

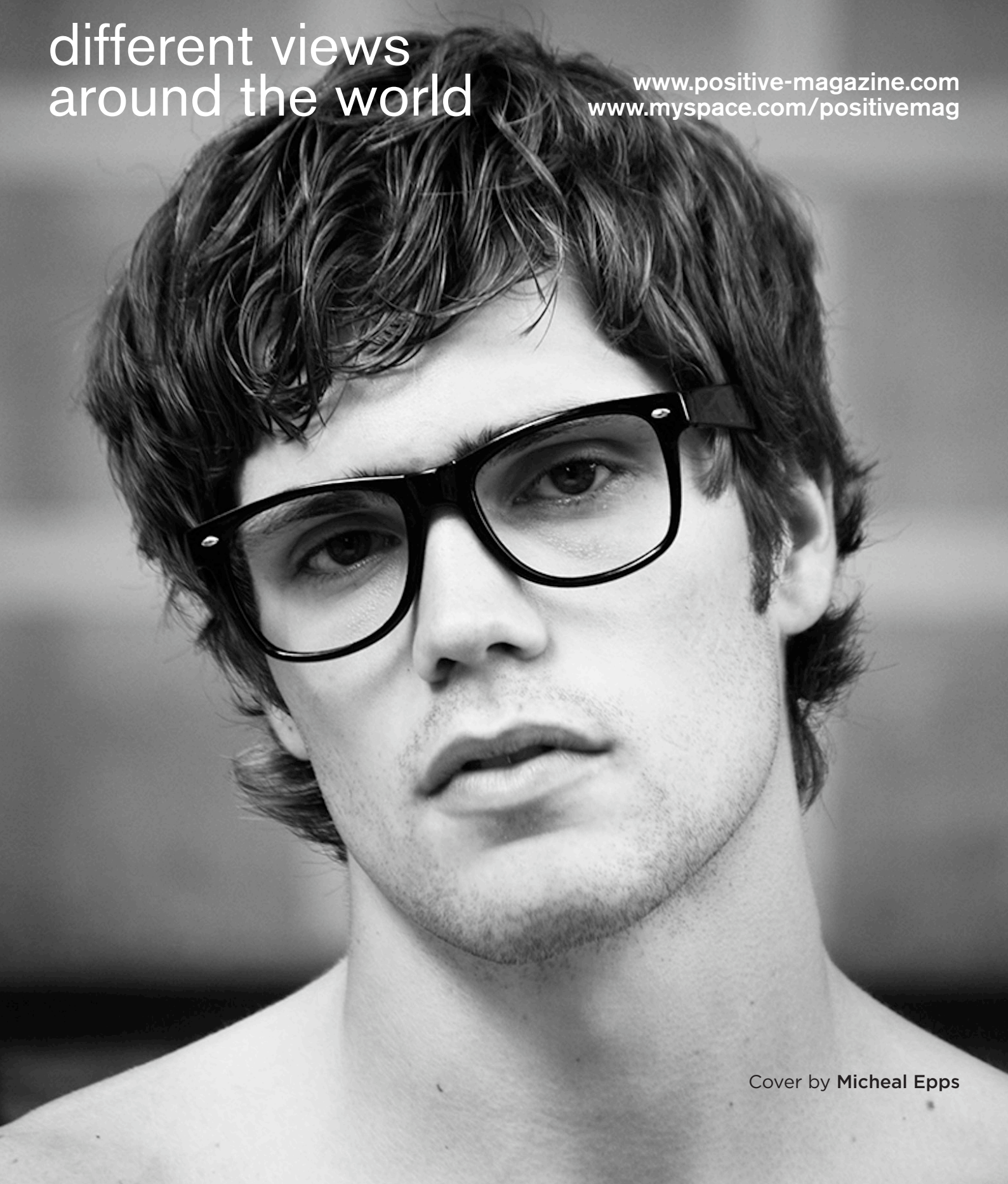
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POSI+TIVE MAGAZINE ISSUE 6

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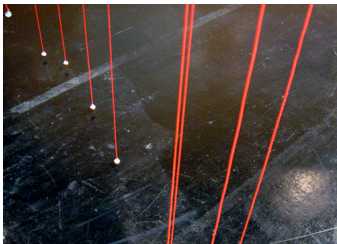


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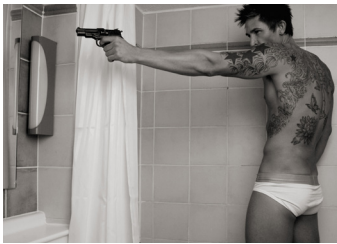
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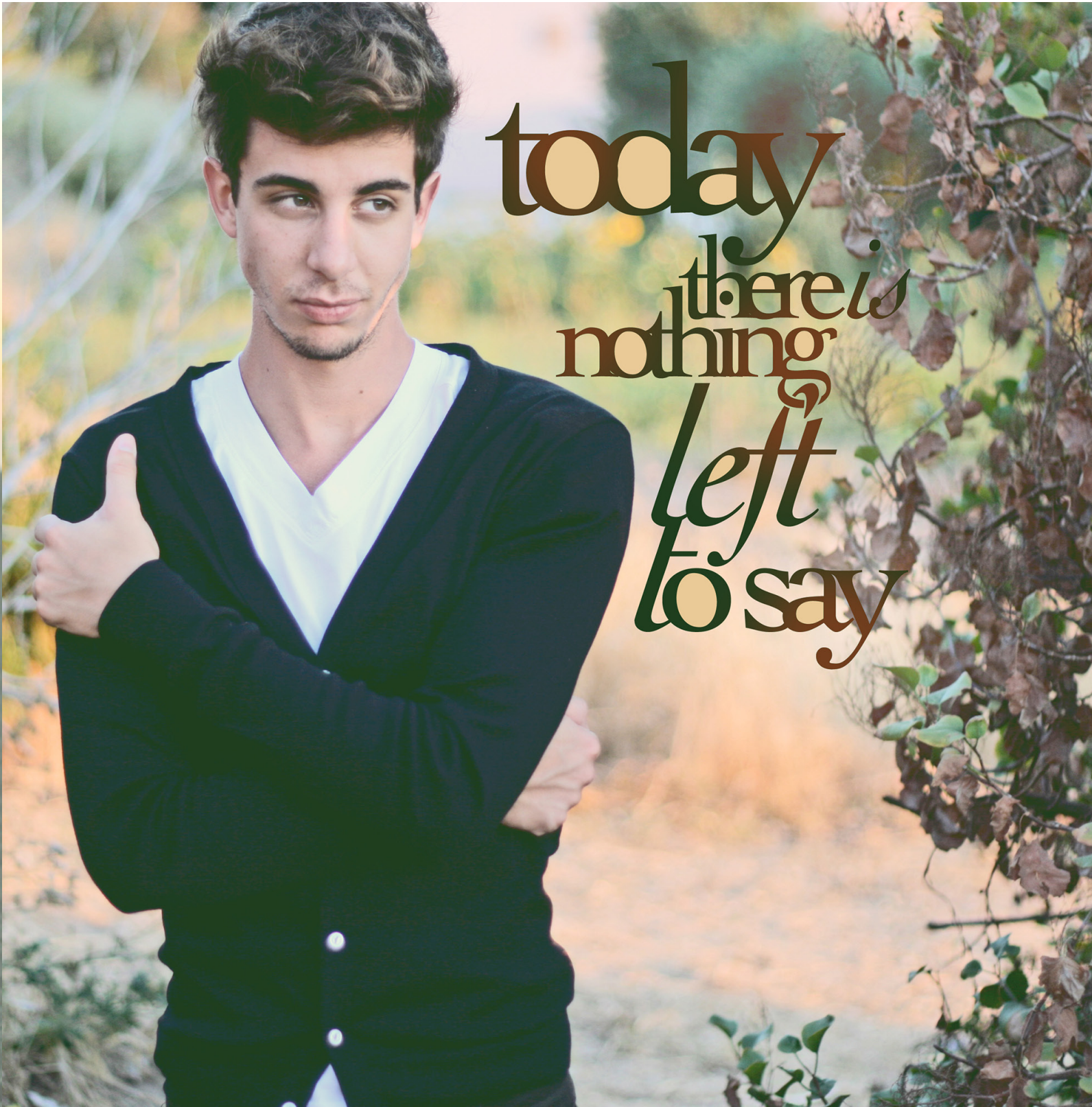
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LUI: MAGLIA ALCOT, PANTALONI DONDUP
LEI: GILET BENNETTON, PANTALONI TOMMY HILFIGER

LUI: CARDIGAN AMERICAN APPAREL T-SHIRT H&M
LEI: CAMICIA MANGO



NOTHING'S GONNA
CHANGE
my world



today
there is
nothing
left
to say

LUI: MAGLIA H&M PANTALONI DONDUP
LEI: VESTITO AVARO FIGLIO



LUI: MAGLIA H&M PANTALONI DONDUP
LEI: VESTITO AVARO FIGLIO



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la.battaglia

“Era scritto che dovessi restare fedele all’incubo che avevo scelto”. Joseph Conrad, “Cuore di tenebra”

1863, San Francisco, California.

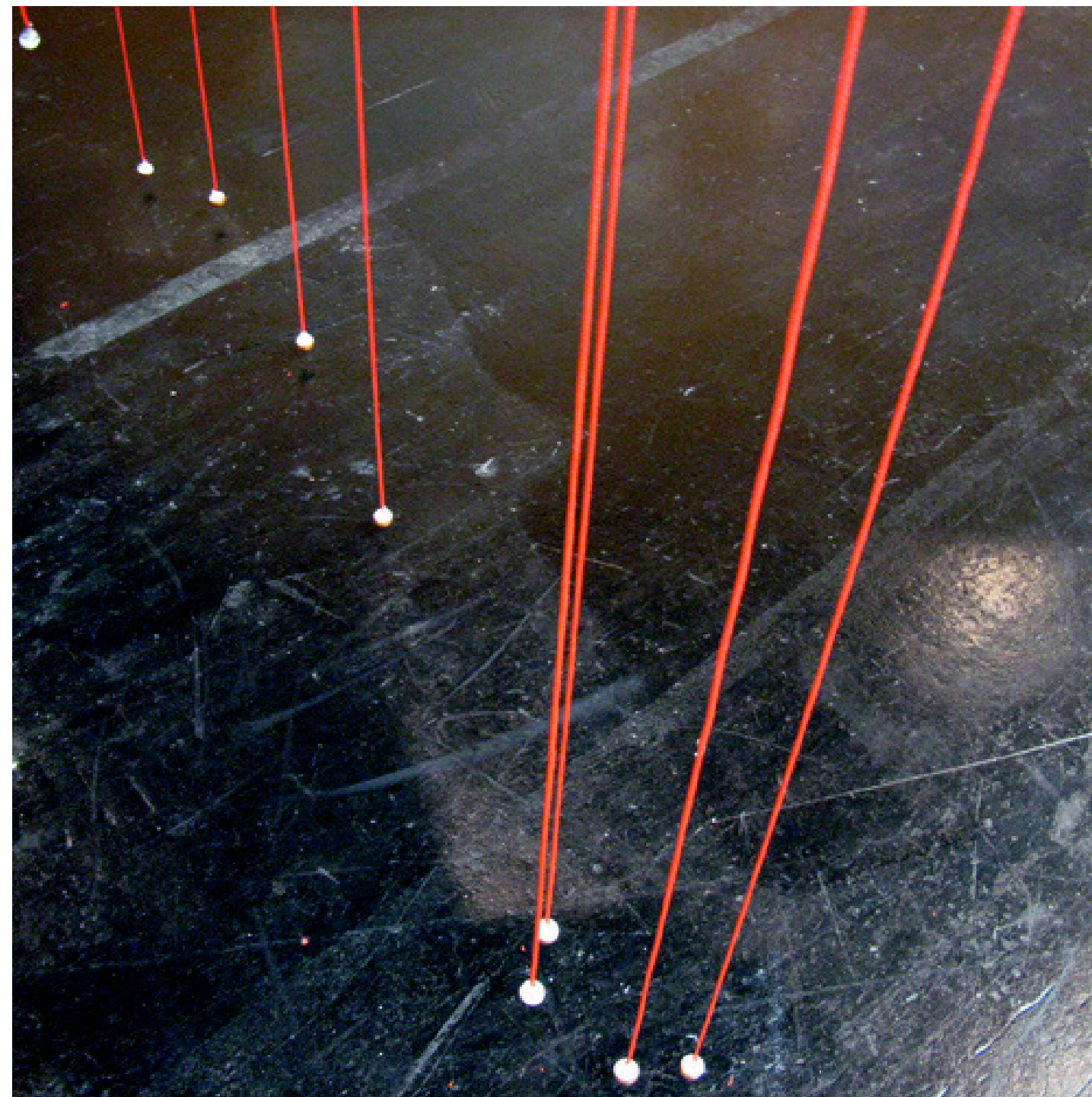
Il padre di William Randolph Hearst, George, fece la sua fortuna costruendo miniere e divenne in breve tempo uno degli uomini più ricchi del West. All’età di dieci anni il giovane William girò per l’Europa accompagnato da sua madre. Voleva vivere nel castello di Windsor. A Parigi chiese se gli avessero potuto comprare il Louvre. Se William avesse voluto un gelato, suo padre gli avrebbe dato una moneta d’oro da venti dollari. Sua madre Phoebe lo venerava come se fosse un dio. Phoebe, durante i viaggi in Europa col figlio, scriveva al marito delle lettere nelle quali notava come William fosse attratto dagli oggetti d’arte, dall’architettura e dai monumenti. William sapeva benissimo di avere tanti soldi, di poterli spendere subito e come voleva.

1915, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

L’infanzia di Orson Welles è costellata di miti. Si dice che avesse imparato a cinque anni molti trucchi magici da Houdini, che a otto avesse bevuto cocktails, che avesse scritto un testo sulla storia universale del teatro a dieci e che avesse provato la corrida. Secondo alcuni lesse i classici nel palazzo del pascià di Marrakesch. La realtà era ben diversa. Fu considerato un genio da quando aveva tre anni ed era quindi normale che circolassero storie come queste. I genitori si separarono quando aveva sei anni. A nove anni morì sua madre, suo padre morì alcolizzato quando ne aveva quindici. Crebbe in un collegio. “Fin da quando ero piccolo”, ha detto Welles in un’intervista di inizio anni Ottanta, “sembrava non ci fossero limiti a quel che sapevo fare. Da bambino fui viziato in maniera strana, tutti mi dicevano che ero fantastico, per anni non sentii parole scoraggianti”.

Prima di venire espulso da Harvard, Hearst decise di impossessarsi del giornale di suo padre a San Francisco. Suo padre avrebbe preferito se William si fosse occupato della Miniera Anaconda. “Quando vuole una torta, vuole la torta! E la vuole subito. E mi sono accorto che dopo un po’ la ottiene” disse George Hearst. Nel 1886, sotto la sua direzione, il “San Francisco Examiner” quadruplicò le tirature, tanto da oltrepassare i confini cittadini. Per Hearst l’“Examiner” doveva essere un giornale attraente, sfacciato popolare con immagini e notizie scioccanti. Il sottotitolo, non a caso, era “Monarch of the dailies”. Non importava che la notizia fosse fresca, “Prendetela e fatela vostra” diceva William “come se l’avessimo scoperta noi”. Da una redazione di otto persone Hearst finì per assumerne trentasette. Appariva timido e di buone maniere. Non sembrava comandare il suo personale, era cortese. I suoi dipendenti capirono presto che le sue non erano semplici richieste, ma ordini, a costo di impiegare mesi di sforzi. Le notizie erano sempre roboanti. “Dashed to death” titola a caratteri cubitali L’“Examiner” del 15 marzo 1887 “A large portion of a train falls through a bridge”. Altre notizie, se non esagerate, erano semplicemente create ad arte. Pagò una signora per svenire e vedere come reagiva il pubblico. Pubblicò un articolo di condanna sui maltrattamenti delle donne povere. Fece tuffare un suo reporter nella baia di San Francisco per vedere quanto tempo sarebbe durato il salvataggio. Ad un famoso processo per assassinio l’“Examiner” coprì l’accusa, e quando fu il turno della difesa Hearst ritirò i reporter dalla corte. La condanna era stata espressa: i difensori erano colpevoli. Attaccava spesso anche i suoi nemici con una ferocia, un accanimento e una tenacia non comuni. Con la Southern Pacific non si limitò al servizio e alle tariffe, ma arrivò a definire i passeggeri come “sopravvissuti” e sostituì con il simbolo del dollaro la “S” dei nomi dei direttori della ferrovia. Il suo giornale era indirizzato alla gente povera, agli immigrati, alle masse lavoratrici. Divenne egli stesso una sorta di modello per i lettori.

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Di sicuro c'era però, che più che diventare un esempio, voleva che il suo nome superasse quello di suo padre.

Nel 1934, a quasi vent'anni, Welles arrivò a New York con un'idea in testa: avrebbe rappresentato le grandi opere per la gente comune. Voleva rivoluzionare il teatro. Ingaggiò centotrentasette attori e macchinisti di colore e disoccupati per rappresentare Shakespeare. L'opera in questione era "Macbeth", ad Harlem. In un'ottica "di sinistra" l'arte doveva essere per le masse, questa però era una cosa che andava molto al di là. La paga per ogni attore "che sapesse leggere Shakespeare" era di 21,86 dollari a settimana. Leonard de Paur, che partecipò alla produzione, disse "Sapeva ciò che voleva, e sapeva che lo avrebbe ottenuto in qualsiasi modo. Anche a costo di una vita umana". Non aveva un carattere semplice: insultava le persone, se ne approfittava, urlava. Il suo "Macbeth" era una sorta di thriller "pop" ambientato ad Haiti, con tanto di rituali voodoo. Per questo progetto fu parecchio osteggiato, tanto che venne persino aggredito per strada. Welles rispose mobilitando tutta Harlem per la sua causa. "Fu il più grande successo della mia vita" disse in seguito.

Hearst si trasferì a New York nel 1895. San Francisco non gli bastava più. A New York c'erano quattordici giornali, il più quotato era il "New York World" di Joseph Pulitzer. Hearst mandò il suo biglietto da visita al redattore capo di Pulitzer. Srotolando un enorme rotolo di banconote William Randolph Hearst aveva uno staff. New York era anche una vetrina vantaggiosa. Non solo per i suoi affari, ma anche in campo politico. Si candidò al Congresso, fu eletto, ma non si presentò mai. Affermò: "Perderei tempo ad ascoltare questi discorsi e questi appelli. Io sono lì, dove c'è il potere". Era ormai chiaro che voleva comprarsi la poltrona da Presidente. Nel frattempo Hearst comprò giornali anche a Chicago, Los Angeles, Boston, Atlanta. Per la prima volta un solo uomo poté influenzare l'opinione pubblica di tutta l'America. Si candidò a sindaco di New York nel 1905 e perse, poi a governatore e perse. Non riuscì

neanche ad essere nominato presidente alla Convention Democratica. Fondò un suo partito, ma fu un altro insuccesso.

Il passo successivo nella carriera di Welles fu la radio. Il 30 ottobre 1938 andò in onda con "La guerra dei mondi", una riduzione del noto romanzo di fantascienza. Welles aveva impostato la narrazione come un radiogiornale, commentando in diretta una presunta invasione aliena. Il programma sembrò così credibile che scatenò il panico tra gli ascoltatori di varie parti d'America. Invece di essere punito per via del putiferio che aveva creato, Welles venne notato da Hollywood che lo ingaggiò. Gli studi RKO gli fecero un contratto senza precedenti nella storia di Hollywood: aveva assoluta libertà artistica sulla propria opera.

William Randolph Hearst rimase profondamente segnato dagli insuccessi politici, quindi si ritirò a vita privata. Cominciò a partire dal 1919 a costruire quello che diventerà noto come il "Castello Hearst". Il castello fu edificato su una tenuta di 40.000 acri di proprietà del padre, su una collina tra Los Angeles e San Francisco. Hearst era piuttosto indeciso sul tipo di costruzioni, tanto da abbatterne molte parti per costruirci sopra sempre cose diverse. Nei primi anni Venti e Trenta furono ospiti del castello molte celebrità del cinema e della politica, come: Charlie Chaplin, Cary Grant, Charles Lindbergh, Joan Crawford e Winston Churchill. Alcune parti della tenuta furono modellate su cattedrali spagnole del sedicesimo secolo, altre su templi dell'antica Roma. Hearst riempì la casa di centinaia di oggetti di antiquariato che trovava in giro per il mondo. La tenuta (ancora oggi visitabile) era composta di cinquantasei camere da letto, sessantuno bagni, diciannove salotti, 127 acri di giardino e poi piscine, campi da tennis, sale cinematografiche e il più grande zoo privato del mondo con ogni specie di animale.



1941.

Nessuno avrebbe mai pensato che Welles sarebbe riuscito a terminare un film con la RKO. Molti erano contrariati per via del suo contratto esclusivo (era un ventiquattrenne venuto dal nulla), ma anche per il suo carattere non proprio conciliante. Welles cominciava regolarmente progetti che non portava a termine, come ad esempio la trasposizione di “Cuore di tenebra” di Conrad da girare completamente in soggettiva. Quando Welles non seppe più dove sbattere la testa, il suo co-sceneggiatore Mankiewicz gli propose un film sulla vita del magnate William Randolph Hearst. Il film in questione era “Quarto potere”. Nello script c’era quella che sarebbe diventata la celebre “Rosebud” che, a differenza del film, pare fosse il termine che Hearst usasse per chiamare le parti intime della sua giovane amante, Marion Davies. Hearst l’aveva fatta diventare famosa producendo dei film ad alto budget apposta per lei, che vennero ampiamente pubblicizzati dai suoi giornali. Il vecchio uomo, a questo punto, era stato stuzzicato a sua insaputa dentro la sua stessa tana. Non per molto. Welles non poteva sapere delle tendenze autodistruttive di Mankiewicz.

Il co-sceneggiatore fece leggere il copione a un tale di nome Lederer, nipote di Marion Davies. Quest’ultimo promise di non mostrarlo a Hearst, tuttavia il copione venne restituito pieno di annotazioni fatte dagli avvocati di Hearst. Negli anni Quaranta l’ormai settantottenne Hearst aveva superato una dolorosa bancarotta per via della crisi finanziaria. I suoi giornali erano ormai poco influenti sul grande pubblico, poco venduti e con contenuti di basso livello. Nonostante tutto, Hearst manteneva un grosso potere su Hollywood.

Fu in questo preciso momento che entrò in scena Louella Parsons. Era una colonnista dei giornali di Hearst, nonché celebrata giornalista di gossip cinematografico. Era un tipo molto gentile, dicevano. Se fossi stato dalla sua parte. Andò a un’anteprima di “Quarto potere”, quando uscì dalla sala era furiosa: gli avvocati di Hearst si sarebbero fatti sentire molto presto. William Randolph Hearst non aveva mai visto il film ma conosceva bene il contenuto: se stesso. Decise che il film andava distrutto. Quello che lo fece andare definitivamente su tutte le furie fu il modo in cui veniva rappresentata la corrispettiva di Marion, cioè come un’attricetta stupida, raccomandata e ubriacona. La Parsons rinunciò per tre settimane alla sua colonna sul giornale per distruggere “Quarto potere”. Chiamò l’ufficio di Schäfer, capo della RKO, minacciando uno dei processi più belli della storia. Hearst ricorse a tutto: scandali, miscugli di razze, tutti i crimini più nefandi che non aveva mai pubblicato per compiacere gli Studios, ma che erano in qualche modo provabili. Ricordava che le persone che leggevano i suoi giornali non erano contente dell’alta percentuale di ebrei presenti nel mondo del cinema. Fece attaccare gli Studios tramite l’“Hollywood Reporter”, dicendo che impiegavano profughi e immigrati invece che americani. Offrì ottocentomila dollari per comprare la pellicola e poi bruciarla. La RKO rimandò la prima del film, i giornali di Hearst titolarono trionfalmente “La prima di ‘Quarto potere’ non ancora stabilita”. I responsabili della RKO pensarono di non far uscire il film “nell’interesse dell’industria cinematografica”. Welles fece un discorso davanti ai pezzi grossi della RKO riguardo la libertà di parola negli Stati Uniti. Fu talmente convincente (per alcuni suoi collaboratori “la sua migliore interpretazione”) che la RKO valutò se fosse vantaggioso invischiarsi in una disputa sui diritti fondamentali. “Quarto potere” sarebbe uscito. La prima ebbe molto successo, tuttavia i cinema continuavano a rifiutarsi di proiettarlo. Welles disse: “Proiettatelo nei tendoni!”. Dopo un mese Hearst cominciò ad attaccare personalmente anche Welles, tramite il giornale “American Weekly”. Lo accusarono di aver frequentato la sua compagna, Dolores Del Rio, mentre era ancora sposata. Lo infamarono affermando che non voleva servire la sua nazione, e sguinzagliarono giornalisti negli uffici di reclutamento. Sulla prima di uno spettacolo di Welles a Broadway il “Journal American” scrisse: “Propaganda più vicina a Mosca che a Harlem”. Nella stessa settimana l’FBI denunciò Welles. I giornali di Hearst continuarono incessantemente la loro





offensiva, prendendo di mira i suoi programmi radiofonici e bollandoli come “comunisti”. In un clima in cui l’essere comunista era una gravissima offesa alla nazione, l’FBI usava gli articoli dei giornali come prove, arrivando persino a interrogare tutto l’entourage del film sulla persona di Welles. Fu sospettato di essere “omosessuale”. Tutti gli Studios voltarono le spalle a Welles, impauriti dai giornali di William Randolph Hearst e dalle minacce di non avere più pubblicità. Il film fu proiettato solo al “Palace” di New York. Dopodichè Hearst non presentò nessuna denuncia. “Quarto potere” ottenne nove nomination agli Oscar del 1941, quattro per Welles. Durante l’annuncio delle nomination il film venne fischiato. Vinse il premio come “miglior sceneggiatura”. Poco dopo la RKO archiviò il film. Orson Welles non ottenne mai più una grande produzione a Hollywood. William Randolph Hearst morì a ottantotto anni a casa di Marion Davies. Le fu vietato di partecipare ai funerali. Col tempo Hearst venne dimenticato, mentre “Quarto potere” si sedimentava e cresceva nella coscienza collettiva. Nessuno vinse questa battaglia, né Hearst né Welles. Vinse il film stesso, che a partire dagli anni Cinquanta cominciò ad essere considerato come “il miglior film mai realizzato”.



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Photos and text by Dana Lauren Goldstein

Coco Young: Youngest in Charge

It is my very great pleasure to introduce and interview the great Coco Young, an exceptional young woman who has touched the lives of all whom she has come into contact with. A person of extraordinary ambition, intellect, compassion, and beauty; and modern day muse to such artists as John Currin, Richard Kern, and Ryan McGinley, amongst others. Coco currently resides in New York where she is enrolled as a fulltime student at the Fashion Institute of Technology and is quite successful at mixing business and fun at the same time.

Can you tell us a little about your upbringing and how it influences the person you are today?

I grew up between two cities: Marseilles, France and New York City. As I was growing up, I got to explore both the american and French cultures. I always felt more american but I spent more time in France. France is a very rich country culturally. In french schools, they make it a point to teach you a lot of art history and litterature. In high school, I started reading Voltaire, Sartre, Rousseau, Beaudelaire and studying Manet, Courbet, Degas, Renoir etc.. That was the french side of me. My American side on the other hand, led me to be obsessed as a teenager, with Andy Warhol's factore and everything that came with it...from Paul Morrissey films to the entire amazing american pop culture, My parents always took me to art shows and made me read books.Although I don't come from an artistic family, it's art appreciative.The most important part of my upbringing is that my parents always let me do whatever i wanted and they trusted me 100%. I was free to forge my own opinions about the world.

Do your parents “get” what you do? They get some of the things that I do...I try not to go into too many details with sometimes because I dont want them to get the wrong impression. For instance, I am not going to mention that I did a shoot for Playboy because they really wouldnt understand. i kind of pick and choose what I think they should know about.

How old were you when you first entered the fashion world? Well I started modeling when I was 17 so that was my first real exposure with the new york fashion world. But all I did was go to castings and do what i was told to do so I don't think I was really IN the fashion world yet. I still don't think that I am IN it. In order to be IN it you have make the fashion and that's not something that I do. i appreciate it a lot though. I have a thing for beautiful expensive things.

Do you still perceive the fashion world as you first did? If not, why? Well growing up in a fashion sense-less family, I had to make up my own style. In french schools, dressing different is not cool and when I showed up to the first day of 7th grade wearing a pair of red converse after having spent the summer in New York, all the kids called me clown shoes. the cool part is that I didnt care because I hated them all and found another girl who was wearing converse in my school who was also wearing converse that day (the flame once) and we have been friends since then. I always read fashion magazines such as teen vogue, french vogue and numero so my idea of the fshion wworld was completely glamorized. Now that I have witnessed parts of it, I can says that it a cruel hard working world. designers work intensely for half a year for fifteen minutes of glamor.







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Can you tell us a little bit about your relationship with fashion designer Cynthia Rowley? I met Cynthia through her husband Bill Powers. We hit it off right away. She started using me for shoots and fit modeling. it's always a pleasure working with her. i could be in the same room as her for an entire day and never run out of things to talk about. She is so down to earth, sweet and talented. She inspires me a lot.

The art and fashion world are extremely different although there are many areas where they influence one another and overlap. Do you relate closer to fashion or art, and how do you find your balance between them? I relate more to the art world because most of my friends are artists and it is more of an interest to me than fashion. They do overlap though, especially in new York. Fashion is art in a way an art can be fashionable.

Do you feel fashion models should be considered role models? No! Most of them dress poorly, except for Kate Moss, she's secretly always been a role model for me, but she's not JUST a model...

Models are often criticized by the media for their public display of drug use, yet many artists throughout history have managed to idealize and/or advocate drug use, why do you think this is so and do you personally feel the need to draw a line between your public and private life? Yes. Drugs and Media should never go together. You never know who is going to be looking at that picture in Star Magazine of Lohan blowing lines. It could be a 12 year old girl. On the other hand, drugs can enhance art but it should stay on the down low. "It is easy to speak of the beauty of opium" - marcel Proust

How important do you feel formal education is in relation to the art or fashion world? Very. I am all for artistic education. I also believe in self tutorial but it is very important to be familiar with art history when you claim to be an artist yourself. You can't call yourself an artist if you don't know what art is. by studying art, you learn from other artists mistakes and successes.

It seems as if in general the industries are more "youth" obsessed than ever, why do you feel this is so? Youngsters are free. We don't have many responsibilities yet, and can deal with hang-overs and still be fresh faced and do productive things. We are marketable for the industry because we fuck up a lot and we are in the process of learning. Because of the internet and cell phones, youths can communicate easily with eachother and have a bigger impact on the world. We are more present now than ever.

Do you feel that your age works for or against you most of the time? The rare times i get turned down at a door yeah. But otherwise no. I'm proud to be young. When you're young you can get away with anything. Just say oops sorry and people will forgive you.

How did you begin working with painter John Currin? I was interning at tar Magazine last year where I met Bill Powers (Cynthia Rowley's husband). he asked me if I wanted to model for John and introduced me to him. I worked with John for about 6 months and is was an amazing experience. he is one of the best painter's in the world. Just being able to watch him paint was one of the most inspiring things that I have ever experienced.

Richard Kern just shot you for the October issue of Playboy. What does it mean to YOU? I thought that it was hilarious that a girl like me was going to be in Playboy. Playboy to me signifies America at it's greatest. Being shot for playboy felt like a classic american experience but I wouldn't have done it for any other photographer. I feel like Richard Kern and Playboy and me makes an intersting mix.

Fill in the blank

Modern chivalry is: Not New York Boys

New York is: the best place on earth

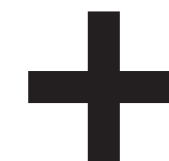
I cannot live without: cigarettes

I am happiest when: I am in my natural environment of new york city with all my friends around













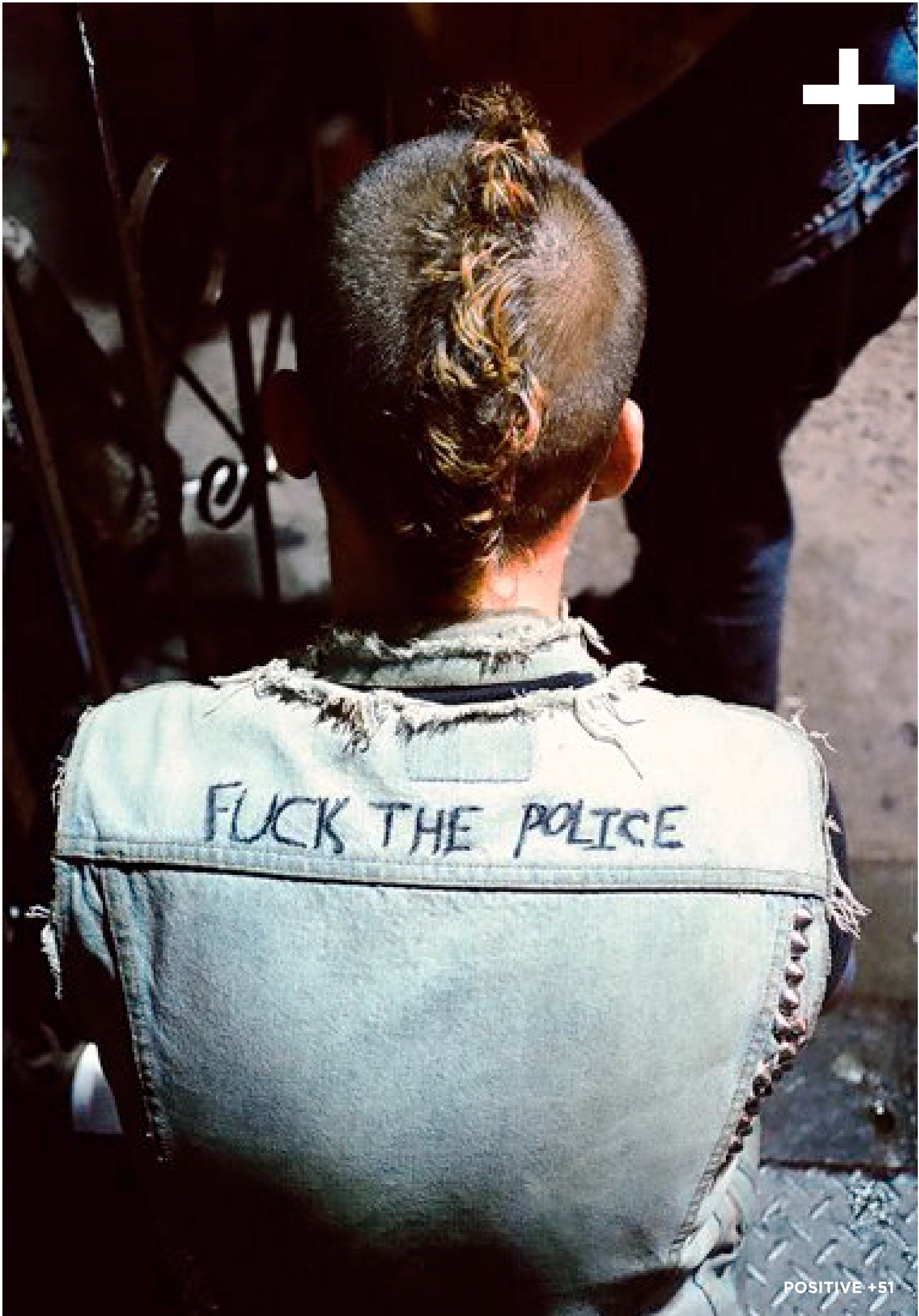


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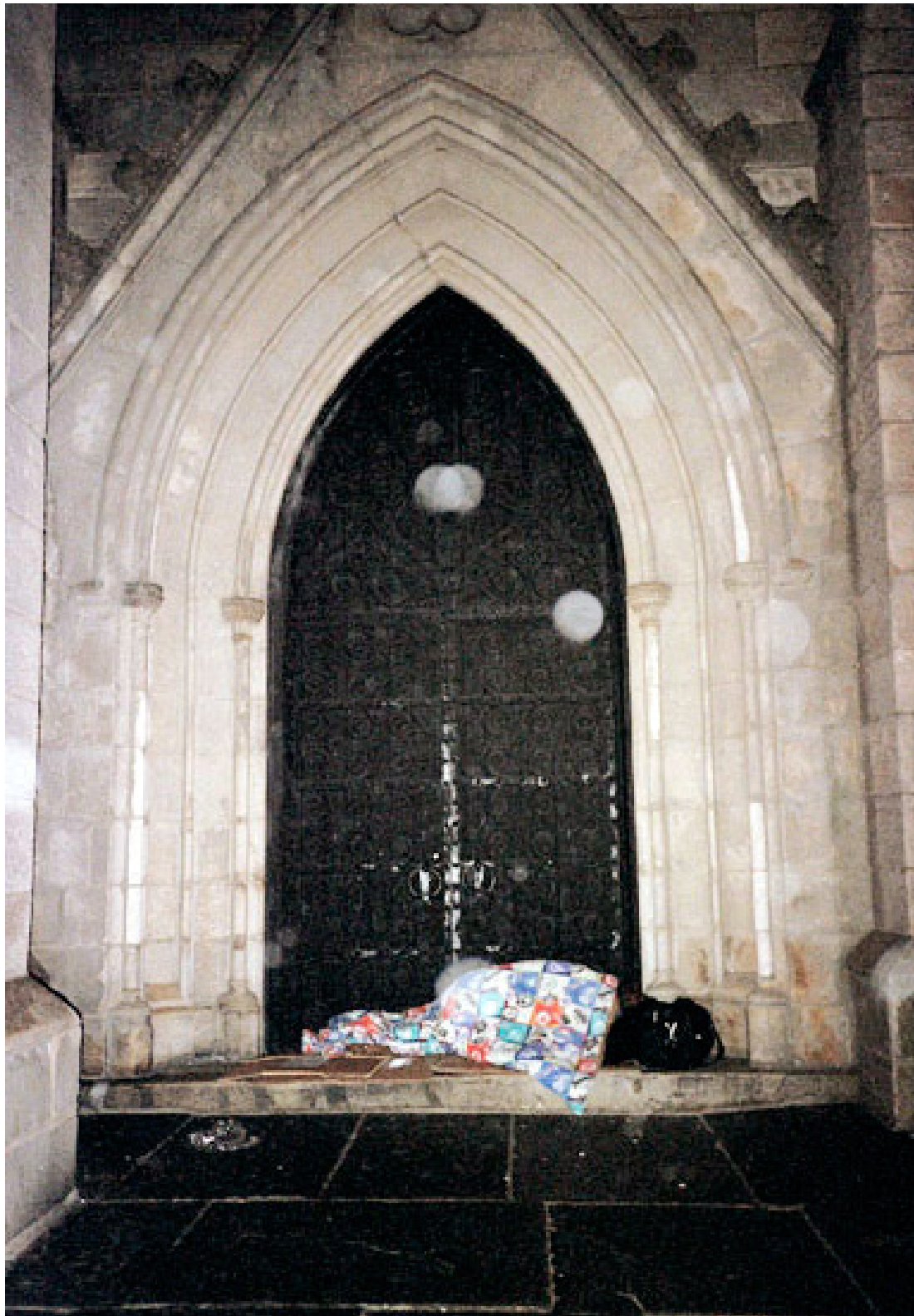
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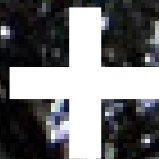


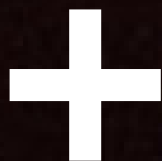














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Obama-Sarkozy-Putin:

The Successful Image-Making According

to the Culture Code.

Three different leaders or three different countries – is there anything common between them? I would answer “yes, there is”. Each of them is a ‘successful brand’ on the politic market and their policy is a kind of show-business. Barak H. Obama, Nikola Sarkozy and Vladimir V. Putin are good examples how modern leaders should act like for being successful and – what is more important - keeping popularity among the electorate.

Turn of the XXI century concurred with a media revolution that had been provoked by digital technologies. Modern leaders long to be highly media active. It helped them not so much to clear their point of view on affairs as conquer the auditory attention and favor. This way they construct an image of leader. But the image-making is successful when it's done according to the culture code. If we take a look at the media representation of the above-mentioned leaders, we would see how the image representation perfectly suits to culture code.

Dr. G. Clotaire Rapaille believes that the culture code of an American President is “Moses”. He or she is mutinous and passionate. He or she has a powerful “vision”. He or she able to save people their troubles[1]. This way George Washington led an unprofessional army to the victory over military power of the United Kingdom. Abraham Lincoln inspired people to believe that the United States were able to overcome the difficulties of slavery and the American Civil War. Franklin D. Roosevelt made the nation believe that the

Great Depression could be managed. Ronald Reagan suggested Americans “the vision of future greatness” at the moment when people were despaired. These leaders inspired the American nation “to share their transcendental vision” and to act. “They showed the way to the Promised Land,”[2] said Dr. Rapaille.

The current President of the United States, Barak H. Obama, had a great success in the elections.

He smashed the competitor, John S. McCain[3]. His personality is extremely popular in the United States and fits well the image of “Moses”.

As soon as Mr. Obama was elected, the media started talking about possible attempt to murder the President. No wonder, such fears strongly link his image with John F. Kennedy, Abraham Lincoln and Martin Luther King – eloquent orators and passionate leaders who longed for wealth and peace for Americans. These comparisons and parallels were constantly transmitted via mass media before the elections and afterwards. And, of course, it influenced a lot on Obama's image. It became a mixture of those three, a living legend. George Bush Jr. was too simple, his domestic and foreign policy wasn't flexible and – what is more important – in the situation of the coming crisis, he couldn't inspire people to go after him. Americans were waiting for changes and it was Mr. Obama who, like a priest, said: “Yes, we can!” – and so he called people to follow his “vision”.

Here we have to admit that the ideology of the United States is deeply religious in its roots. It is the cultural inheritance of the past centuries. The pilgrims and Founding Fathers took as a principle their religious vision of new found land which was the Promised Land for them. They perceived themselves as peculiar people



photo by: **Daniel Lobo**
www.flickr.com/photos/daquellamanera





and charged a figure of the President with an image of “Moses”.

In many respects such vision of the United States still plays a great role in nowadays life of Americans. As soon as the election 2008 result was declared and Mr. Obama became the President, a young American Internet user wrote:

“America is a great experiment in hope, trust, faith and freedom - lets work together to remain the greatest country that God has entrusted to man in the history of this planet! May she prosper and remain the shining light of freedom and democracy!”

It's obvious, against such background Mr. Obama better than any of his competitors has expressed the image of a true American leader. His “Hope” poster designed in style of pop-art by artist Frank Shepard Fairey is the essence of the Moses image. Sure, the poster “became one of the most widely recognized symbols of Obama’s campaign message, spawning many variations and imitations, including some commissioned by the Obama campaign”[4]. Here we come to the important conclusion that successful image is the image which both suits well the culture code and is very well transmitted via mass media. The next two politicians prove this point of view.

Nicolas Sarkozy is a great showman. He understands what the French leader should be. He's ambitious. He makes the impression as if he gives a dare to system by his ideas. He constantly generates new initiatives. Yesterday Nicolas Sarkozy suggested the project of the Mediterranean Union. He declared that France came back to the region and, together with Germany, she again would be an European locomotive. Today he's

making the greatest reform of the French Constitution of 1958 and changed and/or supplemented 47 from 89 articles. Tomorrow he's peace envoy. He makes Russia and Georgia start peace negotiations...

The journalists call such President behaving as “Sarkoshow”[5]. It's well stage-managed and the media can't ignore it. “The President visited”, “the President had a speech”, “the President took part in” - the headlines carries screaming. Mass media are forced to say so being a hostage of the situation when they need news even if the importance of this news is low. It is what Umberto Eco once said about the Italian press (my translation): “This abnormal situation doesn't arouse alarm and doesn't provoke indignation but it plays into politician hands whom it's very proper that only single message and only in a single media draws at once a wide response in all the rest existing organs. Thereby, mass-media are becoming from the window to reality into a mirror, the audience and readers contemplate a pure act of press self-admiration”[6].

Mr. Sarkozy knows it well. He sticks out his activity. Will, resoluteness, activity, ambitious – these words are used most of all in his texts[7]. He has a weakness for kitsch but he longs for filling all the media with his figure. Mr. Sarkozy has been accused of trying to bring state-owned media under his heel by giving himself the sole right to name the boss of France Televisions[8]. However, some observers has an opinion that it's very possible he was not satisfied with it and the “historical decision” to return France into the military structure of the NATO – what in fact changes nothing – is another attempt to enlarge his media space. If it is so, then there's a good opportunity for Mr. Sarkozy to take every time a new stage[9].

Bayrou talonne

SONDAGE. En gagnant 7 points en une semaine de vote pour ses rivaux s'effritent, le pré-

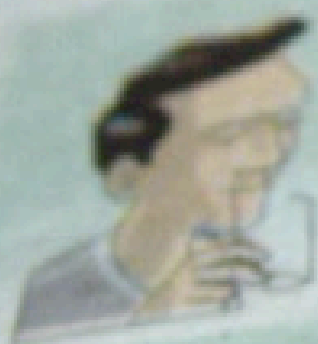
bouscule les pronostics. Surtout, il affole

Un trio au coude à coude

Pour lequel des candidats suivants y a-t-il le plus de chances que vous votiez ?

Exprimés le
7 mars 2007

Comparaison avec
le 28 février 2007



■ Nicolas Sarkozy

■ Ségolène Royal

■ François Bayrou

■ Jean-Marie Le Pen

■ José Bové

26 %

25 %

24 %

14 %

3 %

2,5 %

- 3

- 1

+

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Now it is clear why the foreign policy – the less verified field of politician activity – is receiving high marks from everyone. “About 70 percent approve of his forceful leadership in Europe and on the world stage at events such as the G20 economic summit”[10]. At the same time, only 28 percent are holding a positive opinion about Mr Sarkozy’s first 24 months in the Elysée Palace[11].

This pull proves: the culture code of French leader, “inventor”, was perfectly used by Mr. Sarkozy. The artificial character of “Sarkoshow” annoys, especially when Mr. Sarkozy is taking a false step and the deception is too evident. But when the play is well done, the mass-media are satisfied[12].

The policy is a semblance. That’s why French presidents cares so much about being here and there; suggesting this idea and supporting that one. Changing the Constitution, he seeks to be compared with Charles de Gaulle; marriage with Carla Bruni is a reason for the press to parallel between his life and the life of Napoleon Bonaparte; the idea of making Paris greater and extending it northward reminds us the great city projects of Napoleon III and Georges Pompidou[13]. Perhaps, Mr. Sarkozy often looks like parvenu but isn’t it an inventor trait?

Like Barak H. Obama and Nicolas Sarkozy, Vladimir V. Putin ideally goes with the culture code of the leader. The head of the Russian state is “father” for Russians.

It so happened that history of Russian democracy is short and fragmentary. There was the Novgorod Republic, the Boyars’ Council in middle ages, the State Duma in 1905-1917, some other state and social institutions of democracy also existed. However,

through the centuries people perceived motherland as homeland and the head of the state (tzar, general secretary of the party, president) always was “father” while people were “family”/“children” or “home”. Thus, Ivan the Terrible was “father-despot”, Peter the Great – “father-teacher”, Alexander III – “father-bumpkin”, Stalin – “peoples’ father”. As we see, the image of father can be different and even unfavorable. The image of Nicholas II was weakened by the rumors as if he was the henpecked husband of the German princess. By the end of the presidency, the image of Boris N. Yeltsin was strongly associated with “father-drunkard”.

Naturally, the personality of Vladimir V. Putin was highly attractive. He was fresh. He was conducting successful the Second Chechen campaign on the Caucasus after the several bomb attacks in Moscow and other Russian towns. He started to put the state in order. The election campaign of 2000 consolidated successful the image of “military-father”.

It is very important to admit that his KGB past was more positive than negative. After the wild 1990s, the nation took this fact as a kind of guarantee of his honor (archetype of knight). His personality was very adaptable and everyone could interpreted the image in his favor. That’s why the question asked in the World Economic Forum in Davos (2000) “Who is Mr. Putin?” was so complicated to answer.

As soon as Mr. Putin became Acting President of the Russian Federation, he started making his image representation as a powerful and true Russian leader. The media constantly transmitted him as a pilot of the military air force plane, as he’s gazing on horizon of the ocean from the Russian navy ship, as he’s ruling over the country. If he personally interrupted into the business

of private companies, people find it normal, “father knows better what is good and what is bad; there is reason for his interruption”. It was their thought. At the same time the economy made real gains (resulted by the 1998 financial crisis and oil/gas prices). People appreciated stability they got with Putin’s presidency and they didn’t care about troubles of oligarchs originally from the 1990s

Mr. Putin skillfully used the media. He held an annual tv-program called “the direct line to the President of the Russian Federation”. People from all over Russia could e-mail him, phone him or ask him via direct coupling (mostly) to help them solving a problem. It was a great and well stage-managed show surely with pre-selected people and questions. At the same time, it perfectly reflects the image of the President-father.

For example, an old lady called and said she was going to speak only with the President, but nobody else. She had no question, she only was saying how good he was and how she’s thankful to him “for everything”. When Putin’s second term was coming up to the end, the atmosphere was strained day by day: will Putin leave us and, if it will be so, who’s his heir? In the same program a peasant literally prayed Putin for not leaving people.

When Dmitry A. Medvedev was named as Putin’s heir and elected by people, he appointed Vladimir V. Putin as the Prime Minister of Russia. Often they were seen together and often host makes a mistake still calling Mr. Putin as the acting President (and vice versa).

Today Mr. Putin still dominates in Russian mass-media. He even still holds the “direct line” program which wasn’t passed to Mr. Medvedev as new elected President. It is obvious, the figure of the current

President of Russia is weak and taken as a “pupil” image. First of all, it is so thanks to the fact of Putin’s protection and to his education (PhD in private law). However, more and more Mr. Medvedev tries to conquer the audience attention. Mainly via Internet. He has an account on YouTube, LiveJournal, one can read his blog on the official web-site of the President of the Russian Federation[14]. But his problem – the young generation (up to 35 y.o.), he counts on, is politically passive. If Mr. Medvedev wants to take participation in the election 2012 and win it, he either has to be supported by Vladimir V. Putin another time or to suit the culture code of Russian leader much better than he does it now. Thus, Mr. Medvedev has to increase his representation in media to the prejudice of Putin’s representation.

The culture code changes very slowly. We saw here how politicians can use it in the conditions of modern age of information and digital technologies. Yes, in many aspects policy is a kind of show-business but it influences on our life much more than a story about celebrities’ life. We have to be smarter choosing “politic brand”. If it is possible at all, to do so living in the room of thousand mirrors.



Л Е Н И Н





For all you non-Italians, Mike is just a random chap's name, but in Italy, it is actually a very big name. "Mike," in fact, means to most Italians only Mike Bongiorno, id est a fairly arguable exemplum of the Italian dream (you can see him in the picture here on the left; he's wearing an American hat because he's also half American). Just to give you a short synopsis, the guy has been hosting Italy's main TV-programmes since the early fifties, in addition to half a dozen editions of the depressing Sanremo music Festival and a bunch of other game shows and the like. According to what we'll call a popular statement, Mike is not just a "great pro", but even "the TV itself." Well, "television" in Italy means a depressing bunch of shows aimed to entertain people without actually saying anything (there are just one or two exceptions, but they're not going to last long); this is why every show looks like a soft-core porn movie. Prime minister Silvio Berlusconi, also thanks to the overwhelming influence TV has on Italians, gained a distressing control power over the

country throughout the years (it's called plain propaganda, outside Italy), in spite of the fact that he's an unqualified, role-unfit, cheap, clownish, ignorant, greedy, orange-skinned, culturally-blind, loud, obnoxious, subversive, full-blown liar. He can boast (and he actually does boast) the most outrageous and enormous conflicts of interests: for instance, not only he is in charge of making laws while being charged of offences such as evasion, corruption or embezzlement, but he is also a politician and he controls about the 90% of the Italian media. Italy is now a country in complete disarray, suffering from the immense cultural, economical and political damages that years of Berlusconiism as the dominant "culture" carried, on top of almost half a century of corrupted Christian democratic governments. Bureaucracy, as is known, is an utterly confusing mess aimed mainly at stealing citizens' money instead of helping them. A rather silly case in which I couldn't help ascertaining that this depressing trend happened to me last year: I was driving

a friend's car because she was feeling ill and nauseous, and the police stopped me for a control. I didn't have my driving license with me, but as soon as I provided the officer with my personal details, he quickly checked on the car's computer my identity and whether I was actually cleared to drive a car. I was, but nonetheless I got a 35 euro fine because I wasn't carrying the stupid, useless piece of plastic with me. If that wasn't plain robbery, I don't know what it was. What really cheesed me off, though, happened next. I thought that that was a debatable law, and in a downright surge of need for justice, I wanted to appeal to a court to have recourse against a law that I found stupid as a citizen, and have the whole thing revisited. Here came the cold shower: in case you're not a rich bloke and you can't afford to pay a lawyer or a JP, your recourse will be in charge of the prefect's office. Here's the trick: if your recourse is rejected (arb!), you have to pay double! Does this recall Mike Bongiorno's Italian version of "The 64.000 \$ Question" game

to anybody? To me, it does. The Italian name is quite fit and expressive: it's "leave it or double it." Like my recourse. As in a metaphor, I'm living in a country where the line between television and real life is getting thinner and thinner every day. People do not vote according to on arguments or beliefs any longer: they rather choose the most emotional candidate, by which I mean the candidate who can move them the most, bring them to tears, offer them an idol to adore. Logic is a toil task, and Berlusconi knows it. His number is a well-rehearsed mixture of demagoguery (make things simple), duplicity (make himself simple) and acting that appears to appeal massively on Italians. The majority of the country voted for Berlusconi and Berlusconi is the TV; hence, the country is represented by the TV itself. Therefore, in some sort of an atrocious symmetric orgy, Mike is the actual prime minister. Sadly, this makes the outlook is even bleaker.



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Racconto di un'estate passata.

Milan, piove, fa freddo, e non siamo neanche a metà settembre. Dicono che sia stata una delle estati più calde di sempre (in realtà lodicono ogni anno), sta di fatto che qui alla fine dell'estate mancano ancora 7 giorni e già la gente inizia a mettersi i cappotti (pazzi!). Ma lasciamo stare questi discorsi sul meteo che sanno proprio di vecchio e torniamo all'estate, la prima estate, dopo i 18 anni, passata in giro a zonzo con un sacco di gente diversa e non a Milano a lavorare. Per carità, che poi Milano d'estate è una figata, però ogni tanto un po' di mare ci vuole. 15 giorni passati in campeggio, io che il campeggio non l'ho mai amato e mai lo amerò, prima in Spagna, a Benicassim, in una quattro giorni non-stop dei migliori concerti che la scena indie-pop può offrire, in mezzo a 60.000 pazzi e scatenati ubriacconi inglesi e spagnoli, e poi in Corsica con i nuovi compagni dell'università, amicizie nate da poco ma che sembrano durare da una vita.

E poi gli altri 15 giorni con gli amici di sempre, quelli del liceo, in Puglia, nello stesso posto dove ho sempre passato l'estate con i miei genitori a rompermi le palle (mare la mattina, dormire al pomeriggio e alla sera tutti a casa a mezzanotte, olè!) Un'estate di sole, mare, musica, amici, cosa si può voler di più? E poi per finire qualche giorno a Forte dei Marmi, a respirare quell'aria di una Milano vacanziera ormai quasi pronta a ricominciare la sua solita vita a ritmo frenetico. Ed infatti neanche il tempo di disfare le valige che, TAC, si parte subito con il primo esame che, ovviamente, non ho passato; ma d'altronde non si può sprecare quel mese all'anno di libertà sui libri ...“perché l'estate non è una stagione, ma uno stato d'animo!”







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gaza

Photos by stefania mizara, Athens, Greece
www.stefaniamizara.com



I entered Gaza the 12th of January 2009 late in the evening with a group of doctors. It was my first time entering an active war zone and I was feeling kind of nervous. The feeling of anxiety worsened as a sound of bomb dropping near the bus made us all in the “Gaza city” bus that is transferring people from Egyptian to Palestinian border fall under our seats. The distance from the border of Rafa to the center of town is very small. By the time we arrived in the hospital, ambulances with the wounded people from the bomb that had dropped in the main market started arriving. The Greek and French doctors went directly to work. The feeling of human loss is unbearable. When the rush is over, your mind starts thinking of what the eyes have seen. Images of children, women, old people, young boys in blood, missing parts of their body, with crazy eyes come back but are rejected by the filter of logic.

I think the human mind has the capacity of forgetting horror images such as these as it can't bear them. And then comes fear as sound of dropping bombs wake you up at night. After a while you get used to it, people were saying. You actually do but only superficially. You just learn to get back to sleep even though anything can happen anywhere and there is no safe place to hide. The next day Cuwa, an Irish girl from the Free Gaza movement arranged us to go to Gaza city with a convoy of 18 ambulances. “It is safer than any other vehicle” she said, “but still Israelis have already shot on ambulances and medics”. We left at 9 o'clock at night, the ambulance loaded with one dead body of a young man to be carried to the Gaza morgue and the desolated brother of the dead man that didn't speak though the whole trip. Actually I didn't speak either as I was wondering if this decision is my last one.

The details of arriving in a ghost city, passing some dead zones with tanks looking and targeting us was just the beginning of a week of fear. The next day I spend it trying to understand how someone can move under these circumstances, where is what in this bombed city, how are things done. Even the easiest thing: buying bread was getting complicated: no exchange, no shops, no bread. The next days I moved around with local press people from Ramattan television center and ambulances. The heroes of this war were really these people: local journalists, medics and activists. The only humans moving around the city, specially after nightfall. The nurses in the ambulances and the doctors were working 20 hours a day, sleeping in shifts in the hospitals. The cameramen and reporters hadn't seen their families for weeks. The activists went with the ambulances wherever

there was danger to be used as a human shield so the medics could pick up wounded or dead people from isolated areas. I focused more on these people's work as I preferred to see the hope and human force against horror than only death and despair. I discovered things about me as well. I found out that in this question that is always asked to photographers and cameramen: do you take the picture or do you help the person that is suffering in front of you? I thought I was in the first category but I am in the second one.

Politica

gaza

Photos by stefania mizara, Athens, Greece
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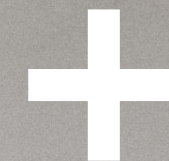
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Clothing
Suit by Zara
Shirt by Gucci
Tie and gloves stylists own





Model
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Clothing
Trunks by Diesel
Gloves Vintage



Model
Ryan Jagger (Musician)
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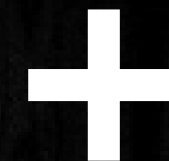
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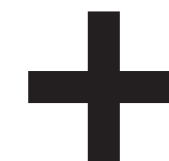


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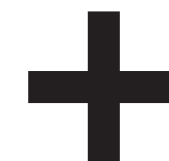
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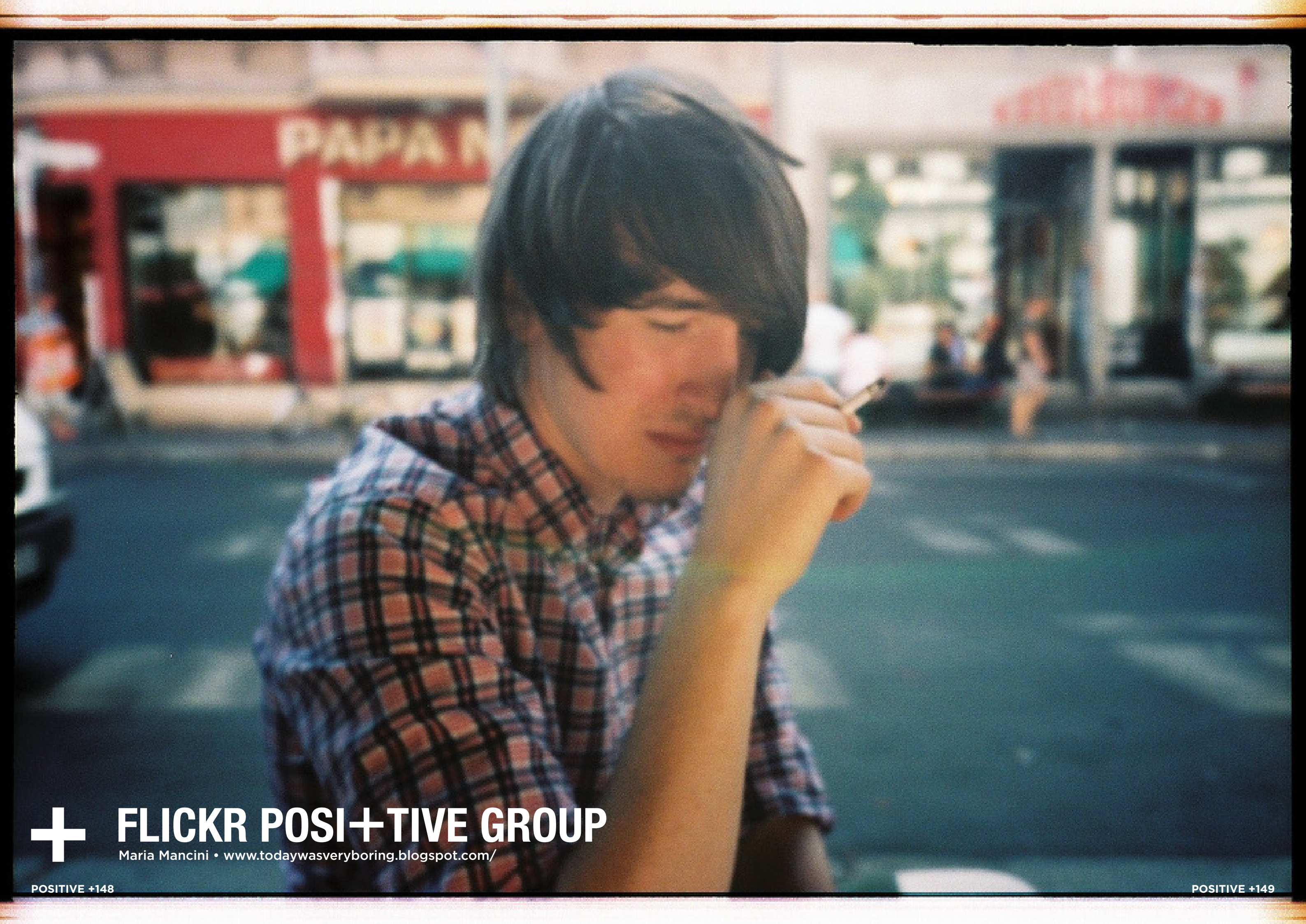
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Dark grey suit by **BURBERRY LONDON**

Stripe shirt by **K KARL LAGERFELD**

Checked bow tie by **D&G**

Black leather shoe by **ARMAND BASI**



Blue micro corduory
suit by **ARMAND BASI**
Stripe shirt by
TOMMY HILFIGER
Brown leather shoes
and belt by **LOTTUSSE**

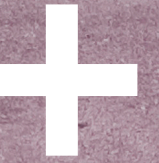


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Light blue Jumper by LACOSTE
Dark blue trousers by LACOSTE
Leather belt by LACOSTE
Checked bowtie by ARMAND BASI
Leather shoes by SEBAGO





Blue Coat by **CK CALVIN KLEIN**
Turtle neck Jumper by **LACOSTE**
CARRERA Glasses for **EYEDONIST**



Pink shirt by **RALPH LAUREN**
Stripe vest by **FRED PERRY**
Black trousers by **ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA**
Black leather belt by **SEBAGO**
Leather briefcase by **FRED PERRY**

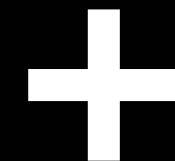
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Black leather coat by **HARBORT** para **UAPLAB**
Red bag by **DAVID&SCOTTI**
Black stockings by **WOLFORD**
Black shoes **JUAN ANTONIO LÓPEZ**

Chaqueta palletes de ANTIK BATIK
tri-colour Pochette by LE TANNEUR



black leather plaited trench by **HARBORT** for **UAPLAB**
Black dress by **ARMAND BASI ONE**
Red hair boots by **CASADEI**
Black handbag by **FRED PERRY**
Red coral ring by **THOMAS SABO**



Mustard colored dress by **PELICAN AVENUE**
Hair vest by **H&M**
Leather belt by **ARMAND BASI**
Stockings by **WOLFORD**



Body suit by **PINKO**
Cinturón de piel morado de **ARMAND BASI**
Stockings by **ANDRÉS SARDÁ**
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