ΦΩΤΟΓΡΑΦΙΑ ΙΙ

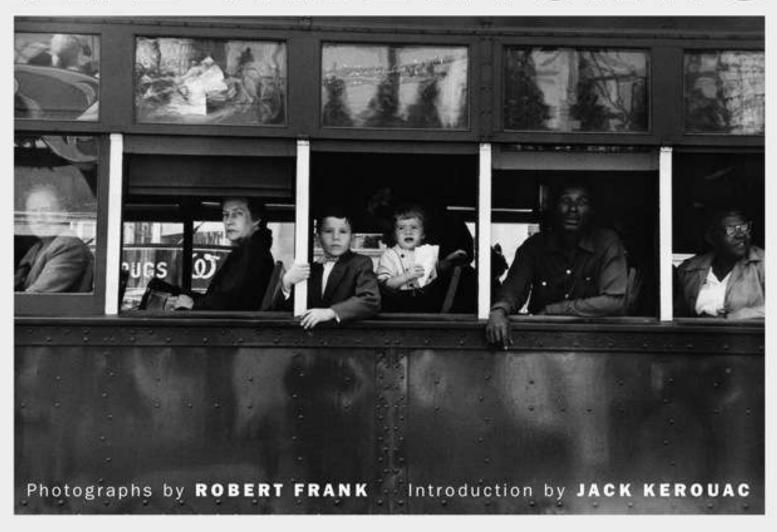
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ROBERT FRANK, The Americans

THE AMERICANS

1958, LES
AMERICAINS,
ALAIN
BOSQUET
(ROBERT
DELPIRE)

1959, THE
AMERICANS,
JACK
KEROUAC
(GROVE
PRESS)



"ROBERT FRANK" INTRODUCTION (TO HIS PHOTO BOOK NOV. 6 1.95-That crazy feeling in America when the sun is hot on the streets and music comes out of the jukebox on from a nearby funeral, that's what Robert Frank has captured in these tremendous photgrappas taken as he travelled on the road around practically 48 states in an old used car (on tGuggegeneheieme effelelewship) and with the agility, mystery, genius, sadness and strange secrecy of a shadow photographed scenes that have never been seen before on film. For this he will definitely be hailed as a great new artist in his field. After seeing these pictures you dend up finally not knowing any more wheteher a jukebox is, sadder than a coffin. ats because e alwas taj king pictures of jukeboxes and vvfins and intermdediary mysteries like the negro priest squatting underneath the bright liudi belly mer of the Missispi at Baton Rouge for some reason at dusk or early dawn with a white snowy cross and screct incantations never known aoutside the bayou- --- Or the picture of a chair in some cafe with the sun coming in the wi dow and setting on the chair in a holy halo i never thought could be caught on film much less described in its beautiful visual entirety in words ... The humor, the sadness, the EVERYTHInGness, and americannestt of the se pictures! Tall thin cowboy rolling butt outside madiscon square garden new york for rodeao season, sad, spindly, of impossible to believe America in New Mexico under the prisoners' moon.....under the whang whang giutar star Haggard old frowsy dames of Los Angeles leaning peering out the right front window of Old Paw's car on a Suneday gawking & critixing to explain americak to little children in the spaggered back seat tatooted guy sleeping on grass in park in Cleaveland, snoring dead to the world on a sunday afternoon with too many ballons and sailboats.... Hoboken in the winter, platofrom full of pliticans all ordinary lookung till suddenly at the far end to the right you see one of them pursing his lips in prayer politico yawing probabl, not a souldldk, kkkd......Old man standing hesitant with oldman cane under old steps long since torn down....Madman resting under amaerican flag canopy in old cubsted car seat in fantastic Venice Caifornia backyard I could sit in it and sketch 30,000 words (as a railroad brakeman I rode by those backya ds leaning out of the old steam pot) (emtpy tokay bottles in the palm wdeeds) ----- Picks up 2 hitchkhikers and let s them drive the car, at night, and people look at their two faces looking rimly onward into the might and say "OO How mean they look" but all they want to do is arrow on down that road and get back to the sack Rkbert's here to tell us so St Peter burg floa the retiree old codgers on a bench in the busy mainstreet locaning on their cans and talking abou social security and one incredible I think Seminole aor half Negro woman pulling on her digarette with thoughts of her own, as pure a picture as the nices tenor solo in jazz..... as american as picture.. ... The faces dont editorialize or cricise or asya anything but "this is the way we are in real life and if you dong like it I dont know anything about it cause I m living my own life my way and may God bless us all" mebbe

de una descripción de la Colonia de la Colonia de la Colonia de Co

if we deserve it..... Oi the lone woe of Lee Lucien, a basketab pittykats..

what a poem hthis is, what peems can bet weritten about this boo o of pictures some day
by some some your new writer high by candlelight bending over them describing every gray
mysterious detail, the gray film that caught the actual pink juice of human kind.

Whether ti s the milk of humankind-ness, or human kindness, Shakespeare meant,

makes no difference when you look at these picture. Better than a show.

.....car shrouded in fancy expensive designed tarpoulian (i knew a truckdriver pronounced i tTarpolian) to keep soots of no-soot long Beach from falling on new simonize job as owner who is 2 dollar an hour carpenter snooses in house with wife and Tv, all under palm trees for nothing, in the cemeterial Long Beach night, ag..... In Idaho three crosses where the cars crashed, where that I ong thin cowboy just barely made it to madison sugre garden as he was gabout a mile down the road then I told you to wait in the car says people in america so robert sneaks around and photographs little kids waiting in the car, whether 3 rich littlebrothers in a limousine, Topuoi vuiuso mobibottoo ouo p tous, or poor little kids cant keep their yes open on Route 90 texas at 4 a m as Dad goes to the bushes and stretches The gasoline mosters stand in the news baby in the blacknirses arms both of them bemused in heaven, apicture that should have been blown up & hanung in the street of Little rock showing love under the ski and in the womb of our universe the Mo her and 52 the lonelies picture ever mad, the urinals that women never see, the shoeshine going on in sad eterni y

....Wow, and blown over Chinese cemetery flowers on a san francisco hill being hammered by potatopat h fog on a march night I'd say and nobody there but the rubber cat.... Anybody doesn't like these pitchers don't like potry, see? Anybody don't like plotry go home see Television shots of big hatted cowboys being tolerated by kind horses. () in rainy gloom of cut draw San Bernadino camer a pss.

To Rober Frank, i now give this message: You got eyes.

And I say: that little ole lonely elevator girl looking up sighing in an elevator fullof blurred demonstrate & daddress., for plants in omplous lopiful,

Ford AP

Robert Frank, The Americans

That crazy feeling in America ... that's what Robert Frank has captured in tremendous photographs ... with the genius, sadness and strange secrecy of shadow photographed scenes that have never before been seen on film. Robert Frank, Swiss, unobtrusive, nice, with that little camera that he raises and snaps with one hand he sucked a sad poem right out of America onto film, taking rank among the tragic poets of the world

Jack Kerouac



Parade – Hoboken, New Jersey



City fathers – Hoboken, New Jersey



Political rally -Chicago



Funeral – St. Helena, South Carolina



Rodeo – Detroit



Navy Recruiting Station, Post Office – Butte, Montana



En route from New York to Washington, Club Car



Movie premiere -Hollywood



Candy store – New York City



Motorama – Los Angeles



New York City



Charleston, South Carolina



Butte, Montana



Yom Kippur – East River, New York City



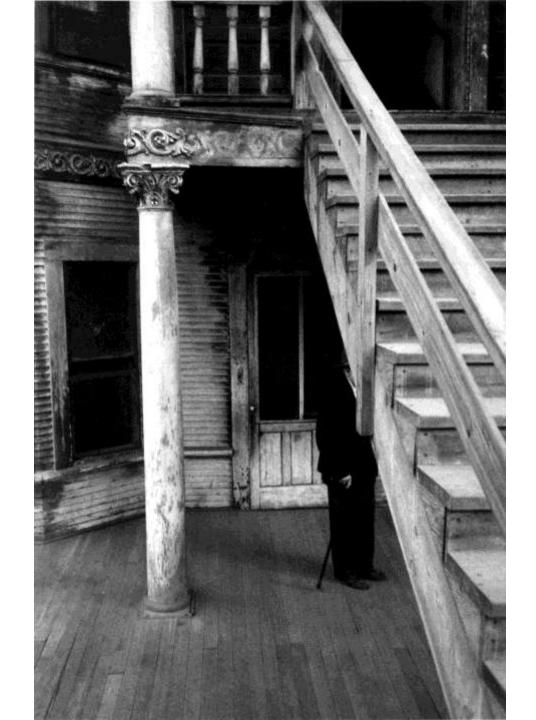
Fourth of July – Jay, New York



Trolley - New Orleans



Canal Street - New Orleans



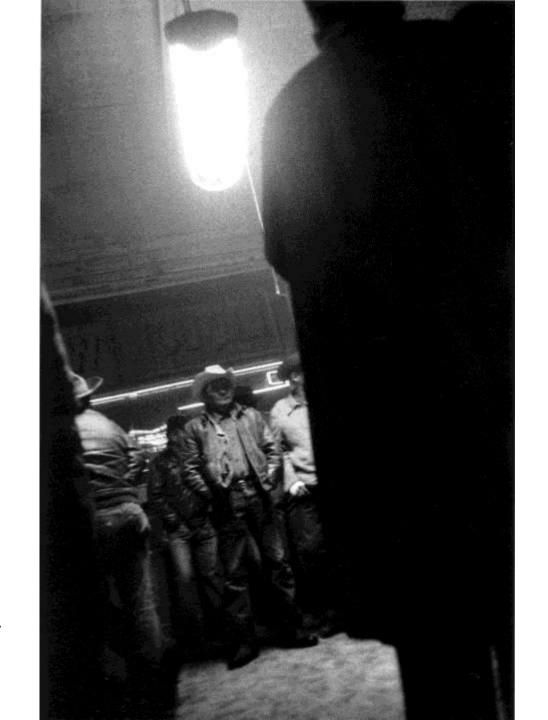
Rooming house – Bunker Hill, Los Angeles



Yale Commencement – New Haven Green, New Haven, Connecticut



Cafe – Beaufort, South Carolina



Bar – Gallup, New Mexico



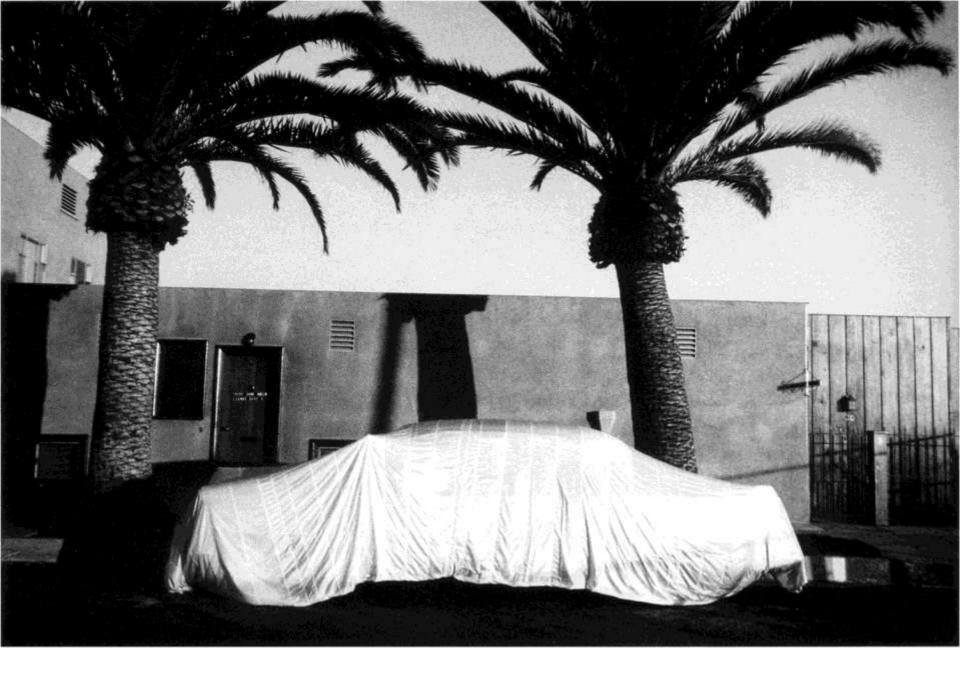
Casino – Elko, Nevada



U.S. 91, leaving Blackfoot, Idaho



Petersburg, Florida



Covered car – Long Beach, California



Newburgh, New York



Bar – New York City



Elevator – Miami Beach



St. Francis, gas station, and City Hall – Los Angeles



Convention hall - Chicago



Men's room, railway station – Memphis, Tennessee



Cocktail party – New York City



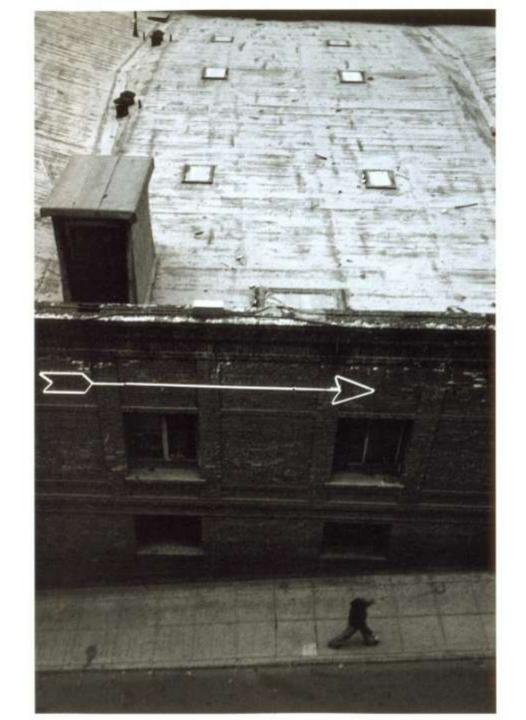
Funeral – St. Helena, South Carolina



Political rally -Chicago



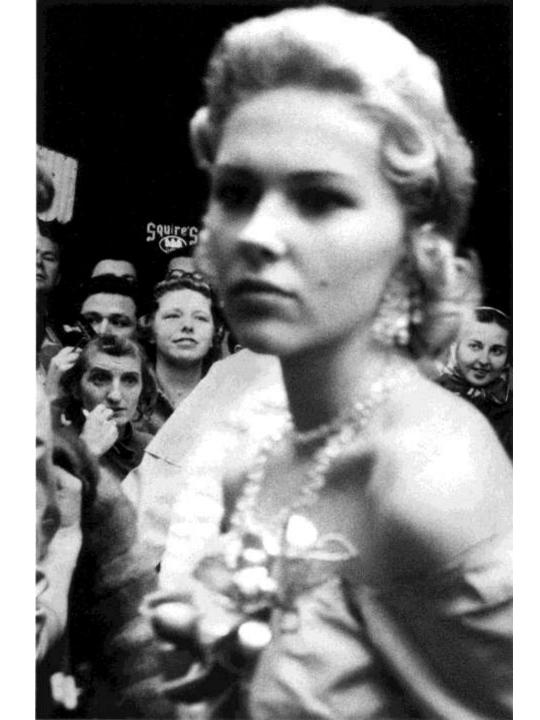
Television studio – Burbank, California



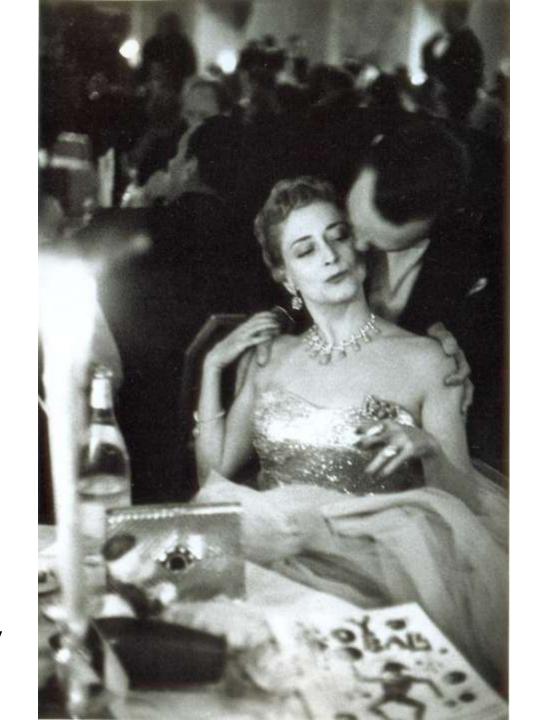
Los Angeles



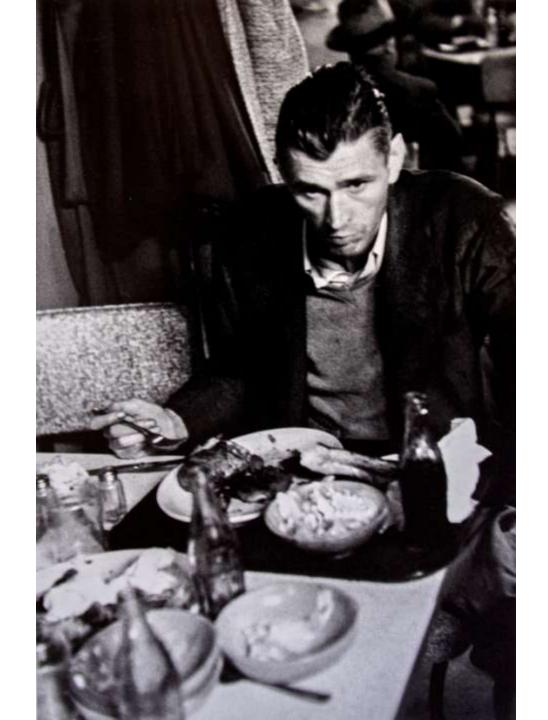
Department store – Lincoln, Nebraska



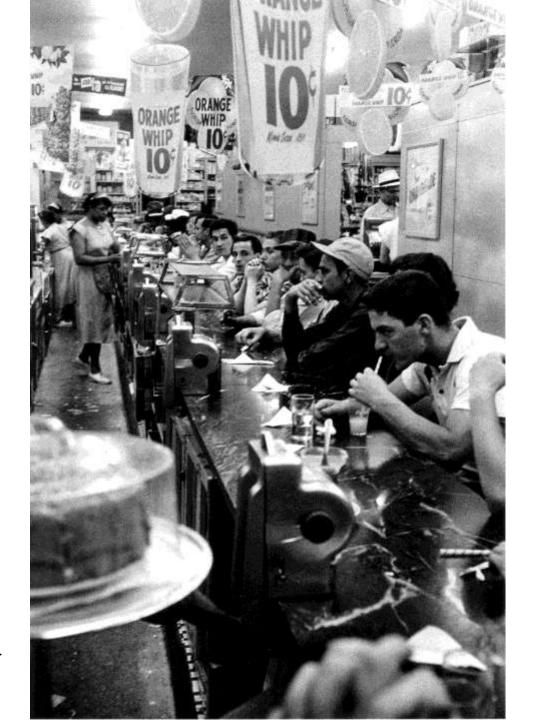
Movie premiere -Hollywood



Charity ball – New York City



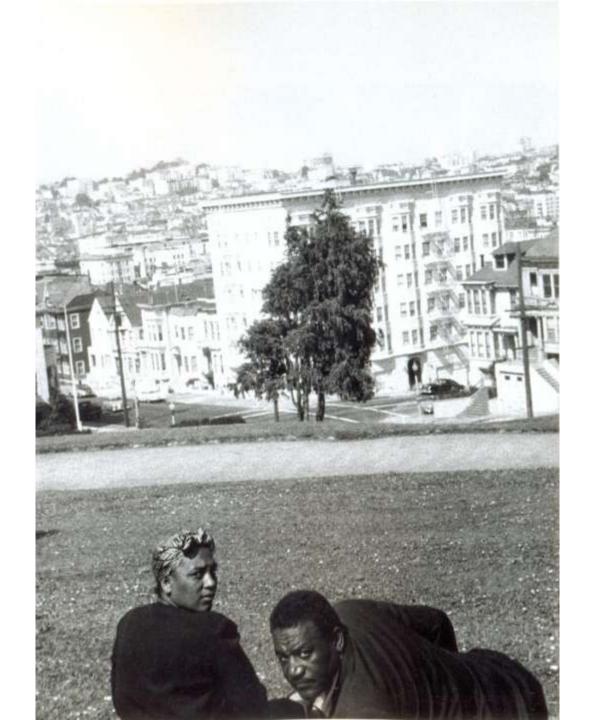
Cafeteria – San Francisco



Drug store - Detroit



Chattanooga, Tennessee



San Francisco



Public park – Cleveland, Ohio



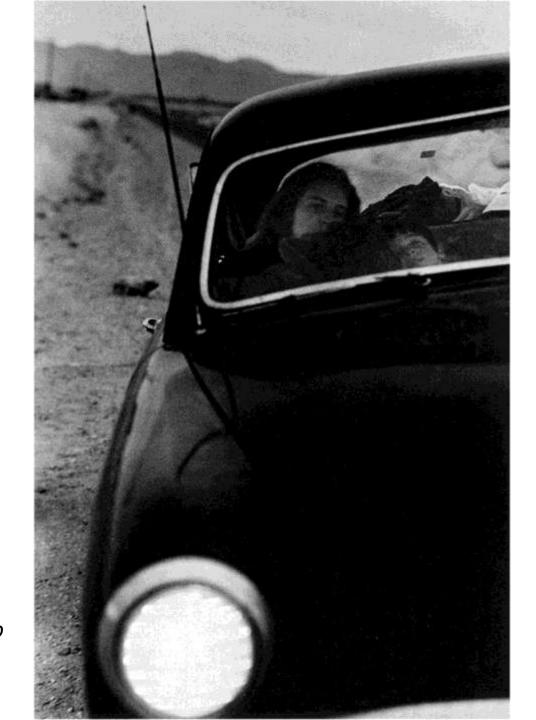
Belle Isle, Detroit



City Hall– Reno, Nevada



Indianapolis



U.S. 90, en route to Del Rio, Texas

