



# THE EYE

No.2

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*genius*  
GAY







# About Blue Eye

the eye . A well-known word for homosexuals. But what does he do? The eye in ancient Egyptian culture. It was a window to enter the soul and body of human beings. The eye here is the eye of opinion or the avoidance of bad luck. People thought of bears differently. the eye . Luckily for breaking some bad things. The eye always laughs and cries. The famous eye manages. It can be the head of all men in the world. Effectively and with laughter or completely serious. Homosexual men do not believe in superstition. They believe in sex and love play with their peers. Men follow the eye. If someone told you. You can be eye-catching too, don't be surprised. I took pictures that in Turkish culture show the eye or the eye that avoids bad things.

The eye must laugh or take it very seriously so that there is always a way to advance the goals of the eye with a naked body of masculinity. The eye can be defined in different ways. The one-eyed man is the same man that homosexuals make his role model. Of course, if they accept. And it's very difficult to prove yourself to others. We have blue. The color that men are always familiar with. Women remain pink and should be pink.

Rough and masculine blue. Sometimes sharp and sometimes bold to show the depth of their masculinity. I went through all these steps and only with my photos do I show this kind of blue border.















**Nazar (amulet)**



A nazar (from Arabic pronunciation: word deriving from Arabic, meaning sight, surveillance, attention, and other related concepts) is an eye-shaped amulet believed to protect against the evil eye. Albanian, Hindi-Urdu, Pashto, Bengali, Kurdish, Persian, Punjabi, and other languages have borrowed the term as well. In Turkey, it is known by the name nazar boncuğu (the latter word being a derivative of boncuk, "bead", and the former borrowed from Arabic) and historically as mâvi boncuk or Old Turkic: gökçe munçuk both meaning "blue bead". In Persian and Afghan folklore, it is called a cheshm nazar (Persian: چشمنظار). In India and Pakistan, the Hindi-Urdu slogan Chashm-e-Baddoor is used to ward off the evil eye. In the Indian subcontinent, the phrase "Nazar lag gai" is used to indicate that one has been affected by the evil eye.

It is commonly believed that the evil eye can be given in the guise of a compliment, signifying its connection to the destructive power of jealousy. Amulets such as the Nazar are used in accordance with common sayings such as "an eye for an eye", where another eye can be used to protect the recipient of the malefic gaze. The evil eye causes its victim to become unwell the next day, unless a protective phrase such as "With the will of God" ("MashAllah" in Arabic) is recited. Among adherents of Hinduism and Islam in South Asia, when a mother observes that her child is being excessively complimented, it is common for them to attempt to neutralize the effects of the evil eye (nazar utarna) by "holding red chillies in one hand and circling the child's head a few times, then burning the chillies



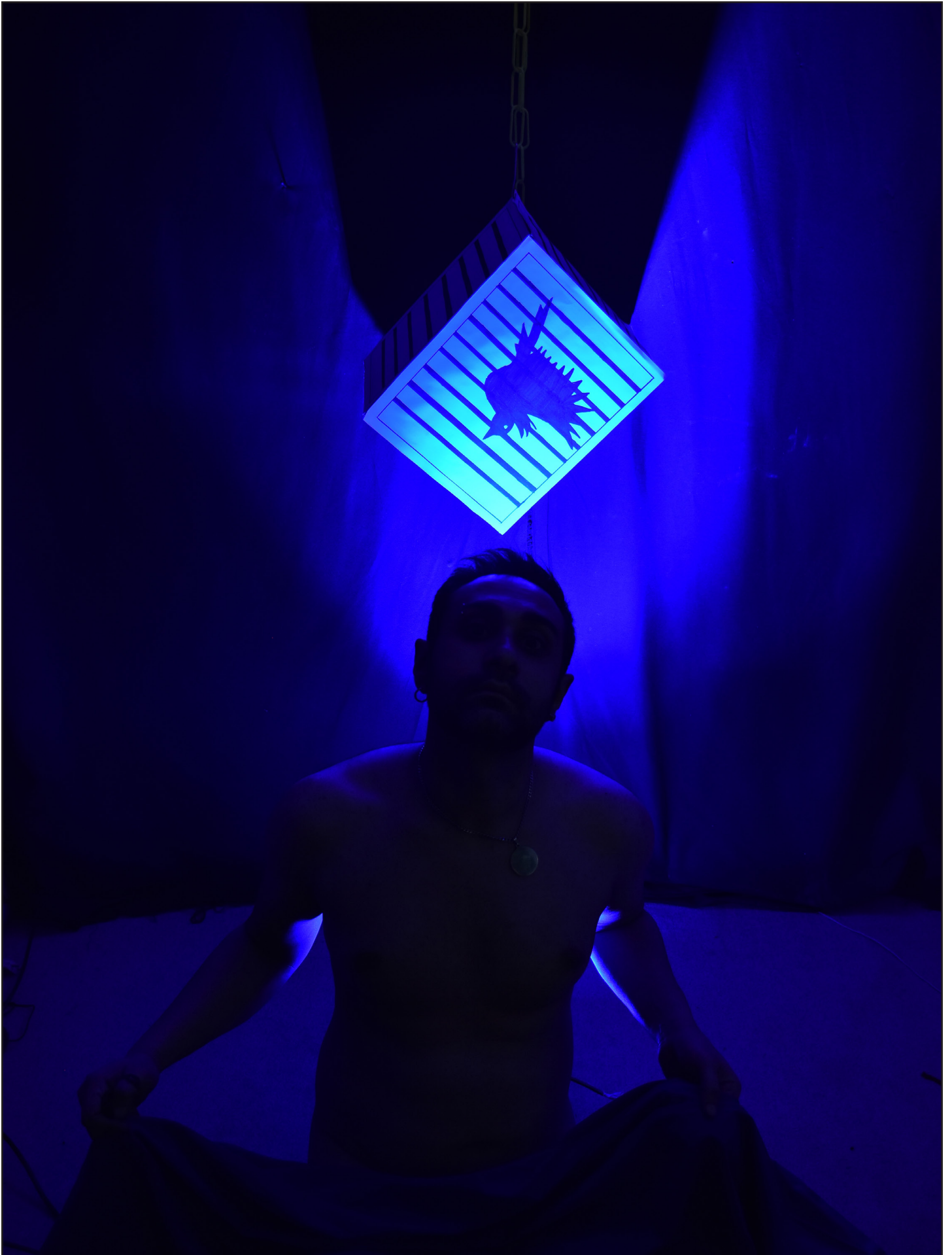






**A lone cage  
with broken  
wings**











there's a bluebird in my heart that  
wants to get out  
but I'm too tough for him,  
I say, stay in there, I'm not going  
to let anybody see  
you.

there's a bluebird in my heart that  
wants to get out  
but I pour whiskey on him and in-  
hale  
cigarette smoke  
and the whores and the bartenders  
and the grocery clerks  
never know that  
he's  
in there.

there's a bluebird in my heart that  
wants to get out  
but I'm too tough for him,  
I say,  
stay down, do you want to mess  
me up?

you want to screw up the  
works?

you want to blow my book sales in  
Europe?

there's a bluebird in my heart that  
wants to get out  
but I'm too clever, I only let him out  
at night sometimes  
when everybody's asleep.  
I say, I know that you're there,  
so don't be

sad.  
then I put him back,  
but he's singing a little  
in there, I haven't quite let  
him  
die  
and we sleep together like  
that  
with our  
secret pact  
and it's nice enough to  
make a man  
weep, but I don't  
weep, do

Charles Bukowski











# Fever under ultraviolet light

We are all dead. We are dead in blue. We turn orange in the heat, and that's a sign of fever. We have a fever for each other. We see the warmth of love in the ultraviolet light. We are always alone in our shroud. Only. Rotten and gone. We feel the pain, but we never find a cure. What exactly is the treatment for blueness? Is there a way to stay blue forever? And let's not have a fever. I am writing while I have a high fever. I took pictures while even the camera was affected by my body temperature. Have a fever for someone who also has a fever. This is a famous term for love in our culture. But sometimes fever means something else to others. I see myself as a symbol of death, or a faceless man whose only warmth or inner coldness to love is devoid of any emotion. Of all the ups and downs of life, I've had an orange fever for a while. Only without the man who has a fever for me. single . Absolutely alone. I wish the whole beam was ultraviolet so that the fever of their existence could be seen. They turn orange. Are they sick Or they think they're hot. This is a question I have no answer for. I only know that I have had a fever for some time and I find myself in a shroud. single . Completely lonely and helpless. I loved the warm colors. But for now, I just want to be under that blue light.























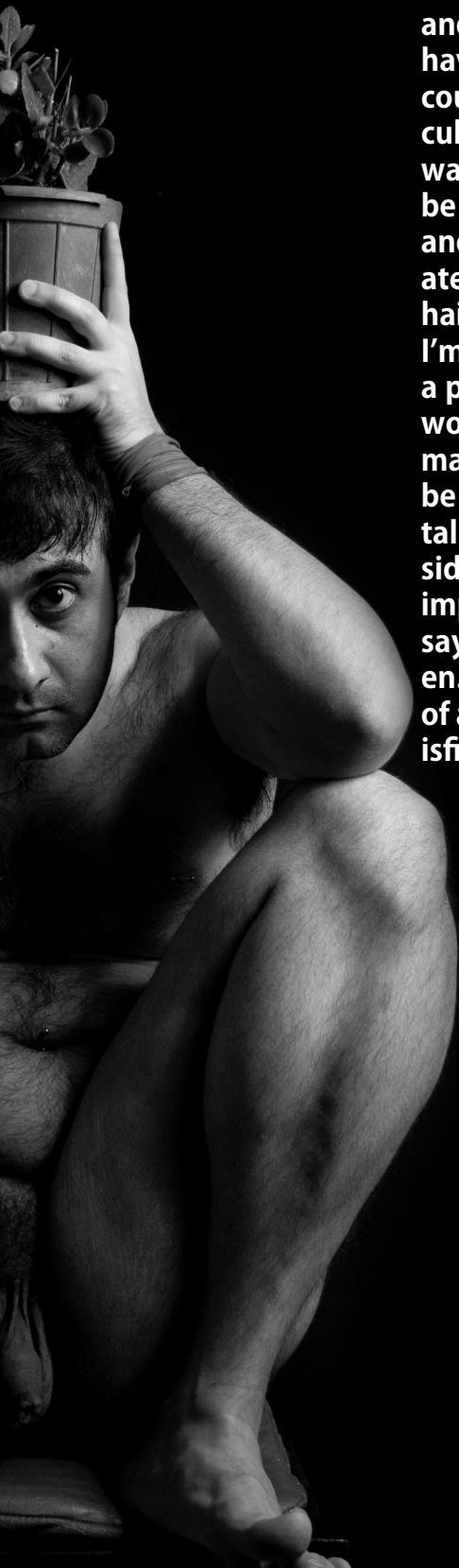




# MONSTER WOMEN OR MONSTER MEN!?







**Monsters! I have many memories of my childhood when the big women are ugly monsters. This is not because of my beliefs. Throughout my childhood, in the animations I saw, giant women were always like black monsters. Interestingly, this type of woman is very interested in flowers and plants. I remember my grandmother talking about flowers. He may have thought that flowers and plants were like humans, or that they could talk. In my country, they have a fantasy illusion that they are masculine. We have been trained since childhood to respect them in such a way that they think they are men too! But how? A big man can always be a monster with masculine charm because I believe that men's penis and male genitals make them beautiful and give them the power to create the least amount of fear in men's hearts. Even the fact that men are hairy is a good reason for some violence and masculinity. This is because I'm gay, maybe ordinary men are ashamed of themselves and of having a penis. During this time I saw strange men. Tall men who like to try on women's bra or wear lingerie. Well, for me, who spent years researching masculinity, it might be weird. I can't believe a monster man wants to be a woman. We're not talking about transgender people here, we're talking about bear men who wear women's clothing. I have always considered giant women to be men in my fantasy beliefs because of our imperfect Iranian culture. In most cases, men even thought that, as the saying goes, all men's work should be on the shoulders of monster women. why now ? I don't know why. Plastic monsters that only play the role of a man's doll. In this photo collection, I tried to show them how dissatisfied they are with their gender.**















# Historical misunderstanding

The horror of Iran's historic women during the Qajar period speaks volumes. They even had Sibyl and were ugly women with masculine faces. This leads me to believe that perhaps the Shah of the Qajar period, who had a harem of such monster women, was gay himself, and that the king could not easily have sex with men in the form of a monster. I do not know if history I must have guessed that Iranian historians certainly erased this anecdote in the whole culture of Iranian history so as not to tarnish the reputation of the ancient Iranians. Or maybe they only liked ugly women or monster women.

Ugly bridesmaids with large eyebrows in large courtyards with pools on which ghostly programs were performed. Brides with white dresses and scarves with dirty white tights that made me gay. The photos of his history tell everything and nothing!













# Isfahan is half of cowardly

I fell in love many years ago. In fact, not a lover who is happy. A love that I befriended men of interest. And they just abused me. The failure of love is a despicable word in the face of all these different events in my life. Until a man so-called lover or perhaps lover in all its meaning invited me to the city that was called Isfahan. We played love, which spread like wildfire all over the world. But we were only in love for a week. The reason is to ask the religious fossils that still play me like a puppet. They put a toy in this and that. What are we Laboratory mice that allow religious fanatics to comfort us so that we can go back to the dark years and away from religion from all complainants?! Who are we really? I was severely depressed by testing all the drugs in my brain, blood and heart. Thierry had sunk into my heart, but unfortunately my heart was not hanging on to it. I was crying. They looked and sometimes laughed. For years now, the city that has been talking about love has been at the forefront of the city's daltons, and I'm the only one looking only at my own dark memories. How humiliated I was as a homosexual in this unbelieving country. His people are all in the line of worship, but they are foolishly deceived. How humiliating it was for me and others like me. I did not want and do not want this laboratory love and I left myself forever from this bondage with which our religious fanatics caught us. Sir ..... we didn't want to.



























# Green v Men in



**women  
in red**







Green women wear it. Maybe they have hope for the future. But not in the form of prudence and hope. We saw women as green. When we talk about ourselves, we are talking about homosexuals who are also defending women. Older women and women may have hoped to go green with a tree-colored tree like a wheelchair to walk with their lost legs.

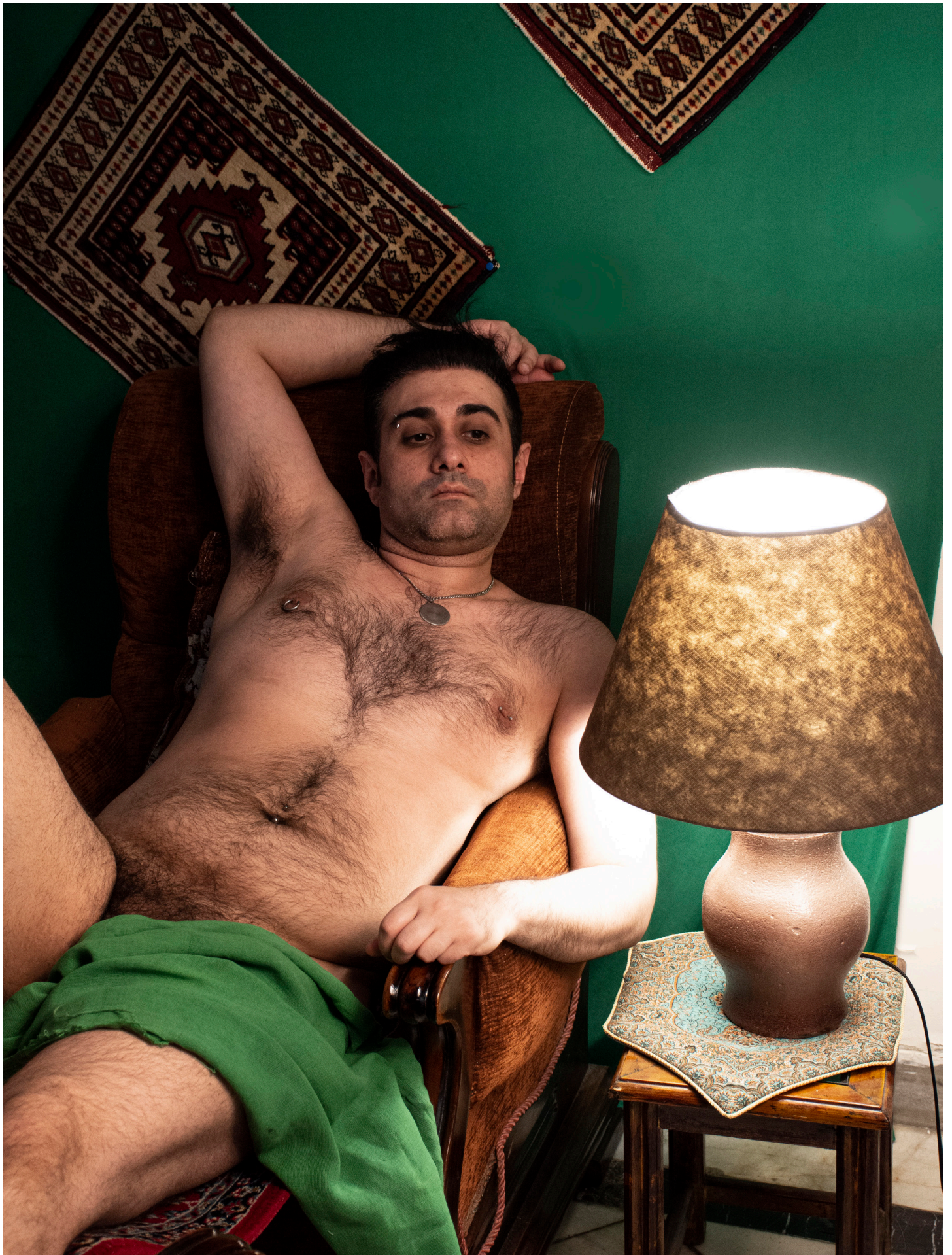


Men wear red. Their hopes are different from what they expect from life. Red men are considered provocative. They redden it completely selfishly for their sexual arousal. Because red is always the blood that collects in their penis to split their penis, and then men themselves know what to do with this hardened penis. So red is for men. Green women have been mistaken for hope, and gay men are completely selfish and cold-blooded.















**DO WE  
HAVE  
TO DEFEND  
THE HIJAB  
AND  
THE HEAD  
SCARF?!**









# F R E E D O M

**That's all I can say. If you are a man who wears a headscarf or has a hijab, after a while you will hate not only yourself but all women. You know why. Because you don't understand. It's easy to say how ridiculous and the hijab can be for us as homosexuals, but we all defend freedom. For ourselves and others. Don't forget for ourselves and others.**













**Interview me with  
a graphic design  
profession**







# COLD WINTER DESIGN





**Tell us about yourself, maybe they'll get to know you?**

I am crazy . I'm a designer, but I'm sick. I have sex with design. I plan. It's close to forty, but the design still makes me happy and a sign of happiness.

**Are you gay Why do you think design was created for homosexuality?**

Yes I am . Fanatic and completely man-friendly. The design helped us reunite and be the voice of the image we leave behind. The image always helps us to show what others think should be used in another way. Sound of laughter .

**Is the video sound the same as pornography? You mean, like, saltines and their ilk, eh?**

To be honest, graphics are basically at the disposal of the porn industry. Apart from the extensive publicity I did in the world to think like myself. But before that, some people separated me from the main way, and I took the clue to all of them again with all my being.

**Explain to us how male genitals can play an important role in graphics?**

You see, we live in a world where some people worship the penis. In my opinion, this is the most interesting worship. If we look at the world, we see that in this new religion, which, of course, has been around for years, gender is out of the question, and posters and even the fashion industry can have these thoughts. For years, I thought that I was the only one who showed my masculinity with graphics until someone was found and proved to me that many people in the world choose art for this reason. Artists, while very creative, are fighting religious slavery in a great war. Graphic art is not separate from this category, and perhaps the mother of this beautiful art. Don't you think it's beautiful?

**Recently, photographing nude and sexy bodies in the world has become very fashionable, how can you explain the graphics with this art?**

Yes. I tried to hide myself for years, that is, I entertained myself by working on projects that did not seem to have anything to do with sex, but friends and relatives reduced my effort, and so did the same brigade, and I followed. I am very happy with the way I chose. Photography? Yes . Photography is another type of message conveyed in the language of porn that only homosexuals understand. Of course, recently, with the explanations given by friends about their art, this issue may have become widespread, and many have become very curious about what our main job is. No one took these words seriously until I saw the surprise on the faces of some of the elders until I realized that their awareness had also risen and they understood.

**Last question. If you were asked to design a design for your own sex, would you have something to create?**

Oh yes very much. I recently learned that people are very interested in portraying sexual issues, which in some countries is like doing a taboo breaker. Of course, this is a misconception, because as far as we know, in the 21st century and in 2020, although politicians are still trying to keep people away from the truth, there are still some who know the truth, perhaps by portraying themselves and perhaps Naked to convey their message clearly to others. This has become a reality in our century, and no matter how much we try to deceive ourselves, we still cannot deny the truth. Bitter or sweet life with art is more beautiful and even happier and happier.



**life with art  
is more beautiful  
and even happier**







# SOMETHING IS MISSING









# PRISCO





DONERS



WE ALL TOGETHER  
A GAINST  
WE DENY  
WE PASS  
VIOLENCE













For years, we made violence by violent people. We can now distance ourselves from violence for a few days or forever and bury it in the black holes of our solar system.















**BADASS  
OR LOOTY  
MEN**







































## Order in the pieces of our existence

We have order. Ice fragments on our existence. It calms us down. It cools. We arrange those pieces just as much as our lost pieces so that they can cool our body heat. We are always warm. We have a fever and are waiting to calm down with ice cubes. Or calm down with ice water. We have spicy narcissus. Warm yellow and cold blue. We have a fever because we are hot. We are men. We know how to satisfy ourselves even in the coldest and warmest environments around us. We can be stronger than this, but on the right path and freedom with a warm temperament and a cold temper.











# IT GET

A close-up photograph of a person's arm and torso. The person has several tattoos, including a large one on the forearm that appears to be a stylized figure or animal. Three orange gelatin cubes are placed on the person's skin, arranged in a diagonal line from the bottom left towards the center. The background is dark, and the lighting is dramatic, highlighting the textures of the skin and the gelatin.



S COLD





# BLUE NEVER ENDS