

NEW YORK AFTER MIDNIGHT



By special permission, Weegee's car is equipped with short-wave radio for police calls.

WHEN most of Manhattan is sound asleep, the free-lance photographer Arthur Fellig—better known as Weegee—begins his wide-awake work of catching the city's nocturnal drama. Weegee sleeps by day and at midnight sets out to cruise the city in his car, equipped with police radio and bought with the proceeds of crime photos. He earned his nickname through his uncanny Ouija Board ability to know about distant happenings and beat others to the scene.

With radio going full blast and his camera close to hand on the seat beside him, Weegee is ever on the alert for such scenes as those shown on these pages. Some he stumbles on in the course of his cruising, others he gets by chasing down Police Department radio calls, often arriving at the trouble spot before the cops.

From his exciting work, Weegee has acquired an intimate knowledge of the tempo of nighttime interferences with peace and quiet. Here is the invariable after-midnight cycle of events:

From midnight to 1 a. m.: Hoodlums break into candy, food and auto supply stores; Peeping Toms go on the prowl around nurses' homes and hotels.

From 1 a. m. to 2 a. m.; People report prowlers on



I AM ON UPPER FIFTH AVENUE, WEEGEE CAUGHT THIS YOUNGSTER,

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fire escapes. Most turn out to be false alarms or late homecomers sneaking to bed.

From 2 a. m. to 3 a. m.: Delicatessen stores are burglarized.

From 3 a. m. to 4 a. m.: Drunks get into fights, refuse to go home when bars close.

At 5 a. m. the street lights go out. During the next hour occur the worst automobile accidents.

6 a. m. is the most popular hour for suicides to leap from windows, because, Weegee says, "It's the time of a person's lowest resistance if they've been brooding."

When the working day of most New Yorkers begins, Weegee's ends. After developing his pictures in the darkroom of one of the morning papers, he goes to bed in his small, overcrowded, disorderly room, sleeps with one ear cocked for daytime police calls.

Even though Weegee is kept pretty busy chasing down calls, he doesn't always find excitement and drama at the end of the trail. It took him many months to collect the pictures on these pages. Nevertheless, his job is far from commonplace. Every place he goes he finds a vital part of life—the tragic, the sordid, the humorous and the screwy. It's all his for the taking.

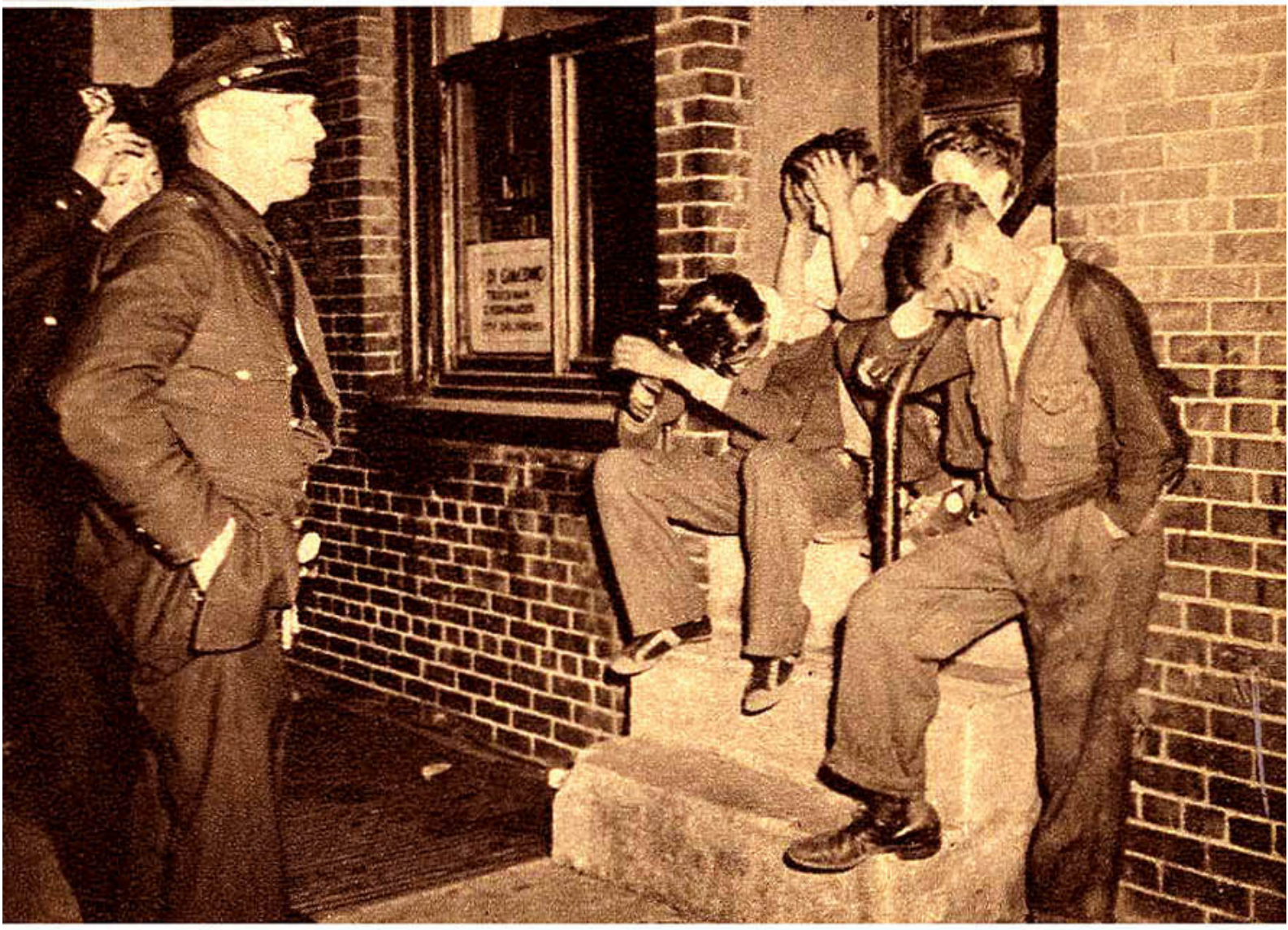


6 a. m. on Amsterdam Avenue in the 90's, Weegee found a pavement pass-out. It's a common city sight, but, asks Weegee, "Why pick a funeral house unless 711 is his lucky number?"



Chelsea section at 3 a. m., a priest administers last rites to a milkman, injured when a stolen car smashed into his wagon. Even at this hour, quite a crowd gathers.

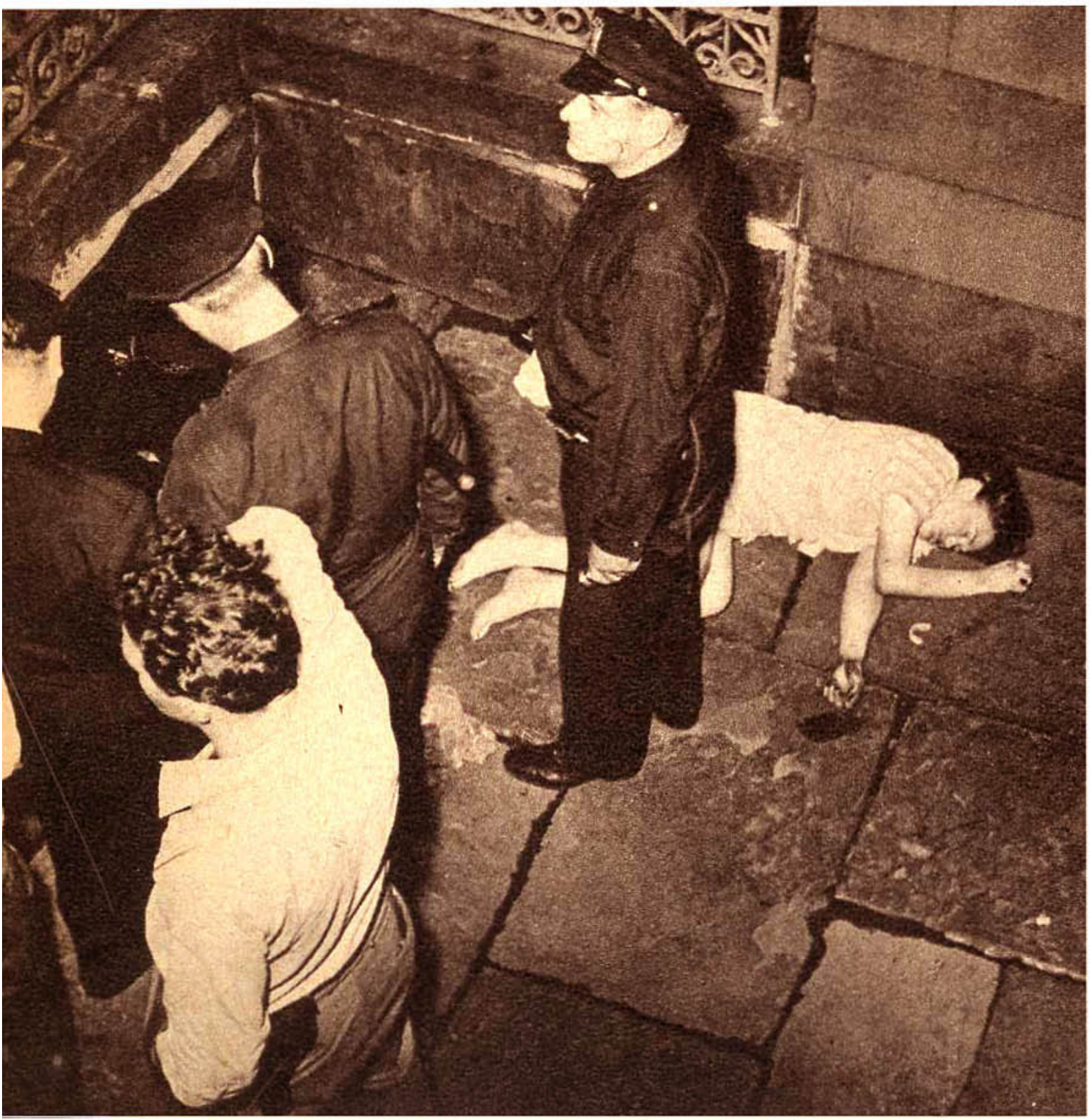
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Just after midnight, Weegee followed radio call and arrived as police caught these "Dead End" kids who broke into a candy store and stole a suitcase full of candy, cigars, and cigarettes.



At 3 a. m. along Central Park West a scavenger gets pick of rubbish before garbage trucks come.



At 4:30 a. m. in the west 60's, a woman, in an unexplained accident, sprawls barefooted. Note the false teeth lying beside her.

WEEGEE



At 4 a. m. in Times Square, Weegee found these bagpipers on way from party to subway.



In the early hours of the morning, a Chinese couple and baby wait in the entrance of a Yiddish theatre on the Lower East Side while firemen fight blaze in their tenement.

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At a tenement-house fire in the Hell's Kitchen section after midnight, Weegee snapped a fireman rescuing an old woman.



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SPOT

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