

# **THE BRIDGE**

**Photography**

**HANS FLEISCHNER #4**

## The Necessity Of Art #2

Music. I grew up with lots of music.  
From Beethoven to Roll over Beethoven.  
And then there was Lucille and Tutti  
Frutti. Can you play me Lucille.  
My friend had these two 45 records and a  
record player.

He lived across the street in a one family  
house, with the ground floor windows  
open in summertime, so I almost could  
walk into his home. Can you and he did.  
I don't remember how many times I  
asked him for Lucille, but she and Tutti  
Frutti are deep in my soul and I moved on  
from there thru Black Music and its  
offsprings and eventually arrived at Jazz  
and found a richness, that feeds me to  
this day.

I remember a dear friend of mine in the  
Bronx and on one of my visits she told  
me, one reason I don't kill anyone is,  
because I'd miss my kids and my record  
collection. Mind you it was a rough  
neighbourhood.

Living in Tokyo, Jazz became one of my favorite companions. Bought step by step a fine stereo system, down to the head on the record player and dived into music. Plus there were the Jazz Coffeeshops. Very educational and enjoyable. Listening to a lot of Jazz, I asked myself, what does it do to get into and inspire me. One word. Is there one word. One word ended up on top. Urgency. Then there is a long list of words. Emotions for sure. Intelligence for sure. Beauty for sure. And no matter how many more words we can add, if in the end it's not ending up having that urgency, then it is not really happening. At least that's my take on what makes it flow thru and thru from top to toe and top only, because the ears sit up there. You may say it comes from the earth, we stand, walk, sleep on and I will never argue that. Jazz for me is complete. That's where its urgency meets The Necessity Of Art.

Lucille and Tutti Frutti, by Little Richard.

Hans Fleischner, June 2024, Vienna.













































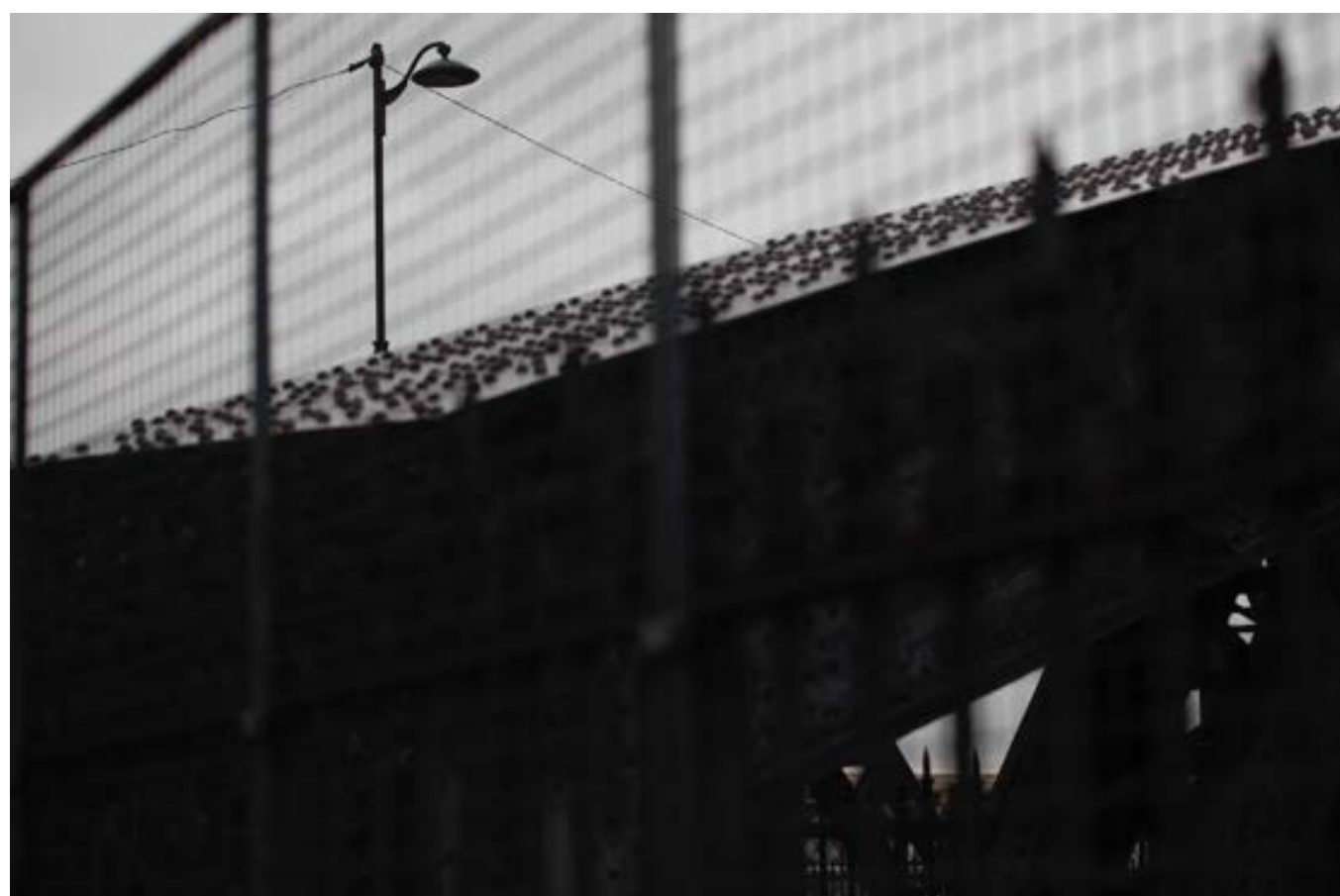


































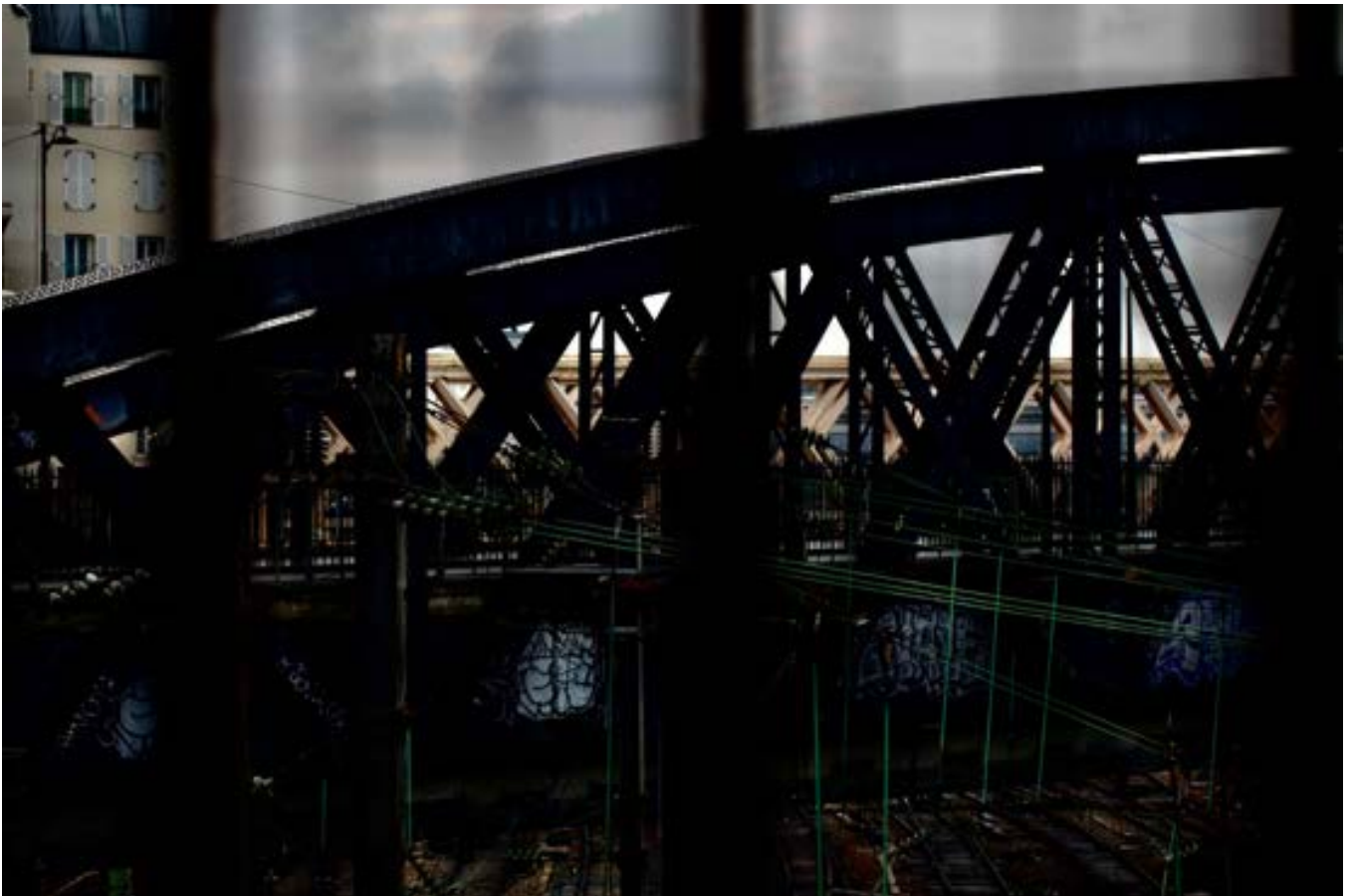














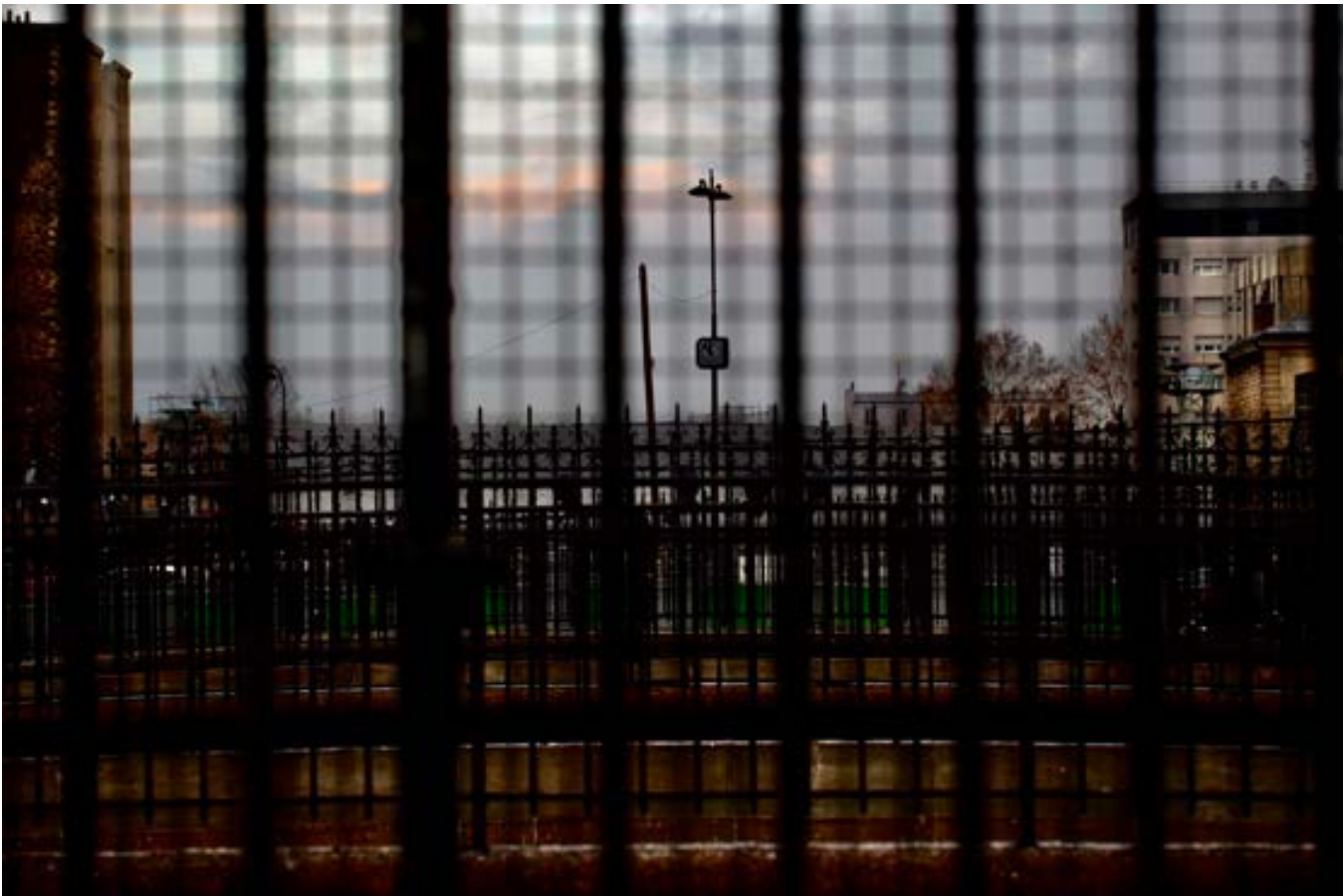
































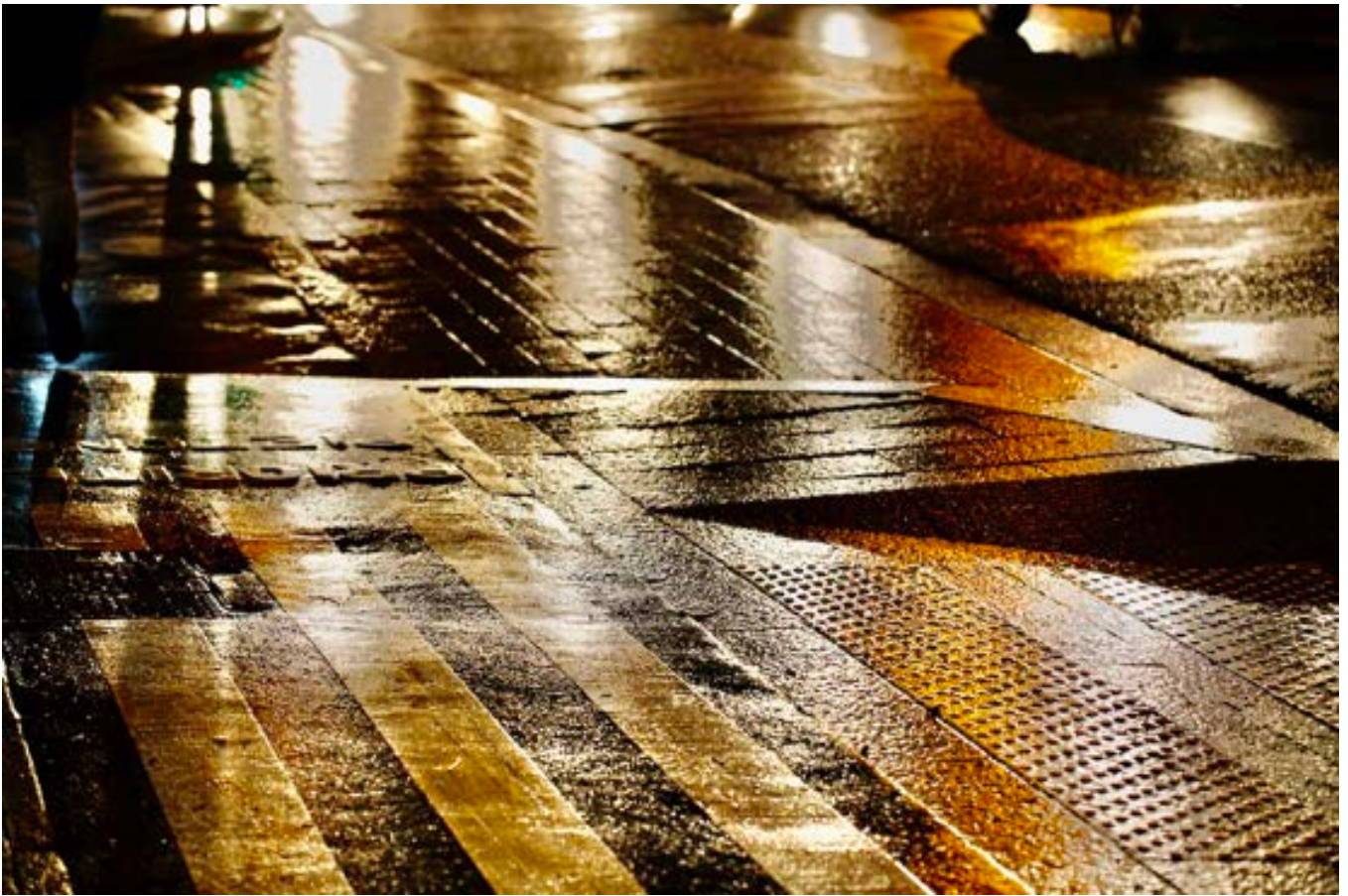


















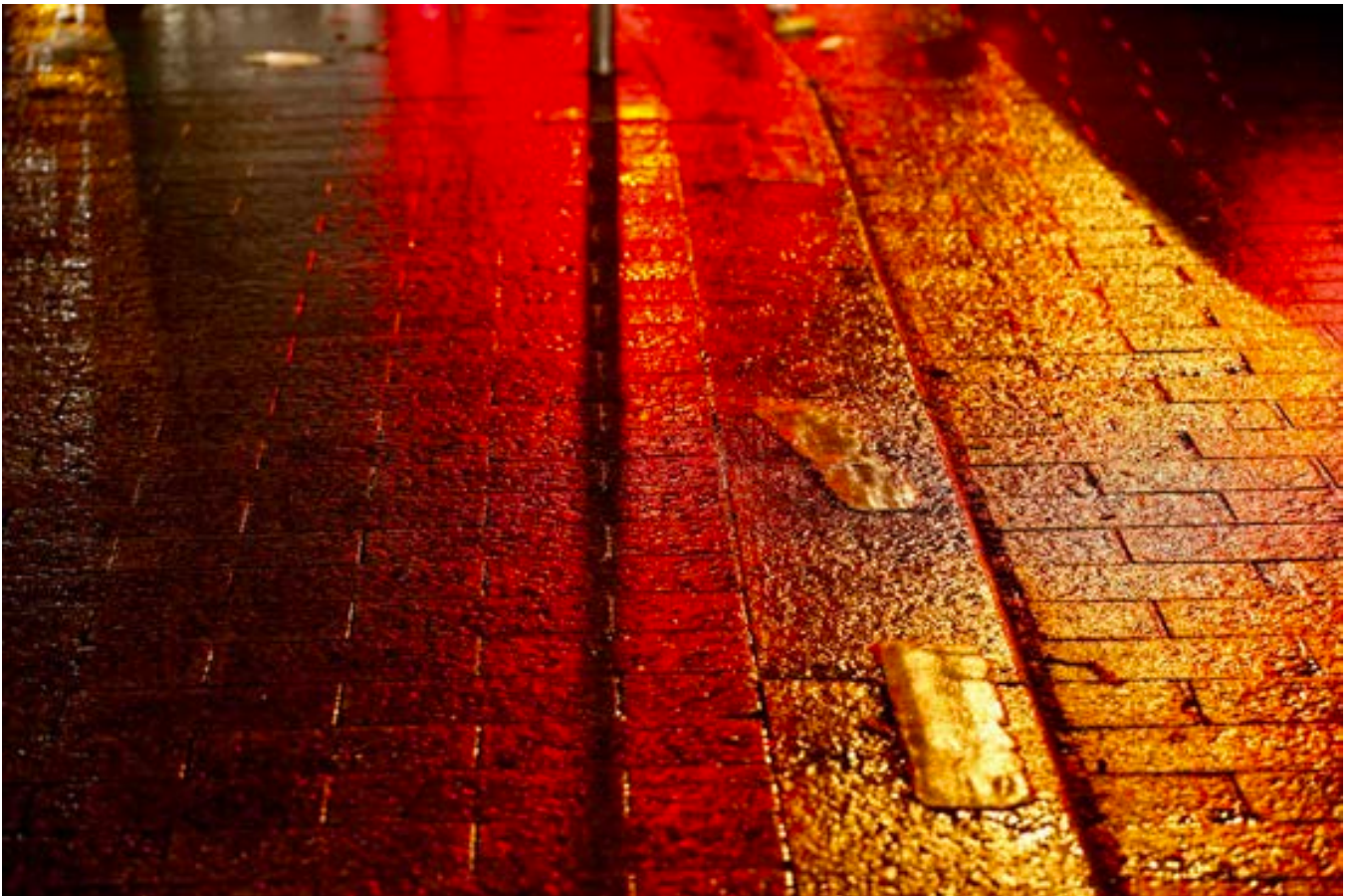




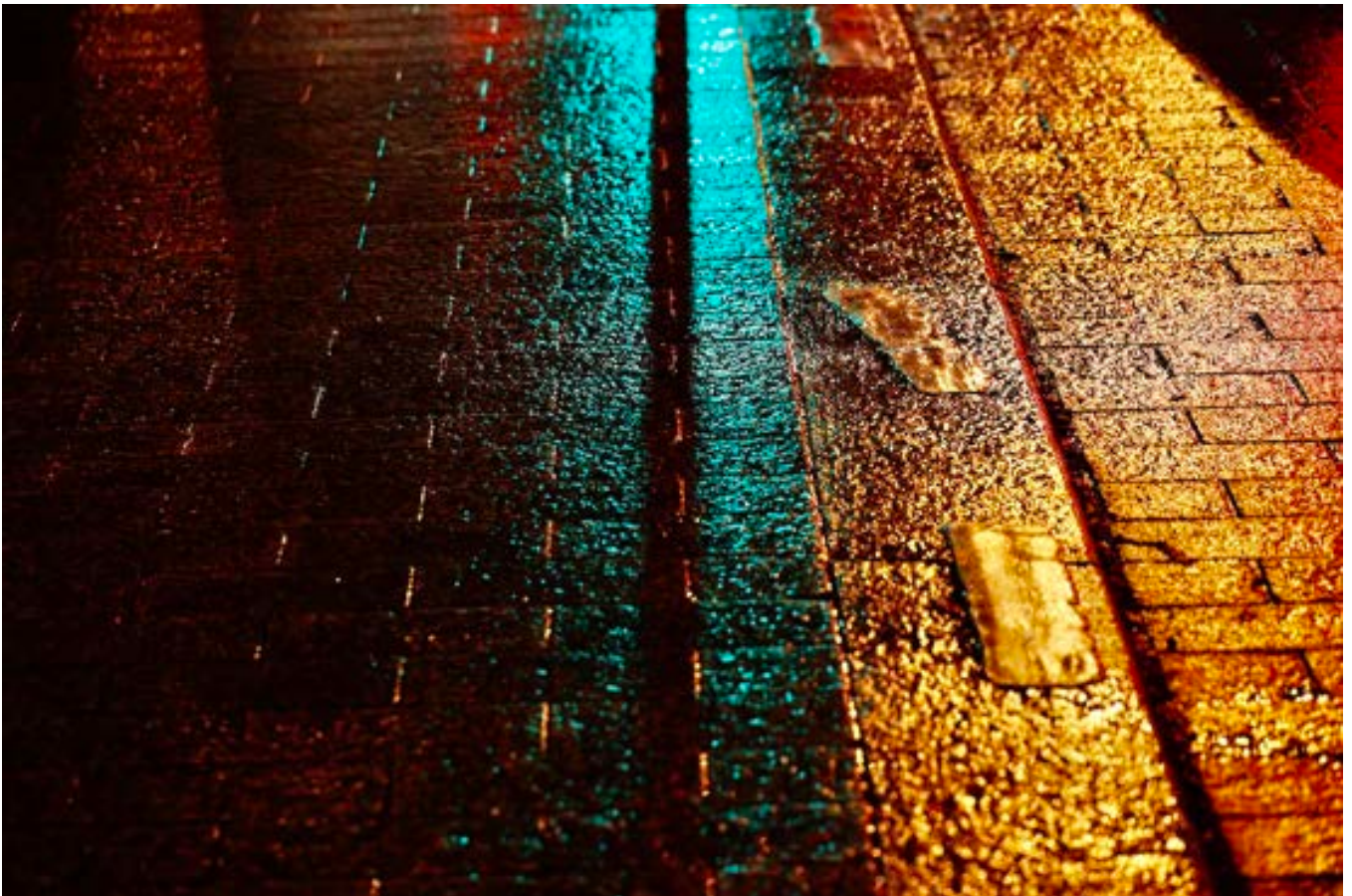


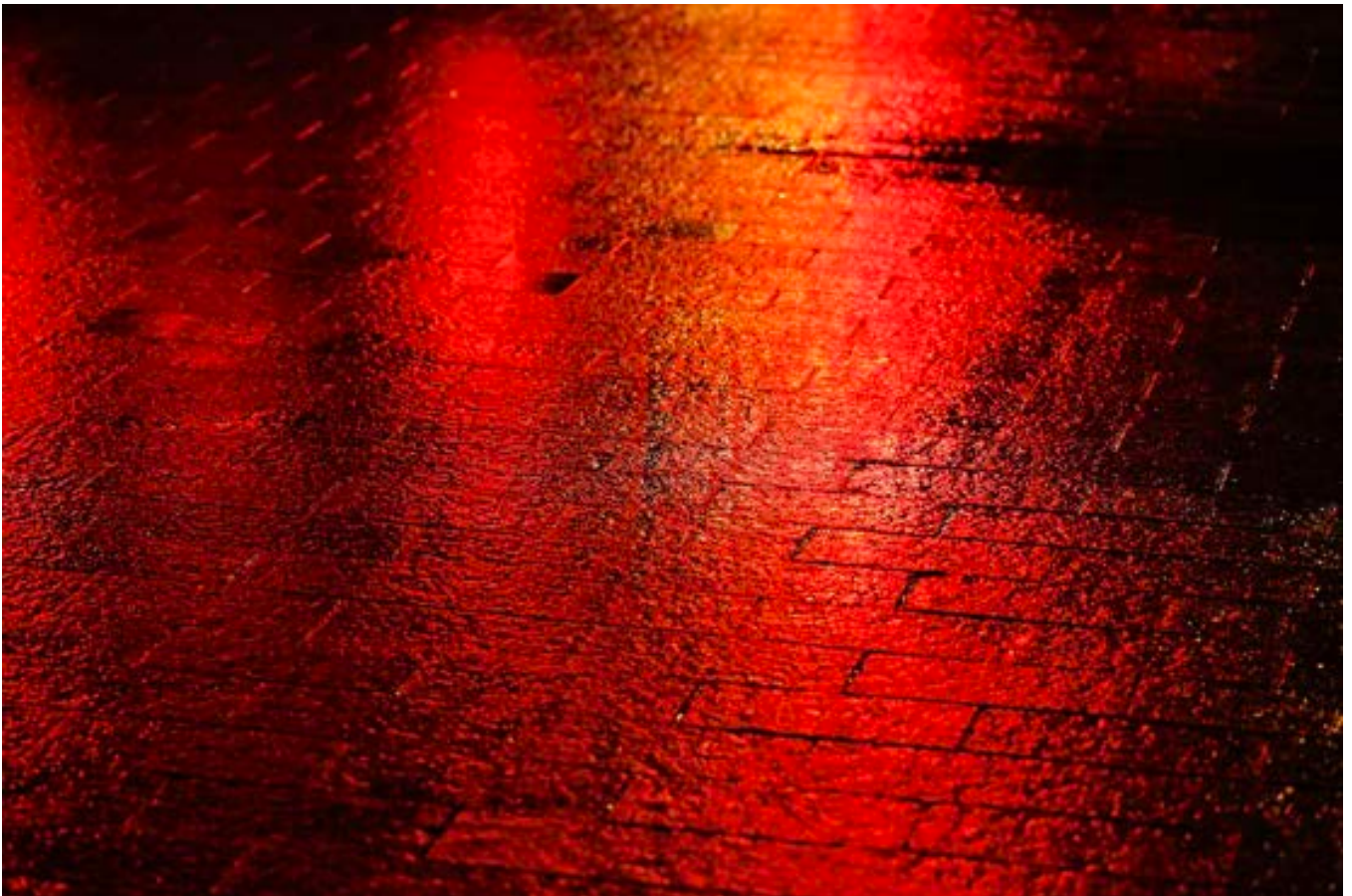








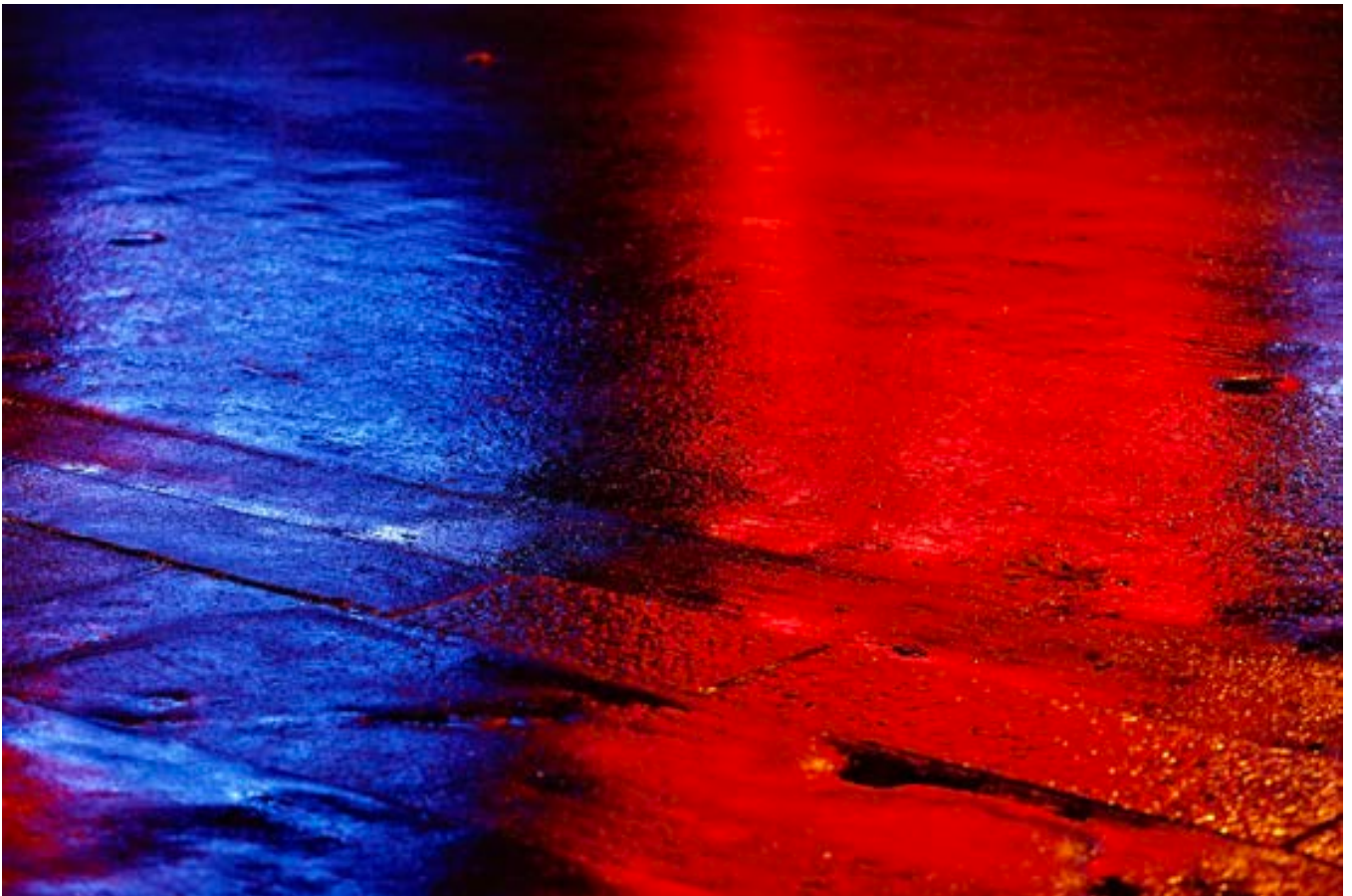








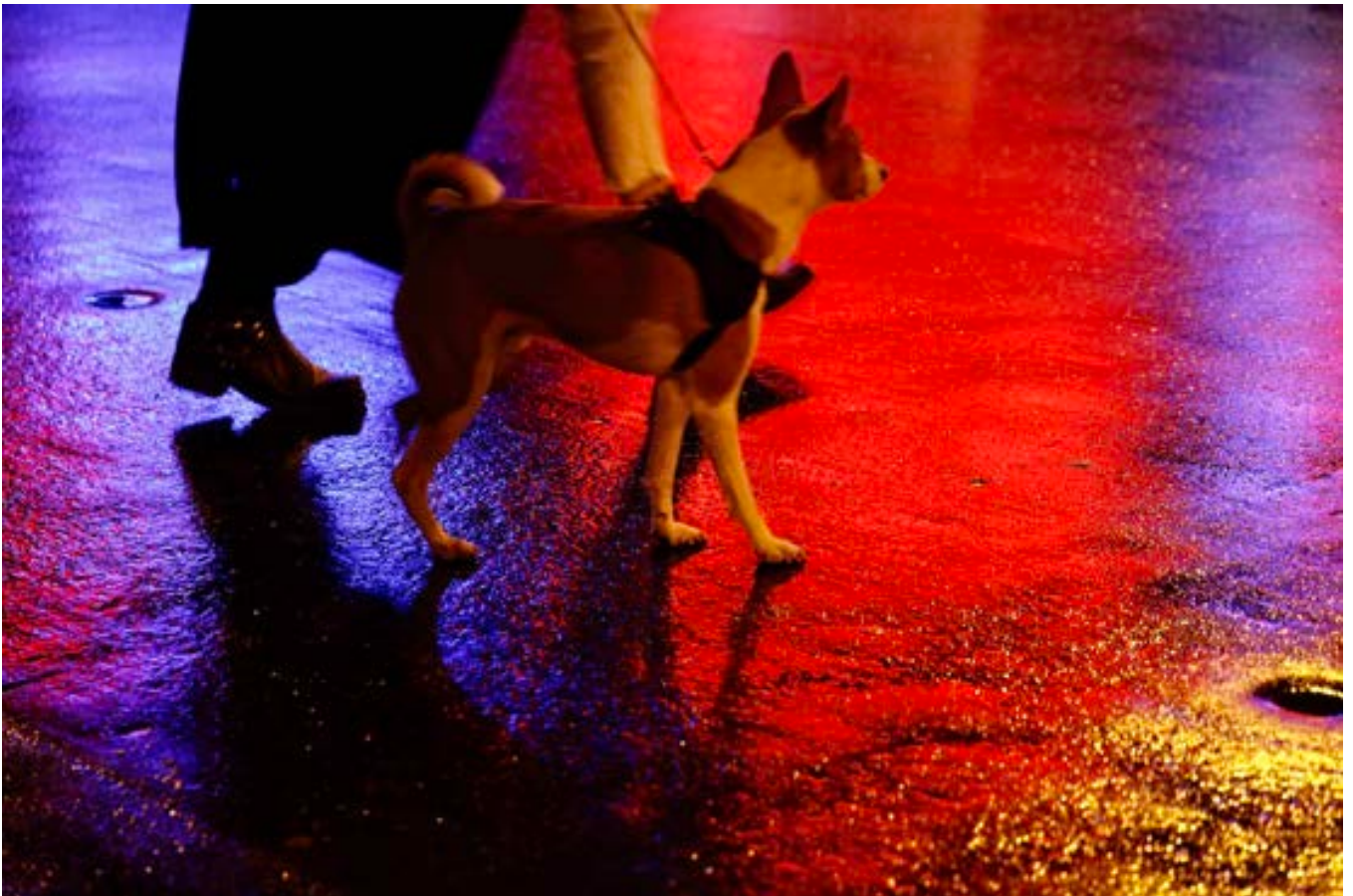






























































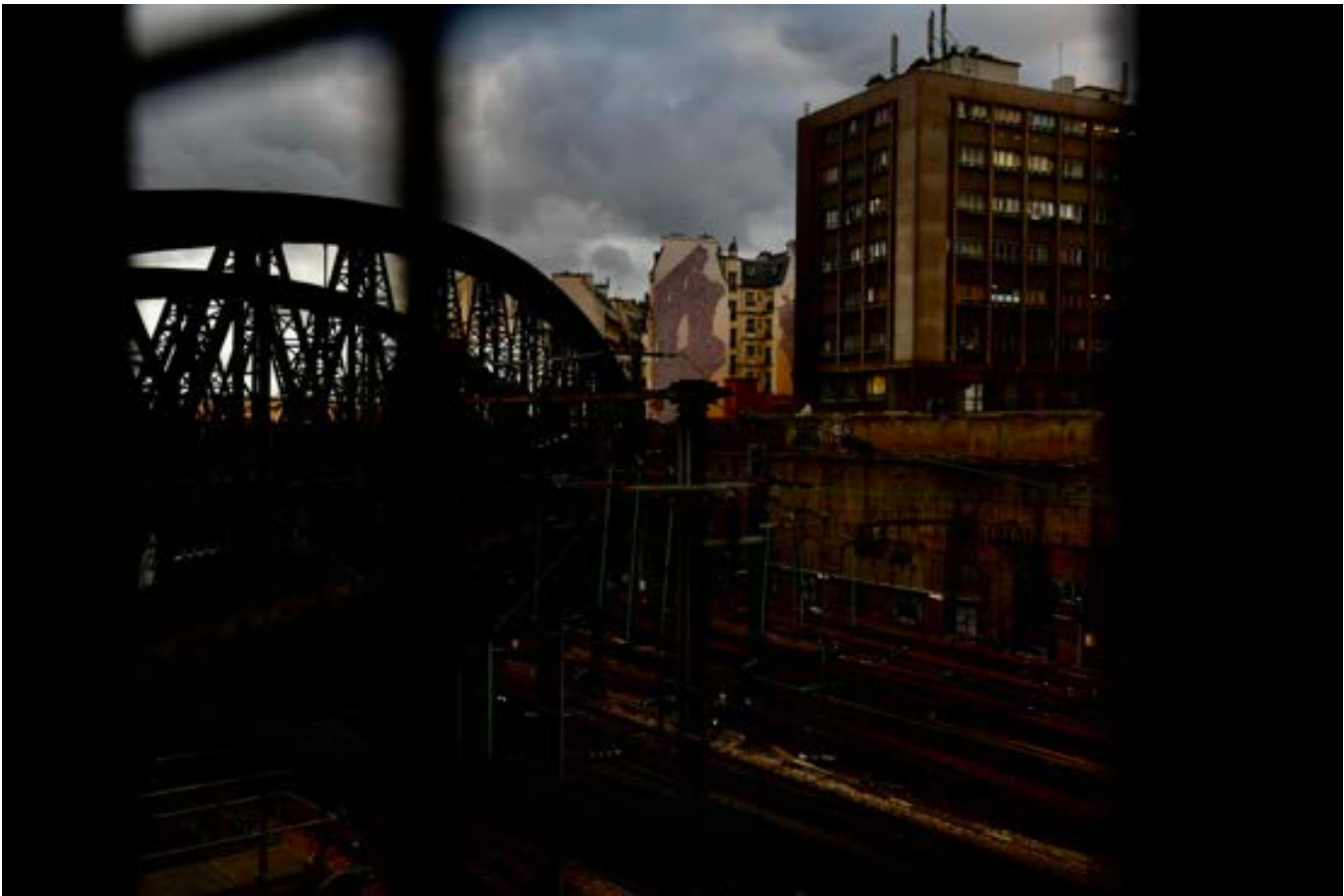










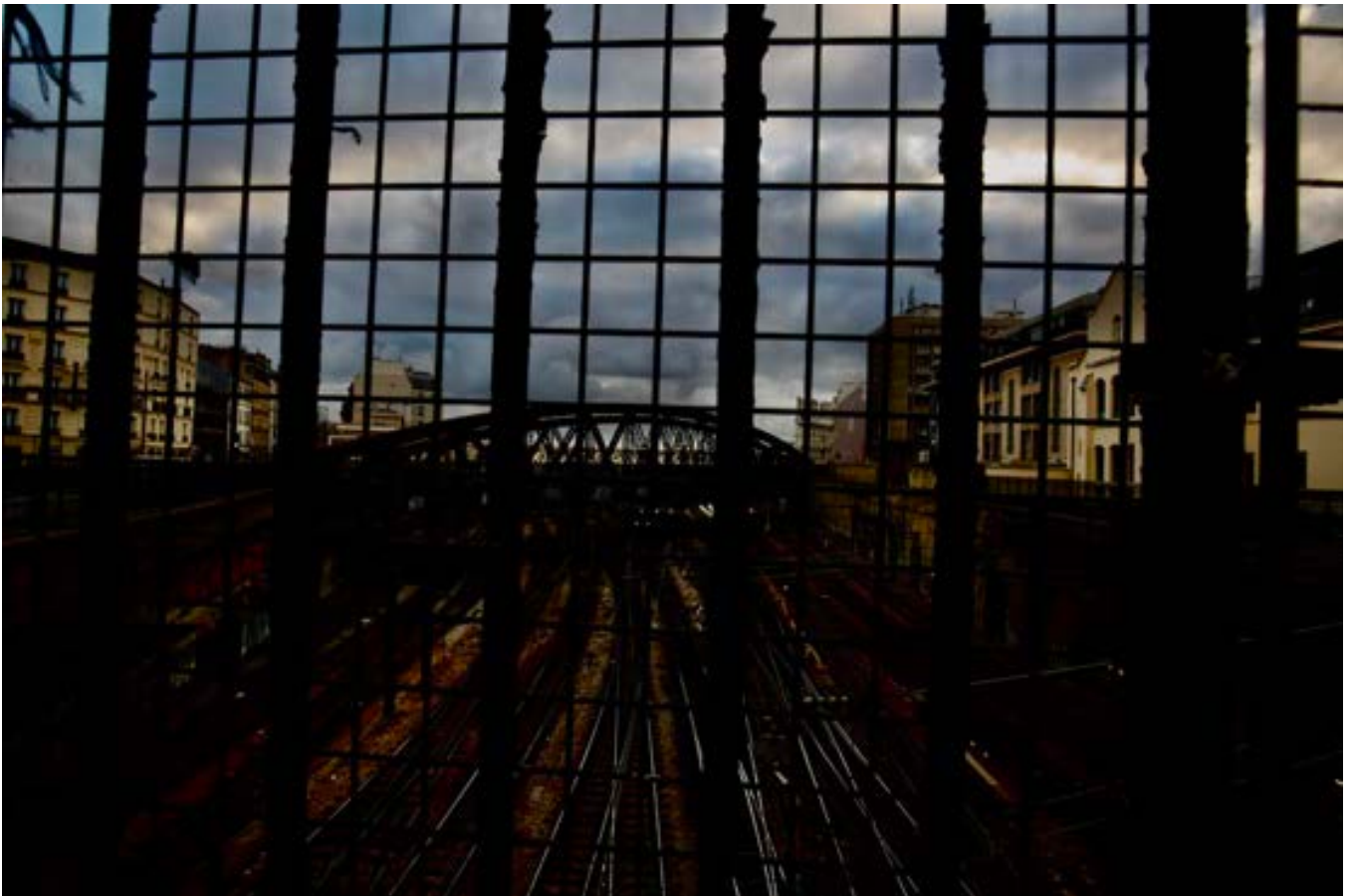


















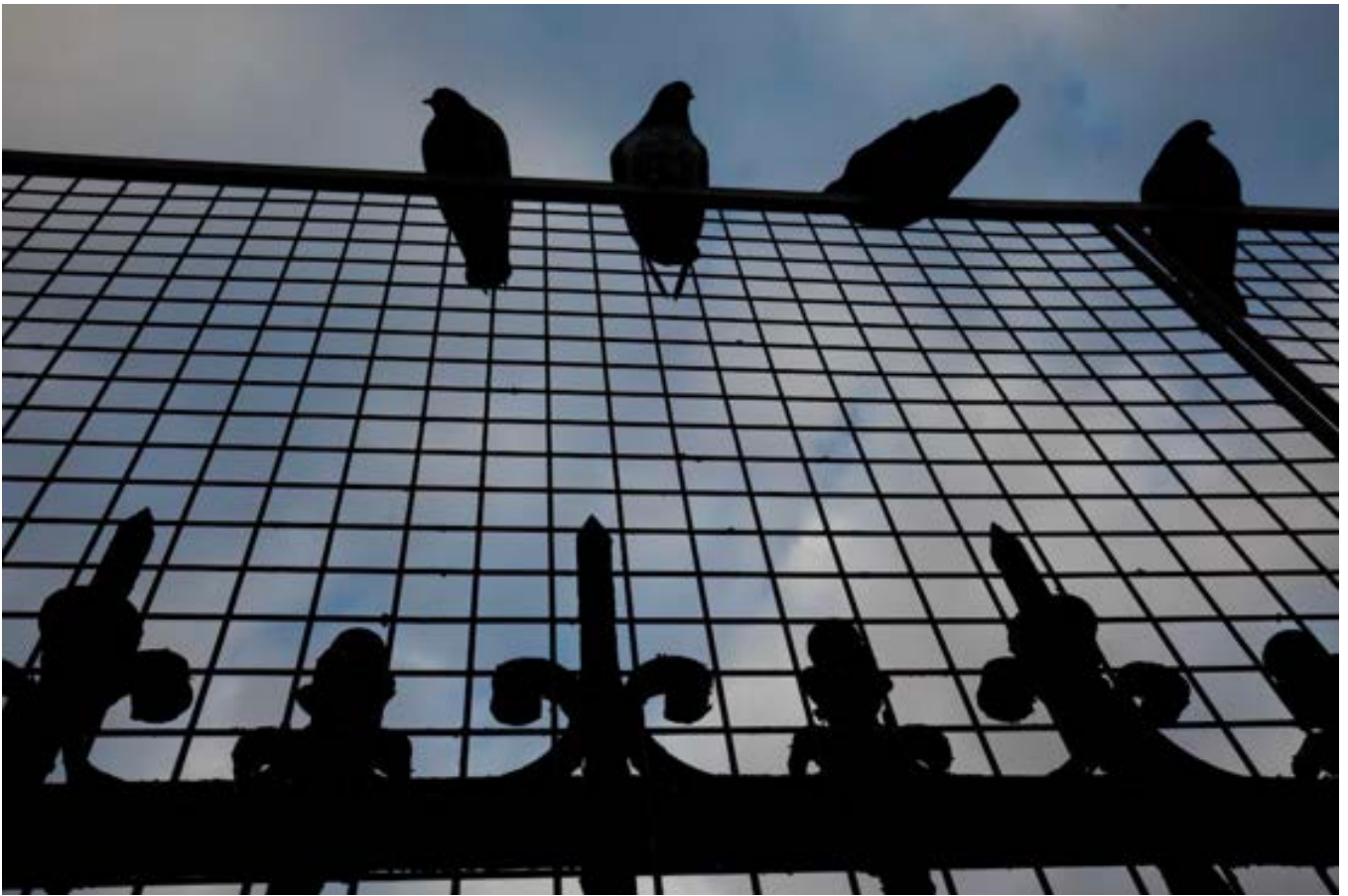












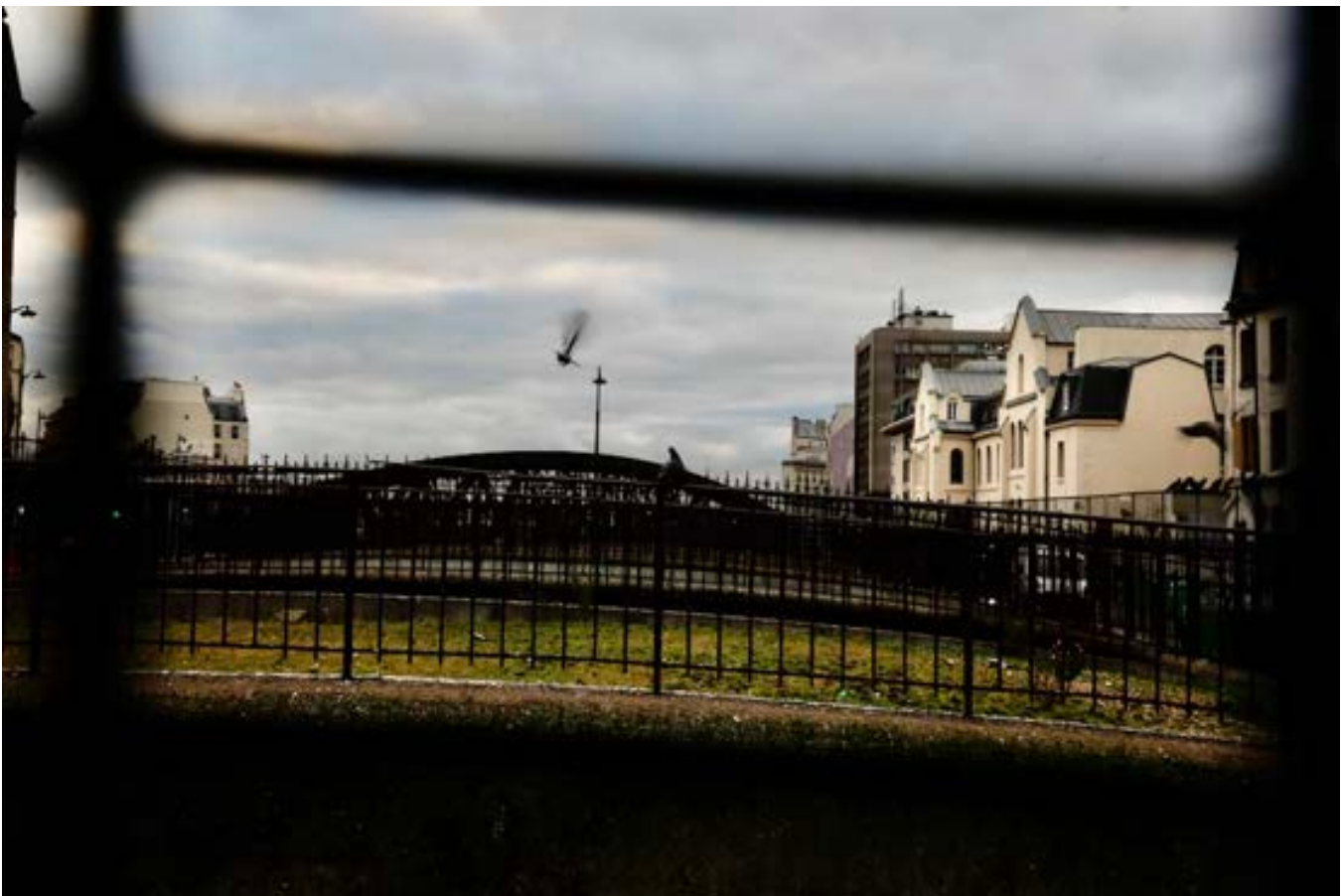




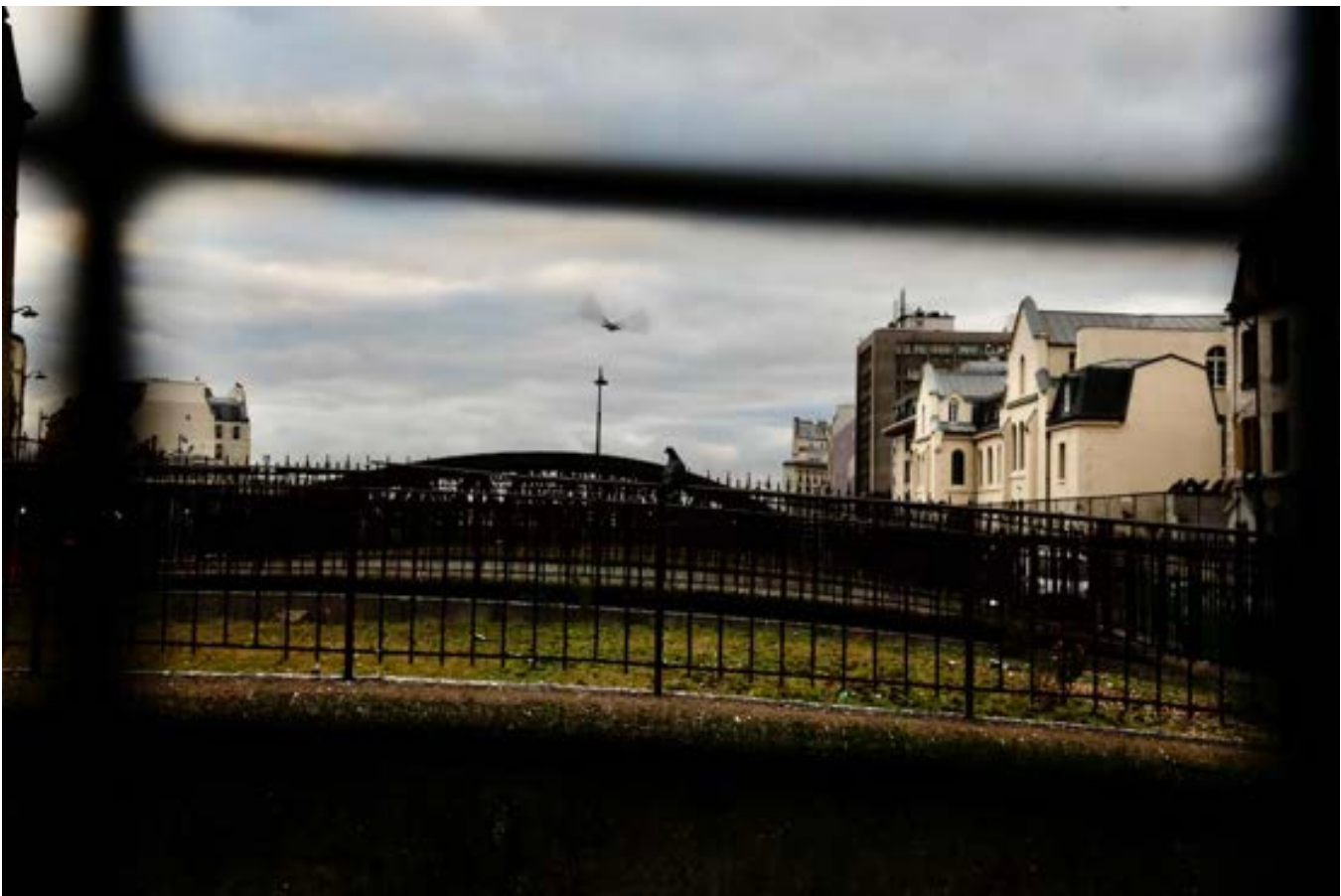














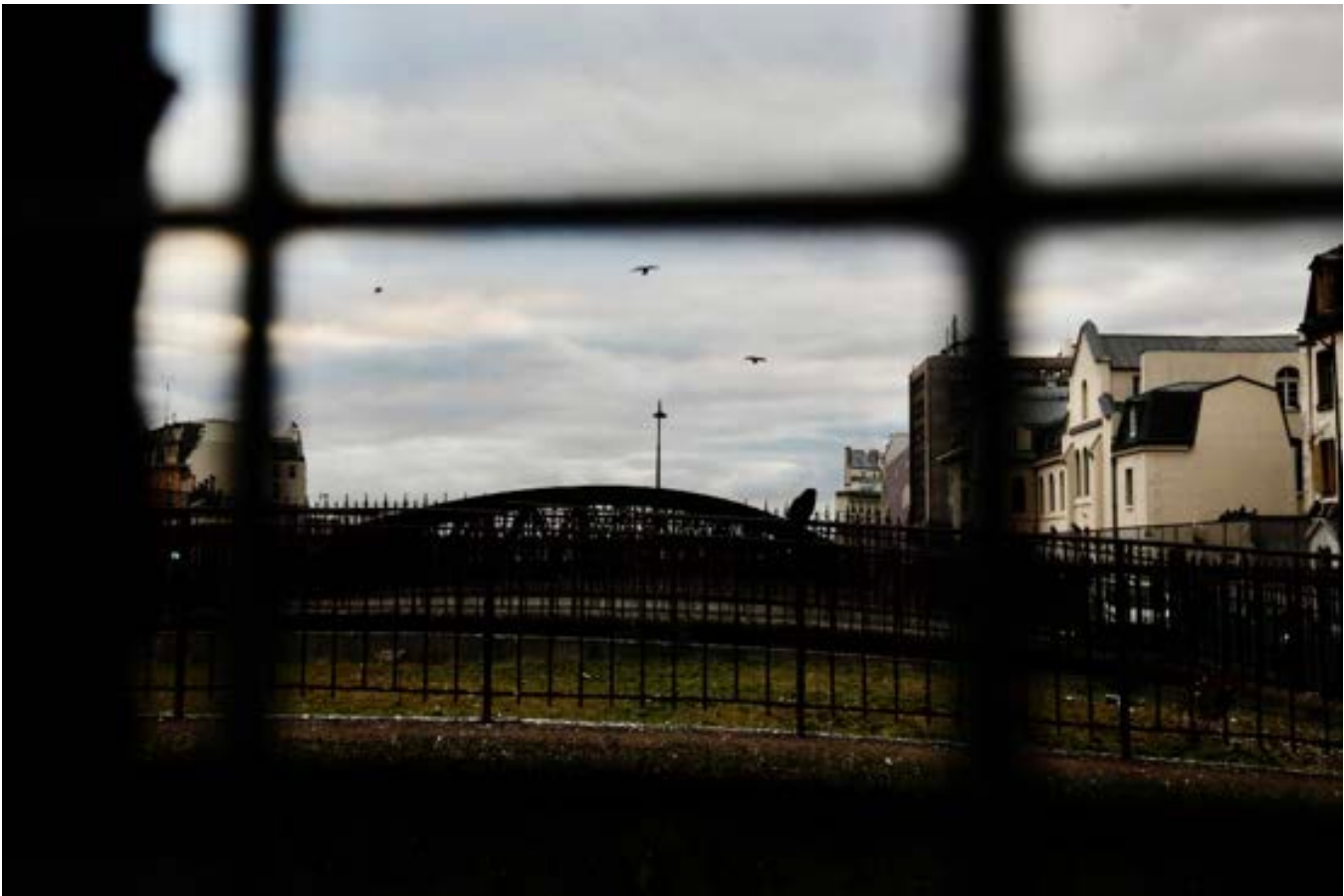




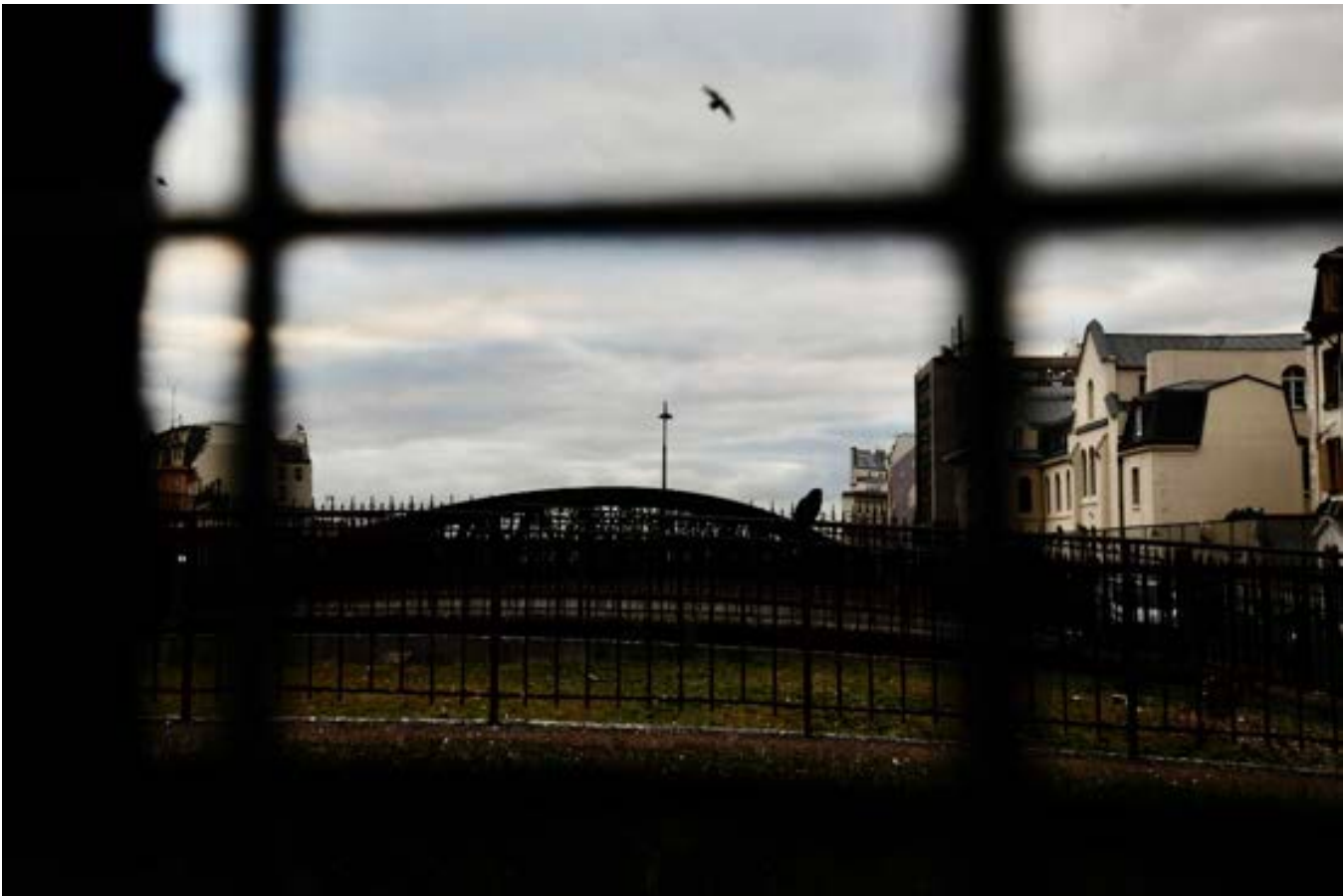






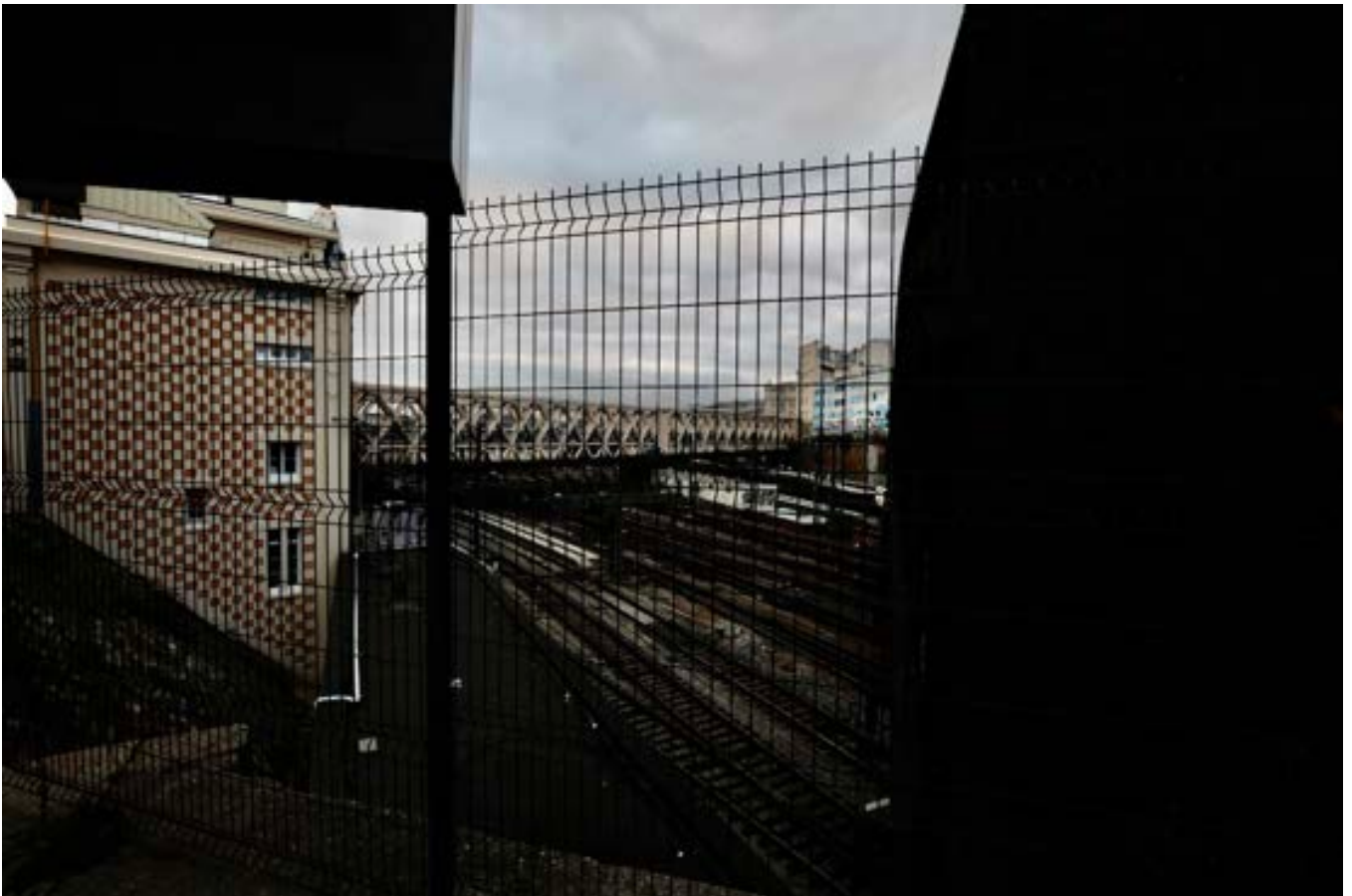


























































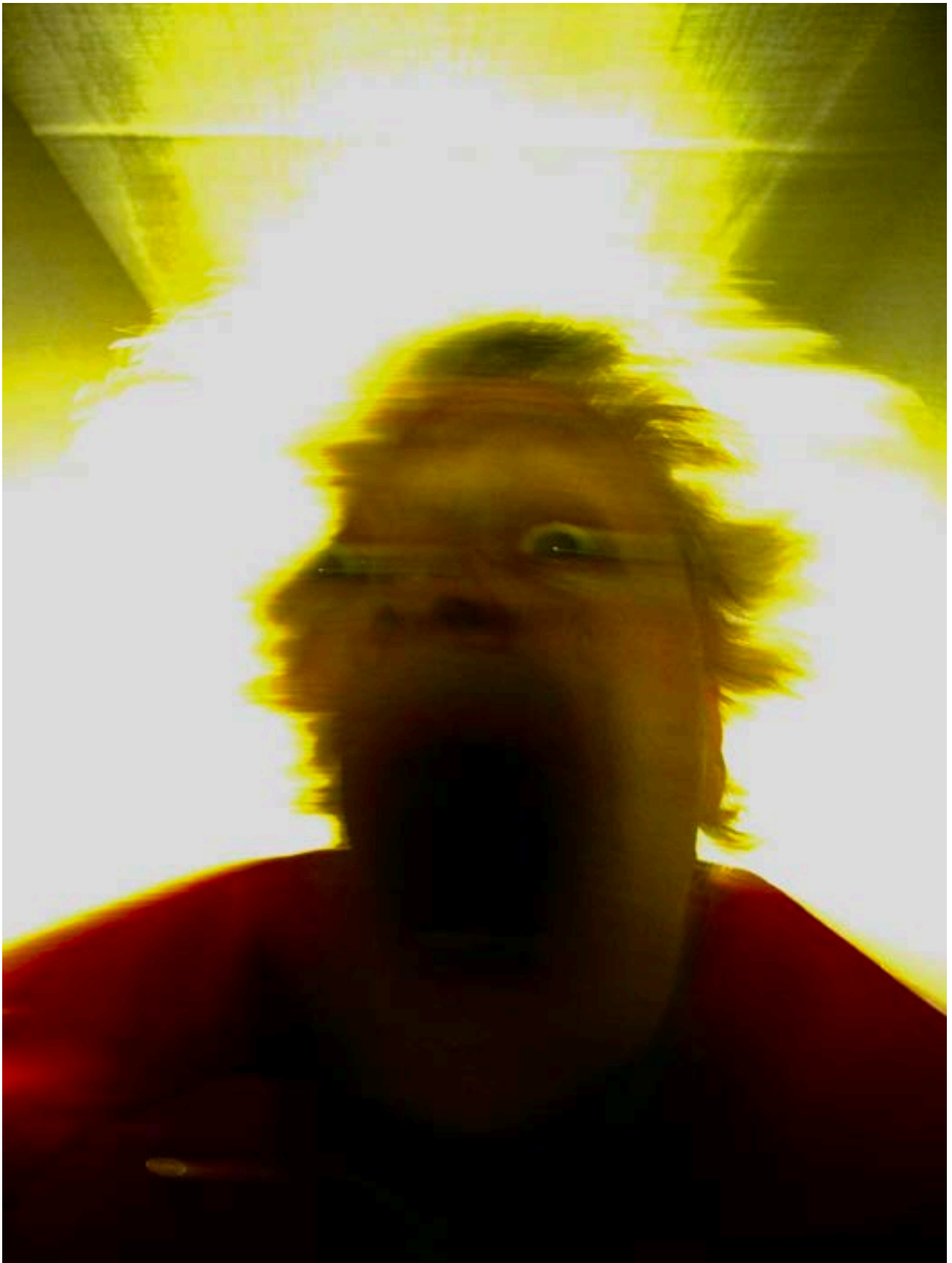












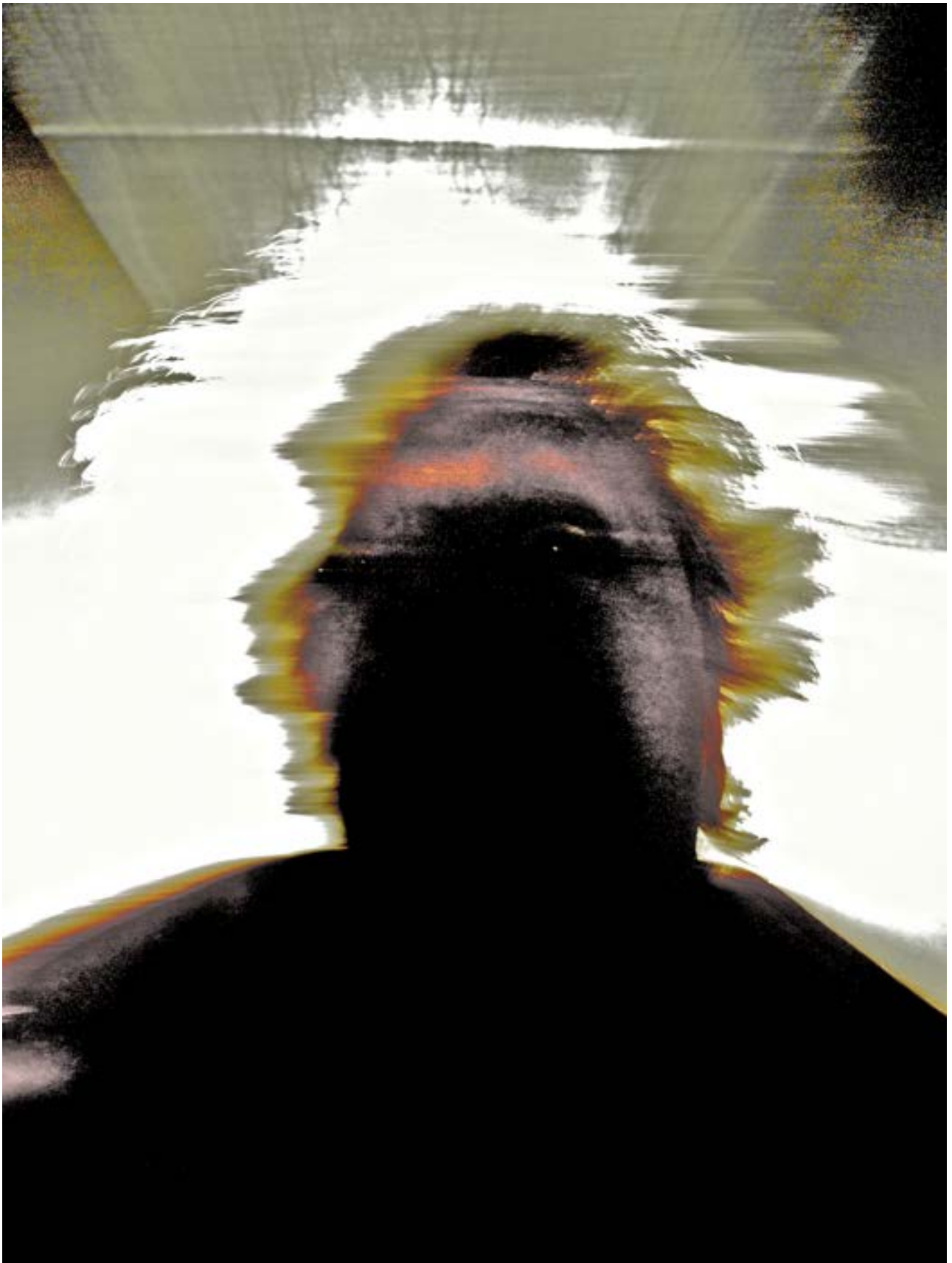








































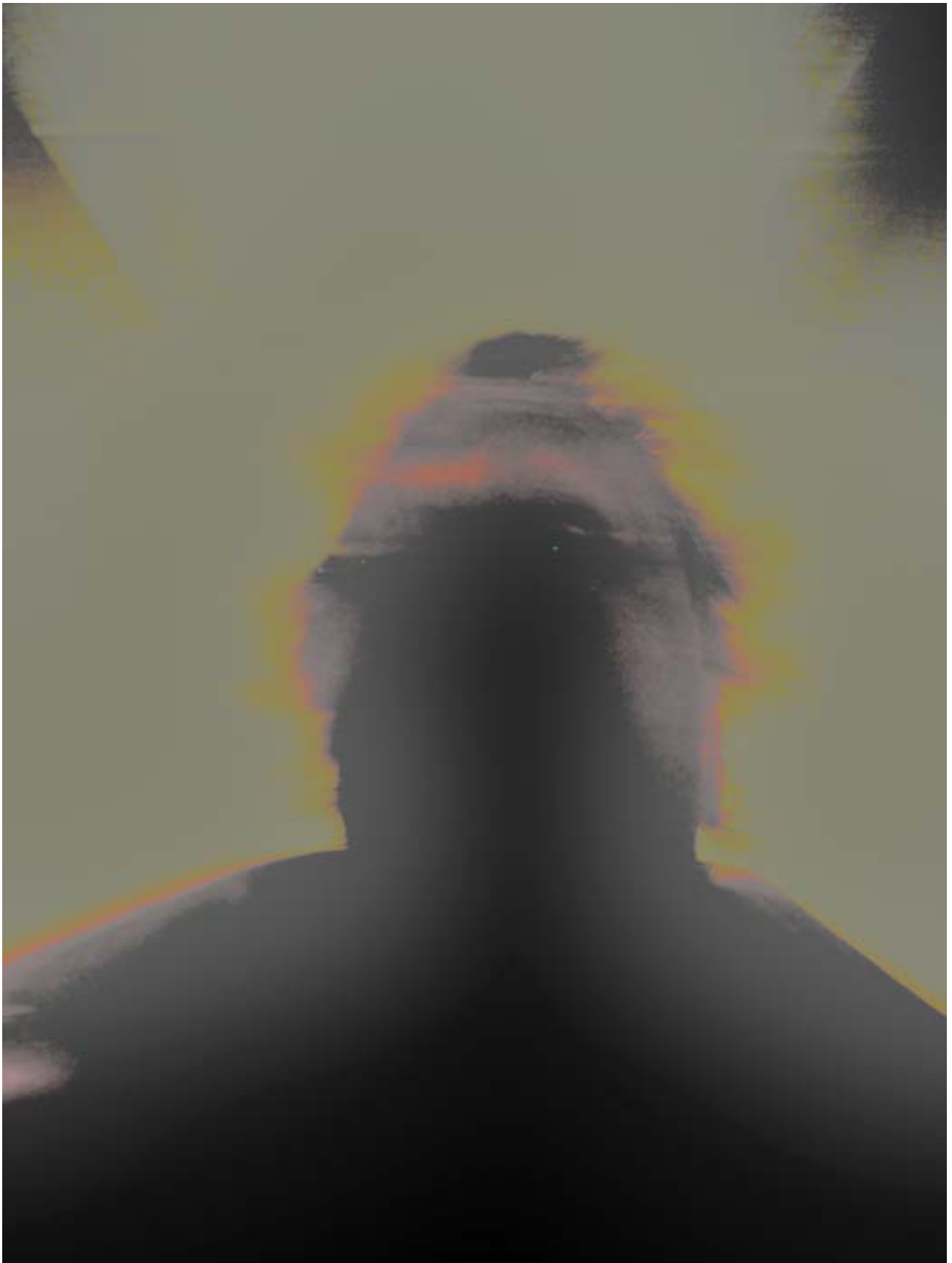


















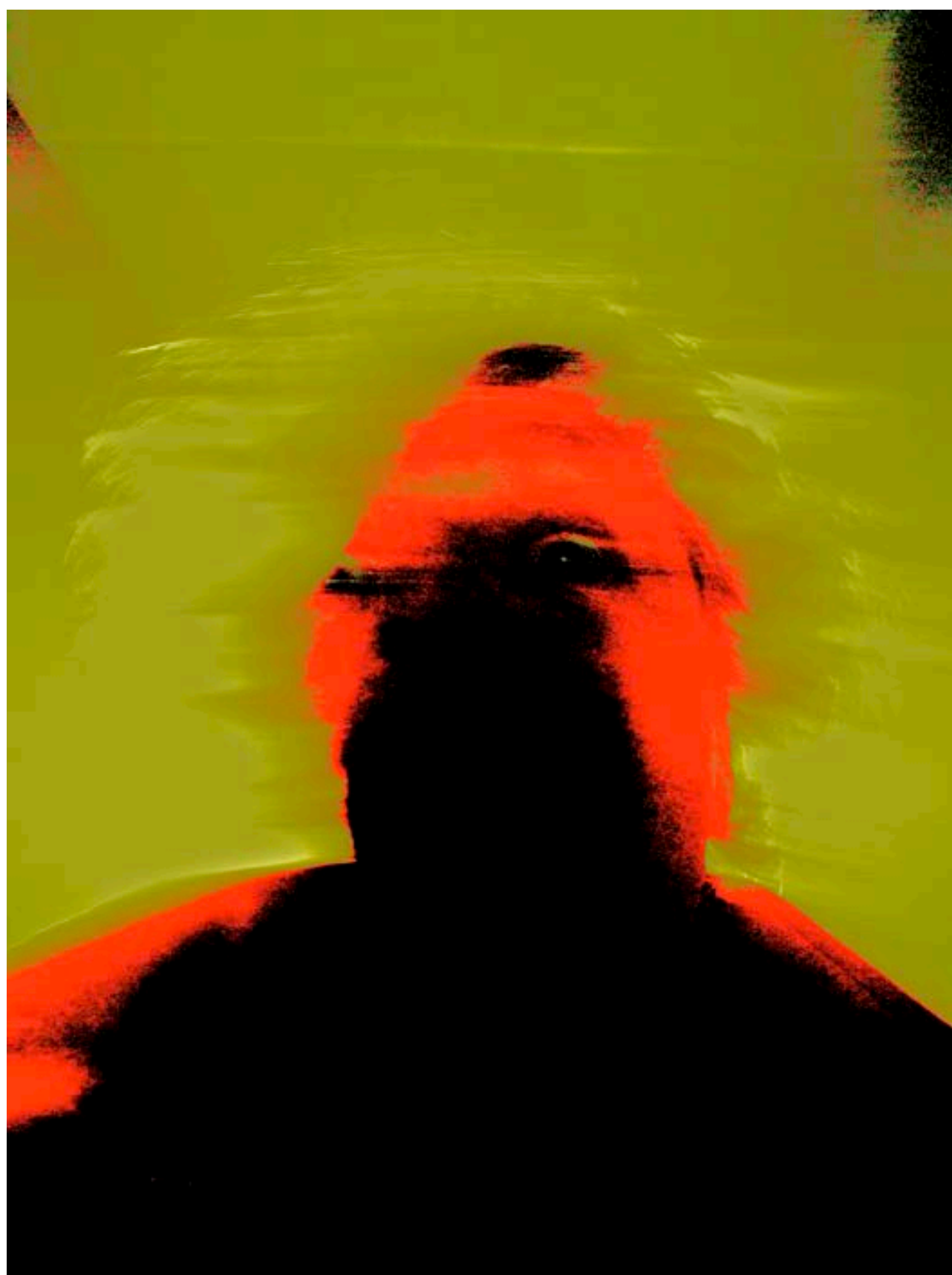


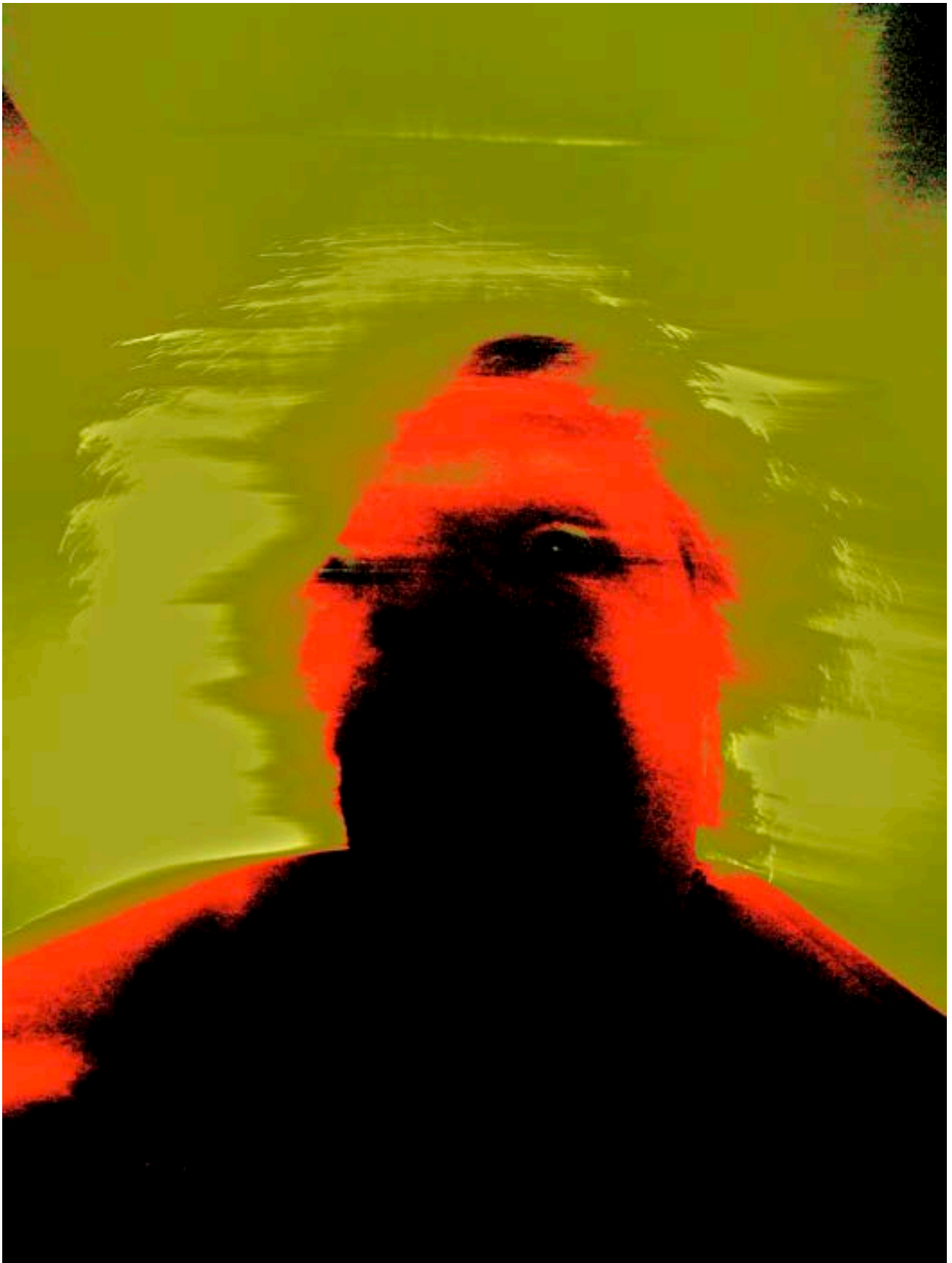








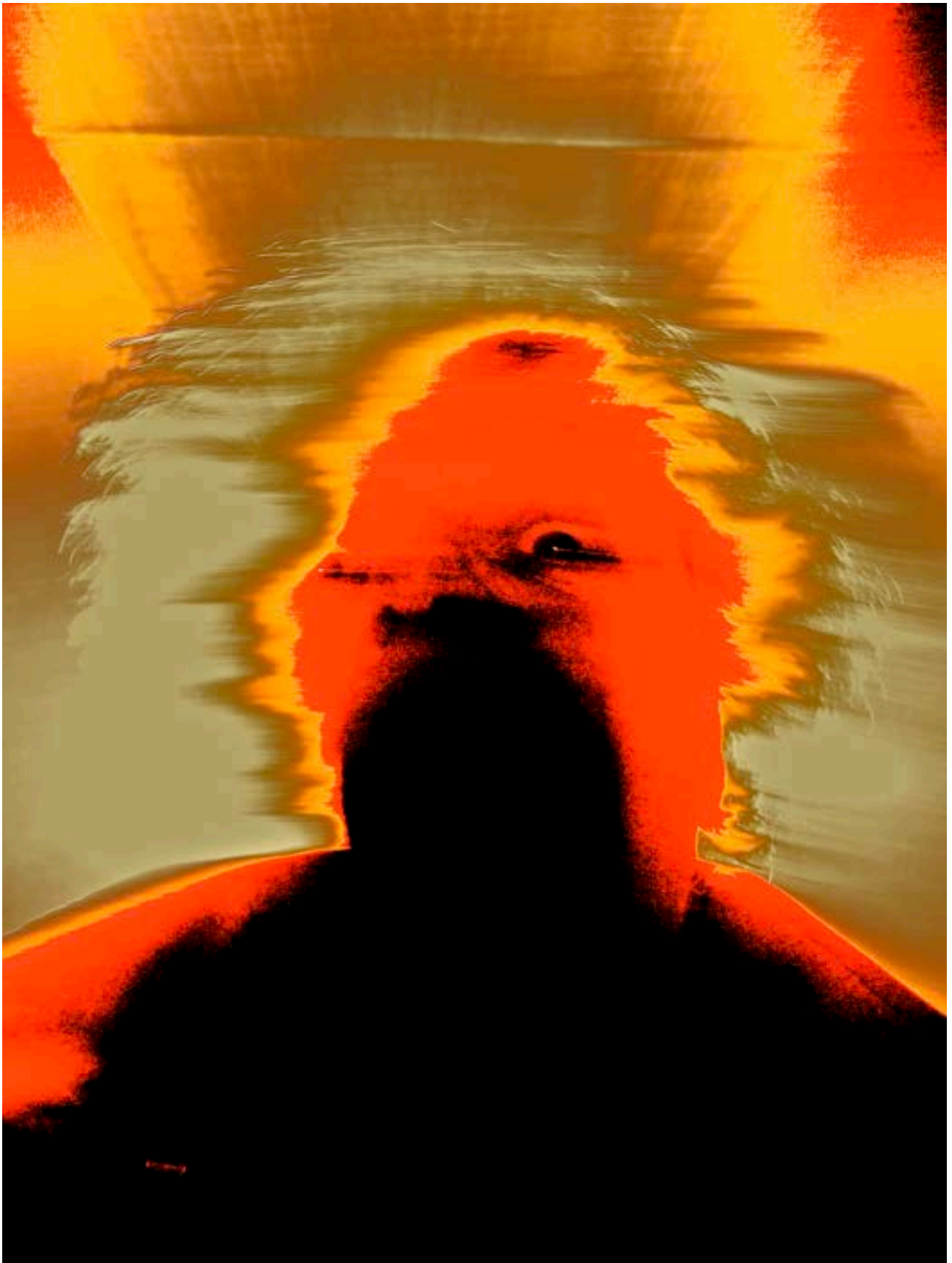










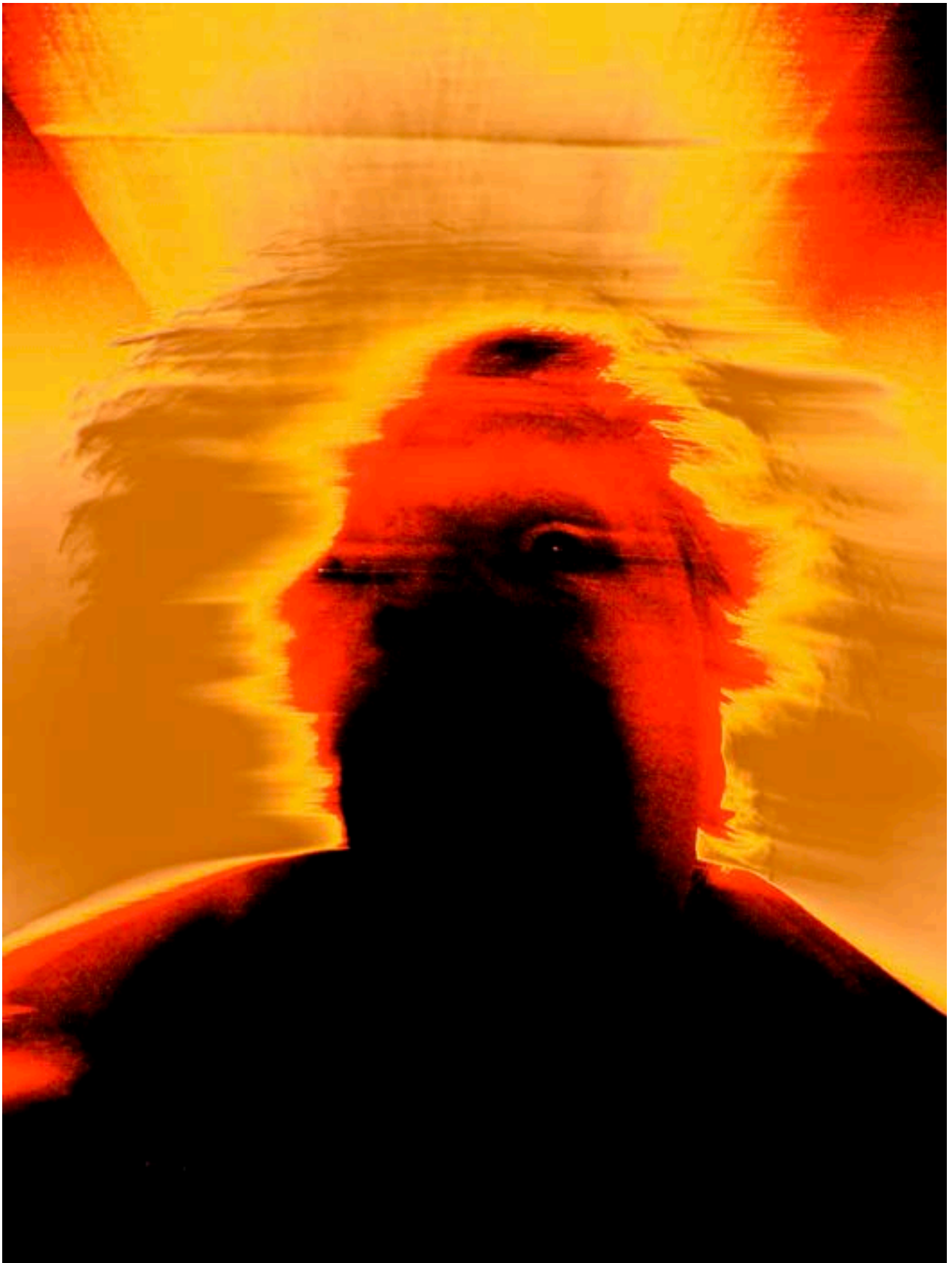


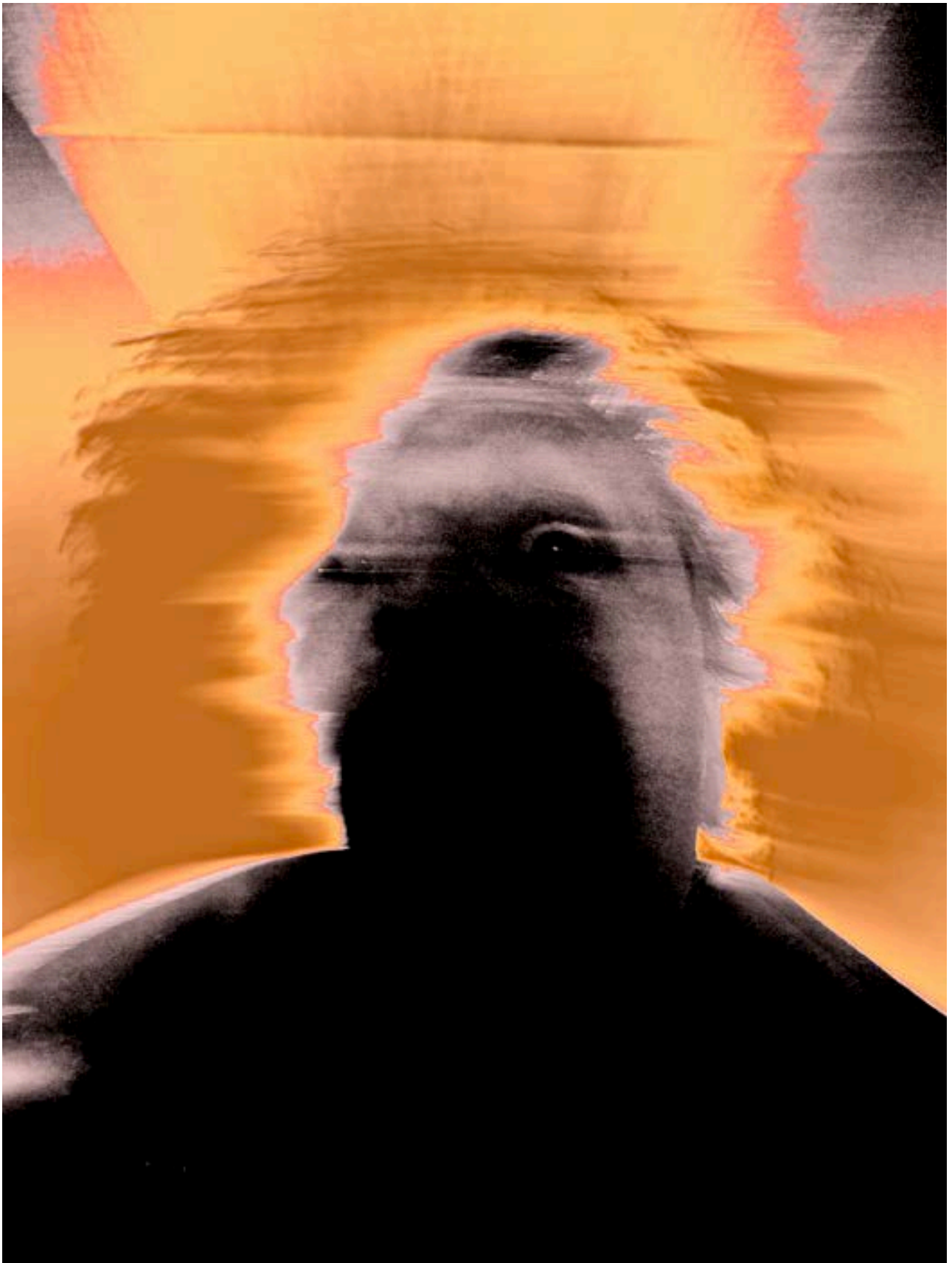


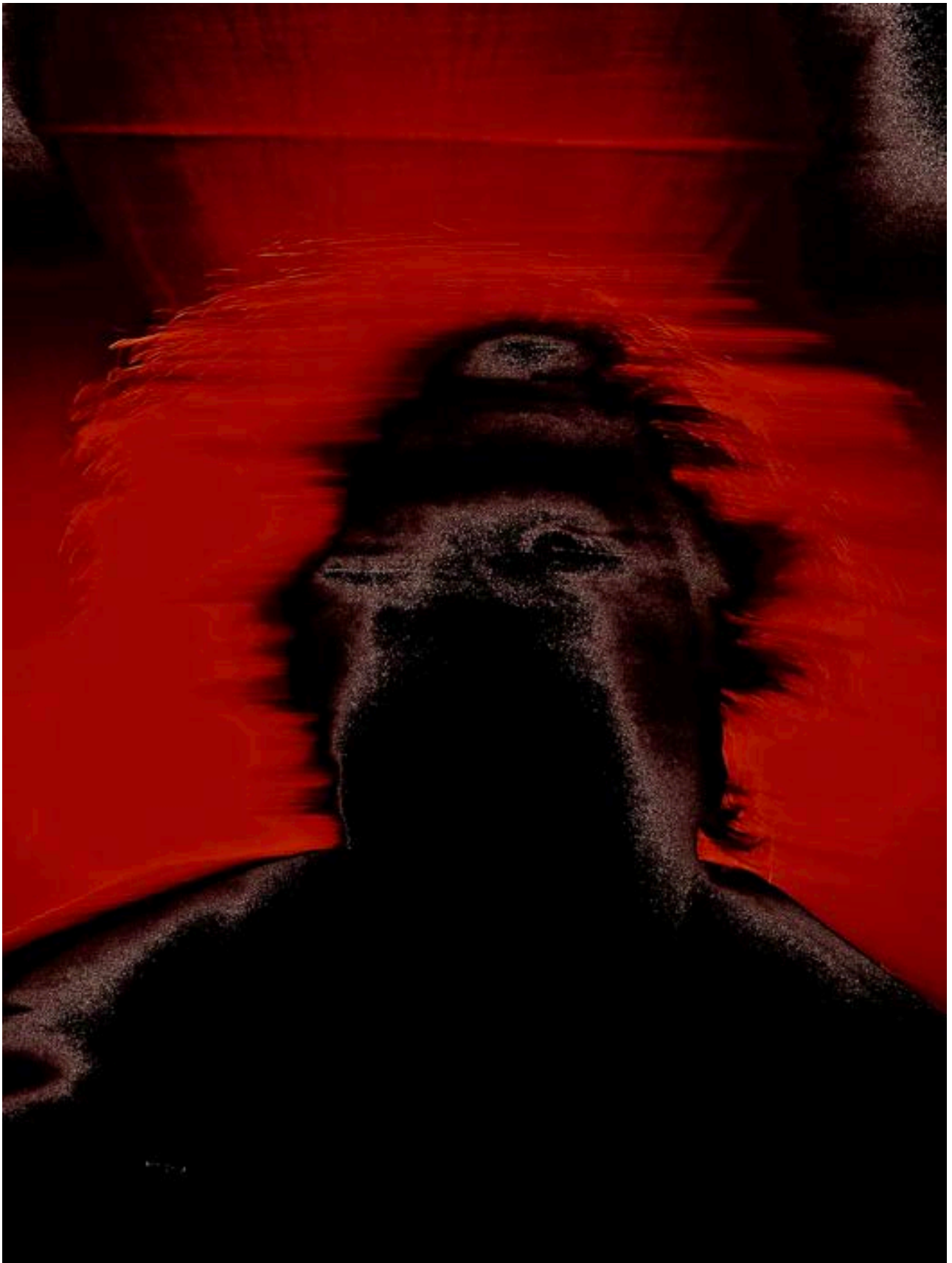


















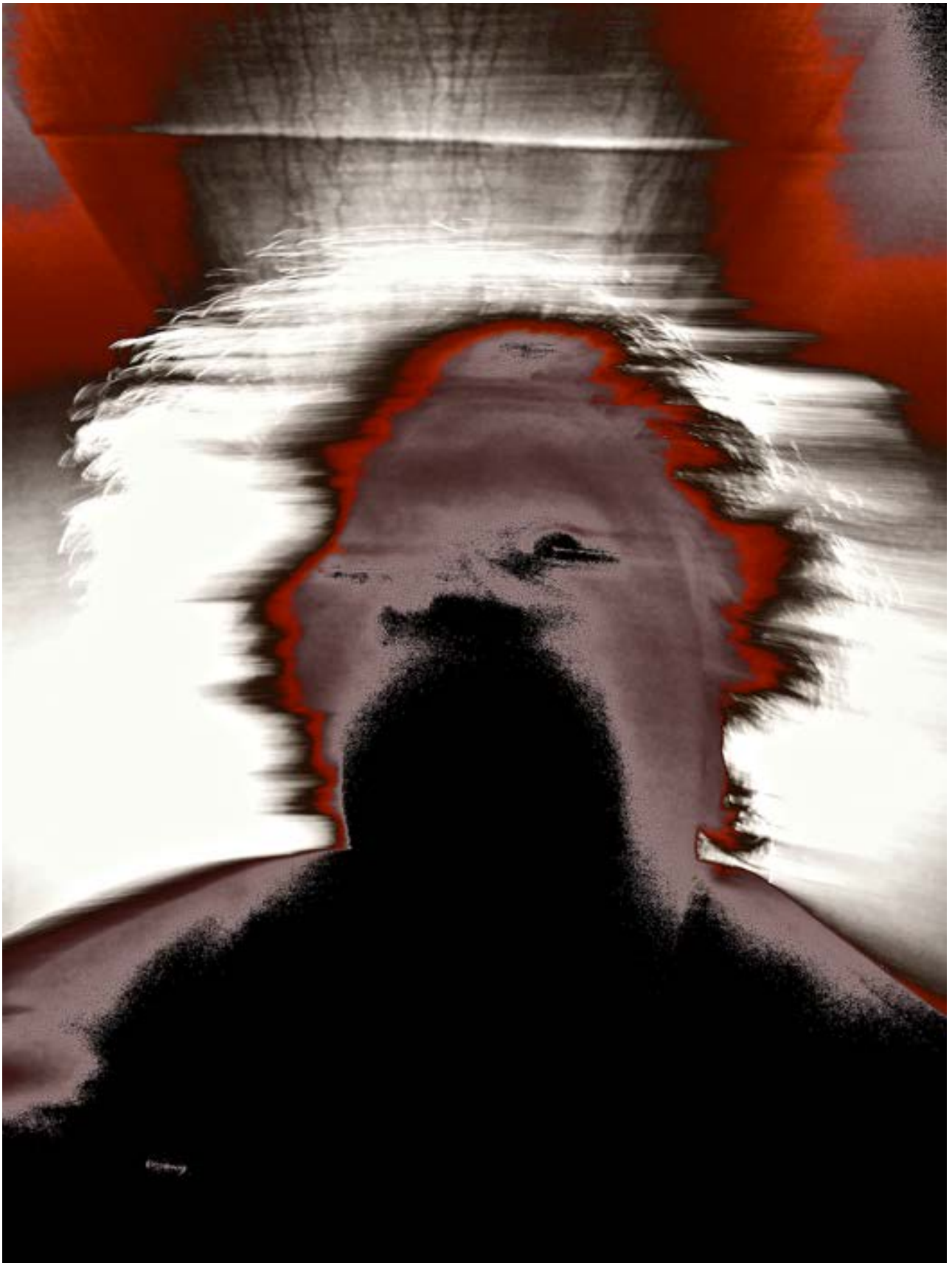








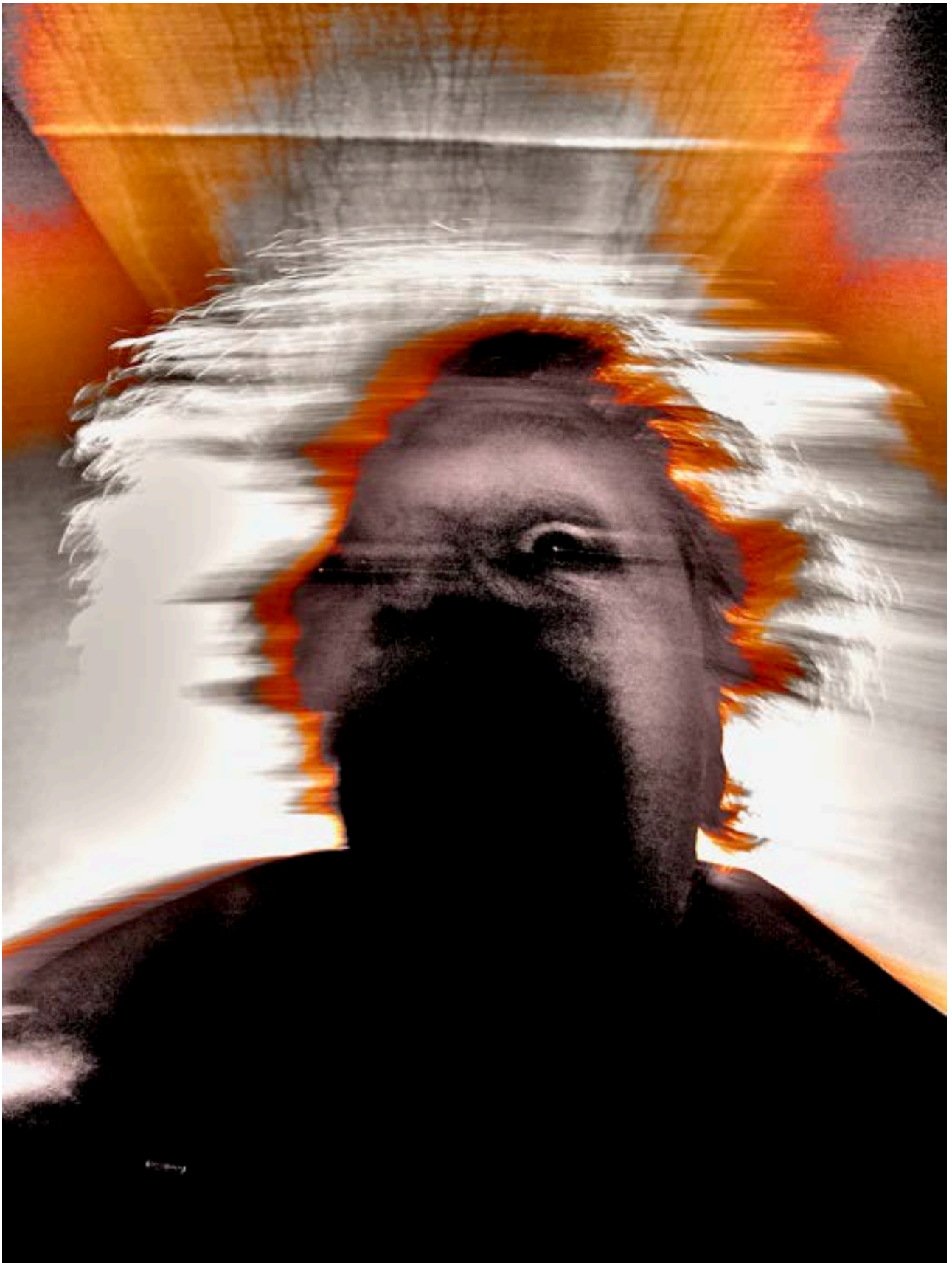














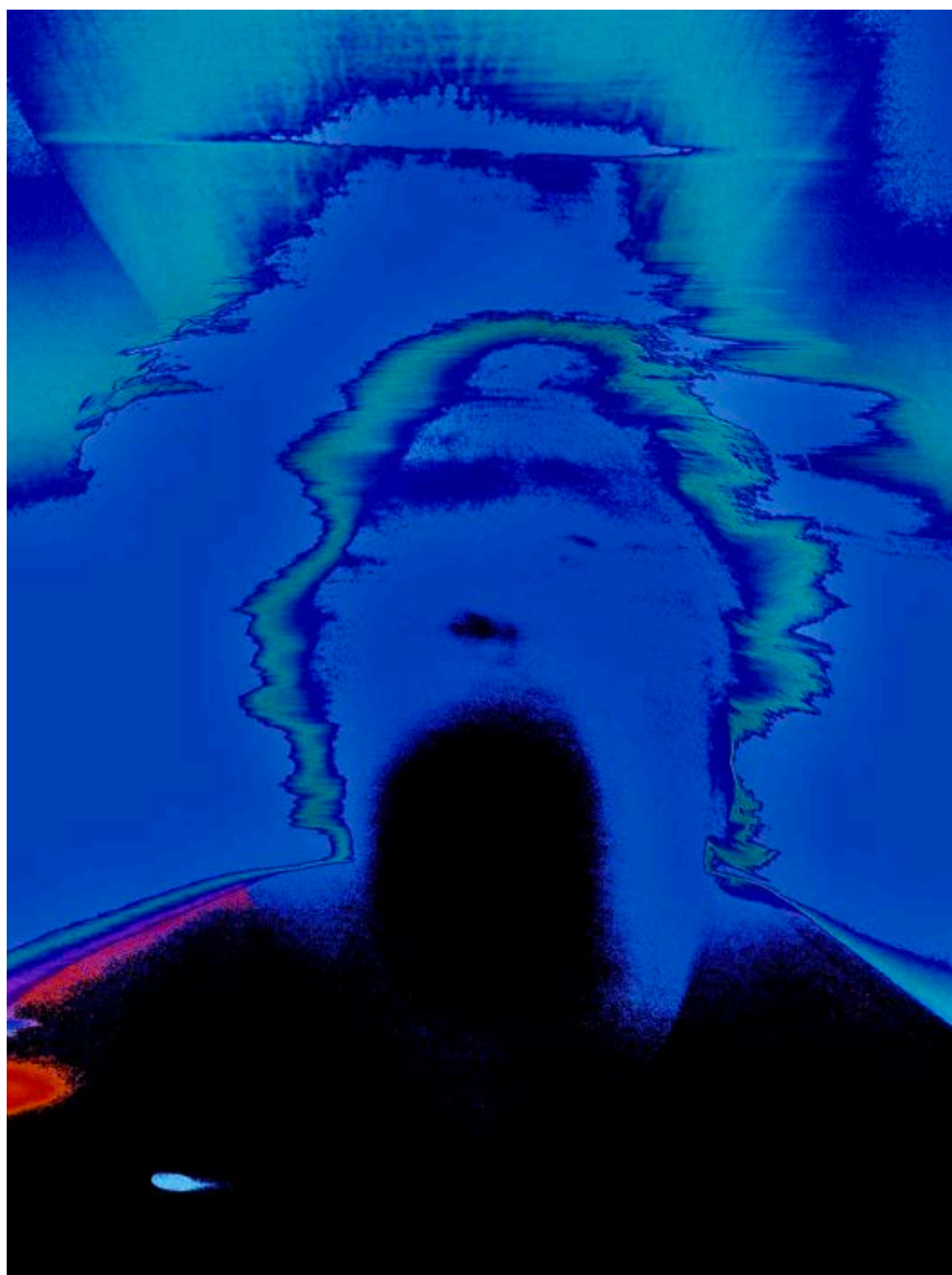




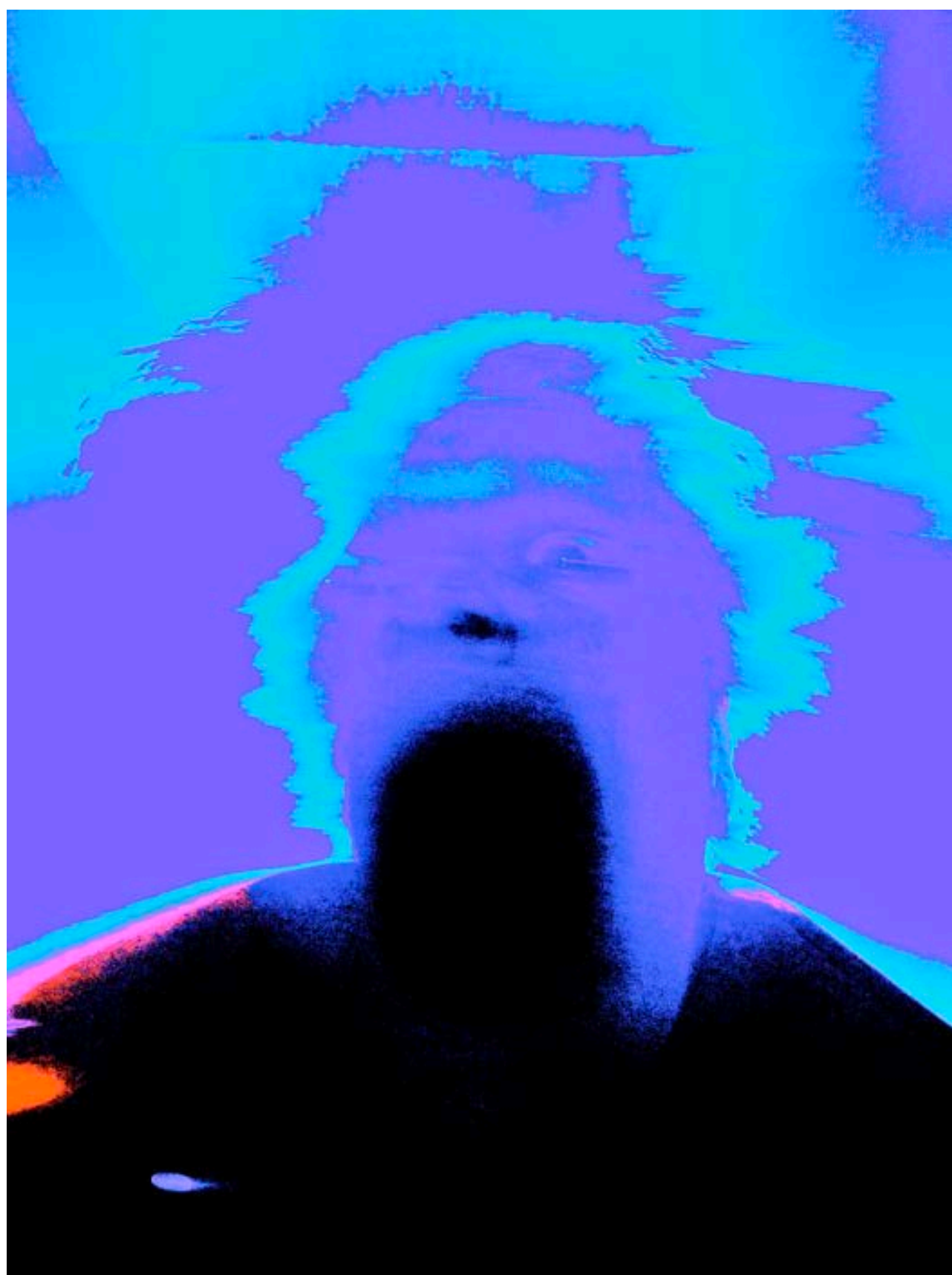








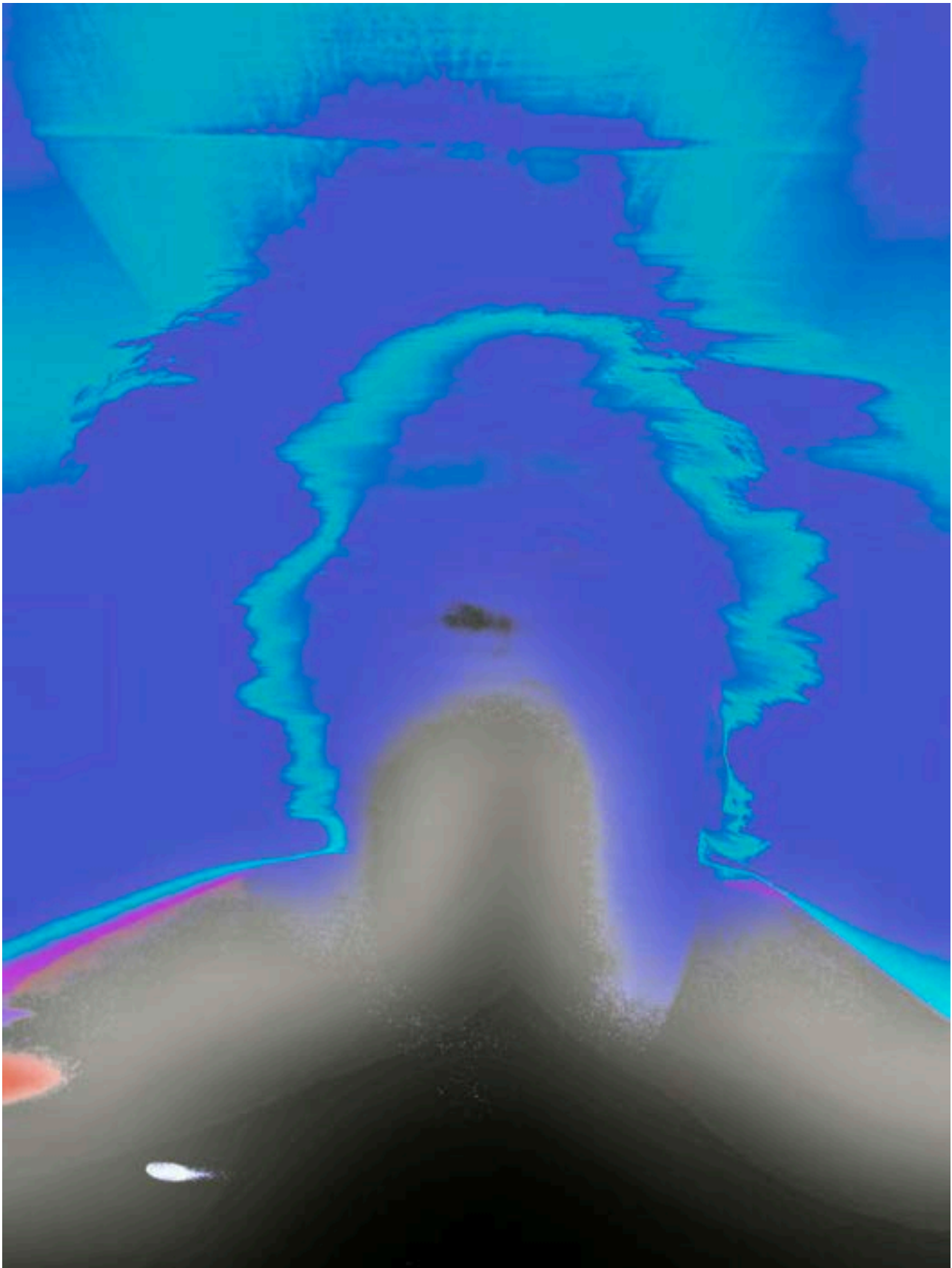


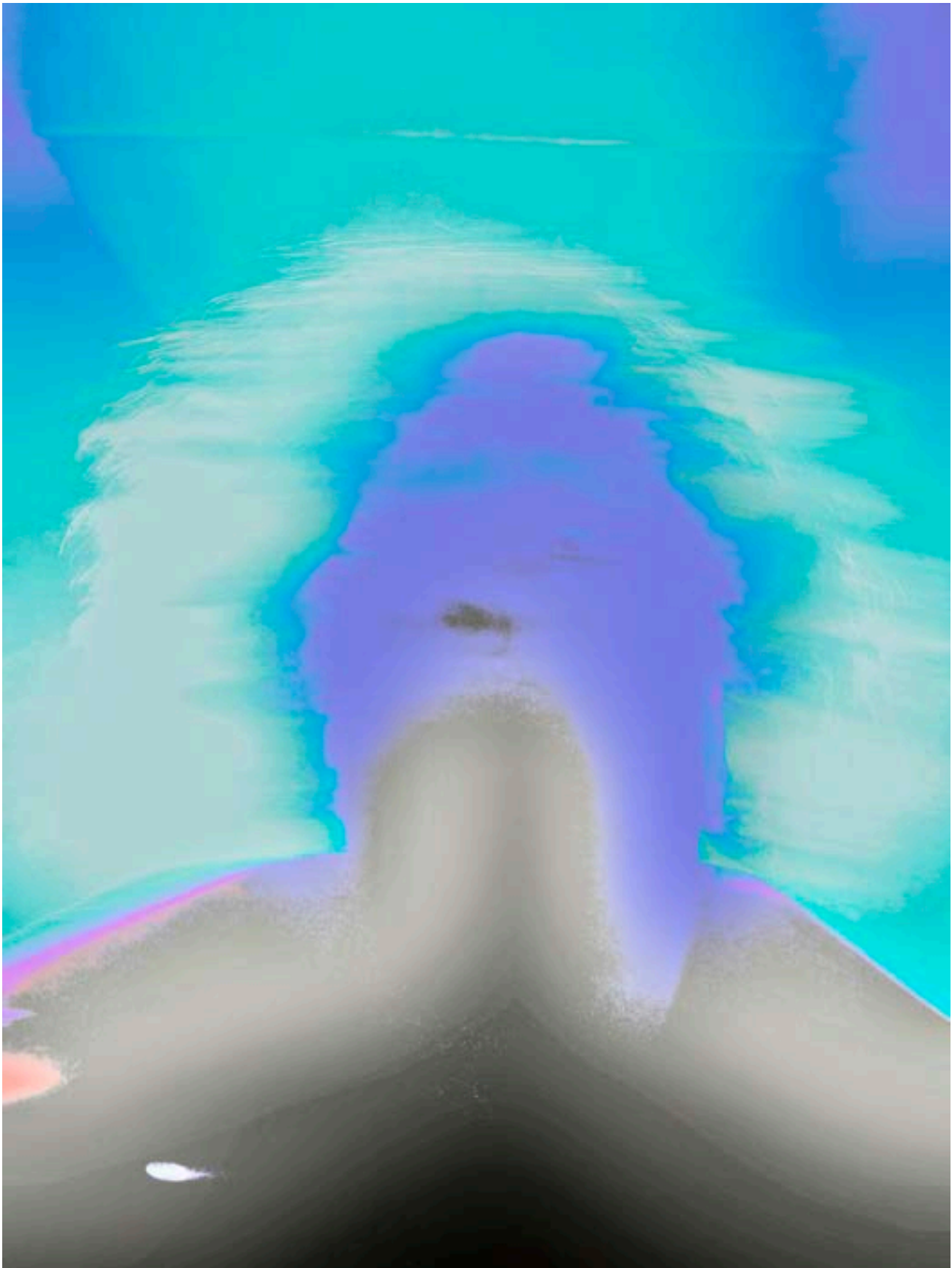






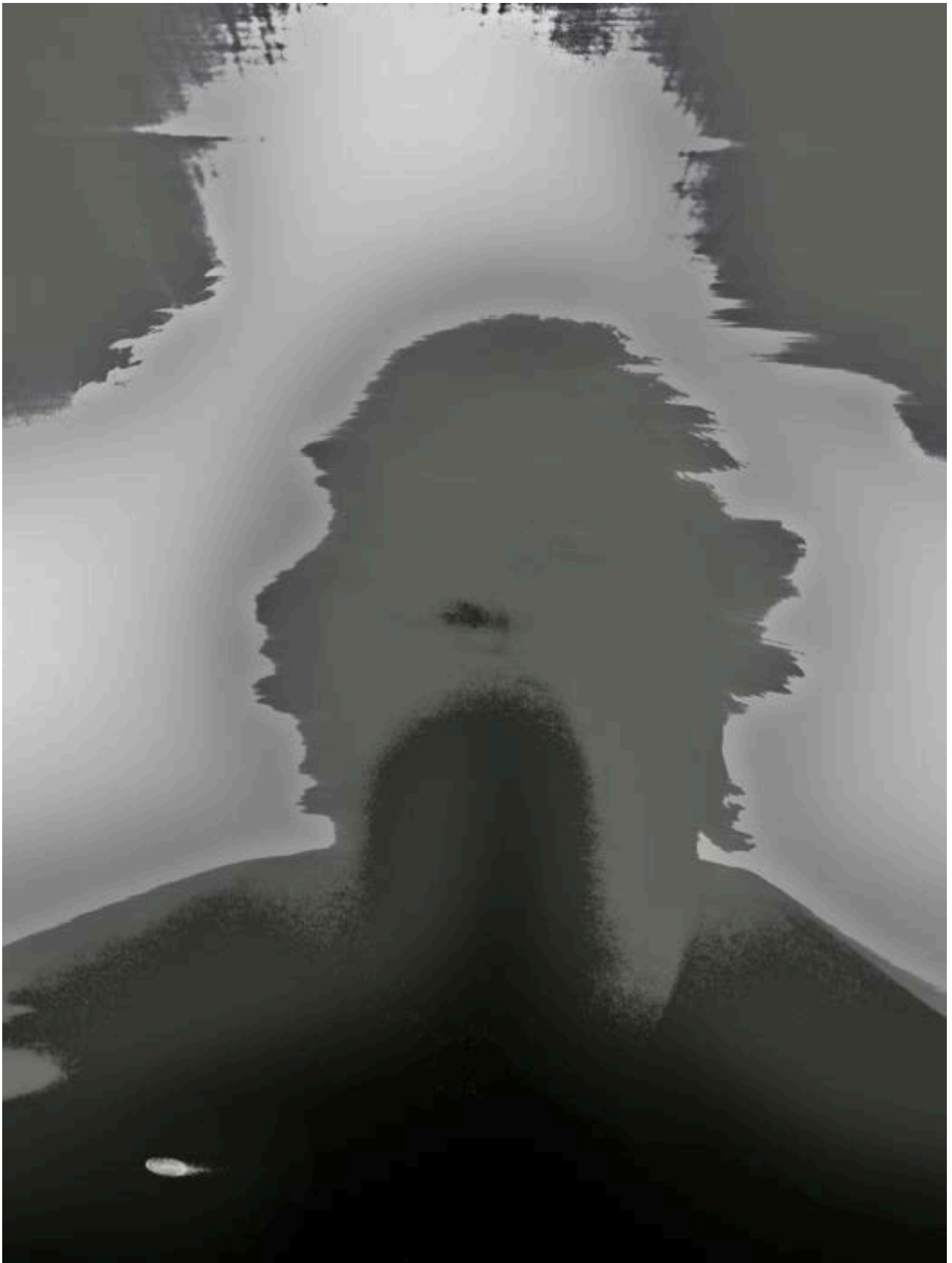


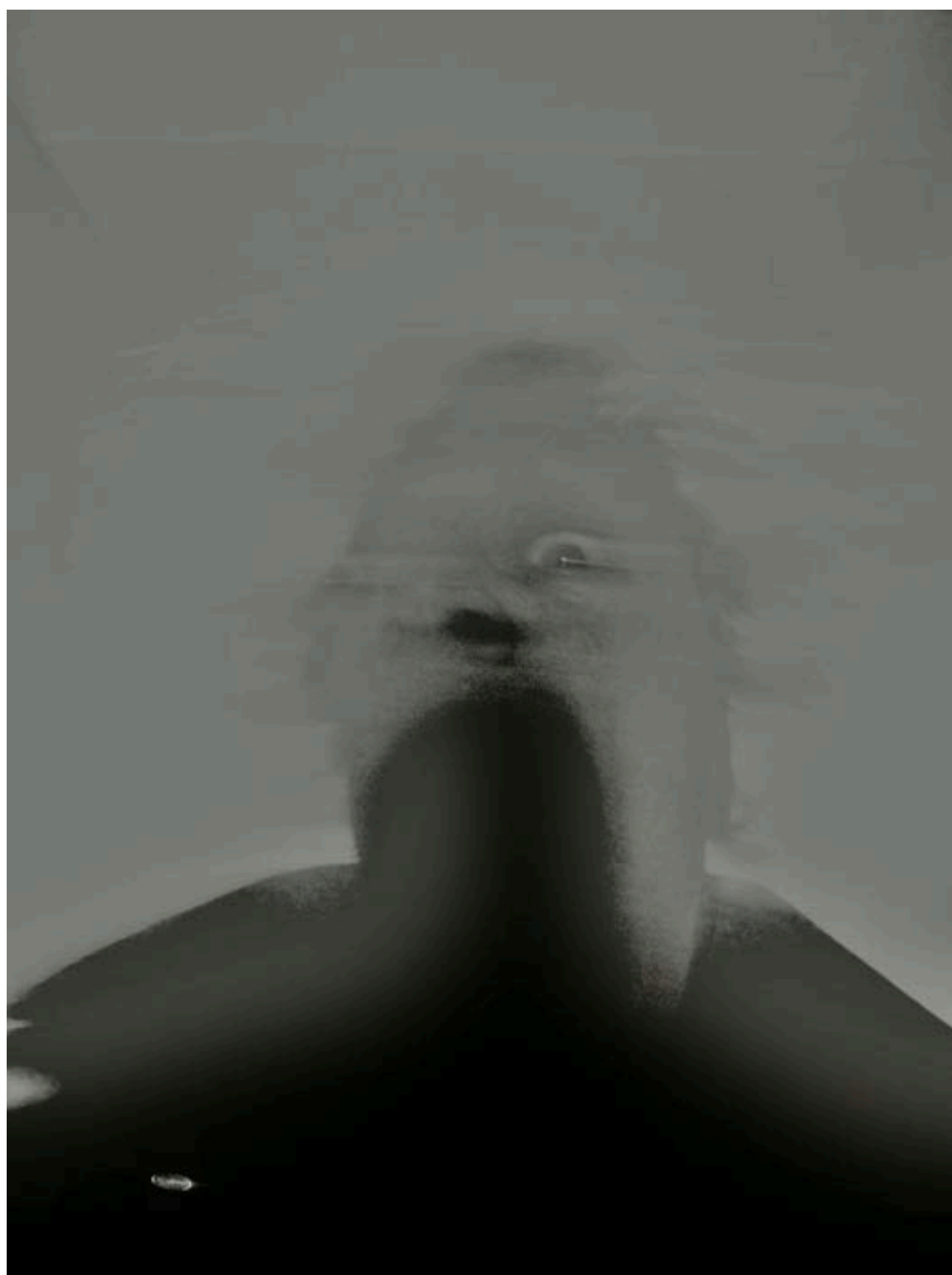






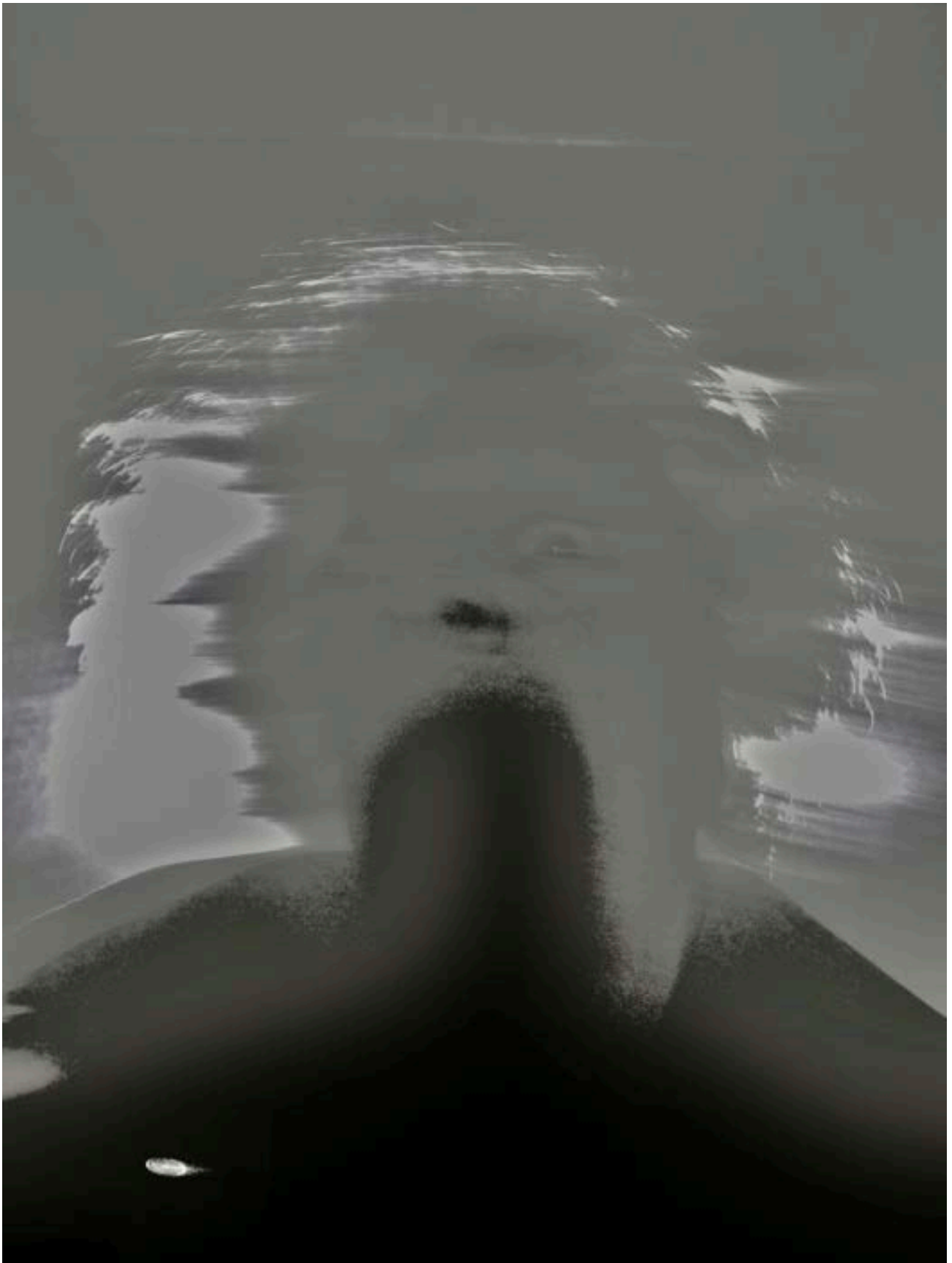


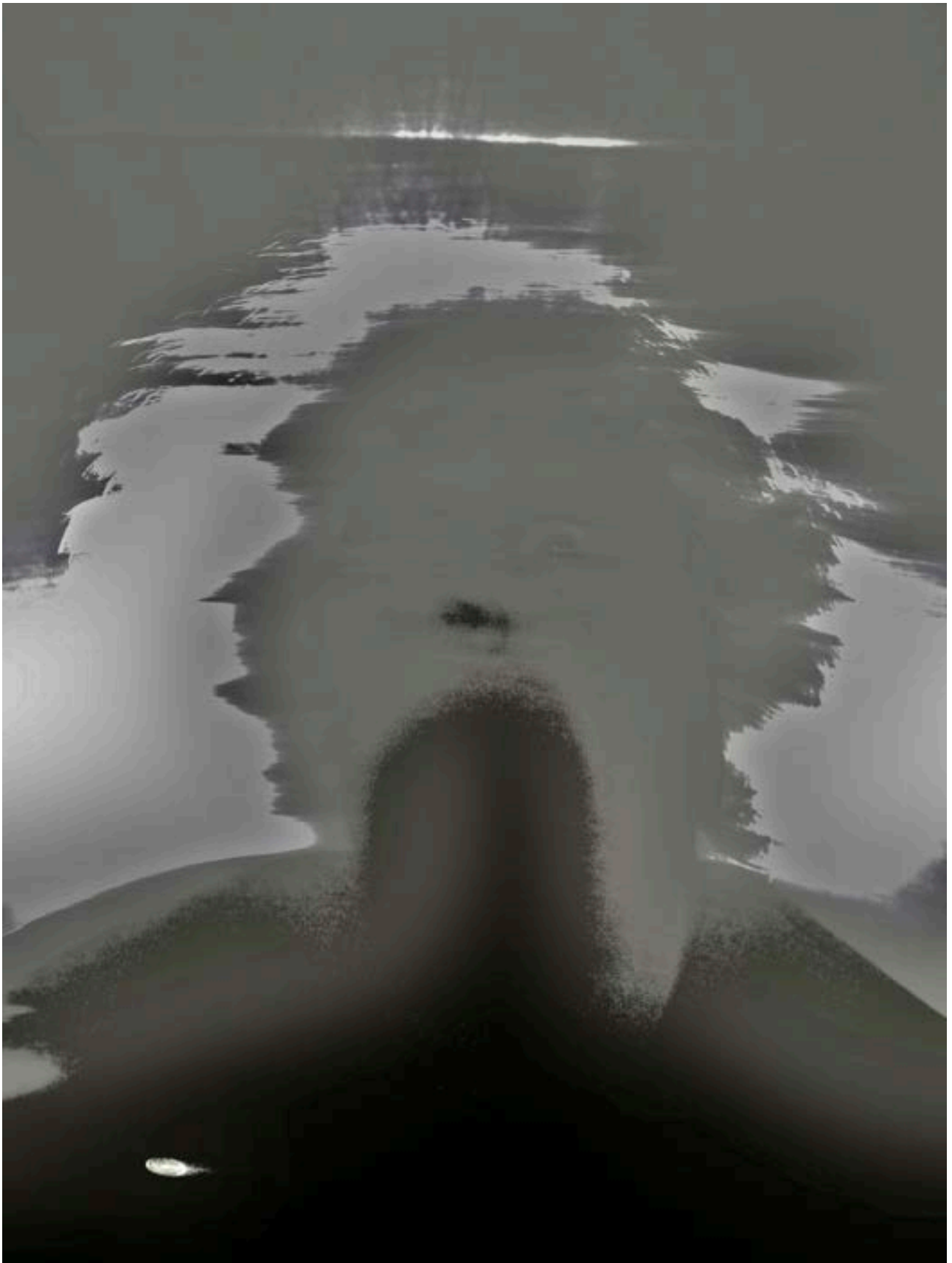


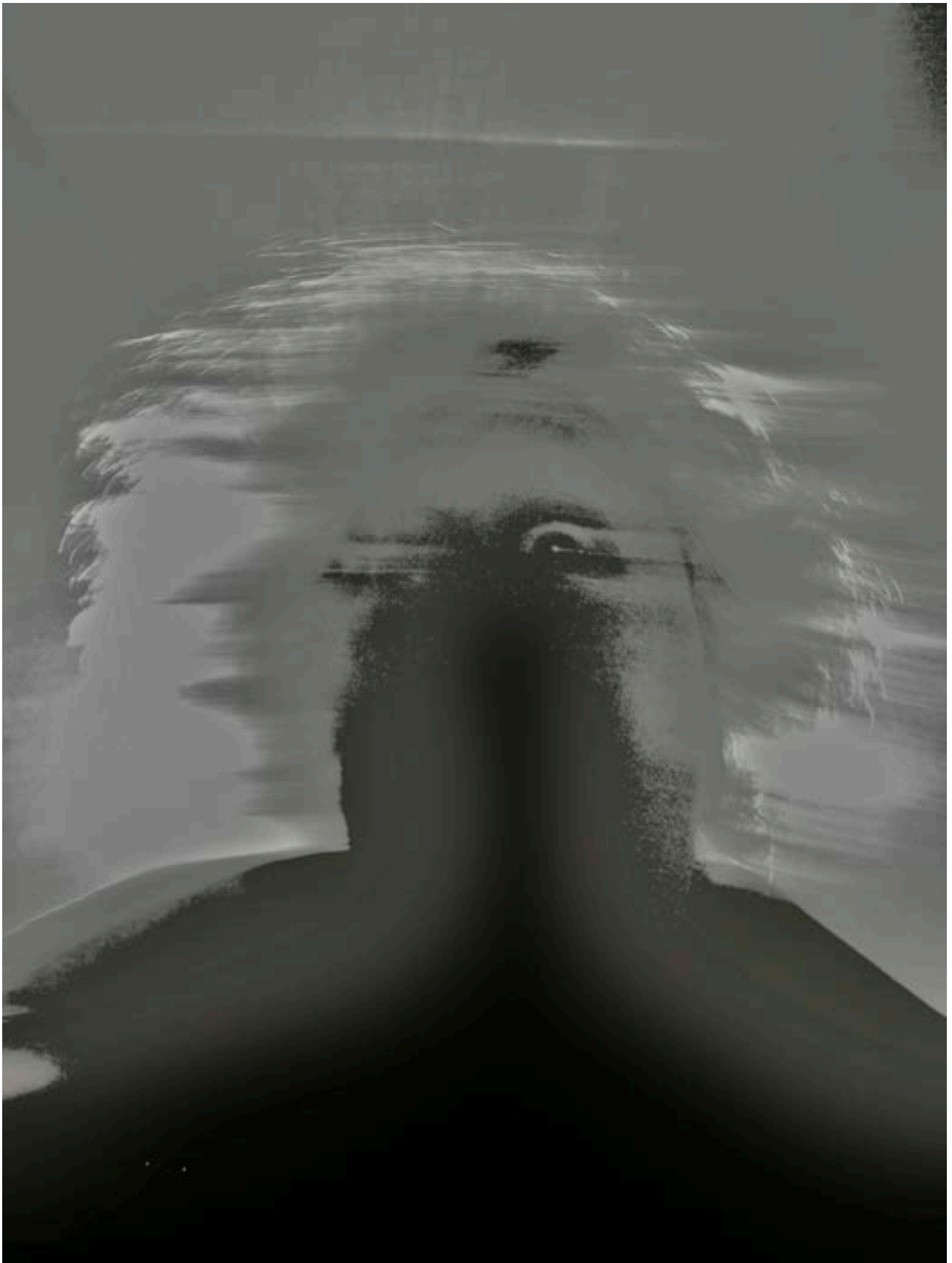


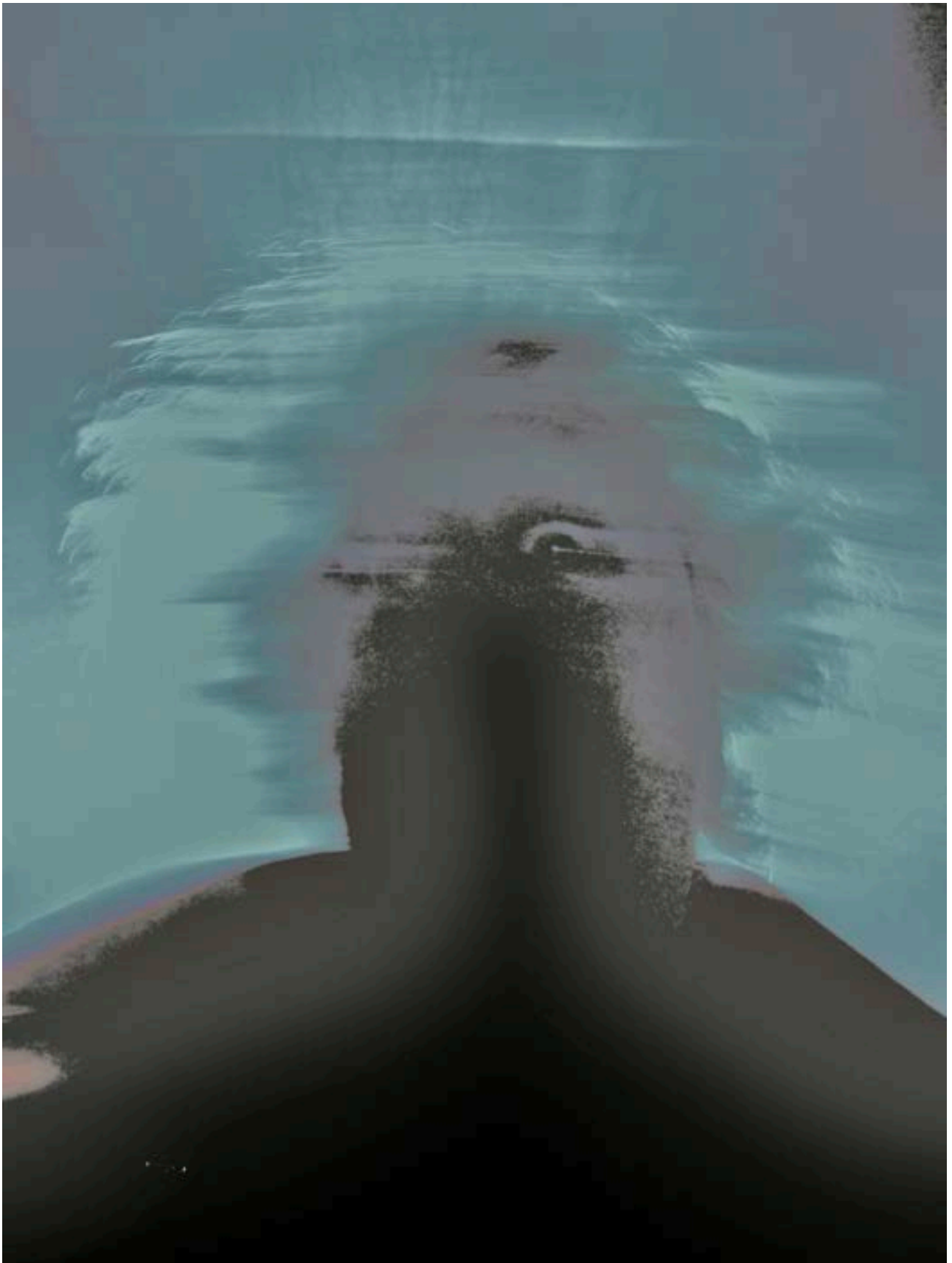




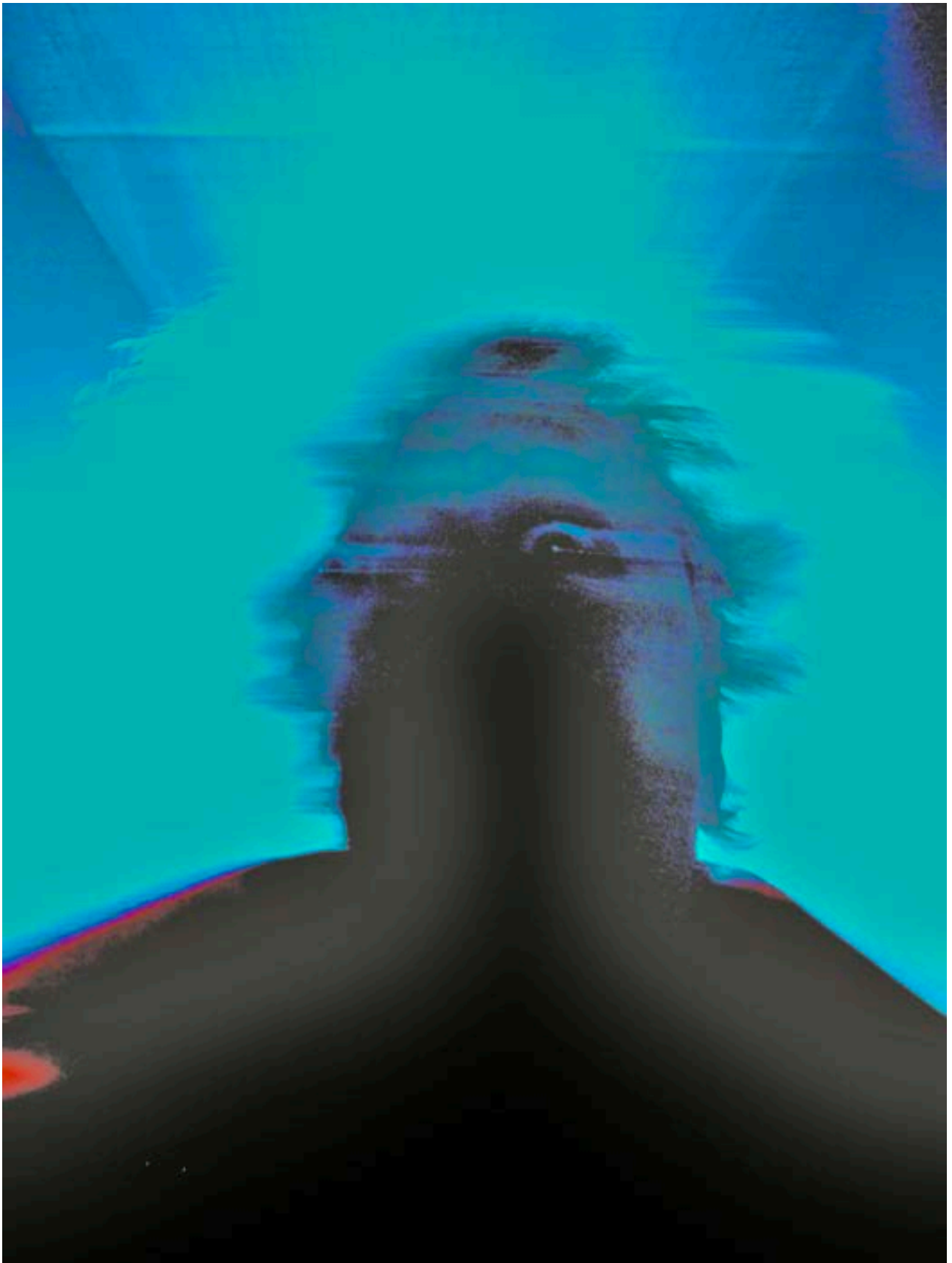




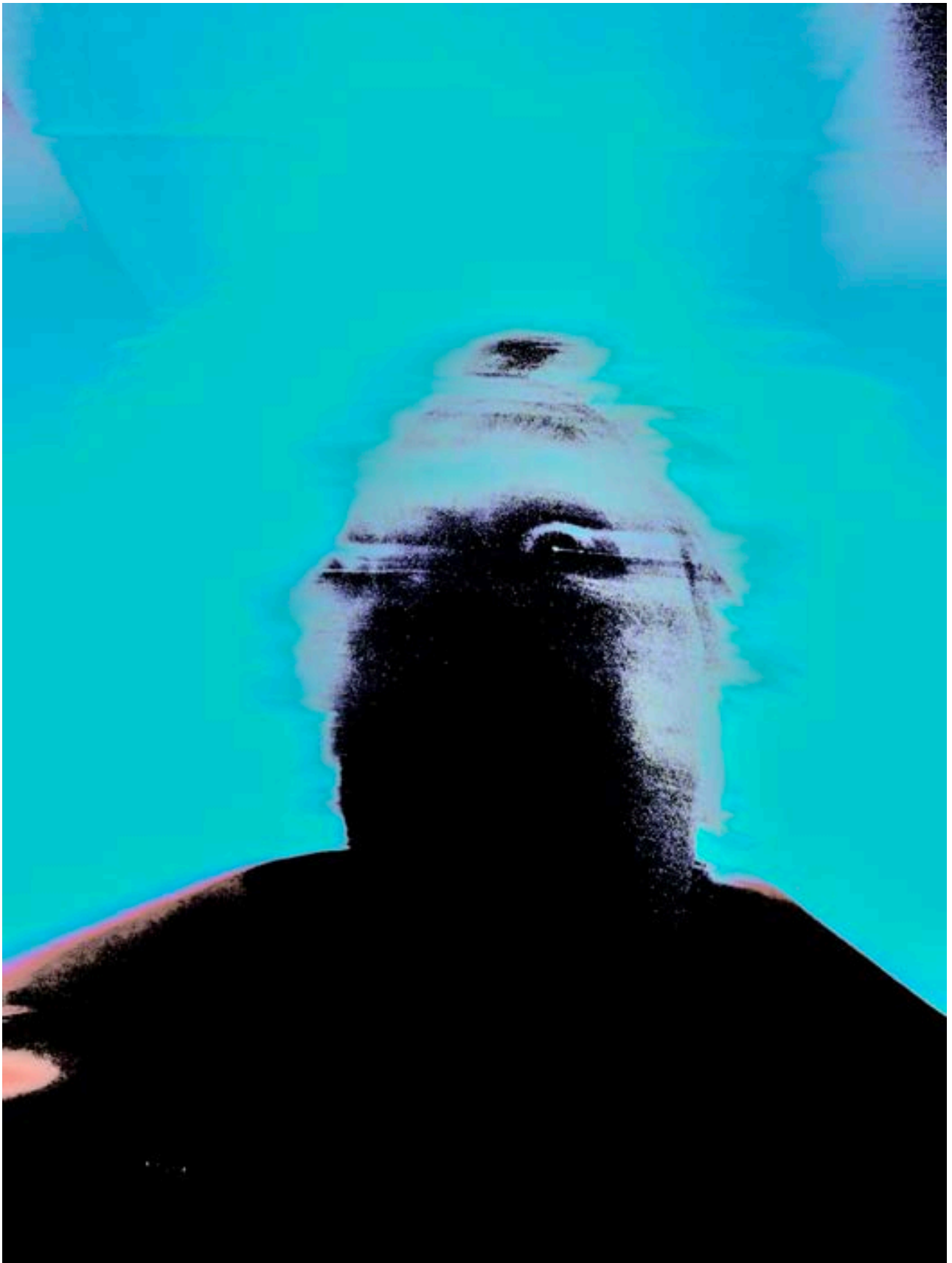


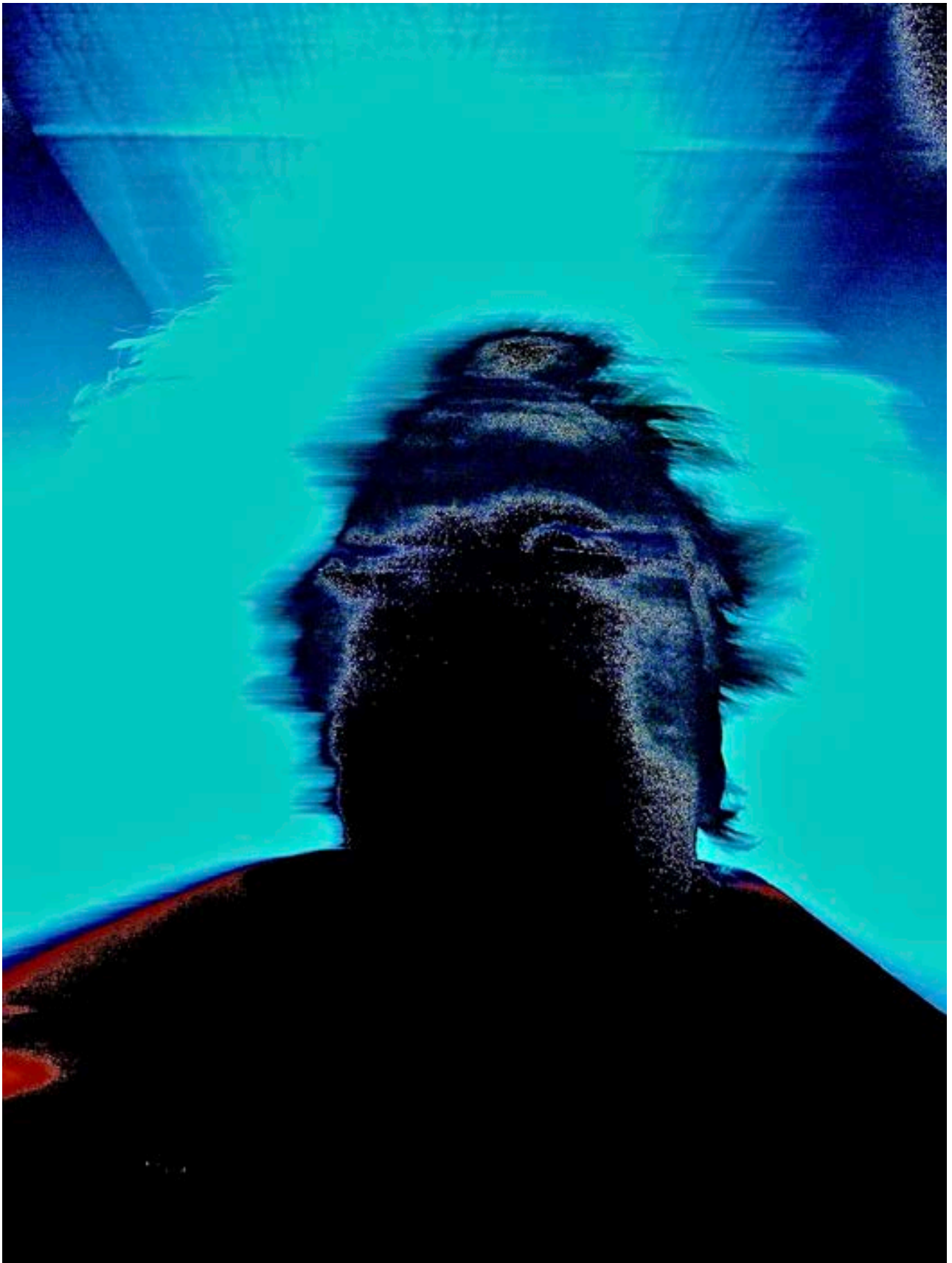
























































































































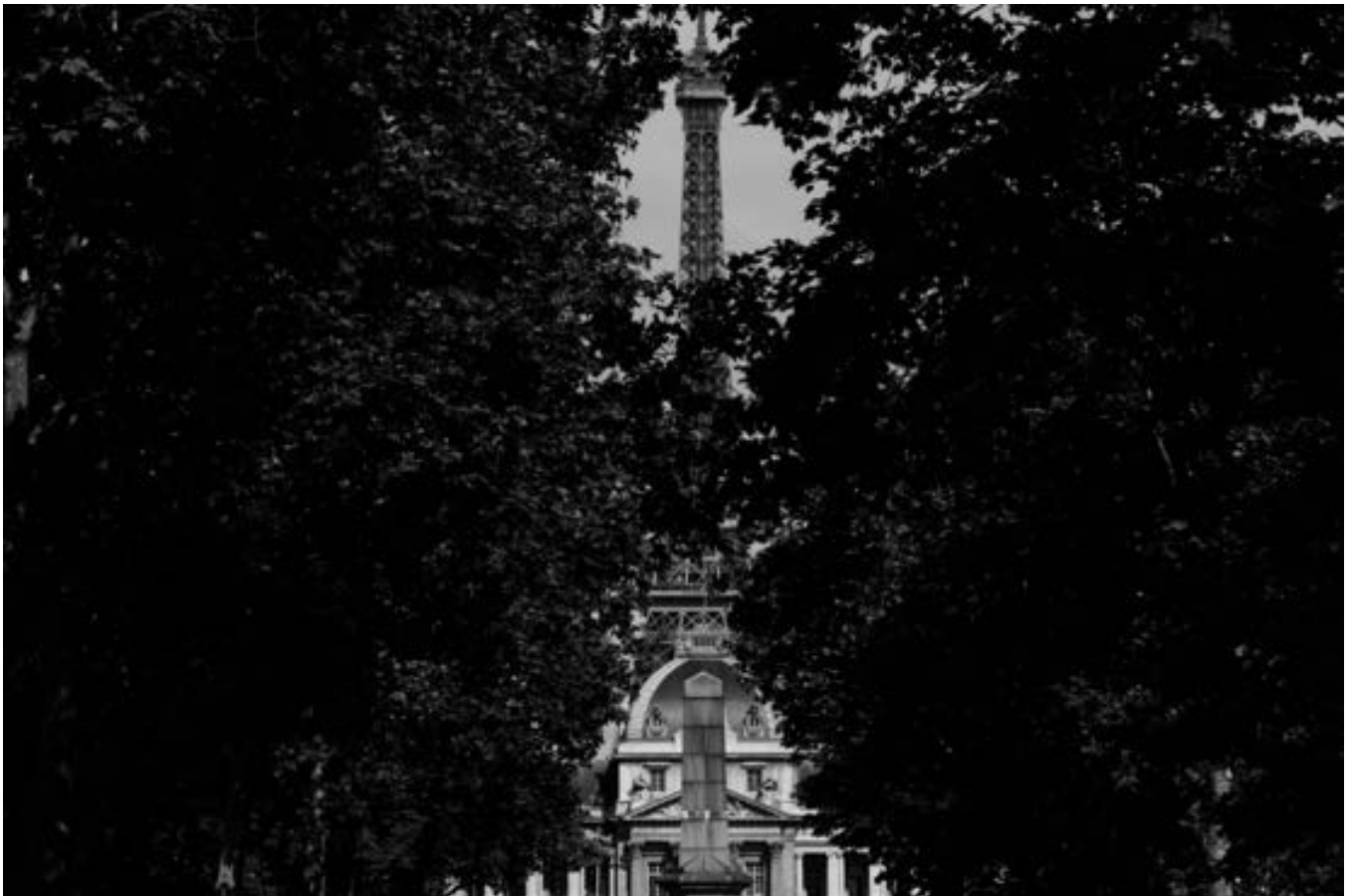
























































































































































































































Abstract, surreal portraits were created as part of the commemoration for Walter Benjamin's last passage in Portbou, Catalunya, Spain, September 1940. (Photographs were taken at the memorial site designed by Dani Karavan.)

Walter Benjamin was on his way to New York, to leave France, fleeing from the Nazi henchmen, who had him on the list, as they had so many other European people, who they didn't see fit to be part of their idea for a National Socialist Society, which they were pursuing to establish across Europe and possibly beyond it.

He had all the papers necessary to meet up with Theodor W. Adorno, Hannah Arendt and many others.

With the help of Lisa Fittko he crossed the mountains from France to Spain, as many others had done so before him.

On this fateful day in September 1940 the law had changed. He needed an exit stamp from France, which he couldn't have gotten, so this not possible to get stamp, became his death sentence.

He was buried on 28 September 1940 in Portbou. The graveyard is on a hill on the edge of town, overlooking the Mediterranean Sea.

The Dani Karavan designed Memorial for Walter Benjamin is right next to it.

Hans Fleischner, July 2024, Vienna.