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Additional art E. Hirano

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with human expressiveness, inner being, e

Nikola Djukich draws as long as he can remember himself.









In 2009 enrolled in the "Graphic Design" programme of the Academy of Arts in Novi Sad. As suggested and supported by several professors, Nikola deepens his attitude towards self-portraits and their creation. Technically it transcends the drawing, as the primary form, and passes into a passive form of performance - a poetically shaped photograph, complemented by a certain symbolism.

Gene architeges in symbolismic hide Symbolism.

In 2010 – first solo photo exhibition, entitled "Pseudomechanic", held in Kulturni Centar Zrenjanin. In the same year, the artist puts his academic education on hold in search for himself through other forms of art. For the next couple of years, he spends his time in the theater, working as an actor, costume designer, set designer, sound-engineer.

In addition, since 2011 he has been creating experimental music.

















N MAGAZINE PROMO PDF NOISY RAIN MAGAZINE















fascination with the body; with human expressiveness, inner being, emotion according and subming banality.

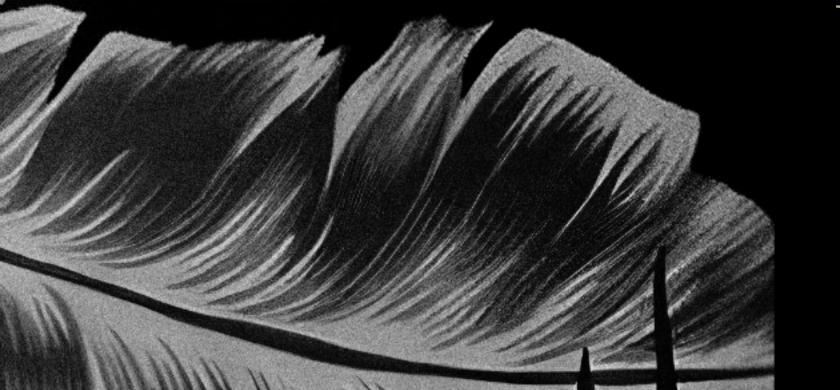
The beauty of overflowing markidity Sancarm. Religioussess Spripuality, expressed floreigh blaspheny. Stimulating decadence of fine task perhants of emolious, enden through fairy tales - neglections of the current state of the Philosophy.

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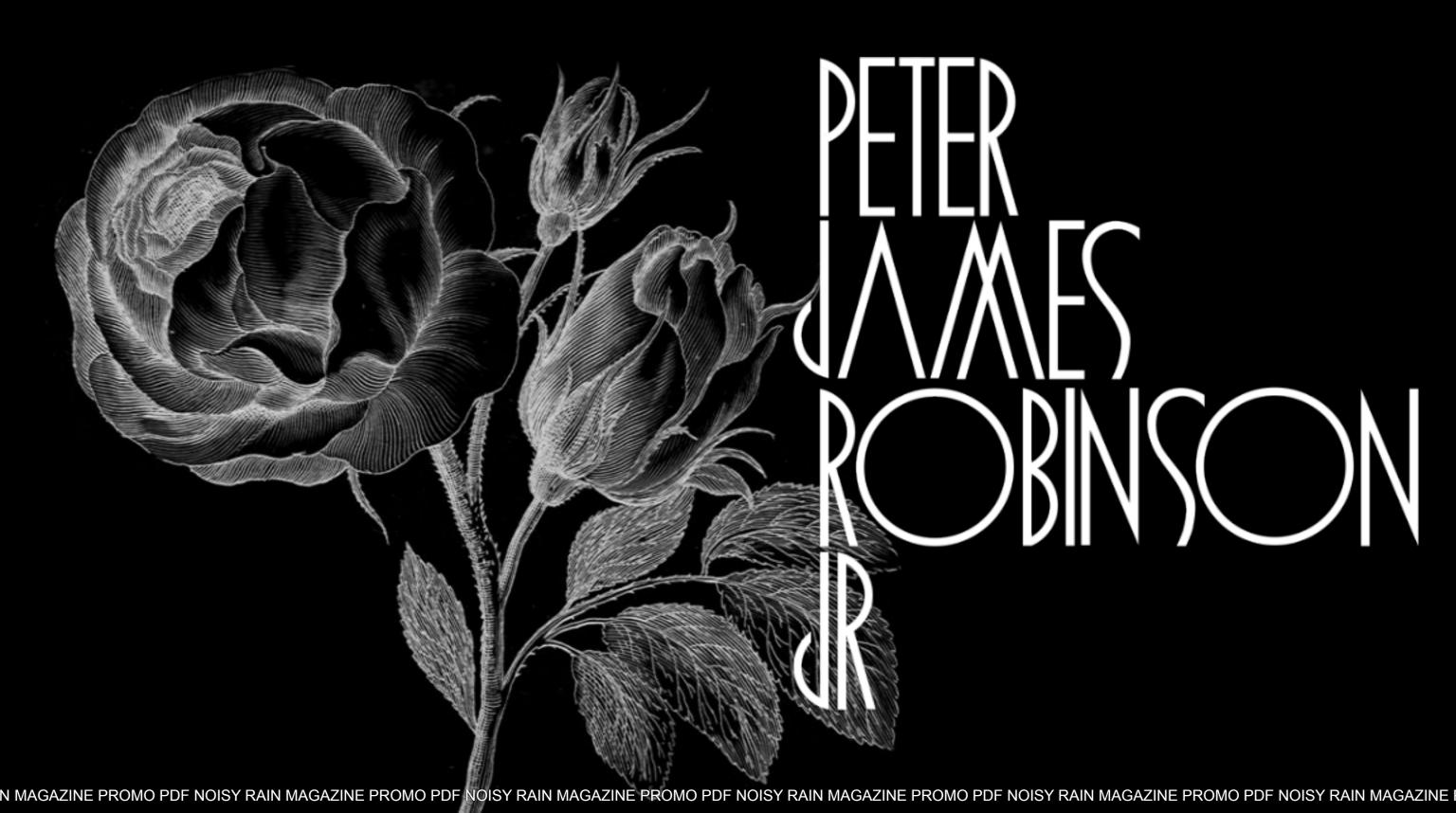
Ex at full feature, as a weapon sprinted finger or a Map. beneath a kitsday glaze, padas in glithway collaphane, represented invert being in taking another identity and living ther are ideleding the Selt

www.djukichart.com

Gause archefuges in symbiosis with hidden 5 ymbolism. Instagram: @djukichart



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PETER ROBINSON,
AN EARNEST
AMATEUR
PHOTOGRAPHER
WITH OVER THREE
DECADES OF
EXPERIENCE,
LEVERAGES THE
POWER OF
PHOTOGRAPHY AND
CONTEMPORARY
IMAGE TECHNOLOGY
TO MANIFEST HIS
IMAGINATIVE
PERSPECTIVE AND
DISSEMINATE IT
ACROSS VARIOUS
MEDIUMS.









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PETER ROBINSON ARRANGES
THE IMAGES IN GROUPS OF
THREE, AN IDEA THAT
EMERGED DURING HIS
RESEARCH ON TRIPTYCHS.
BEYOND THE CONVENTIONAL
HINGED VERSIONS FOUND IN
ANTIQUE PAINTINGS, A MORE
CONTEMPORARY DEFINITION—
A SET OF THREE ASSOCIATED
ARTISTIC WORKS INTENDED
TO BE APPRECIATED
TOGETHER—SERVED AS
INSPIRATION FOR HIS
CURRENT PROJECT. HE
DESCRIBES IT AS AKIN TO
PRESENTING A SECOND STORY
OF THEIR TIME TOGETHER.







SINCE COMMEMORATING THE **50TH ANNIVERSARY OF** STONEWALL, PETER HAS DEDICATED HIMSELF TO **UTILIZING HIS** PHOTOGRAPHIC PROWESS TO **CAPTURE BOTH QUEER AND HETEROSEXUAL MEN EXPRESSING THEMSELVES** WITHIN A STUDIO SETTING. HIS AIM IS TO PROVIDE AN AVENUE FOR DIVERSE AND INDIVIDUALISTIC EXPRESSION THAT TRANSCENDS THE **CULTURE OF SUPERFICIAL** SELFIES. WHILE SOME MAY **CATEGORIZE HIS WORK AS** "DUDEOIR PICS," PETER'S FOCUS IN THE STUDIO LIES ON FOSTERING AN **ENVIRONMENT OF SELF-EXPRESSION AND** ACCEPTANCE. THEMES OF QUEER POSITIVITY, BODY ACCEPTANCE, AND DIVERSITY FORM THE CORNERSTONE OF HIS ARTISTIC ENDEAVORS.







SEEKING NEW IMAGES THAT VIVIDLY DEPICT THE ENERGY OF THEIR COLLABORATIONS, PETER HAS OPTED FOR COMBINED TRIPTYCH INDIVIDUAL IMAGES THAT SPEAK TO THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN HIMSELF AS THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND EACH MODEL.

EMBRACING A NEW DIRECTION, PETER AIMS TO CONDUCT MORE ZOOM SESSIONS WITH HIS CURRENT MODELS AND IS ACTIVELY SEEKING ADDITIONAL MALE MODELS INTERESTED IN COLLABORATING ON A DIGITAL PROJECT.





UNDER A TFP (TRADE FOR PICS) ARRANGEMENT, MODELS ARE AFFORDED THE OPPORTUNITY TO SPEND AN HOUR OR TWO IN A SAFE **ENVIRONMENT, EXPLORING** THE BOUNDS OF THEIR CREATIVE FREEDOM. MORE RECENTLY, WITH THE ADVENT OF ZOOM TECHNOLOGY, PETER HAS EXTENDED HIS REACH TO PHOTOGRAPH WILLING MODELS WITHIN THE **COMFORT OF THEIR OWN** HOMES. EMPLOYING CUTTING-EDGE DIGITAL TOOLS, PETER METICULOUSLY REINTERPRETS THESE IMAGES, SHARING THEM WITH THE MODELS THEMSELVES AND **SHOWCASING HIS CREATIONS** ON HIS INSTAGRAM PROFILE

MODELS IN ORDER OF

PETER NETWORKING

APPEARANCE.

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TRIPTYCH IV ALEXANDER

TRIPTYCH V

ED

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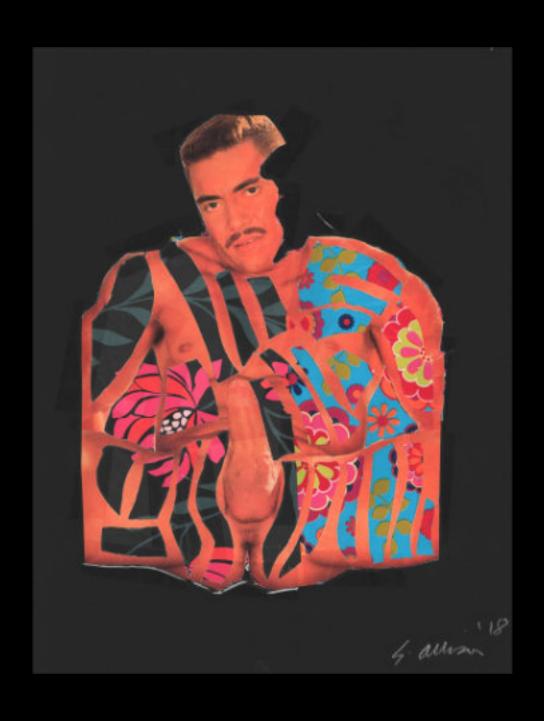


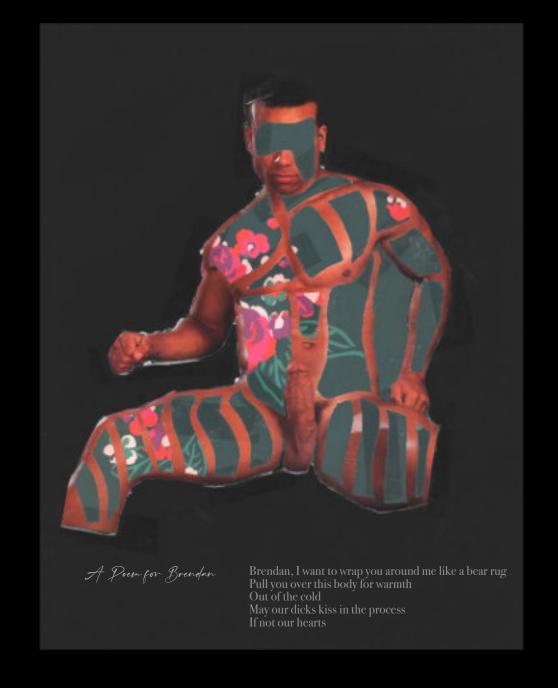


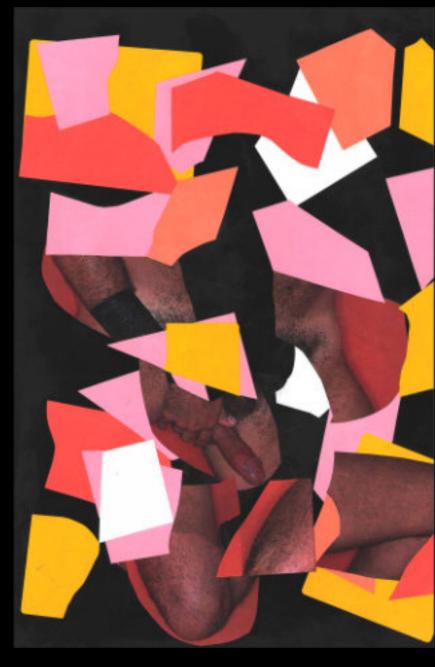




Black is beautiful





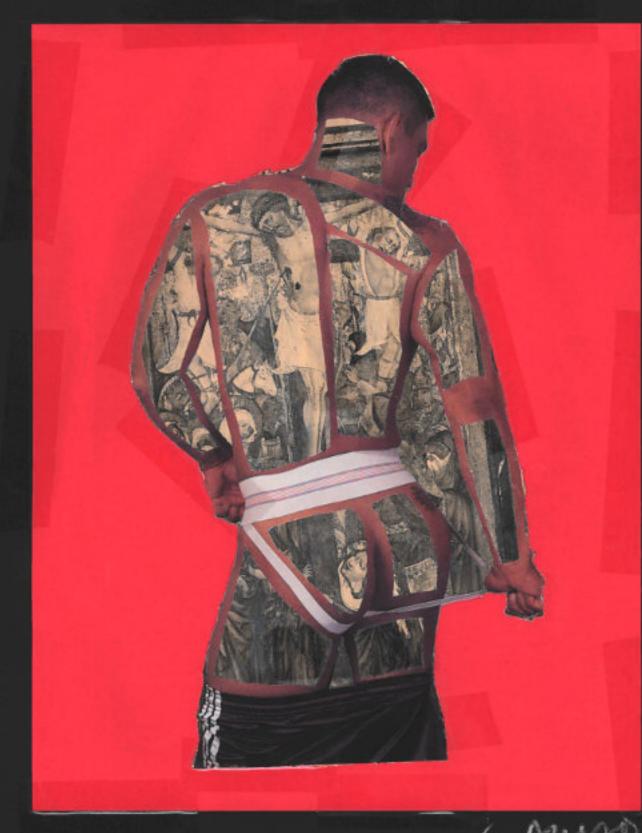


leather daddy 2



leather daddy of my dreams

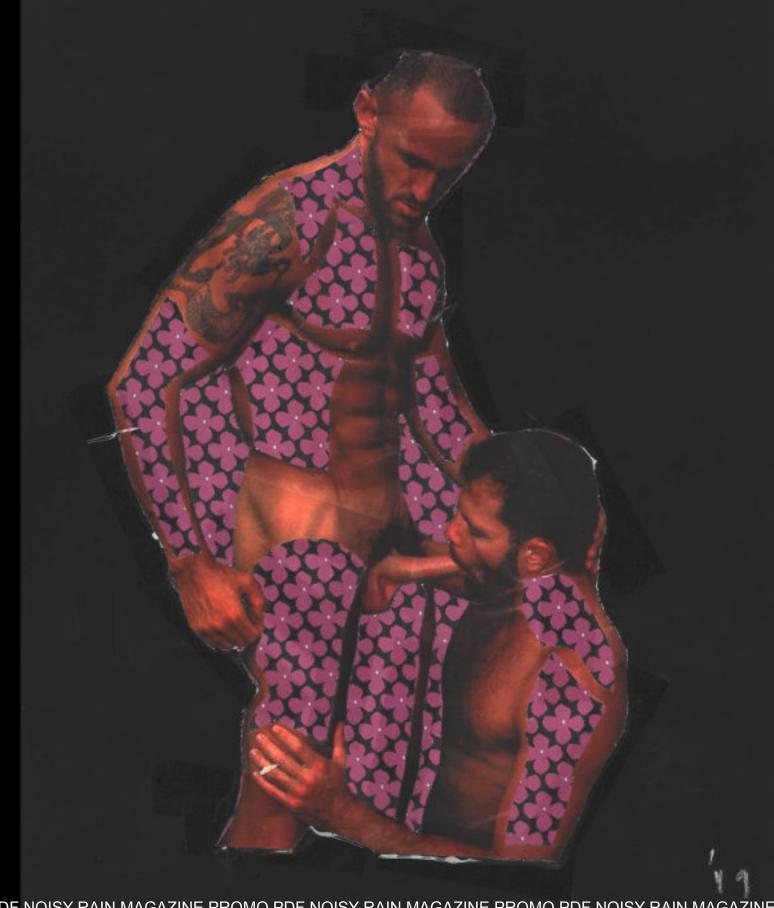




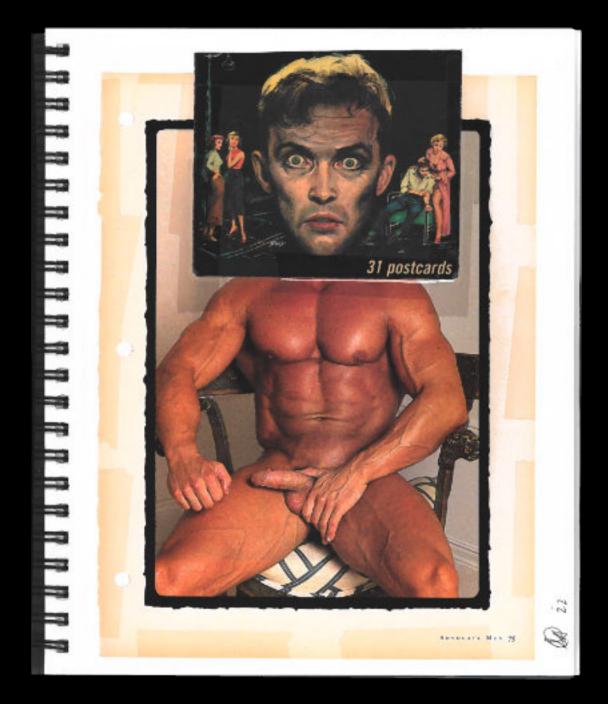


lucky Cherry

I wish I had gotten a bouquet of flowers From Brendan with a card inside With a message inscribed That read, *Shane, can I eat your ass?*

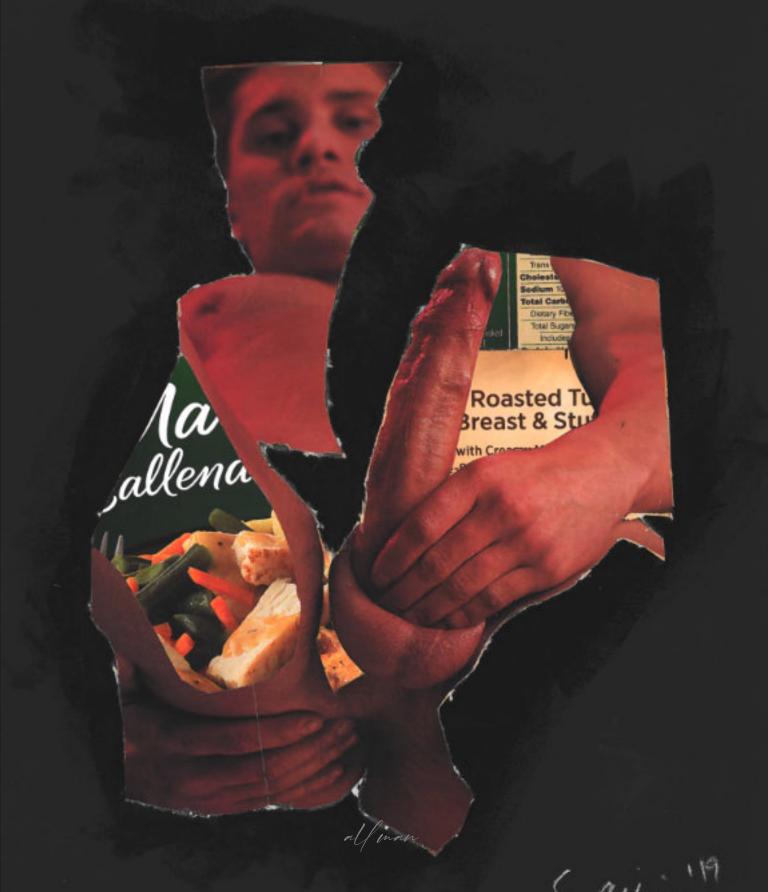


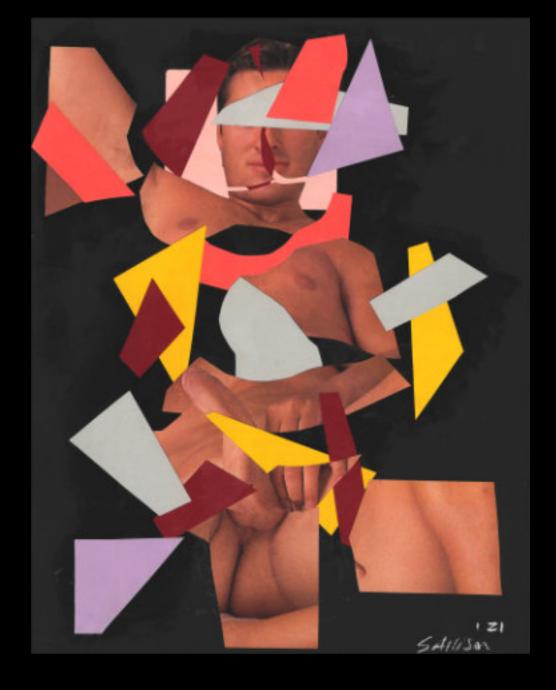




alfenan

31 poo Teards





Cock and crack



alfman

Scottwort & lop talking about Farrio's dick

Scott talks about Farrios dick as if it's launched a thousand ships.

Going on about its thickness, the curve of it,

Yet when I showed him mine,

He gave me one of his big Georgia smiles and said,

that's awesome man, good for you.

As if I got an A for my science project or something.

Four months out of the closet and he's already a size queen.

Farrio does nothing for me,

Doesn't move my dick like some men do. I was at one of Brandon's after-club sex parties.

The first time I saw Farrio's cock dressed in black briefs.

Anthony and I were invited.

I think he just wanted to see Brandon's dick in person. Outside of Snap chat videos. Luckily, I wasn't that drunk.

And Brandon and his boyfriend, John, didn't live

Too far from the bar.

My only wish was to get John's dick in my mouth,

To maybe push my face between the furry cheeks

Of his Minnesota ass.

Freeloader Anthony rang the doorbell. Some typical blonde boy answered.

I had seen him at the bar before.

Some drag queen apprentice of Jessa's I think.

Most were sitting outside on the back patio.

With damn near nothing on, as if they had done this before.

John looked good enough to eat.
Walking around in his underwear, holding a bong.
Such a cute cub with his thick, well-trimmed beard and *Pizza-Hut* belly.

He, Brandon and Farrio were the only three I knew by name.

I have seen Brandon's dick a few times at the local sex arcade.

Being stuffed in someone's mouth through a glory hole.

It's pretty, but I have never tasted it.

I'm not much for sloppy seconds at the time of COVID-19. But for Freeloader Anthony, Brandon's dick was the kind that kept him up at nights.

John's ass was the sort that kept my mouth watering.

Farrio went out to join the other chicken cutlets.

We sat on the couch admiring the Eden of boys with their bulbous bulges.

Two men took things upstairs

While a couple of others began to play

Things were going better than I expected.
Until I pulled out my phone to show a pic of my dick.
That's it!?! Some guy said, whom I had never seen before.
As if my dick is somehow detachable and comes with an assortment of sizes.

I wasn't much for partying after that and wanted to leave.

It was late, and I was too drunk and sleepy.

For insults on what the good Lord gave me.

Freeloader Anthony sat there staring stupidly anyway.

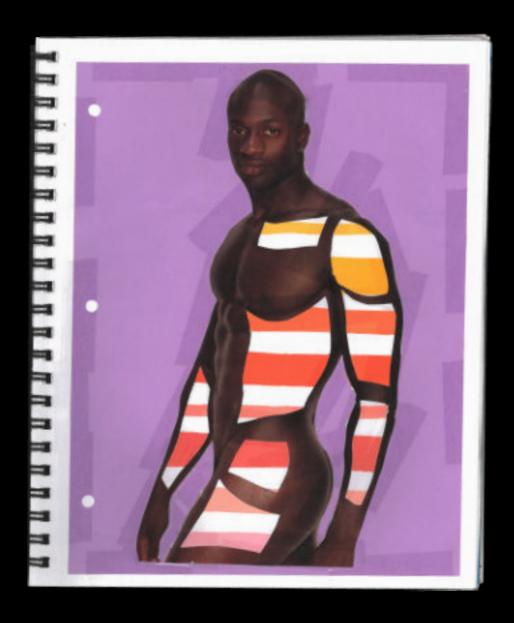
Come on, Anthony. Let's go. They don't want our fat asses.

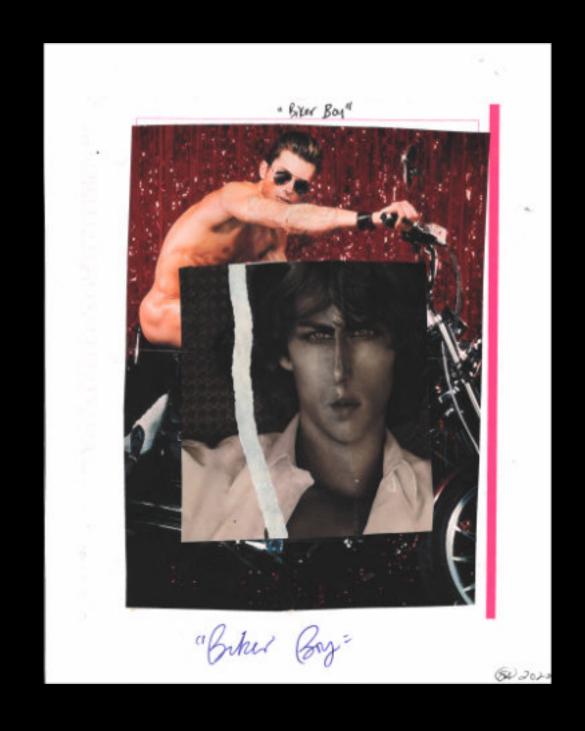
It wasn't the blowjobs under blue sky encounters I was used to,

But at least I got this poem out of the experience.



black man in Tripez











Enrique

I like you better with longer hair When it falls past your ears,

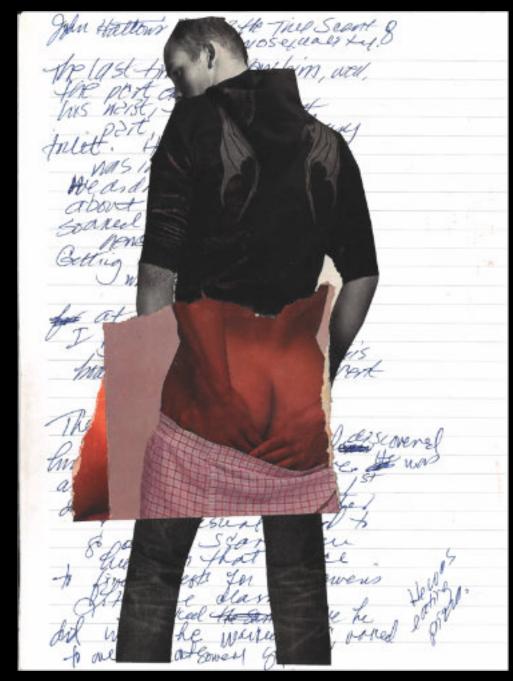
How you occasionally blow it out of your face. For me it's those button dimples when you smile.

Yeah, I love you most when you're drunk And stumbling in a stall behind me

Where the streams of our piss Pops in a pool of toilet water.

I remember our kiss When you were kind enough to say,

No, I don't want to lead you on.



the geent of a homogexual



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