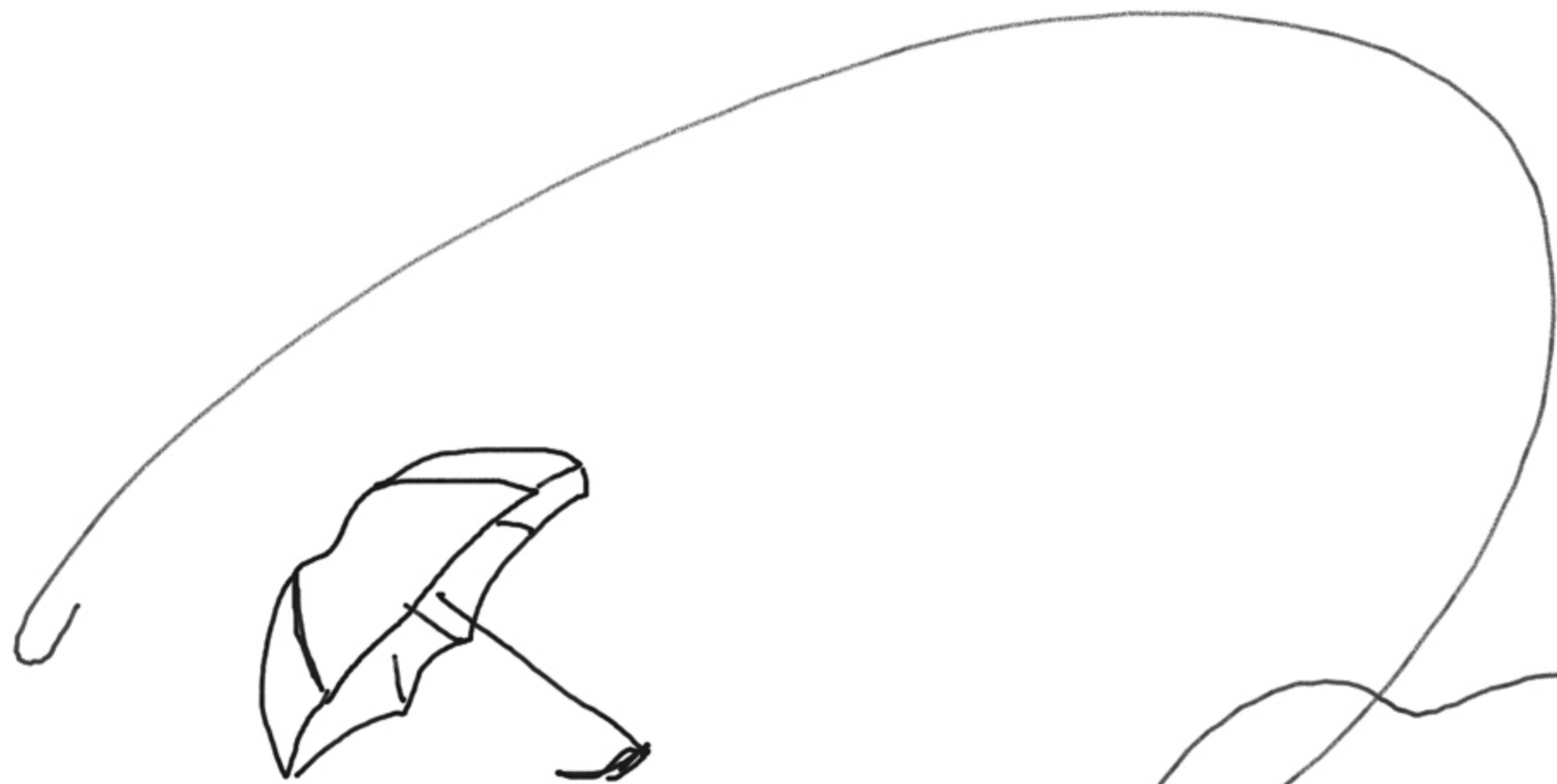


www.noisygrain.com

noisy
Rain

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




Learn
to love

W19 r1n n1s1 r1n
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W19 r1n n1s1 r1n

Cover	E Spina
Contributors	Angelo Naird
	Brian Sutton
	Sonal Nayyar
	Bruce Miller
	Shayne Chester

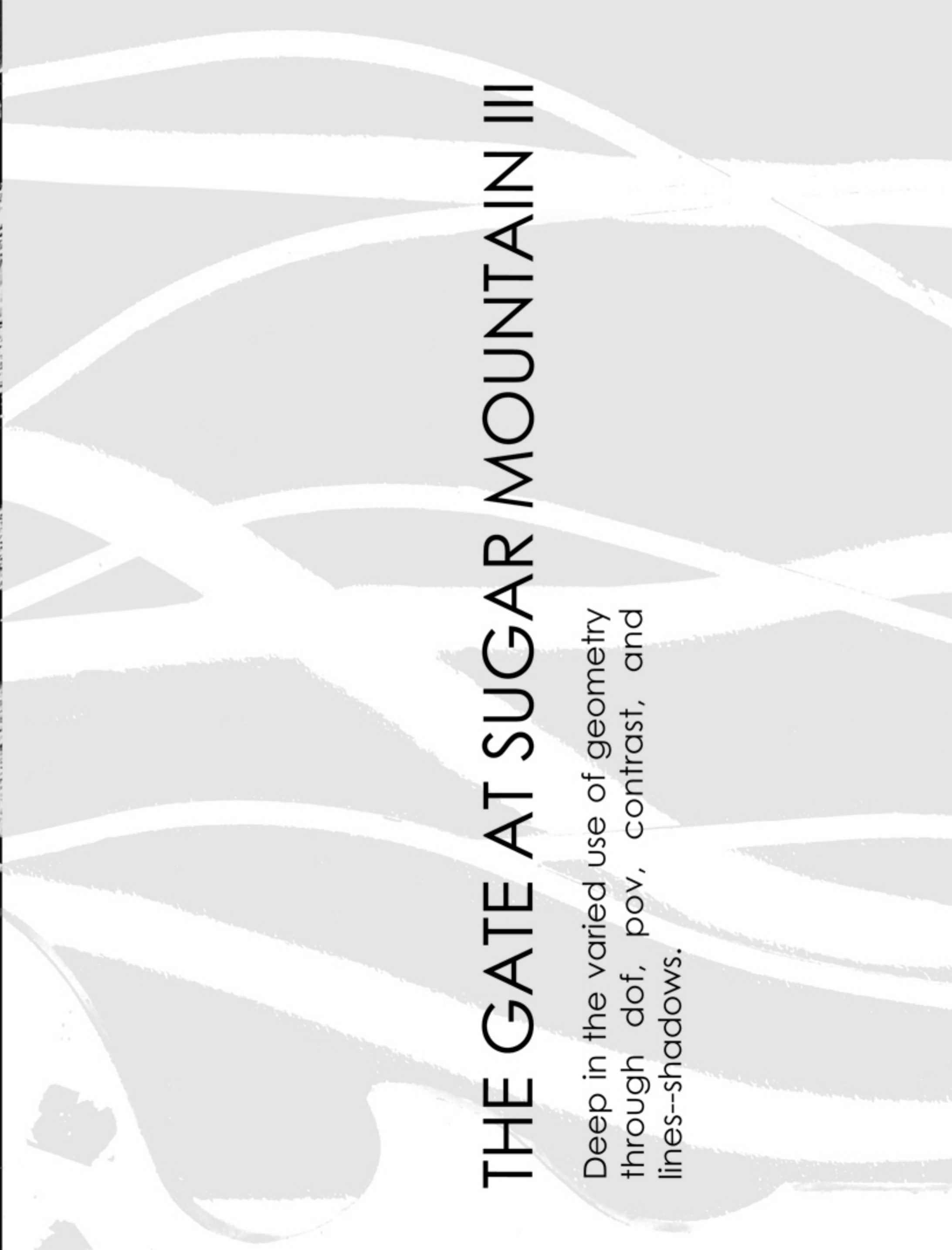
Created
designed
&
Published
By
E Spina





MILLER

FREE AS THE WIND, PLAYFUL AS THE BREEZE



THE GATE AT SUGAR MOUNTAIN III

Deep in the varied use of geometry through dof, pov, contrast, and lines--shadows.

**"CONTOUR,
DISCORDANCE,
SYMBIOSIS,
NATURAL FRACTALS
ALL FASCINATES ME"**





UNDER GLASS

'70's and '80's gay porn novellas. I found years back when volunteering somewhere and dragged some home. I used them to decorate my bathroom, after reading them. The walls were decorated with 3D 8X10 lenticular cheap replicas of christian classics like the last supper and the passion. I got tired of it after about 5 years, strange how so few caught the humour. So I decided the porn had to go. But I needed closure and so this series resulted. The absurd lives here. No Photoshop folks. I only use MS Picture Manager in the MS Office suite. I'm quite lost and sort of uptight around computers. Method - suspend rippled glass over the object, correct lighting and shoot, focusing on the glass.

PORN UNDER GLASS II

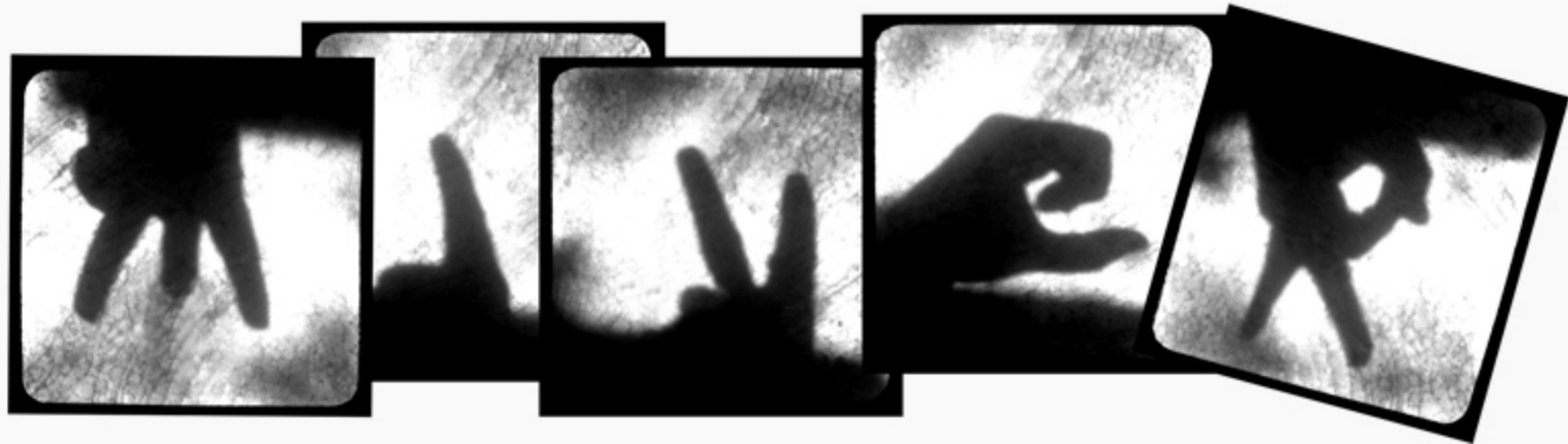
FISH BOWLS EDIT



BRIAN & CLAUDE

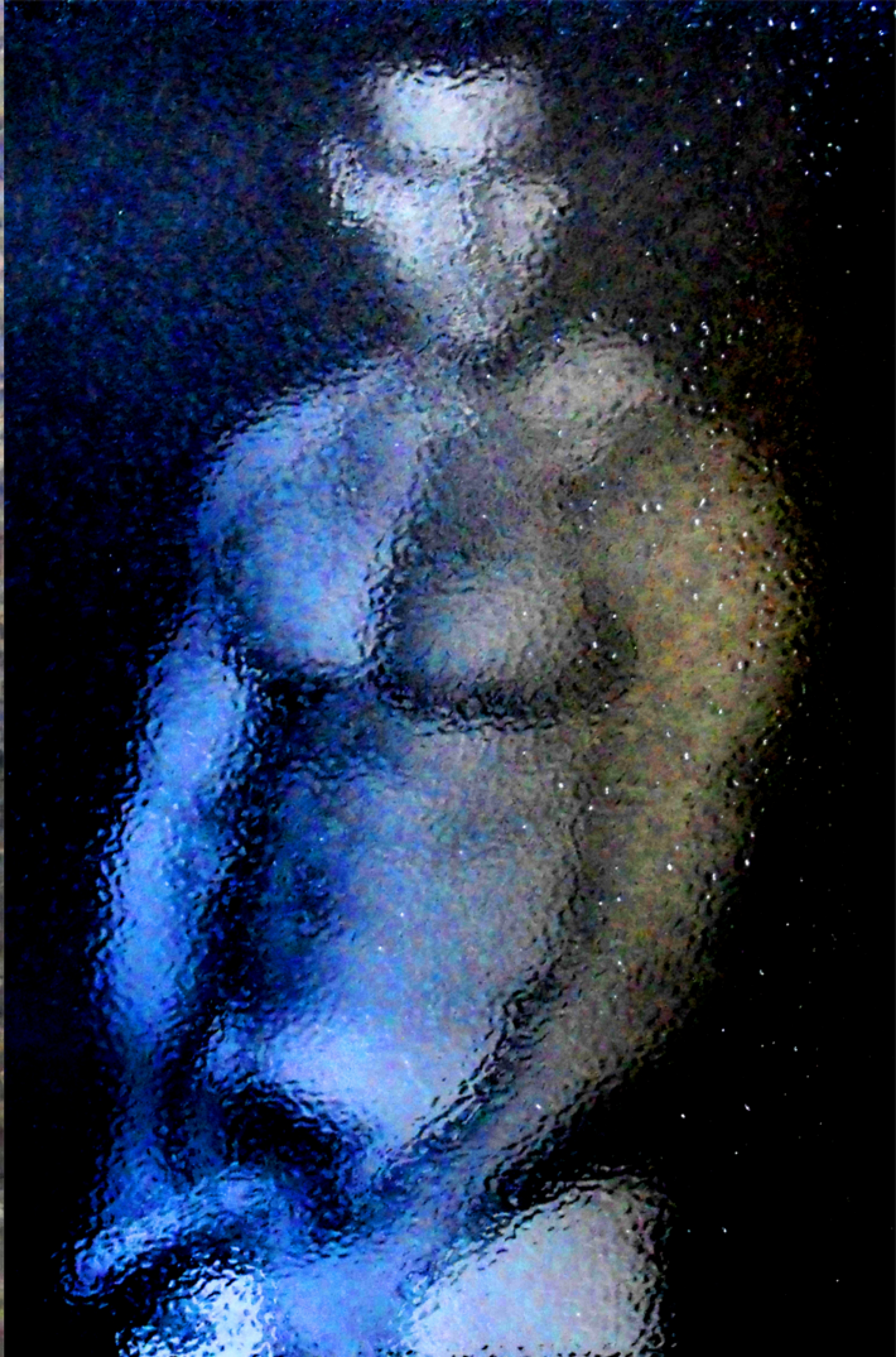


BRUCE



I work from instinct and don't give much consideration to art theory. Academics bore me and can suck the fun out of anything beautiful. Academics have their place and host a framework for a kind of discussion that is valuable but not the be all and end all. The art community tends to rely on internal discourse that is ultimately self defeating as it makes art inaccessible to people not on the inside. I'm not interested in fighting that system; I just don't pay it any mind. This was really the important lesson I took home from my studies in Fine Art at the University of Ottawa, a fine school from which I did not graduate.

PORN UNDER GLASS XIII, XIV





FILM



STUART 2

I haven' t shown much and have been in some shows in Sydney. IDAHO Sydney took their theme of "fragility" in this year's show from a video I did. Doing shows has been great experience.

A special thanks to John Douglas and Srykermeyer for so much encouragement.

www.redbouble/people/Bruceott



SHAYNE CHESLER

'what I call passion is not some emotion but just
the friction between my soul and the outside world'

COCK





MARTIN

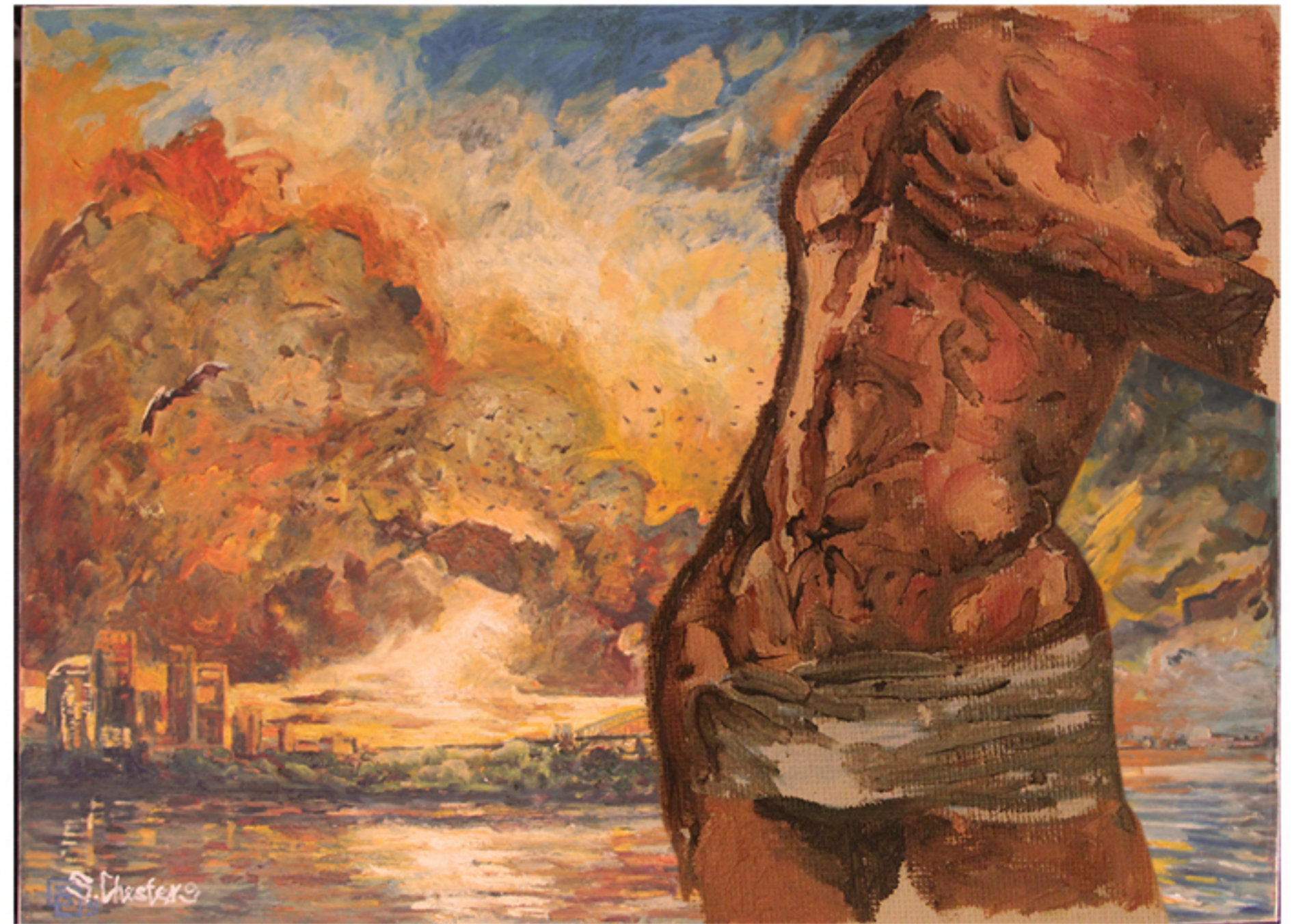
My photography is deeply concerned with connecting with the subject and, even more importantly, helping them connect with themselves. I work mostly with gay men, and love the dialogue that the photographic medium has with gay sexuality.



COUPLE

FIGURE IN LANDSCAPE 2

Oil paint is my passion. I got my Diploma of Fine Arts from the National Art School, East Sydney, in 1991. But I had to change my major from painting to photography in my second year due to constant conflict with the pluralism of the painting lecturers.



IAN





WARPK



evenING

I've been in dozens of exhibitions, both solo and group, and have managed to sell enough to keep me going. But these days I prefer to show in 'public spaces' like cafes, to avoid the awful art gallery scene. I paint for everyone, and appreciate the response, even from the visually illiterate.

FIGURES IN LANDSCAPE



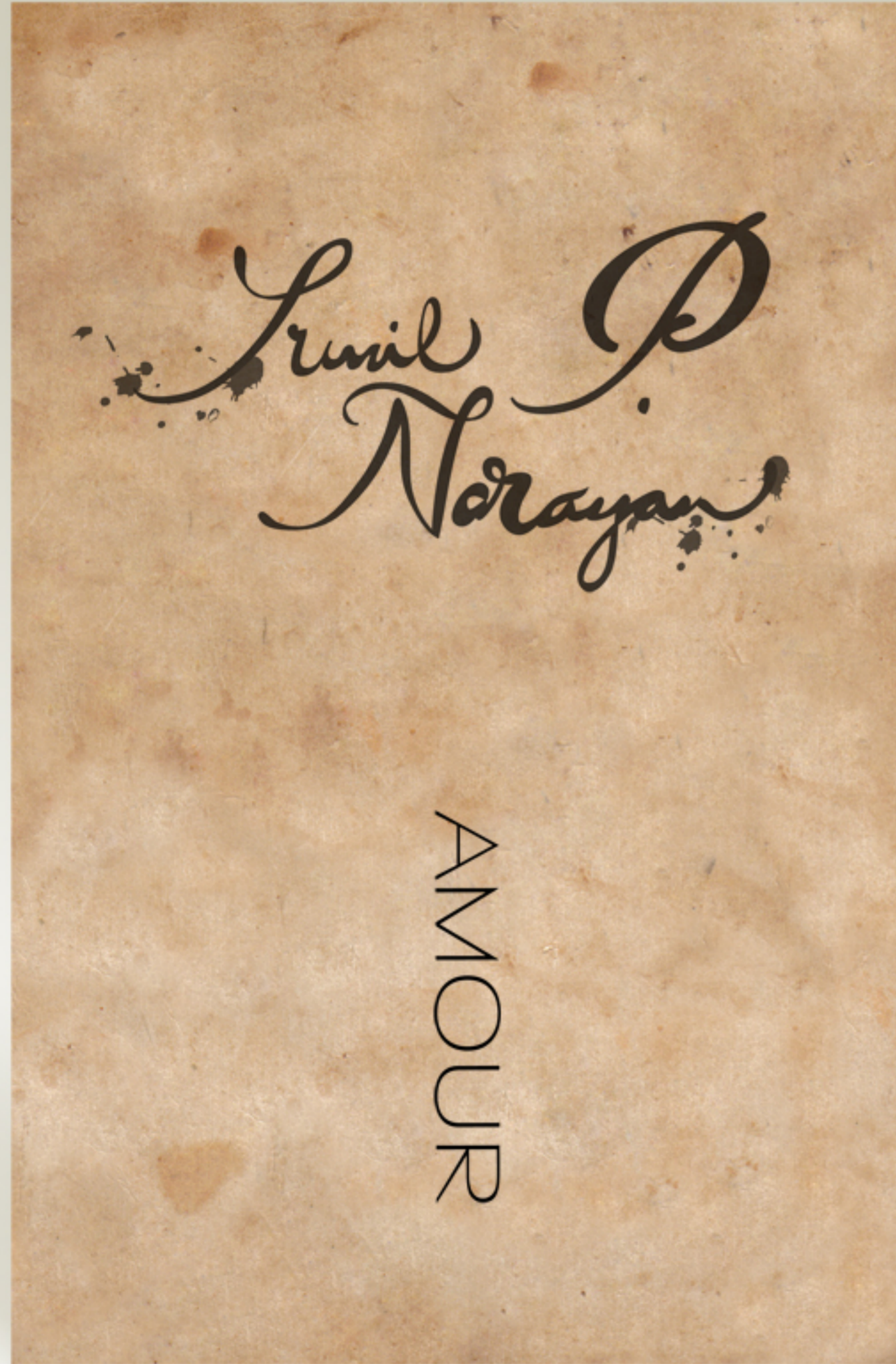


JEFF

FIGURE IN LANDSCAPE 1



<http://shaynecheester.photomerchant.net>



Sunil is able to transport the reader to the highest heavenly plane and throw him into the abyss of the all-consuming fire. He finds what the reader cannot acknowledge and makes it bolder than the Sun. A rare talent he possesses for the purpose of helping others to look from within. Sunil manages to remain humble and a servant to mankind.

Michael's shirt smelt of bacon grease and bar smoke
His hands covered in dry paint
I wonder what sort of magic those fingers created
A masterpiece of debauchery or a distorted depiction of love
Intertwined his intense desire is with the heightened curiosity of a virgin, no?
Perhaps he is a virgin to his family but secretly the Supreme Lover of Mankind
The Moon wanes when he leaves
And becomes radiant with delight when his foot kicks the door open
Sometimes nude under the bright stars
With eyes telling me of his intense vision to devour my will
To take me entirely into his malnourished heart where I will be forgotten by the world
Yet kept in a cage of constant love
A white snake to encircle my lithe body, arousing a blank canvas into creating many shades



The Nobody

The CO looks at me kind of funny
Whistles when I eat and calls me honey
He cut my clothes with his eyes
Intentionally invading my private space

Nothing is for free in this dank dungeon
The darkness swept over us many years ago

No one cared to think of us
No one wanted to hear about our lives
Unaware of the screams
We're dogs slowly decapitated by malicious
owners in a sound proof basement

When my turn comes, I get on all fours
Wear my collar with pride, begging for a treat
If I am lucky I won't be deprived
Of one or two cigarettes as my prize

They shove their dicks inside me
It is their right, or so I am told
Again! Again! Again I am pounded!
The thick hairs of every chest brush against
my back

It feels like a dog laying on my tummy
Licking my face in great excitement
They don't get out of my hole
Not for an hour anyhow

I have no name for they are permitted to own
me
The guards, my gang and any stranger who
gets his jollies from the nobody

Man at the bar

I first met him....I think about 25 years ago
He was dressed in Versace suits and wore
Gucci loafers
Always with the same cocky smile and cigarette to
match
Smelled like a Parisian aristocrat

I was 18, fresh out of highschool
Ordered an apple martini
He ordered a scotch
With ice so he could hear the tinkling

We exchanged glances like children
in the schoolyard
His hand squeezes my thigh the way father used to
But making me fall into a tornado of lust
Poking my condensed urges till it ruptures

I was a dimly lit candle till he came along with
ambient charm
Complimenting me on my looks...an untainted demure
Sometimes his tongue tastes the strawberry scent along
the nape of my neck
Other times he makes me suckle his middle finger

He calls my lips a delectable fruit
Juicy and smooth like ripened plums
I heard this sweet talk every month
When I come back for another chance

I hope he would take me back to his home to
show me his skeleton
His look is a changing falsehood
You can act a certain way, speak a certain way....
But what will always remain the same is your skeleton

His hand slid up my back before caressing my spine
I look into his eyes as he places his lips against mine
A tongue enticing me to give my virginity to him
Oh! Don't let go my love!

Wake up in the morning, he does with silence
Cold wind fills the room as he closes the bathroom door
I hear the water running and open my eyes
People locked their apartments, waiting for oblivion

He understands me in a way I could not imagine
A ketakī flower's scent wraps around his wet body
Luring him to a frightened boy's arms
With tears falling into his hands

I wonder about our past in writing
But I speak of nothing when he looks at me
When vaiśvānarā floods the world
Like a wave of momentary pleasure

Naked from the toes to the head
Phallus erect and glossy from the base to the tip
A smirk is what he gives, knowing I will not refuse
So playful yet taunting at the same time

My lips rub the sugar cane, giving him goosebumps
It is wrapped by my tongue
Tasting the musk of men building palaces
His syrup slides down my throat
into the fire which consumes all of his being

My Mahārājā buckles under the squeeze of my weapon
teasing him to explode soon
A man whose arms are made of coconuts
Stands firm with one hand cupping my chin
And the other clutching my long hair

I want to see him on the cement floor
Shaking from waves of panging delight
Sexual energy that overwhelms his mind
is enticed by my devious side
He squirms as teeth scratched his sensitive knob

A man's boy must present his back to compensate
for the careless pain

Mahārājā

Devī

His nails scratch my back without compassion
Long lines of red paint garnish me
Rātnanāyakas I must wear with humble pride

He releases shooting stars into my Kiln
Giving me what I need to live
His seed implanted within me cannot be destroyed
For Mahalākṣmī-Devī's blessing, it grows into a vibrant
mango tree from which I pick the fruit of unbridled passion



**HOME
IS WHERE
YOU ARE**

HAPPY

ANGELO NAIROD



UNDERGROUND LOVE

I'll be your superhero



**CAUSE WE ARE LIVING
IN A MATERIAL WORLD**



HURT

O B S E S S I O N



AN



Photographer based in Italy. He created portraits against anorexia for italian writer Nicola Lecca for his novel "The hated body" He also works for several magazines.

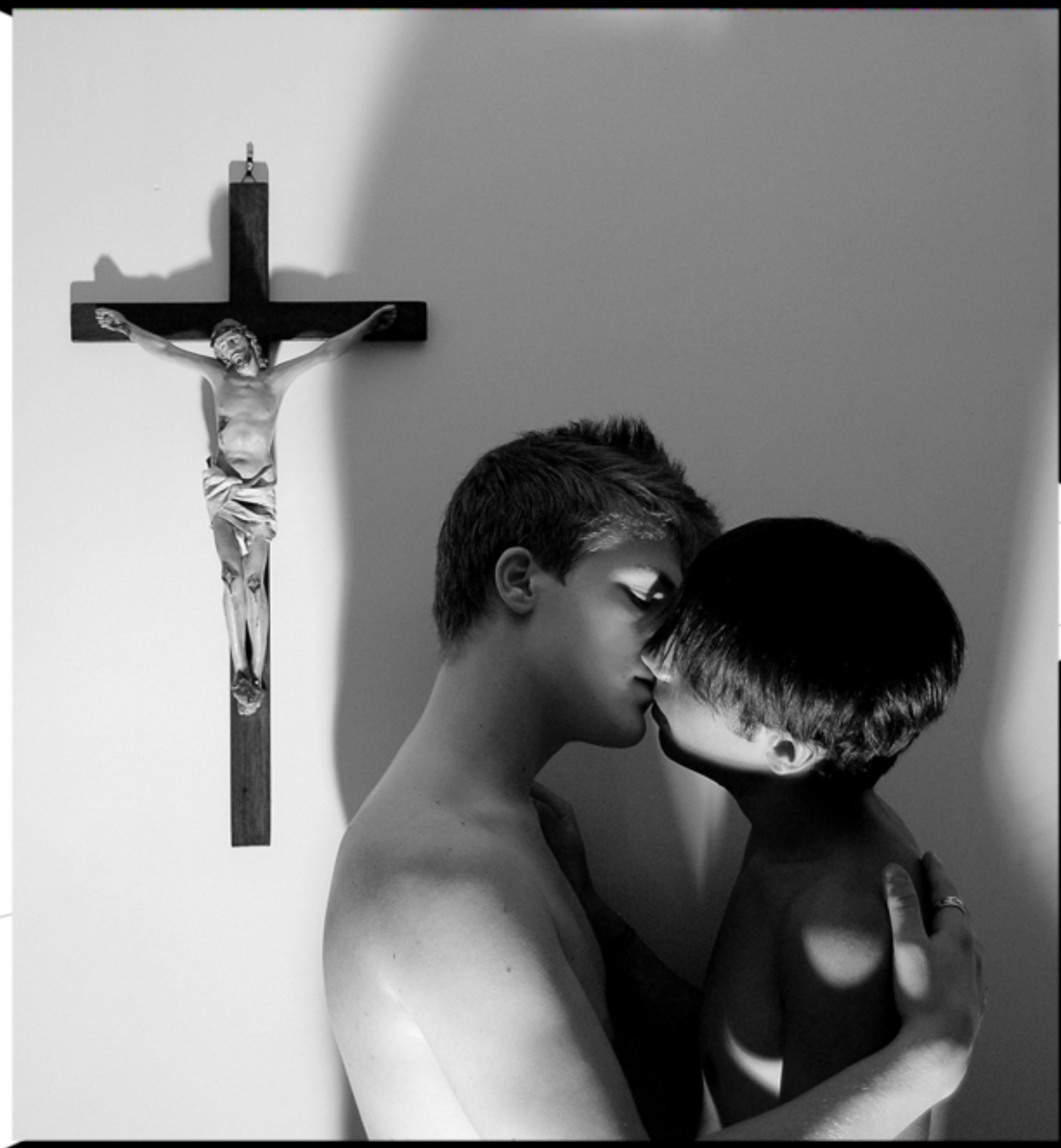
To find out more about the artist please visit:
http://www.flickr.com/fotos_angelo_nairod
<http://www.facebook.com/angelonairod8>

ANGELO NAIROD

AGAINST HOMOPHOBIA



SIDE A
SIDE B





LES PARADIS

ARTIFICIELS

ABOUT A BOY

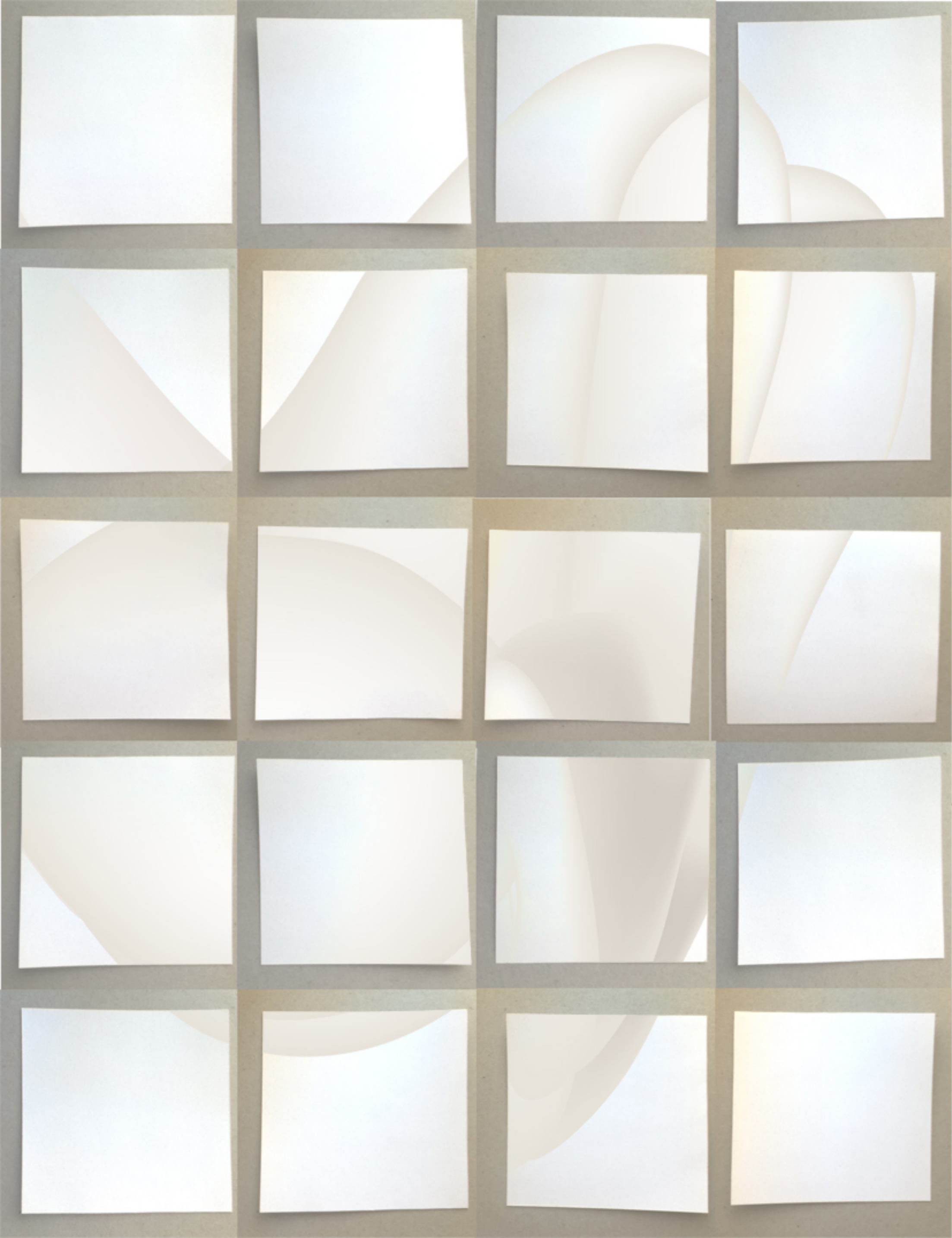




**THE BRIDE IS ALWAYS
THE LAST TO KNOW**

**THE DARKNESS
IS SO BRIGHT
IN YOUR EYES**





BRIAN

SUTTON

I offer no story of my own, just a title that acts as a catalyst to the viewer's imagination.

Figure for they are 20 or more yards in height, the
others of 3 which they have opposite their burying
places.

The Island has no port only a small
cove for a launch or boats; the greatest length is

6 leagues. It lies East & West & it was at this end

that the Spaniards raised 3 crosses upon 3 little hills ^{similar}

testifying their taking possession of it in the King's name

therefore named it St Carlos it is situated in

27.6 N latitude & 36.8.19' W long. & Tenerife [an error

of transcription for 25.8.19' or 27.4.19' & Tenerife = 107.15. W & London

according to the common supposed long. of Tenerife 18 & Paris or 15.35 W

London Det. Where the long. of Tenerife 16.27 W & London

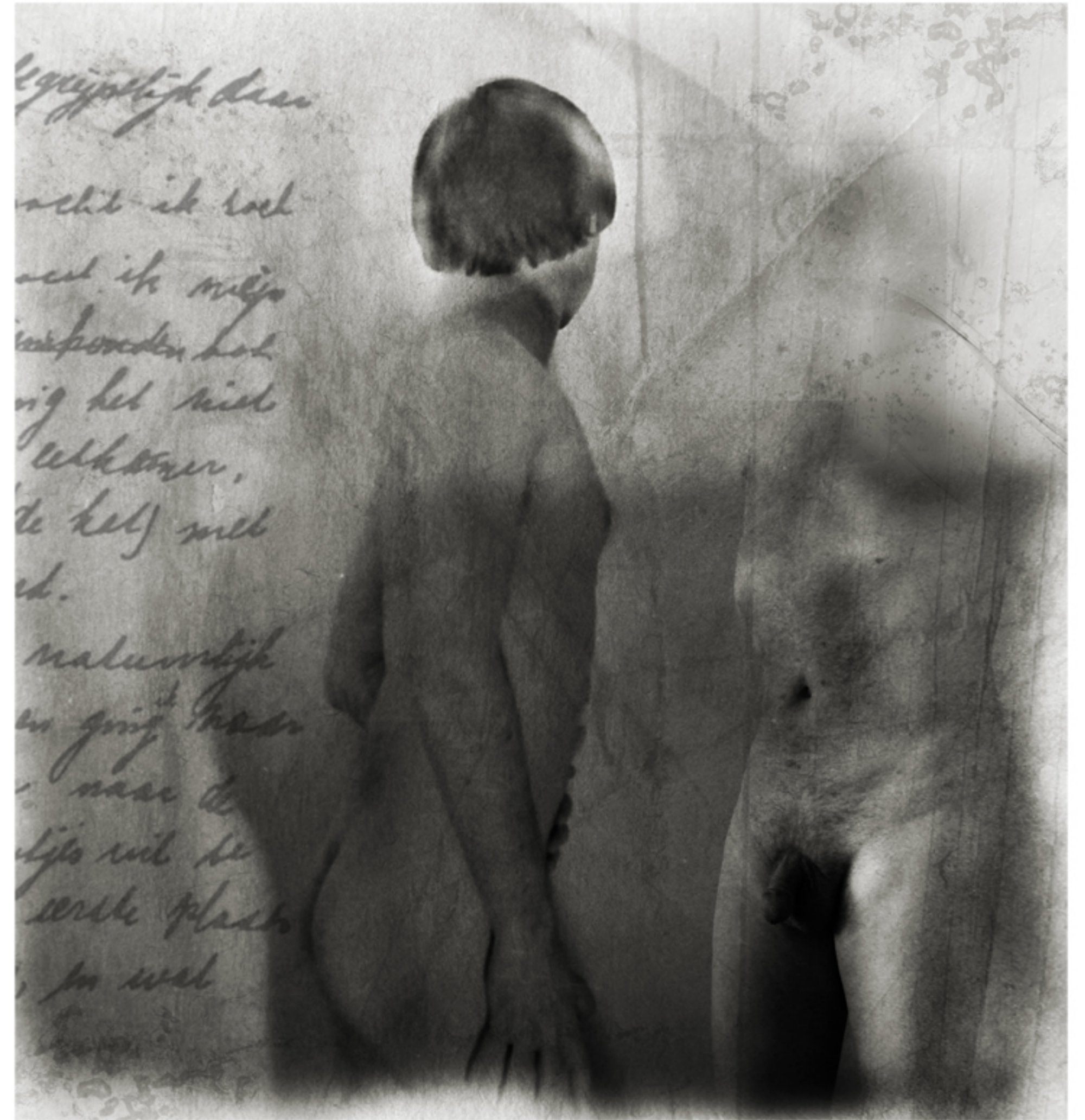
according to the 11.41 W & Tenerife 15.27 W & London]

Summer of 82



Recliner

Reflecting on the past



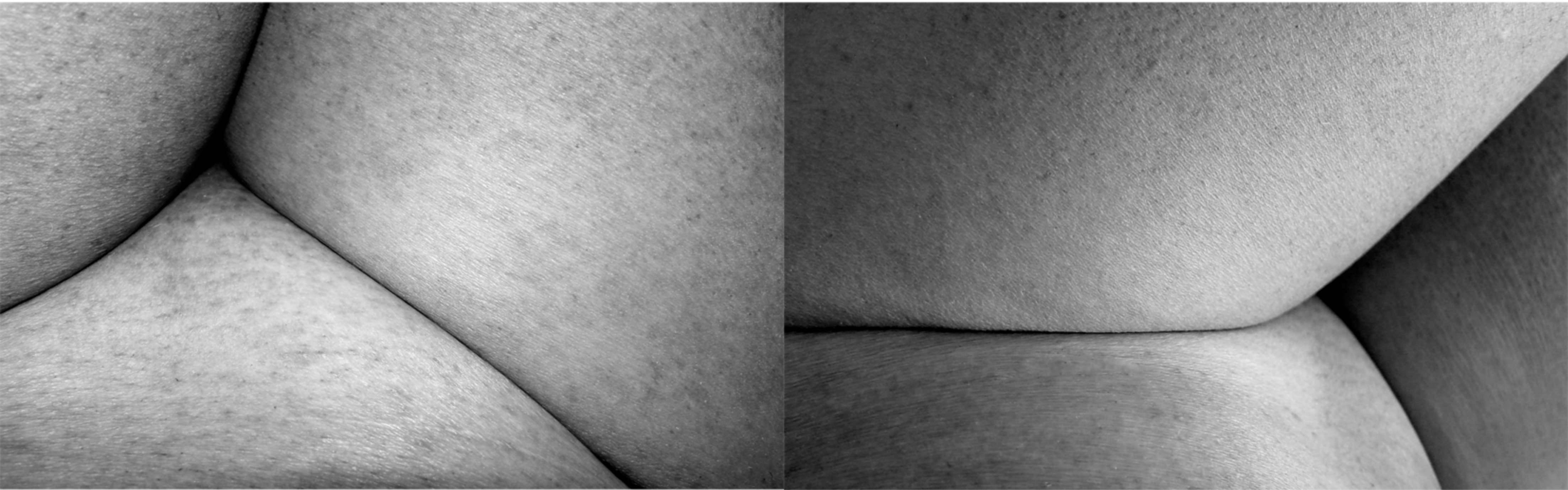
一緒に

Together

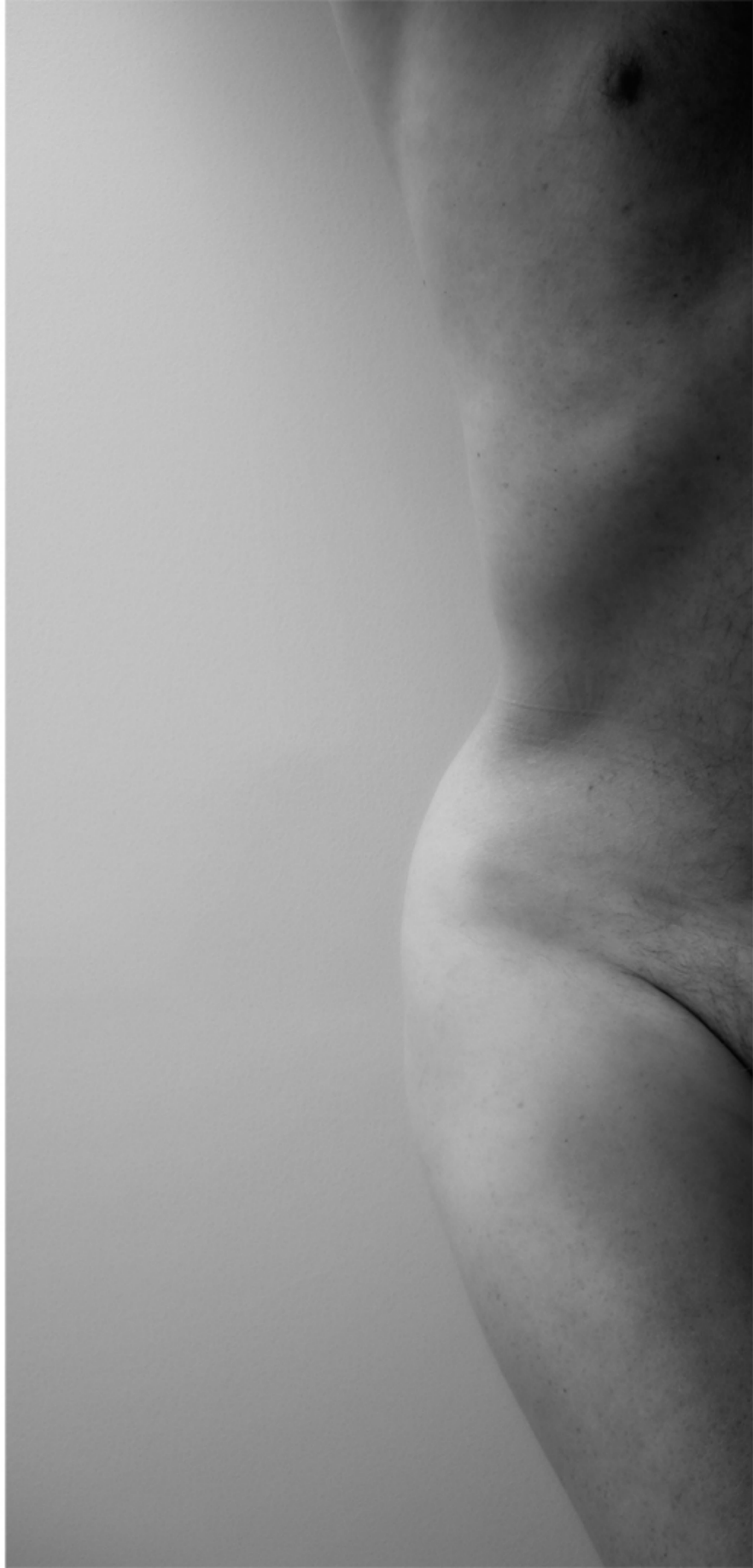
From an island off the Pacific west coast of British Columbia, Brian Sutton's art uses photographs in whole or in part. His preferred style is to create what He calls "fictional composite images" that, perhaps, engage the viewer to add their own story. The main subject of his work is the male nude. Typically his themes are based on ordinary nudes rather than being stereotypical male nude glamour images. All the art presented here are derived from photographs that he has taken. However he also assemble images from photographs taken by others. He is always looking for new subjects.



My first self portrait



Bodyscape III, IV



Vertical nude

Fragile



Page 9-26 *Bruce Miller*
www.redbouble/people/Bruceott

Page 30-48 *Shayne Chester*
<http://shaynechester.photomerchant.net>

Page 50-55 *Sunil Narayan*

Page 57-76 *Angelo Nairod*
http://www.flickr.com/photos/angelo_nairod/

Page 79-96 *Brian Sutton*
www.redbubble.com/people/readymades



Additional art and photography by: *E. Hirano*
www.redbouble/people/ehirano

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www.noisyrain.com

Best Christmas Wishes

To all ♡

Frosty
~~noisy~~
Rain
q a y a r t m a g a z i n e

