



Life with paparazzi

The author Martin Amis once said about paparazzi: “Paparazzi follow the rules of porn. Who is caught on celluloid is debased to an object – like in these movies in the sex-industry.”

‘Who is caught on celluloid is debased to an object’ – when looking at several clips of ‘Wireimage’ I (unfortunately) can prove this.

So there she stands, the star we all waited for. In front of a wall with the banner of the company which invited to the event and she is pushed and pulled from the howling crowd of photographers, just like a marionette with strings attached.

There is shouting and directing and Lauren moves with tiny steps into the different positions preferred by the many photographers. And not enough: every second the shining smile is positioned anew. Don’t you dare pulling away from the longingly clicking lenses before the given time is over. If you do there is booing and grousing. You aren’t allowed to mess up with these powers. Because they make the pics and the one who is falling out of favor has to cope with the sneering of bad fitting pants or blouses, sightings of bras and worn out shoes, bad hair styles, hair under your armpits and badly covered pimples.

The picture as a mass product with humans on it? While looking at it I’m getting uncomfortable. Someone is pushed in posing – if she wants to or not.

But honestly, we want those pictures. I want Lauren pics and certainly not pics on which she looks bad or unbecoming.

Perhaps I don’t like these clips because Lauren turns into a passive object and in the short interviews on youtube she turns back into this unique person we all love.

She has to deal sometimes with really “unique” journalist. Take “Fred” for example (you can only hope that guy has changed his profession in the meantime and works at a nice farm). At the premiere of ‘Tuck Everlasting’ he said something I would like to comment on with only one word: AUTSCH!

Firstly he marries Lauren with her father (although the English language doesn’t contain many gender specific phrases, but Mrs and Ms express your marital status) and then he asks her shamelessly *and* silly *how* she knows Alexis Bledel.

“Hello? Excuse me, may I please hit your head with a hammer?” But even with that “Ms” Graham deals wittily and I think she had to wonder in this very moment if this guy has lived at the end of the world and was able to escape out of something.

But he tries to save himself in asking for some beauty advices because she ‘looked amazingly young and beautiful.’ Bla bla bla!



Lauren stays calm, answers charmingly and afterwards lets the guy know that he doesn't have a clue about what he's doing here. Other actresses would have chopped such young flesh with pleasure. The career of the hopeful young man would have been destroyed in a nano-second. But not Lauren! She admonishes with stretched index finger he should prepare himself more properly and leaves the guy behind in his shameful ignorance. That was classy!

(If this column wasn't k-rated I would think about how charming it would have been for this guy if Ms Graham spanked him, but let's leave that territory quickly right now.)

I personally can't bare it - posing in front of a stupid background for more stupid pictures with an even more stupid expression on my face ("Say cheeeese!") I just hope Lauren will never feel like me when she does.

Sources: several Lauren clips of Wireimage on youtube.com

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