

Taschen
MRS. NEWTON

June Browne

VA

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MRS. NEWTON

Mrs Alice Springs è stata un'attrice, una pittrice, una fotografa e ora, con questo libro, è diventata anche una scrittrice. Ha viaggiato in lungo e in largo per il mondo e ha vissuto a Melbourne, Londra, Parigi, Monte Carlo e Los Angeles. La sua vita è trascorsa, ora nell'ombra, ora nella luce del marito Helmut Newton.

Alice Springs ci accompagna attraverso la sua infanzia trascorsa in Australia, fino alla sua vita attuale che si svolge fra Monaco e Los Angeles. Le fotografie raccolte sono un mix di immagini familiari e ritratti di vips, dove gli ambienti e le case sono tutti memorabili. Lo stile narrativo è semplice, ironico e onesto e, insieme agli innumerevoli aneddoti e curiosità, ci porta fino alla fine del libro tutto d'un fiato.

La fotografa:

June Browne è nata a Melbourne, in Australia, nel 1923. Da giovane era una grande appassionata di teatro e cambiò nome in June Brunell perché c'era già un'altra attrice di Melbourne che si chiamava June Brown. Ha ricevuto il premio Erik Kuttner come miglior attrice teatrale nel 1956. Ha sposato il fotografo Helmut Newton a Melbourne nel 1948 ed è diventata lei stessa fotografa nel 1970 a Parigi, cambiando di nuovo il proprio nome in Alice Springs. Le sono state dedicate numerose esposizioni e ha pubblicato molti libri. **June Newton** ha vissuto a Londra e a Parigi e da trent'anni risiede a Monte Carlo. Suo marito è morto nel 2004, lasciandola alla guida della Helmut Newton Foundation di Berlino.

#fotografia



Our weekend at Inverloch.



Advert for the bargain basement hat of the week at Myers Department store.

Your mother's been up all night looking for you. She's been down in the gully with a hurricane lamp looking for you. Oh, you're the one. Maude! Here she is." Maude was in bed and stayed there. I entered the dark bedroom and as I undressed I heard my mother's voice coming from the bed lower than mine in the tiny room we shared together. She told me that I was never to see the foreigner again. I could tell him it was all over and that was that. She never addressed another word to me for more than a month. Auntie Allie, on the other hand, was penitence itself. At breakfast she would wonder if I shouldn't have an egg on top of the cornflakes. The only time she became pally was during the awful bouts of silence that followed something I'd done that Maude didn't approve of. I met Helmut every evening after work during this period and we had beers together at a pub on the corner of Flinders and Exhibition streets. He was sympathetic, but unable to understand how a grown up woman of twenty-three could still be under the influence of her mother's thumb and completely unable to understand how he could have anything to do with a twenty-three-year old woman who was.

Finally, we made love in Helmut's little hut on Bromby Street, behind a lodging house off Domain Road, South Yarra. Not long after, we were sitting in Veronica by the Albert Park Lake and he said we should get married. "I can't offer you anything," he said. "You'd be crazy to say yes - I wouldn't if I were you, but think about it." I said "Yes" straight away. We went for a long weekend to a country town called Ballarat. We made love all weekend on a terrible iron bedstead and we never got it together. He said, "We'll think about it some more."



Just before I met Helmut.

It was too late, I was in the car and we were on our way. Helmut had brought along a picnic lunch of chicken bought from the esplanade at St Kilda - where else did you find any shops open on Sundays but in that good Jewish neighbourhood? - and buttered bread, pepper and salt neatly tucked into wax paper parcels. After the picnic things warmed up and we had the usual arm flinging, heavy kissing session, with every kiss a promise of better things to come from me. Heart and soul went into that session. I was a virgin and intended to remain one. On the way home, we sang songs - he sang German ones and I sang Aussie ones. He told me that he had another girlfriend running concurrently with me, but that he thought he preferred my company. It was too early to tell. I sang longer and better. All I wanted was to be invited out again by this fascinating foreigner who I was not head over heels in love with, but who took beautiful pictures and who I could let myself go with and be myself. I thought that every minute counted with him and I reckoned on not having many.

After the picnic we went to the penthouse and spent the night in a heavy session on the narrow couch covered in burlap. Burlap curtains, burlap everywhere and we still didn't make it as I still had this hang-up and couldn't get my legs open, and dawn broke and crept through the fibres of the burlap. I panicked and we fled home through the suburbs of Melbourne.

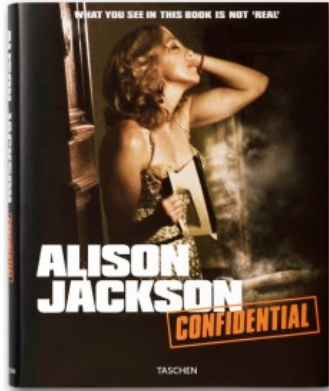
**Diary
Undated**

"Here she is the damned wretch, here she comes, Maude." It was Auntie Allie's voice that rang out in the early hours of the morning as my manoeuvre of taking off my high heels and trying to open the fly-wire door without making a sound failed. "Where have you been?"

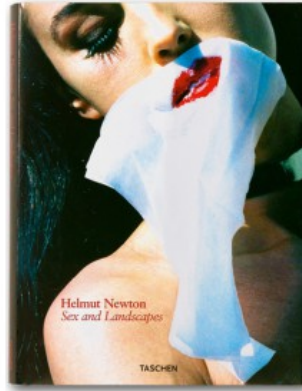


Helmut at Chaucer Crescent, Canterbury.

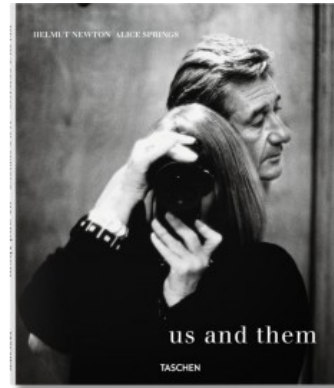
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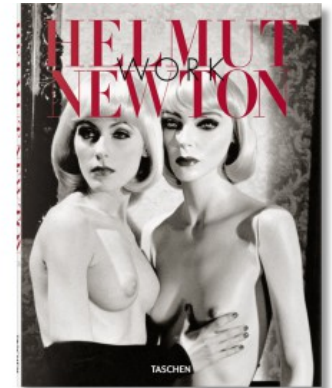
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