

noisu
Rain
q a y art m a q a z i n e

騒ましい雨



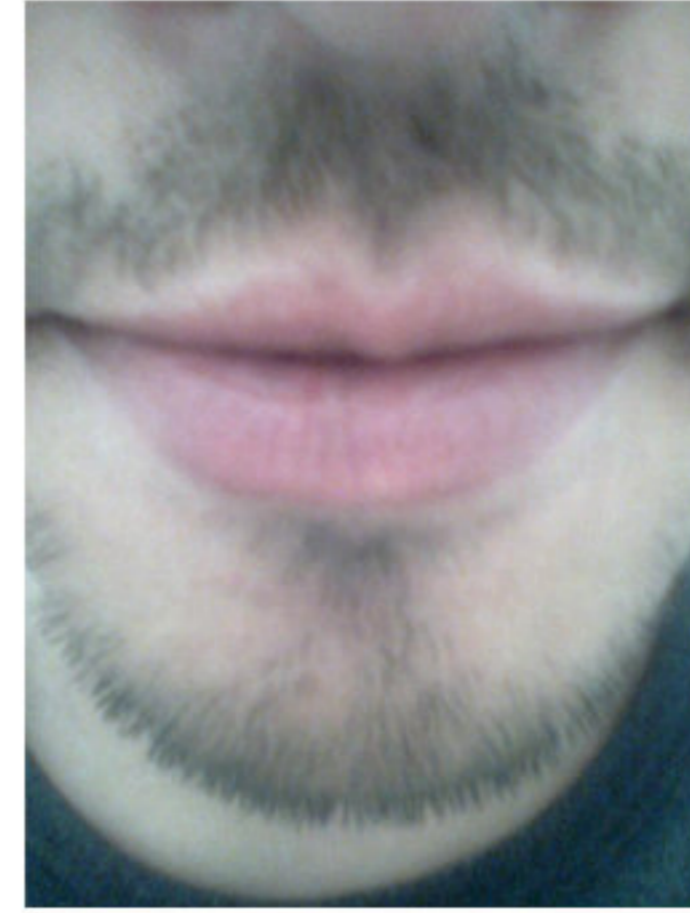
平野

noisy
Rain

q a y art m a q a z i n e

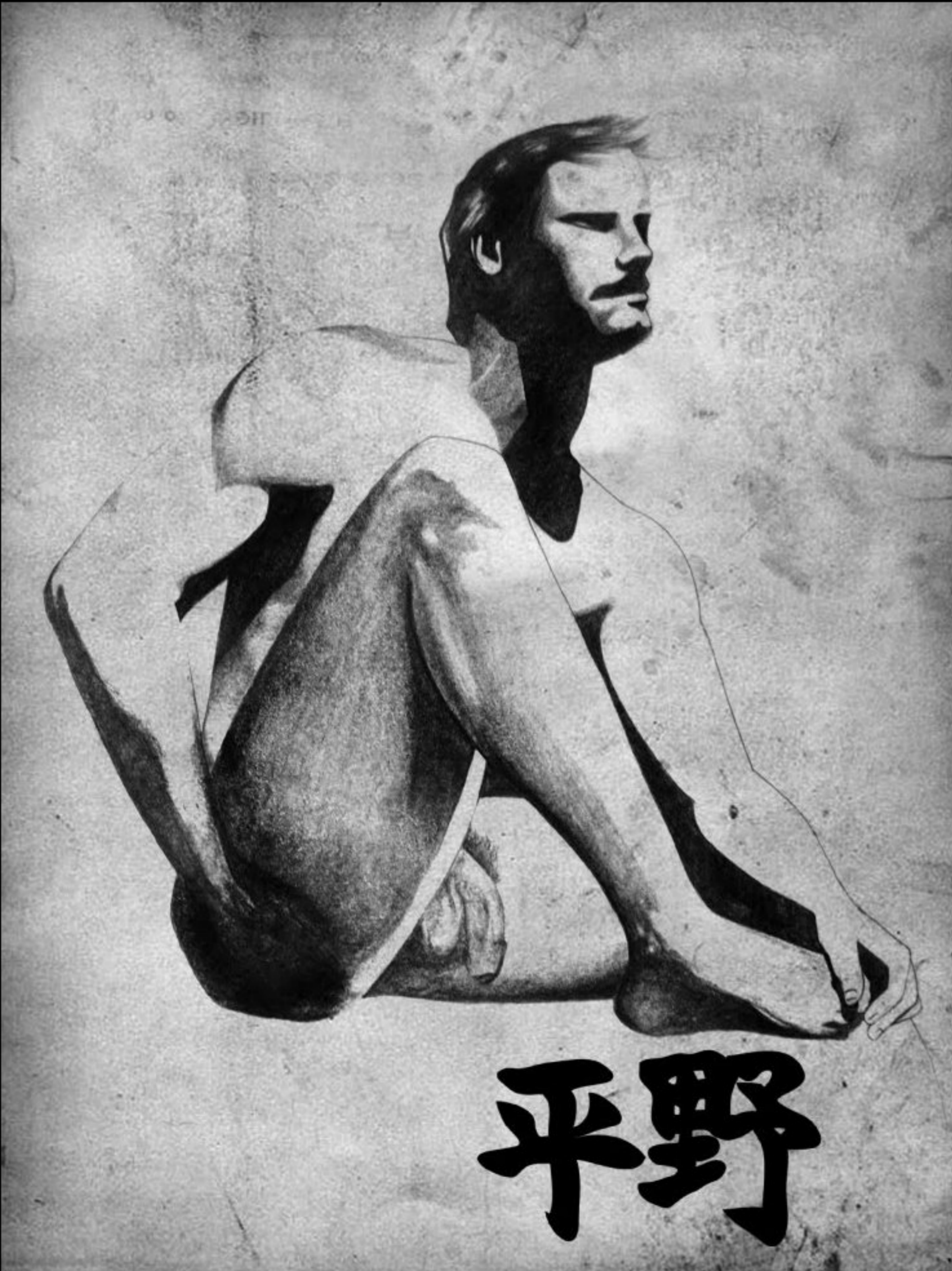
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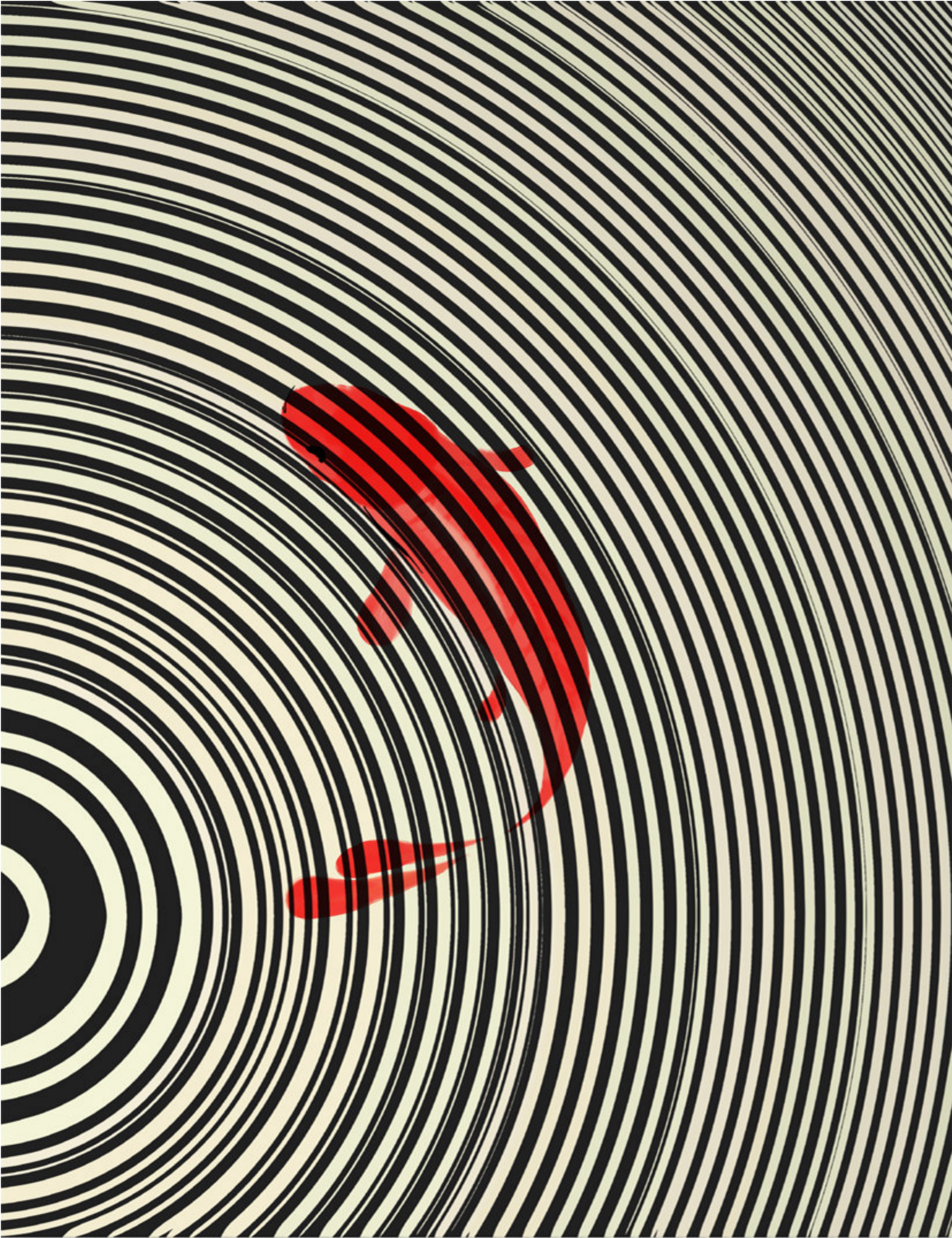
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The reason of living lies in our ability to love

平野



ALBO
WAYNE

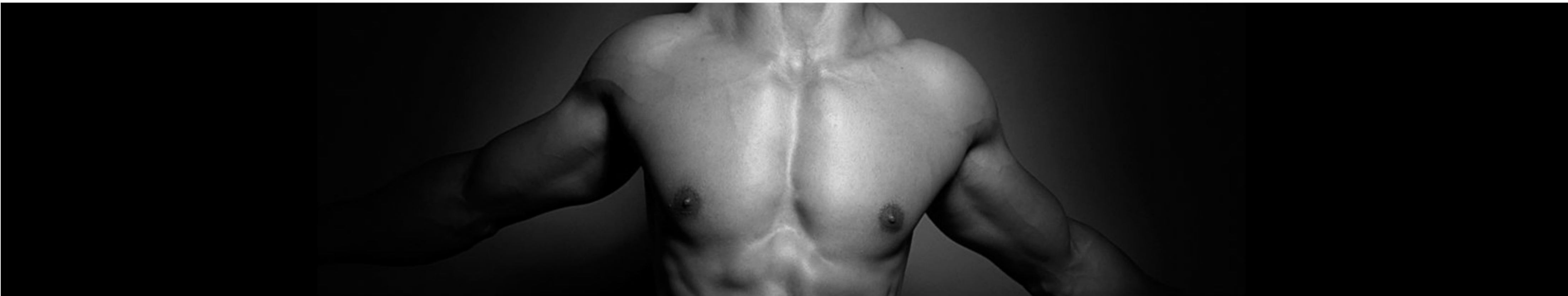
EXPLORES
THE
SEARCH
FOR SELF



WAYNE TALBOT IS A PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST FROM BRISBANE AUSTRALIA.

HIS LIFELONG ARTISTIC PURSUITS REFLECT HIS FINE ART BACKGROUND AND HIS ROOTS IN CLASSIC PAINTING & SCULPTURE. HISTORICALLY A DRAWER AND SCULPTOR, WAYNE'S DRAUGHTING SKILLS AND THREE DIMENSIONAL MIND RESULT IN HIS PHOTOGRAPHIC IMAGES BEING SCULPTURAL AND STRONG ... OFTEN STATUESQUE.

WAYNE IS AN EXHIBITING ARTIST REGULARLY SHOWING WORK IN BRISBANE ... ALSO HAVING EXHIBITED IN SYDNEY, PARIS AND LONDON





RECLINING MAN

OUTSIDE THE INNER CORE





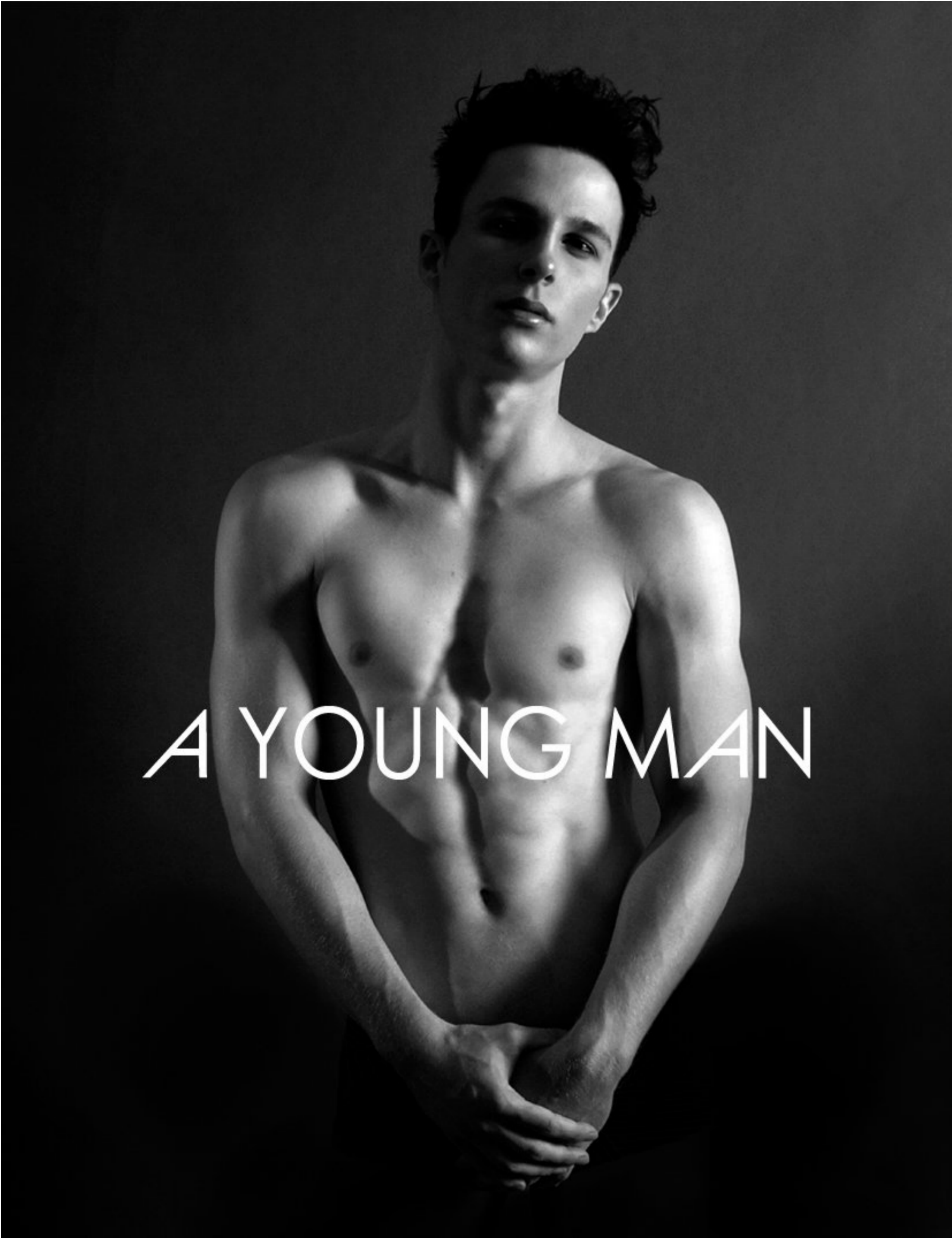
THE SCREAM

OYSTER LIGHT

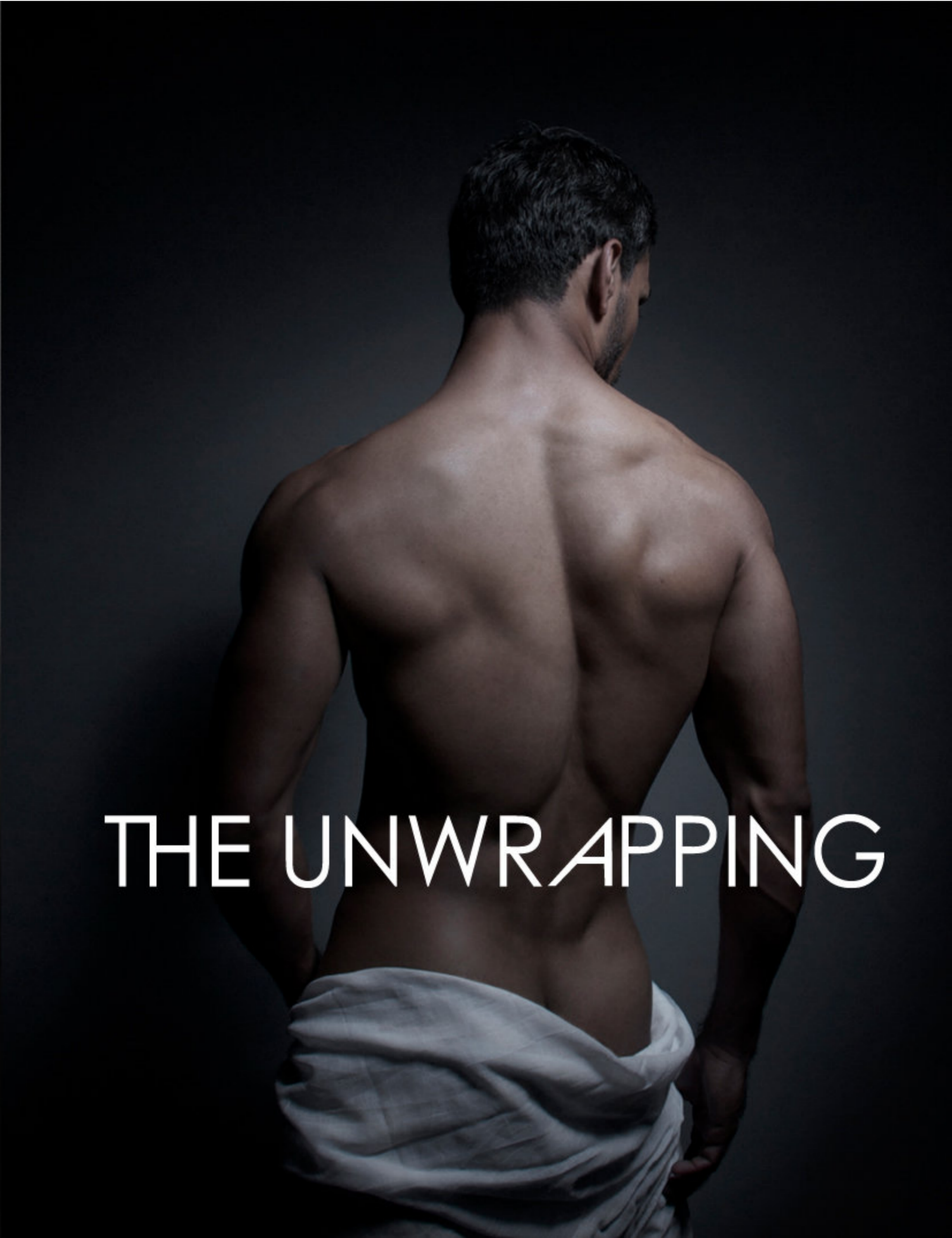




THE GLARE OF BEING



A YOUNG MAN



THE UNWRAPPING

WITHIN WITHOUT



WAYNE'S PICTURES EXPLORE THE 'SEARCH FOR SELF'.

THEY REFLECT HOW MEN SEE THEMSELVES AND HOW THEY'RE PRESENTED TO THEIR WORLD. THEIR STRENGTHS AND THE LEVELS OF DESIRED EXPOSURE, THEIR INSECURITIES AND THE PROTECTIVE MASKS SOMETIMES WORN.

THIS WORK REFERS TO THE VARYING DEGREES OF HONESTY AND INTEGRITY MEN HAVE IN THEIR RELATIONSHIPS WITH THEMSELVES, INCREASINGLY RELEVANT IN THIS 'COMMUNICATION ERA' WHERE IT IS ALMOST DEMANDED OF THEM TO BE DEFINED AS A MARKETABLE COMMODITY TO THEIR PEERS AND FUTURE FRIENDS.

AS A PHOTOGRAPHER WAYNE OBSERVES PERSONAL TRAITS IN DETERMINING HOW THESE BEAUTIFUL, AESTHETICALLY CHARGED MEN SHOULD BE PORTRAYED. THE LOCATION AND PROPS BECOME SECONDARY TO STUDIO LIGHTING WHICH IS CRAFTED TO DETERMINE THE STYLE AND MOOD OF EACH IMAGE

WAYNE TALBOT

A special thanks to the models in my photos ... all fantastic, fascinating and sexy men.

email : soulfoodstudio@gmail.com
www.redbubble.com/people/talbotpictures

カ
シ
ロ

CAURO HIGE

大阪市生まれ。京都大学教育学部教育心理学科卒。
京大美術部。
教職を経て2008年から創作活動。



DOUBLE FANTASY

NIGHTINGALE





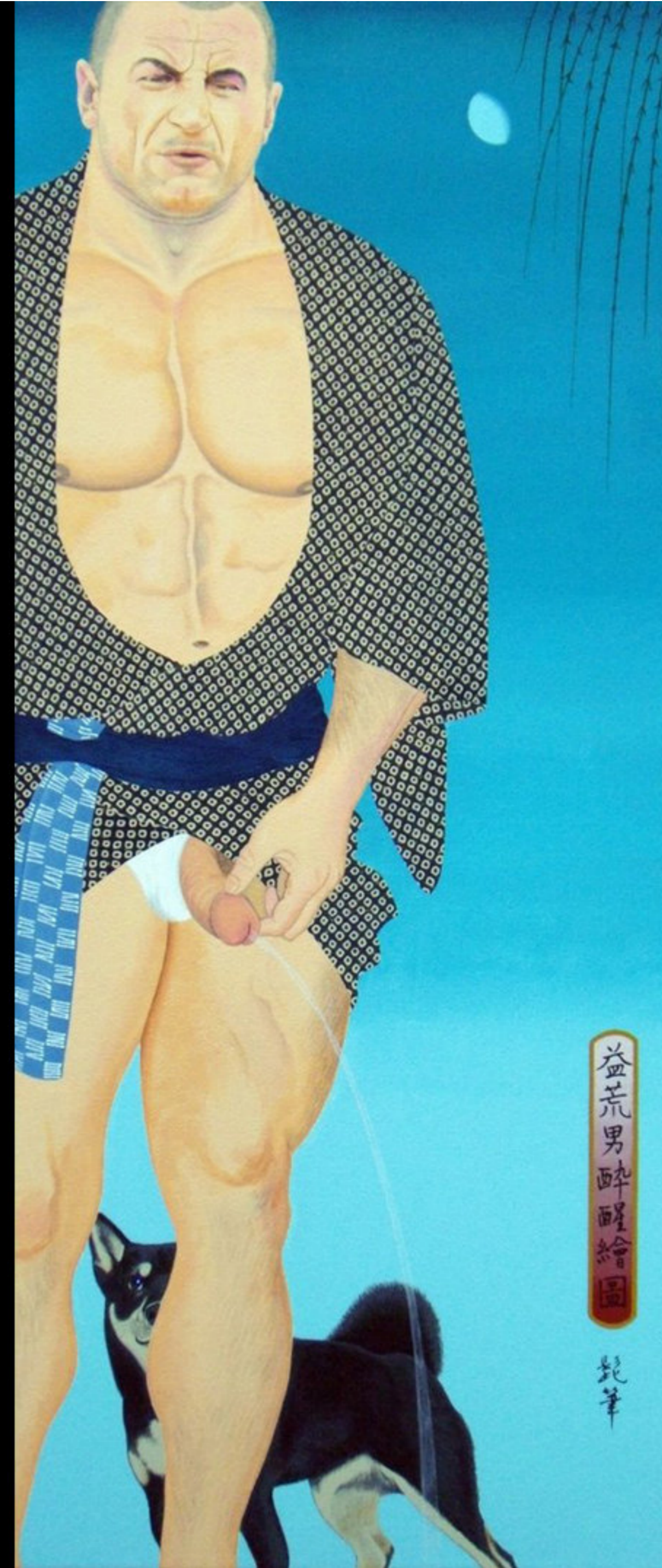
T H E S C E N T O F . . .



力士

THE SUMO WRESTLER





益荒男醉醒繪圖

龍筆

A MAN SOBERING UP HIMSELF



Japanese self-taught artist, born in Osaka Japan, he graduated from the Faculty of Psychology (Kyoto University), the study in Psychology helped him to make and introspective about masculinity, this study would shape later his artistic career and focus his pictorial work on this issue. In his own words he refers to the central theme of his work as "A worship of those men who seems to have a natural strength in their masculinity"

Cauro began his artistic career in 2008 and to date he has participated in exhibitions in Los Angeles, Sydney, Torremolinos (Spain) and Tokyo.

His works have been published in:

"100 Artists of the Male Figure: A Contemporary Anthology of Painting, Drawing, and Sculpture"

"The Art Of Man - Second Edition: Fine Art of the Male Form Quarterly Journal (Volume 2)"

SOUND OF SILENCE

ARK





ANIMAL CARICATURES

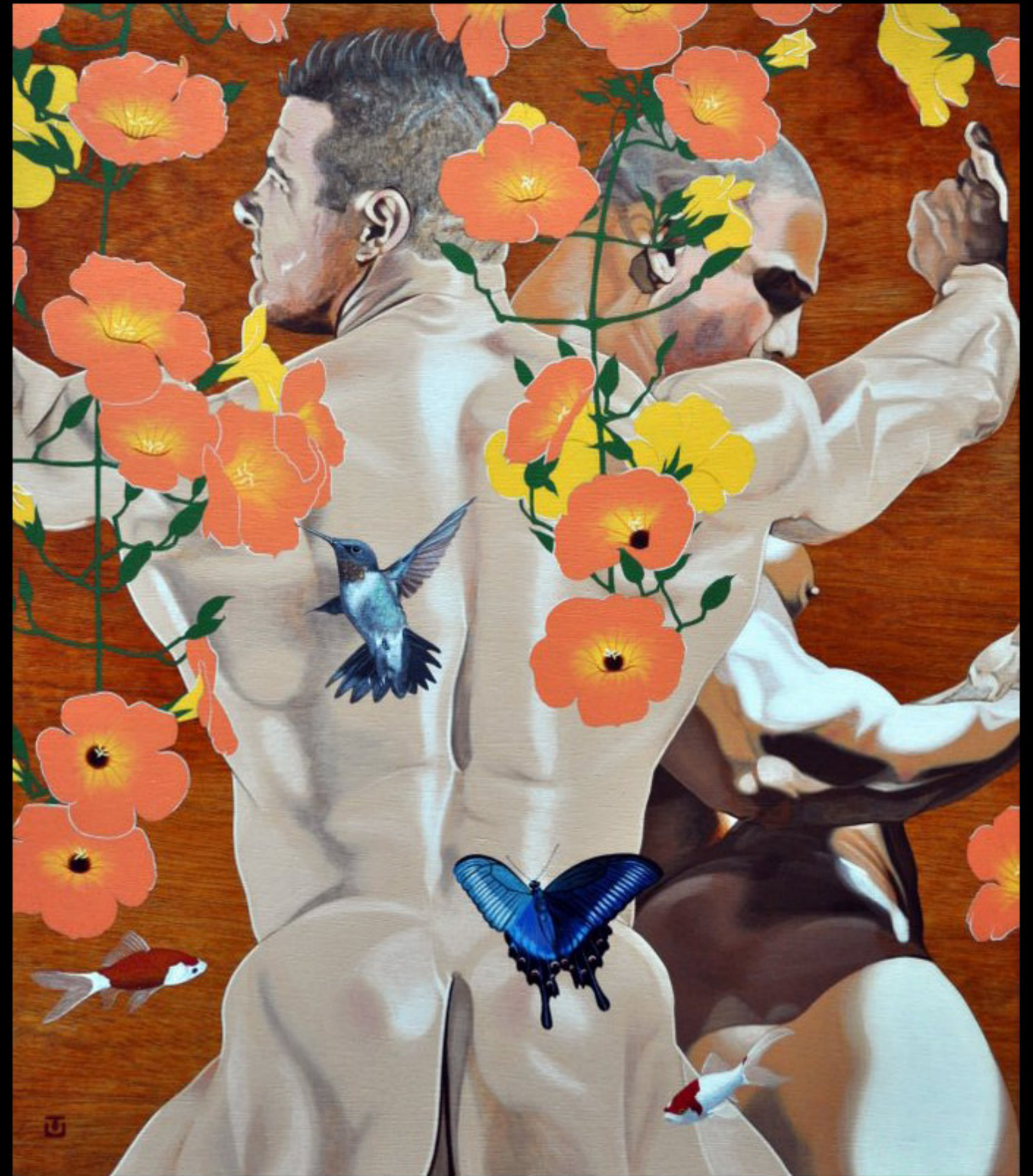
NIRVANA





FIREMAN

EDEN





<http://cauro.web.fc2.com>

You can purchase Cauro Hige's published works at:

100 Artists of the Male Figure.

http://www.amazon.com/100-Artists-Male-Figure-Contemporary/dp/0764336932/ref=sr_1_1

The Art Of Man - Second Edition

http://www.amazon.com/Art-Man-Fine-Quarterly-Journal/dp/1453737839/ref=sr_1_1

NATIONAL HOLIDAY

MY LIFE

I've decided to make some changes in my life. Not because of my sero-conversion, mind you. That was an effortless event, seventeen years ago, with nary an illness worth whining about. Although it does beg the question - if I am undetectable, then why am I so fat?

However, I digress.



Following an embarrassing après-dinner incident at a Gentleman's Club, where I simultaneously ejaculated semen and fettuccine over my anonymous friend then skulked home covered in stringy alien afterbirth, I decided to become a recluse.



I began to haunt chat rooms on the Internet.

The best part about chat rooms is that you can be anyone. A Polio stricken Marianne Faithful impersonator rasping from an iron lung. An amputee dwarf into electro-sex, tapping on a tiny keyboard with a hook.

Occasionally, Hillary Clinton looking for Bill. Sometimes Barack Obama, looking for sympathy and tickles. Still other times, I would be Arnold Schwarzenegger, seeking further tax cuts for botox, or just someone to beat. Occasionally I could get away with pretending to be Bill Clinton, not looking for Hillary, though as it turned out he was often already logged on.

One afternoon in the chat room, I decided to describe myself as I really am: mid 40s, HIV Positive (and not at all negative about it), reasonably good looking, with an enraged tool needing some sugar walls to hammer. Response was rapid.

His description of himself was sexy - 30s, fit, also HIV+, muscular butt, into toys. I'm into toys. I have a selection of dancing Hugh Jackman miniatures that buggers the imagination.

Having established that we liked each other's stats and status, we edge round to more relevant stuff, like where we both live. I give my potential pal my phone number. Quicker than you can say 'Jackie Collins is a sad old bag', the phone rings. We arrange to get together, his place, as he lives alone. Tony. His name is Tony.

Today is the day.

I'm looking good. I'd even put extra teeth whitener on before my Xanax last night. Time to go, so I stuff myself into my favourite extra tight old 501s, pack a bag of rubber cocks - just 17 of my favorites - and my afternoon HIV medications. Be prepared, appropriate for Girl Guides to lava cave enthusiasts.

Half way to paradise I pass an old woman in a motorised wheelchair. It's pleasing to see this respective senior citizen has wisely restrained herself in her chair. (I hate it when old people fall and break their hips on the footpath where I'm about to walk.) She's singing softly to herself '...coz tonight I'm going to party like it's 1929...'



I knock confidently on the bleak weather-beaten door of Tony's house. Somewhere angels begin singing " Love is Many Splendoured Thing ", the door creaks open, and there he is.

"Baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa"

"I beg your pardon?" I splutter.

"Hi! Come on in!"

I'm inside before I know it, mentally spanking myself for my naivety. I'm realising the Ricky Martin look-a-like profile picture on Tony's online profile actually was Ricky Martin. Still, I'm here now - may as well see it out. Or in - if we can just hide that face. Perhaps I should have brought a feedbag?



Tony ushers me briskly through the lounge room. Despite the hurry I spot some oddities - a row of mutilated teddy bears sitting in military formation, a ruined swing set, savaged doll's clothes. Taped to the wall each side of a dirty window are ripped posters. On the right is Amy Winehouse with a crack pipe crudely drawn over her mouth; at least I think it's drawn. To the left is one of the Baldwin brothers. The ugly, untalented one nobody remembers the name of.

We enter the bedroom. There's rubbish strewn everywhere. Blood-curdling childlike scrawls in some unidentifiable substance obliterate the walls. A Julie Andrews doll wearing a muzzle is nailed through her head to the back of the door. (No need for a muzzle now.)

"Sorry 'bout the mess," Tony grins sheepishly, and I do mean sheepishly.

I tell him to undress for me in a clear voice as confident as I am not feeling.

He takes off his clothes and bends over.

There's no denying it, he does have his good side.



Lying him tenderly down on his back on the bed, I put his legs over my shoulders and gently stroke Tony's best asset.

Keeping my right hand fingers caressing, with my left hand pull a couple of generous rubber items out of my bag.

"Oh my god, I can't take that! Or that! I haven't had sex in two years!"

Amateur.

"Ok, cool." I say.

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"Ok, cool." I say.



I chance it, look up. Tony appears so blissful, his expression that of a gargoyle upon the gates of heaven and knowing within will be no mirrors for eternity. Despite being faced with a face only a blind baboon could love, I'm straining in my jeans.

But the minutes are passing, and I wanna get home in time to watch 'Out of the Wok & Into the Closet' - a new sitcom starring Richard Gere and the Dalai Lama as two fun-loving bachelors sharing a bedsit in L.A.

"Relax..." I soothe.

Tony relaxes and sighs. A soft, whispery, anal sigh.

Argh! Can't breathe! Suddenly visions of my shameful sex and vomit extravaganza arise and I hold my heaving guts with all my willpower.

Struggle to the door, fling it open. Waiting on the other side dressed in oversized children's clothes are an aging couple with Downs Syndrome - Tony's parents!



Mother grabs the sex toy out my hands, I try to snatch it back its greasiness has worked in her favour. Mother shrieks and runs in to the lounge room brandishing the slick anal wand like Minerva McGonagall on Ritalin. She's closely followed by naked Tony, no match for his mother, who is proving incredibly adapt at counting to five and running full pelt swinging a slimy rubber schlong.

Tony adds a James Bond twist by squirting molten Crisco from his backside as we skid and slither like a Wallenberg's Syndrome special of So You Think You Can Dance.

Father stands under Amy Winehouse beating his head. Saves her the trouble.



Finally mother takes a wrong turn and slides into her son's bedroom. She's trapped! Walk up to her to demand my dildo back. No need. As my mouth opens she rams it down my oesophagus and skips out the room clapping her hands with glee.

I stagger home in shock like I've been ridden bareback by Mr Ed.

I've forgotten to take my pills, my legs are limp with lactic acid from the indoor steeplechase; my clothes are stiff with drying anal mucus. I have a lump in my throat, tears in my eyes, a pong in my pants and a heavy bag full of greasy broken dreams.

Somewhere a voice is croaking '1929...'

My life is messier than Jocelyne Wildenstein's surgery.

picsessions

**A
LOOK TO
THE BOY
WITH THE
BOX OF
CRAYONS.**



GERMÁN ARMENTA

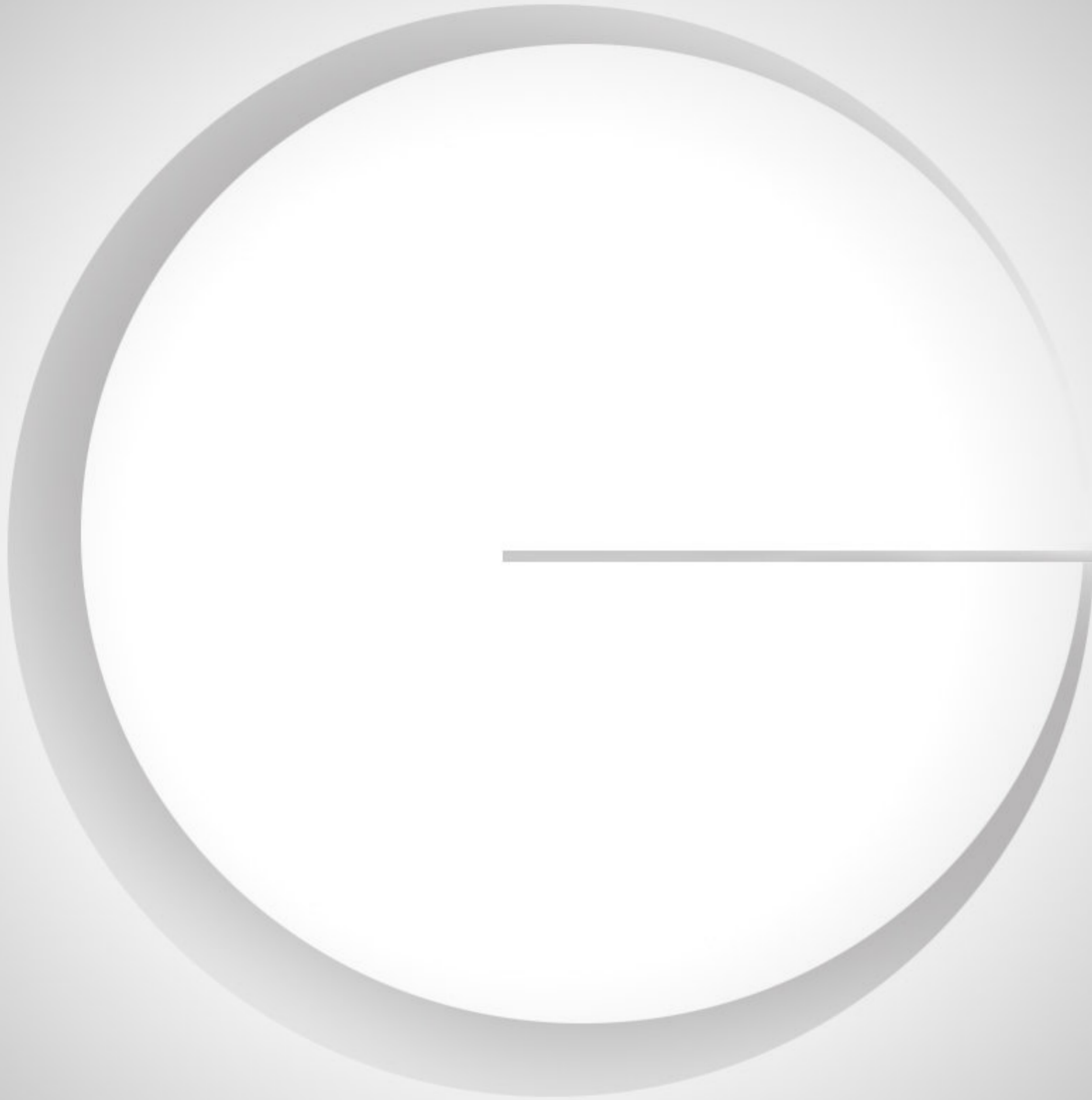
Born in Mexico City has always been draw to visual themes



Already as a kid he didn't go anywhere without his sketch book and a box of crayons, drawing everything he saw around him. Family, friends, pets, nothing was safe for the observing eyes of young Germán. At the age of 10, his older brother gave him a camera. Maybe it was the intention to escape from Germán's creative sketch exploration, but if that was the case, it didn't really work out. On the contrary. Germán discovered with his camera a whole new universe of catching moments and interesting images and it didn't take long before his camera became his new box of crayons.







Germán's illustration skills came in handy after he finished college. At that time Mexico was in a deep economical crisis, and Germán could only find a job as an illustrator for a womenswear company. This introduced him to the world of seasonal trends and colors, and, driven as he was, Germán soon started to create his own designs. For 13 years he worked in the fashion industry until, 4 years ago, he could no longer resist the urge to return to photography, find new inspiration in the male figure.

This understanding made Germán decided to start a all male inspired project, which he named PICSESSIONS. Picsessions allowed Germán to explore the beauty of men. Placing his subjects against rough architectural backdrops enforces that raw masculinity and creates a fascinating contrast and places the strength of the male body in a vulnerable light.

We don't know what happened to Germán Armenta's family drawings, but for sure he found himself a good substitute.

Picsessions











www.picsessions.com www.picsessions.blogspot.com

Roz

McQuillan

noisy rain challenge winner



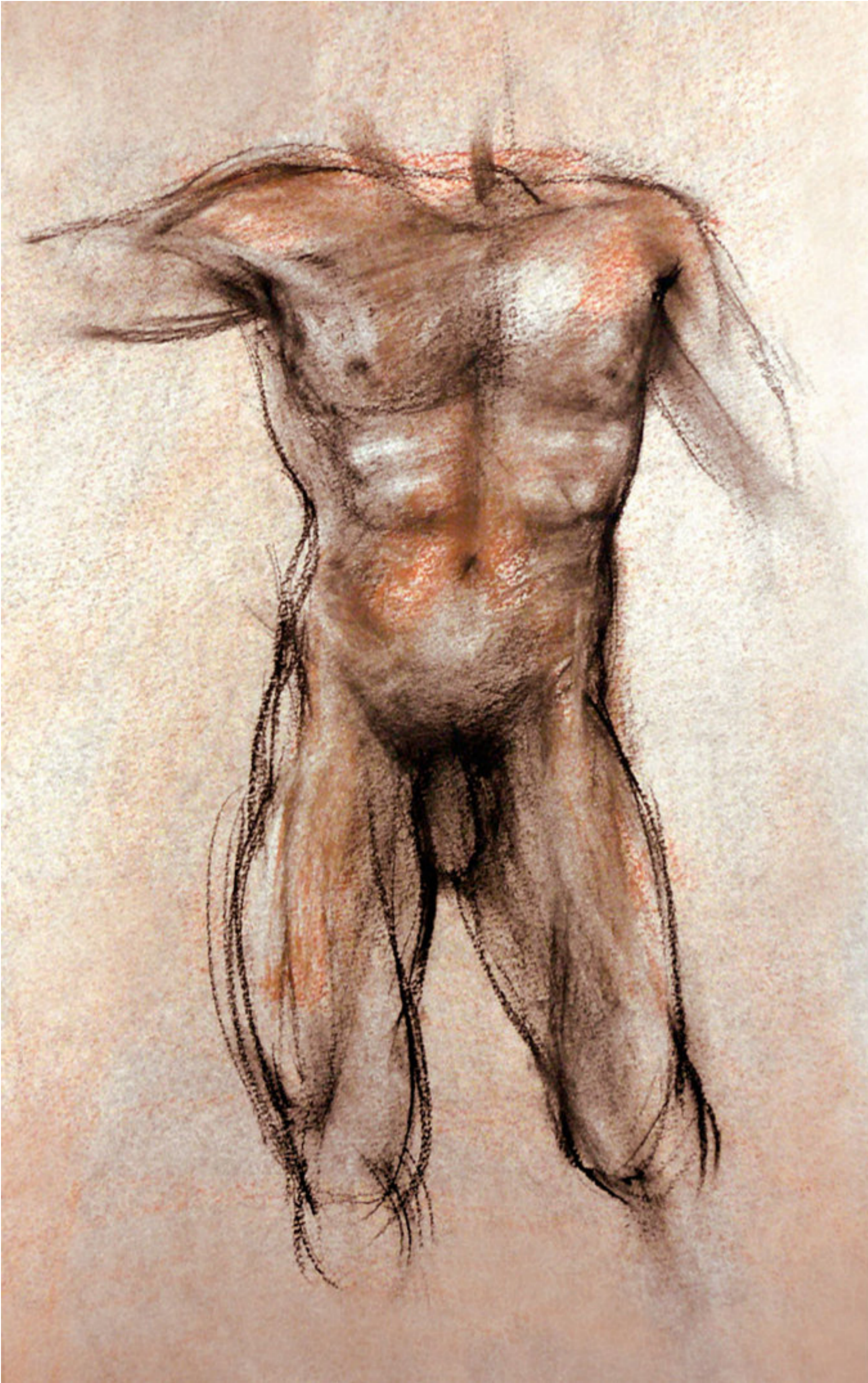
male from side, arms on head
ink and wash

Beethoven

max standing


ink and wash





male torso

conte and pastel



Roz McQuillan found her passion for art at a very young age, her fascination for people shaped her future personality as an artist, becoming this way in a figurative and portrait painter, it is noteworthy that she always works with models, for her, this is extremely important since its quest as an artist is based on representing the essence of the human being. Her proper use of light, or as she states "The drama of Light" results in a mighty work, minimalist and modern at the same time, where all her inspirations are perfectly mixed with a remarkable and exquisite taste. She works with very different mediums, from ink to oil and passing through photography, turning her into a complete and versatile artist.

Her work is represented in many private collections all over the world, her work has been shown in solo exhibitions, and she has received numerous awards.

You can find and buy works from this Australian artist at:
www.redbubble.com/people/rozmcq

the phoenix tattoo

oil painting on stretched linen





steven fr back
oil, dry brush



male nude in boots
ink on paper

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