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Talking Magazines and Stepford Moms With

Miles Aldridge

Kristin Anderson



Home Works #7, 2008, Chromogenic print, 40 x 60 in

Photo: Courtesy of Steven Kasher Gallery

Here's to happy coincidences. Famed lensman Miles Aldridge happened to be in town concurrent with the release of his new *Time* cover, and that whirlwind business trip became the catalyst for a spur-of-the-moment pop-up of the photographer's work at the

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Sixty SoHo's Gordon Bar. Last night a host of models turned out to tipple and study the 10 hyper-saturated, stylishly surreal images on display.

You don't have to have an art history degree to realize that Aldridge's cinematic scenes live somewhere outside the realm of fashion photography proper, often sinister and always first about something other than the clothes. But what does the man behind some of *Vogue Italia's* most iconic snaps (Anja Rubik, bejeweled and cracking coyly into a lobster, Anmari Botha, clutching a baby in front of a roaring barbecue) think of editorials today? "The golden days of magazines are sort of behind us. The Internet has been an incredible distraction," he told *Style.com*. "I come from a generation where you would wait for a magazine to come out, and the Wiki generation, the Kim Kardashian generation, can't wait for anything. If Instagram is the replacement of magazines, it's a lot of very self-satisfied, phony imagery. By very definition, the way you scroll through pictures, you're not coming across iconic images. When you saw Helmut Newton pictures in American *Vogue*, you were like, 'I can't believe he's done that!' Magazines [today] very rarely have that kind of kick in the balls."



Miles Aldridge

Photo: BFA.com

That aforementioned kick is something that's surely not lacking in Aldridge's work, and while many a guest murmured about their favorite photo on the walls of the Gordon, the

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artist himself picked *A Perfect Mum*. From a 2012 *Vogue Italia* spread, Constance Jablonski looks utterly lovely and utterly detached, Birkin dangling from the crook of her arm as she wanders through the midst of a children's soccer game. For all its Stepford-esque wiles, the scene is one rooted in the real world. As Aldridge offered: "I have a son who goes to soccer practice, and while I was there, I was watching all these mothers and thinking, *This is quite an amazing scene, and I should document it*. I started to draw this mother character. It's very much my sort of woman, this narcissistic, troubled, beautiful siren. It reminds me of myself as a young man—a classic, kind of cliché obsession, fancying your friend's mother. I think they're called MILFs!" As if you needed another reason to pop in for a cocktail tonight.

Miles Aldridge's works are on display through June 26 at the Sixty SoHo's [Gordon Bar](#), 60 Thompson Street, New York.