

noisu rain

gay art magazine



Vol. 5 · Issue 1 · 015

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YEAR IV



Vol. 5 · Issue 1 · 015



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HELG LUGANO
&
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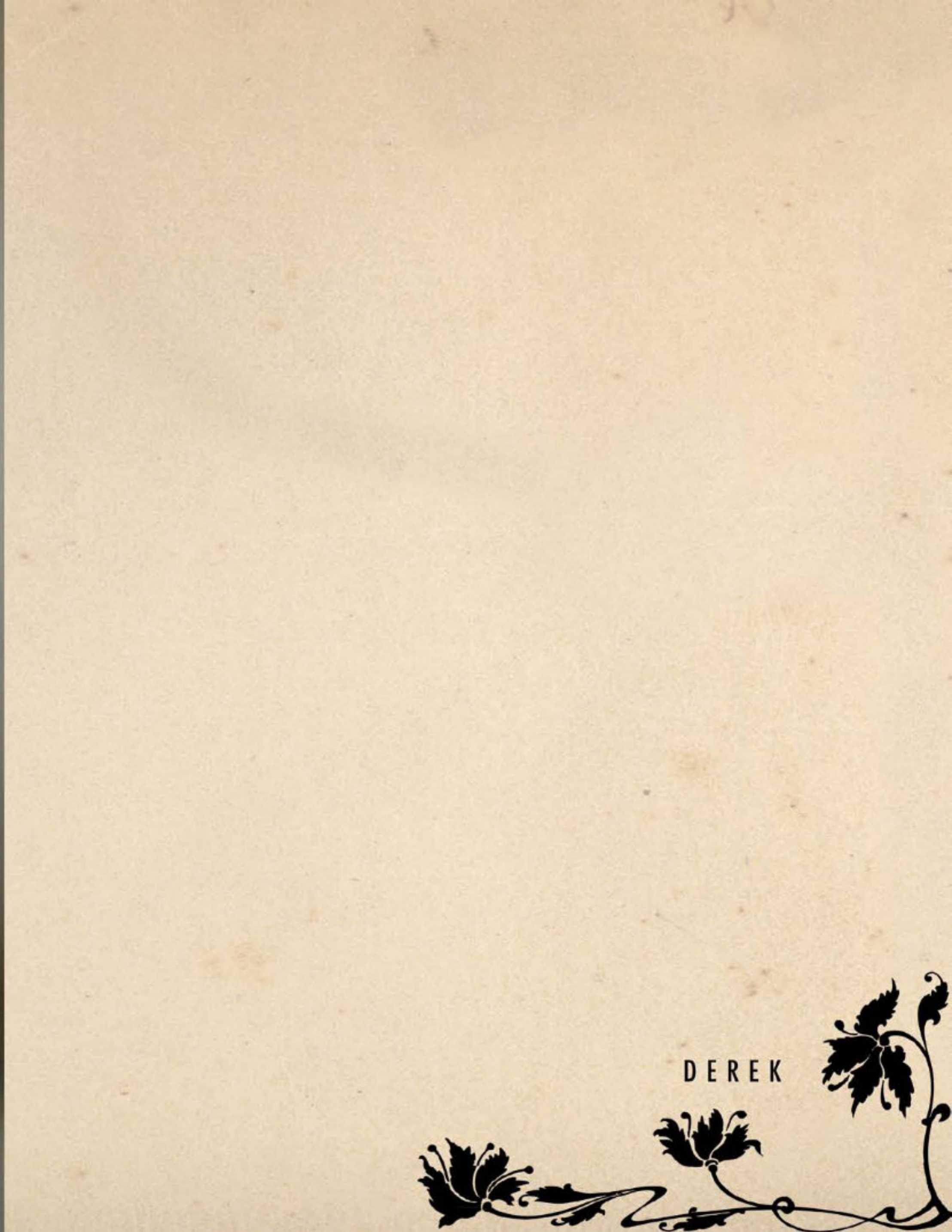
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JIM FERRINOR



BONER X





DEREK



JIM FERRINGER

I AM AN ARTIST LIVING IN WEST LAFAYETTE, INDIANA. BORN HERE, AND HAVE NEVER LEFT. MY CONSTANT SHADOW AT HOME IS AN AUSTRALIAN CATTLE DOG MIX NAMED PUMPKIN.

I ALWAYS KNEW THAT I WANTED TO BE AN ARTIST. I NEVER EVEN CONSIDERED ANYTHING ELSE. IT IS A GIFT, A CURSE, A PASSION AND A HUNDRED OTHER THINGS ... BUT I THINK AN ARTIST KNOWS IT IS IN HIS OR HER SOUL AT AN EARLY AGE.

I WENT TO COLLEGE IN MY HOMETOWN—AT PURDUE UNIVERSITY—WHERE I RECEIVED BOTH A B.A. (JEWELRY AND METALWORKING) AND AN M.A. (SCULPTURE). RIGHT OUT OF SCHOOL I WAS OFF TO CONQUER THE WORLD. NOW I CAN LAUGH AT THAT YOUNG DREAMER, BUT ALSO KNOW THAT PART OF ME STILL HAS THOSE BIG DREAMS.

FOR THE PAST FORTY YEARS I HAVE WORKED FULL TIME AS A STUDIO ARTIST. MY POST-COLLEGE WORK FOCUSED ON SCULPTURE AND SMALL CONSTRUCTIONS. DRAWING HAS BEEN A CONSTANT, IN MEDIA RANGING FROM COLORED PENCIL TO WATERCOLOR TO COLLAGE. I DISCOVERED THE COMPUTER AND CAMERA AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME AND STARTED MY JOURNEY TO EXPLORE THE FIGURE.

THE MEDIUM

I WOULD DESCRIBE MY WORK AS MANIPULATED FIGURATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY. ALL WORK IS CREATED WITH A NIKON D60 AND AN IMAC WITH PHOTOSHOP CS6. MY GOAL IS A CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPH WITH A REFERENCE TO PAINTING, HISTORY AND ENVIRONMENT. LIGHT, SHADOW AND COLOR ALL BUILD STORIES AROUND THE MALE FIGURE.

I SPEND A LOT OF TIME WITH MY ART HISTORY BOOKS NOW, SOMETHING I SHOULD HAVE DONE WHEN I WAS A STUDENT ... BUT TOO LATE FOR THAT. ARTISTS WHOSE WORK I SLEPT THROUGH IN ART HISTORY, ARE NOW THE ONES OF GREATEST INTEREST TO ME. I TRY TO BRING TO MY PHOTOGRAPHY SOME OF THE QUALITIES THAT CARAVAGGIO, JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID, ANTHONY VAN DYCK AND OTHERS BROUGHT TO THEIR PAINTINGS.

MY LOVE OF HISTORY INFLUENCES MY WORK IN MANY WAYS. HISTORY WAS ONE SUBJECTS I LIKED FROM GRAMMAR SCHOOL ON. IT IS IMPORTANT THAT MY ART HAVE A SENSE OF HISTORY AND MYSTERY. THIS CAN COME THE PHOTOGRAPH'S SETTING, OR FROM THE ADDITION OF OBJECTS, TYPE, MAPS AND AN ENDLESS ARRAY OF ITEMS.

I HOPE THAT A PERSON LOOKING AT MY WORK SEES THE BEAUTY OF THE MALE FIGURE, NOT JUST A NUDE. THE MALE NUDE IS TOO OFTEN SEEN AS TABOO IN INDIANA AND I WOULD SAY MOST OF THE USA. I HAVE NEVER REALLY UNDERSTOOD WHY THE FEMALE NUDE IS ACCEPTABLE EVERYWHERE IN MODERN SOCIETY WHILE THE MALE NUDE STILL THREATENS. I HOPE MY WORK ALLOWS PEOPLE TO SEE THAT THERE IS NO REASON FOR THAT.







NICK COLLINS

BONER 065





THE CREATIVE PROCESS

MOST OF MY WORK BEGINS IN THE PHOTO STUDIO. I DON'T REALLY MAKE A DETAIL PLAN BEFORE A SHOOT. PATRICK IS ONE OF MY PRIMARY MODELS. HE AND I JUST CLICKED DURING OUR FIRST SHOOT AND THEN STARTED WORKING TOGETHER ALL THE TIME. WE HAVE WORKED TOGETHER FOR MORE THAN 18 MONTHS. AFTER 15,000 PHOTOS, WE CAN KIND OF READ EACH OTHER. OFTEN WE BOTH MAKE SUGGESTIONS WHILE WORKING AND TRY A VARIETY OF THINGS. IF THERE IS SOMETHING THERE, I USE THAT AS AN IDEA FOR A SESSION OR TWO.

I TEND TO WORK IN THE "LESS IS MORE WAY." I PREFER TO KEEP MY STUDIO LIGHTING SIMPLE BECAUSE MOST OF THE WORK IN THE FINISHED PRODUCT IS DONE ON THE COMPUTER. IT IS ON THE COMPUTER THAT COLOR AND CONTRAST ARE MANIPULATED, LAYERS AND IMAGES ARE ADDED AND MANIPULATED. THESE ADDITIONS ARE FROM MY STILL-LIFE AND LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHY AS WELL AS FROM ANTIQUE DOCUMENTS, NASA AND OTHER PUBLIC DOMAIN SOURCES.

THE MOST CHALLENGING PART OF MY WORK IS TO FIND MODELS HERE IN CONSERVATIVE INDIANA. I NEVER LACK IDEAS TO TRY, TO EXPRESS, BUT I DO RUN OUT OF MODELS.

I OFTEN FIND WHEN WORKING—EITHER SHOOTING PHOTOS OR ON THE COMPUTER—THAT I HAVE TO MAKE MYSELF STOP. I WORK IN THE STUDIO AN AVERAGE OF 12 HOURS A DAY, SEVEN DAYS A WEEK. I HAVE LEARN A GREAT DEAL OVER ALL OF THESE DAYS, MONTHS, YEARS. WHEN WORKING ON A PHOTOGRAPH I WILL DO MANY VERSIONS, OFTEN COMBINING THEM TO PRODUCE A FINISHED WORK. I THINK THIS IS ONE OF THE GREAT BENEFITS OF DOING MOST OF MY WORK IN PHOTOSHOP.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO I SCOFFED AT THE IDEA OF CREATING ART ON A MACHINE. I HAD ALWAYS WORKED AS A VISUAL ARTIST CREATING SCULPTURE AND DRAWINGS. WHEN SCULPTING I FOUND IT VERY FRUSTRATING TO WORK SUCH LONG HOURS AND MOVE SO SLOWLY. DRAWING WAS MUCH MORE SATISFYING. I COULD WORK MUCH FASTER AND EXPRESS MANY MORE IDEAS. SOON I WAS INCORPORATING COLLAGE IN MY WORK, ADDING TYPE, CUTOUTS, ETC. I WAS TEARING BOOKS APART AND RIPPING UP ANYTHING ON PAPER TO ADD.

AT THIS POINT I STILL KNEW ZERO ABOUT COMPUTERS, BUT THAT WAS SOON TO CHANGE. ONE DAY I SAT DOWN AND TRIED THE LITTLE TURQUOISE IMAC THAT WAS SITTING THERE ... A GENIE WAS RELEASED FROM THE BOTTLE. I THINK IT WAS 12 HOURS BEFORE MY FINGERS COULD LET GO OF THAT MAGIC MOUSE. EVERY DAY I WAS BACK WITH MY NEW MACHINE. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE "MACHINE" WAS NO LONGER THAT ... IT WAS NOW A TOOL. NO DIFFERENT THAN PENCIL OR HAMMER.

MY MANTRA: NEVER LOOK AT WHAT YOU 'DID' IT IS MORE IMPORTANT TO DREAM ABOUT WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO 'DO.' TRY THE NEW. IT MAY SCARE YOU, BUT THERE ARE AWESOME THINGS TO BE FOUND.

MY LAST DRAWING/COLLAGES WERE EXPLORATIONS ABOUT THE FIGURE. I KNEW I WANTED TO CONTINUE WITH THAT IDEA. IN THE BEGINNING I WORKED WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S PHOTOGRAPHS. I WOULD WRITE AND EXPLAIN, "I AM AN ARTIST MANIPULATING PHOTOS. WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN WORKING TOGETHER?"

AT FIRST I WAS MOSTLY REJECTED, BUT I KEPT ASKING AND SOON SOMEONE SAID, "YES." WOW!

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN HAPPY. MY COLLABORATIONS CONTINUED AND I WAS SOON WORKING WITH MORE AND MORE GREAT PHOTOGRAPHERS. EVEN TODAY I STILL WORK WITH A FEW OF THEM: ANDREA ASTE, R.O. FLINN, TERRY CYR, TOM SILK, JAN GRIFFIOEN AND MANY OTHERS. IT IS GREAT FUN; I HAVE BEEN VERY LUCKY TO WORK WITH SOME EXCELLENT PHOTOGRAPHERS.

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE WHAT I WANTED FOR MY WORK COULD ONLY BE CREATED BY ME. TIME TO LEARN A LITTLE PHOTOGRAPHY. IT WAS MUCH LIKE THE COMPUTER. ONCE THE FEAR OF FAILURE WAS GONE IT WAS AN AWESOME TOOL. FROM MY ORIGINAL POINT-AND-CLICK I LEARNED AND THEN NEEDED MORE. SOON THE NIKON BECAME MY NEW BEST FRIEND AND WE WERE OFF ON ANOTHER JOURNEY.

OFTEN WHEN I FINISH A PIECE IT IS A JUMPING-OFF PLACE TO THE NEXT PROJECT. I ALWAYS HAVE IDEAS SWIRLING AROUND MY HEAD, AND THE NEXT DIRECTION CAN JUST FLOW FROM THE CURRENT PHOTOGRAPH THAT I'M WORKING ON. IT'S SOMETIMES HARD TO GAIN A SENSE OF PERSPECTIVE.

I LIKE IT WHEN FINISHED WORK IS PRINTED AND FRAMED. THAT IS WHEN I CAN STEP BACK AND REALLY SEE IF THE WORK IS HOW I MEANT IT TO BE. I ALWAYS HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE WAY A PHOTO LOOKS ON THE MONITOR AND HOW IT LOOKS PRINTED AND ALLOW FOR THAT DIFFERENCE. THAT WAS SOMETHING THAT TOOK A LONG TIME TO LEARN.

FOR MANY YEARS I WORKED TO PROMOTE MYSELF, SHOW/SELL MY WORK AND FINALLY REALIZED THAT THIS WAS THE ONE PART OF MAKING ART I REALLY DIDN'T LIKE. I DID IT FOR A LONG TIME ... GOT GRANTS, MADE CONNECTIONS AND CULTIVATED GALLERY REPRESENTATION, BUT IT JUST WASN'T WHERE I WANTED TO SPEND MY TIME.

I WANT TO MAKE ART, NOT BE A BUSINESS MAN. I HAVE NEVER STOPPED CREATING, I JUST STOPPED SHOWING THE WORK IN CONVENTIONAL VENUES. HOWEVER, IN THE PAST FEW YEARS, I HAVE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF THE INTERNATIONAL AUDIENCE THAT THE INTERNET AND SOCIAL MEDIA OFFER. THIS PROVIDES EXPOSURE, FEEDBACK AND IMPORTANT CONTACTS WITH OTHER ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS AROUND THE WORLD.

I THINK THE MOST IMPORTANT THING ABOUT BEING AN ARTIST IS TO WORK. NOT TO TALK ABOUT WORK OR TO DREAM ABOUT WORK, BUT TO ACTUALLY WORK EVERY CHANCE YOU CAN. IT IS NEVER AN EASY CAREER, NOT ONE WHERE YOU GET WEALTHY, BUT I CAN THINK OF NO OTHER LABOR THAT ALLOWS ME TO EXPRESS MY DREAMS AND EMOTIONS.





ERECTION 13



Honor

MASSON 85





THE PERSON

FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS I HAVE ALSO WORKED AS AN INTERIOR DESIGNER ON A PART TIME BASIS. I MAINLY DID THE ART & ACCESSORY PART OF THE FIRM'S PROJECTS. IT WAS FUN AND THE INCOME WAS ALWAYS NICE. THERE ARE MANY SIMILARITIES BETWEEN CREATING A PHOTOGRAPH AND CREATING AN INTERIOR. A GOOD DESIGN WILL REFLECT THE CLIENT. MY GOAL IS TO EXTEND THE CLIENT'S PERSONALITY, PASSIONS AND LIFE INTO THEIR ENVIRONMENT. CREATING A PHOTOGRAPH IS MUCH THE SAME, USING THE FIGURE, ENVIRONMENT OR OBJECTS TO TELL A STORY OR EXPRESS AN EMOTION.

SOON SPRING WILL ARRIVE HERE IN CENTRAL INDIANA. THIS IS A TIME I REALLY ENJOY; I CAN FINALLY BEGIN TO GET OUT INTO MY GARDENS AGAIN. GARDENING IS ANOTHER PASSION OF MINE AND I FIND IT THERAPEUTIC TO WORK OUTDOORS. LANDSCAPING IS JUST A DIFFERENT MEDIUM OF EXPRESSION. I THINK A GARDEN SHOULD SHOW THE PERSONALITY OF THE GARDENER, BE THAT FORMAL, FUNNY OR JUST RELAXED. I AM STARTING OVER ON MY GARDENS AFTER BUILDING A NEW HOME. IT WAS DIFFICULT LEAVING MY OLD GARDEN OF 30 YEARS. GARDENS BECOME YOUR FRIEND; NOW I AM MAKING A NEW FRIEND.

THE WAY I TRY TO LIVE IS SIMPLE: I TREAT OTHERS AS I WOULD WISH TO BE TREATED. WE ARE ALL EQUALS AND SHOULD LIVE IN AN EQUAL WORLD. SOMETIMES I MUST RAGE AT THE WORLD I FIND MYSELF IN. USE MY ART TO EXPRESS MY VIEWS ON CURRENT SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ISSUES FROM TIME TO TIME. (BUT HAVEN'T ARTISTS ALWAYS USED THEIR WORK TO EXPRESS THEIR VIEWS OR AS A STATEMENT FOR POLITICAL CHANGE?) IN THE END, THOUGH, I TRY TO FOCUS ON WHAT IS GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL. TO USE THE GIFT I WAS GIVEN, FOR TO BE AN ARTIST IS TRULY A GIFT.



THOMAS 159



BUY JAMES FERRINGER ART AT
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©JIM FERRINGER

MODLES

DEREK

DEVON

MASSON

NICK COLLINS

THOMAS

DOOBYN
NERKO
ELIC &
LUGANO

BLUE

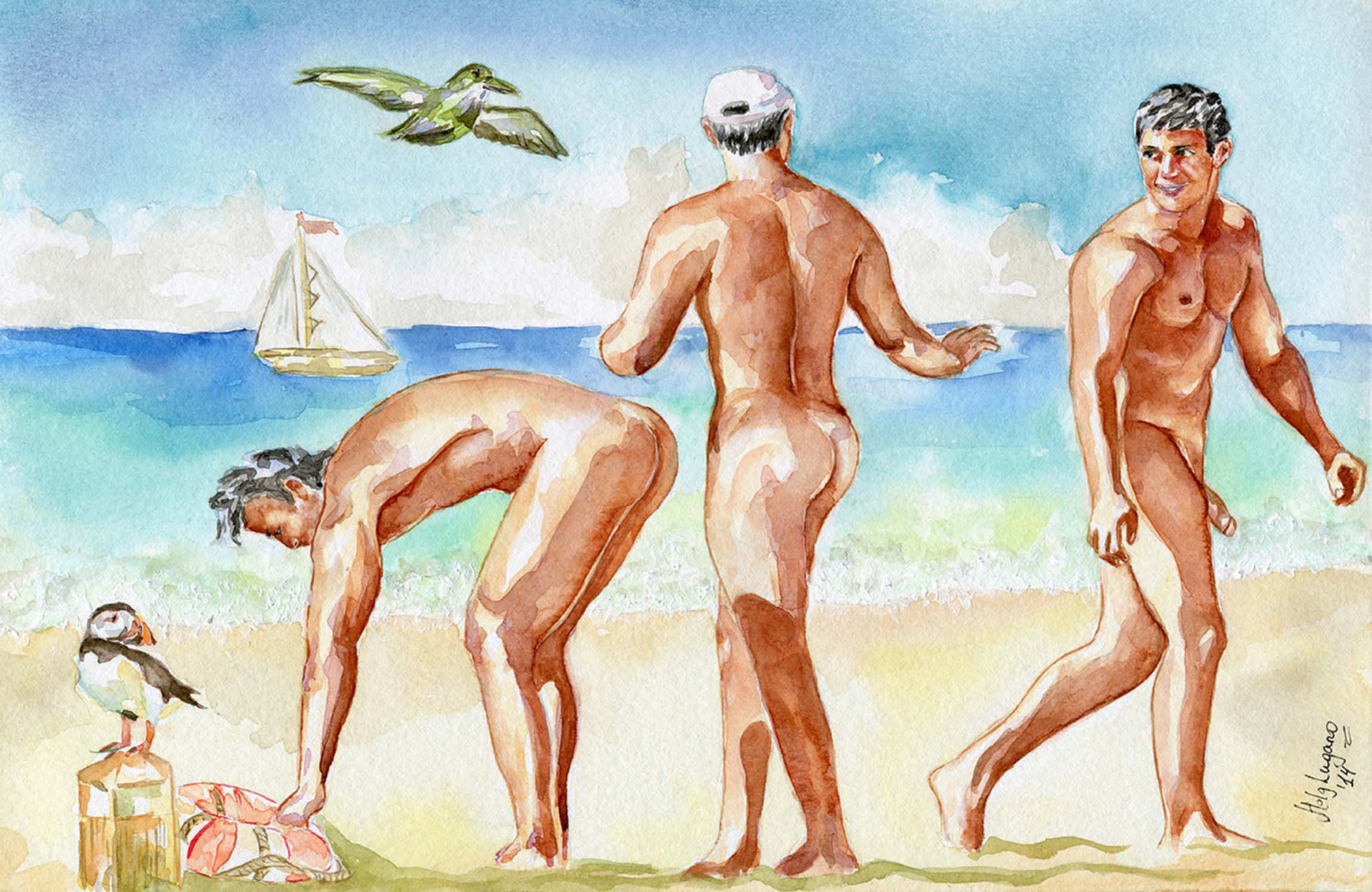
Goodvin Nerko 2014
watercolor



BAD BOYS



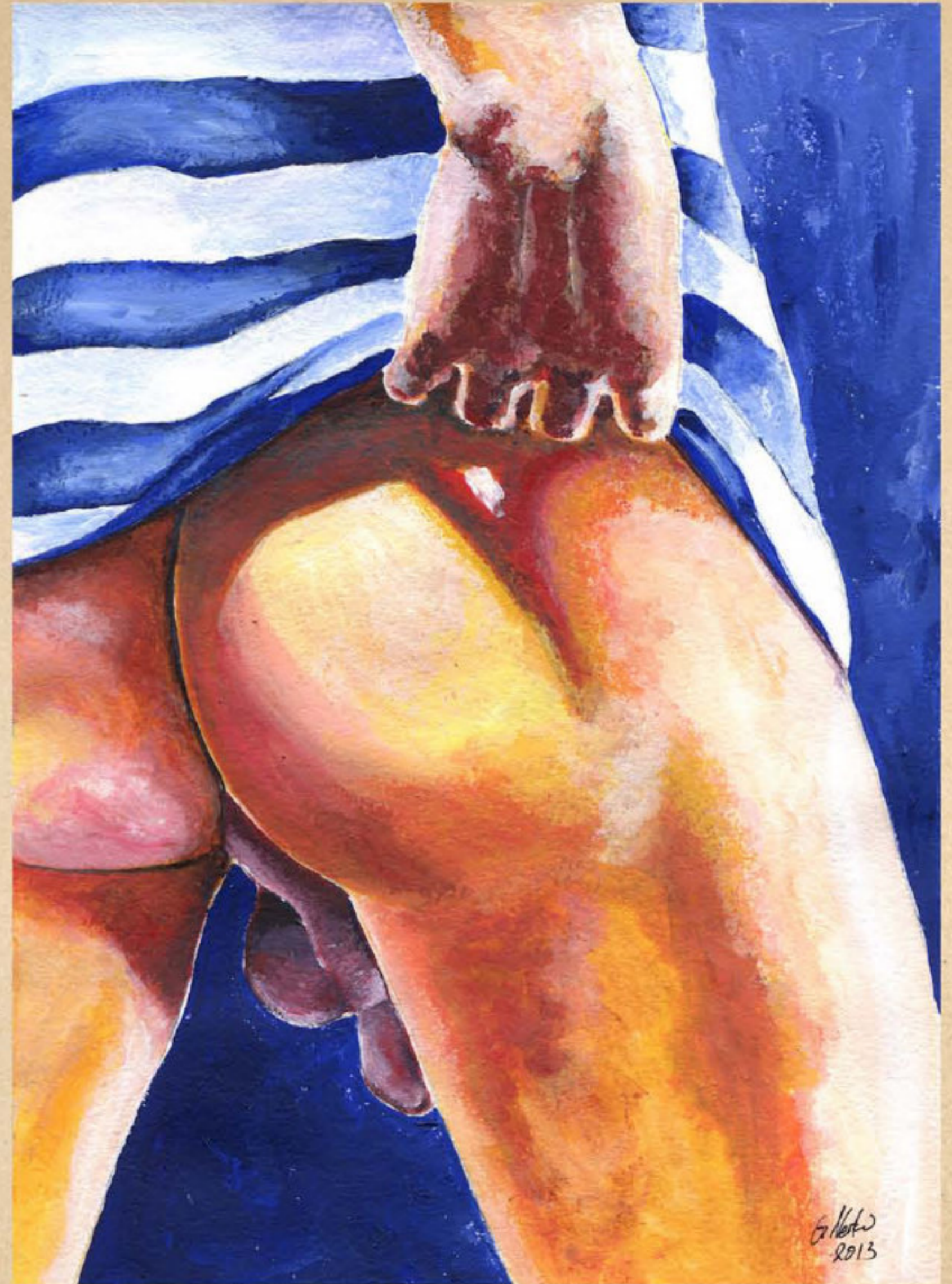
Helg Lugano 2014
watercolor



Stefano Lugano
2011

SAILOR

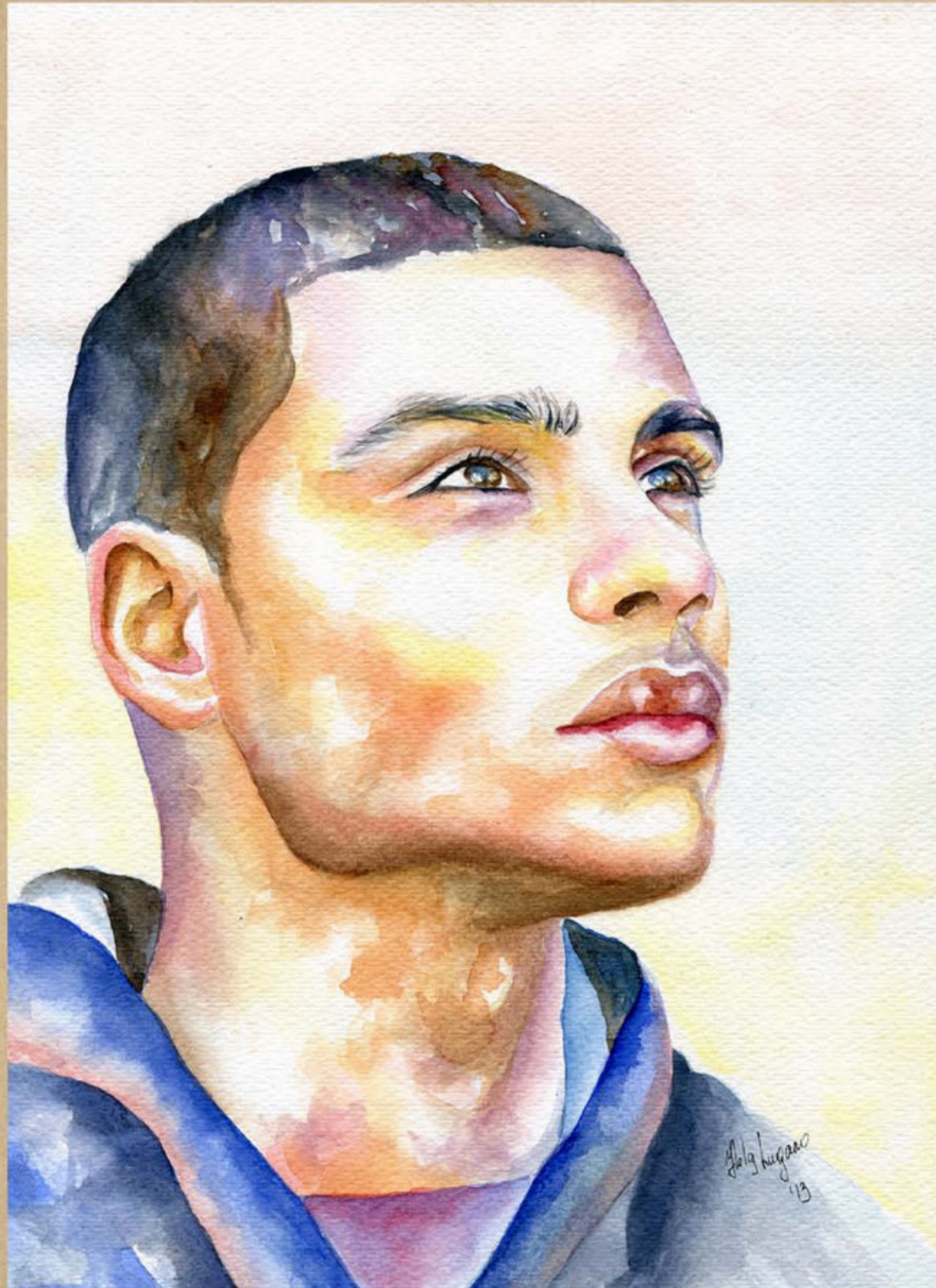
Goodvin Nerko 2013
acrylic



previous page

SUMMER LOOKS

Helg Lugano 2014
watercolor



WAITING FOR A MIRACLE

Helg Lugano 2013
watercolor

PLUMBER

Goodvin Nerko 2013
watercolor





G Nerko '13



previous page **FUNS**

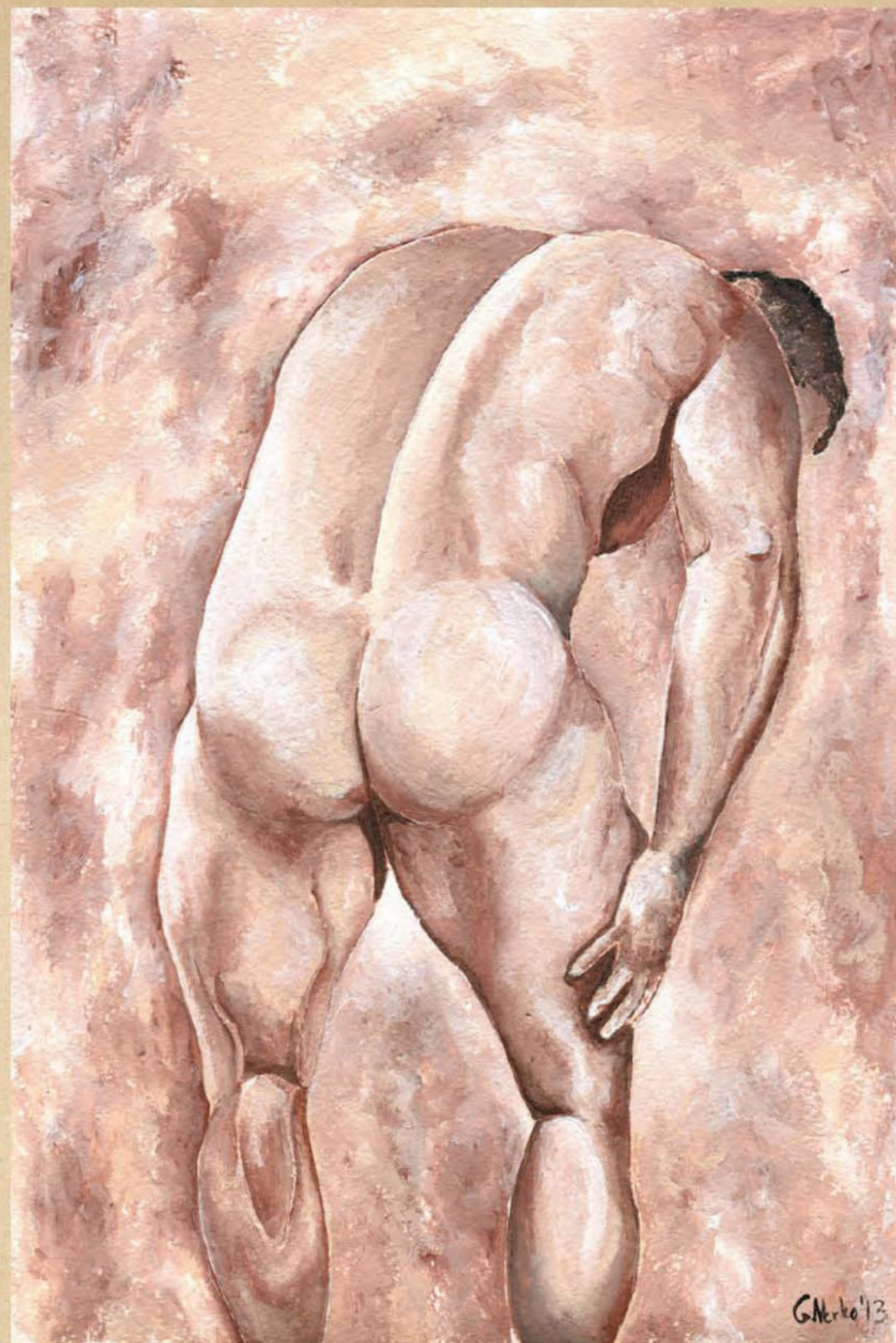
Goodvin Nerko 2013
acrylic

AUTUMN CAME

Helg Lugano 2014
watercolor

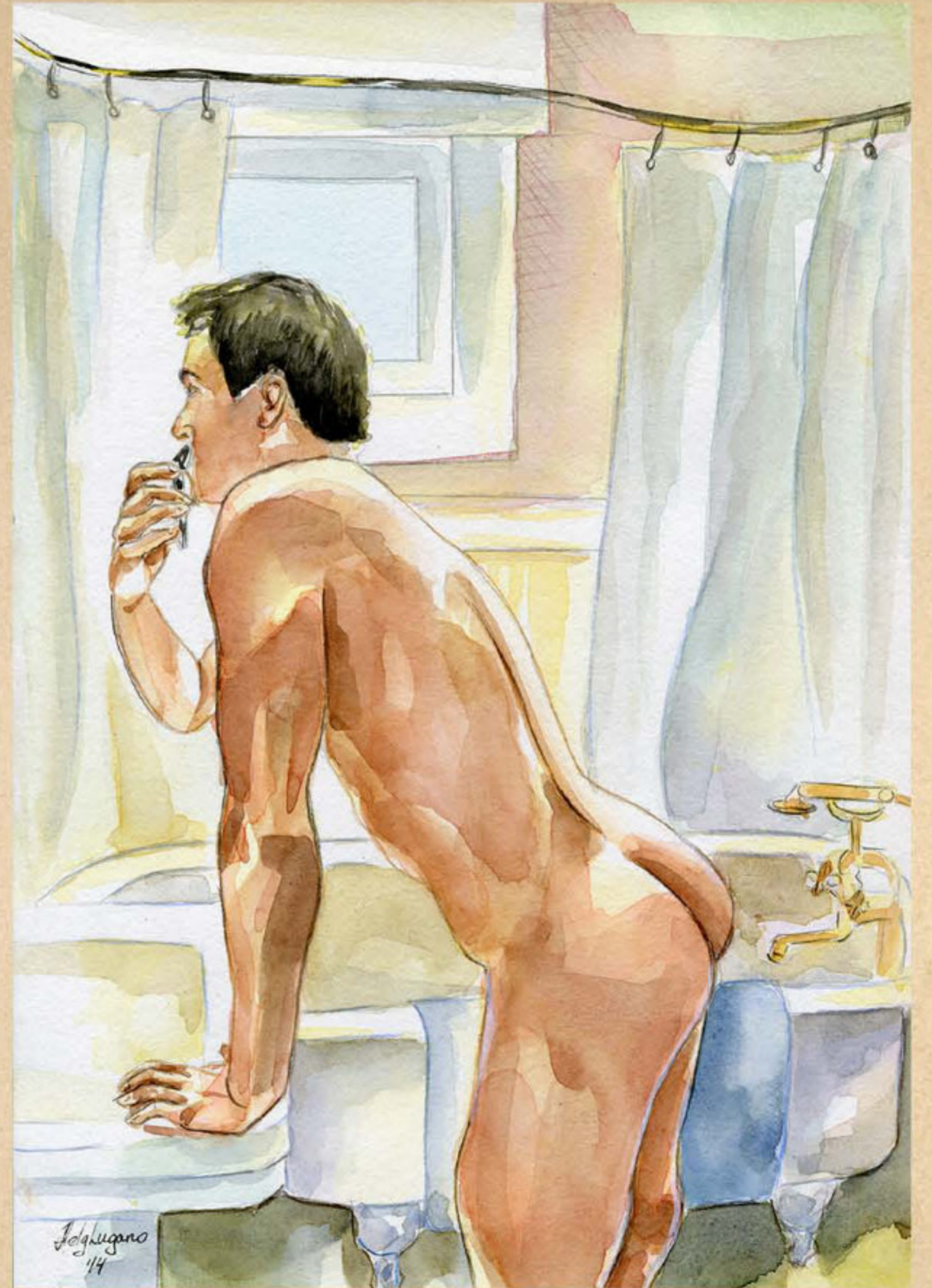
STANDING ALONE

Goodvin Nerko 2013
acrylic



BEHIND THE DOOR

Helg Lugano 2014
watercolor





Goodvin Nerko
2014

FURRY CUP

Goodvin Nerko 2014
watercolor

SAILOR DREAM

Helg Lugano 2013
watercolor





WE ARE ONE

Goodvin Nerko 2014
watercolor



delgado
1977

previous page

BEACH SEASON

Helg Lugano 2014
watercolor

STRONG GRIP

Goodvin Nerko 2014
watercolor



Goodvin Nerko
2014



UNEXPECTED

Helg Lugano 2014
watercolor



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Qatar
Al Jazeera





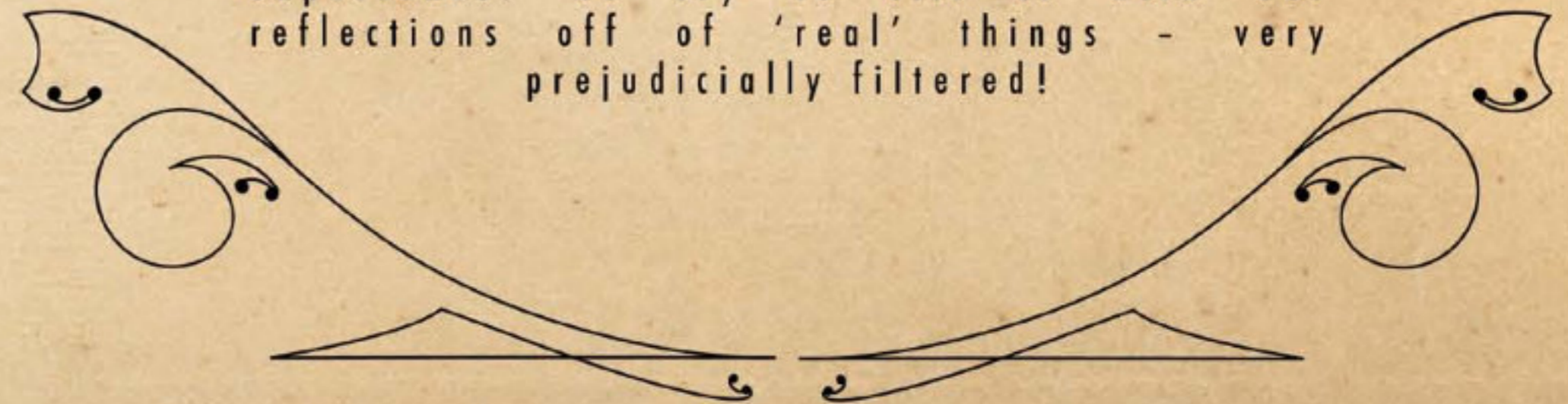
El camarero

Someone's asked you: "As individuals we never really encounter ourselves - not the way others encounter us. So are these portraits in a sense your attempt to 'encounter' yourself? Do you often surprise yourself? Is that the goal of self-portraiture?"

"The project considered as a whole," you reply, "has revealed to me something surprising about myself. If you'd told me even only a year before I began doing this that one day there would be nude photos of me published on the internet, I'd have been hardly less incredulous than if you'd told me I'd eventually emigrate to Mars. But no: otherwise I'd have to answer no."

I believe you. But not because they've nothing to reveal. I see plainly in them the things I know about you that you'll never know about yourself. It's another of those mysteries - the Self. Like 'Time', I mean. Tedious yet unfathomable.

The convention is that we're beings - each of us - more or less like our fellows. But it isn't so. Each of us is the void in our own experience: we try to fill it with our reflections off of 'real' things - very prejudicially filtered!



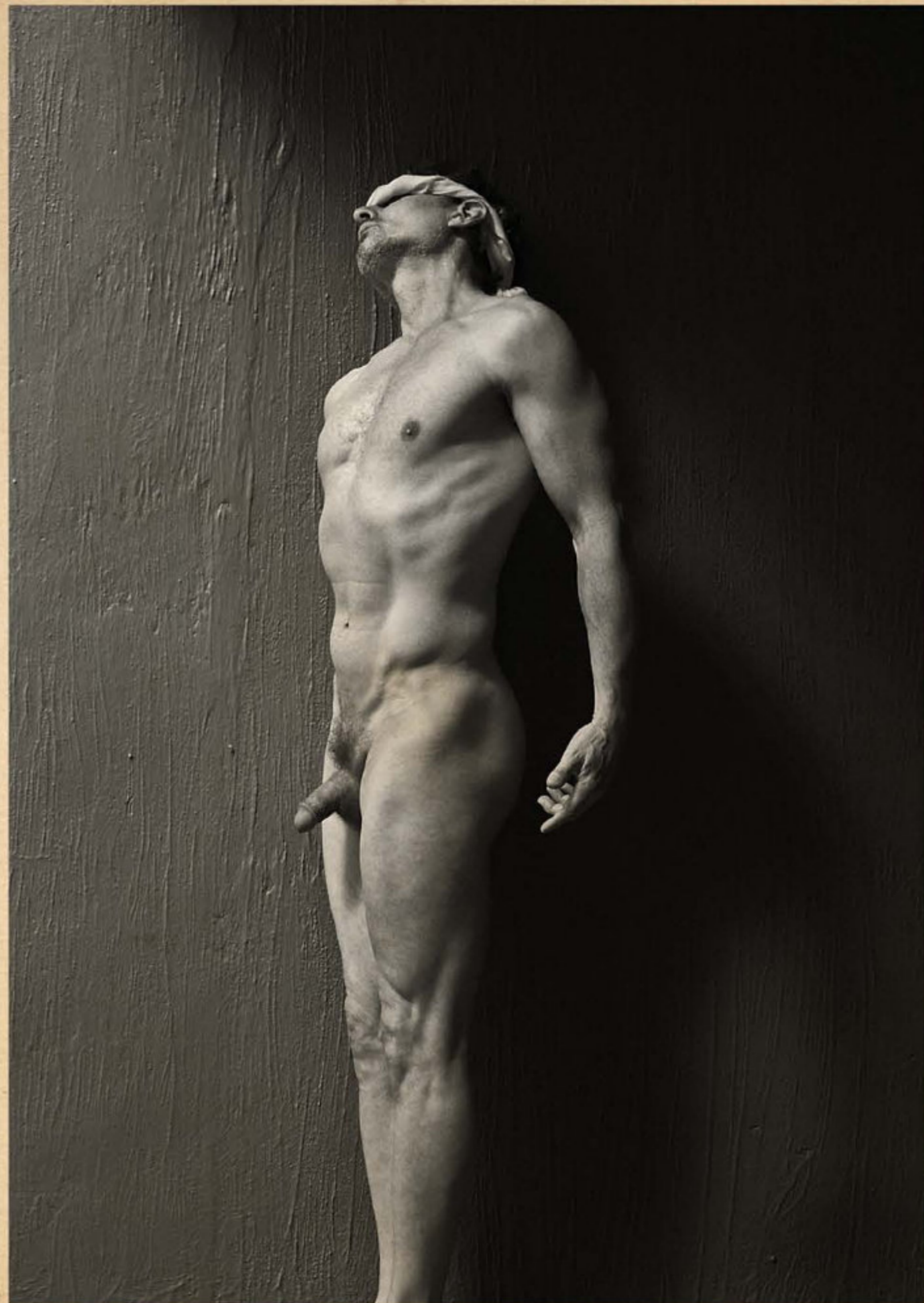
Ojos vendados

Anything having to do with God's a
conundrum.

When we're told that God loves his creation,
that sounds magnanimous, yes, but it's really
indiscriminate. It's really just the sun:
lighting
everything alike, the rubbish and the lilies,
death camps and bowers.

Indiscriminate is really the opposite of
human.
So divine / human is one of those abiding
dualities.
It doesn't resolve.

That's what you're doing: demanding a little
resolution.





Ziggurat

Someone's speculating whether or not you're
'erect.'

Shall I tell them that, were you, there'd be
no need to speculate?

Which do you prefer: reticence . . . or
extravagance?

Hard to believe, perhaps, but penises still
freak me out! You were considerate about
that. I recall your look of concern: "Might I
inquire, are you still a virgin?"

You were always so kind to me. Insanely,
outrageously kind.

I think, for a girl - a woman - if you can get
used to a penis, then you can get used to
anything. It's implacably "The Other." It
just is.

Actually, you'd be amused to learn, I've
changed my mind entirely. Since I've started
drawing, no image seems complete without a
penis. It's a simple case of interest: more or
less. Why settle for less?



Chiaroscuro

Dawn sets the 'roulette' of our fate spinning
anew.

Odds are we won't lose more than our
twenty-four-hour bet.

We spend those hours - many of them -
endeavoring
to ensure against hazard . . . rise, take
inventory
of ourselves, our situation, presume
continuity,
and resume where we left off the evening
before.

Inevitably, though, comes one of those
exceptional days.

Soaping up in the shower, feeling a lump we
know
shouldn't be there.

Listening, frozen in place, as a traitorous
voice
leaves a phone message.

Veering left of center when a tickle in the
nose
launches a fit of sneezing.

No, it doesn't have to be a calamity.

This might be the dawn of the day you first
encounter
your next lover.





D'answer

You got started serendipitously: balance
lost, a leg
swung behind to save yourself.

D'answer!

The stance thrilled you, the motor sense of it
snapped
an image in your mind's eye:

of you, the genius of your few square meters.

And you saw that everything's dance when
viewed
out of earshot, beyond good and evil.

So you danced the banes as well as the boons.

Self portrait

As a child you had an alter ego called Brenda
Cunner.

A hybrid of Madalyn Murray and Edith Piaf,
you said.

Or did you say Peggy Lee?

Whichever, I didn't believe you. Revisionist
pedigree,

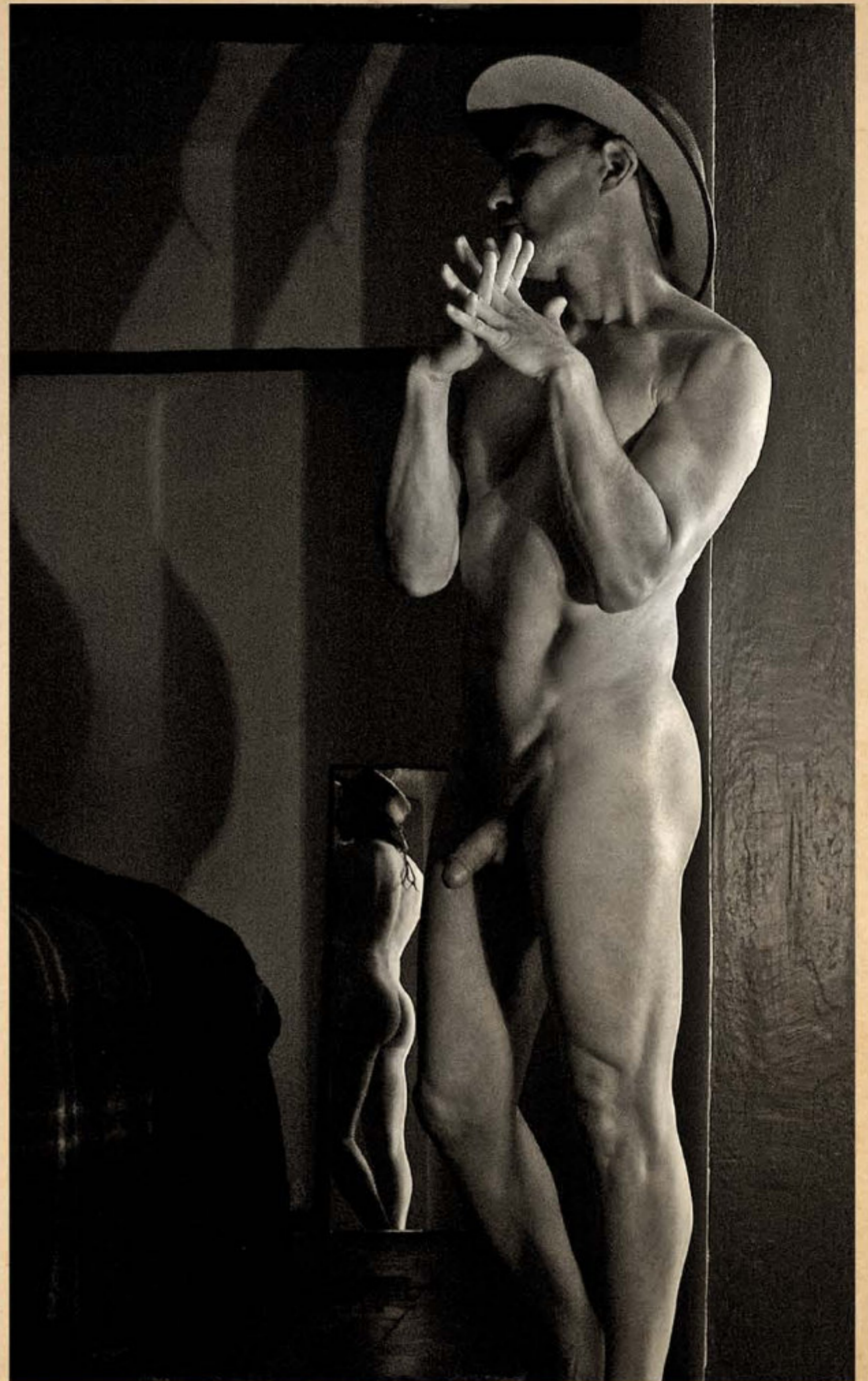
I thought. "Where is Brenda now?" I asked,
"Ms Brenda Cunners?"


"Cunner," you said. "A difficult question. At
a certain point, evidently, she lost
enthusiasm, stopped having anything to say,
exited the picture. Like the Deity."

Not quite. She writes poetry. I channel her.
Although she doesn't sound anything like
those dames
you claim inspired her . . . inspired you.

That should have revealed to you something .
in and of itself . . . about yourself. Any
other boy
and it would have been Frank Zappa. And
Lord Russell.

And however that may be, you might want to
think again - or you might not - about which
one of you it was
'exited the picture.'






The 'narrator' of this virtual gallery is my alter ego, a woman d'un certain âge. Here she's claiming she's the former partner of the subject of the photographs, reacting to them as if touring an exhibit of them, giving her spontaneous thoughts, recollections, reporting others' comments.

Of course, inasmuch as these are self-portraits, I am also the subject of the photos—though I feel with him, oddly, more tenuous connection.

I consider myself primarily a poet, this photography 'project' having begun unexpectedly: I was browsing a book of dance photos and came across Annie Leibovitz' portrait of David Parsons the dancer—nude, in mid-prance! I experienced a true epiphany: suddenly I had an intense desire to be the subject of one such photo, and this desire persisted undiminished though it seemed to my rational self preposterous: I am neither a dancer nor young.

But to the extent that my 'limited means' have enabled me, I have stayed close to the original c o n c e p t — w i t h tongue-more-or-less-in-cheek.





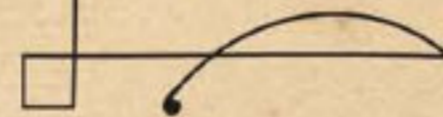
Nu descendant un escalier

The sky yellowed like the End of Time.
The wind gusted likewise.

Dogs cowered in doorways, shaking
and whining.

You gad about the wreckage
like the Emperor in his new clothes.

Like Father Augustine glossing God's
silence.



A suasion of limbs III

Alice Longworth used to sit this way as an uncharacteristically oblique means of communicating to tedious people her annoyance.

Tedious people. Yes. There are seventy billion human fingers in the world, a like number of toes.

A fifth the number of eyes. A tenth, of tongues - which is to say, still a formidable seven billion.

How many of these are lost to casualty each hour?

Don't count them if they suffer demise along with the body whereof they're members. Only if they meet with separate accident.

Many fewer human penises. And most of those immature or past their prime. Procreatively speaking, barely a billion serviceable ones.

Still, more than enough, were they arrayed and primed for action, to stun the sensibilities of Republicans.

There's no item in all of human experience that carries more ethical baggage than the penis, nothing that poses more of a threat to Republican family values

-
different from artificial firearms!





Appassionato

The wasp spends herself trying to find a way
through the glass pane.

The wide-open door's just beside.
You want to tell her, but you don't know how.

You watched me making a wasp of myself.
Likewise, presumably, God watches us all.

He used to talk to us - well, some chosen
among us - rather frequently. Too frequently,
if those utterances attributed to him he
actually said. But all those 'documented'
instances are from days of extreme yore. Even
the last was in the distant past!

Then he went silent. Changed his policy
toward us?
Laissez-faire?

Some say he died. That's one way to construe
chronic unresponsiveness.

Yes, people do report conversations with him,
but nowadays these are deemed occasions
calling
for courses of anti-psychotic drugs.

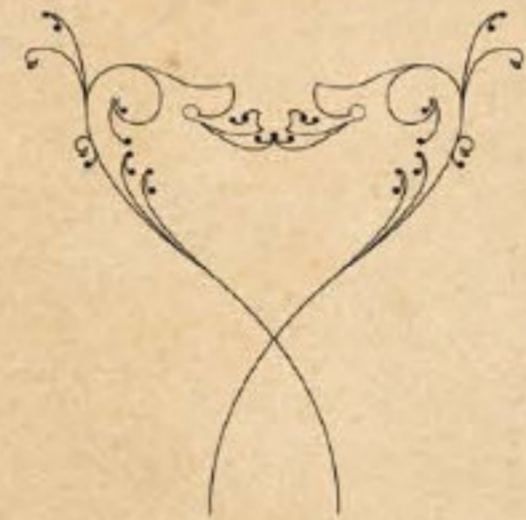
Maybe he's less like the wasp-watcher than
like
a janitor on the dark side of the moon.

Bare it and grin

No one waits at a bus stop like that.

"I'm hoping people find it more convincing
than contrived," you said.

You didn't really work a second job to put
your grandmother through college. But it's
what
you thought a girl liked to hear.





First light

Each morning, upon awakening, you know
who you are – almost, not quite.

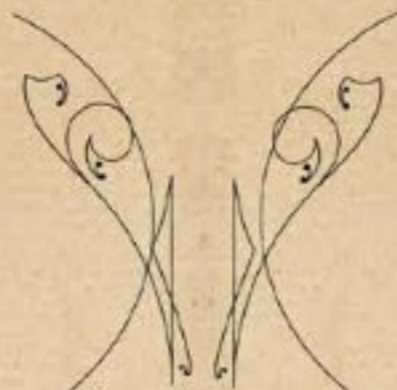
Then you consider . . . know you don't know.
But proceed with the day as if you did.

It's some molecule in your brain, in your
blood
that, in spite of what you know, what you
don't—
and reason unavailing—induces appetite
for what comes next.

You pee it out each morning, lately sense it
replenished unreliably, sense how it will feel
when there's far too little of it circulating.

Far too little of it circulating . . .

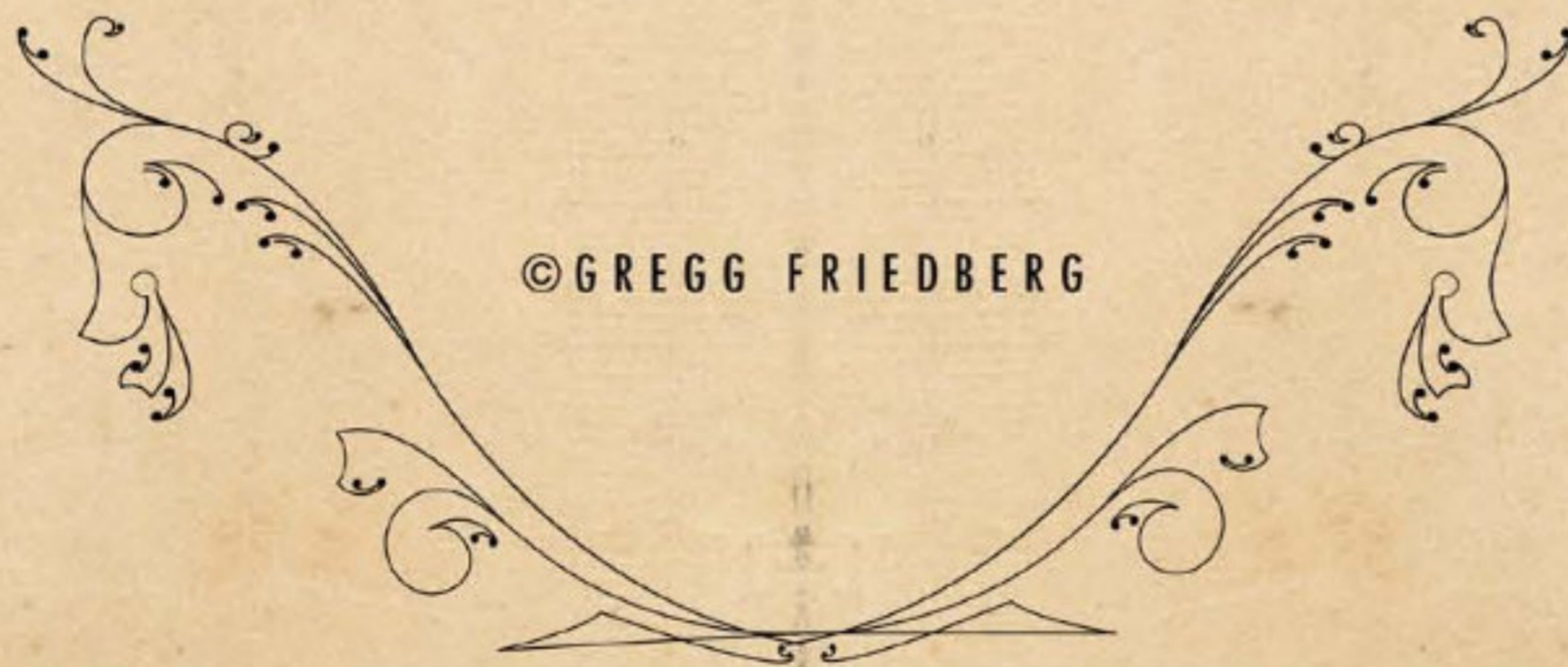




More of Gregg Friedberg work can be seen at:
gfriedberg.deviantart.com.

As regards poetry, individual poems are published on-line, and a sequence of poems in the book *THE BEST SEAT NOT IN THE HOUSE* (Main Street Rag, 2010)—variations on a theme with a loose narrative trajectory.

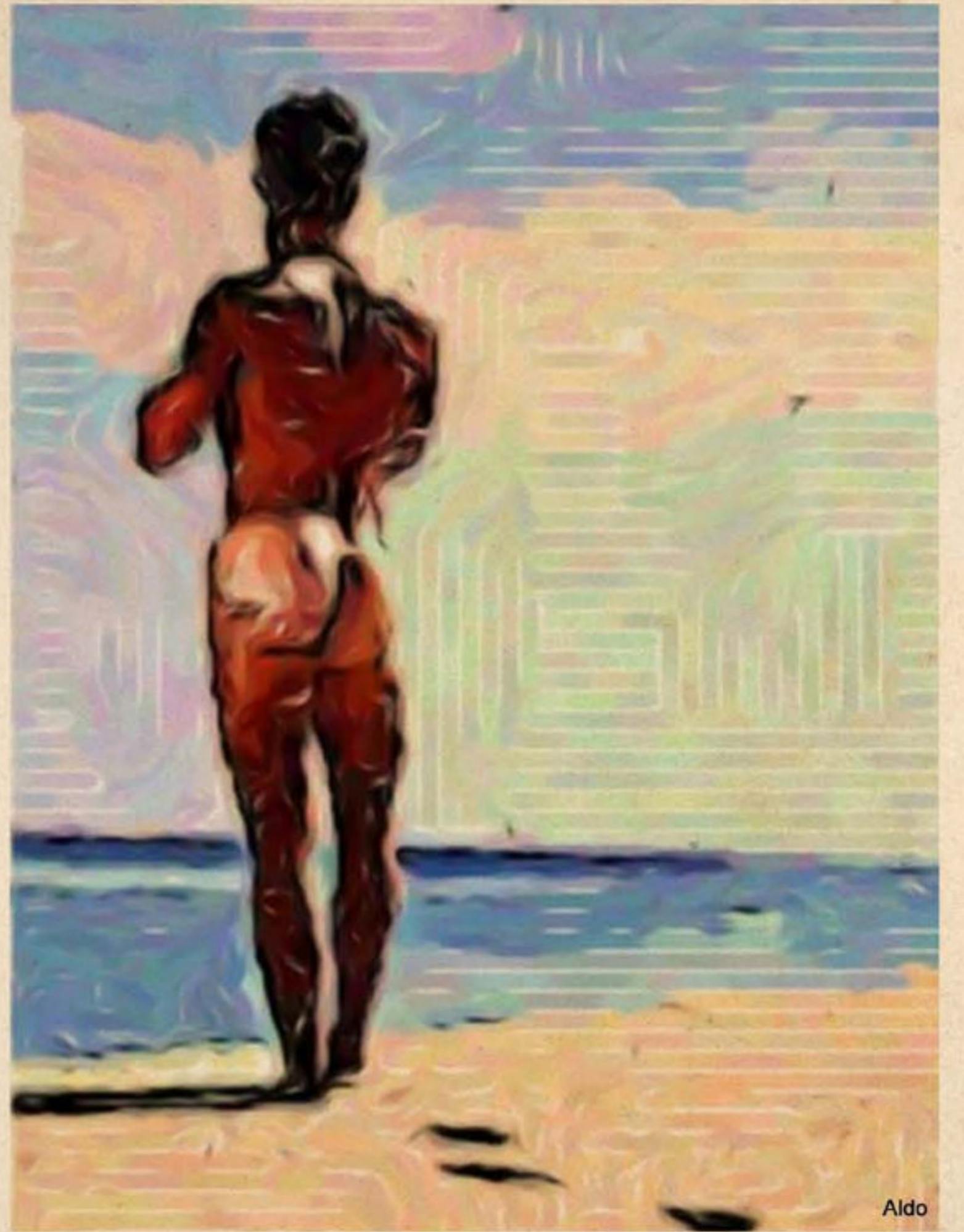
©GREGG FRIEDBERG



ALDO VILATA



TANLINES



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BATH HOUSE

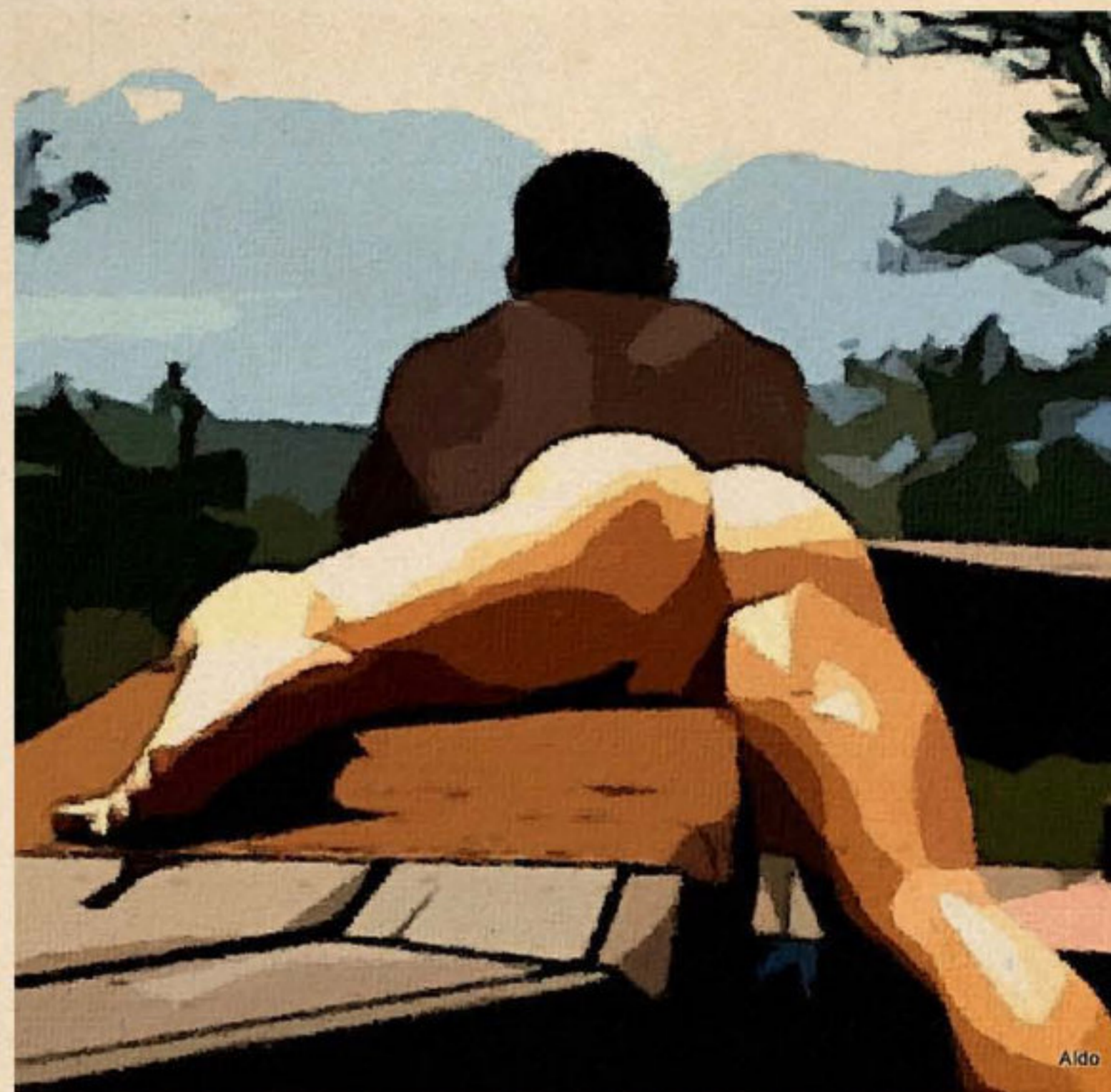
CHARLES HILLARY 1984





Aldo

WHAT A VIEW



Aldo

ANTIQUED OR GOD OF WINE CHARLES A'COURT PORTRAIT





Aldo

COWBOY LIFE

HOT GUYS OF FOLSOM ST.






ANDY IS CUTE



ALDO

JAMES

A painting of a young man in a pool, rendered in a style reminiscent of David Hockney's 'Palm Springs Pool Boy'. The man is shown from the waist up, leaning forward, with his head tilted down. He has dark hair and is wearing dark swim trunks. The water is depicted with vibrant, textured brushstrokes in shades of blue and green. The background shows a tiled pool deck with red and white patterns. The overall style is expressive and colorful, characteristic of Hockney's work.

PALM SPRINGS POOL BOY AN HOMMAGE TO DAVID HOCKNEY

Aldo



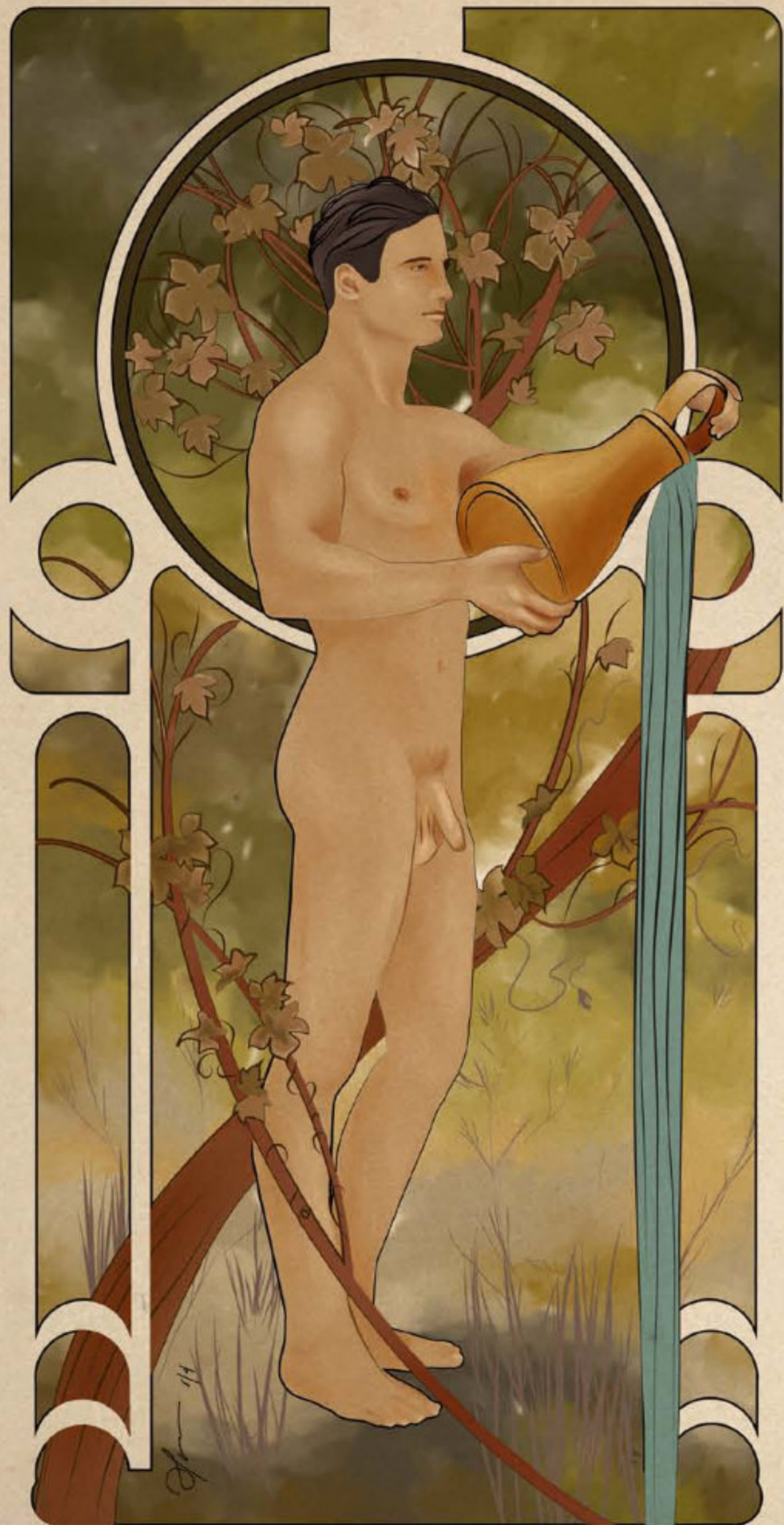
I AM A VISUAL ARTIST IN LOVE WITH PHOTOGRAPHY, BUT
CREATING ARTWORKS FROM MY OWN PHOTOS IS MY PASSIO.

TRYING TO USE MY ART HISTORY KNOWLEDGE AS A BASE THAT
INFLUENCES MY ARTWORK WHICH I CREATE FROM FOUND IMAGES AS
WELL AS PHOTOS THAT I TAKE MYSELF

CREATING ART HAS BEEN A PASSION OF MINE SINCE CHILDHOOD.
ITS SOMETHING I MUST DO EVERYDAY!

-MORE ABOUT ALDO VILLALTA-
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