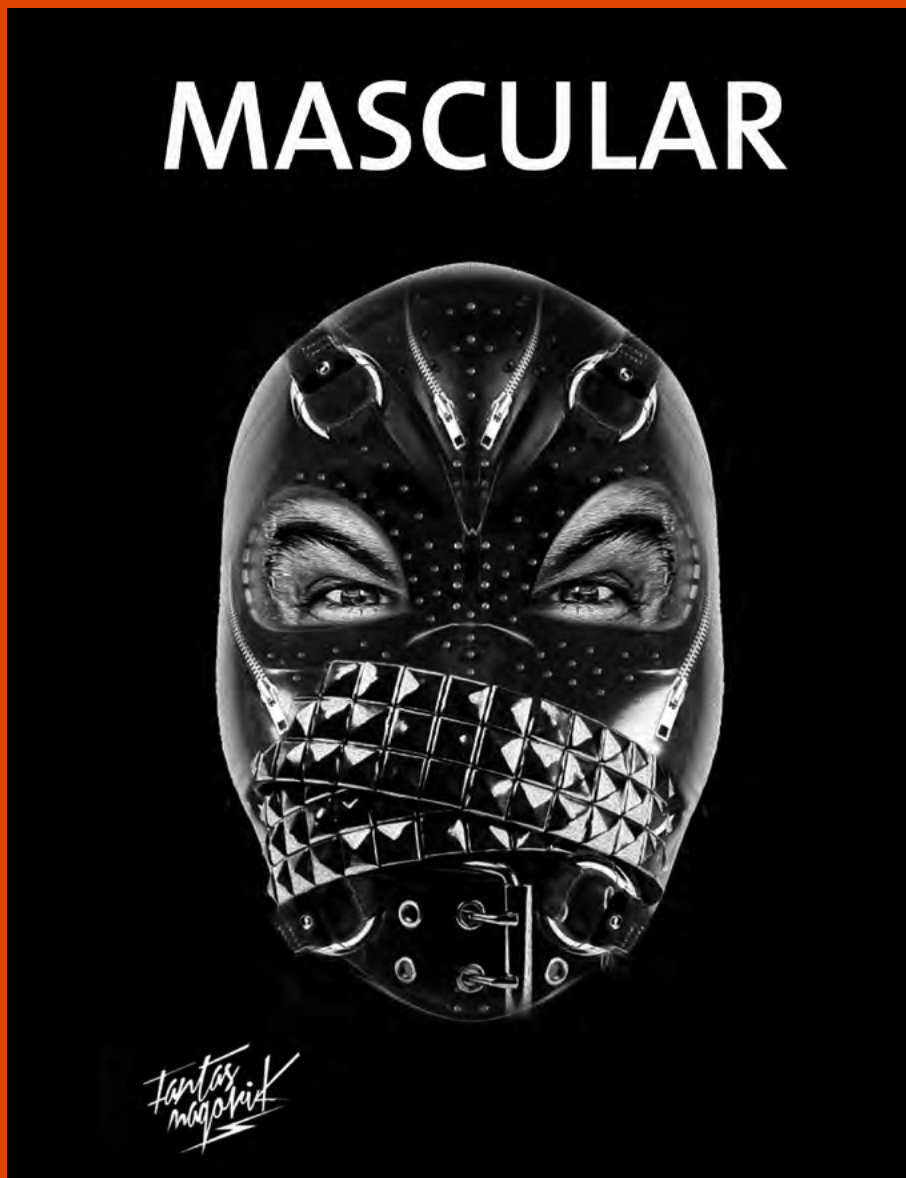
Fetish

Mascular Magazine commissioned artist and visionary Nicolas Obery of Fantasmagorik to design the image for the t-shirt for the Fetish issue.

The brief was to create an image that brought together a number of fetish themes and that left the viewer in no doubt as to the intent.

You can purchase a t-shirt with this amazing design here:

[Mascular Shop on Redbubble](#)



FANTASMAGORIK

Nicolas Obery - Artistic Director for over 15 years in office and luxury cosmetics, arts enthusiast and surreal worlds, I wanted to create a series of fantastic visuals, and offset, entitled FANTASMAGORIK. A creation of more than 100 visual halfway between digital portraits and sculptures sometimes riding the wave SteamPunk and Geekdom the first goal was to recreate a surreal parallel world, diverting and reinterpreting elements or mythical characters while maintaining a high aesthetic. I made my visual focus on Photoshop, drawing and sculpting pieces of images, (earth, hair, flowers, tubes, eyes, mouths, animals, insects, ...) constitutes an important basis for my data to create the final one Central composition very detailed. My sources of inspiration: Salvador Dali, Arcimboldo, Magritte, Philippe Pasqua, Oleg Dou, Smirkmasks Kris kuksi and many more ...



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Autumn 2012
Design: Alan Thompson



Winter 2013
Design: Alan Thompson



Spring 2013
Design: Fantasmagorik

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SUIT AND BLIND

Aurelio Monge

fetish |'feti sh |

noun

an inanimate object worshiped for its supposed magical powers or because it is considered to be inhabited by a spirit.

- a course of action to which one has an excessive and irrational commitment : he had a fetish for writing more opinions each year than any other justice.

- a form of sexual desire in which gratification is linked to an abnormal degree to a particular object, item of clothing, part of the body, etc. :

Victorian men developed fetishes focusing on feet, shoes, and boots.

1 he developed a bodybuilding fetish: fixation, obsession, compulsion, mania; weakness, fancy, fascination, fad; informal thing, hang-up.

2 an African fetish: juju, talisman, charm, amulet; totem, idol, image, effigy.

You can see more of Aurelio's work at: aureliomonge.prosite.com



suit |soot|

noun

A set of outer clothes made of the same fabric and designed to be worn together, typically consisting of a jacket and trousers or a jacket and skirt.

- a set of clothes to be worn on a particular occasion or for a particular activity : a jogging suit.
- a complete set of pieces of armor for covering the whole body.

• a complete set of sails required for a ship or for a set of spars.

• (usu. suits) informal an executive in a business or organization, typically one regarded as exercising influence in an impersonal way : maybe now the suits in Washington will listen.



blind |blind|

adjective

1 unable to see; sightless : she suffered from glaucoma, which has left her completely blind | he was blind in one eye.

- [attrib.] (of an action, esp. a test or experiment) done without being able to see or without being in possession of certain information; compare with double blind :: a blind tasting of eight wines.

- Aeronautics (of flying) using instruments only : blind landings during foggy conditions.

2 [predic.] lacking perception or discernment : he's absolutely blind where you're concerned, isn't he?

- (blind to) unwilling or unable to appreciate or notice something apparent to others : she was blind to the realities of her position.

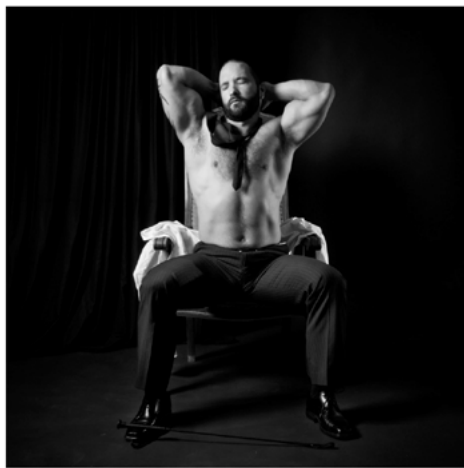
- [attrib.] (of an action or state of mind) not controlled by reason or judgment : they left in blind panic.

- [attrib.] not governed by purpose : moving purposelessly in a world of blind chance.

3 [attrib.] concealed or closed, in particular

- (of a corner or bend in a road) impossible to see around : two trucks collided on a blind curve in the road.

- (of a door or window) walled up.





• closed at one end : a blind pipe.

• (of a plant) without buds, eyes, or terminal flowers : planting too shallowly is the most common cause of bulbs coming up blind.

4 [attrib.] [with negative] Brit., informal (used in emphatic expressions) not the slightest : you don't know a blind thing!

5 informal drunk.

6 he has been blind since birth: sightless, unsighted, visually impaired, visionless, unseeing; partially sighted, purblind; informal as blind as a bat. ANTONYMS sighted.

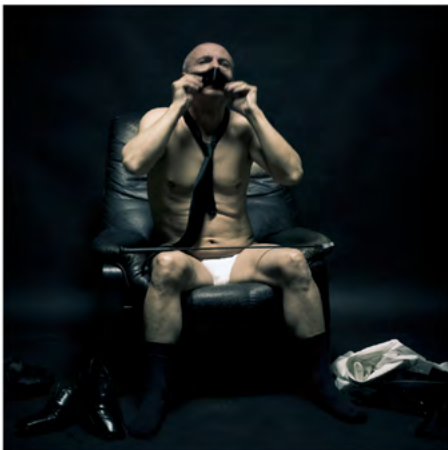
7 the government must be blind: imperceptive, unperceptive, insensitive,

slow, obtuse, uncomprehending; stupid, unintelligent; informal dense, dim, thick, dumb, dopey, dozy. ANTONYMS perceptive.

8 he was blind to her shortcomings: unmindful of, mindless of, careless of, heedless of, oblivious to, insensible to, unconcerned about, indifferent to. ANTONYMS mindful.

9 blind acceptance of conventional opinion: uncritical, unreasoned, unthinking, unconsidered, mindless, undiscerning, indiscriminate. ANTONYMS discerning.

10 a blind rage: impetuous, impulsive, uncontrolled, uncontrollable, wild, unrestrained, immoderate, intemperate, irrational, unbridled.







THE MASCULAR MIX:

FETISH - VOL. VI

Brian Maier



You'd think that in 2014 the idea of "fetish" would almost have faded away; considering the normalisation of alternative-lifestyles fuelled by the media. Still, hundreds of thousands of participants the world over trek to parties, celebrations, festivals, events, and retreats — all with the express interest of finding like minded queers and thrill seekers to spend time with. IML, Folsom, and Dore... These are just a few of the events that I've grown deeply familiar with, given my San Francisco home and the centrifuge of attention swirling around them. Each brings a particular brand of person to the city (or in the case of IML, away from the city). It's a seasonal shift you can feel in the air.

Interestingly, a fetish for one person can be quite normal for another... Given the context of where you live and whom you associate with, and indeed what your personal boundaries are, fetish means different things to different people. For me, walking down the street in late September and seeing someone get pissed on doesn't really titillate me the way it used to. From time to time, as I walk to the grocery store and cross paths with the pink thonged man who hangs out along 18th street, I am reminded that what I consider normal has been transformed. Having grown up a southern boy in Atlanta, Georgia, boy did he shock me 9 years ago!

Fetish, to me, has come to mean anything that gets me out of my comfort zone, something that inspires me or encourages me to try new experiences. It's that sense of altering my reality, for just a brief instant, where the rules I normally play by are flipped upside by desire, or daring to be different. Playing with fetish expands my horizons. I've relish straying from the path: making sure I explore previously unseen destinations whenever I can.

As you listen to the mix this month, you'll notice some different vocals, different melodies that take take you on a journey from serenity to intensity. Explore your own dark side, and come back stronger for it. If you never test your limits, you'll never know what you're capable of.

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-6 or on [iTunes](#).

The icons below will take you there directly.



WWW



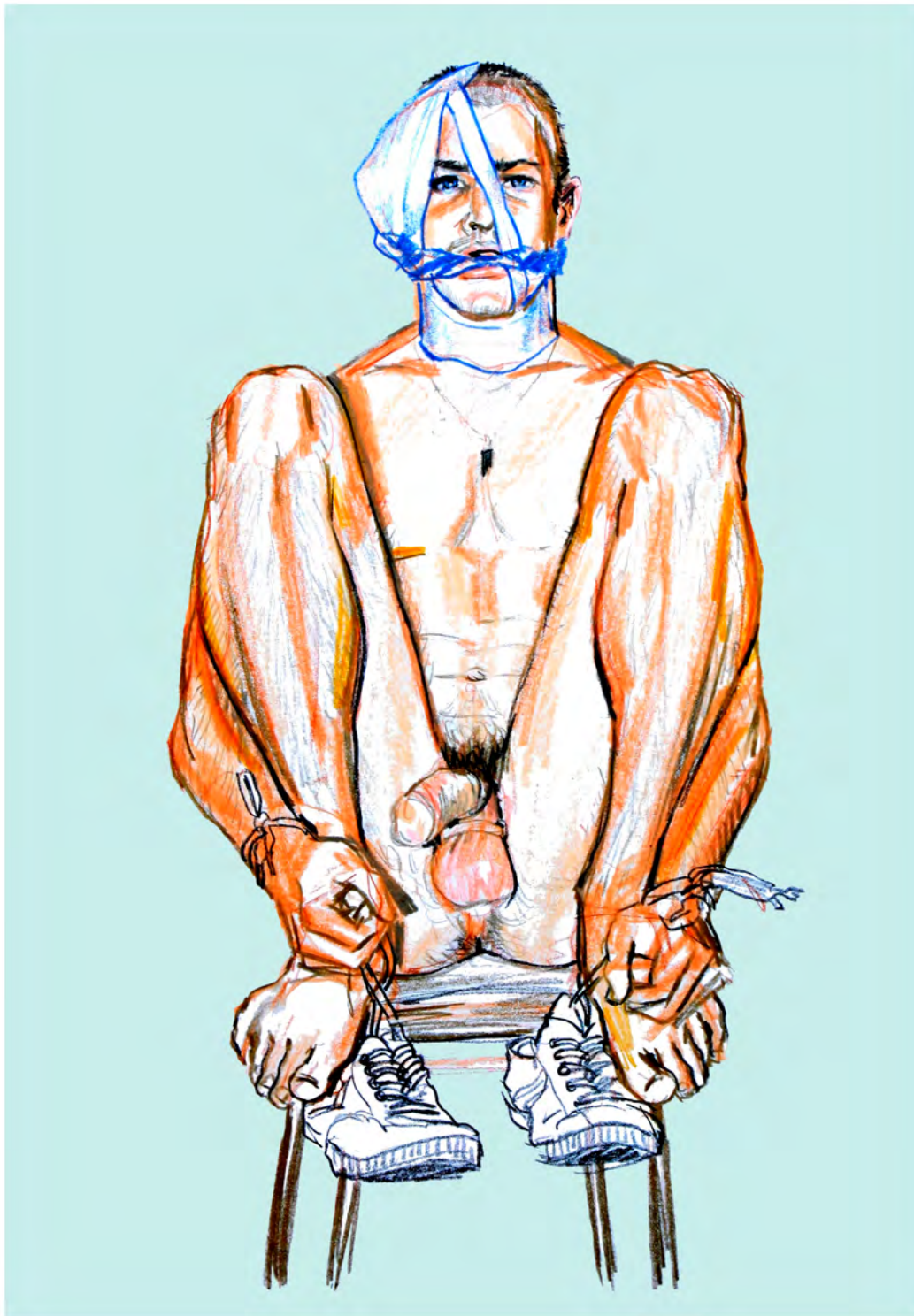
CREATIVITY RULES

Miguel Reyes

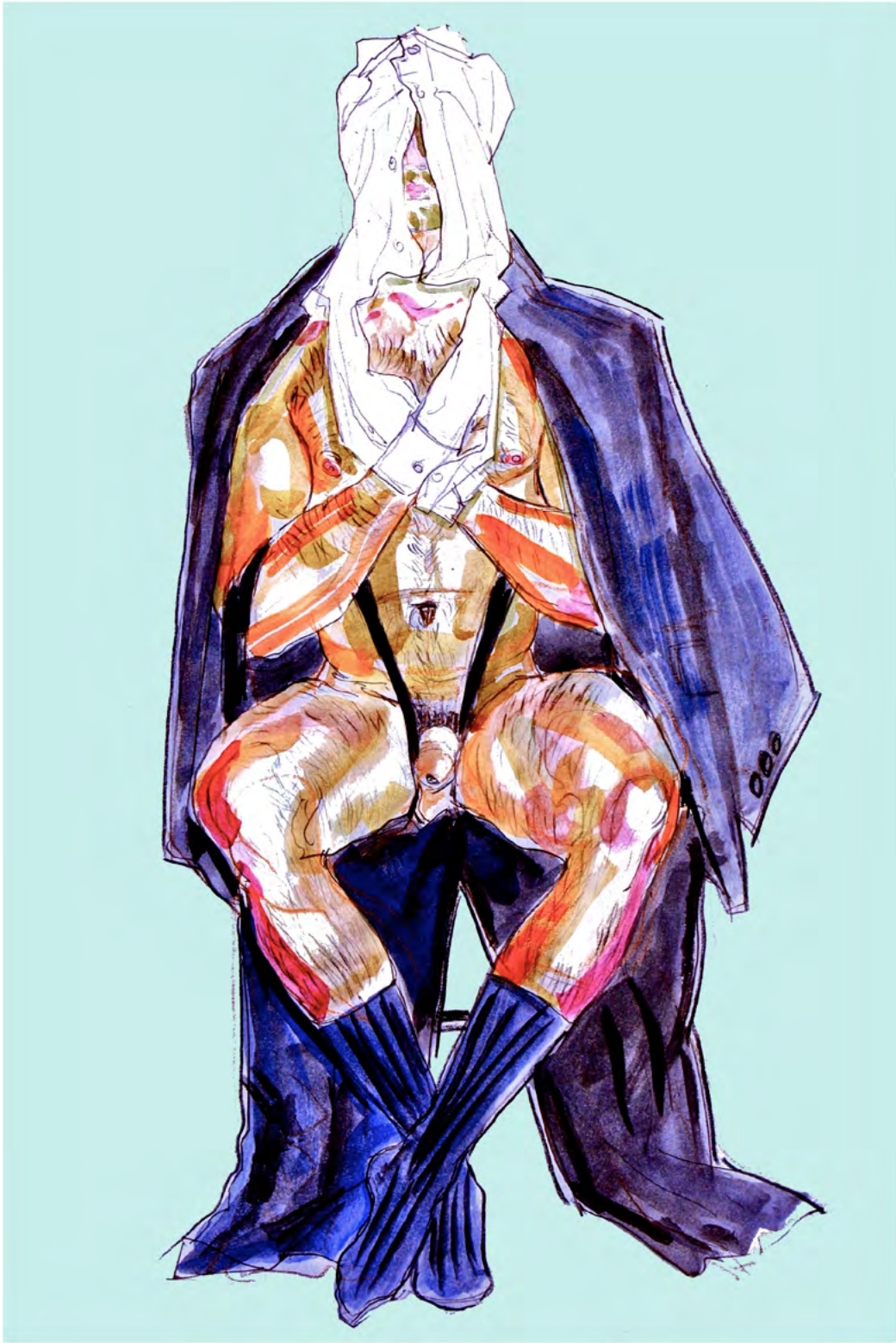
Over the past 4 years, I have traveled to New York, San Francisco, San Diego and Miami. This is just a little sample of the work (over 1000 drawings!!!) Most of the my incredible models were found via a modeling website and a few on Facebook. Generally, I let the models dress however they want, unless they give me full control, and then the Creativity Rules. I have done Collections based on Jockstraps only, Sneaker Worship, Stuff Toys, Tattooed Sexiness, and my favorite, Instant Bondage, in addition to many more. In the case of Instant Bondage, the Model is wrapped with whatever they are wearing at the moment, whether it would be workout gear, Casual wear or a Suit. Currently, I have been experimenting with Mixed media drawings over Spray paint underdrawings, in the case of Facial Bondage portraits (To be continued).

You can see more of Artbodydancing's work at miguelangelreyes.com













PLAY BOYS

Jan Grosser

25 years ago, I found my self amidst images of lillies, a famous picture with a whip, and a photo of a tortured and bleeding cock, in the Robert Mapplethorpe retrospective at Hamburger Kunstverein. Only a year before, I had moved from a small rural town in the Rocky Mountains where I was teaching Sunday school in the local branch of the Mormon Church. The sensation of excitement, my heart was racing and I was breaking into a sweat, gave way to a feeling of relief - if THAT could be shown in a respectable museum, maybe I was not entirely lost. It was one of a series of moments of personal liberation, which many of my and preceding generations must have experienced.

More than 20 years later, I visited another Mapplethorpe retrospective and was surprised at my feeling of irritation. What I had once viewed as liberating now seemed ordinary and narrow. Beautiful bodies, huge dicks, muscles, sensual mouths, S&M play - the canon of gay notions of masculinity and sexuality appeared as a corset emptied of all meaning and depth; the building blocks of an endless procession of pictures from advertisements, porn, gay contact sites, and the large commercial events of the international gay fetish scene. It was a straightjacket that many of my gay brothers and I were striving very hard to fit into. 25 years ago, I projected my own desires onto the few depictions of gay fetish sexuality, driven by as much hope as fear.



Now my overly sated gaze was slipping off the visual Teflon of gay porn, advertising, and self-promotion, yet I was still unable to withdraw from its lure. What had happened?

Conscious of being “different”, I faced the question “Who am I?” from an early age. I lived in various US states, several German cities, and the United Kingdom, searching continuously for my “Heimat”. The gay fetish universe made a tempting offer. My sexual desires and fantasies pointed the way to who I wanted to be. I could declare it loudly and boldly on the pages of the emerging internet sites. The wealth of fetish goods in shops allowed me to assemble my new persona. Rubber, leather, toys, bomber jackets, piercings, boots (which took 20 minutes to lace up,) and the corresponding equipment for my house... everything could be had for money. Muscles could be acquired in the gym; the right walk, the correct talk, the proper manly attitude seeped into me by social osmosis. The insecure

Mormon boy was learning a new language, a vocabulary to denote masculinity, dominance and submission, sexual readiness and availability, courage, toughness and potency. The use of this language was learnt in the bars and clubs, from porn, the advertisements for shops, magazines and in gay art. The international community was unified by these shared codes. “We” belong together because we are different from “the others”. When we shagged, we confirmed to each other that we were, indeed, the ‘über-male’ creations we had made of ourselves.

Meanwhile, everything from skin to ice cream, cars and chocolate, is now sold with the promise of erotic fulfilment. Fetish has become mainstream; sex is woven into the fabric of every pair of jeans and every t-shirt; it winks at us from billboards and music videos. The most personal and intimate has become the predominant currency of consumer culture. It belongs to everyone and no one.



So, maybe this series of images was an attempt of reclaiming ownership of my desires, my lusts and my fears. If fetish is a language of signs and codes, what is it code for? Not surprising for a psychiatrist perhaps, I would trace its emotional roots back to childhood. Aspects of submission, obedience, and control, of surrender and trust, nurture and punishment, belonging and abandonment; these are all central to both childhood experience and to fetish and S&M sex. These pictures juxtapose aspects of childhood and aspects of adult gay sex. They do not aim to declare truth, not even an autobiographical

one. They are constructs, like our notions of childhood and sexuality. Their artifice and evident staging should reveal their subjective quality; they are my constructs. If these pictures are an appeal, they may be seen as an invitation to my gay brothers to re-appropriate the concepts of gay masculinity and sexuality, reclaiming them from the porn producers, magazine editors and ad-men and to create their own expressions of desire and longing.



Upcoming solo exhibitions

30 May 2014 , Galerie Dencker + Schneider, Copenhagen

31 October 2014, Galerie Dencker + Schneider, Berlin











BOUND

Matt Rose

No matter what you think about someone and how well you know them, there's always something they're not telling you.

A person's fetish extends beyond the simple act of sex and into something much more. To me, that's where you learn the most about a person. I've known people who are perceived to be straight laced yet they are into being spanked. I know a computer engineer who is into puppy play and a retired gay man who has a Super Hero Fetish that pushes past his sexual preferences to include the opposite sex.

I want to provide the subject an opportunity to explain their fetish - why do they do it and what do they gain from it? I want to challenge the viewer to open their minds and try to remove the taboos, to gain a new understanding.

F I L M



Scroll over the image above to start the video.
If you don't see it above, click [HERE](#) to watch the video.



WHILE WAITING

Jean Mailloux

This is me, a part of me, the one you see in everyday life. Not bad, I know, but the picture is incomplete.

Fetishism is often associated with perversion and is still not fully accepted in our society. People need standards to guide them and they tend to exclude and reject behaviours that are less visible, more secret.

Today is the day I've been thinking of for more than a week. A frustrating wait makes it all the more exciting.

With sexual fetishism, the object is at the heart of desire. In some cases, attitudes and behaviours lead to turmoil or an emotion, which in turn gives birth to bliss. And as is often the case in life, pleasure lies in expectation and preparation.

This is part of the pleasure. Taking time. Slowly revealing more skin. I take off a layer to better put the other one on, the one I think about so often and that really turns me on. I sit down and pause. If you were here, you would probably want me to stop at this stage, but this is where it all begins.

For fetishists, sexual arousal is triggered by the sight, touch or smell of an object (sometimes one which hints at the softness of skin) or a specific body part. Some men are stimulated by lingerie, and role-play can be part of this development of arousal.

This black ball of cloth between my hands is the raw material. I stretch it, roll it between my fingers, and slide my toes inside. It's my first real thrill. The stocking brushes against my muscled calf, my fingers press against

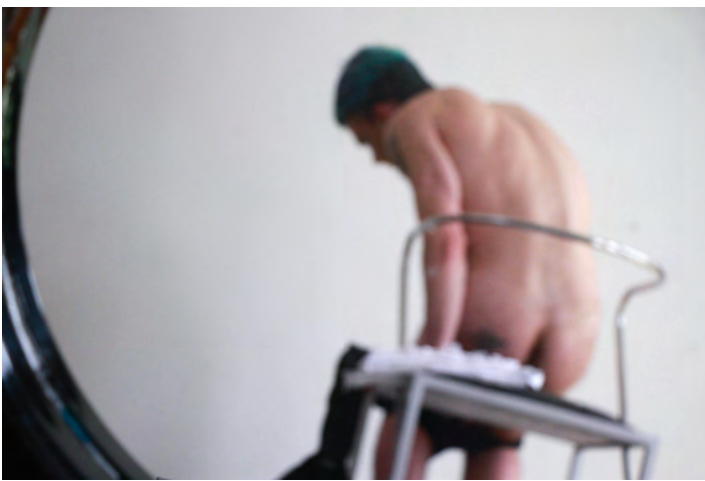
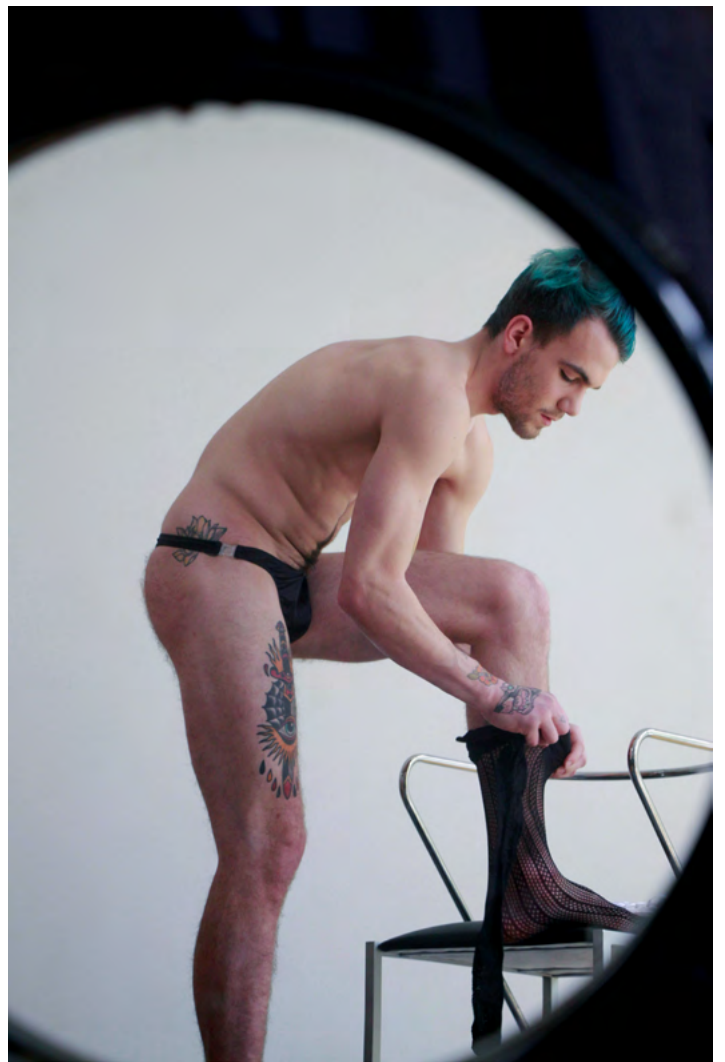
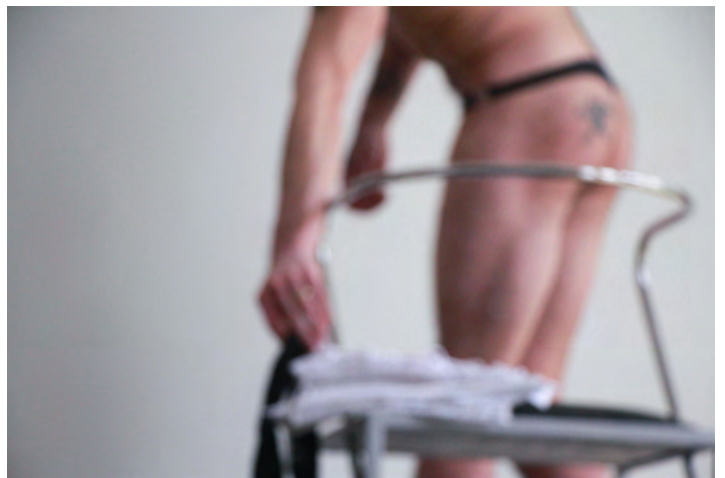
my thigh. I can imagine your hands pulling on those stockings, the heat of your fingers burning my skin between the holes of the stockings.

Fetishism allows me to address themes in my personal and artistic life such as identity, relationships, and sexuality. The way we relate to society, the outlook of the majority regarding minorities, and the tolerance of practices, preferences and tastes that are different are of great interest to me.

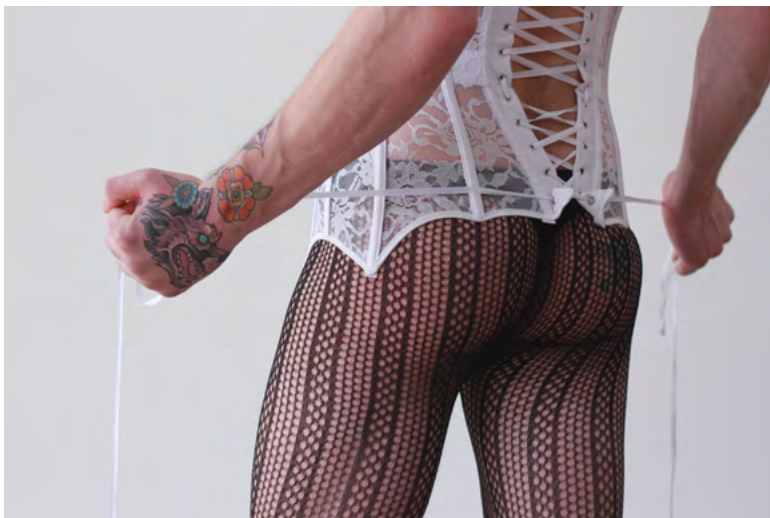
Some forms of fetishism are more widely accepted in certain communities, like leather fetishism in the gay community. One of the least accepted fetishes is the wearing of lingerie by men, probably because it puts identity and masculinity into question.

The corset unwinds like an accordion. For a brief moment, wings of lace sprout from each side of my body, the soft white lace folds back around my waist, the sensual fabric firmly holding my back and giving more volume to my chest. I'm waiting for you to pull on the white ribbons, engulfing me in my beloved prison.

In my artistic projects, I pay attention to body language, examining gestures, looks, actions and feelings. I like to scrutinise people and their relationships, with curiosity and sensitivity, alternately revealing moments of intimacy, vulnerability, support, tenderness and loneliness. Despite the familiarity of the situations represented in my work, a sense of otherness and ambiguity is maintained. This mystery draws the viewer into the heart of the scenario, one in which aesthetic aspects play an important role.

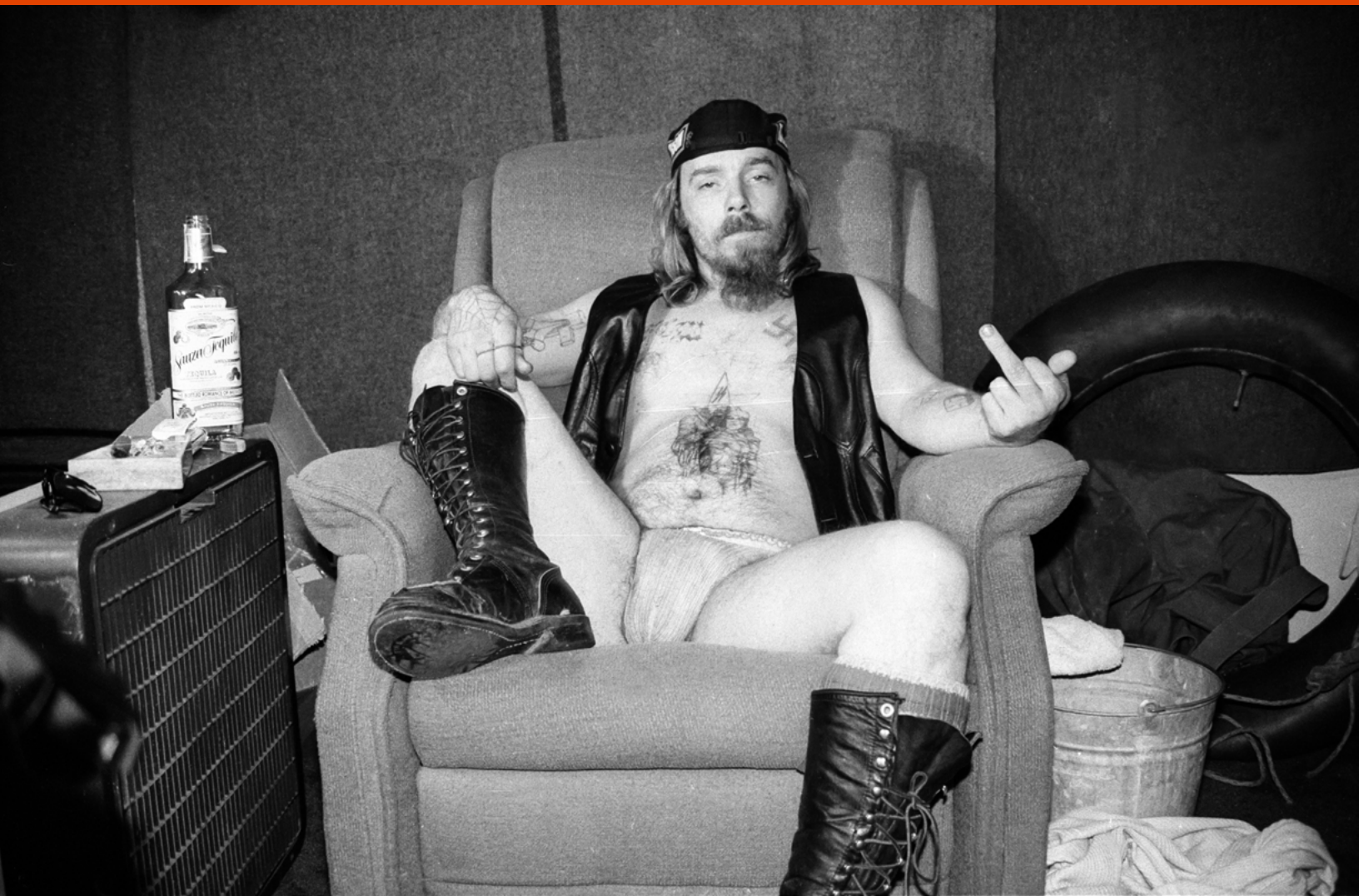












OUTLAWS

Jack Fritscher

Driving my red Ford F-100 pickup truck, I spied this insouciant outlaw walking down the shoulder of the road. So I pulled over and in the wide-screen movie-frame of my side-view mirror, I watched this ex-con member from a prison bike gang sidle slowly up to my window. It wasn't the first block he had been around as "gay for pay," so he was very affable and totally cool when I offered cash to shoot him. Having perfected his own biker style of long hair and beard and tattoos in order to survive with so-called Aryan gang protection in prison, he understood the emblematic power of fetish, and did not resist when I asked to "see

his tattoos" which was code for sex. Even with the Harley-Davidson cap, the vest and boots and dirty jockstrap, the principal fetish was his authentic outlaw attitude: his face, body, smell, and aura positively dripped dangerous "ex-con." Two days later he was back in jail. Three years later he rang my doorbell, and we finished the shoot. He asked me if I'd be his bitch.



In this photo, the camera angle itself is a basic fetish that shoots up from the feet turning the subject into an icon. For both straight and gay male sports fans idolising their larger-than-life athletic heroes on television while sitting on the couch wearing bits of sports gear, this photo of a predatory American fighting man is like a “Tarot Card of a Bully” conjuring the pertinent fetish fantasies of the sports fans who want to be, and be like, their vigorous gods to whom—even the

adoring straight fans—would kneel in worship, and grovel in humiliation, staring up at the Colossus in their minds. The mix of gear on the moustached, 6-5, and 240-pound blond beast includes: pro-wrestling nylon tights with aggressive American flag motif, leather power-lifter belt, fast-bag boxing gloves, wrestling helmet, and a bandolero of rubber straps harnessing the chest. And that nasty tongue...



In 1987, the popular fetish porn star Keith Ardent wrote to me, "I'm 6-4, 200 lbs, hung 8.5, thick, big, hot pierced tits on hard pecs. I'm versatile in everything I do: vanilla to S&M. Love FF, bondage, tit play! And to show off." So I cast him in my video feature, *Pec Stud in Black Rubber*." Having become friends during the shoot, he confided, "Before I die [of AIDS], my fantasy is to be on the cover of *Drummer* magazine." My heart leapt up. His was a special request I could respond to during the AIDS crisis. He wanted my camera to make him immortal. So I took him to a barn north of San Francisco

where, using "found" materials, I posed him with gas mask, rubber waders, muddy boots, tires, and fifty feet of industrial-drain tubing strategically placed for news stands. I framed the images spatially so that the title of *Drummer* could appear above his head, and the cover copy could stack on each side of his torso. Enthusiastic about the shoot, *Drummer* quickly invented a special "Rubberotica Fetish Issue" starring Keith on the cover, the interior pages, and centrefold where the eyes of international readers turned him into the fetish sex object that he wanted for his legacy: *Drummer* 118, July 1988.



When Mr. America, Chris Duffy, decided to irk the uptight bodybuilding establishment and come out into gay performance art, he came to my Palm Drive studio where, building erotically on his famous totemic physique, I wanted to turn him, in the language of fetish, into a human text message by layering several distinct fetishes onto his “Muscle Daddy” face and form so that the viewer might see that the specific “fetish for muscle” is really about that strength applied

as “sexual power” which is not just “stand and model” S&M, but, in fact, extends muscle domination through such interactive fetishes as displayed in his cold dominant gaze, unshaven face, hairy muscles, leather harness, goggles, whip, hammer, boots, and jockstrap hanging on a gym bench re-purposed as an Inquisition-like bondage rack.



In the Origin Story of Leather, years of fetish evolution inform this Tom of Finland-like photo. Moral taboo creates pop-culture totem, which expresses erotic fetish. The outlaw leather that the swaggering Marlon Brando wore in *The Wild One* (1953) was in fact safety gear for bikers whose lifestyle excited the libidos of masculine-identified gay men who desired the fraternity of the bikers, the blue-collar worker mystique, and the romance of the open road signified by the

horsepower of combustion engines roaring between their legs. Ten years after *The Wild One*, filmmaker Kenneth Anger—as my friend Tom of Finland was doing—shape-shifted the straight leather biker into the gay leatherman in his *Scorpio Rising*. After Stonewall in 1969, *Drummer* magazine made the Leatherman an international icon in its twenty-four years of 214 monthly issues read by millions of people worldwide.



Always mindful of the masturbating viewer of the finished photo as I frame my shots and direct the actors, I try to connect and scramble fetish choices because the viewer is the person who determines what the shot is about, and how it works, insofar as its inlaid form and content connect to his orgasm. Because my purpose is to aid masturbation, a fetish photo is a success if players into a dozen different fetishes can cum to it, each from his own point of view. The diverse fetishes here are: the “ginger” body “fur” and the “muscle” of the “bear”; the fireman’s yellow gear; the red pickup truck; and the black rubber boots spilling droplets into the open mouth of my

actor who happens to be the Colt model, Tom Howard. The difference between Jim French and me is that his Colt Studio puffs and powders his men into the shiny gloss of a lovely high glamour that says “Look. Don’t Touch!” But when his Colt models, like Tom Howard, Brutus, Dave Gold, and Mickey Squires, come to me, I rough them up and throw dirt on them. And they thank me. A Colt shoot makes them look like untouchable gods, and they complain that it’s hard for them to get laid. After I run them over, and re-conceptualise them with fetishes that suit, they look like the best kind of “available.”



It seems as if everyone's secret fetish is bondage, which fits into and complements almost every other fetish. In this homage to classic American literary fiction and to the genre of gay beefcake "calendar art" practiced by Bob Mizer at AMG and Jim French at Colt, this stressed "Mr. August," with ropes coiling round him, sizzles wet on the rough boards of a deck not unlike that to which the young Billy Budd, Herman Melville's iconic gay sailor, was dropped after he was hanged by Captain Claggart who killed Billy to choke his own queer

lust for Billy. The picture design is calculated on an angle of fetish in that the subject is more existentially tangled than tied, leaving the viewer open to the thrilling fantasy of hesitancy and masturbagenic anxiety that a person feels when he knows he is about to be tied, roped, shackled, or spreadeagled, with all his freedom taken away. Or is this Billy Budd simply basking in the afterglow of good fetish sex?



This photo is my perverid fetish homage to the gladiator movies I fell in love with when I was turning twenty and San Francisco's Steve Reeves exploded on the screen as Hercules in 1959, thus building the fetish-film box-office for the 1960s' sword-and-sandal epics starring oiled bodybuilders as mythological heroes and gladiators battling monsters, tyrants, and evil queens. Even though the movie lobby posters for Hercules were bursting with hetero sex appeal, a boy my age living in that puritan decade could immediately feel his dick decoding the subliminal gay sex worship inside the juicy artwork created by Lux Film in Italy and Warner Brothers in Hollywood. So

when the Blake Twins who claim to have been British Royal Marines came hustling to the US, I called their number in LA, and waved American dollars. To create this photo, I designed a direct fetish quote of the first Hercules poster, which displayed a shapely woman clinging to the thigh of Steve Reeves who was depicted many times larger than she. Taking my two Twincest video stars to a deep, muddy ravine, I directed Blue Blake into position on the thigh of Gage Blake. I figured, enough with decoding Hercules. My camera is a power tool and I used it to "out" what the fetish of gay gladiator worship and muscle lust looks and feels like.



L'[IN]SOU MIS

SHELT

De l'envie du modèle d'assumer, devant l'œil de l'artiste, un besoin d'exhibition presque animale, est née la série : "L'insoumis". Mais également dans une rencontre avec le désir du photographe de dépasser les limites de la photo de nu masculin académique, habituellement pratiqué.

Les ombres et les lumières s'affrontent... et à la mesure des liens et des cadrages qui se resserrent, le soumis et l'insoumis s'entremêlent, révélant une personnalité tourmentée, troublante, mais véritablement à "sa juste place".

Certes, indéniablement soumis... le corps entravé, privé de ses sens,

offert aux regards, orifices accessibles, réduit au statut d'homme-objet, l'esclave reste dans l'attente d'ordres inavoués, de fantasmes inassouvis.

Mais insoumis, plus encore... la tête relevée en signe de défi, le sexe refusant d'assumer sa pleine vigueur virile, réduit à un appendice futile et attaché, le batard prend un plaisir coupable dans l'attente de sentences désirées plus que redoutées.

Insoumis, sans aucun doute, pris dans l'intense émotion, si rare, de se trouver mis en valeur dans ce qui, pour beaucoup, ne seraient que scènes humiliantes.

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











The Rebellious

This series was born both from the model's desire to explore and expose his animalistic exhibitionism in front of the camera's lens, and the photographer's desire to escape the constraints of 'classical' male nude photography.

In the space between light and dark, the 'boy' finds his rightful place as the ropes tighten and bind.

Restrained and blindfolded, bereft of control and available to

everyone, the young sex-toy waits in anticipation - to be used to fulfil other's fantasies, and therefore his own.

Completely submissive, he still sits, head held high, proud of his status as a slave. His cock, untouched, fails to harden and reveal the full virile potency of youth, and yet the boy secretly relishes his impending punishment.

Rebellious, head-strong, begging to be broken; he is caught in the intense emotion of the scene, reveling in the fruition of his darkest desires...



STEEL PLEASURES

Ralph- Steelpleasures.co.uk - photos by Vincent Keith

I've always loved beautifully crafted things. Objects that are beautifully made, thoughtfully designed, balance and with some heft to them. My early childhood memories often revolve around items that held some intrinsic beauty. I don't remember toys so much, with the exception of Lego, but I do remember the knobs on my father's stereo, his pipe, a pair of stainless steel scissors, and the shape of the neighbour's Mercedes. Strangely, my love for photography probably started with a love of cameras and lenses before I was compelled to create images.

As I grew older, beautiful objects became my fetishes - fountain pens, watches, a flashlight, a pocketknife, and my first Braun calculator. I suppose I am a truly materialistic person, but not in the traditional meaning of that word. I am fascinated by and compelled by an object's essence, by the material. I would much rather hold a beautiful stone in my hands than think of something spiritual. It's never been about money or cost, though I have noticed that there is often a correlation between beautifully made things and cost. I've never understood the mania for making things lighter. Instead, I want them to be more

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



solid. When I sit down to a table for the first time and pick up the cutlery, I notice its heft and balance. I think my experience of the meal is impacted by the quality of the steel or silver I use to eat it.

My friends bought comic books and t-shirts and various toys as I grew up. I saved for a perfect Braun alarm clock with a green switch on top. They were interested in action figures and I was interested in Lamy. I am hugely selective about the things I use and what I have on my person. Just any cuff-links will not do, ditto glasses – and it's not about style or brands or showing off. It's simply that I look for beauty in ordinary things, in excellent design and quality.

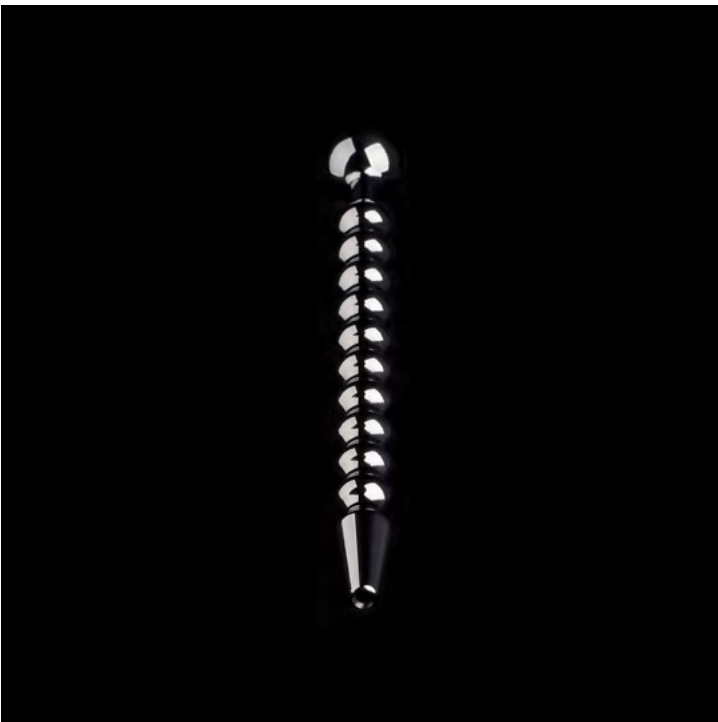
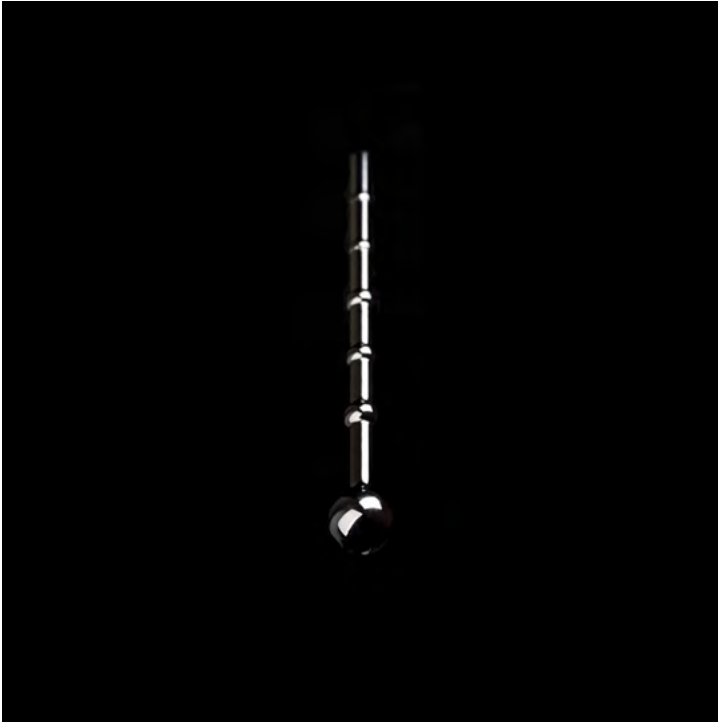
When I came across Steel Pleasures on the internet, I was amazed. Here were items that had that intrinsic beauty. They were endowed with a simplicity of form – uncluttered, useful and deliberately made to be. I wanted to photograph these objects, but contacting the owner of the business was nearly impossible. I finally got through and he kindly sent me a selection of his amazing 'sculptures' to photograph. They were stunning. They looked, and felt, far more beautiful than I had at first suspected. The fact that they were sex toys, and in some cases, for pretty extreme sex, wasn't what attracted me to them. Yes, they evoke a broad range of sentiments from horror to excitement, but they are only objects. An object capable of doing that must surely fit the definition of a fetish.





PINE CONE BUTT PLUG





STEELPLEASURES.CO.UK is an e-tailer based in the UK, dedicated to improving people's sex lives by providing them access to the best toys and sexual enhancement products available.

We strive to achieve this goal by supplying our customers with a comfortable shopping experience and products of superb design and craftsmanship. Our goal is to satisfy your needs for privacy and fantasy. We work hard to demonstrate our respect for our clients as healthy, intelligent, sexually adventurous adults.

The range includes penis & urethral plugs, ass stretching plugs, chastity devices, CBT instruments, cock rings, threaded plugs, stainless steel dildos and much much more. All of our products are made to the highest standards. We are a small and independent company who take pride in our work.

You can see the entire collection and buy online at:

www.steelpleasures.co.uk



BALANCE

Wayne Lewis

Give and take. Educate and learn. Dominate and submit.

I've been giving a lot of thought lately to the Campfire Rule, conceived by Dan Savage. The rule states that the more experienced partner should guide, nurture and educate the less experienced partner and leave them "in better shape than they found them."

Throw kink into the equation, and this rule becomes much more important, for many reasons. The more extreme the fetish, the more one should adhere to the Campfire Rule.

Fetishes should be dark, nasty and strong -- full of contrasts of textures, emotions and actions. They should also be fun and loving. I tried to convey all of that in this series.

You can see more of Wayne's work at Happydog63Photos.Wordpress.com







(L): RYAN & DON 0158
(R): RYAN & DON





(L): RYAN & DON 0395
(R): RYAN & DON 0243



ICONS

David Gray

Fetish is fantasy. I started this series of “Icons” several years ago as a celebration of masculine stereotypes. In my own lifetime, I have witnessed the steady progress of gay culture towards the mainstream. Much has been gained in this journey, but something has also been lost: the feeling of being part of a unique community is slowly diminishing. These photographs are infused with my nostalgia for these disappearing subcultures and the playful imagery that went with them.

You can see more of David’s work at www.yogabearstudio.com

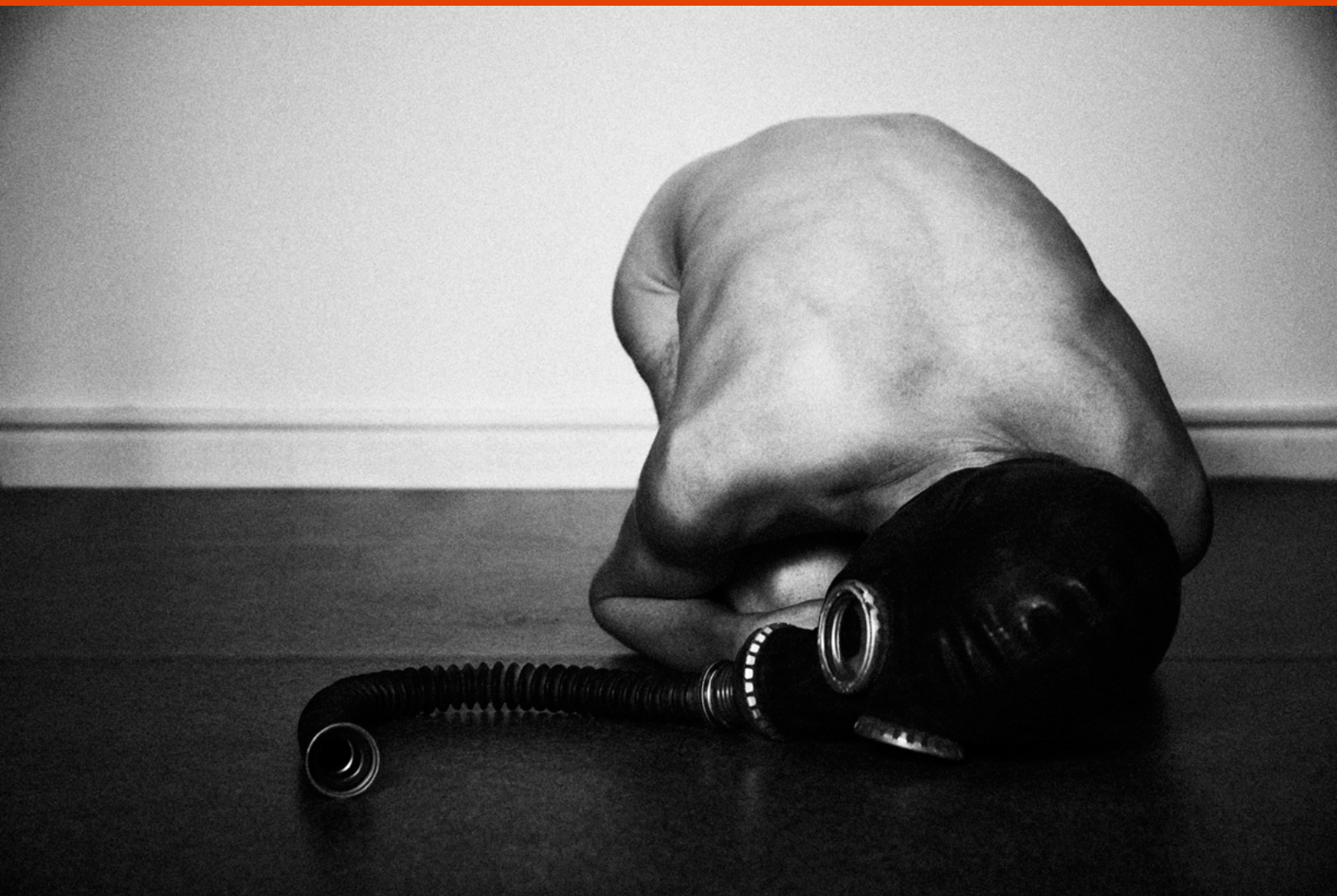












DAS UNHEIMLICHE

Chris Northey - aka Man Blu

Photography is my fetish; my heroin addiction. Within image making I can achieve satisfaction and temporary relief. I am always searching for that next hit; that next high... Yet I am constantly in search for that Ralph Eugene Meatyard moment which satisfies my yearning for the strange and uncanny, Das Unheimliche. Freud, in his essay on The Uncanny, describes it as being when the familiar becomes estranged, weird and sinister; saturated with morbid anxiety, silence and solitude.

Automatons, doppelgangers & dolls; doubts whether the animate is really alive, or whether a lifeless object might not be, in fact, animate - are all potential representations of The Uncanny.

"These pale youths are unheimliche and are brewing heaven knows what mischief."

The unsettling nature of these things fascinates and arouses me as an artist, and gives me a brief respite, till the cravings return...

You can see more of Chris's work at man-blu.com

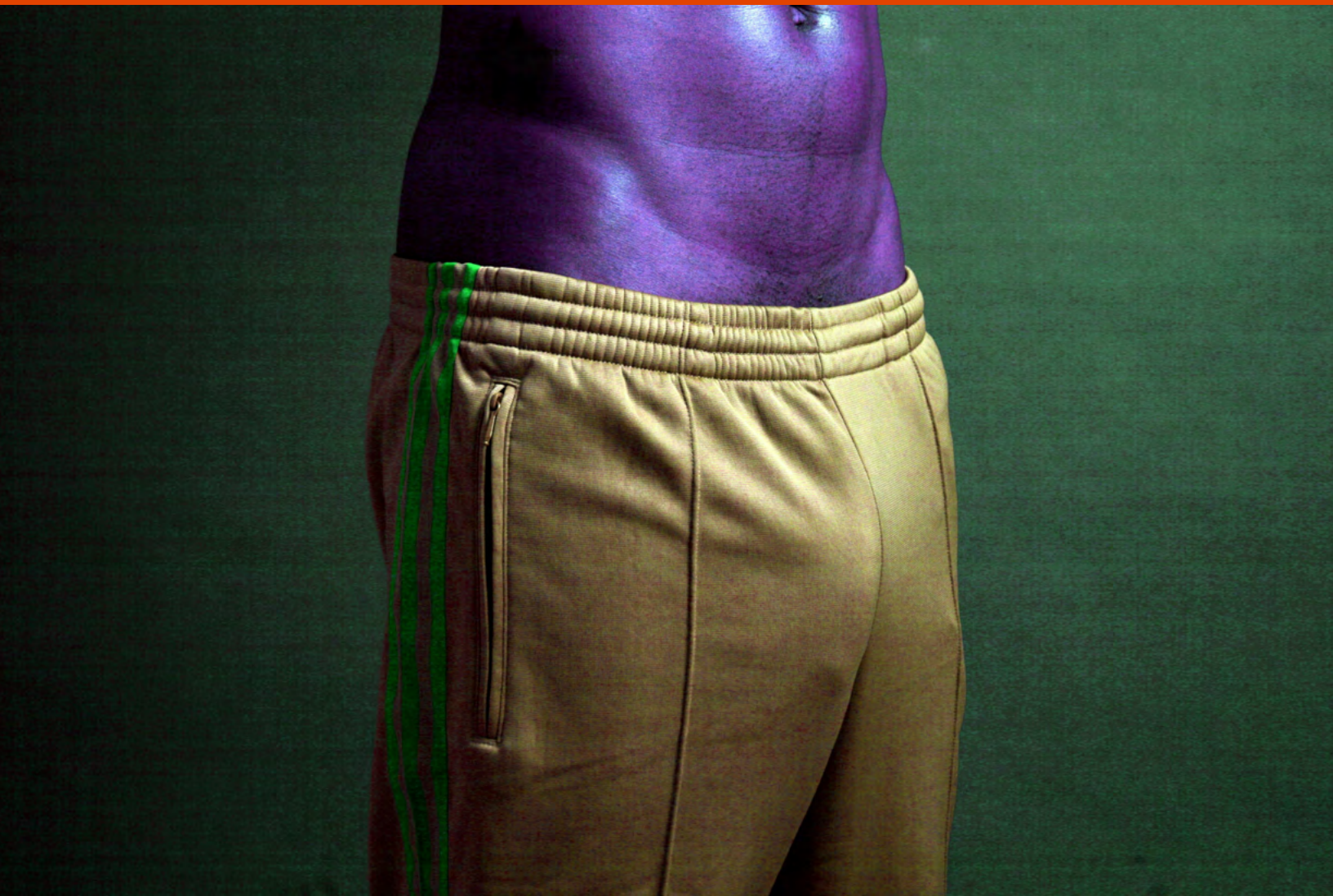












SPORTS WEAR

Daniel Marcel Schmude-Sterling

The human body - the varieties of shapes and sizes, the aesthetics, it's expressiveness, fascinates me. When I look at people in the street or on the train, I access their different characteristics, and imagine how I would photograph them. Everyone has an interesting story (which is suggested in body language); each human form has its own aesthetic beauty. The naked form allows me to take an honest look at a person. Stripped of clothes, what remains is the pure physical representation. Each line, contour, wrinkle and scar tells it's own story. I love the collaboration between the model and the artist, helping people express themselves through the images I create.

Playing with light, colours and shadows can bring out the hidden aesthetic features of people, which are often hidden or overlooked. It always fascinates me when my models rediscover or become aware of their own aesthetic in front of the camera. Identity and sexuality are subjects that fascinate me. My photography as visual storytelling; I have always sought to capture those who still struggle for a voice, for representation.

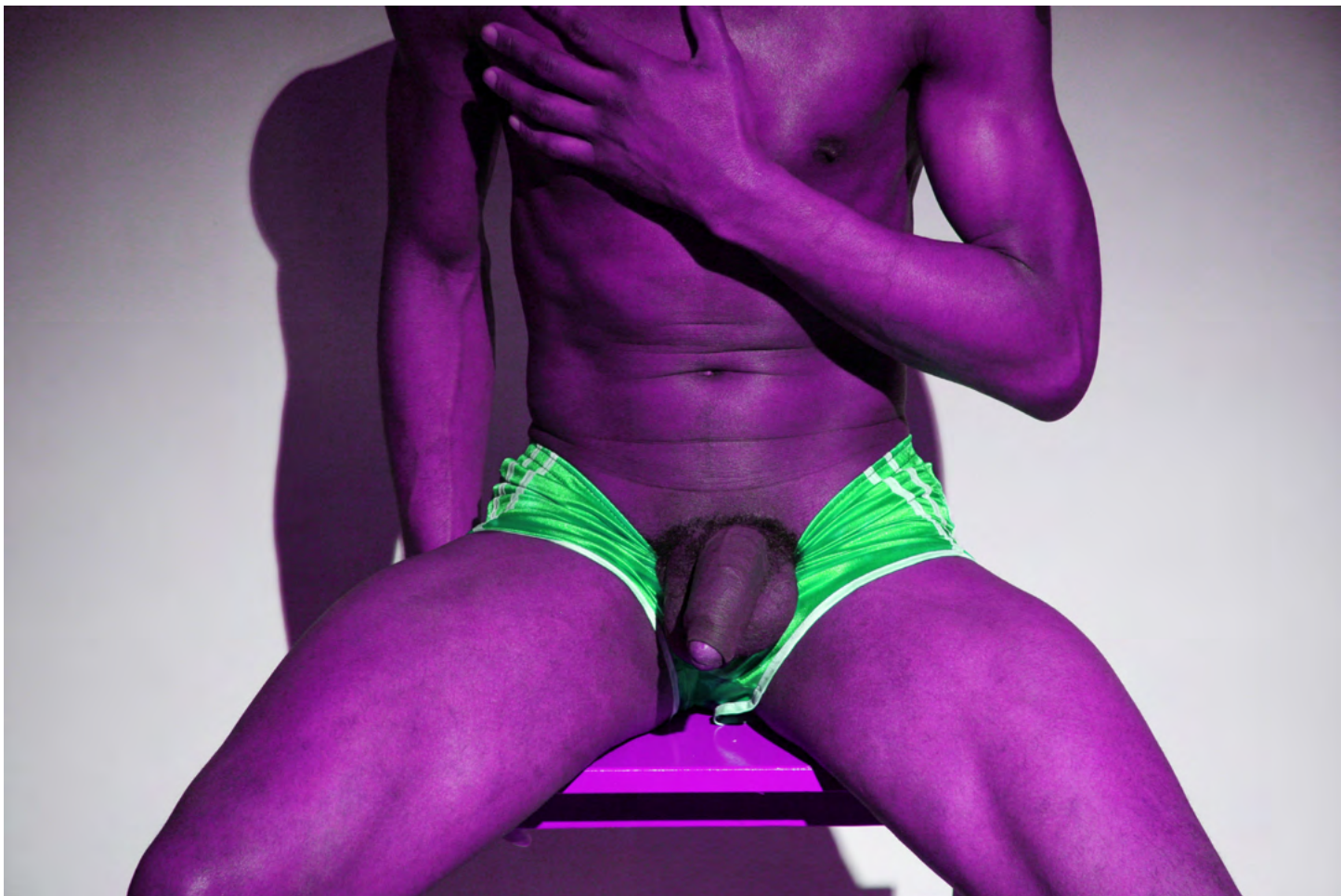
Photography is not about perfection - the imperfections are what make things interesting.

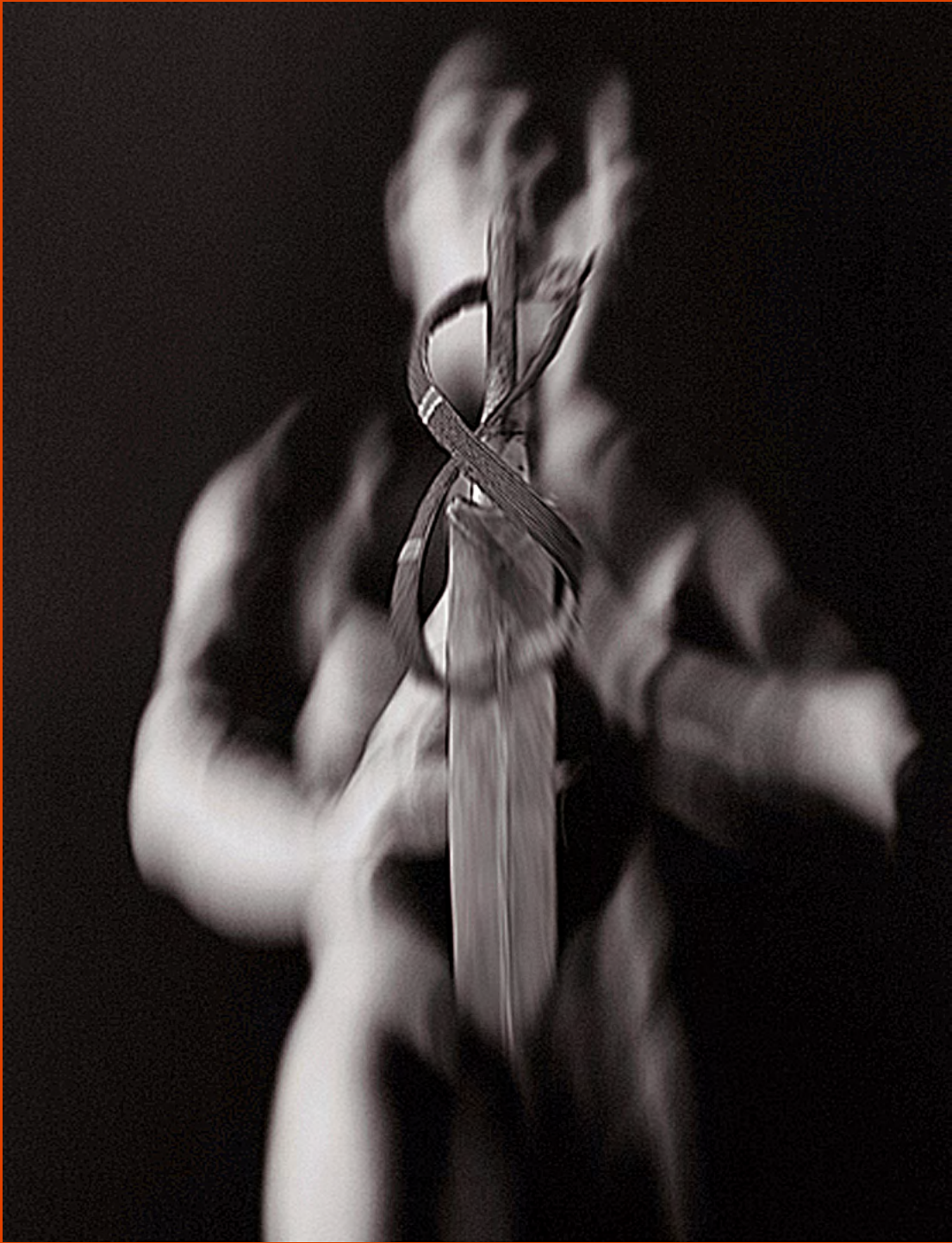












ETHNIK

Gil Plante

Monte sur moi comme une femme
Que je baiserais en gamin
Là, c'est cela. T'es à ta main?
Tandis que mon vît t'entre, lame

Dans du beurre, du moins ainsi
Je puis te baiser sur la bouche,
Te faire une langue farouche
Et cochonne, et si douce, aussi!

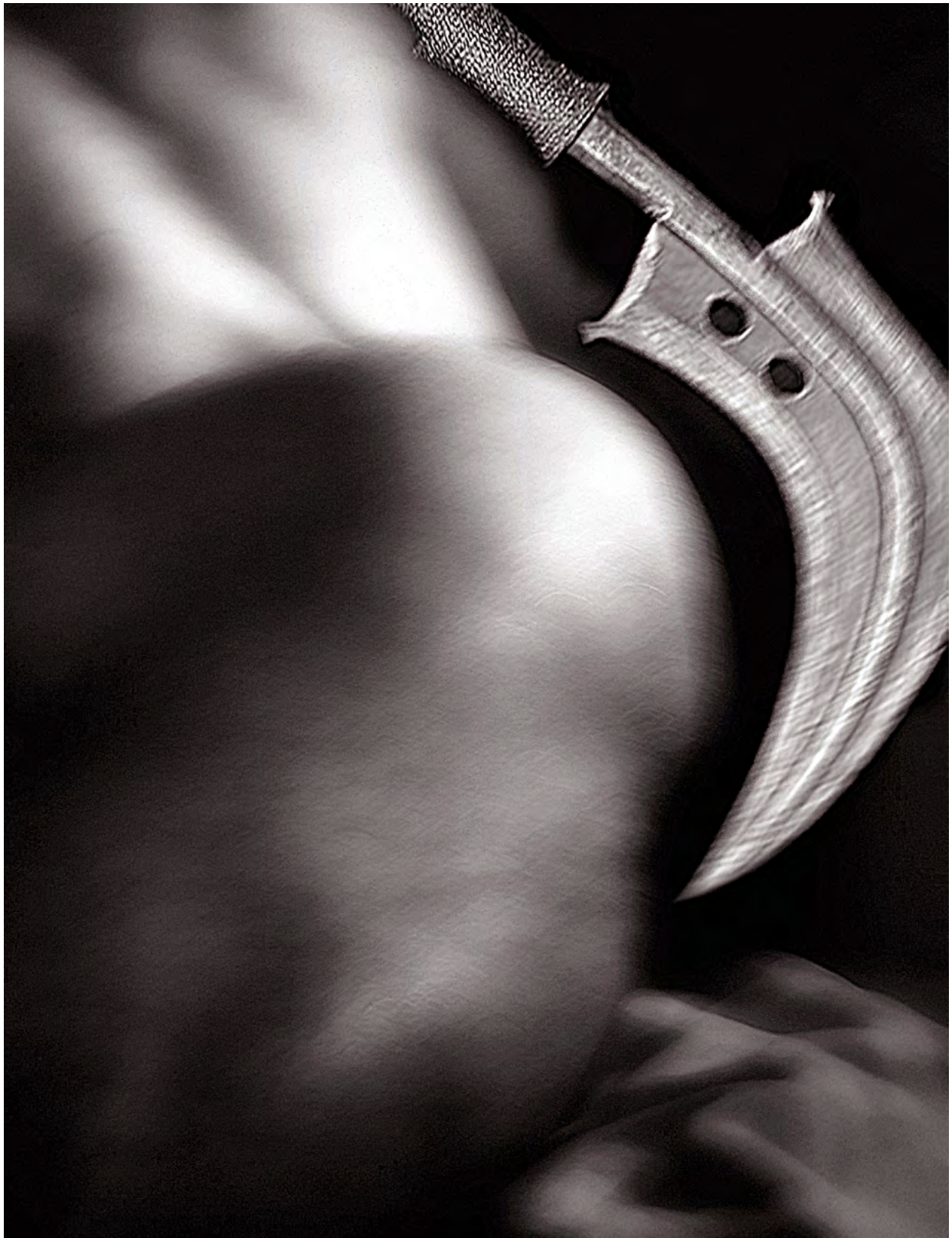
Je vois tes yeux auxquels je plonge
Les miens jusqu'au fond de ton cœur
D'où mon désir revient vainqueur
Dans une luxure de songe.

Je caresse le dos nerveux,
Les flancs ardents et frais, la nuque,
La double mignonne perruque
Des aisselles, et les cheveux!

Ton cul à cheval sur mes cuisses
Les pénètre de son doux poids
Pendant que s'ébat mon lourdois
Aux fins que tu te réjouisses,

Et tu te réjouis, petit,
Car voici que ta belle gourle
Jalouse aussi d'avoir son rôle,
Vite, vite, gonfle, grandit,







Raidit... Ciel! la goutte, la perle
 Avant-courrière vient briller
 Au méat rose : l'avalier,
 Moi, je le dois, puisque déferle

Le mien de flux, or c'est mon lot
 De faire tôt d'avoir aux lèvres
 Ton gland chéri tout lourd de fièvres
 Qu'il décharge en un royal flot.

Lait suprême, divin phosphore
 Sentant bon la fleur d'amandier,
 Où vient l'âpre soif mendier,
 La soif de toi qui me dévore

Mis il va, riche et généreux,
 Le don de ton adolescence,
 Communiant de ton essence,
 Tout mon être ivre d'être heureux.

Paul Verlaine







BEAR FUSS

Scott Hamilton

I've always been fascinated by the odd things that turn people on; earlobes, food in the beard, being strangled, etc.

Though the word "fetish" generally conjures-up images of leather, rubber and sexual extremes in darkened nightclubs I believe it is a far wider and diverse individual experience.

For me the sight of a guy going about his day in shorts and bare feet is what provokes a tingle the lower regions; from the guy throwing a frisbee around in the park to the decorator who didn't want to get

paint on his shoes, they're everywhere. No wonder summer is my favourite time of year!

The effect can be heightened with shorts that come down to the knees as they frame the sexiest part of the leg where the calf muscle bulges out, and being barefoot outdoors ("framing" my attention, this is not the usual place to go without shoes).

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











Wandering around town doing my 'streetschotts' (street photography) these surprising, delightful moments can occur in the most unexpected corners, resulting in me wandering further than I'd intended.

My staged portraits almost always feature the subject naked from the knees down. I'm not closeted about my fetish; anyone viewing my photographic work could quickly work it out! My Flickr collection has evolved and focuses in on this 'interest', connecting with others who share my fetish.

For this issue of *Masculine* I wanted to do some exclusive photography that showed various situations where, on the surface, it was of a non-sexual nature but with the viewer's attention being lead toward the subject's legs and feet. Hopefully, they are also pleasing compositions for anyone to enjoy.



KINK.COM

Vincent Keith

The San Francisco Armory, now a listed historical building, used to be the home of the National Guard. Built during the First World War, it was used until the middle of 1979 when it was abandoned for more commodious facilities. In its day it was a marvel. Suited out with modern lavatories, a swimming pool and library, it's builders were hoping to attract volunteers. The antique photos that line the walls speak of an innocence of character, brotherhood and youthful virility. Today, the Armory is home to kink.com, the world's largest producer of BDSM (bondage, domination, sadism and masochism) pornography.

The 250,000 squared foot facility can't be physically altered, as it's a listed building, but Kink.com have transformed it into a bewildering number of sets, art departments and storage lockers for their productions. With sites such as Public Disgrace, Bound Gang Bangs, The Training of O, Ultimate Surrender, Wired Pussy and Men in Pain, just to name a few, they produce video content, live shows and webcamming booths. This being San Francisco, they have also turned what was once a parading ground for cadets into a community centre and events space.

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



Kink.com conducts tours of the Armory, and this past December I went on one.

The tour began in what I would describe as a 'common room' or 'staff room' with institutional dining tables pushed towards the back and an array of old sofas. In one corner of the room there was a large coffee urn surrounded by Styrofoam cups. Next to it were three or four vending machines selling snacks and soft drinks. The room was tidy and photocopied signs around the room reminded it's users to clean up after themselves, to not do this or that and to remember the other. The lighting was dark, and the walls were hung with large fetish themed pornography art.

three gay bears and a few other less memorable people. Apparently all were porn addicts familiar with Kink.com's broad offering.

We took a huge and broad staircase down to the basement. The building's foundations were massive and gave a sense of weight and cold oppressiveness. We were in what was basically a bunker with broad hallways and rooms leading off of them. Images of WWII films came to mind. There was nothing that spoke of porn or sex and it was very quiet with the exception of our nervous laughter.

Odile spouted facts, and figures. She explained that the Armory worked on mostly a 9-to-5 schedule and that it was a great group of talented models and directors. As she spoke, she led us into the first of a series of dungeon rooms. There were hooks on the walls, bare floors, ropes and chains, and studio lighting precariously perched in tripods and lighting rigs. The rooms felt appropriately cold and uninviting. There was no smell other than the mustiness of the building. Once again, she took off her cardigan and then put it back on again. Just as if we had been presented with an important artefact, she told us about the room's uses, and named some of the Kink.com sites that used it. Hogtied, The Training of O, Bound Gang Bang, Male Bondage and so on. She rattled off the names with a sense of ennui, and then turned to the group to ask if we had any questions. We did not.



The tour was run by a thin brunette wearing tight jeans, and old t-shirt and a cardigan stretch completely out of its original shape. She introduced herself as our guide and explained there was no touching, and whilst we were welcome to take photos, we had to ask the subject's permission if we wanted to photograph a model. Above all, we needed to stray together as a group. Odile's voice was soft, and she consciously forced an authoritative timbre. She held her arm like a teenager might and avoided eye contact. She took off her cardigan and put it back on again several times. Her speech was hurried and posture uncomfortable. She held our attention, but seemed desperate to be anywhere but in front of us.

As we left the 'common room' we walked down a long hallway that was in keeping with the institutional nature of the building. On the walls were framed photographs of the Guardsmen from the early days of the Armory. They looked young, innocent and tragic. I wondered what they would think if they could see what went on in their building today.

We moved on. There were more rooms with ropes and chains and metal rings on the walls. There were cages and various other pieces of dungeon furniture, but for the most part, the rooms were bare. We realised later that there was a vast collection of props that were brought out depending on the nature of the shoot.



The group dynamics on a tour are familiar to me, but this group felt different. Perhaps because of the 'pervy' nature of our shared objective - sexual curiosity with complete strangers felt odd. There was the cowboy - boots and all, a pudgy Asian gamester in his black jeans and matching hoodie; there was the middle aged swinging couple,

Along the corridors we came across a series of themed rooms. There was a living room with furniture arranged around a TV and a Christmas Tree, there was a "saloon" style bar, a doctor's surgery, a padded cell, an interrogation room with desk, lamp and chair, and there was an abattoir.



In one room there was a mattress and an asbestos lowered ceiling with neon lights. Placed within the linoleum floor there were two cavities with metal coverings. One had a hole just large enough for a neck. Odile explained that “you put your head in the hole and the doors are closed either side and you are trapped there with your body above ground and head under ground. Helpless. She went on to explain “for some reason they love putting me in there”. A faint smile passed across her lips. She then pointed to the other cavity, which was used in the exact opposite way – the slave’s body was put below ground with only her head protruding above and locked in place.

of period furniture (from ancient Rome through heavy Victorian, to psychedelics 60’s and into the future). There were sexually capable robots too. The vast space was dark and gloomy, suggesting a weird museum collapsing under its own weight.

As we made our way down to corridor to the staircase, we passed two bright blue plastic 50-gallon drums. Odile happily explained that one had silicone based lube in it and the other water based lube, and that that the drums lasted about three weeks before they needed replacing. We climbed the stairs to a mezzanine observation area that looked down on the huge covered parade ground. It was the size of a football field with a wooden floor and industrial lighting. Apparently the venue is used by all sorts of local San Francisco organisations and charities because of its size and versatility. Presumably the boy scouts jamboree is under strict instructions not to explore the rest of building.



What surprised us was the tacky and fake nature of all the props and decorations. The walls were filthy, the furniture in poor condition and the bottles at the back of the bar were all painted plastic. It turns out that film sets don’t stand up to close scrutiny at all. The dream was well and truly shattered.

Odile then turned to us and announced we were going to head upstairs to the “Upper Floor”. The swinging middle-aged couple gasped with delight, turned to each other and said the words again. “The Upper Floor.” The stairs wound their way up in a grand display to the top of the building and as we approached the landing, we came upon several very large paintings depicting pornographic fetish scenes. One of them was gay. The landing opened onto a flush-carpeted hallway decked with portraits and statues along both sides. It was meant to give the impression of being in a huge Victorian mansion or estate. Deep reds, burgundies and dark greens with chandeliers and mahogany panelling.



Odile continued with the tour and asked if we had any questions. This is when the middle-aged swingers piped up and asked if they could have their picture taken with her. They looked like wholesome prairie folk with dowdy clothes, long hair and gold-rimmed glasses. They flirted with Odile and we all turned away. The skin crawling display of unwanted attention continued through the tour – their inhibitions wearing away as the time passed. We cringed. Odile took her cardigan off and put it back on again. She lost her train of thought and eventually gave up presenting the tour, opting instead to answer the questions that were now starting to flow.

We moved into a formal reception room with a fireplace and more pornographic art on the walls. There were also a few torture stands and discipline devices. Odile welcomed us to the Upper Floor, Kink.com’s special venue for formal gatherings, black tie dinners, cocktail parties and demonstrations. Kind.com models were the waiting staff and slaves at these gatherings and were extensively trained to perform their duties immaculately. Odile explained that “in her day” the events were very glamorous and exclusive, the rules very strict and the punishments severe – unlike today where slaves were basically allowed to get away with anything. She told us she was forced

We were shown into the dildo room, the whips room and the rope room. All of these intimate props were neatly arranged on the walls, held in place on wooden pegs or displayed on trestle tables. There was a mind-dizzying array of toys, strap-ons and instruments of punishment or torture. Questions were asked, and Odile was only too pleased to explain not only their uses but also when and how they had been used on her.

We walked on and came to a warehousing area that held thousands upon thousands of props. From barber chairs to roulette wheels, an Iron Maiden, bicycles, children’s furniture, lathes, cages, lamps, toy cars, pianos, gurneys, mannequins and all kinds



to memorise the slave's motto, but when one of the tour members asked her to recite it, her eyes glassed over, she took off her cardigan and eventually had to admit that she had forgotten it.

We finished the tour where we it began and were offered the opportunity to purchase some Kink.com memorabilia. Nobody took up the offer, and the group quickly dispersed. The tour had been revealing and interesting, but it left a strange aftertaste. The industrialised production of sex is something we are all familiar with, but to see it in its full expression was disconcerting - so much attention to surface and so little depth. The business was clearly about selling a fantasy - but it all felt so pedestrian and normal. Huge efforts were undertaken to give the enterprise a sense of mystique and posh elegance, but it was more like a fast food chain than a gourmet experience.

The most disturbing thing, though, was seeing how this industry had taken Odile, a young woman and turned her into a vapid and confused has-been. She regularly peppered her talk to us with references of being 'passed it', querying whether or not her career would continue and her hopes that she would still be in demand. It became clear that this huge bunker, bought for a song because of loopholes and planning issues, was a venue in which a great deal of sexual violence was perpetrated (mostly) against women for the titillation of viewers. Viewers who were no longer satisfied watching Pamela Anderson lookalikes in girl-on-girl porn. Yes, the female models were paid more, and yes the sets had padding on the floors and the toys were cleaned, but in the end it came down to an acceptable way of depicting sexual violence, using 'fetish' as a fig leaf to make it acceptable.



LAI D BARE

Michael Gordon

This particular project began as a series of nudes, using masks to hide the identity of the individual. Their bodies were the initial focus, however, the images became less about shape and form and more about the expression of personality and individuality, rooted in sexuality and the demonstration of masculinity.

The idea of fetish as a theme had not been mentioned by any of the participants before they came to the studio. However, as the shoots progressed with faces covered and a lack of identity, the subjects opened up to their sexuality and hidden exhibitionism.

This resulted in me discovering a high percentage of the models had fetishistic tendencies, which they were eager to reveal. One man claimed his “vanilla” relationship left him unable to express himself

fully and repeatedly asked that I pull on his balls really hard to “loosen them up” for the pictures. There was a palpable power exchange in the studio and his submissiveness came to the fore.

As the photographer I cannot deny the link between my work with the nude male and a fetishistic voyeurism and desire to be in control. Using this I am able to persuade models to lose themselves in the moment and explore their fetishistic tendencies.

Masculinity is at the core of each image whether the subject is overtly or classically masculine with muscled strong body and fur, or the lean unassuming male whose dominance is far more about character and personality.













FAIR TRADE

Tim Gerken

Stock cars, truck pulls, rodeos, and demolition derbies fill the infield with dust and testosterone. In the barns, farmer's sons tend to the chickens, pigs, and steers. Carnies and cowboys man their rides and the crowds cheer for more.

For one week during the summer, every county in New York State holds its own County Fair. Since moving to the Leather Stocking Region of NY in 2006, I have attended my own county's fair (Otsego) each year and visited eight other fairs including the New York State Fair. They are the highlight of summer.

The games and rides light the faces and the food. The dirt and sugar sit together on the Waffle Cake and a deep fried Oreo melts the tongue. There is beauty in the colour and the swagger of the young men that walk the midway. Shirts on or off, alone, in a group, or with their girl - maybe with a prize in her arms - each carries a confidence that only these fairs seem to bring out. It is this momentary freedom that I find attractive: even the little guy, swings the hammer and tries to ring the bell; the chubby kid smiles next to his prize-winning hog. There is a natural beauty to these men, what ever their age. They become part of the games they play, and I am obsessed with trying to capture that.

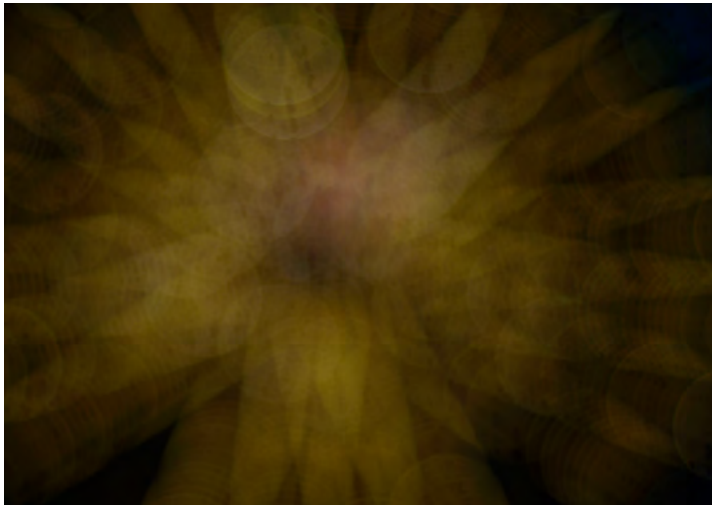
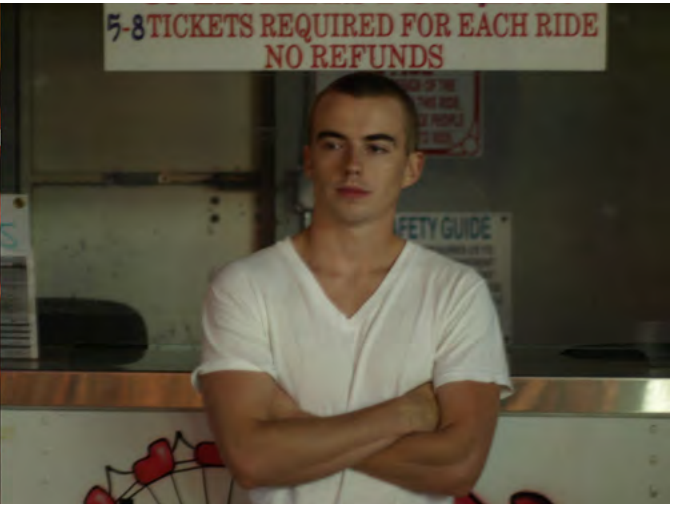
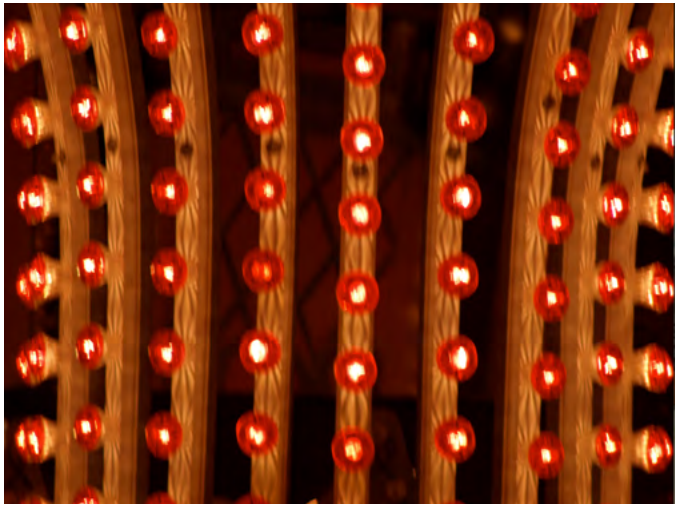
The book Fair Trade is available here:

<http://www.prestophoto.com/bookstore/119247-Fair-Trade-Photo-Book>

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









ARMOR

Ron Amato

The selection of photographs here are from my 'Armor' series. Michelangelo sculptures, Robert Mapplethorpe photographs and bondage videos provide inspiration for the series. On the surface the images portray the ecstasy of restraint. For the subject, the sensation of one's head being hooded while the body is exposed brings a particular sense of vulnerability and titillation. For the photographer, there is control and power. For the viewer, the experience is total voyeurism, not being seen while seeing.

On a deeper level, the series portrays the subjects' own idealisation of their bodies. Putting body forward before self, the body then becomes a kind of social armour. The fetishising of hyper-masculinity in the gay community has created social structures among some who value body above character and other personal attributes. For many, exposing one's body is less difficult than exposing one's self. The body becomes a shield to hide behind until safety is secured.

You can see more of Ron's work at: www.ronamato.com







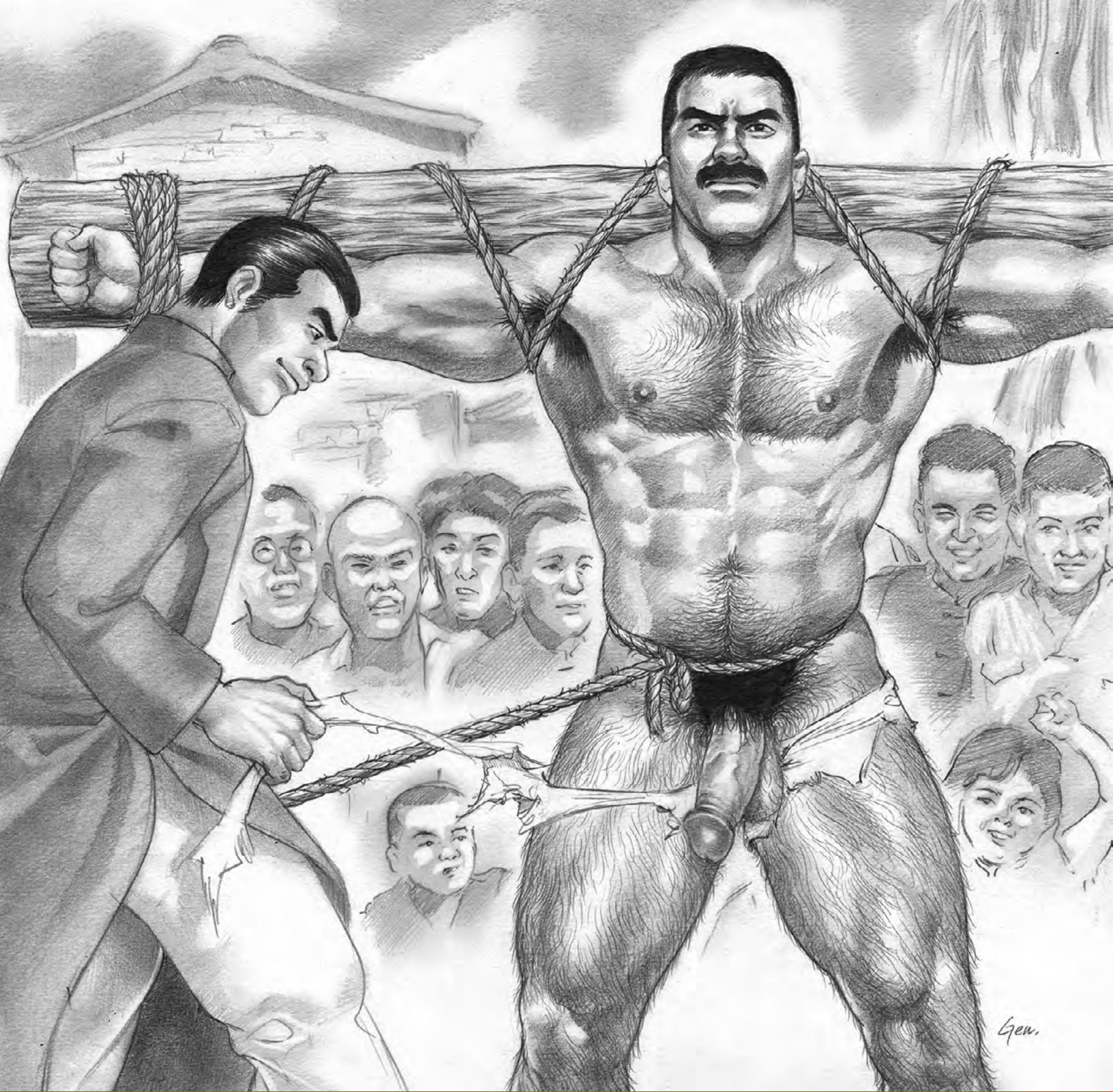




(T): ARMOR 6
(B): ARMOR 10







MY FETISH

Gengeroh Tagame

This image is an illustration for a Japanese vintage gay SM novel 'Chu-Chin-Cho' by Eikichi Adachi. It was serialised on Fuzoku-Kitan, and dealt with kinky sex in the pre-gay magazine era. My works are very influenced by this novel. This kind of public humiliation is one of my biggest fantasies. Unlike intimate sexual encounters, the scale of the relationship between sadism and masochism is magnified when placed in a very public arena.

日本でゲイ雑誌が誕生する以前にあった、さまざまな「変態」を取り扱った雑誌『風俗綺譚』に連載された、芦立鋭吉の『朱金昭』という、日本のヴィンテージ・ゲイSM小説の挿絵。私の作品は同作から深く影響を受けている。この種の「公衆の面前での辱め」は、私にとって大きなファンタジーの一つである。なぜならこの種の状況下では、SM的な関係性が密室でのプレイとは異なり、個人対個人から個人対社会へとスケールアップするからだ。

You can see more of Tagame's work at: www.tagame.org



Doctored Cards

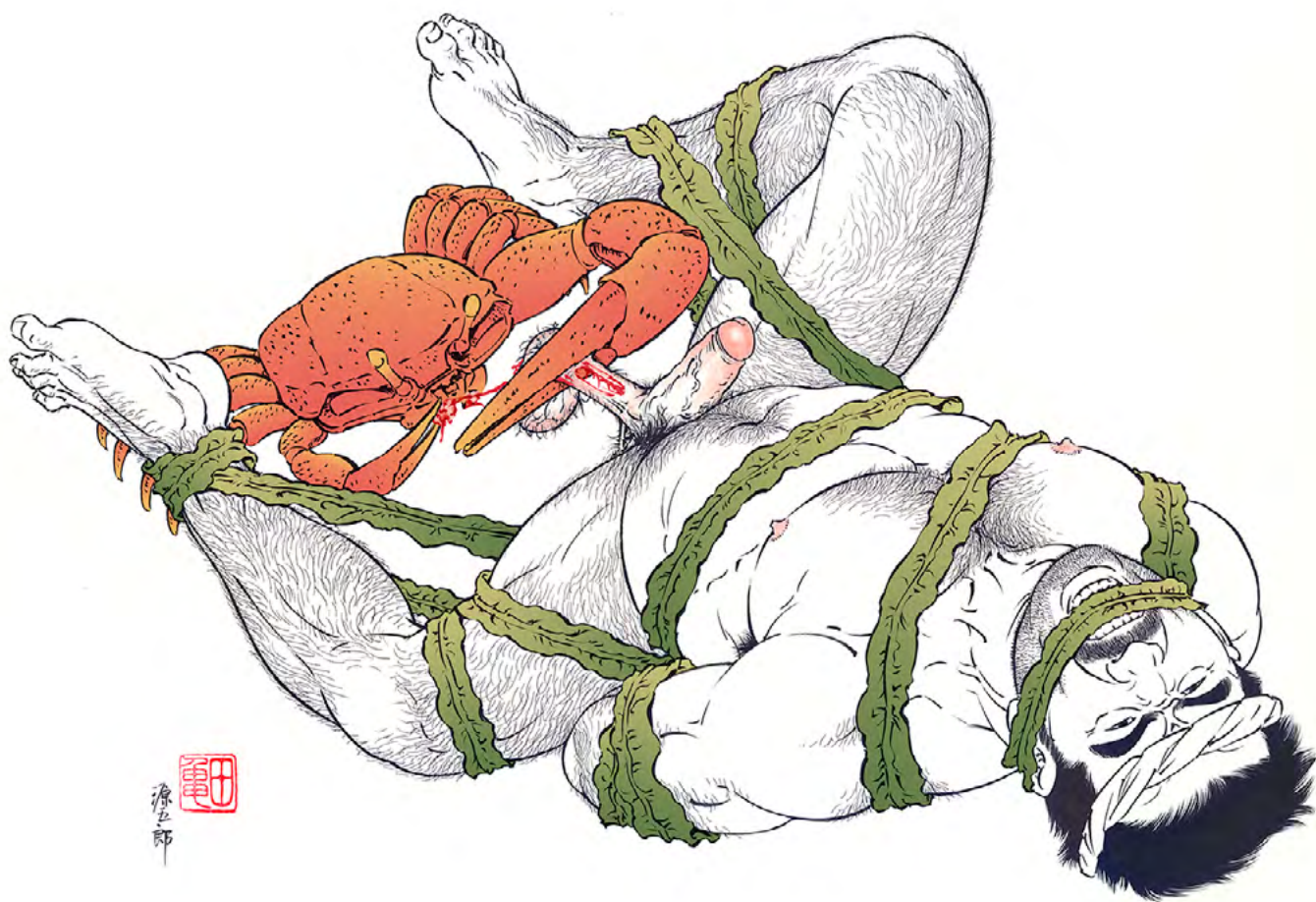
I love tattoos, but they require a huge amount of time and effort, so I don't draw them often. This is very classical Japanese tattoo, so I used only two colours, blue and red, to paint it.

時間と手間がかかるので、あまり描かないが、刺青は好きだ。この絵の刺青は日本の古典的なものなので、色は青と赤の二色しか使っていない。



I love Fundoshi (the Japanese traditional loincloth), especially the Rokushaku-Fundoshi which I find very erotic. So I often draw images where the Fundoshi is not completely untied...

褌が好きだ。特に六尺褌はとてもエロティックだと思う。だから私はしばしばこういう感じの、褌が完全に解かれていない状態の絵を描く。



I don't have so big obsession with castration, but I do draw it sometimes. Because the victims in my SM fantasies are usually very masculine guys, I think castration is one of the most extreme punishments.

去勢に対するファンタジーはそんなには大きくはないが、それでも私は時折それを描く。何故ならば私のSM作品の主人公は、主にとっても「男らしい男」なので、そんな主人公にとって「去勢される」ということは、究極の恥辱であり最大の責め苦でもあるからだ。



This drawing illustrates many of my fetishes. First, pre-modern Japanese culture; I love the fashion, the hairstyles and the many other customs that have vanished in modern Japan. Secondly, rope bondage; I love to draw it, and I also love to think how to tie it. On the other hand, I don't really like over elaborate decorative or elaborate styles, like knitting or lace making. Simple but effective - that is the appeal of rope bondage for me. Third, Fundoshi; Rokusyaku-Fundoshi is made by only one cloth. When it is tightened up, it's fascinating, but when it is loosened, it's very sexy too. And the loosened Fundoshi produces interesting forms and drapes beautifully. I love drawing them. Finally, wounds and bruises; these cruel love-bites always make me horny.

この絵には私の複数のフェティシズムが含まれている。まず、近代以前の日本の風俗。今では見られなくなった、近代以前のファッションや髪形やその他の文化が、私は好きだ。次に、縄と縛り。私は縛り絵を描くのが好きだし、縛り方を考えるのも好きだ。しかし、まるで編み物かレース細工みたいな、懲りすぎた縛り方は好きじゃない。私にとって縄による縛りの魅力とは、極めてシンプルであるにも関わらず、被虐者の身動きを封じることができるということにある。三つめに、褌。六尺褌は一本の布だ。それをきりりと締め込んだ姿は魅力的だし、緩められ解かれかけた姿もセクシーだ。そして解けかけの褌は、とても興味深い形や美しいドレープを見せるので、そんな様子を描くのも好きだ。最後は、傷や痣。私を欲情させる、残酷なキスマークだ。



Humiliation and shame are very effective spices for my SM stories. This drawing is from a scene where a college baseball hunk is kidnapped and trained as a 'maso' slave, with his abuse witnessed by his teammates. This is much more embarrassing than being used and humiliated in front of strangers.

羞恥責めはSMストーリーにおける大きなスパイスの一つだ。この絵は、大学球児が誘拐されマゾ奴隷として調教され、その成果をチームメイトに見られるという場面だ。同じ不様な姿を晒すのでも、見知らぬ他人より友人に見られた方が、羞恥心はずっと大きいはずだ。



WHITE BRIEFS

Charles Thomas Rogers

One thing I have learned, in exploring my own fetishes, and those of others, is that they're like fingerprints: no two people's fetishes are identical in their contours. I can only meaningfully discuss my own. Mine appeared fully formed, before I was sexual in any other capacity, and has mostly remained unchanged. I could speculate on what it means but it's been with me for too long to ever know for sure.

Anyone who knows my work will have no trouble guessing the broad strokes of my primary fetish: I am disproportionately aroused by men in white briefs. Discovering that a person wears the right underwear can absolutely heighten my attraction to him, in a way that might seem inexplicable to an outsider viewing my behavior. The discovery that a person never wears the right underwear can absolutely dampen my attraction. Many a guy has tried to impress me with boxer briefs, or

briefs that aren't white, or even ones of the wrong style, and has been met with an indifference on my part that must have been confusing. It is a fetish, it defies reason, but there are rules.

I describe what I like as "classic," but this isn't entirely true. I'm less amused by some older (and therefore more "classic") styles, such as the y-fronts used by Jockey, or the overly full cuts that were popular in the 60's. That said, I'm also unmoved by the more recent trend to make them "sexier" with skimpier and skimpier cuts, or to buy into some notion of status by turning the waistbands into stitched billboards. There's nothing objective or empiric about it.

It's a fetish, and almost by definition can only evolve at a glacial pace, if at all.

You can see more of Charlie's work at www.charlesthomasrogers.com







Fetish aside, I believe that underwear serves an erotic purpose or two. It can be more subtle, but more importantly, it can delay gratification, acting as a form of visual foreplay. There certainly is something to be said for being made to wait. So in the spirit of the delayed gratification, the extending of mystery, I can be aroused by seeing just the hint of what it is I ultimately want, a waistband, a brief line through pants. There's an excitement there: will they prove to be the right style of underwear, and will I find out?

Ultimately, white briefs represent a masculine ideal for me. I was sold on the notion that men hang around in their underwear at their most casual and vulnerable, and I am a voyeur; that casual vulnerability is

what I want to witness. Boxers hide too much and are not flattering, as does the color black. Their descendant, the boxer brief, inherited one major flaw - the boxy shape doesn't follow the male form. Newer styles feel to me like they're trying too hard. What I am trying to present here is at the essence of my fetish: men in their underwear, who might not be so comfortable if they knew you were watching, or so at ease that they just don't care.







BRINGING THE DARKNES TO LIGHT

Wayne Lewis

Now I know what National Geographic photographers must feel like. But instead of traveling the world and capturing images of exotic cultures and religions in far-off locales, I have spent the last three years chronicling a tribe of merry 'kinksters' in my own back yard.

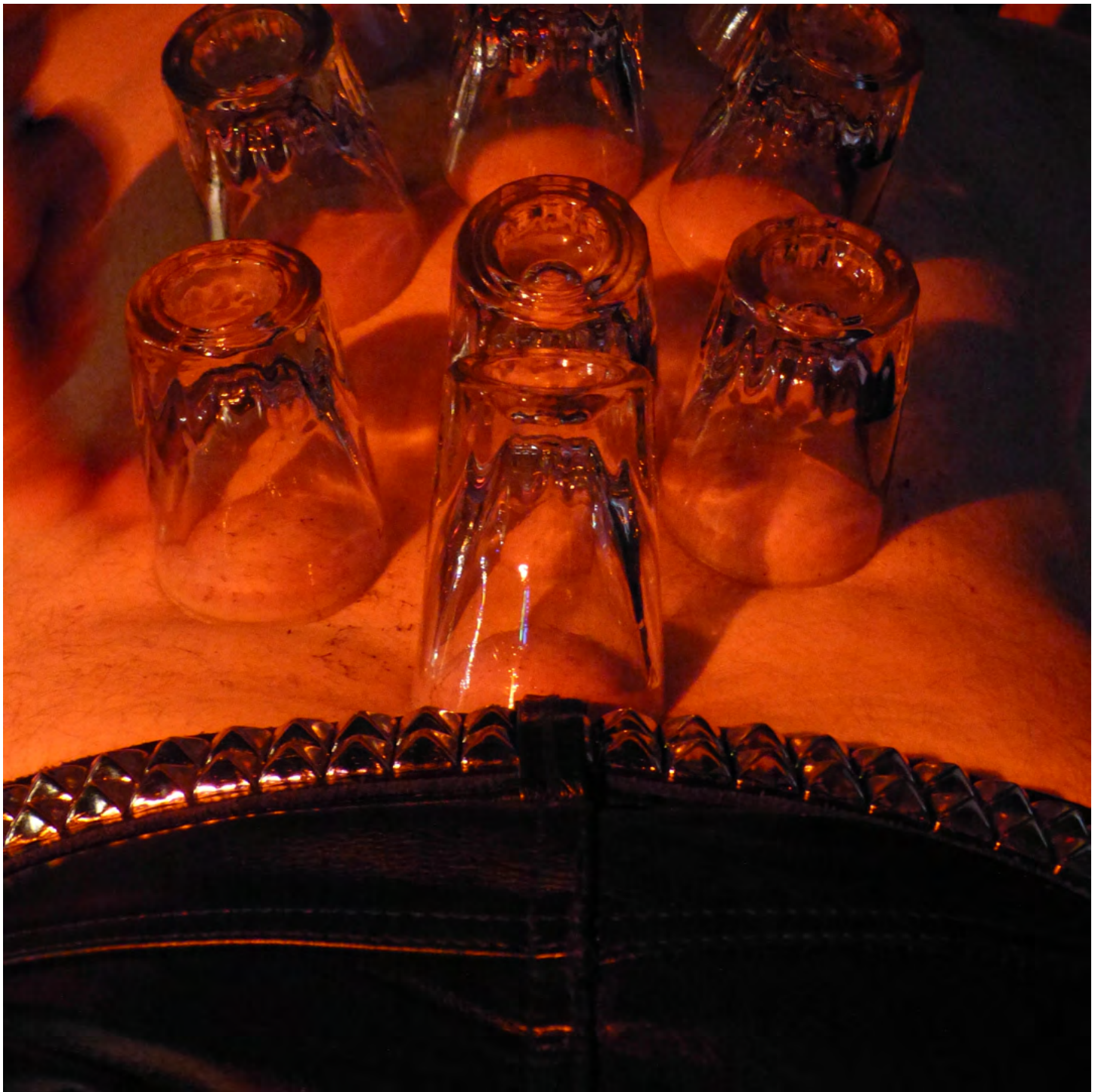
Each year this group throw a fetish ball, a gathering that is at times humorous and loving, and at other times intense, extreme, otherworldly and cathartic. However, at all times, it is sensual.

We all have our fetishes, lord knows I do. But most of us practice them in secret - in dark bedrooms or play spaces - away from the watchful gazes of "normal" society. But this tribe share their very private kinks and desires, and put them on display. It is frankly a mind-fuck. And it is wearing off on me.

In a way, it's the process of coming out all over again. Baby steps. Bringing the darkness to light.

You can see more of Wayne's work at Happydog63Photos.Wordpress.com













ARTBODYDANCING

My work explores the intersection of the sacred and the psychological in the positive and negative space of different mediums. Because it is impossible to grasp the sacred and the psyche directly, I approach these themes through the depiction of the human figure, with fragmented detail features. The sacred, psyche, and body all fascinates and yet also frightens us. For me, photography, collage, and painting are ways to handle a sword without getting cut. The images are bold, without hesitation, in movement and line. The saturation of hues pulls together the emotional drawstrings of the composition without closing off an exit route.

You can see more of Artbodydancing's work on his [Tumblr](https://www.tumblr.com/artbodydancing) page or at www.artboydancing.com













FETISH

Carmelo Blázquez

1 He pasado mi infancia en un pequeño pueblo del sur de España. El primer fetiche que recuerdo era la imagen a tamaño natural, de Jesucristo, sudoroso, ensangrentado, con cada músculo de su cuerpo marcado, y en tensión. Con el rostro congestionado en una mueca entre el éxtasis y la agonía. En un mundo conservador, en el que el desnudo era un tabú, cada domingo podías sentarte una hora frente a aquel cuerpo crucificado, y perfecto.

2 En mi mundo andaluz, del sur de España, a tan solo unos kilómetros de

Sevilla, al lado de Écija, el siguiente fetiche de mi vida vino del mundo de los Toros: los toreros...su ropa ajustada y llamativa, hombres atléticos con medias rosas en sus piernas y pantalones que marcaban un exagerado y paquete. La belleza del héroe, la tragedia de la muerte. La lucha entre el toro y el hombre, entre Teseo y el Minotauro.

3 Cuando era un niño pequeño de 5 o 6 años, un día, en un descuido de mi madre, me perdí en una playa. Cuando lloraba, fui encontrado por un marinero, que me abrazado contra su pecho, entre sus fuertes

You can see more of Wim's work at carmeloblazquezjimenezportfolio.blogspot.com.es







brazos, me llevó por toda la playa en busca de mi madre. Yo, contra su pecho, podía sentir su olor a sudor y a sal. El mundo de los recuerdos de un niño puede ser confuso y se mueve entre la fantasía y la realidad. En mi adolescencia siempre que recordaba aquel lejano episodio, uno de mis primeros recuerdos, el marinero siempre tenía la cara de Querelle de Brest, el Brad Davis de la película de Fassbinder inspirada en el libro de Jean Genet...con aquellos sugerentes dibujos de Cocteau... Mi tercer fetiche...los marineros...y los uniformes.

4 En transformar los uniformes en fetiche, también ayudó mi descubrimiento de Tom of Finland . Aquellos hombres impresionantes, masculinos, duros, estereotipos del hombre deseado, con sus pantalones ajustados y sus penes descomunales.

Los trabajos que os mando están relacionados con estos cuatro aspectos:

1 SACRIFICIO (Modelo: David Roca)

2 MATADOR (Modelos: Jesús Lucía y Maikol Cabello)

3 MARINEROS (Modelos: Jesús Lucía y Maikol Cabello)

4 TOM OF FINLAND (Modelos: Jesús Lucía y Maikol Cabello)

1 I spent my childhood in a small town in southern Spain . The first fetish I remember having was for the life-size image of Jesus Christ, sweaty, bloody, with every muscle in his body visible, and under stress. With his red face in a grimace between ecstasy and agony. In that conservative

environment, where nudity was a taboo , every Sunday you could sit for an hour in front that crucified and perfect body .

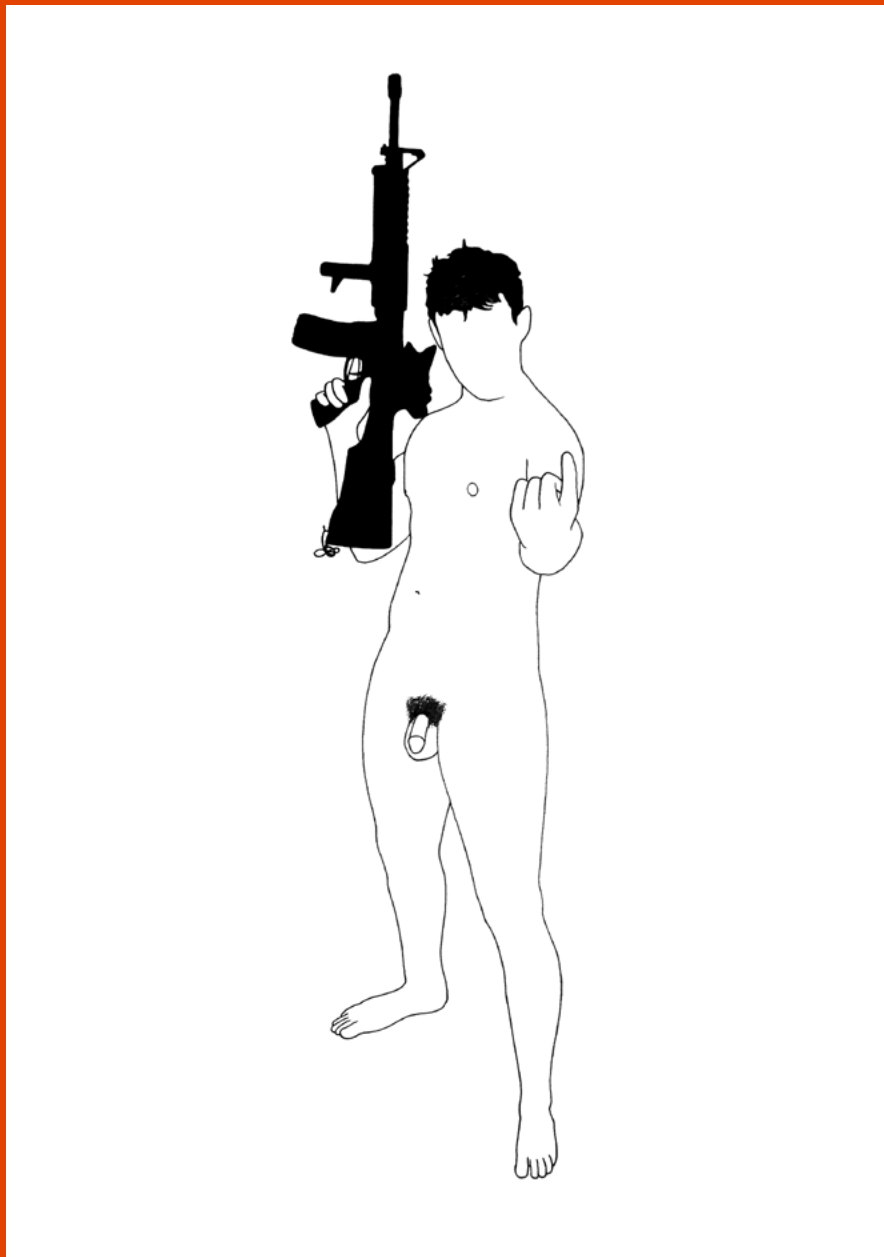
2 The next fetish in my life came from the world of bulls in Andalusia, in southern Spain , just a few kilometres from Seville , near Ecija: bullfighters ... Their tight and flashy clothes , athletic men in stockings roses on their legs and pants that outlined and exaggerated their "packages". The beauty of the hero, the tragedy of death. The fight between the bull and man, between Theseus and the Minotaur.

3 When I was a little boy, 5 or 6 years old , one day, owing to my mother's neglect, I got lost on a beach. I began to cry, and was found by a sailor, who hugged me to his chest. Holding me in his strong arms , he carried me around the beach looking for my mother. Against his chest , I could feel and smell his salty sweat. A child's memories can be a confusing world that moves between fantasy and reality. As I grew into my teens, I always remembered that distant episode, one of my earliest memories, and I always pictured the sailor's face as that of Querelle of Brest, Brad Davis in the Fassbinder film based on the book by Jean Genet ... with those evocative drawings by Cocteau ... my third fetish is sailors ... and uniforms.

4 As I transformed uniforms into a fetish, I also came to know the work of Tom of Finland . Those impressive , masculine, tough men , stereotypically desirable, with their tight jeans and oversized penises.







BOYS AND GUNS

Francisco Hurtz

A figura do homem é uma construção social. O modelo de masculinidade é passado há gerações por em pequenos rituais cotidianos que, na maioria das vezes, passam despercebidos – afirma Francisco Hurtz.

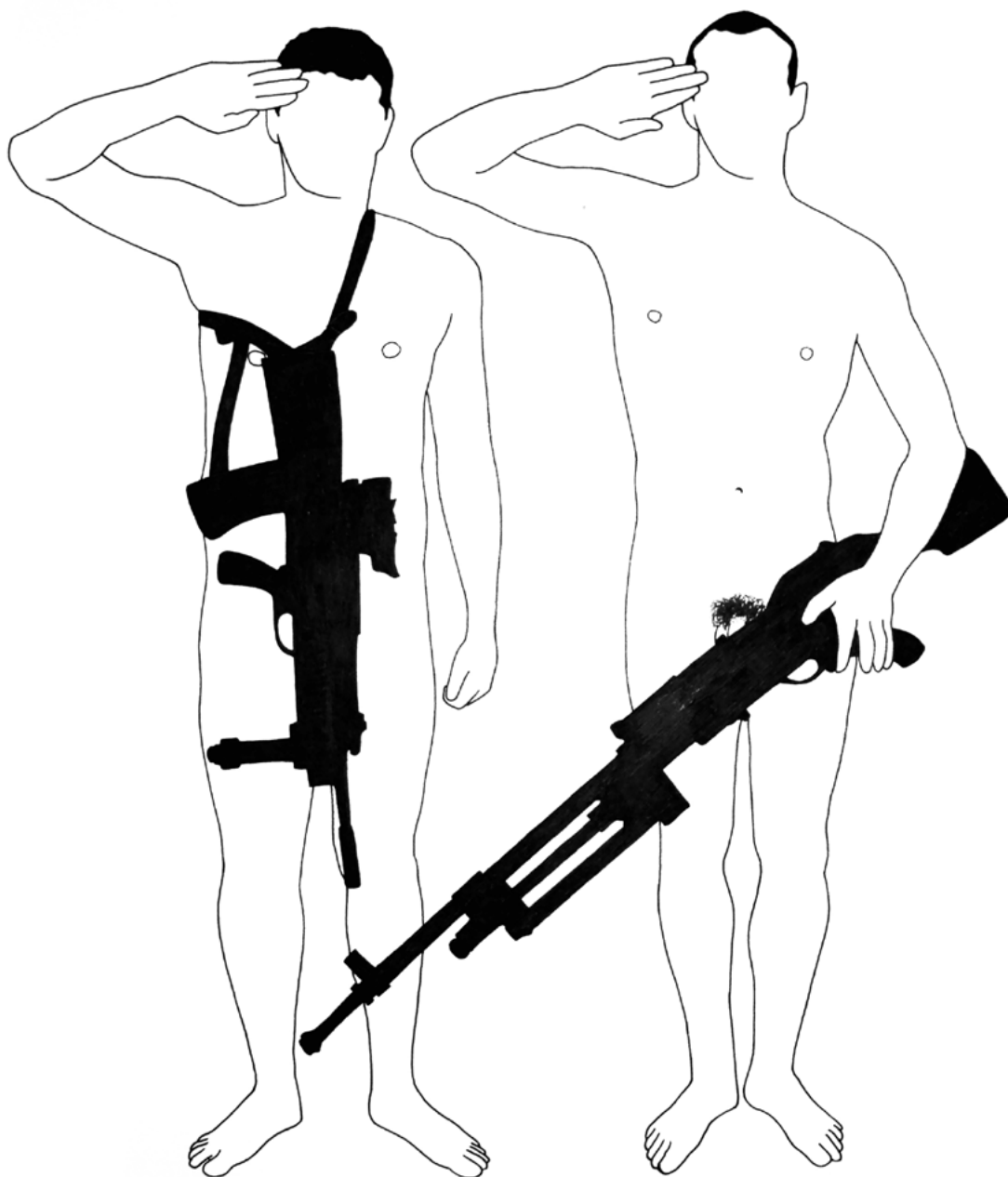
Desde o nascimento os homens são imersos num mundo diferente do mundo das mulheres. Esse mundo tem suas próprias regras, códigos e conduta. Cumprir de maneira clara as regras da masculinidade faz com que o sujeito seja aceito dentro do padrão social comum de masculinidade; a não aceitação, questionamento ou quebra de comportamento é logo identificada e reprimida. A masculinidade é um território e o não pertencimento a esse ‘lugar’ cria a figura do homem estranho – o estrangeiro que não fala a mesma língua - que logo será expulso ou jogado à margem desse território.

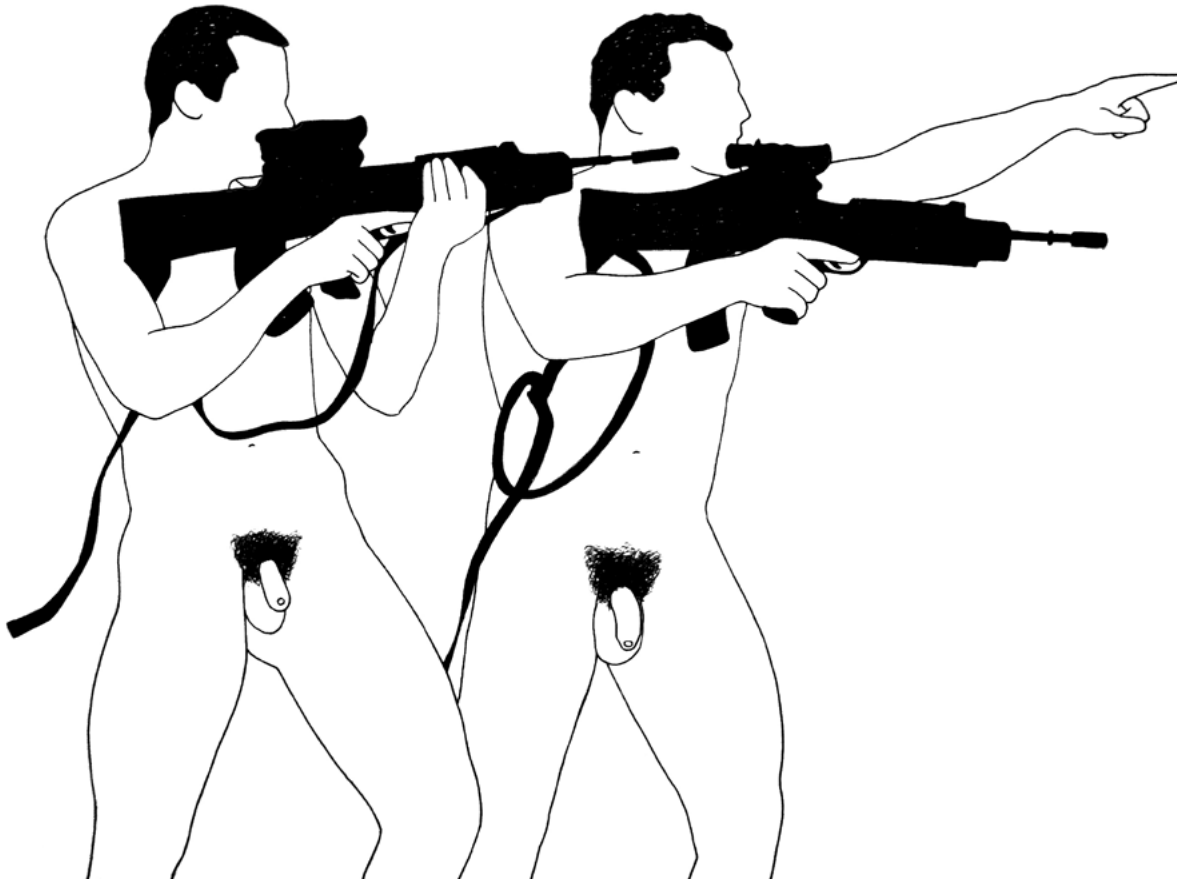
A identidade social masculina é legitimada pela aprovação pelo olhar dos outros, homens e mulheres. O cumprimento dos códigos de

conduta comuns à masculinidade leva à sensação de pertencimento e à factual aceitação do grupo. A afirmação de poder físico, sexual, intelectual e financeiro são expedientes comuns nessa experiência social. O simples convívio com a sociedade machista leva os meninos a participarem dessa tradição que o fará aprender a ser homem segundo as regras do patriarcado ou sofrer pela incapacidade de lidar com essas regras.

Esses códigos de conduta são intensificados em grupos exclusivamente masculinos; é isso que faz os homens evitarem usar o mictório ao lado de outro homem nos banheiros, a nunca olharem diretamente para o corpo dos colegas de vestiário e a questionar a conduta de qualquer homem que considerem inferior, fraco ou feminilizado – regras amplamente difundidas e praticadas, mas que nunca são claramente ditas ou ensinadas.

You can see more of Francisco's work at franciscohurtz.tumblr.com



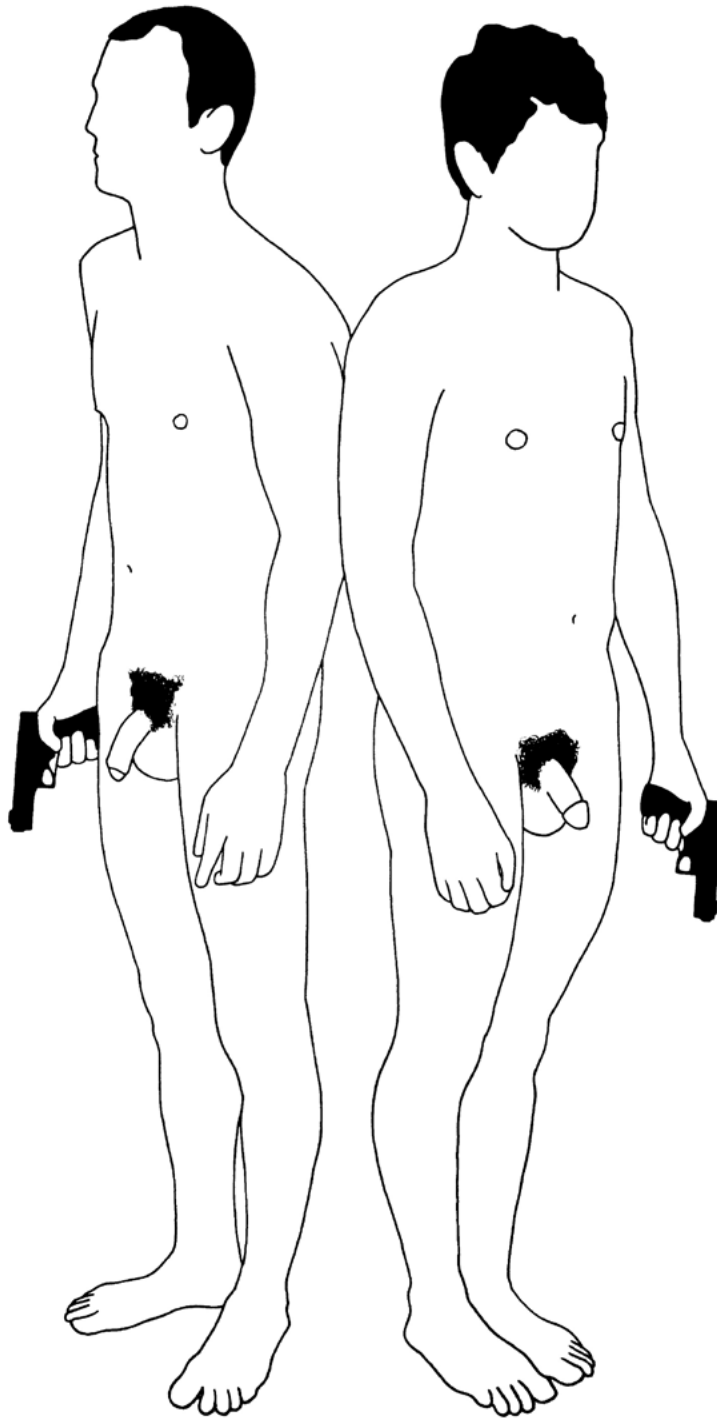


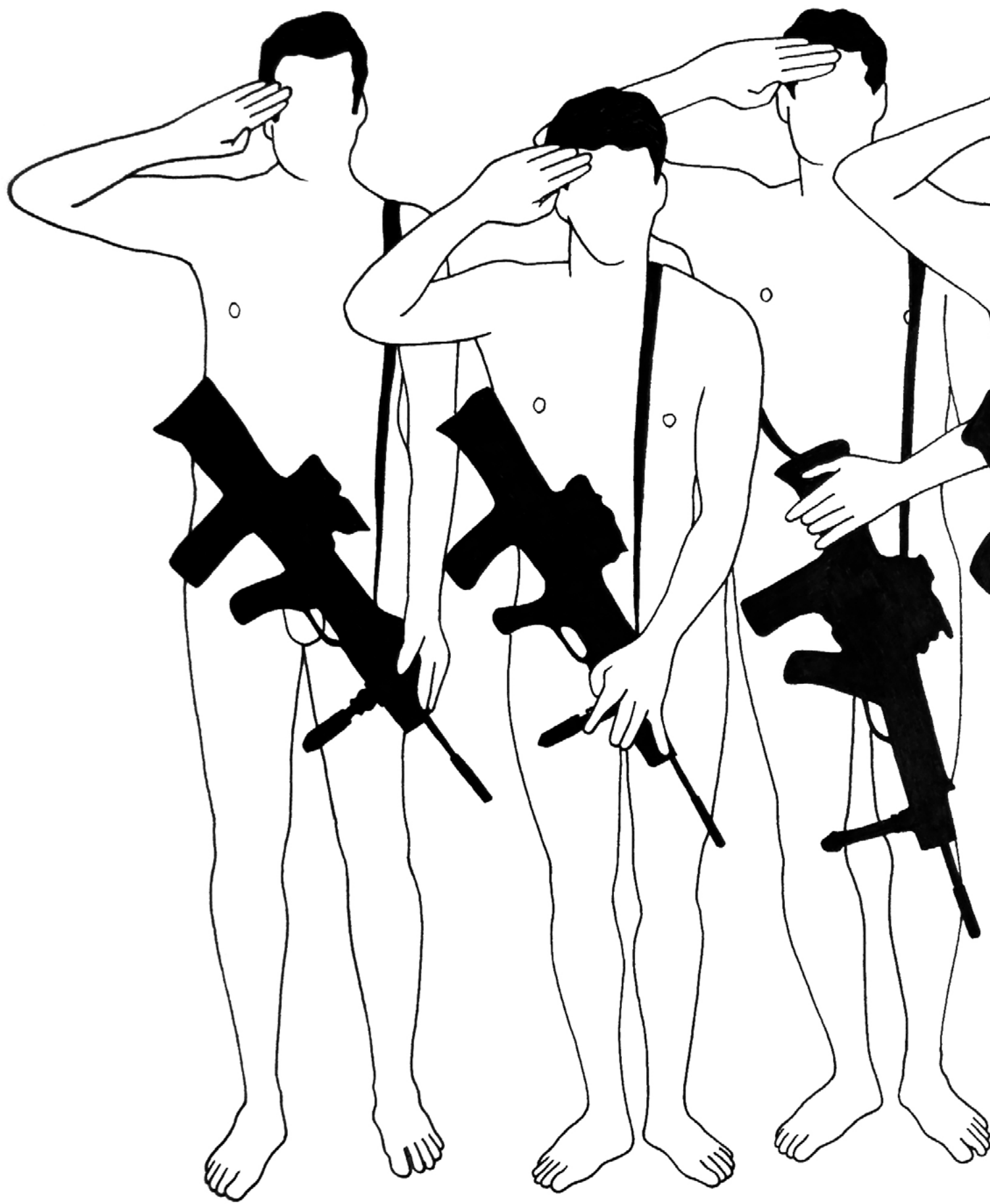
The figure of the man is a social construction. The model of what it is to be masculine is passed on from generation to generation through small daily rituals that mostly go unnoticed - asserts Francisco Hurtz.

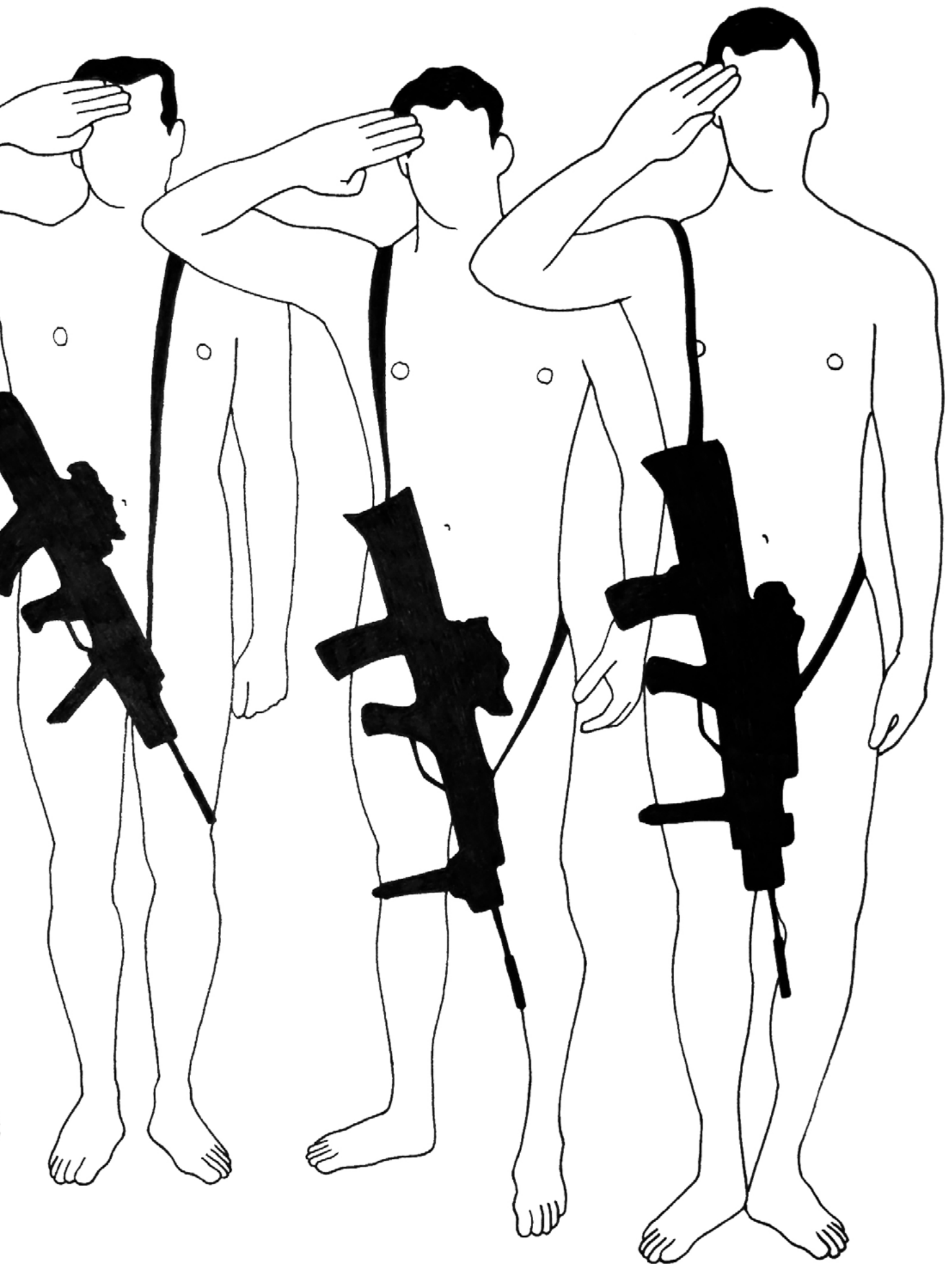
From birth men are immersed in a world different from that of women. This world has its own rules and codes of conduct. Adhering to the rules that define masculinity allows the male to be accepted within his community, not accepting these rules, questioning them or breaking them is behavior that is immediately identified and suppressed. Masculinity is a territory and not fitting in to this 'space' turns you into a strange man - a foreigner who does not speak the same language - one who will soon be kicked or thrown out of that territory.

A man's social identity is legitimized by the approval he gets from his engagement with other men and women. Embodying the common codes of masculine conduct leads to feelings of belonging and brings about acceptance within a community. Demonstrations of physical, sexual, intellectual and financial power are common devices in this social experiment. Simply living in a macho society has the effect of raising young boys to follow those traditions and grow up to be men, or failing that, suffer the consequences of not being able to live within those expected norms.

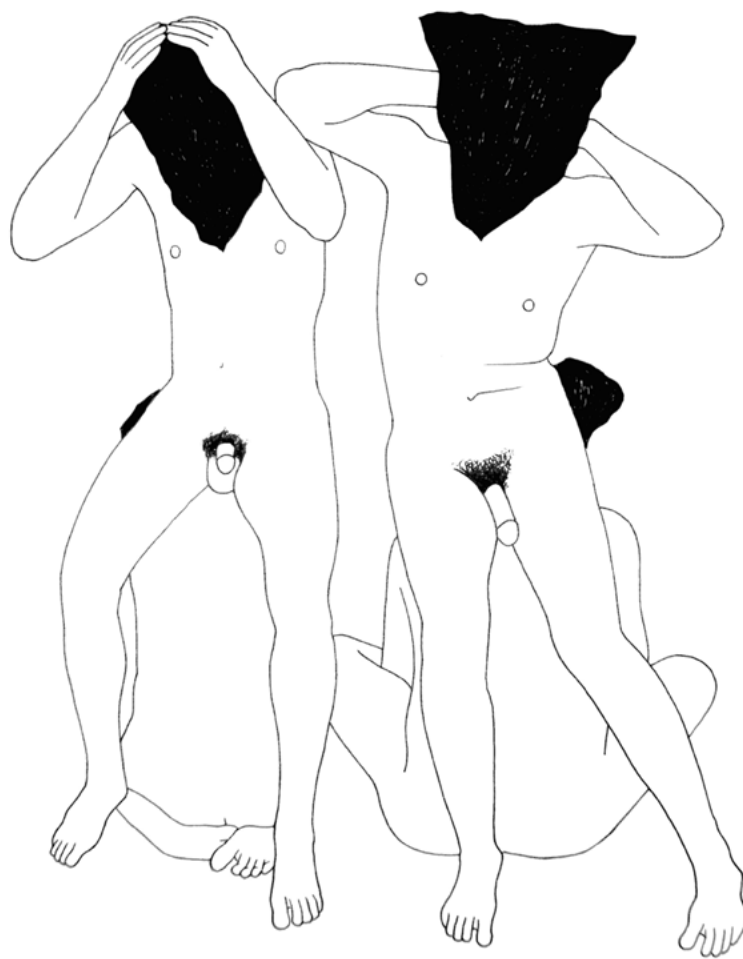
These codes of conduct are intensified in all-male groups. It's what drives men to avoid using a urinal next to another man, to never look directly at the body of team mates in a locker room and reject any man considered inferior, weak or feminine - these widespread and generally accepted rules are never clearly spoken or taught.

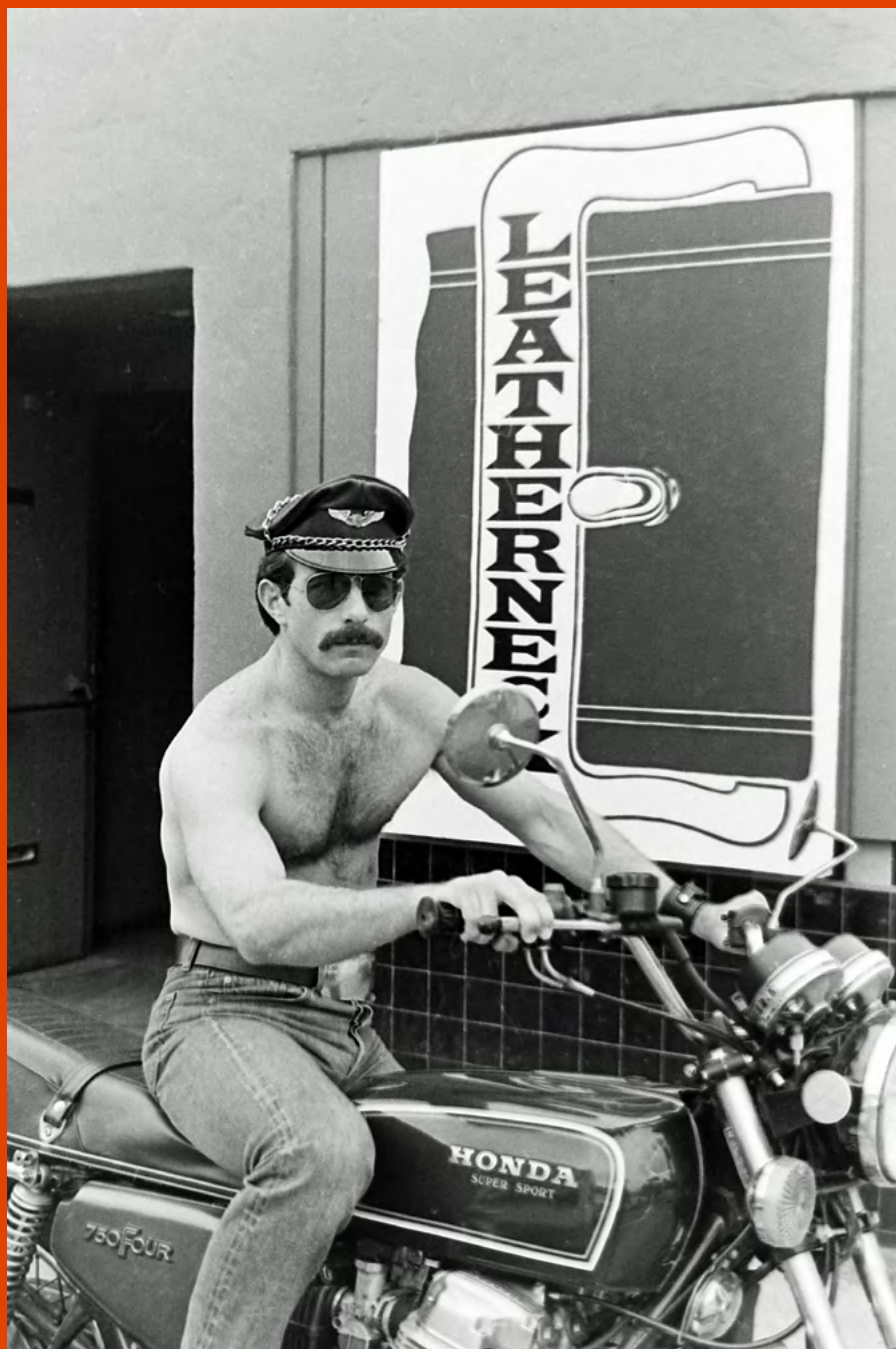












LEATHER BAR FETISH

Jim Stewart

I think most men, heterosexual and homosexual, enjoy being considered sexual objects.

*Thom Gunn, Anglo-American poet
1929 - 2004*

A fetish is a strong desire for an object, body part, or activity that arouses sexual excitement and provides gratification. A world of fetishes was found in San Francisco during the 1970s on Folsom Street where leather bars and bathhouses catered to that wicked sense of danger after dark.

Many fetishes are fulfilled not just with motorcycle chaps, a cat-o-nine tails, or padded leather cuffs. Satisfaction comes with the rhythm and style of men themselves as they explore the depths of

their masculinity. Not just the crack of the whip but the kiss of an eagle feather after the sting. Ice water flicked on bare flesh when hot wax is expected. Satisfaction comes with the group excitement in a testosterone filled bar after closing time in those mystic hours that belong to neither yesterday nor tomorrow.

Allan Lowery, a pal of mine, invited me to an after-hours bash he threw for his bar crew in the Leatherneck, at the corner of 11th and Folsom Streets, early August 1977. The cavernous interior included a pool table, restraint bench, and cross with leather cuffs, all fetish objects in my book. More importantly were the bad boys in black leather and sweat with an assortment of accouterment designed for painful pleasure. *Lowery provided the space. I was the camera.*



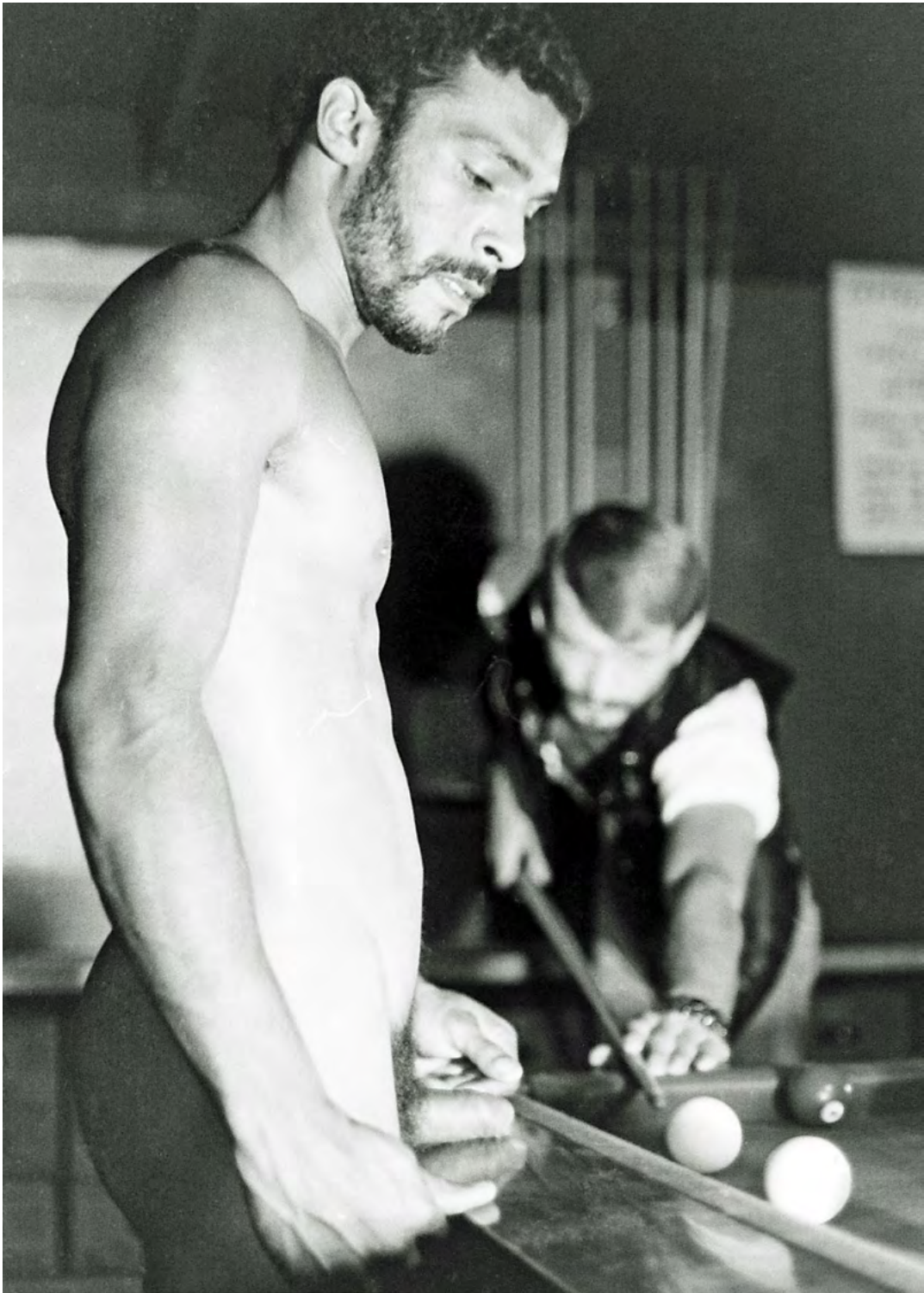


The trinity of leatherfolk in major roles that night were biker bartender Ron Clute, blond porn star Chris Meyrovich, and Puerto Rican bottle boy Rocky. What made them all so sexually seductive was their versatility, their creed of sensuality and mutuality. Rounding out the cast was music-man Max Morales who rode his Beemer into the bar, up to the pool table, and challenged Daddy Doug, who was wearing his ass-spanking metal-mesh butcher's glove, to a game.

By shooting the action inside a leather bar, a fetish in itself, I sought to capture the shadow surrealism of a bar noir classic. The Leatherneck.

I shot these true action pix on high speed black and white 35 mm Kodak film, ASA 400 with a Nikkor H-C Auto 1:2, f=50mm lens on a Nikon camera body using moveable spotlights.









OBSESSIONS

Werner Friedl

Sexual fetishism is commonly defined as a fixation with objects, body parts or scenes which are not conventionally viewed as being sexual in nature; something that is shown more respect or attention than is 'normal'. Giving my models room to live out their various desires in front of a camera, often leads to great collaborations and exciting results. Personally, I like to place fetish scenes not in black and white, but in a brighter, colourful setup with playful little details for that added 'mischievous wink'.

You can see more of Werner's work and get in touch at www.whitefoxx.com or at www.facebook.com/wf.gallery













BOTXI

Jordi Calvera

This is a series of self-portraits called Botxi, which translated into English means “executioner”

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









BUILDING INTIMACY

Domasan

His artist name Domasan is created by fusing the two words Dominant and Asian, of which he is both. The art form that he practices is rooted in Kinbaku, the ancient Japanese art of Bondage, known to Westerners as Shibari, which literally means “to tie” or “to bind”. He tells me that he first started learning to tie knots in the boy scouts in his native Taiwan. Later on in his sexual exploration days he revisited this knowledge to enhance his dominant role and started using these rope talents in his encounters.

He explains to me that the more traditional rope bondage is usually done in natural jute but that he soon progressed to using black and later red-coloured rope in his sessions: “In Chinese culture red is a colour that represents happiness, warmth, and celebrations. These are the things that I wish my subs to experience. In a successful session, I connect on a level that the subject has never experienced before. During the process, which usually involves many hours, I am very influenced by the personal interactions with my subs, focusing on their comfort and positive energy.

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









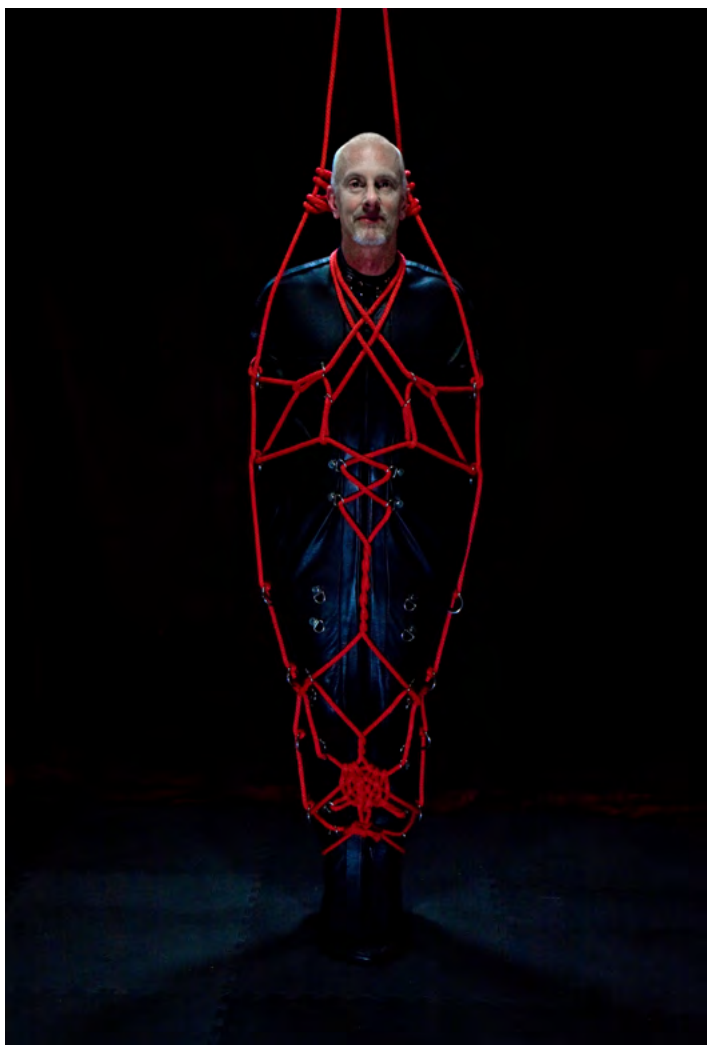
The body is the canvas, ropes are my brushes and the reward is the creation of a living piece of art.”

Like in one of his sessions we too take time to talk, having a drink and a laugh in between all these deep thoughts. It's so great catching up with an old friend. We talk about sexual evolution and agree that fewer people take the time to fully experience themselves: Sex is so typically focused on fucking!

I ask him what kind of sexual interactions occur in his work. Smiling enthusiastically, he replies: “Touching yes. Nipple play and CBT yes. Touching dick, of course, and explosive orgasms, yes. But fucking no. To me sex is more about serving the sub. It's an achievement, energy, connectivity. We humans always play with fire, taking risks. That is the rule of survival but a one way street never works in the long run. It's a two way street with my subs. Only trust can build intimacy.”

I will miss him, but our close ties will always remain. (bb)

Black Boot for Boner Magazine









I LIKE BUTTS

Vincent Keith

Strangely enough, I'm not particularly compelled by any specific sexual fetish. I can see how leather or rubber might heighten the sexual energy in a given context, but the leather itself isn't what turns me on. The fetish in this case is more of an adornment than the main event.

So I gave some thought to what it was that had the ability to distract me, that made my heart beat a little faster, and it brought to mind a conversation I had years ago with my friend and fellow photographer David Goldenberg. We were talking about what we most liked to

photograph. Before I could answer, he laughed out loud and said "With you it's obvious! You like butts."

I was completely caught off guard by his comment. I had never considered that I might have a particular fondness for or interest in a man's behind. My shoots tend to cover all aspects of the anatomy and I think I do my best work with portraits. But it's true, more than the frontal view, I am curious about the back side.

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



I suppose I like the form – the roundness and curves. I like that they seem soft and inviting but are the sources of great physical strength and power. I'm also interested by the fact that on the surface, seen causally, they aren't particularly provocative, but hidden between the cheeks, there's the great taboo. In a sense, there's nudity, and

then, there's exposure. It's the most secret and vulnerable part of a man's anatomy. While he's likely to be ready and willing to display his manhood, showing his bottom, and more to the point, showing his anus is an entirely different thing.



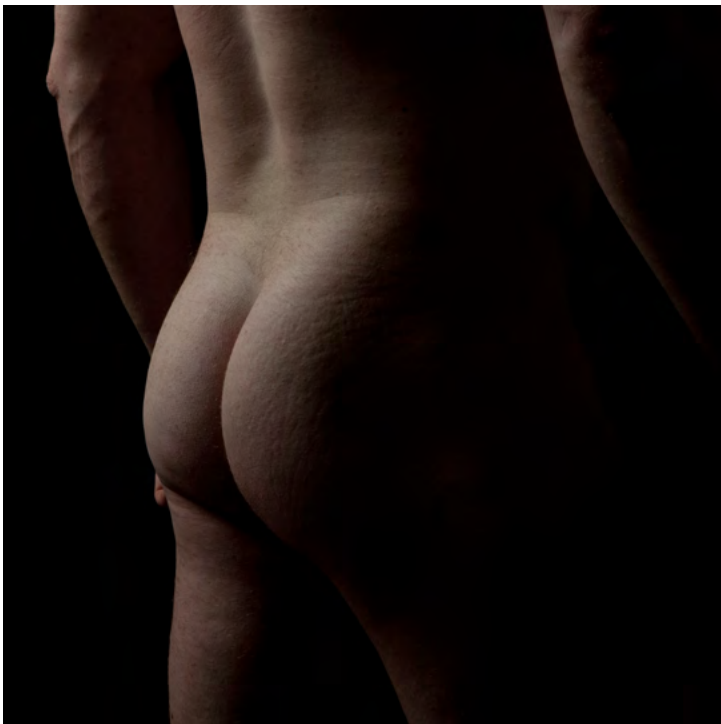


It's not about what comes out, it's more about the need to hide it. Butts are beautiful in themselves, but they insinuate a man's physical, sexual and emotional vulnerability. So, when I look at a man's body, I can see all the way in which his physical nature has sculpted his body.

The machinery under the skin that gives him physical potential, and in some cases, makes him desirable. When I photograph a man's ass I feel as if I've achieved a sense of completeness. That he can no longer hide his true nature.









TOP: (L) DOM'S BUTT, (R) ANDREW'S BUTT
BOTTOM: (L) STUART'S BUTT, (R) GIORGIO'S BUTT



THE BREAKFAST

Gianorso

The BREAKFAST

He wakes me up with his touch naked, underneath the morning light He summons me calls in the dark beckons me to him I cannot say no to him I cannot speak at all When I draw closer, I see his naked flesh a feast for my eyes my heart races to his finger strokes on my back such defeat in that I give myself over to him every morning before our breakfast.

-Benjamin Fiske

















FETISH BEARS

Olivier Flandrois

Pour l'anecdote, l'Editeur Vincent Keith de MASCULAR Magazine avait repéré une première série de dessins que j'avais publié sur mon blog du « Daily drawing project » et intitulée « Mister Fuck U ».

Il s'agissait de deux personnages hirsutes, encagoulés de cuir et portant des gants, avec un côté très « fétichiste cuir ». Le tout traité dans un style « cartoon/comics ». Un style très inhabituel dans mon travail graphique.

A la demande de Vincent, j'ai donc créé et développé pour ce nouveau numéro de MASCULAR toute une nouvelle série de petits personnages

poilus évoquant l'univers fétichiste « Cuir ».

C'est un regard à la fois tendre et amusé que j'ai pour cet univers, paradoxalement si éloigné du mien.

J'ai essayé de traduire aux travers d'attitudes et de quelques accessoires que j'avais en tête, toute la dimension érotique que procure ce type de fétichisme. Et je dois avouer que je me suis vite pris au jeu en les dessinant.





Vincent Keith (Mascular's founder) spotted my first series of drawings on my blog. A daily drawing project entitled 'Mister Fuck U'.

There were two shaggy characters, leather hoods and gloves, with a very 'fetish' feel illustrated in a comic book style, very unusual for my graphic work.

At the request of Vincent, I created and developed a new series of small furry characters evoking "Leather" for this 'fetish' edition of Mascular

It is a tender and funny look at this work universe, paradoxically so far from my own.

I tried use the attitudes and accessories that I had in mind, to illustrate the entire erotic dimension of this fetish. And I must admit that I quickly took to the 'game'.









FETISH

Jaap de Jonge

Vanaf mijn vroege jeugd was ik me zeer bewust van mijn lichaam. Ik kon geen spiegel voorbijgaan zonder erin te kijken. Ik wist dat het beeld in de spiegel het beeld van mijzelf was, maar tegelijkertijd kon mijn fantasie elk ander personage daarvoor in de plaats stellen.

Het kijken in de spiegel nodigde enerzijds uit tot uitkleden en het naakte lichaam tonen, hoe jong ik ook was, anderzijds nodigde het uit tot verkleedpartijen, waarbij vooral ondergoed en kleding van mijn moeder favoriet waren.

Later hebben deze fantasieën geleid tot grote interesse in theater, waarbij verkleedpartijen mij tijdelijk een andere identiteit gaven, maar ook tot een grote interesse in verkleedpartijen waarbij ik een seksuele opwindung voelde. Vooral leer en rubber gaven mij een kick. Maar sportkleding, bont en plastic konden ook tot seksuele opwindung leiden.

Voor de laatste jaren probeer ik mijn eigen fetishdenkbeelden te realiseren in foto's. Uiteenlopende kledingstukken en voorwerpen weerspiegelen oude fantasieën. Niet alleen van mijzelf, maar in veel gevallen ook van de modellen.

You can see more of Jaap's work at www.jaapdejonge-modelfotografie.nl







Hoewel de fotobeelden de fantasie van de kijker kunnen prikkelen, is dat absoluut niet mijn bedoeling. In veel van mijn fotobeelden probeer ik de grens op te zoeken tussen kunst en porno, maar ik wil bewust die grens niet overschrijden. Waar het pornobeeld plat is, zonder enige diepgang, probeer ik de personages in mijn foto's iets te laten voelen. Het is verder aan de kijker, de beschouwer hoe hij die gevoelens en gedachten wil invullen vanuit zijn eigen referentiekader.

Since early childhood, I was very conscious of my own body. I couldn't pass a mirror without looking in it. I knew that the image in the mirror was my image, but at the same time, my fantasy could replace it with any other personality.

On the one hand, looking in the mirror enticed me to undress and show my naked body, as young as I was. On the other hand, it enticed me to dress-up; my mother's underwear and clothes were particularly a favourite of mine.

Later, these fantasies led to a great interest in theatre—in which dressing up temporarily gave me a different identity—but also to a great interest in dressing up, which aroused me sexually. Particularly leather and rubber gave me a kick. But also sportswear, fur and plastic could arouse me sexually.

Especially in recent years, I have tried to realise my fetish ideas in photos. Various clothing items and objects reflect old fantasies. Not only my own, but in many cases, also those of the models.

Although the photos can provoke the viewer, this is absolutely not my intention. In many of my photos I try to look for the line between art and porn, but I consciously choose not to cross that line. Where porn photos are flat, without any depth, I try to let the personalities in my photos feel something. The rest is up to the viewers, the observer, to decide how they want to fill in the feelings and thoughts based on their own frame of reference.







FETISHES OF AFRICA

Jonny Dredge

NOUN

1. A form of sexual desire in which gratification is linked to an abnormal degree to a particular object, item of clothing, part of the body, etc.
2. An inanimate object worshipped for its supposed magical powers or because it is considered to be inhabited by a spirit.

ORIGIN

early 17th century (originally denoting an object used by the peoples of West Africa as an amulet or charm): from French *fétiche*, from Portuguese *feitiço* 'charm, sorcery' (originally an adjective meaning 'made by art').

from the Oxford English Dictionary.



PREVIOUS PAGE: TWINS TATTOOS

Yoruba Ibeji (Twins). The Yoruba People believe that twins share a single soul, and when one dies, the dolls are used in rituals to restore the spiritual balance. With a high rate of twinning (4 times that of the USA) and a much higher infant mortality rate, it is unlikely both would survive.

THIS PAGE: THE HORN

Southern African Animal Spirit Statue (Antelope), Tribal origin unknown.

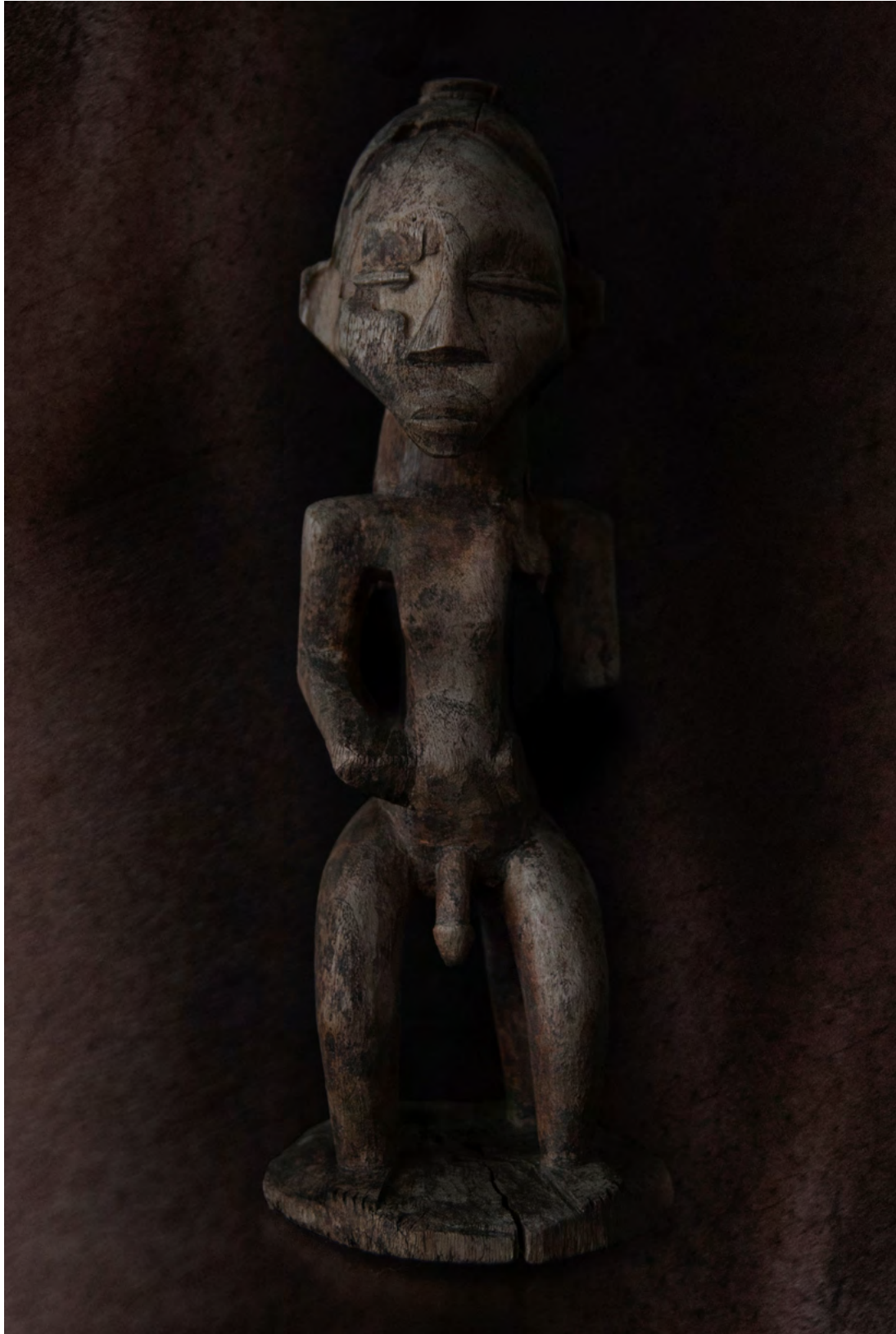
With this series of images, I wanted to return to the roots of the word, whilst combining it with it's current more common usage.

In the western world, the word instantly suggests S&M, leather, rubber, bondage etc, but people can fetishise anything - trainers, masks, uniforms, tattoos, skin colour, stocking seams, armpits, the list is literally endless. JG Ballard wrote about the erotic fetishism of car-crashes (vividly and disturbingly brought to life by David Cronenberg). People can develop fetishes for virtually anything, the thing that unites them is sex.

African fetishes on the other hand are spiritual - fertility dolls, ritual masks, twin figures, animal spirits and the representatives of the ancestors, ever present in tribal society. They form a link to the 'other' world of ancient gods and spirits of hunting and virility, earth mother goddesses and tricksters, sun gods and the gods of war.

One meaning is very specific to our individual identities on a base, fundamental level. The other, original, meaning is specific to the tribe. Fetishes helped the community try to understand how it fitted into a universe it barely understood; but both are inherent in the understanding of who we are.





DOUBLE FETISH MALE SIDE
A double sided Yoruba Fetish, either representing Fertility or Ibeji (twins).





MASKED
West African Ceremonial Mask, Tribal origins Unknown.



GETTING MORE EXCITED

Wei Kuang

Fetish, this might be the first word that pops into one's head when someone looks at these photos. However, there is a mix of fetishes in these shots. My originally idea was to play with my fetish for socks and sneakers. As I took these shots, I got more excited about it and tried to show some other fetishes too. All these photos are self-portraits. My face was cut off from the pictures because I don't want viewers to have a subjective idea about the model. Instead, they can use their imagination to think freely about what is not in the frame.

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









FETISH PLAY

Inked Kenny

Fetish to me is just being pro sex, no labels.....a person embracing their sexuality whether gay, straight or bisexual and living it...Fetish and kink is more in the mind, and as a fetish photographer I bring that to a visual level. My view point on societies thought of fetish and kink is a skewed simply because I believe everyone has some sort of fetish or kink inside them but are afraid to embrace it.

You can see more of Inked Kenny's work at inkedkenny.com





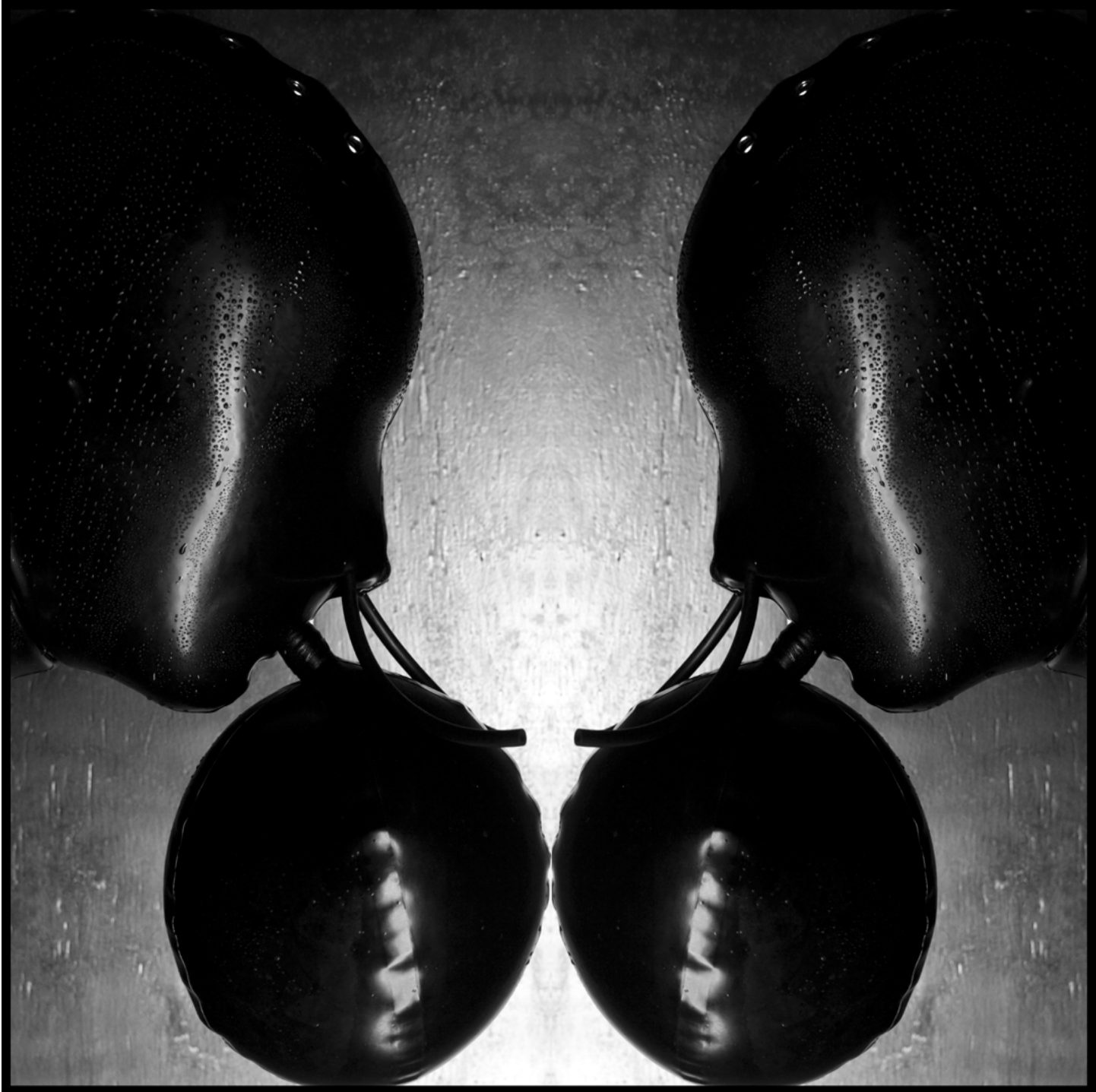


TOP (L): KLP_4547; TOP (R): KLP_4866
BOTTOM: KLP_4721











ELEMENTS OF FANTASY

BKZEROTWO

This body of work brings together two of my personal favorites elements together: natural + intimacy.

Tranquility is the theme for this series of illustration.

Visually provoking action and strong color to express the wildness vs. serenity through characters' expressions and poses. The harmonious between these contradictory elements was what I trying to portray.

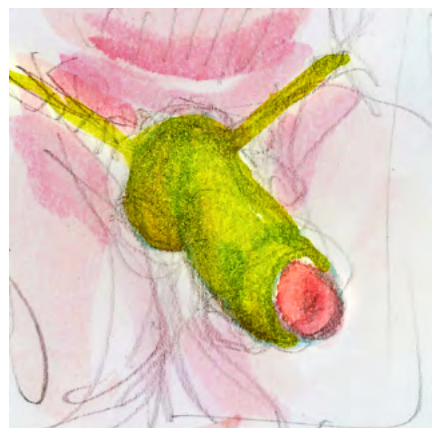
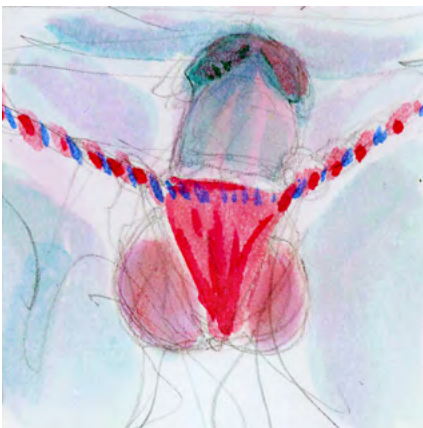
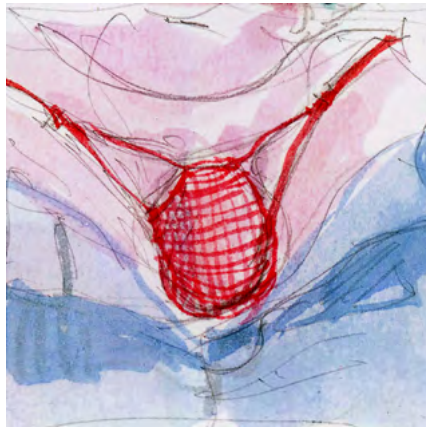
Beary Strings

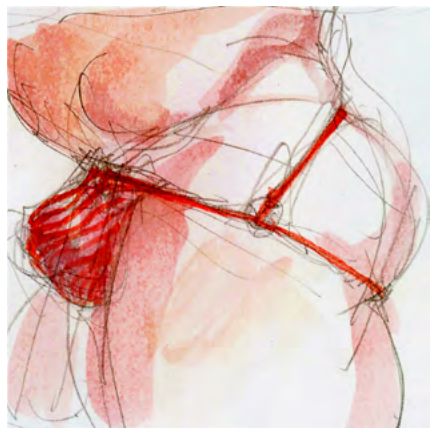
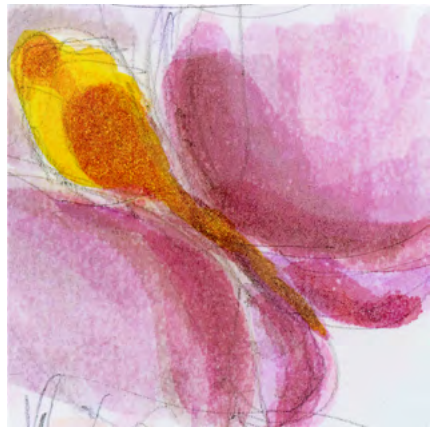
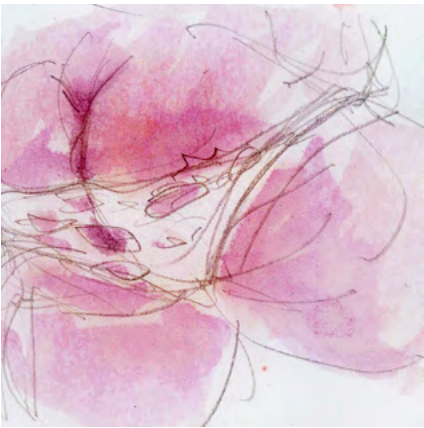
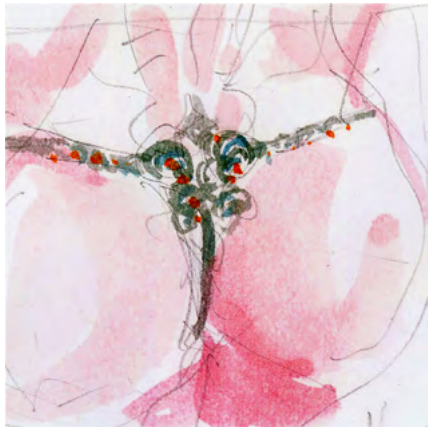
bear/chunky body + minimum coverage = sexy. What I'm trying to explore here is to find beauty in the masculine body combined with fashion, which in my opinion amplifies the sex appeal. Hopefully this creates arresting visual images worth sharing.













OSAMU: 172CM X 89 KG X 46 YO

Kit

People often ask me, what is fetish? Is fetish something strange, perverted, or abnormal? The origin of fetish is actually from religion. People worship and adore an object and they believe it has supernatural power.

The smell of leather and hemp rope is magical to me. It excites me and gives me a kick. So my fetish can cause me desire, and even romance. My encounter with Osamu was special, magical even.

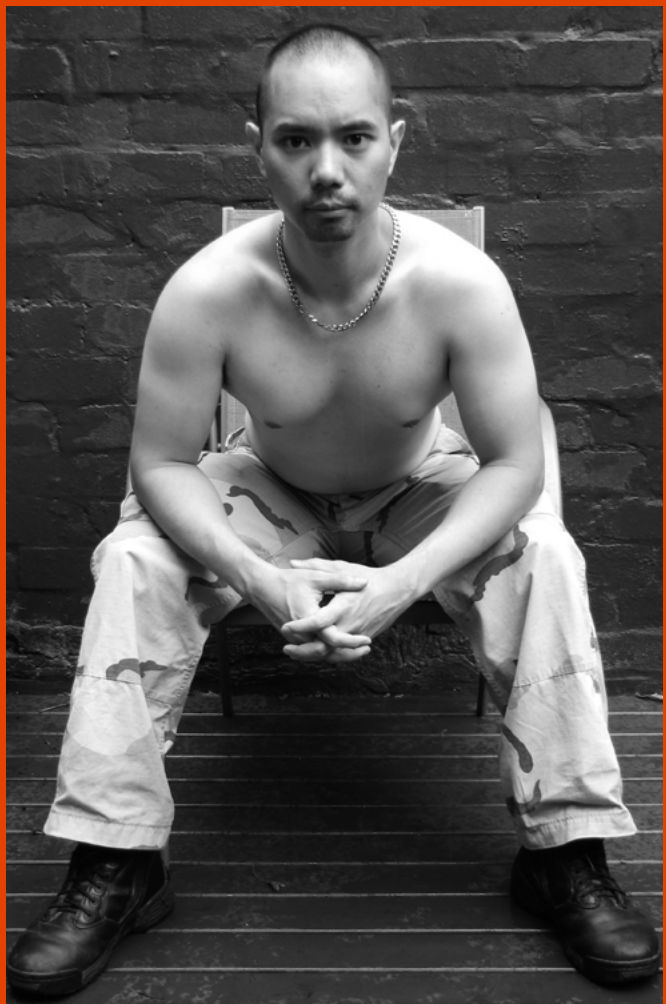








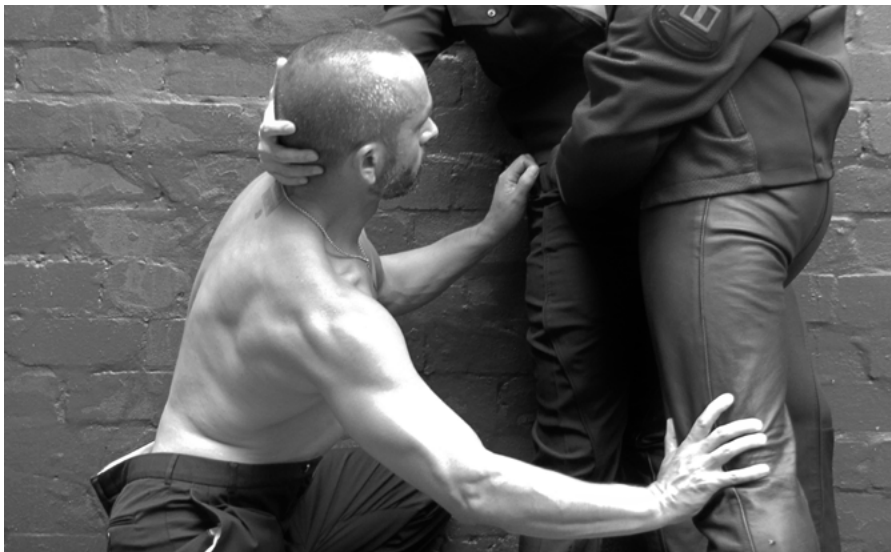




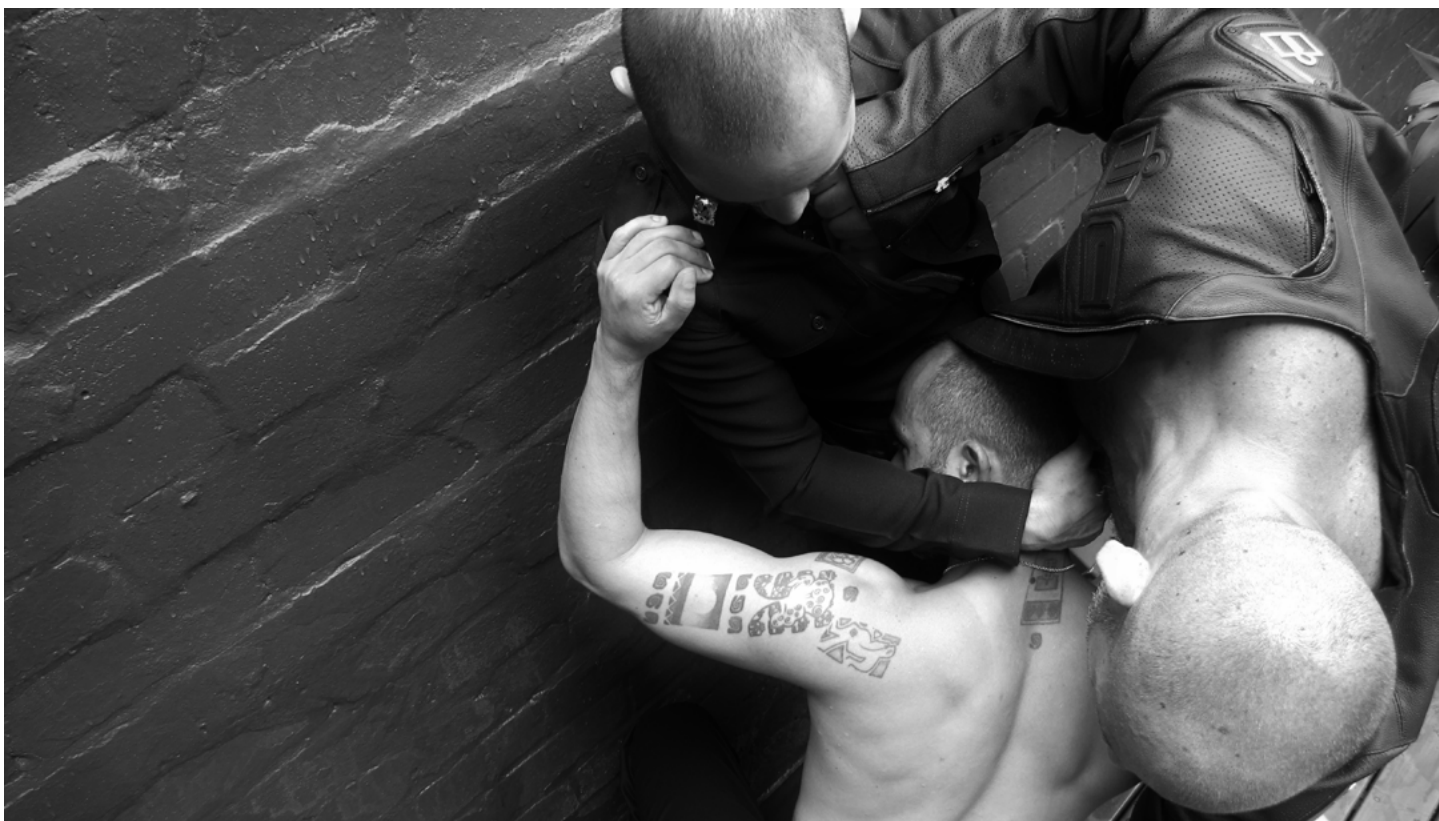
ENTANGLEMENTS

Michael Oelofse

You can follow Michael's on [Facebook](#) page.







I wanted to approach the subject in a collaborative way, working with men who understand and celebrate fetish. I asked three friends to collaborate with me in this project. My friends Fernando, Sebastiano and Mr T bring together an interest in the clothing that characterises masculine interests and occupations and reflects relations of power and sex, fused together by my voyeuristic role as photographer. They played with a retro suit, a Thai military uniform, camo from Desert Storm and biker leathers. I thank them for their enthusiastic participation!

Every item of clothing, everything with which a man (or any human being) adorns or covers his body carries symbolic meaning, which can become erotically charged. Clothing hides our bodies, our true selves, and allows us to create preferred signals about our social and economic status, gender identity, group membership, cultural interests and affiliations, sexual availability and positioning. With clothes we create a persona. This may or may not be an accurate representation of our true self, but perhaps this is the whole point.

Taking to its logical conclusion the perspective that all clothing is artifice means that all clothing has the potential to become a fetish object. In this case clothing absorbs the power of the masculine. It allows one to experience the masculine traits they portray one step removed from the actual human body. As Mr T explained to me, you may not be able to have the man, but you can have what he wears, and you can experience him in that way. For me this is the same as the sympathetic and empathetic magic that underlies all our spiritual and religious beliefs. I think fetish represents an authentic religious experience and this project therefore led me to realise that it falls within the same realm as my interest in the spiritual relationship between man and nature. Both can express the numinous and the erotic.





These photographs express the erotic entanglement of body and clothing as fetish. We did this shoot on a rainy Saturday morning in Sydney. It is interesting that there is a strong urge to want to try each other's clothes on, to feel the power and assume part of the identity that goes with the clothing, to experience its texture, its weight and its smell intermingled with the feel and smell of the male body. I chose to do this shoot in black and white because it seems to capture the ritualised formality of such clothing.

As the sun came out we moved on to explore what is probably a uniquely Australian fetish- for 'footy' shorts, sports shorts worn by Australian football and rugby league players. These definitively masculine shorts have bright tribal colours and club branding and are best captured in colour.



FETISH

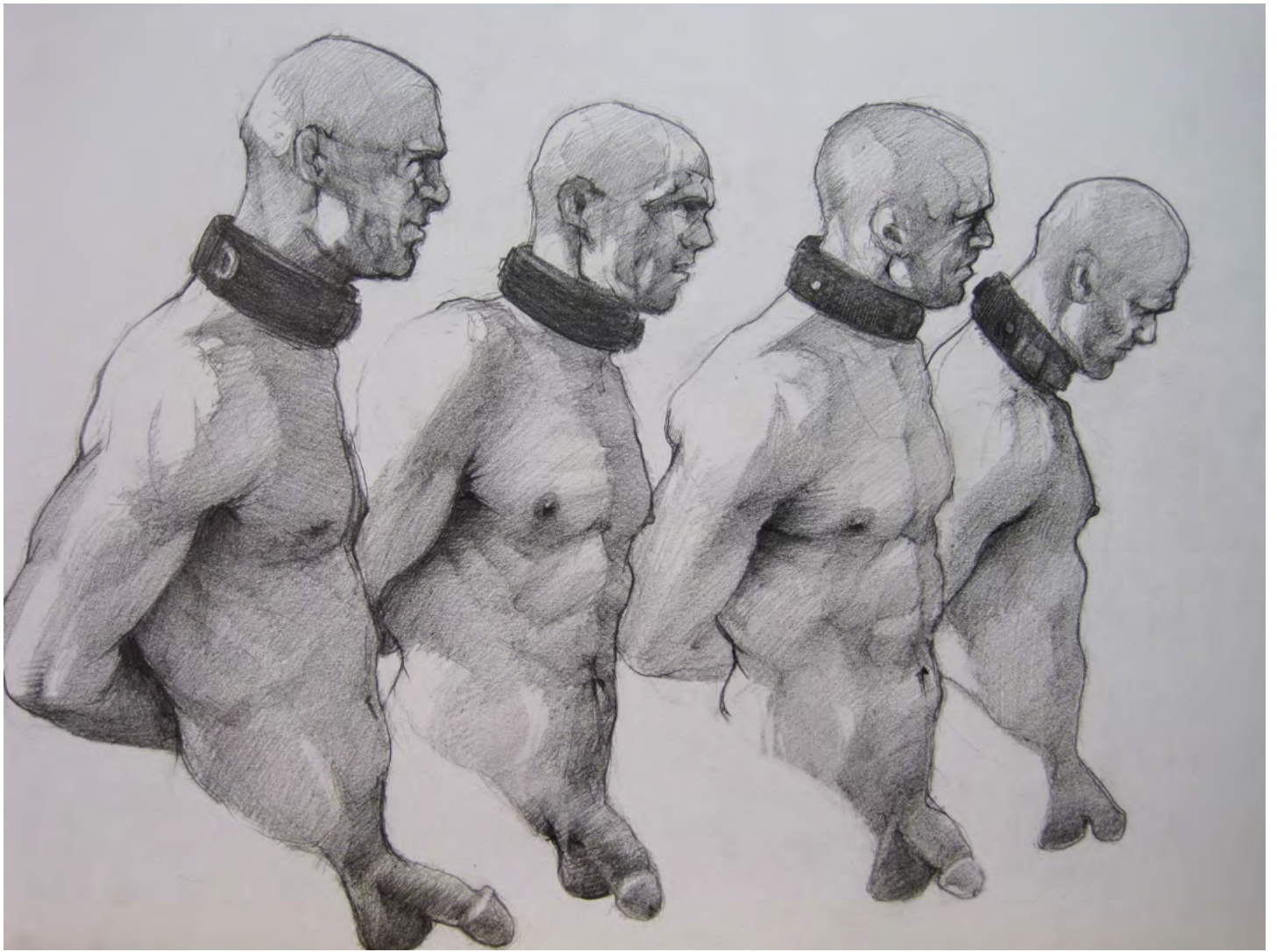
Wim Beullens

At the age of 16 I started art school in Brussels. In the first year I learnt the basics of drawing, perspective and composition and I enjoyed it very much. During the next 2 years the focus of my studies was on conceptual art, which meant I neglected drawing and painting. Instead, I had to invent magnificent artworks that I wasn't able to realise. All the elaborate explanations about those illustrious works of art seemed to be more important than the actual work itself. And the more complex and obscure these explanations were, the better everybody thought they were.

After three years in Brussels I went to the Academy of Antwerp, an art school with a more conservative reputation. The first year I had a wonderful teacher with tremendous skills and a genuine feeling for colours. Once a week we had a 4 hours session of model drawing on a life-size scale. In the second year, that same wonderful teacher died and was replaced by a bunch of quarreling teachers, each of them excelling in spouting overwhelming amounts of artistic theory.

You can see more of Wim's work at deberenlos.blogspot.be and deberenlos.tumblr.com







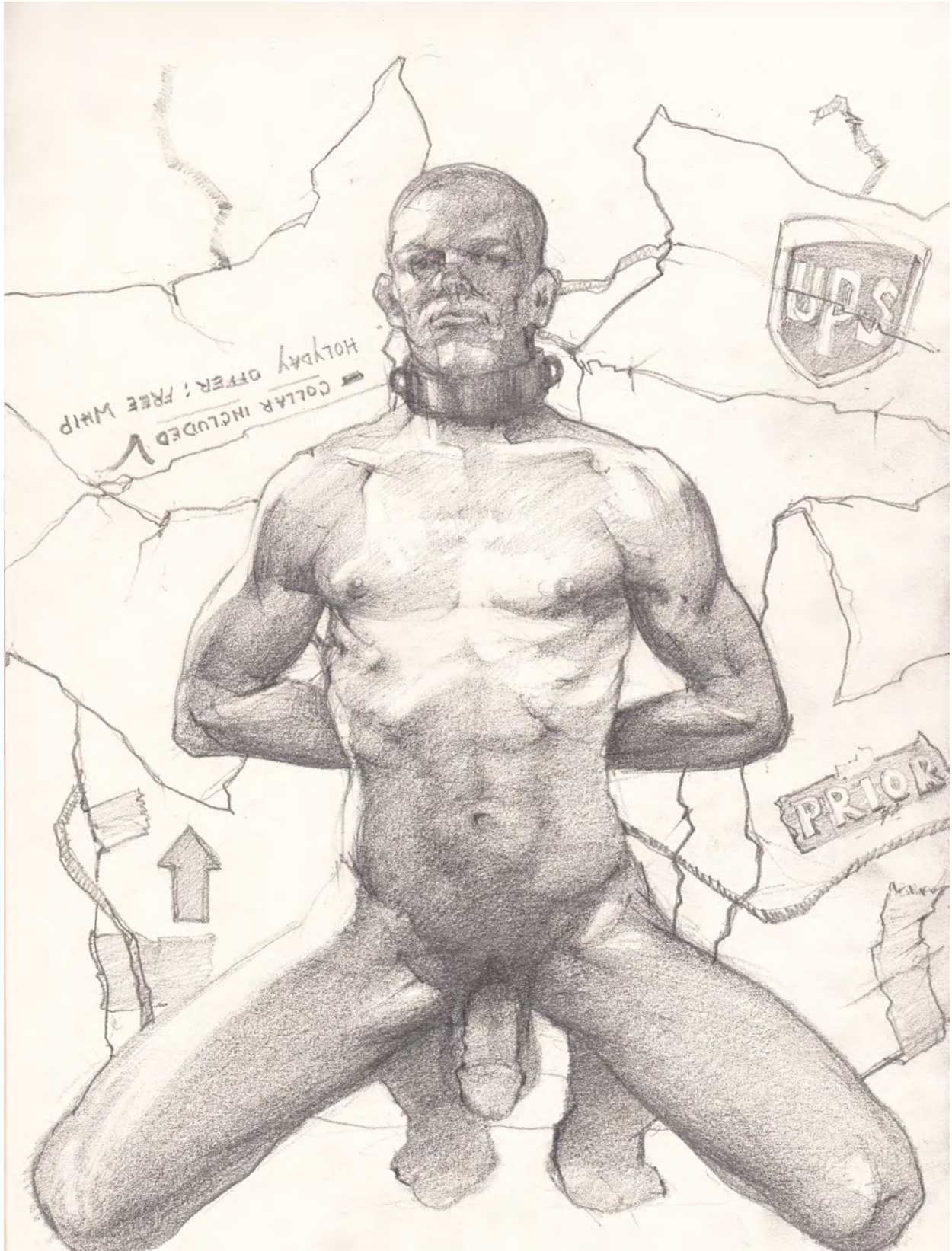
After my graduation I went looking for a job. But in my spare time I kept on painting and especially drawing what I liked and the way I liked it. I soon discovered the similarities between drawing and playing the flute: the harder I trained on the flute, the better it sounded and nobody asked me for any explanation or artistic theory about the result! So I keep on drawing, hoping to improve day by day and achieve the same virtuosity like all the musicians and artists I admire.

Art can be a hobby or just done for fun, but the effort to achieve results is often underestimated. I need constant training, like an athlete, to keep

in form. Every drawing is a new challenge. When I begin something new I have some result in mind, but it rarely turns out the way I initially imagined it. While working on a drawing, it begins to live its own life. When I add some details, accessories or attributes it begins to tell a story. Every finished drawing leaves me with a slightly unsatisfied feeling. That's what keeps me going.

The next drawing will always be better.





CONTRIBUTORS



SHELT - Shelt is a pseudonymous artist based in France.



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.



Wei Kuang - I'm an amateur photographer who is interested in body shots and generally black and white shots. I learned photography all by myself after I moved from China to Norway to study and work. I studied economics and now work as an financial controller. I like all creative

activities and I consider myself as a creative person. I'm not so good at the technical part of photography, while I believe composition and perspective are the two things that can make fantastic photos. My personal favorite shots are the ones that are simple and expressive.



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. 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.



Ron Amato - I was born and raised in New York City and am proud to still call it my home. I have been making photographs from early childhood. Most of my adult work centers around the male form. In the 1990s

and early 2000s I shot for fitness and sports magazines before going into academia. I have exhibited extensively in the US and internationally and have been published in a number of anthologies of male erotica. I have a BFA from School of Visual Arts and an MFA from Long Island University. I am currently the chairperson of the photography department at the Fashion Institute of Technology in NYC. Portrait by Alex Lilja.



Matt Rose - Matt Rose is an ex-corporate suit, ex-bartender, former U.S. Marine, and a lifetime photographer. He recently graduated from The Corcoran College of Art + Design in Washington D.C. with a BFA in Photojournalism and is currently working in the greater Los Angeles area.



Wim Buellens - I was born near Brussels and still live in a little industrial town called Vilvoorde. (Less industrial nowadays because the big polluting industry began to disappear 20 years ago.) As long as I can remember I've been drawing and many a Christmas' and birthday present consisted of pencils, paint, brushes, etc. I've always been the 'artist of the family', not sure where my interests and talent came from. Later on I started in the local music academy and after one year solfège I started playing the flute. From then on music and fine arts became my principal occupations.



Daniel M. Schmude - was born 1977 in Berlin, Germany. His uncle introduced him to the Camera Obscura 1992, since then he could not stop to have a camera in his hand. 2001 he started to study photography in Berlin and New York. 2004 he graduated with his first exhibition "The Grimm Tales" in Berlin. In 2005 he opened his photo studio "Launch.fotodesign" in Prenzlauer Berg, Berlin. Since then many exhibitions and publications followed. Daniel work and live still in Berlin, Germany.



Jonny 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.

CONTRIBUTORS

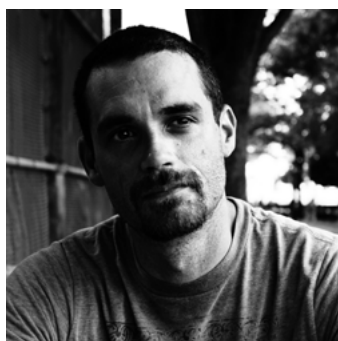


Aurelio Monge - Born in Jaén (Spain, 1971) and residing in Miravet (Catalonia). Author, self-taught photographer, versatile and eclectic. Passionate about painting since my childhood, I discovered the world of photography in 1988. I moved to Barcelona in 1991 where I developed the techniques of drawing, photography, printing and digital processing. After a near-death experience in 2009, my work focuses on the study of the human figure, mainly the male body and its relation to space and matter. An attempt to go beyond the physical and tangible, portraying the soul after the body nudity from another perspective more intimate and serene. My portfolio is impregnated by the enthusiasm for Art & History. The ACADEMICS series, for instance, drinks from our rich classical legacy and contribution of the great Baroque painters, working and perfecting the technique of chiaroscuro. My personal print without doubt.

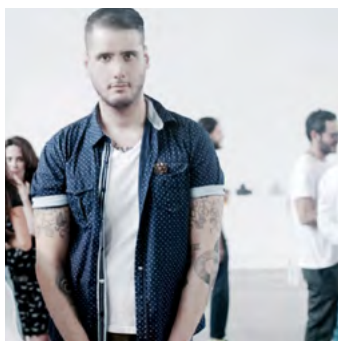


Chris Northey aka Man-Blu - I am an image-maker born, bred & raised in Cornwall. After spending far too many years arguing with computers the creative side of my personality finally gained dominance & now I am free to focus my fascination on the broad concept of masculinity employing the male body as a tool for artistic expression. My personal practice work ranges from the sublime to the intensely personal. With

influences as diverse as the humour of Duane Michals through to the achingly haunting Francesca Woodman; I have been accused of being a conceptualist. I am trying to fight the Cult of Youth, challenge Ithyphalophobia and embrace Androphilia in work that varies from being ethereally aesthetic to subjectively challenging. Taking my name from a combination of my earliest photographic influence, my interest for the cyanotype technique and my naturally melancholic nature; Man-Blu is this creator of imagery anchored to his home town by the smell of the sea.



Charles Thomas Rogers is a photographer and writer in New York City. He studied literature and writing at Cornell University, quietly pursuing visual arts as a hobby, until a series of self-portraits with early digital technology earned him some notoriety in the late 90's. His photos have been included in a number of anthologies of male erotic art, and in 2013 he published his first book, *Dark Matters*, which also features some of his collected writings.



Francisco Hurtz - Brazil, São Paulo, 1985. Lives and works in São Paulo. Through the use of lines and empty space in the pictorial surface the artist decontextualizes images and rearranges them in his research. His work approaches collecting images, passing by the homoerotic question and the relations between bodies in space.



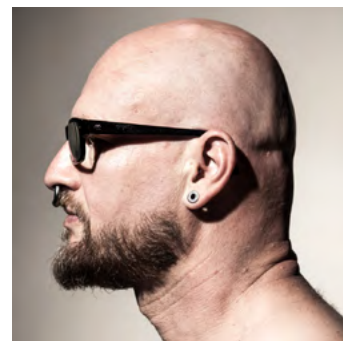
Gengoroh Tagame - Living in Tokyo, Japan. Mostly known as an artist who writes and draws heavy BDSM gay graphic novels. Born in 1964. Started to draw gay BDSM drawings at age 13. First gay manga was published at age 18, and continue to published gay erotic manga, illustrations and stories on mostly Japanese gay magazines. In 1994, published the first manga book *Naburimono*, and it became the first successful gay manga publishing in Japan. Upon receiving it, became a full time artist. Since then, continues to publish the works on Gay and Yaoi magazines, and more than 20 manga books have been already published in Japan, and some of them are translated and are published in French, Spanish, Italian and English. Also did several art exhibitions in Japan, France and United States.



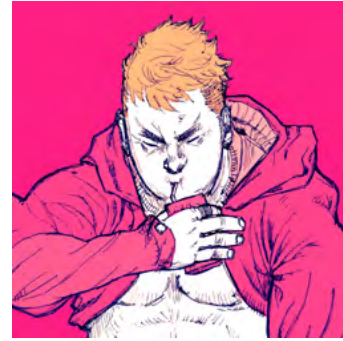
Carmelo Blázquez - born in 1976 in a small village in Córdoba (Andalucía) For 15 years living in Barcelona. He studied photography at the School of Graphic IDEP. Studied Art History (UNED) and History (University of Barcelona). His photography explores the concepts of Aesthetics and Beauty, based on the classic masculine ideal world reworked through history and the arts. He has had solo and group exhibitions in Madrid and Barcelona. In 2011 and 2012 he developed his creative work in the arts community and participated in NAUART exposures Barcelona Open Studios. For some months now has his workshop in the Raval district in central Barcelona.



Wayne D. Lewis - was born in 1963. He makes his living as a graphic designer, wildlife photographer and magazine editor. But a fledgling career as a portrait photographer has taken his passion. If you are in the Denver, Colorado area hit him up. All models are welcome. "In gaining experience in photography, I'm gaining experience in life."



Jan Grosser - Born 1963 in Kiel. 1983-87 Work and studies in the United States 1988-95 Hamburg Medical School Trained and worked as Psychiatrist in Berlin and from 1997 in London. Returned to live in Berlin in 2010. Full-time photographer from 2011.



BK ZERO2 - based in singapore. - part-time artist.- i try to express what turned me on thru my work.- subject: muscular bear- objective 1 : try to utilize whatever talent I have to connect with likeminded people out there.- objective 2 : hopefully could inspired someone or help stimulate some endorphins~

CONTRIBUTORS



Miguel Angel Reyes - was born September 29th, 1964 in Colima, Mexico. He immigrated to the United States in 1975. Graduated from Oits Parsons school of design in 1987 with a BFA in Communication Arts.

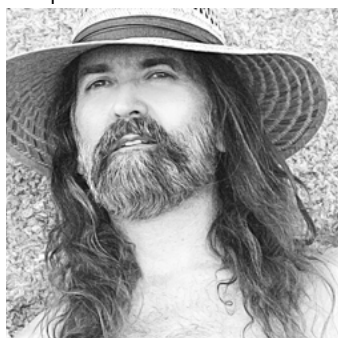
A Los Angeles - based portrait and figurative painter, muralist, printmaker and illustrator. Miguel incorporates expressionist brushwork and a saturated palette in celebration of the classic latin tradition. Miguel's accomplishments as a photographer informs the way he creates paintings and prints. When not working from life, Miguel begins by shooting his own photographs on the street, clubs, in studio and elsewhere. Whether working from life or photos, his pieces always create an intimate connection between subject and viewer.



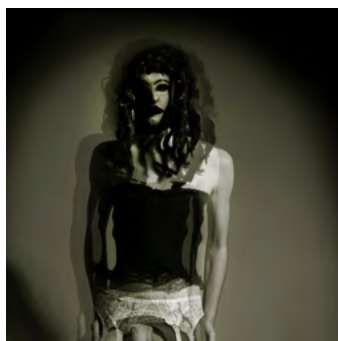
Jaap de Jonge - (1949) Studied Dutch Language and Literature at the Rijksuniversiteit, Groningen. Autodidact photographer. Since 2005, active in the field of art photography. Resides and works in Anloo, a small village in the North of the Netherlands. In addition to 'common' art photography, Jaap's photo work mainly consists of pictures of men (Dutch Male Art). For centuries, men have often been portrayed as strong and powerful figures. This is the traditional image that generally is in keeping with a heterosexual society. But there is another side: vulnerability. The vulnerable male often provokes emotions that are recognizable, but which we don't really want to see in 'real' men.



Olivier Flandrois - Alumnus of the Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Arts Décoratifs (Royal Free Drawing School at the origin), Olivier Flandrois, 31-year-old, now focuses his passion, painting. He previously studied communication at Sciences Po and worked for some years in office, in the field of press and public relations at Paris.



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



Artbodydancing - explores the borders of visual and verbal art through the mediums of drawing, collage, and painting. Born in 1973 in he now divides his time between New York City and Berlin, drawing inspiration from each city's distinct character and creative vibe.



Jim Stewart - Jim Stewart authored the award-winning book *Folsom Street Blues: A Memoir of 1970s SoMa and Leatherfolk in Gay San Francisco*. During the 1970s Stewart resided in San Francisco's SoMa district. With pen and camera he produced portraits of men he met in bars and bathhouses of the blue-collar neighborhood. A member of San Francisco's South of Market Artists' Association, he participated in its Open Studio Movement. Stewart's photos were published in the pioneering leather magazine *Drummer*. His shows at various venues included Oscar Awards stalker Robert Opel's Fey-Way Studios. After twenty years at the Chicago Public Library he retired as head of the history department. Stewart currently writes "BARchive" a monthly historical column on 1970s San Francisco gay bars, baths, and events for the Bay Area Reporter's BARTab.



Domasan - The artist's name DOMASAN is created by fusing the two words Dominant and Asian. The rope art form that he practices is free style of his own creation, from boy scout knots to experimental rope bondage sessions. He starts with black- and later red-colored rope in most sessions because of his Chinese heritage. In Chinese culture, RED color represents happiness, energy, warmth, and celebration, things that he wishes his models to experience. During the process, he is highly influenced by personal interactions with his models, and he focuses on their comfort and

positive energy. At the same time he is constantly designing rope patterns to bring out the best fit and artistic perspective between rope work and model. Likewise with his photographs: following years of self-taught photography, he endeavors to capture the combined beauty of rope work and model into the image. Because he sees everyone as beautiful, it is the photographer's job to bring out a model's best. "The body is the canvas, ropes are my brushes and the reward is the creation of a living piece of art, recoded through a camera lens."

DOMASAN is a founder of the Southern California Bondage Club and has publicly tied and strung up numerous models at the Folsom Street Fair in San Francisco. His suspension rope works has appeared in Bruce La Bruce's movie *L.A. Zombie*. He has worked with other artists on various art projects and photo exhibitions in LA and other cities.



Michael Oelofse - My name is Michael Oelofse. I am an amateur photographer living in Sydney, Australia. I was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. My current photographic work explores the relationship between masculinity, the act or state of being a man, and nature. I try to capture the beauty in both, and highlight the more spiritual and erotic aspects of this relationship. So working on the theme of fetish was a new challenge for me, although it turns out the two themes are not mutually exclusive.



Kit - based in Tokyo, Japan worked freelance for G-men magazine, the only bear magazine in Asia. Educated

CONTRIBUTORS

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.



Gianorso - I am a self taught, middle-aged photographer, living in Rome, whose main subjects are men not usually featured in mainstream media, 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



Michael Gordon - I am a self taught photographer and retoucher based in Newcastle upon Tyne. I am inspired by the ability to evoke emotion, reaction and tell a story with a single image.. I am currently experimenting with physique and fitness photography and working towards creating my own unique style. I am fascinated by lighting and love the work of Guy Bourdin, Robert Mapplethorpe and Helmut Newton as well as Gill Greenburg and Silvia Grav. I feel privileged to be able to do something that I love and to share experiences with the people I meet along the way.



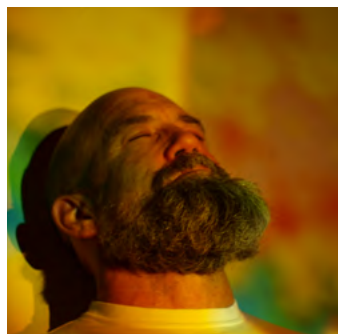
Jack Fritscher - Born in 1939 watching men morph into kitted-out World War II soldiers, I developed a fetish eye during mid-century gay liberation as a writer and photographer shooting men since 1959. As founding San Francisco editor in chief of the leather magazine, *Drummer* (1975-1999), I kick-started my "career in fetish" shooting covers and centerfolds while recruiting like-minded photographers to create the homomasculine style of *Drummer* that helped shape the "international fetish culture" it reported on. So seminal was our *Drummer* "brand" that the young and undiscovered Manhattanite Robert Mapplethorpe flew to my desk with his fetish portfolio (1977). I assigned Robert his first magazine cover, and we became bi-coastal lovers. My memoir *Mapplethorpe: Assault with a Deadly Camera* is one of my twenty books, including the photo-book *Jack Fritscher's American Men*, introduced by British critic Edward Lucie-Smith (*Gay Men's Press*, London). In 1984, I founded, and have since directed 125 features, for my *Palm Drive Video* company whose fetish tag line is "Masculine Videos for Men Who Like Men Masculine."



JORDI CALVERA SOLÉ - I define myself how a self-taught person and very fond of photography. Born in Barcelona in 1975, an adventure to the city of Valencia made my emotions surfaced when I took my first steps with a *Star Werlissa* I had my mother. Now in my hometown and path following my self playing multiple records, I try to express myself through my images.



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.



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."



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.

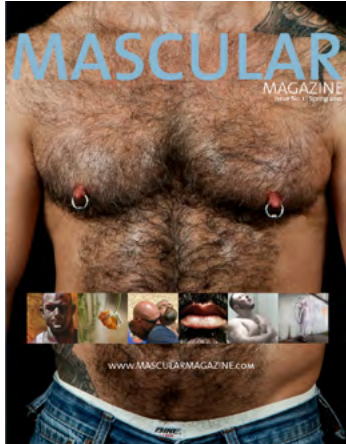


Gil Plante - Gil Plante first made his name in the world of advertising and graphic design working initially as an art director for major international Design Companies. When he formed his group as a freelance art director in 1995 he began to forge an international reputation as a graphic designer, creating publishing, packaging and logotypes such as : *BUCHERER*, *BURBERRYS*, *CERRUTI*, *KARL LAGERFELD*, *CHRISTIAN DIOR*, *SONY (JAPAN)*, *VALENTINO*, *YVES SAINT LAURENT*, and many others. In 2006, Gil decided to leave temporarily the field of graphic design in order to pursue a career as a fine art photographer.

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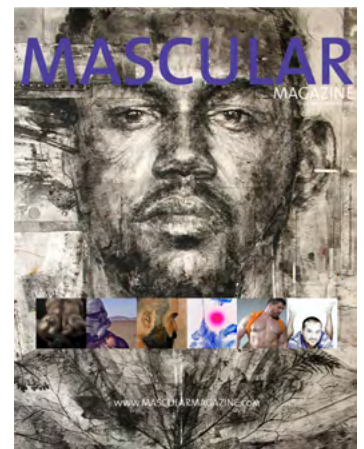
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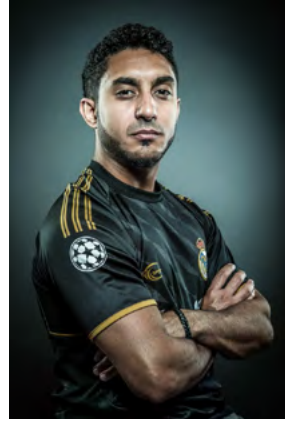
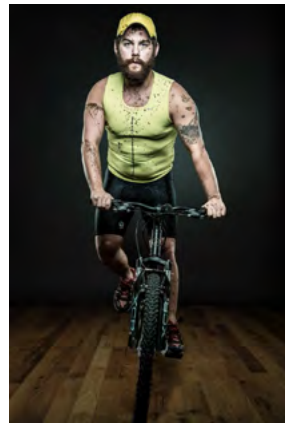
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PLAY



PLAY

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Issue No. 9 of MASCULAR Magazine is dedicated to PLAY! We're calling on artists and creatives to take us out for a good time. Show us the many ways that you let your hair down and have a good time. What does it take to make you smile or breathe more heavily? Where do you go when its time to get away from it all? When you play, do your revert to you childhood pleasures or are your games very much more grown-up in nature?

And what would play be without toys? What's your favourite play thing? Is it the newest games console or a weatherbeaten football, or perhaps its a friend called Bob?

If you are interested in contributing to Issue No. 9, please contact Mascular Magazine at: submissions@mascularmagazine.com

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