



life doesn't frighten me



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Created by Papa Oyeyemi
Curated by Papa Oyeyemi and Tony Ola
Designed by Temitayo Shonibare

cover 1:
Photographed by Cyicefit
Styled by Papa Oyeyemi
Assisted by Tofunmi Akintona

cover 2:
Shot on a road trip in Anambra by Papa Oyeyemi
Edited by Yinka Elliot
Modeled by Tofunmi Shittu

Who am I?
A Maxivive star
I just do what I want to do
I do what I want to do
I realised that I needed to schedule, a routine
It feels quite mundane,
Having tasks that volunteers want to do, but wouldn't get done
But this is so sensitive
Sometimes I just want to scar them a little bit
Now. there's like this tension, and I just want to release.

-

This is not how I woke up
There is no man and woman anymore
I mean
Of course, there is but everyone is just reinventing themselves
As I speak, there are over 40 genders and maybe 80 after
Energies inspire me.
Everything subliminal
Love. is fluid
We are all humans first
If a person. is not. like everybody else
The person is human at least.

- Papa Oyeyemi



Photographed by Cent Fowler

Styled by Papa Oyeyemi

Dapo Ajagbe (Fuse Model Management) , Damilola (Freelance)





Jean-Paul Paula styled by Jean-Paul Paula
Photographed by Papa Oyeyemi in his home in Amsterdam
Make up by Edna Akosua Gymfau





Jean-Paul Paula styled by Jean-Paul Paula
 Photographed by Papa Oyeyemi in his home in Amsterdam
 Make up by Edna Akosua Gymfau



Papa Oyeyemi and Yuris Gaspar
 Styled by Jean-Paul Paula
 Make up by Edna Akosua Gymfau)
 Photographed by JeanPaul Paula





cover story

MUSHIN LOVE STORY _ star

Mushin Love Story

Photographed by Cyicefit

Styled by Papa Oyeyemi

Location and assisted by Tofunmi Akintona

Models: Samuel Inyang (Freelance) Lanre Adams (90's model management)





Photographed by Akin Adegunju
Styled by Papa Oyeyemi



Modeled by Tofunmi Shittu (Model look Africa), Osuya Princewill (Mybooker Models)
Hair and Make up by Halid razak
Wigs - Hairbyriches, Austine Afaha



Photographed by Akin Adegunju

Styled by Papa Oyeyemi

Modeled by Atanda Oluwatobiloba (Fowler Model) Daniel Joseph

(Model look Africa) Adegbite Marvelous (NK Models)



ANALEMMA

A decolonizing club dance ritual entering queer people of colour

Decolonizing is often considered a political and administrative process, dismantling the oppressive mechanisms that are rooted in the colonial project of land grabbing, enslavement and exploitation, which continue to function today. Throughout history, people have been resisting and fighting against the oppressive system of colonies. Historically, resistance has often been rooted in spiritual practices.

What does spirituality mean to you in a process of decolonization?

ACT OF MATERIALIZATION

a writing ritual

Start by writing to an ancestor that could support a spiritually transformative process of yourself in relationship to other queer people of colour. This could be a biological ancestor of whom you know the name of, don't know the name of it could be non-biological ancestor with whom you feel connected because they have been particularly meaningful for the person you have become today.

You will have about five minutes to write to your ancestors.use any writing style that you like,such as poetry,or by writing down words intuitively. Please address your ancestors at the beginning of your writing. Below you can find three elements to guide you, in no particular order.

Emotion or feeling

Express an emotion or feeling which you are currently experiencing. This might be a feeling particular to the day, or an emotion that has been with you for a longer period of time.

Question or request

This can be related to knowledge about the past, and/or guidance for the present and future it might also break with linear notions of time.

Sacrifice or promise

Make a sacrifice or promise to your ancestors which involve giving up or acquiring a certain habit,but it could also involve giving up on material wealth.

When the dance starts, you are invited to dance as well by sharing the space, while taking into consideration from which standpoint you are dancing in relation to other queer people of colour. Our community member who has to the closing ritual, as the dancers continue to dance.

You can follow her to guide you outside to burn your written text: This is the act of dematerialisation.

Project initiated by Fazle Shairmahomed



Performers - Simomo Bouj, Fazle Shairmahomed and Paolo Yao Koaudio

Photographed by Shawnee Camu

@analemma.ritual

Discretion: This page has been edited. The previous had a crediting error which we sincerely regret, and apologies for.





Hermes Iyele photographed by Wilson Onwuka

Styled by Papa Oyeyemi

Make up by Halid razak

Edited by Yinka Elliot





Above - Mike Inyanda
 Opposite - Ozioma Bright Emmanuel both from Jabari Models
 Photographed by Odetara Adedamola
 Styled by Cheche Uduma
 Make up by Odidike Uchechukwu for faces by maraan
 Location - Manny Ameh



RENDEZVOUS - TRANSIT VILLAGE - star







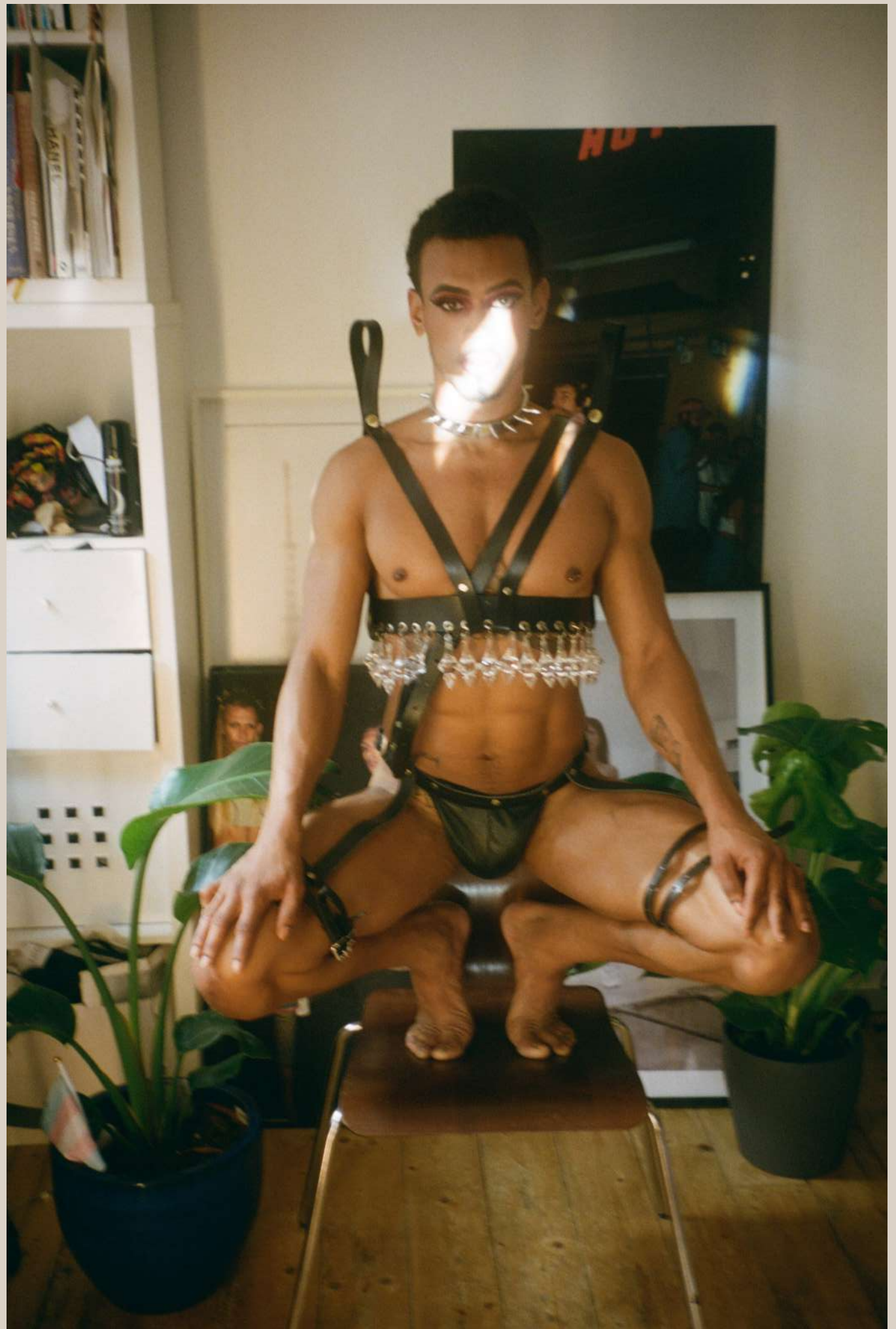


Francis Ikeaba Photographed by Cyicefit
Styled by Papa Oyeyemi

Everyone wants their life to count for something
Everyone wants their life to matter
But Life happens to us all
We grow up with big dreams and aspirations
Childhood innocence and blissful ignorance
Then Life happens to us all
Mortality stares us in the face
Defiant, we press on not knowing what the day would bring
And... Life happens to us all
Shouts of victory and success we hear
Triumphs of neighbours we love
Still, Life happens to us all
Death and treachery conspire
Fleeting time doubt inspire
Life happens to us all
Heartbreaks of lovers past
Pleasures of lovers present
Love does not frighten me
Daily activities, now mundane
Dreams and aspirations like glass shattered
Fright of life descends on me
Blow by blow, life battery unabated
Tear by tear, life's torture sneer
Life coaches me
On this huge ball of blue marble, I call home
A spec in the milky way
by Justin Okeke

Yuri Gaspar Photographed and Styled by Jean-Paul Paula
Make up by Edna Akosua Gymfau











Aadesokan photographed in his studio in Maastricht by Papa Oyeyemi
Edited by Yinka Elliot





Fernando F. Van Der Kraats Photographed by Afsaneh Ghafarian Rabe'l
Set by Nick Lanveld
Styled by Papa Oyeyemi

Sunday Onoriode (Model look Africa)
Styled by Papa Oyeyemi
Photographed by Cyicefit







Life is beautiful, life is vibrant

Life is hard, life is challenging

Life is a whole lot of things, good and bad

But Life is also Death waiting to happen

We grapple and strive to give our lives meaning

We work and work and work some more

With mundane activities we fill our days

And days turn quickly into weeks, months and years

We invest our time and money in our relationships

Wanting our friends and family to know we care

While hoping for some form of meaningful return

Or at least a temporary reprieve from life's harsh realities

When all is said and done, life is fleeting

We're here one moment and gone the next

Nothing like the loss of a loved one

To remind us of the fragility of our existence

We mourn the ones we lost

We cry, we grieve, we ask why

Not realizing the ugly truth

That we ourselves are waiting to expire.

by Ebenezer Alasi

A	E	I
M	V	X

| MAXIVIVE | | |
| Lagos | | |

- A - Artisanal
- AM - Artisanal Suits and Weddings
- AI - Garments/Accessories Up-Cycled by hand
- I - White white Maxivive white (ready to wear)
- E - Collection of Accessories
- V - Collection of shoes
- IM - A Coy wardrobe
- X - Objects and Publications



Kelvin Ade (Fowler Model)

Photographed by Adedamola Odetara

Styled by Papa Oyeyemi

Directed by Femi Fowler



Akin Smith (Fowler Model)



Kelvin Ade (Fowler Model)

Akin and Kelvin Ade (Fowler Model)





Anthony Victor (Model Look Africa)

Photographed by Ofure Ighalo



Samuel John

Richard Aborowa



Ayodeji Ishola (Model Look Africa)

Daniel Joseph (Model look Africa)
Photographed by Papa Oyeyemi
Edited by Yinka Elliot





Daniel Joseph (Model look Africa)



Daniel Iwuji (Fowler Model)



Favour Winner (Forever Model)



Daniel Iwuji (Model look Africa)



Above - Alex Okoh
Opposite - Desmond Osatohamen
Photographed by Papa Akanbi





Adeleye Folohun



I was seven years old when I died, so this life does not frighten me anymore. If it did, then I would write like one who has a lot on his chest, one who is pressed and pressed for time, for I have found that love and time dance to the rhythm of my beating heart and keeps the simple things alive.

I would know this because I have lived to know that the next man is a neighbor; through his reflection that I can craft the sinews of my identity and appropriate response to the vicissitudes of life. As well, part of my responsibility as a human is to give people things for talking points. I may not know which hue I am on the canvas of their lips, but to show up often, I must. It is the law of living, give we must.

And then I had seven neighbors who taught me a thing or two about life. We lived in sin city, not too far from Observation Avenue. The blinking, dizzying lights from their houses were the warmth of home. Watching the acts of these neighbors was as divine comedy.

Selma lived down the road. He was gaunt and had square jaws. Salma lived in the throes of poverty and had a refreshing smile to go with it. He would clutch the bible to his right hand, scamper to several vigils and deliverance services. All that was wrong with him was external. At the root of this obsession was acute laziness. The esoteric and the seeming spiritual becomes an escape to occupy the mind. After all, the afterlife seems attainable if life on earth only showed the possibilities of misery. It is God that must have all the answers, not science or its applications. Underneath this splay of pretense was the inability to connect with other humans to solve their problems with a well-rehearsed skill and the absence of the emotional intelligence needed to resolve human differences.

Bode is upwardly mobile. He works in Telecommunications; he is a high flyer by every measure. Bode took to splurges and ate only fine. He changed clothes often, changed sizes even more often, yet he wouldn't stop on the binging and the excess. The once spindly-limbed young man grew into a hunch with sagging folds and swollen calves. The man died of his excesses. He ate to his death; cheers to that, death must have said.

Ada has a short fuse. She snaps at will and lacks the internal geometry of patience. Fury was her answer to the littlest of altercations. Her sunny skin and ripe feminine curves did her no justice in the court of public opinion. She was utterly irritable, bitter, and lonesome; she just moved out of the neighborhood. Ada has been touring rental apartments around Lagos. Word has it she raised fire on her fiancés' car a few weeks ago. I hope she meets patience down the road.

Ibezim just moved into the neighborhood. His first point of duty was to size up the residents to see who is higher in station than he is. His neighbor changed his car recently; Ibezim dazzled his garage with a better model. He would rev the car to full throttle. The sleekness of the production from the engine invites the admiration of the neighbors. His phones are up-to-date because his boss's phone is. He has not learned the virtue of gratitude, the profound appreciation for the simple things. Ibezim is such an excellent debtor. Who knows how he accumulated such backlog.

Something must kill a man, Nedu had said. Married with kids, he flings his gaze at the coquettish lots on the high streets of Lagos. His beautiful wife just filed for divorce. He has two other families who live just stone throws from our neighborhood. Indeed, something must kill a man.

Hauwa is a fashion IT girl. Her shoulders often defy gravity. She wears painterly dark shades in the dark. She is often curt and frowns at simple people who are uncouth in her books. The world is a perfect round egg with no possibility of cracks. What a pity. Just yesterday, the sole of her shoes gave way to the on-looking eyes of the neighbors who couldn't hide their snigger.

Adama is a collector. He has an uncanny capacity to covet the resources of others. Adama thinks on his feet, devising ways to outsmart members of the neighborhood from their hard-earned resources. He is a stinking river, takes it all, and gives nothing.

The above is a simple portrait of my neighborhood, a metaphor for how many lead their lives. However, with simple virtues as love and respect for others, I would be in good stead with life.

There is more I have learned from life to keep me unabashed through and through. Life, in simple words, would describe itself as a fete of sound and color. Music often mimics the beating heart and explores the complexities of the human condition. Color does its due diligence in dividing people into inappropriate measures of superiority. True colors would teach tolerance, seeing that the human spectrum has its varying hues and complementary possibilities.

Hip-hop rides on a pounding heartbeat, on poetry and sarcastic self-affirmations, R&B explores the panting joys of sex, Soul reminds us all we have three compartments living in a physical structure. That the softer, pastel sides of life are worth considering at all times. Jazz is such an ideal metaphor for how we ought to live life unabashed. We ought to roll with the punches, improvise at will because no one has got it all figured out.

I was seven years old when I died, so this life doesn't frighten me anymore. I would know because the age of eight is when we become all we would in later years. The seed of physiological traumas, wounds, and defenses fills our mental makeup. They toll into our later years, though we often reinforce and edit as we go along. These make birthdays a stage for mourning our ebbing innocence. Such tragedy gratified by pageantry.

I am taking the gift of love and time seriously, the gift of people, and the contradiction that I should expect from members of the human community.

It is not life or death that frightens me; it is the concept of time that knocks me off my feet; the silent ticking clock that winds down in such ghostly ticks. And now that I am a year older, it is not this life that frightens me; it is the will to keep on living that weakens my knees.

by Godson Ukaegbu
21 September 2021



In Paris with Joseph

Joseph Obanubi Styled and Photographed in his studio in Paris by Papa Oyeyemi
Edited by Yinka Elliot

In Amsterdam with Shawnee



Shawnee Camu styled and Photographed in his home in Amsterdam by Papa Oyeyemi
Edited by Shawnee Camu



In Marseille with Papa

Papa Oyeyemi photographed by Temitayo Olalekan in Marseille

Edited by Yinka Elliot

Tofunmi Shittu styled and photographed by Papa Oyeyemi
Edited by Yinka Elliot

Destination - Explore Nigeria
Why?
Because Life didn't frighten us.



cover story







Location - Hotel Rooms

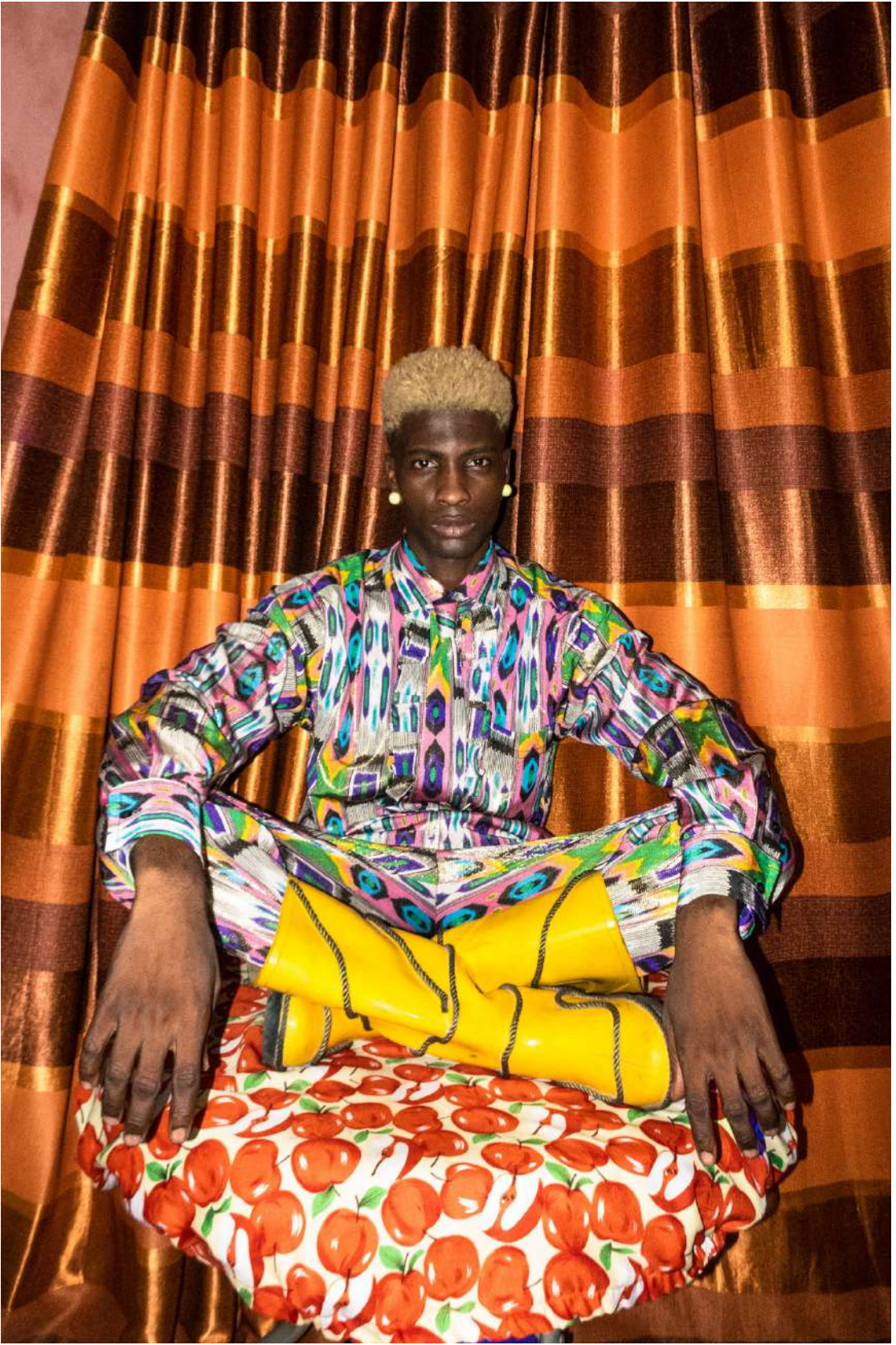
Tofunmi Shittu and Tofunmi Akintona

Location - Aba, Abia State





Location - Aba, Abia State
Tofunmi Shittu



Location - Aba, Abia State
Tofunmi Shittu



Location - Benin
Tofunmi Shittu



Location - Benin
Isokpan Elliot Isokpan (Catch 22 models)



Akingbade Oluwatobi Christopher

Location - Erin Ijesha



Location - Erin Ijesha
Tofunmi Akintona



Location - Erin Ijesha
Akingbade Oluwatobi Christopher and Tofunmi Shittu



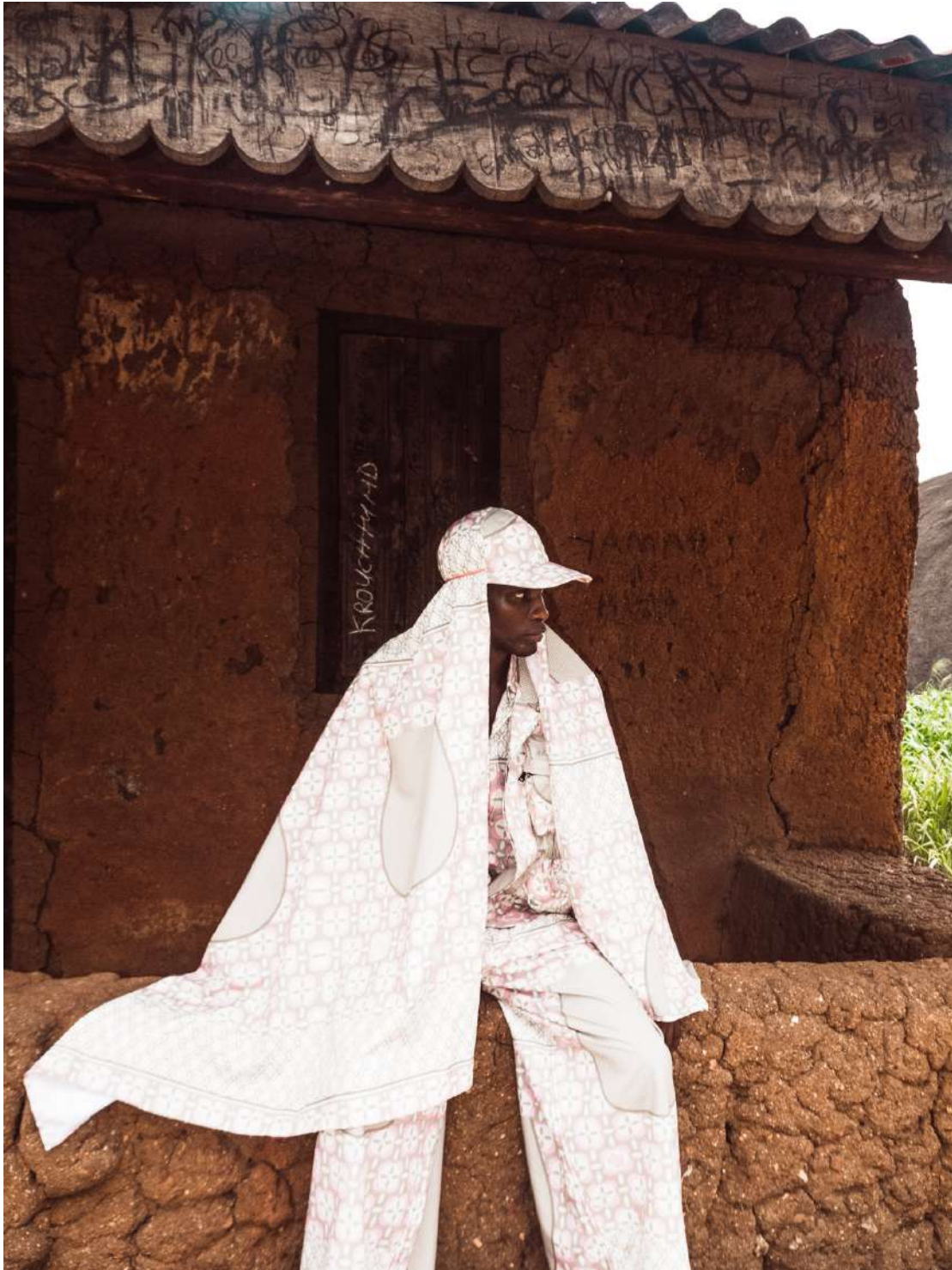
Location - Idanre Hill
Tofunmi Akintona, Akingbade Oluwatobi Christopher and Tofunmi Shittu



Location - Idanre Hill
Tofunmi Shittu



Location - Idanre Hill
Akingbade Oluwatobi Christopher, Tofunmi Shittu, Tofunmi Akintona



Location - Idanre Hill
Tofunmi Shittu



Location - Idanre Hill
Akingbade Oluwatobi Christopher



Location - Middle of Nowhere, Anambra
Tofunmi Shittu



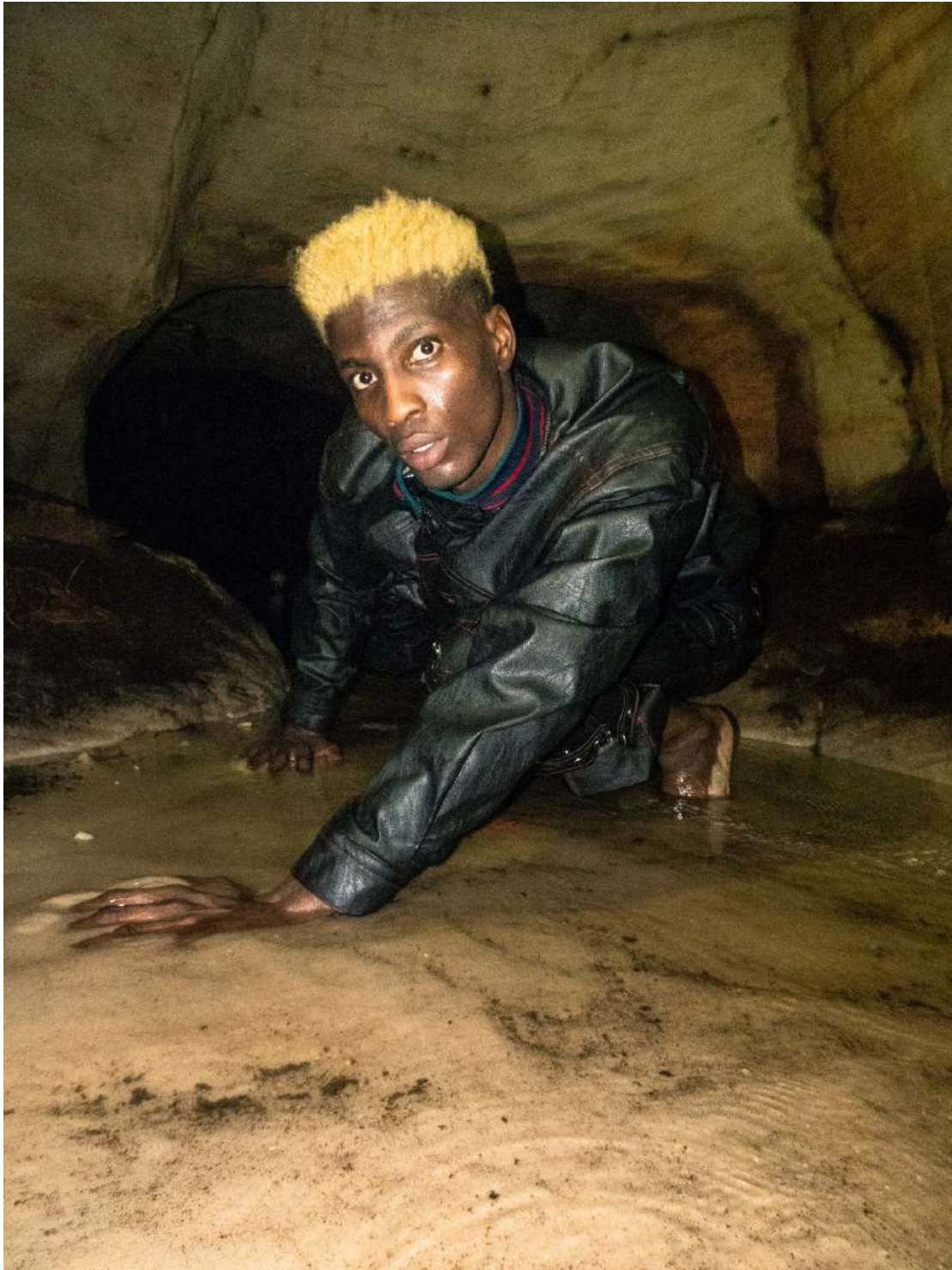
Location - Middle of Nowhere, Anambra
Tofunmi Shittu



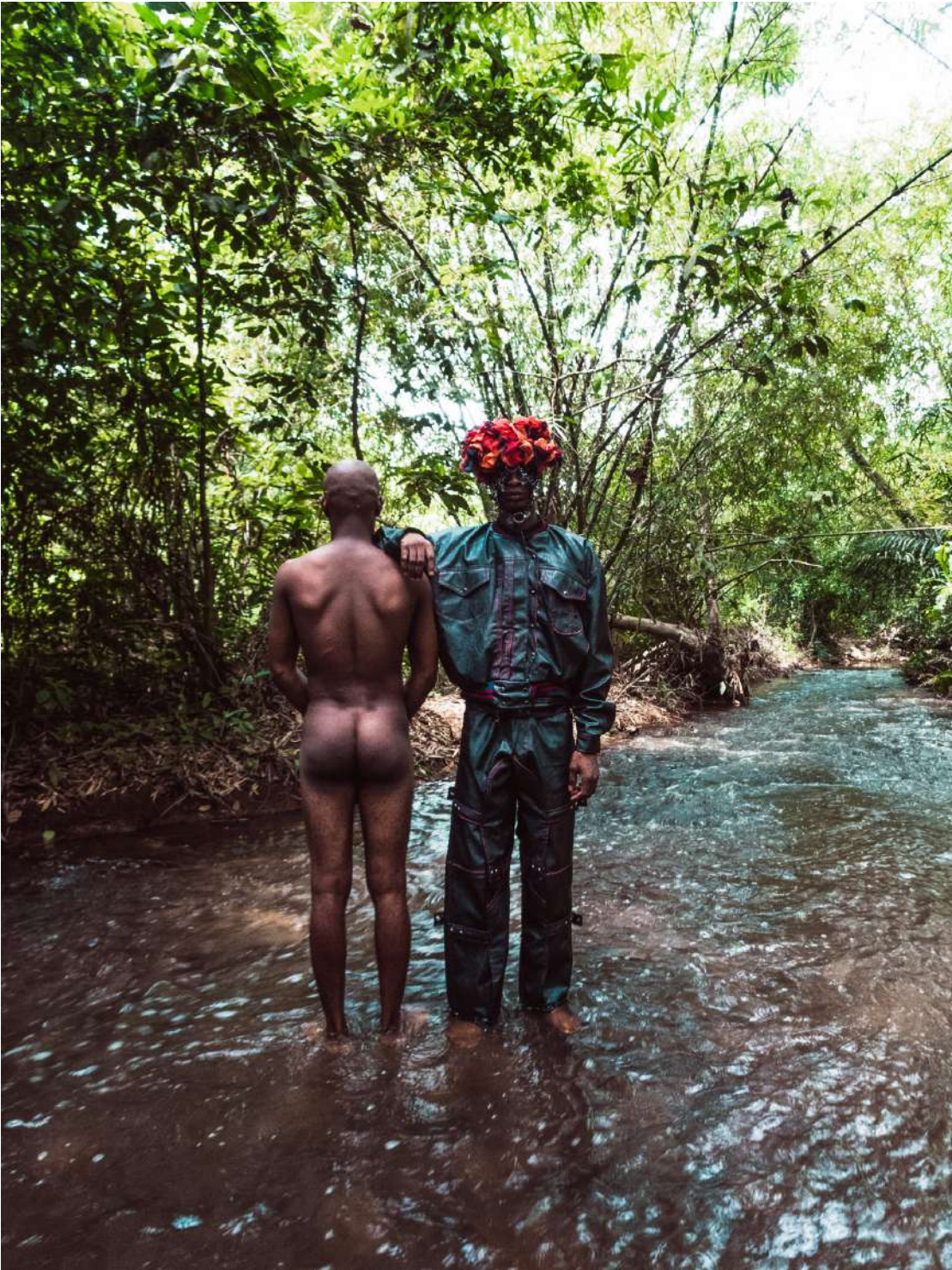
Location - Nekede Zoo
Tofunmi Shittu



Location - Nekede Zoo
Tofunmi Shittu



Location - Ogbunike Cave
Tofunmi Shittu



Location - Ogbunike Cave
Tofunmi Akintona, Tofunmi Shittu



Location - Oguta Lake
Tofunmi Shittu



Location - Oguta Lake
Tofunmi Akintona, Tofunmi Shittu





DEAR NIGERIANS, THIS IS NO CAPITALISM _ star

Location - Ondo

Akingbade Oluwatobi Christopher ,Tofunmi Shittu and Tofunmi Akintona

Conversations on the road









WHAT IS YOUR GREATEST FEAR?

Papa Oyeyemi - “After dedicating 15 years of my life and still counting to a craft I love so much and a brand I regard as the first and only child I have given birth to so far, my greatest fear would have to be a combination of giving up and losing it all at almost dawn and losing family and close friends to death.”

Justin Okeke - “To be a failure and live below expectation, especially when I’ve received so many investments.”

Yinka Elliot - “Getting left behind.”

Femi Fowler - “Poverty.”

Jean-Paul Paula - “Losing my mind and not having control of the choices I make.”

Aadesokan - “Not being myself.”

Samuel Inyang - “My family and I not making Heaven and not being able to impact the world positively.”

Akin Adegunji - “Fear of Failure.”

Joseph Obanubi - “Losing my sight I guess.”

Papa Akanbi - “I dread a time where I can no longer help myself or take own decisions but completely at the mercy of any human being here on earth. I always want to make my decisions and follow through as best as I desire. If I made it out alive I’ll be grateful for decisions I made for myself by myself, if I don’t, at least I did my best.”

Shawnee Camu - “Eradication of nature, knowledge, and love. Assimilation of culture, and forgetting history.”

Afsaneh Ghafarian Rabe’I - “Not being good enough.”

Godson Ukaegbu - “My greatest fear in life is the possibility that I may give up the will to keep on living because I had not met my mark or did not reach those I ought to with the possibilities of my gift and grace.”

Ebenezer Alasi - “My greatest fear is going through life without attaining my greatest potential.”

Hermes Iyele - “Fear Itself.”

Francis Ikeaba - “Not achieving my life goals and dreams before exiting.”

Cheche Uduma - “Losing my loved ones”

Daniel Iwuji - “I have no fear about life because I keep growing up and realize not everyone will make it in life but, surely we all will die someday. (I choose to enjoy every moments in life instead of having fears.”

Temitayo Shonibare - “Being good at multiple things but an expert in nothing.”

maxivive