



Monroe in her dressing room, on the set of Let's Make Love, 1960 © Lawrence Schiller/Courtesy TASCHEN and Steven Kasher Gallery

BOOK

Taschen : Marilyn & Me



Fifty years after her death, Marilyn Monroe's smile still dominates the Promenade de la Croisette in Cannes, gracing the poster of this year's film festival. Without a doubt the most photographed actress in the history of cinema, Monroe reminds us that among the red carpets, hordes of photographers and champagne bubbles, she continues peerlessly to incarnate stardom. That is the subject of a sumptuous new book published by Taschen, Marilyn and Me, featuring more than 100 photographs (many never before seen) by the photographer Lawrence Schiller.

In 1962, the young man (25 at the time) had the privilege of photographing Monroe nude on the set of her final, unfinished film, *Something's Got to Give*. (The two had already met in 1960 during the filming of *Let's Make Love*). The assignment, commissioned by *Paris-Match*, became the highlight of his career. As he would say to Marilyn: "You're already famous, now you're going to make me famous." So the kid from Brooklyn got together with the world's most desired (and fragile) blonde. The photos demonstrate their intimacy, which the text supplements with a wealth of anecdotes... until the end.

Lawrence Schiller shares many previously unpublished documents, Marilyn meetings with Yves Montand and Dean Martin, at her funeral Sinatra, the Kennedys, Arthur Miller and Elia Kazan are nowhere to be seen. Only Joe DiMaggio is there, with his son in uniform.

Lawrence tells of his surprise when *Life* chose one of his color photos for its cover. "She was breathing in a little more air, the ethereal shot where she looked like an angel. It's the Marilyn I most remember, and it was on the cover of *Life* magazine."

Marilyn & Me is a limited edition (1,962 copies—the year of her death—signed by the author) and a kind of masterpiece that bears witness to the extent of the devotion she elicited. Fifty years later, photos of this woman named desire still bear the same freedom and sensuality. Marilyn is at Cannes, nude in the pool at the Majestic. She will not walk down the red carpet tonight, and besides, only Lawrence Schiller would have had the right to photograph her.

Paul Alessandrini