



ON VIEW: THE NEW YORK OF FRED W. MCDARRAH

By Valentina Giampieri - September 20, 2018

An exhibition and a book pay homage to what for fifty years was the eye of the Village Voice



"Do not call me a photographer. I'm just a photojournalist." Fred W. McDarrah used to reiterate in interviews. Woe to those who dared to call it an artist. He who had started by chance as a kid, photographing his brother, his mother and the streets of New York with his little Univex.

The fact remains that since the mid-fifties, the city in which he had taken the first steps, through his goal, McDarrah has told every artistic, political and cultural ferment. Become a photographer of the Village Voice (the US tabloid closed its doors last August, after over sixty years of honorable service), has immortalized, among others, the beginnings of Bob Dylan (pictured above just nineteen with Karen Dalton and Fred Neil at the Wha? Cafe in Greenwich Village), Jack Kerouac, Andy Warhol and Allen Ginsberg.

That is why, despite the modesty of the Beat Generation's "photojournalist", almost 11 years after his death, the Big Apple decided to celebrate it with the exhibition Fred W. McDarrah: New York Scenes (from September 20th to November 3rd at Steven Kasher Gallery), which collects 100 black and white prints of his shots (from the late '50s to the mid' 70s). Some of his most iconic images and others entirely unpublished will also be contained in the volume published by Abrams Books out on September 25 next.

"I was a groupie," wrote McDarrah, "I wanted to be involved. My camera was my diary, my admission ticket, my way of remembering, preserving and proving that I had been right there where everything was happening. "