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Miles Aldridge : Miles Aldridge: Please Return Polaroid before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Miles Aldridge: Please Return Polaroid:

1 of 3 people found the following review helpful. GREAT POLAROID BOOK? I don't think so!By Polaroid GirlI'm a Polaroid Junkie...hated this book...just awful...returned it...

With this volume, Miles Aldridge revisits his Polaroid archive of 20 highly prolific years of magazine assignments. Lots of those old Polaroids were intentionally or accidentally damaged while working on different stories--trimming, adjusting, marking, cutting, pasting, outlining specific details in order for them to be enhanced, modified, reassembled or discarded. Liberated from their original context, the images take on a life of their own and adapt an almost dreamlike and very effectual character. By partly enlarging and arranging the Polaroids in unexpected ways, Aldridge treats them as singular images that command individual respect. Here, we get a rare insight into a photographers storyboard and workflow while learning to appreciate the importance of flaws and imperfections, but also of the playfulness that happens along the way to the finished photograph. Miles Aldridge, born in London in 1964, has published his photographs in such influential magazines as American and Italian Vogue, Numro, The New York Times and The New Yorker. His work has been exhibited in numerous group shows, and his solo shows include those at Brancolini Grimaldi in Florence, Hamiltons Gallery in London and Steven Kasher Gallery in New York. Aldridges work is held in the National Portrait Gallery and the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, and in the International

Center for Photography in New York.

[Aldridge] has not so much recorded the world as focused on creating his own, populated by freezingly beautiful and forebodingly vacant women cast of sexed-up Stepford wives gone mad. Complete with rigidly coiffed hair and untenanted facial expressions, he traps them in a sickening, saccharine domesticity; lighting cigarettes off gas rings in candy-coloured kitchens and lying, sprawled, amongst the smashed-up detritus of dinner parties (Vanity Fair) Already concerned with an exaggerated version of reality, Aldridge's images take on another cast in the Polaroid test shots he makes as preparatory studies a compact sketch of what he would commit to film. I never threw them away, Aldridge says. I would just throw them in a giant archival shoebox and forget about them. Now, over a hundred of these made during his 20-year career are collected in Please Return Polaroid (Steidl) (Max Lakin W Magazine)