

At TEFAF 2016 we will present for the first time to the public a selection of vintage Weegee pictures which have been recently discovered in an American archive where they have been resting since their creation over 70 years ago!

About New York's Days and Nights: So Weegee (Weegee) Took His Camera to a Gabfest by Herbert Corey
Published January 9, 1929



"A reporter (Weegee) is shown looking over the evidence gathered at the raid", 1938

New York- Weegee's night out could never have happened in any other city. I'm sure of that St Louis, Kansas City, Cincinnati might have offered pitfalls for Weegee's wandering feet, but they would have been different pitfalls. Only New York could give him that kind of time.

"She was," said he, "the most charming woman I have ever met. Her philosophy precisely agreed with mine. She is a Thinker." Upper case T.

Weegee is a newspaper photographer. It might be urged that newspaper photographers must be slightly cracked or they would not follow such a furious occupation, but that might only be the venom of one who is associated with a rival line. In any case, the things that happened might have been experienced by any one else. Most of them anyhow.

Weegee took his camera and rambled down to the recent gabfest. He was standing in front of the long-distance talker who was writhing under the infliction of his neighbor's fifty-fifth hour of "Dangerous Dan McGrew" when he got into conversation with a slender, blonde, pretty woman. After a time Weegee said:

"My throat aches, I'm so thirsty."

"Me, too," said the pretty woman.

They went on a round of speakeasies. This, however, was no low drinking tour, but an enjoyable course in higher philosophy in which drink figured only as a motor forcer. The pretty woman knew more speakeasies than Weegee did. Now and then the doors did not open, or a suspicious eye told them through a peephole to go away, but

in, yooping, and turned on the light, and found her mistress lying unconscious on the floor with a handkerchief clutched in her hand.

The crash had been occasioned by the fall of a huge wall mirror in the room occupied by her late husband. It had seemed firmly attached to the wall and the pretty woman thinks it possible that it might have become detached through super-normal agencies.

"But if that were the case," said she, "I do not know what to think."

Weegee asked why.

"I do not know what to think of the breaking of a mirror", said she. "Maybe it was merely an effort to communicate on the part of my late husband. Maybe he wished to warn me to let Ruth Snyder alone."

In the next speakeasy, as they discussed philosophy, a horrid cry was heard. A young girl had attempted suicide by drinking iodine. Weegee who is familiar with casualty through his occupation, called the nearest hospital, and in his capacity as a newspaper photographer rode in the ambulance, and the pretty woman pursued in a taxicab. In the receiving ward of the hospital first aid was being given the girl when Weegee waked to a recognition of his duty.

"She might have been somebody important," he explained, "and so I took a flashlight."

Nothing annoys hospital authorities more than to have a flashlight go bang just as they are resuscitating a dying woman. They seized Weegee by the neck.

They had to let him go, however, because his flashlight had set fire to the receiving ward. Weegee explains that flashlights are unreliable that way. You never can tell just what they're going to do. While the interns and the policeman were extinguishing the flames he slipped the plate-holder out of his camera and slipped another in. The Fire Demon— Upper case F and D— having been baffled, the officials returned to Weegee's neck.

"Listen," said he, "I know now I done wrong. I should not have banged away with that

as a rule they were admitted and furnished with restoratives. "She had been talking for two hours about philosophy," said Weegee, "without drawing a breath. Then she just dived under the table." This must not be taken as indicating a critical aptitude on Weegee's part. He was enthralled with her philosophy, which so completely agreed with his own. His two hours of listening were hours of sheer delight. When she dived under the table he took the obvious course.

"I threw a glass of water in her face," said he. "So she came to and began talking again."

The inquiry turned on life after death. It appeared that the pretty lady's husband died recently and had agreed to communicate with her if possible in a manner known only to the pair. But he had never been heard from.

"Maybe he was once," said she "I'm not quite sure."

In the days, when Ruth Snyder was waiting for execution at Sing Sing, the pretty woman visited her at intervals. Ruth Snyder was interested in the mysteries of beyond the grave, as well as in many other things. She promised to come back to the pretty woman if she could and help her establish the longed for connection with her husband.

"The first three nights after I go to the chair," said Ruth Snyder, "you go into your bedroom and turn out all the lights and just as the clock strikes twelve you wave a white handkerchief around your head three times."



Unidentified Photographer

Not on the night on which Mrs. Snyder was to go to the chair, of course. This was made definite. Mrs. Snyder thought that on that night she might not be able to communicate.

On the first two nights, said the pretty woman, she turned out the lights in her bedroom and waved the white handkerchief around her head three times and nothing happened. But on the third—

"I'm not quite sure," said she, "perhaps my husband did try to get in communication."

On the third night, standing in her darkened bedroom, waving her handkerchief around her head, something did happen. On the third wave there came a most terrific crash. The pretty woman fainted, she said and her maid came running

flash in a hospital. Just to show you my heart is right, I'll smash that plate."

So he smashed a plate. The other plate, when developed at the office, showed a lovely dying girl, an infuriated intern, some nurses and a policeman who seemed mostly eyeballs.

It was now daylight and the pretty lady took Weegee to his office in her taxicab and went on home. Nothing has been heard from her since. Not even philosophically.

I ask you. Could a nutty sequence like that happen anywhere except in New York?

This text, published for the first time since the original printing in 1929, proves that Weegee was an active photographer under his pseudonym „Weegee“ already in 1929.

The Journal News (Hamilton, Ohio) · Wed, Jan 9, 1929 · Page 6
Discovered and transcribed by Ryan Adams 2015.



„One for the book Weegee + Miss America“, 1931, Earliest known photograph showing Weegee as a photographer (published here for the first time).



"The victory flag", 1945



"Charles E. Cox being led to a detention cell", 1939



"Wife kills policeman in argument over parking car", 1937



"Twelve o'clock - and all's closed", 1945



"Self-portrait", c. 1946

We are pleased to invite you to our stand 443 at TEFAF 2016, where we will exhibit a selection of photographs by 19th and 20th century masters.

Opening: March 10, 2016, 12 – 9 pm

Exhibition: March 11 – 20, 11 – 7 pm

Stand 443

TEFAF (The European Fine Art Fair)

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"Sleeper", 1946