

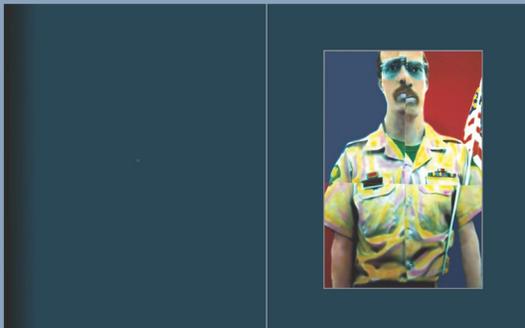
Vietnam Cavalcade – Photographs - Francis Olschafskie ©
 Hardcover – 8 x 10 inches - 42 pages - Clasp'd Hands Publishing - 2026
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An Artistic Evolution from Analog to Digital Photography

This comparatively biographical book is about the early career transformation of the pioneering artist Francis Olschafskie, illuminating his influences, experiments and his artistic evolution from Analog to Digital Photography.

His thematic exploration examines the contentious debate that continued regarding the treatment of the men and women returning home who participated willingly and unwillingly in the military during the USA most contentious armed conflict.

Olschafskie's project on Vietnam era Veterans revealed deeper themes beyond mere documentation. The pictures capture the essence of the Veterans Day parades participants who felt out of place and unwelcome.



About the pictures - Veterans Day Parade, 1982 - 1984

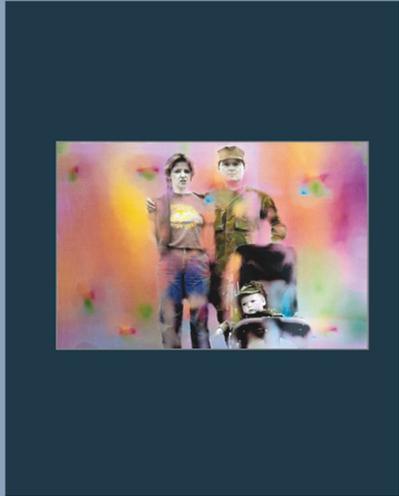
Yes, they were there, marching down the road, seeming to me to be the same individuals I had seen when I was in. Only, it was a parade that they were in. These from North Star - Tom and Keria made up the bulk of the procession. They had flags and other stuff, and they were all dressed in military green uniforms. Some even wore helmets that were painted chrome. Chromed! With their silver helmets and chrome medals on their chests, helmets, these were down in the sunlight. These were the children marching down the street in drum corps, followed by columns of young girls wearing white blouses and black and white skirts that were tucked into the air and caught, a brass band, all looking very patriotic. They were a parade in the procession, which was followed by the unexpected appearance of a small group of raggedy guys trailing behind. They had long hair, were fatigues instead of dress uniforms, and one of them carried a gun. A lot of them were in full uniforms. Some in khaki/olive and carrying flags. Jackets made of leather and cowboy hats. Many of them carrying beer and laughing, talking with their young children, holding their kid's hands, as they walked behind this parade, no marching whatsoever.

They didn't appear to belong at all. It was a peculiar military crew. They were definitely not members of the National Organization for the Restoration that they were trying to organize something. They had been denied. They obviously weren't, whatever it was. They would never get it though...A group of Vietnam Veterans.

One guy remained behind this military crew. Single guy, longish hair, black suit, white shirt, and black tie. He was by himself. No one was in his immediate vicinity. People seemed to be attempting to avoid him. Being in the middle of the road at the end of this parade, he was singular and quite unusual. I could not miss this one.

I approached him. He kept his fingers clasped in front of himself as he backed away, obviously unsure of me. He retreated once more until he was practically up against a car which I could not see. The car was a beaten-up Ford Mustang. It was a true rat hole, and it was mine. There was nowhere else for him to go. In my hand is my camera.

"I want to take your picture." and he remained still. He said I wasn't sure there. I said that I was making portraits of parade participants who didn't seem to belong and I would like to include him in the series as well. When I stepped my hand to take the picture, he took a small step back over me, and I asked if he knew to get the picture...It was Senator John Kerry. He brushed my shoulder as he moved quickly past me.



I searched out these parades, and I started the project out by holding a small white strip studio like environment on the street, to make a group of formal portraits. But for some and pulling all my "subject" - Veterans was completely different was not the case, it was a parade!

It comes to the realization about the whole operation as I started and reviewed the pictures, that my original idea of holding the subjects, had something "other" than what the rest of the parade was. It was happening that just a single group of people to emerge from the hubbub of the parade. The social background between the individuals was much less than what I would expect them to be. The use of the computer allowed me to highlight the individual names and identifying information as well as enhancing and I was able to transform the original content into something both stark and beautiful.

