

noisu Rain

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



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noisy
Rain

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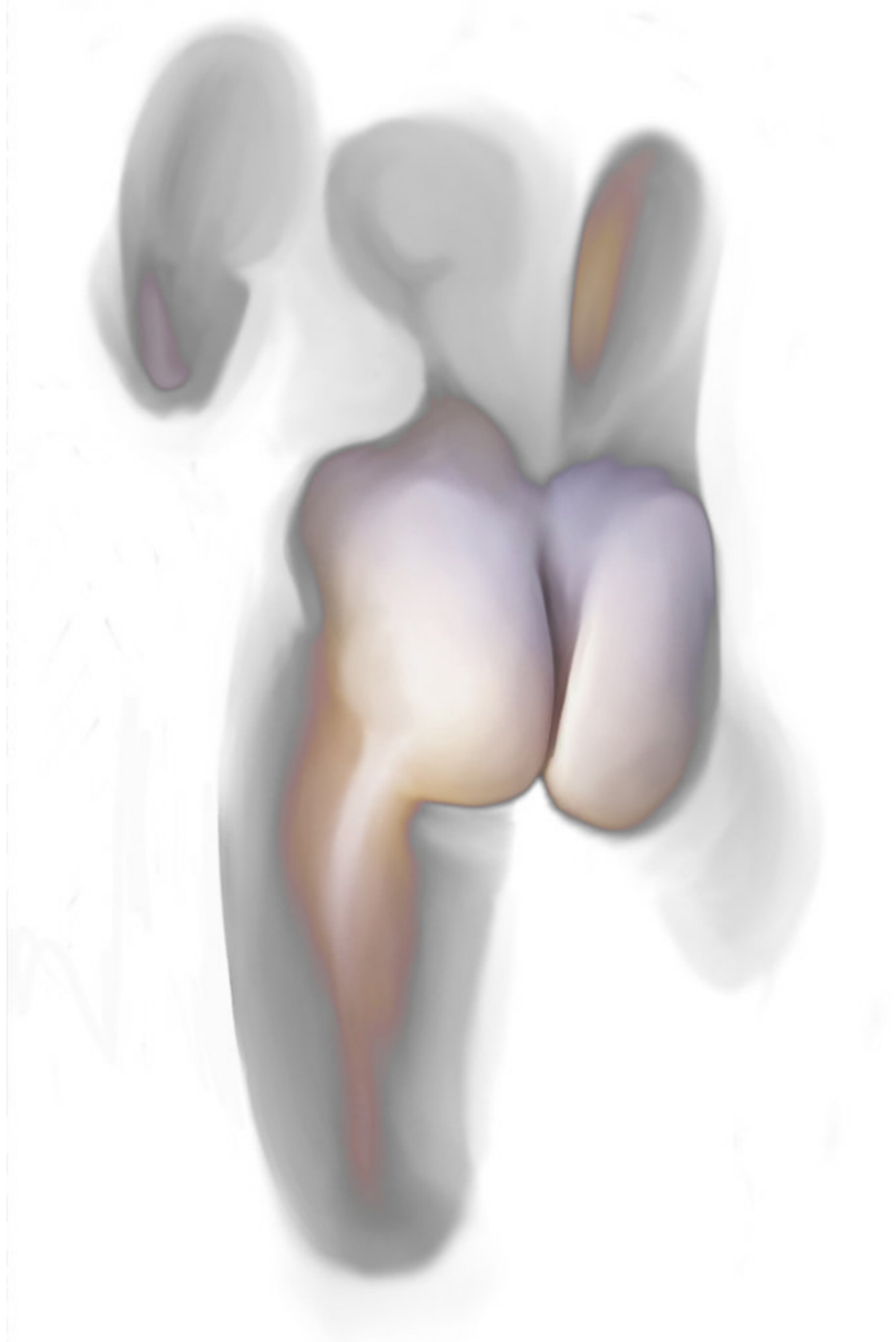
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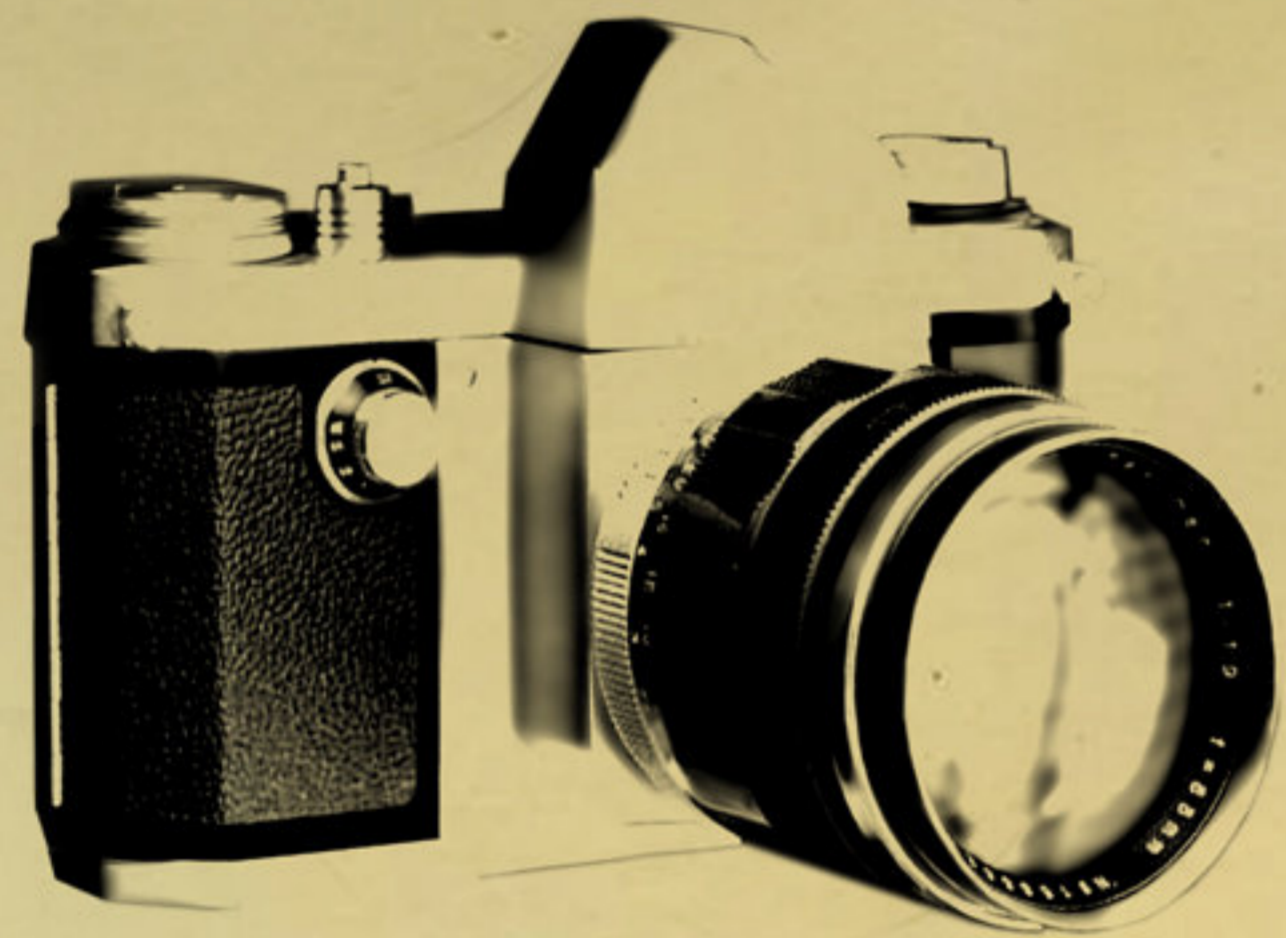


Curated
Designed
& Published
By
E. Hirano



Life needs only two ingredients to make it beautiful,
love and art.

平野



A PURE
VISION
BEHIND
A
CLEAR
LENS

Alberto Saccoccio

Tony began his career with National Geographic Magazine in 1971.
Since then, his camera has taken him to over thirty countries in as many years
- from Iceland to the Amazon.







BOCCACCIO







Like most photographers,
he is a series of contrasts:
His lens has captured the
frozen landscapes of
Iceland and the sweltering
jungles of the Amazon.





He is probably most known for his beautiful travel photography, yet while working with the human figure, his sensitivity rivals that of the great painters. Indeed, his artistic life began as a young painter trained in the classical manner. He studied classical piano at the prestigious Eastman School of Music and taught himself to play the bluegrass banjo. He lived in Brazil as a teenager and Italy as a college student. In 1995, he returned to Rome to continue painting and to learn how to sculpt in the classical manner under one of Rome's most gifted sculptors, Alessandro Nocera.





FATHER NATURE



Getty Images & ImageTrust (Germany) photo agencies represent his photography worldwide. His work is in the permanent collection of fine art of the Neikrug Gallery, New York.

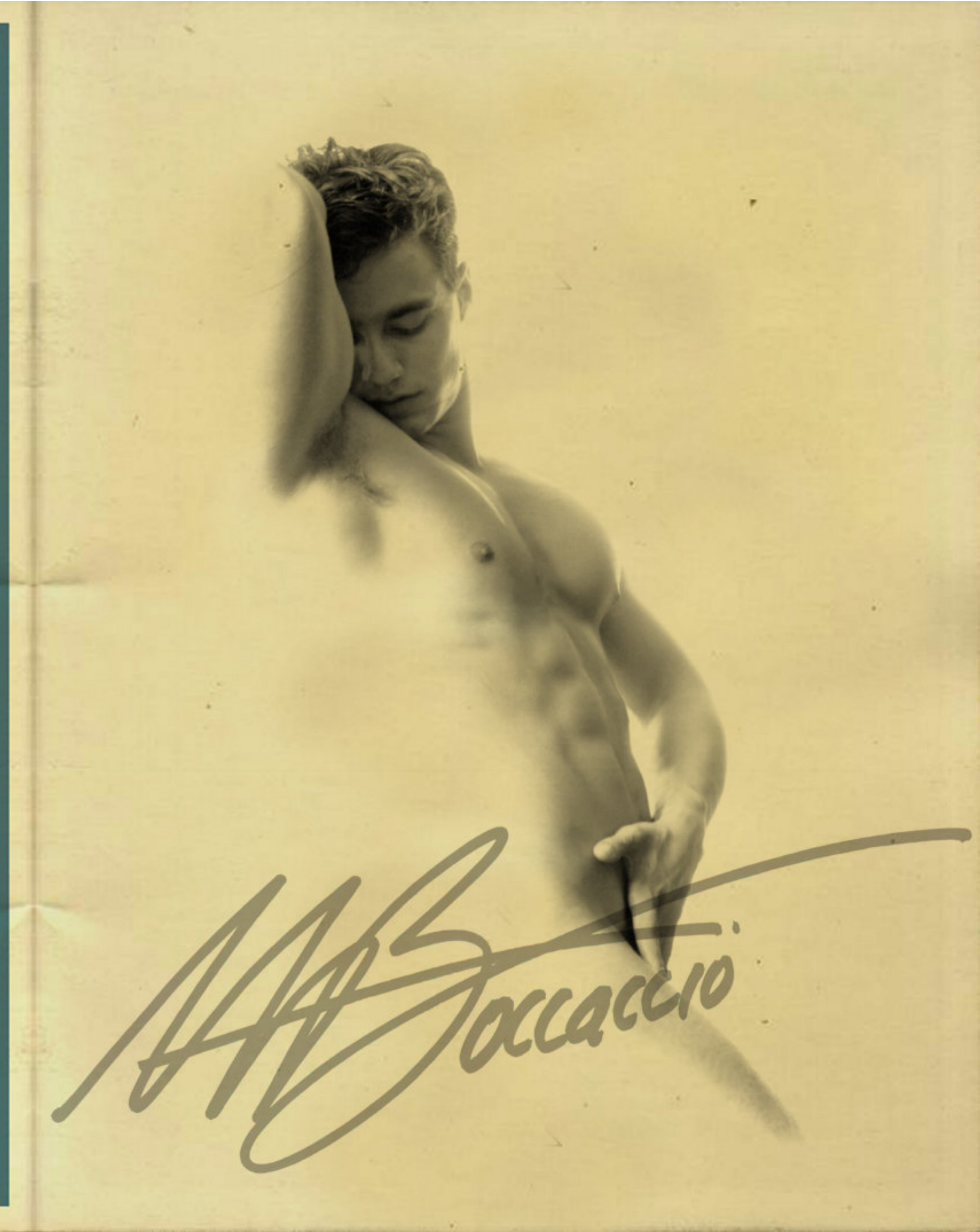
WEB PRESENCE

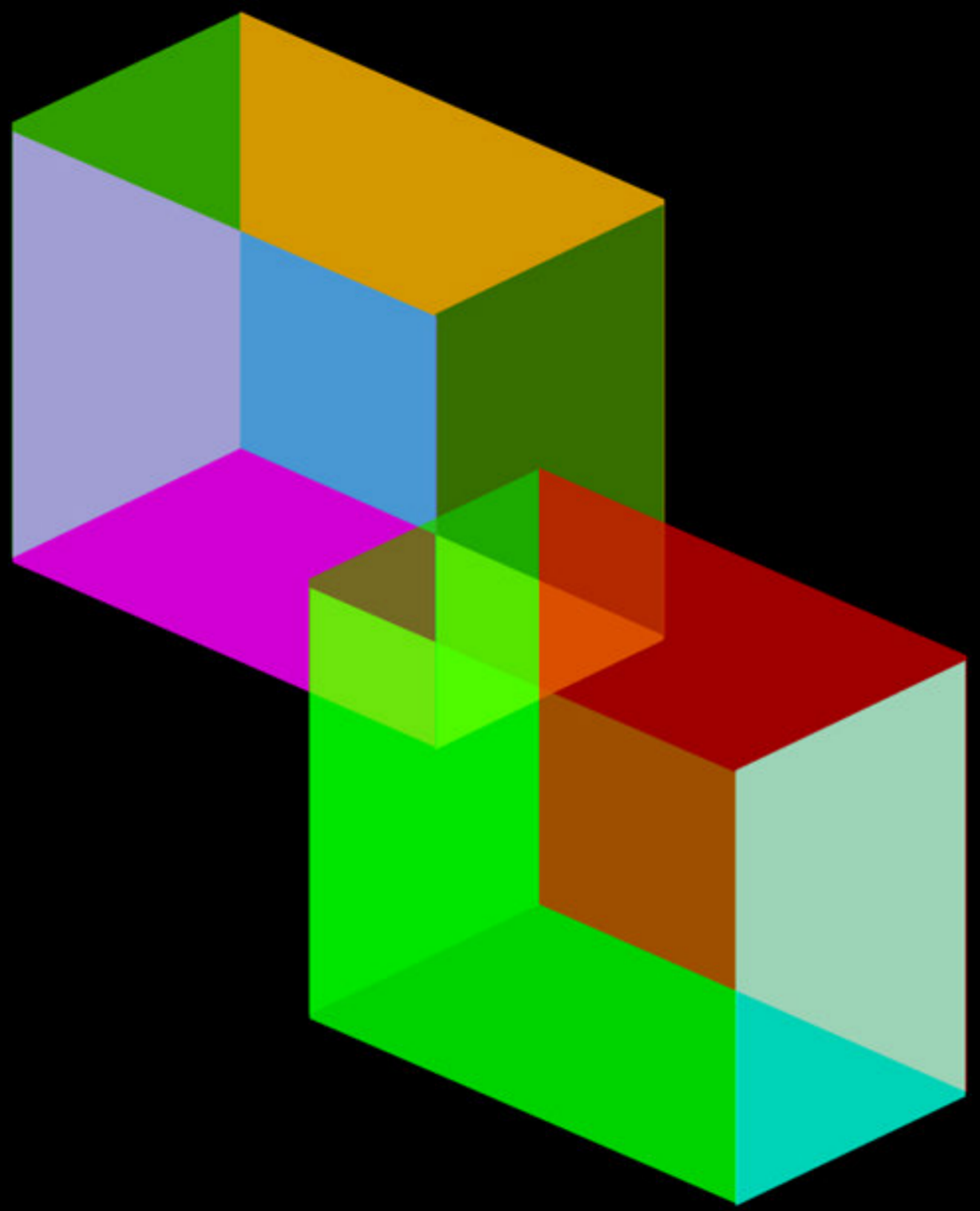
www.boccacciophoto.com

www.imaging-in-italy.com

www.photo-adventurer.com

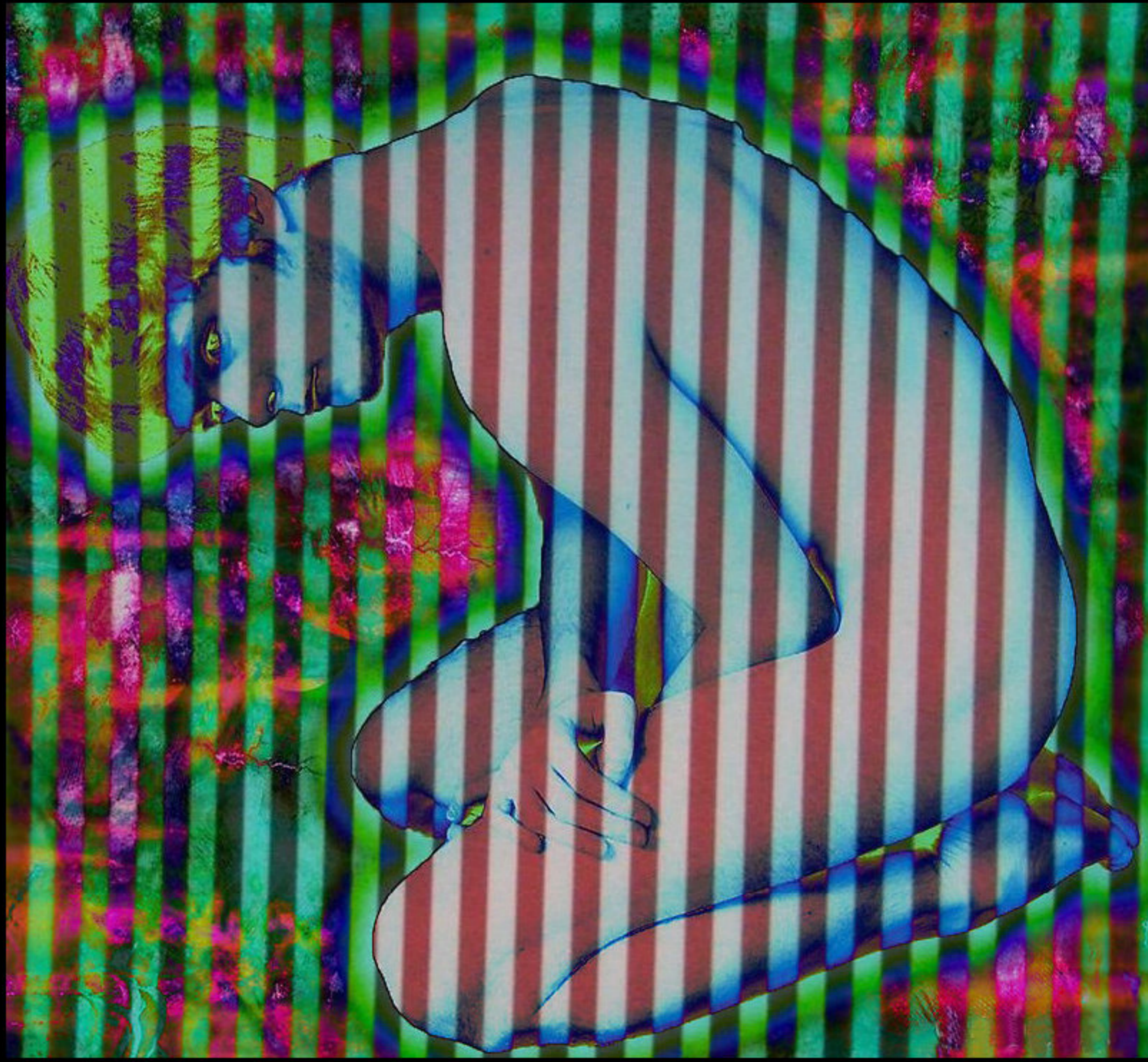
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LO LEGGIO

DISCOVERY





FALLEN ANGEL



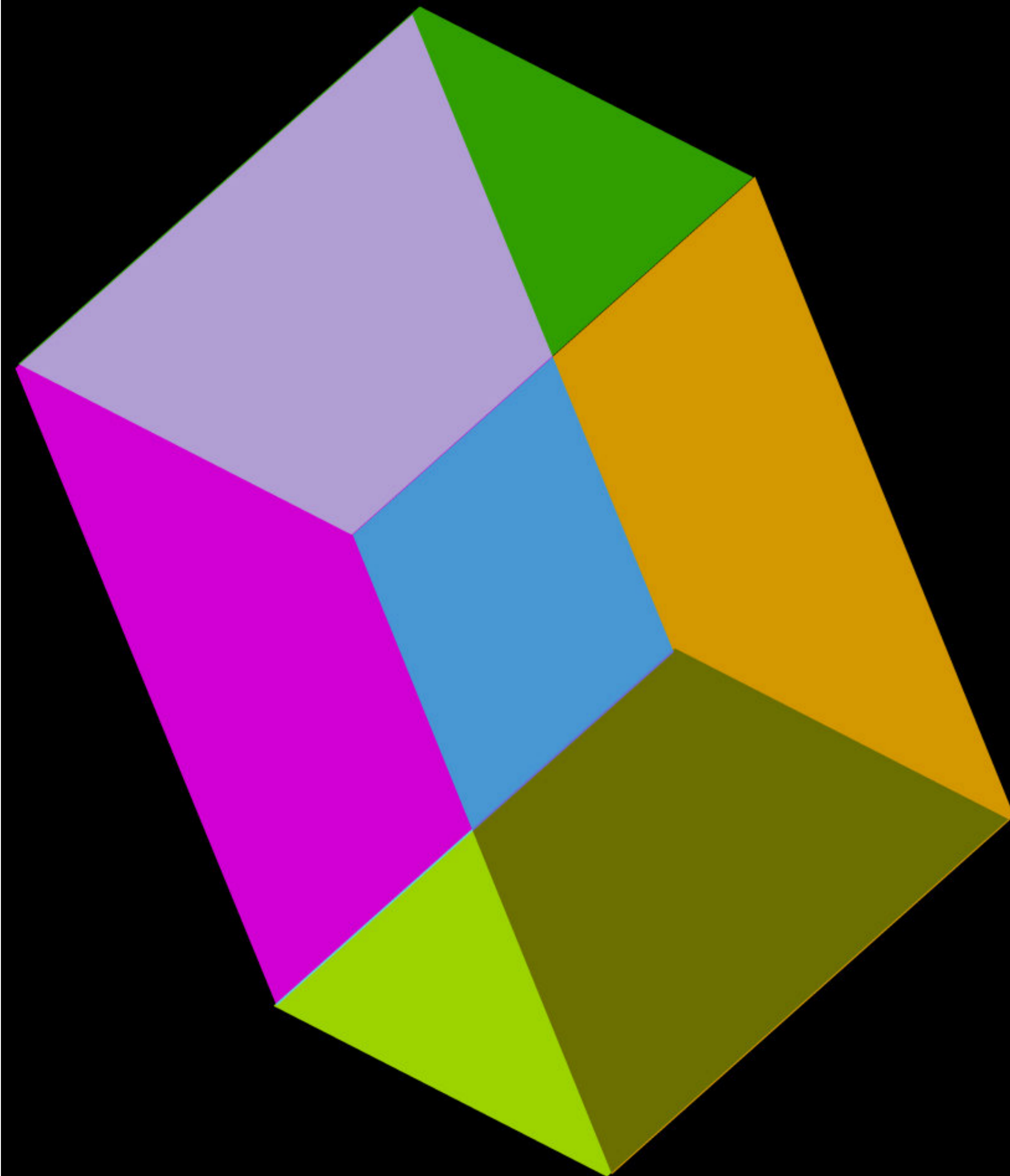
UNTITLED IV



NUDE II

ATLAS





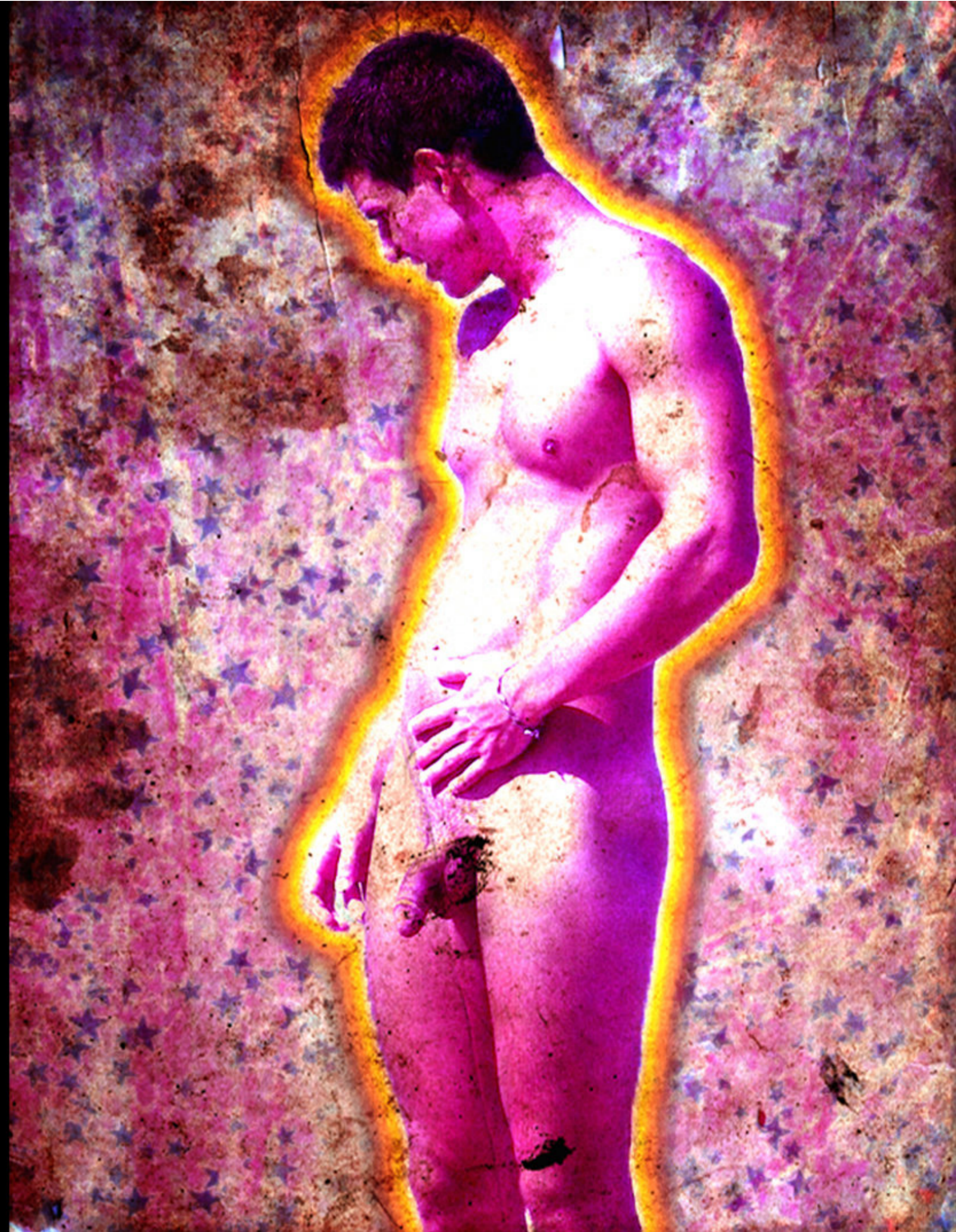
BORN GALILEO GIACOMO CALOGERO LO LEGGIO IN ASSISI, ITALY FROM A PAIR OF SICILIAN COMMUNISTS, HE MOVED TO THE UK IN 1993, HE DID A DEGREE IN HUMANITIES IN BRIGHTON, ALTHOUGH HE SPENT MOST OF HIS DEGREE TIME EITHER IN THE COMPUTER ROOM OF THE ART & ARCHITECTURE FACULTY MAKING FLYERS AND DIGITAL ART PIECES.

HE WAS DIAGNOSED AS BIPOLAR II, AN ILLNESS THAT IN HIS OWN WORDS SEES IT AS A CURSED GIFT, THE LABEL ITSELF HAS GIVEN HIM MUCH NEEDED FOCUS ON HIS WELL BEING, TRYING TO UNDERSTAND HIS ILLNESS SO TO LIVE WITH IT AT HIS FULLEST. THE MOMENTS OF MANIA PROVIDE HIM ENERGY AND INSPIRATION FOR HIS VISUAL ART.

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UNTITLED NUDE III



FIELD OF DREAMS






NOW HERE TO HIDE

VICTIM





UNTITLED NUDE II



WHEN
—
WAS
BLOND

WORDS AND IMAGES BY

ANTHONY
BOCCACCIO



SENSUALITY

When I was blond
I felt wonder-filled attraction for
Donnie Balcum.
I gazed at his body
All wet and shimmering in the shower after gym
I watched him head to toe
So that I could see his face.
He saw me do it but didn't care.
He loved my love for him.

Most men I knew while growing up
Only fucked women,
Piling them up like deer shot on a
Cold November day.
Guys always talked about women
But never about each other;
They tore women apart like so much meat for a
Heterosexual wolf-pack;
Women were the pristine snow where men tramped
Looking for the kill.

Their women lived in magazines and imagination,
Or in our kitchen.
They had no names, except those men gave them:
Cunt, Piece-of-Ass, A-Great-Fuck, or
Your Mother.

INNOCENCE LOST

My father taught me nothing of the Mystery
Or how to touch it.
Instead, he taught me how to hunt deer.
He taught me how to lie
Beneath the snow, buried for hours,
Silent, half-frozen, motionless, and hidden from sight,
Like a shadow, a ghost. A corpse.

One day he caught me gazing at a young buck
Standing all wet and shimmering in the winter light.
I held my gun, all ready and cocked.
But I could not move. I dared not speak or breathe
Before such Terrible Beauty.

My father swore at me and shot.

The magnificent body shuttered,
Then fell into the snow,
Into the softness and the white.
No cry, no pain. Only the echo of
Perfect aim.

My father made me watch him gut it;
He made me watch the heart ripped out.
"There, there it is!" he shouted,
And thrust it before my eyes.
I reached out and touched it, still wet and warm,

Smooth and pink beneath the dying sun.
Steam rose from its dark recesses,
Dark blood dribbled downward,
Defiling my fingers and polluting the snow.

I thought of Donnie Balcum
Standing naked in the light
And suddenly felt the confusion and the cold.
I could not look; I turned away.
I hated my father for killing what I loved so much.



EXCITATION

One day I stole my older brother's Playboy
I took ten women to bed that night.
They were mine, all mine!
But they had no name, no heart, no life -
Like the young buck in the snow.


But I did the Forbidden Thing,
And when it came time to pull the trigger,
I reached out and touched Donnie Balcum
Standing naked in the light,
All wet and shimmering,
Loving my love for him.

And I shot.

My body shuddered, falling downward
Into softness and white,
To the place where men are afraid to go.
I saw wounded angels falling gracefully
From Heaven's Gate,
Into my eyes and then my soul.
They were wondrous spirits, bright lights
Captured in bodies too beautiful to be human.
And they were familiar.
Like Donnie Balcum.

IMAGINATION





Their Godlike hearts beat like rhythmic flames
Against my soul;
On seraphic wings, desire and passion
Unknown 'till then rushed inward,
Calling forth floods of Joy
From the darkness of my soul..

"There, there it is", whispered my Life.
I had to look; I did not turn away.
Reaching out, I touched them - all of them,
And my soul soared home.

- Anthony Boccaccio 1992

SLEEPING BEAUTIES



**Gilberto
inibrsiD**

**Theatrical
drama in
the a
shape of a
man**

King





Giuseppe Giordano 2008

Delicious



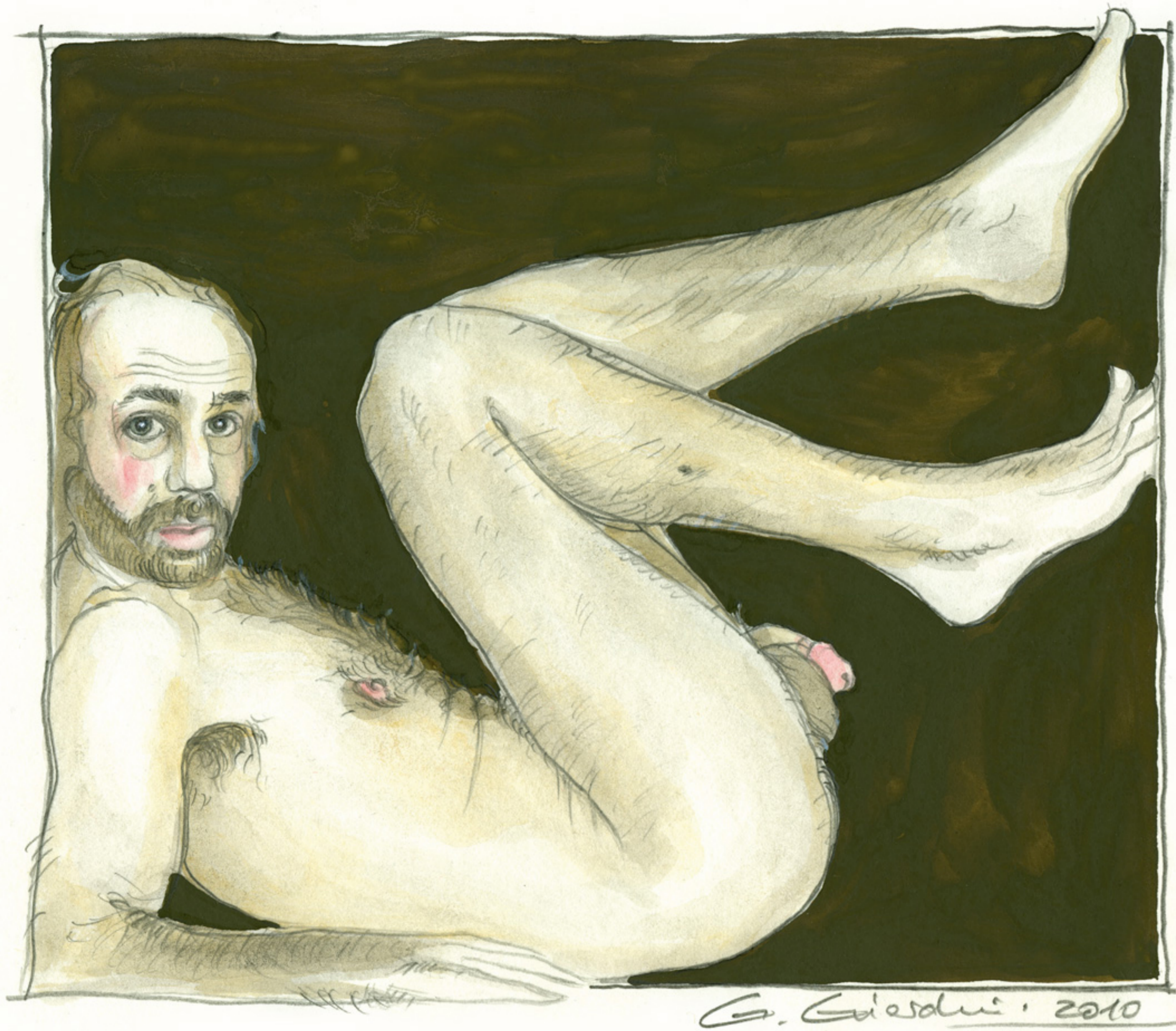
Listening to Chopin



Touching



Gilberto Gieseler 2008



Trapped I, II, III



Gilberto Giardini

Born in Warsaw, the son of an internationally renowned opera singer, the Italian/Polish artist, Gilberto Giardini, has since childhood been deeply influenced by the world of opera and theatre and his great love for art.

After studies at Rome's Art Academy (Accademia di Belle Arti), Giardini worked extensively as a Set and Costume Designer for numerous theatre, dance and opera productions in Italy, Germany, Poland, France, Austria and Japan. Nonetheless his passion and fascination lie not only in the theatrical arts, but also in painting and illustration. His artworks have featured in diverse exhibitions in Italy, Germany, Great Britain, Canada and the USA and several are part of private collections.

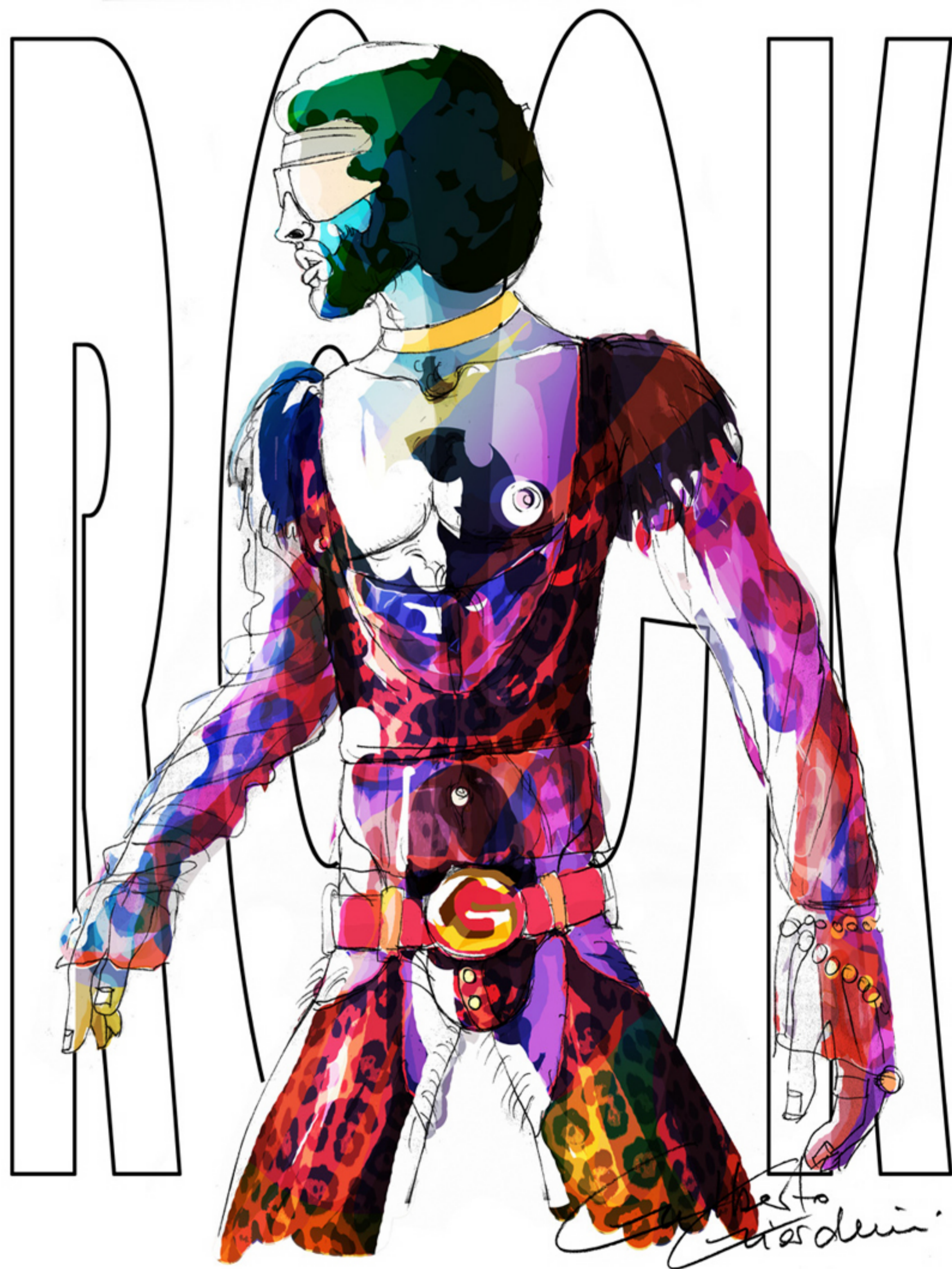
At the forefront of Giardini's work is his fervour for the human figure, particularly evident in his nudes, where the male body features predominantly. Be it seductively erotic, ironically humorous or descriptive - his work is always profoundly expressive.

Today Gilberto Giardini lives in Berlin. He also works as a freelance graphic designer and illustrator in advertising. His artworks are widely published and most recently featured in: "100 Artists of the Male Figure - A Contemporary Anthology of Painting, Drawing and Sculpture".

www.gilbertogiardini.com



Rock





Gilbert Cisoldi 2010

Adolescence



Three Muskettiers



GENE KIM PHOTOGRAPHY

PHOTOGRAPHY

DEDICATION



A photograph of a muscular man sitting in a meditative pose (Padmasana) against a dark background. He is shirtless, wearing only a pair of dark briefs. His hands are resting on his knees, and his head is bowed. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of his muscles. The word "SERENITY" is overlaid in a gold, serif font on his chest.


SERENITY



THOUGHTS OF YOU



SADNESS

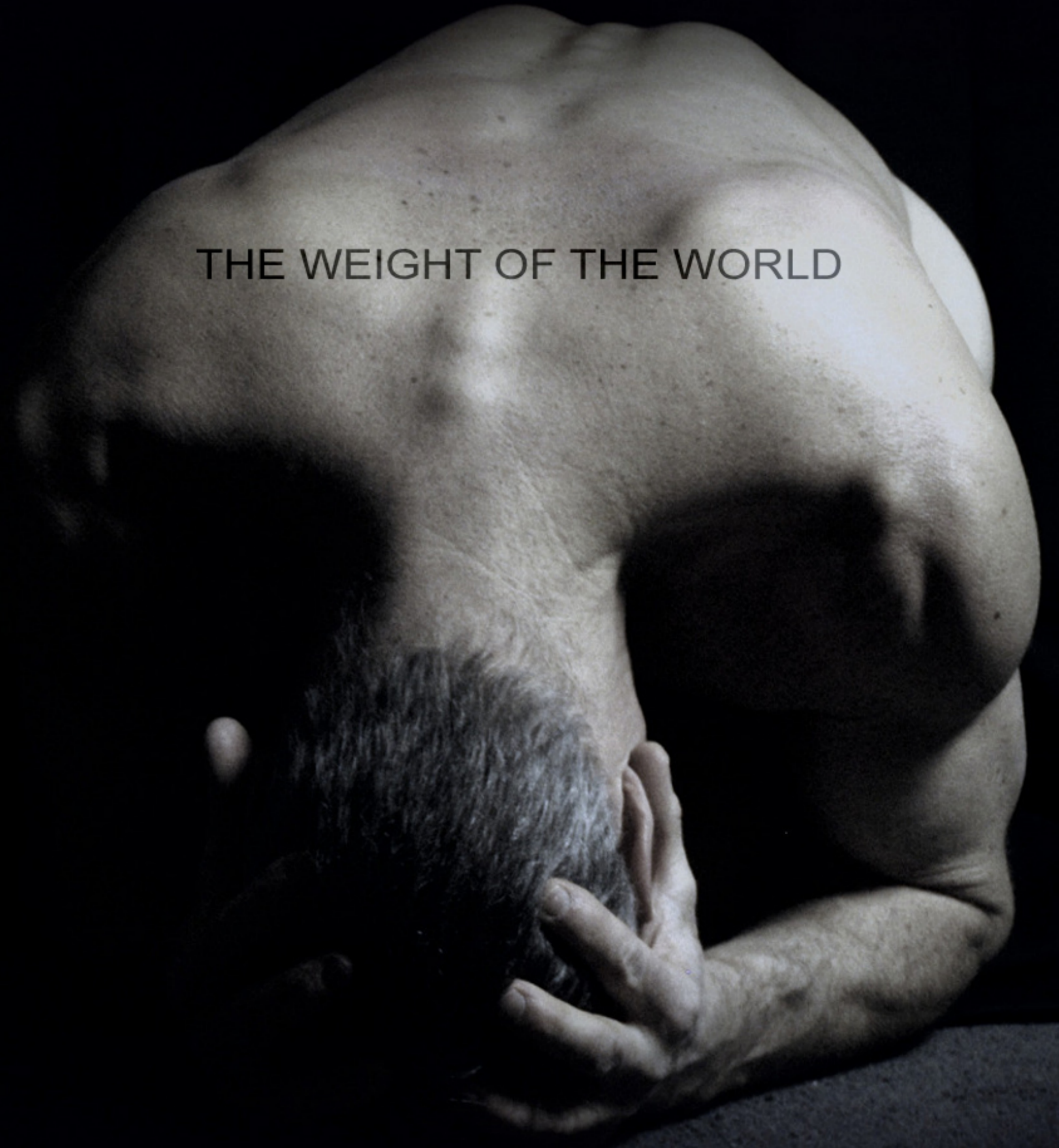


WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE

EXPLORATION

LIFT UP THE VEIL THAT COVERS MY SOUL
PEEK UNDER THE MASK THAT HIDES ALL MY PERCEIVED FLAWS
TRACE YOUR FINGERS ALONG THE SCARS THAT TELL OF MY LIVING
PLACE YOUR HANDS AROUND MY HEART AND FEEL IT BEATING
ASK ME THE THINGS THAT NO ONE ELSE DARES SPEAK
TELL ME YOUR POEMS AND YOUR STORIES SO RICH AND DEEP
LET ME REACH INSIDE YOUR MIND AND UNLOCK ALL THOSE DOORS
THAT KEEP THE WHOLE OF YOU HIDDEN
AND THEN...
WHEN WE ARE LAID BARE
WITH NO MORE MASKS OR VEILS, DOORS OR LOCKS
THEN
WE WILL TRULY SEE ONE ANOTHER
AND THEN
CAN WE TRULY TAKE PLEASURE AND JOY IN OUR TOGETHERNESS
AND THEN... WILL YOU TOUCH ME?

THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD






SCULPTED



FLYING WITH THE WINGS OF BEAUTY

OTTAWA BASED PHOTOGRAPHER WITH FOCUS ON
PORTRAITS AND NATURE.
THE ARTISTIC NUDES GIVE HER FREEDOM OF
EXPRESSION THAT CANNOT BE FOUND WHEN DOING
REGULAR PORTRAIT WORK.
HER GOAL DURING ANY SHOOT IS TO CREATE A SENSE
OF CONNECTION WHETHER IT IS WITH THE SELF OR
WITH OTHER PERSON. EVEN WITH NATURE SHE HAS
A DEEP CONNECTION THAT STRIVES TO CAPTURE IN
HER IMAGES.
DELVING BEHIND THE MASKS THAT PEOPLE WEAR
IS SOMETHING THAT SHE HOPES TO ACHIEVE ALONG
THE WAY.

KIM ANGELINE

A black and white photograph of a muscular man's torso and right arm. The man is shirtless, showing his well-defined abdominal muscles and chest. His right arm is bent at the elbow, with his hand resting on his hip. He is wearing a dark leather belt and dark pants. The background is dark and out of focus. The text "HERE I STAND" is overlaid on the image in a simple, sans-serif font.

HERE I STAND



FETAL

A black and white photograph of a shirtless man crouching in a dark environment. The man is positioned on the right side of the frame, facing left. His back is to the camera, and the word "INVISIBLE" is printed in a light gray, sans-serif font across the middle of his back. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of his muscles and skin against a deep black background. The overall mood is mysterious and evocative.

INVISIBLE

www.kimangeline.com

www.redbubble.com/people/kimageline

<http://fineartamerica.com/profiles/kim-legallais.html>

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