

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red dress and high heels, is lying on her stomach on a green carpet. She is looking out a window with vertical blinds. The scene is lit with warm, natural light.

GUIDO ARGENTINI PRIVATE ROOMS

teNeues



GUIDO ARGENTINI
PRIVATE ROOMS



As for every man, my life is driven by an energy that follows a straight line while I am always looking beyond in order to anticipate new targets. As I raced toward the future, I was always fascinated by the feminine universe, by its circularity, by its capability of simply “being”.

The woman is close to earth and to nature, she is aware of the present moment and she has the capacity to live in this present rather than in a projection toward a future that relentlessly continues to be just that: these are elements that always made me sense her superiority. The woman is the carrier of life; thanks to her energy and intrinsic power, ancient civilizations always considered her superior to man. The first spiritual and religious acts raised her status to a divine level and for a long time art glorified the power and sacredness of a woman’s body as well as the feminine sexuality.

To display, paint or photograph the naked body of a woman is often seen as something indecent in today’s society. Morality and the influences dictated by increasingly oppressive religions and society rules have turned what used to be sacred into something obscene.

Someone once asked Picasso where he drew the line between sexuality and art. He replied: “they are one single thing, they are one and the same. Art can only be erotic”.

In addition to being the source of artistic inspiration, the feminine element is the only chance that man has to grow spiritually. Thus, the eulogy of feminine beauty, as superficial as it may seem, is part of my own desire to grow.

We never stop to try to understand why and how we got to where we are. Publishing a book is a wonderful excuse to do just that. I deliberately chose to write the name of each subject or subjects portrayed as well as the place and the date on which I shot the photographs at the beginning of each “little story” that makes up the book. Our past is what we remember of it: Therefore, in addition to providing a time frame for each picture, these dates help me to recall a part of my personal story.

When we come into the world and during our childhood, we are faced with unlimited possibilities. Then, as we grow into adulthood, we are educated to become aware of our limits. Creating something, be it through writing, painting, composing

music, directing a movie or taking a photograph, helps us overcome these fake barriers. Said limits and barriers actually do not exist, they are imposed upon us and more often than not, they keep us imprisoned for all our life.

We are almost always actors playing out our life without knowing how life really should be. We are given one page of the screenplay at a time and we act it out as robots; however, we can never see nor understand the significance of the whole story. We hardly ever manage to write this screenplay ourselves, to create our own role – it is always imposed. Once in a while, we may complete a project after working at it extensively and we may get an illusive sensation that we have been, at least for a while, the screenwriters of our own life.

This second book is the result of ten years of photographs, all taken in the intimacy of closed rooms. Ancient villas, modern apartments, numerous hotels, from the most elegant five-star locations enriched with luxurious velvets and four-posted beds to the most squalid hourly-rate motels furnished with plastic chairs and worn-out wallpaper. Each room is the stage of an “open story” with no beginning or end. To the contrary of a movie, a photograph leaves total room for the imagination of the viewer. Anyone can imagine what occurred prior to the click and what will happen right after. Anyone can write his or her own screenplay and dialogues and compose his or her own soundtrack.

The women portrayed are of various nationalities and ages. Some are professional models, others found themselves in front of my lens only as part of a game. Some of them I’ve only met once... others are dear friends of mine. No actresses, no top models, no popular faces. I only wanted “anonymous actresses” to interpret my fantasies. If I was the director of these images, I could have not completed this project without the collaboration and often improvisation of my “actresses”.

Once again, this project was born out of the love for women and was completed only thanks to them. That is why I dedicate this book to my beloved aunt Edy, who has always been a special feminine point of reference for me, and along with her, to all women. I dedicate it to the women who have posed for me, to those who have loved me and who have stood by me on my path to this date, to those I will meet in the future and to the one who will manage to stand by my side forever.

INTRODUCTION

Come per tutti gli uomini, la mia vita e' guidata da un'energia che si sviluppa su una linea retta, sempre proiettata in avanti verso la realizzazione di nuovi obbiettivi.

In questa corsa verso il domani sono sempre stato affascinato dall'universo femminile, dalla sua circolarita', dal suo poter "essere" semplicemente.

La vicinanza della donna alla terra, alla natura, il suo essere consapevole del momento attuale, il suo saper vivere nel presente e non nella proiezione verso un futuro che continua inesorabilmente ad essere tale, sono elementi che mi hanno sempre fatto avvertire la sua superiorita'.

La donna, portatrice di vita, con la sua energia e con i suoi poteri intrinseci e' sempre stata considerata nelle piu' antiche civiltà superiore all'uomo ed e' stata elevata a divinita' nei primi atti di spiritualita' e di religione.

Per molto tempo la rappresentazione artistica ha glorificato potenza e sacralita' del corpo e della sessualita' femminile.

Nella societa' odierna, mostrare, dipingere o fotografare il corpo nudo di una donna e' considerato spesso un atto indecente.

La moralita' e i condizionamenti dettati da una religione e una societa' sempre piu' opprimenti, hanno trasformato in osceno cio' che un tempo era sacro.

Erotismo e pornografia troppo spesso sono posti sullo stesso piano.

Qualcuno chiese a Picasso dove stesse la linea di separazione fra sessualita' ed arte. Picasso rispose: "Sono una cosa sola, sono la stessa cosa. L'arte puo' solo essere erotica"

Oltre ad essere fonte di ispirazione artistica, l'elemento femminile e' l'unica possibilita' che l'uomo ha per una crescita spirituale.

L'elogio della bellezza femminile, per quanto superficiale possa sembrare, fa parte di questo mio desiderio di crescita.

Non ci soffermiamo quasi mai a cercare di capire perche' e come siamo arrivati dove siamo adesso.

La pubblicazione di un libro e' un'ottima scusa per farlo.

Ho scelto di scrivere, all'inizio di ogni "piccola storia" che compone il libro, il nome del soggetto o dei soggetti ritratti, il luogo e la data in cui ho scattato le foto.

Il nostro passato e' cio' che si ricorda di esso e, queste date, oltre a dare una collocazione temporale alle fotografie, mi aiutano a ricostruire una parte della mia storia personale.

Quando veniamo al mondo e nella nostra infanzia abbiamo possibilita' illimitate davanti a noi. Diventando adulti, veniamo educati ai nostri limiti.

Poter creare qualcosa, scrivendo, dipingendo, componendo musica, dirigendo un film o facendo una fotografia, ci aiuta a superare queste false barriere.

Sono limiti che in realta' non esistono, ma che ci sono imposti e che, quasi sempre ci tengono imprigionati per tutta la vita.

Quasi sempre siamo attori che recitano la propria vita senza sapere che cosa essa sia veramente.

Ci viene data ogni giorno una pagina della sceneggiatura che noi recitiamo, come automi, senza mai poter vedere o capire il senso della storia intera.

Quasi mai riusciamo noi stessi a scrivere questa sceneggiatura e a creare il nostro ruolo senza che esso ci venga imposto.

Il portare a compimento un progetto al quale si e' lavorato per molto tempo, puo' dare l'illusoria sensazione di essere stati, almeno per un po' gli sceneggiatori della nostra stessa vita.

Questo mio secondo libro e' il risultato di dieci anni di fotografie realizzate tutte nell'intimita' di stanze chiuse.

Antiche ville, appartamenti moderni, molti Hotel, dai piu' eleganti a 5 stelle con velluti e letti a baldacchino ai piu' squallidi motel a ore con sedie in plastica e logore carte da parati.

Ogni stanza e' teatro di una "storia aperta", che non ha un inizio ne' una fine. Al contrario di un film, la fotografia da un totale spazio alla fantasia e all'immaginazione di chi la guarda.

Ognuno puo' immaginare cio' che e' successo prima dello scatto e quello che succedera' dopo. Ognuno puo' scrivere la propria sceneggiatura, i propri dialoghi, e comporre la propria colonna sonora.

Le donne ritratte sono di nazionalita' e di eta' diverse, alcune modelle professioniste, altre capitate solo per gioco davanti al mio obbiettivo.

Alcune incontrate soltanto una volta, altre, mie care amiche.

Nessuna attrice, nessuna top model, nessun volto noto.

Volevo fossero "attrici anonime" ad interpretare le mie fantasie.

Se io sono stato il regista di queste immagini, non avrei potuto portare a termine questo progetto senza la collaborazione e spesso l'improvvisazione di queste mie attrici.

Ancora una volta, un progetto nato dall'amore per la donna, portato a termine grazie all'aiuto delle donne.

Per questo dedico questo libro a mia zia Edy, che rappresenta per me una figura femminile di riferimento e, insieme a lei a tutte le donne.

Lo dedico alle donne che hanno posato per me, a quelle che mi hanno amato e mi sono state accanto nel mio cammino fino ad oggi, a quelle che incontrero' in futuro e a quella che riuscirà a starmi accanto per sempre.

Comme celle de tous les hommes, ma vie est guidée par une énergie qui se déploie suivant une ligne droite, tendant toujours vers la réalisation de nouveaux objectifs. Dans cette course vers le lendemain, l’univers des femmes, avec leur circularité, leur pouvoir « d’être » tout simplement, ne cesse d’exercer sur moi un attrait mystérieux.

L’affinité entre la femme, la terre et la nature, sa conscience du moment actuel, sa capacité de vivre dans le présent sachant que l’avenir reste immuable : voilà ce qui à mes yeux prouve la supériorité de la femme. La femme, porteuse de vie, avec son énergie et ses pouvoirs essentiels, a toujours été considérée, par les anciennes civilisations, comme un être supérieur à l’homme, voire même comme une divinité religieuse ou spirituelle. Aussi, les représentations artistiques ont-elles longtemps glorifié le pouvoir et la sacralité de son corps et de sa sexualité.

Pour la société d’aujourd’hui, montrer, peindre ou photographier le corps nu d’une femme revient souvent à commettre un acte indécent. Avec la moralité et les conditionnements dictés par les religions et les sociétés de plus en plus opprimantes, ce qui autrefois était sacré devient maintenant obscène. A la question « où se trouve la frontière entre sexualité et art ? » Picasso répondit : « la sexualité et l’art ne font qu’un. L’art ne peut être qu’érotique ».

La femme n’est pas seulement une source d’inspiration artistique, mais elle représente aussi, pour l’homme, sa seule possibilité d’épanouissement spirituel. L’éloge de la beauté féminine, quelque superficiel que cela puisse paraître, fait partie de mon désir de croissance personnelle.

Nous nous efforçons rarement de comprendre pourquoi et comment nous en sommes arrivés là. La sortie d’un livre offre une bonne occasion pour le faire. J’ai décidé d’indiquer au début de chacun des ‘petits récits’ qui composent le livre, le nom du ou des sujets représentés ainsi que le lieu et la date où j’ai pris la photo. Notre passé consiste dans nos souvenirs et ces dates non seulement permettent de donner aux images un emplacement temporel mais elles aident également à reconstruire une partie de ma propre vie.

Dès notre naissance et tout au long de notre enfance, les possibilités qui s’offrent à nous sont illimitées. Devenant adultes, nous nous « accoutumons » à nos limites. Lorsque nous créons

quelque chose à travers l’écriture, la peinture, la musique, la réalisation d’un film ou une photo, nous surmontons ces fausses barrières. De fait, ces limites n’existent pas, elles nous sont imposées et nous en devenons les prisonniers pour toute la vie.

Nous vivons tels des comédiens qui, jour après jour, jouent un rôle suivant un scénario dont ils ne connaissent pas le dénouement. Il nous arrive rarement d’écrire nous mêmes ce scénario et de créer notre rôle sans qu’il nous soit imposé de l’extérieur. Même lorsque nous achevons un projet auquel nous avons longuement travaillé, il est illusoire de croire que nous sommes les auteurs du scénario de notre vie.

Ce livre, qui est mon deuxième, est le résultat de dix années de photos réalisées dans l’intimité d’une chambre. Anciennes villas, appartement modernes, chambres d’Hôtels à cinq étoiles aux lits à baldaquin et draperies en velours ou pièces de misérables motels aux chaises en plastic et aux papiers peints déchirés.

Chaque chambre est devenue la scène d’une « histoire ouverte », dépourvue de commencement et sans épilogue. Contrairement au cinéma, la photographie donne libre cours à l’imagination et à la fantaisie de l’observateur. Chacun peut imaginer ce qui s’est passé avant et ce qui arrivera après. Chacun peut écrire son propre scénario et composer sa propre bande sonore.

Les femmes photographiées sont d’âges et de nationalités différentes. Certaines d’entre elles sont des mannequins professionnels, d’autres sont tombées par hasard ou par jeu sous l’objectif de mon appareil photo. D’autres encore sont de chères amies. Aucune comédienne, aucun top model, aucune femme célèbre. Je tenais à choisir des visages « anonymes » pour interpréter mes fantasmes. Si j’ai été le réalisateur de ces images, il n’en reste pas moins que je n’aurais pu accomplir ce projet sans le concours et même l’improvisation de mes ‘comédiennes’.

Voilà, une fois encore, un projet né de mon amour des femmes et achevé grâce à elles. Aussi, je tiens à dédier ce livre à ma tante Edy, qui représente pour moi un point de repère, ainsi qu’à toutes les femmes. Je le dédie aux femmes qui ont posé pour moi, à celles qui m’ont aimé et qui m’ont soutenu jusqu’à présent, à celles que je rencontrerai à l’avenir et à celle qui saura rester auprès de moi pour toujours.

Así como para todos los hombres, mi vida está guiada por una energía que corre sobre una línea recta, siempre proyectada hacia adelante, hacia el cumplimiento de nuevos objetivos. En esta carrera hacia el futuro, siempre fui fascinado por el universo femenino, por su circularidad, por su capacidad de simplemente “ser”.

La cercanía de la mujer con la tierra y la naturaleza, su ser conciente del momento actual, su saber vivir en el presente y no en una proyección hacia el futuro que sigue inexorablemente siendo tal: estos son todos elementos que siempre me hicieron sentir su superioridad. La mujer portadora de vida, con su energía y sus poderes intrínsecos, siempre fue considerada superior al hombre en las civilizaciones más antiguas y los primeros actos espirituales y religiosos la elevaron a divinidad. Por mucho tiempo, las representaciones artísticas glorificaron el poder y el carácter sagrado del cuerpo y de la sexualidad femenina.

En la sociedad de hoy, mostrar, pintar o fotografiar el cuerpo desnudo de una mujer a menudo se considera como algo indecente. La moralidad y las influencias dictadas por una religión y una sociedad siempre más oprimentes han transformado en obsceno lo que un tiempo era sagrado.

Alguien le preguntó a Picasso adonde se ubicaba la línea que separaba la sexualidad del arte. Picasso contestó: “Son una sola cosa, son la misma cosa. El arte solo puede ser erótico”.

Además de ser fuente de inspiración artística, el elemento femenino es la única posibilidad que el hombre tiene para crecer espiritualmente. El elogio de la belleza femenina, aunque pueda parecer superficial, hace parte de mi propio deseo de crecimiento.

Casi nunca nos detenemos para tratar de entender porque y como llegamos adonde estamos ahora. La publicación de un libro es una perfecta excusa para hacerlo. Quise anotar, al comienzo de cada “pequeña historia” que compone el libro, el nombre del sujeto o sujetos retratados, el lugar y la fecha en los que saqué las fotos. Nuestro pasado es lo que recordamos de el, y estas fechas, además de darle una colocación temporal a las imágenes, me ayudan a evocar una parte de mi historia personal.

Cuando venimos al mundo así como durante nuestra infancia, tenemos frente a nosotros posibilidades ilimitadas. Mientras alcanzamos la edad adulta, nos educan para que tomemos

conciencia de nuestros límites. Lograr crear algo, ya sea escribiendo, pintando, componiendo música, dirigiendo una película o sacando una fotografía, nos ayuda a superar estas barreras falsas. Estos límites en realidad no existen pero nos los imponen y casi siempre nos tienen encarcelados para toda la vida.

Somos casi siempre actores que actúan su propia vida sin saber lo que esta sea realmente. Cada día, nos dan una página del guión que nosotros actuamos como robots, sin jamás poder ver o entender el sentido de la historia completa. Casi nunca logramos escribir nuestro propio guión o crear nuestro propio rol sin que este sea una imposición. Llevar a cabo un proyecto al que hemos trabajado por largo tiempo puede dar la sensación ilusoria que hemos sido, por lo menos por un rato, los autores de nuestra propia vida.

Este segundo libro es el resultado de diez años de fotografías, todas realizadas en la intimidad de cuartos cerrados. Villas antiguas, apartamentos modernos, muchos hoteles, desde los más elegantes de cinco estrellas con terciopelo y camas con tornalecho hasta los más escuálidos moteles con tarifas horarias, sillas en plástico y papel pintado desgastado en las paredes. Cada habitación es el teatro de una “historia abierta” sin comienzo ni fin. Al contrario de una película, la fotografía le deja un espacio total a la fantasía y la imaginación del que la observa. Cada cual puede imaginar lo que ocurrió antes del clic y lo que ocurrirá después. Cada cual puede escribir su propio guión, sus diálogos y componer su propia banda musical.

Las mujeres retratadas son de nacionalidades y edades diferentes; algunas son modelos profesionales otras se encontraron frente a mi objetivo casi en juego. Algunas las vi una sola vez otras son buenas amigas mías. Ninguna actriz, ninguna top model, ningún rostro conocido. Quería que las que interpretaran mis fantasías fueran “actrices anónimas”. Si yo fui el director de estas imágenes, nunca hubiera logrado llevar a cabo este proyecto sin la colaboración y hasta la improvisación de estas actrices.

Una vez más, un proyecto que nació del amor para las mujeres, llevado a cabo gracias a ellas. Por esto le quiero dedicar este libro a mi tía Edy, que representa para mí una figura femenina de referencia y, junto con ella, a todas las mujeres. Se lo dedico a las mujeres que posaron para mí, a las que me han amado y que estuvieron a mi lado a lo largo de mi camino hasta hoy, a las que conoceré en el futuro y a la que logrará quedarse a mi lado para siempre.

To my aunt Edy







MERIAH, LOS ANGELES – APRIL 1, 1998





MARGHERITA, MONTECATINI TERME – OCTOBER 1, 2003





LOLA, MIAMI BEACH – FEBRUARY 22, 1995









SANDY, WEST HOLLYWOOD – APRIL 21, 1999





ZUZANA, FIRENZE – JANUARY 26, 2002



TEREZA, LOS ANGELES – SEPTEMBER 18, 1996







OLGA, FIRENZE – APRIL 10, 2004







EWA, LAS VEGAS – JULY 28, 1997





CHIARA, FIRENZE – JANUARY 7, 1997







MONIKA & MARTINA, HANCOCK PARK – JUNE 13, 1996





ANETA, FIRENZE – JANUARY 26, 2003



OLGA, FIRENZE – FEBRUARY 16, 2005





JANA, FIRENZE – JANUARY 2, 2002





DENISA, LOS ANGELES – JANUARY 9, 1998



EVA, FIRENZE – FEBRUARY 23, 2005







MARTINA & SLAVA, LOS ANGELES – JULY 25, 1996









ANA & TOVE, MIAMI BEACH – FEBRUARY 22, 1995





HELENA, PARIS – JUNE 23, 1997



LUCIE, LAS VEGAS – MAY 22, 2000





IRINA & MELISSA, PASADENA – MARCH 20, 2001



MISS K., FIRENZE – SEPTEMBER 20, 2004



TESS, WEST HOLLYWOOD – FEBRUARY 1, 1997







EVA, FIRENZE – FEBRUARY 2, 2005



BARRY, IRINA & MICHELLE, PASADENA – MARCH 21, 2001









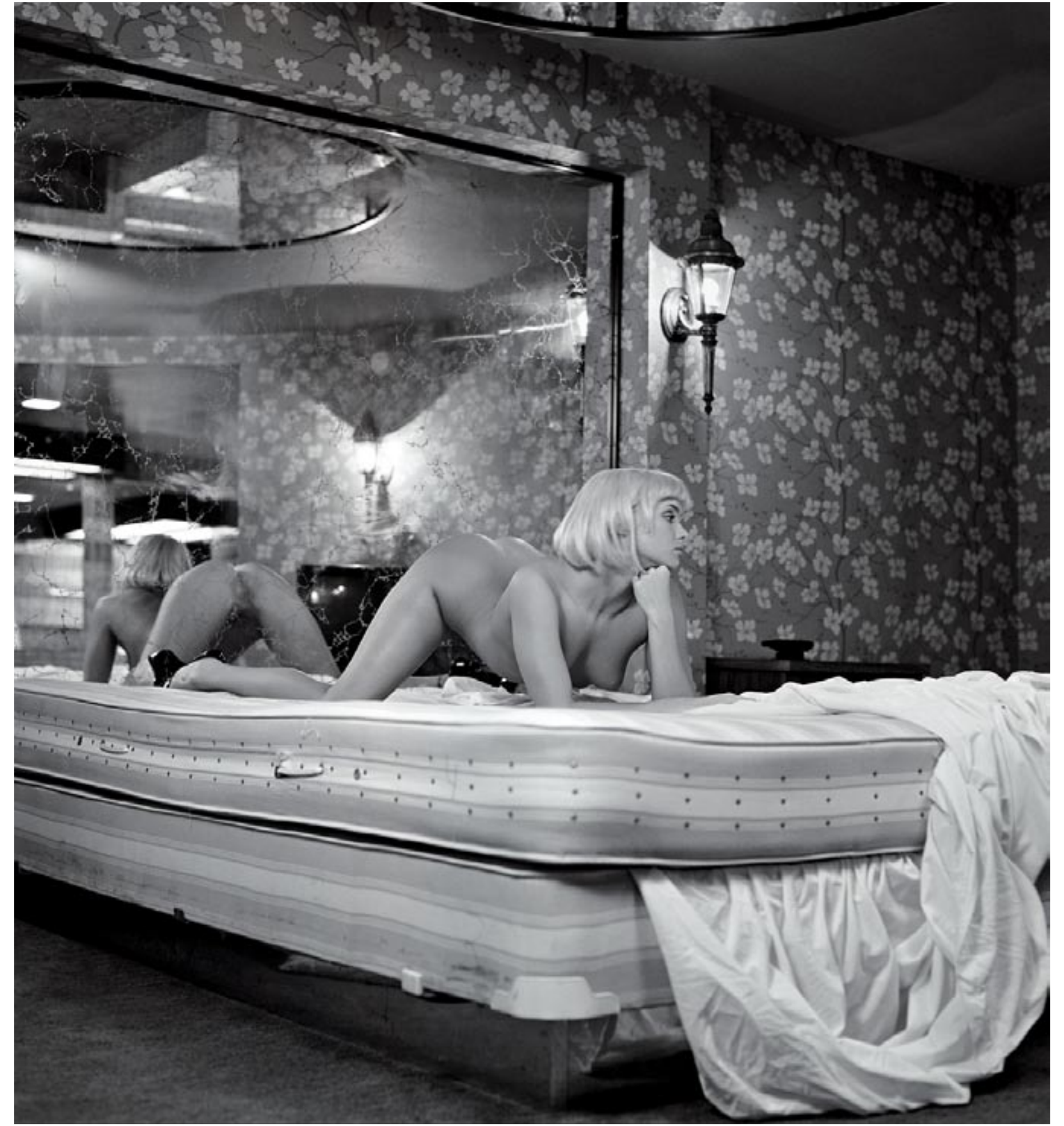




JENNIFER, LAS VEGAS – JUNE 10, 1999

CAPRI, LOS ANGELES – APRIL 9, 1997







CARA MICHELLE, JESSICA & IRINA, PASADENA – MARCH 22, 2001







OLGA, FIRENZE – APRIL 12, 2004





IVETA, FIRENZE – SEPTEMBER 18, 1998





PATRICIE, WEST HOLLYWOOD – APRIL 15, 1998



JANA & MILENA, LOS ANGELES – JUNE 20, 1997













CECILIA, ROMA – SEPTEMBER 20, 1995







RENATA, SANTA MONICA – APRIL 10, 1998





TRACY, LOS ANGELES – FEBRUARY 26, 2000





LENKA & RENATA, FIRENZE – MAY 2, 2004







MARTINA, FIRENZE – JANUARY 15, 2000





TEREZA, PORTOFINO – AUGUST 19, 2001









BRIGHITTA, FIRENZE – SEPTEMBER 28, 2003







IRINA & TRISHA, PASADENA – MARCH 25, 2001



LINDA, FIRENZE - MARCH 15, 2005





TIN, LOS ANGELES – MAY 18, 1996





PETRA, LOS ANGELES – MAY 7, 1998







JANETTE, OSLO – AUGUST 29, 1998



TESS & KIANA, LOS ANGELES – MARCH 2, 1997



MISA, FIRENZE – OCTOBER 15, 2002



VICTORIA, FIRENZE – FEBRUARY 7, 2005





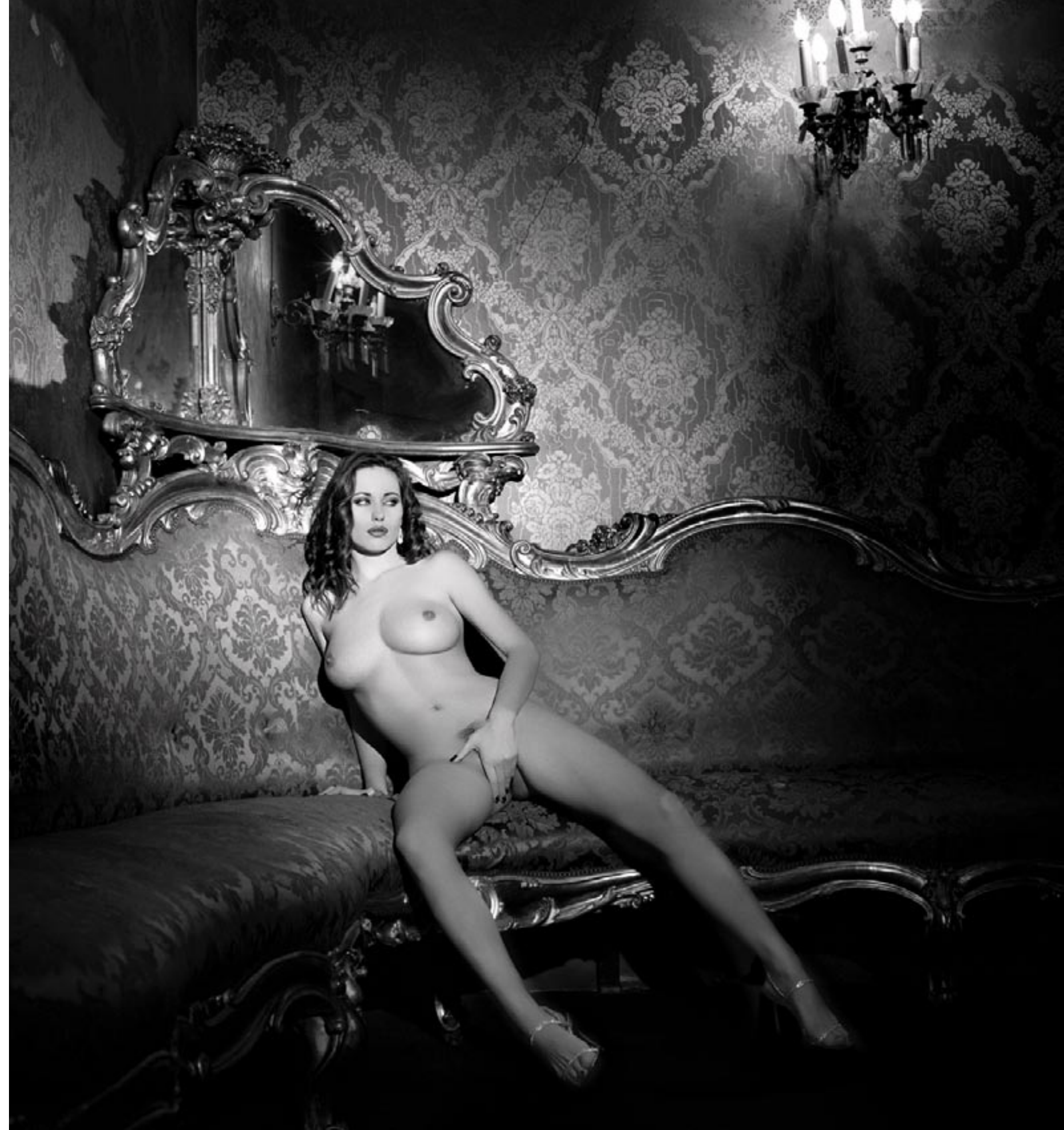
KRISTINE, MIAMI BEACH – MARCH 3, 1996







MARTINA, FIRENZE – JANUARY 15, 2000





KRISTINE, MIAMI – MARCH 25, 1995



MARGHERITA, NAPOLI – SEPTEMBER 19, 2003





PETRA, LOS ANGELES – APRIL 28, 1998





ANETA, JITKA & MISA
FIRENZE - JANUARY 27, 2003



TESS, LOS ANGELES – APRIL 11, 1997





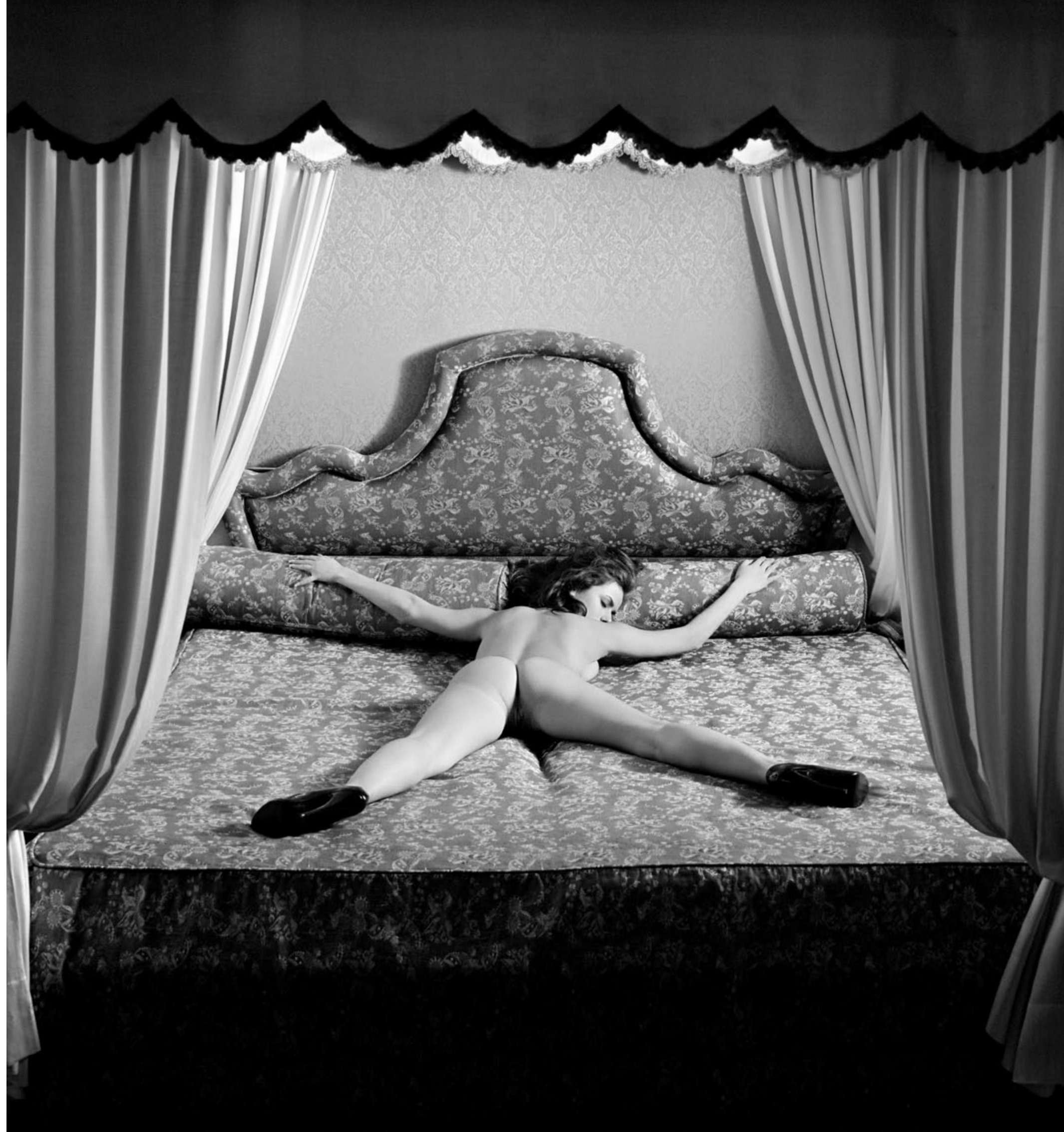


PETRA & PATRICIE, LOS ANGELES – APRIL 27, 1998





MONIKA, VENEZIA – JANUARY 7, 1997





TRACY & REGINA, LOS ANGELES – DECEMBER 13, 1999

OLGA, MONTECATINI TERME – NOVEMBER 7, 2003







ERICH & IRINA, PASADENA – MARCH 27, 2001

RENATA, PARIS – JULY 1, 2004







HELENA, MUNCHEN – JULY 26, 1997





LINDA, FIRENZE – MARCH 15, 2005

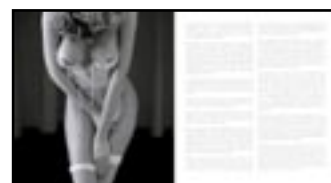


TULLY, MIAMI BEACH – FEBRUARY 11, 1999





2 • Jana on a red carpet



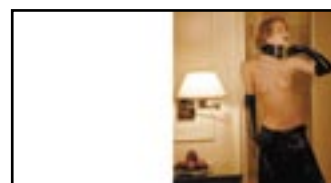
4 • April's bustier



10-11 • Seana undressing



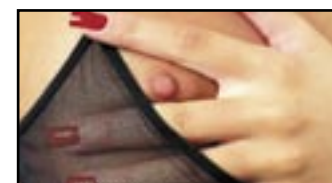
12-13 • Seana sitting on a golden chair



15 • Seana wearing a leather collar



76-77 • A wave of hair on a red carper



78-79 • Red nails



80-81 • Looking at Lenka from the floor



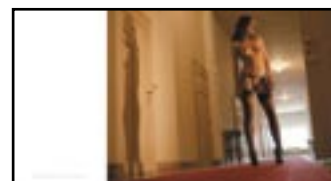
82 • Tove playing with her shoe
83 • Ana & Tove in my apartment building in Miami



84 • Two pair of legs
85 • Exit



17 • Black stockings



18-19 • Margherita in front of her shadow



20 • Margherita on the stairs



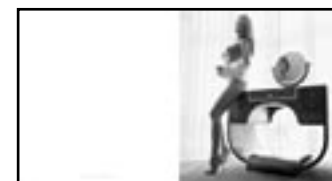
21-22 • Margherita is waiting



24 • Lola in my bedroom



86-87 • Helena with a pearls necklace



89 • Lucie wearing gold shoes



90-91 • Kissing Irina's foot



92 • Miss K.
93 • Miss K. at the window



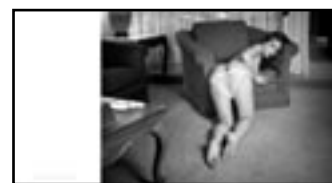
95 • Tess on black pumps



27 • Cherish playing with a bathtub



29-29 • Cherish wearing red lipstick



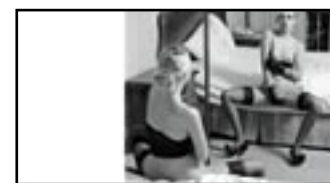
31-31 • Sandy looking at me



32 • Sandy playing dead



35-35 • Sandy looking at the mirror



96-97 • Tess with short latex gloves



98-99 • Tess laying in bed



101 • Eva on a marble table



103 • Man in a tuxedo pulling Irina's dress



104 • Voyeur
105 • Vamp nails



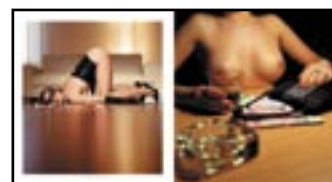
37 • Zuzana laughing



39 • Tereza with handcuffs



40 • Tereza with latex gloves in a bathroom



42 • Olga wearing a metal mask
43 • Olga at my desk



45-45 • Olga playing as a doll



107 • Cherish with a blonde wig



108-109 • Snake hills



111 • Cherish playing with a lamp on the floor



112-113 • Jennifer white



115 • Capri on a king size mattress



46 • Ewa in Vegas
47 • Ewa: don't come any closer



49-49 • Ewa playing with her shoe



51 • Chiara kneeling in a red room



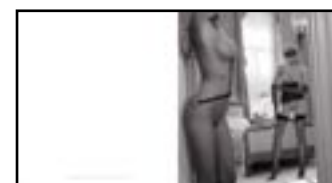
53-53 • Chiara smiling on a gold frame



54 • Monika & Martina
55 • Kiss on the neck



116 • Capri looking at herself
117 • Capri on the bed



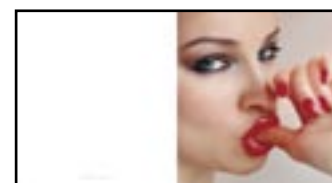
119 • Irina pulling her lace gloves



120-121 • Three girls playing in a bedroom in Pasadena



123 • Cara Michelle in very high boots



125 • Olga sucking her thumb



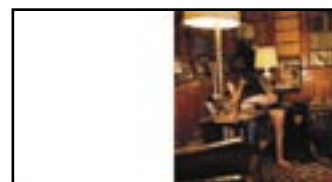
56-57 • Embraced



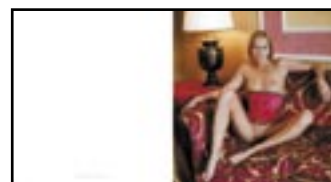
59 • Aneta caressed by the window's light



60-61 • Olga playing as a cat



63 • Olga in the library



65 • Jana is looking at me



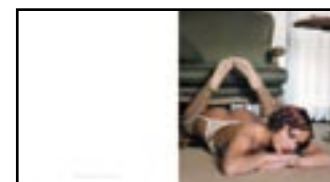
126-127 • Olga playing dead on a red cow skin



128 • Iveta framed by an old mirror
129 • Iveta showing off



130-131 • Iveta on the sunset light



133 • Patricie as a diva from the 30'



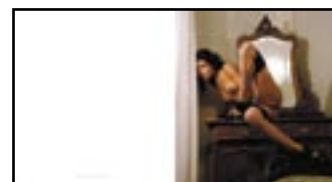
134-135 • Jana & Milena playing girlfriends



66 • Passion Red flower



69 • Denisa sleeping on a dirty carpet



71 • Eva sitting as a spider



72-73 • Eva on the king's bed



74-75 • Martina between a pair of legs



136-137 • Jana & Milena and a red flowered wall paper



139 • Jana holding Helena's legs



140-141 • Cherish playing as Marilyn in my kitchen



143 • Cherish chopping red tomatoes



145 • Cecilia



146-147 • Cecilia on a summer afternoon



148-149 • Legs on Black and white tiles



150-151 • Renata sitting on a plastic chair in a very trashy motel



152-153 • Legs and two yellow chairs



154-155 • Tracy's dream



216 • Tess pinching her nipples
217 • Tess and a heart shaped bath tub



219-219 • Tess on a very big mattress



221-221 • Kissing Petra's foot



223-223 • Stacy playing with the motel's mirror



224-225 • Monika in Venice



156-157 • Lenka & Renata on a glass wall



159 • Lenka pushing her breast against the glass



160-161 • Just before making love



163 • Martina being punished



164-165 • Room service



227 • Monika waiting for me



228-229 • Like in the twenties



231 • Olga's panties



233-233 • Olga on a beautiful canopy bed



234-235 • Irina & Eric



166-167 • Tereza's fantasy



169 • Tereza holding one breast with vamp nails



170-171 • Tereza and a crystal chandelier



172 • Brighitta day dreaming
173 • Brighitta on a red chair



174-175 • Brighitta on a yellow door



237 • Renata in a red room



238 • Renata wearing a black chocker



240 • Renata on a flower's floor
241 • Renata on the sunset light



243 • Helena holding a cigarette



244-245 • Who is she afraid of?



177 • Irina holding a whip



178 • Linda with a diamond ring
179 • Linda playing in bed



181 • Tin with the prom dress



182-183 • Tin with the prom dress sitting on the bed



185 • Tin wearing white stockings



246 • Linda sitting on a broken TV



249 • Tully on a window full of clouds



186-187 • Petra smoking a cigarette



188-189 • Petra on a leather corset



190-191 • Jeanette playing dead in an hotel's suite



192-193 • Tess & Kiana in their hotel's room



194-195 • Misa showing one breast



196-197 • Victoria on a blue couch



199 • Victoria keeping her eyes shut



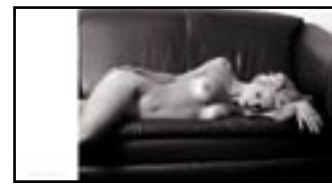
200 • Kristine blindfolded
201 • Kristine looking out the window



202-203 • Kristine and the reflection of her legs on the floor



204 • The feather's mask
205 • Martina in a very old room



206-207 • Kristine on a leather couch



208 • Margherita framed on a pink bed
209 • Belly and black garder belt



210-211 • Who's waiting for her?



213 • Petra playing with her feet



214-215 • Three girls and a golden couch



GUIDO ARGENTINI

was born in Florence, Italy. He studied medicine for three years and at the age of 23 he decided to turn his passion for photography into a profession and became a photographer. Since then, fashion and beauty are the primary themes of his work.

From 1990, Guido Argentini has lived between Italy and Los Angeles. His work has appeared in some of the world's top magazines including *Marie Claire*, *Amica*, *Moda*, *MAX*, *VOGUE*, *Men's Health*, and *PLAYBOY*. His first book "Silvereye" has been published by teNeues in 2003.

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