



HUMANS OF NEW YORK





HUMANS OF NEW YORK





BRANDON STANTON



HUMANS OF NEW YORK

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS  NEW YORK

TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
I HAD THIS CRAZY, JUVENILE IDEA
THAT YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE ALL MY
DREAMS COME TRUE. AND YOU DID.

HUMANS OF NEW YORK. COPYRIGHT © 2013 BY
BRANDON STANTON. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED
IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. FOR
INFORMATION, ADDRESS ST. MARTIN'S PRESS, 175
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010.

WWW.STMARTINS.COM

BOOK DESIGNER: JONATHAN BENNETT
PRODUCTION MANAGER: ERIC GLADSTONE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOGING-IN-PUBLICATION
DATA
AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST

ISBN 978-1-4668-4753-8 (E-BOOK)

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS BOOKS MAY BE PURCHASED FOR
EDUCATIONAL, BUSINESS, OR PROMOTIONAL USE.
FOR INFORMATION ON BULK PURCHASES, PLEASE
CONTACT MACMILLAN CORPORATE AND PREMIUM
SALES DEPARTMENT AT 1-800-221-7945 EXTENSION
5442 OR WRITE SPECIALMARKETS@MACMILLAN.COM.


10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

INTRODUCTION

I got my first camera in January 2010. I was working as a bond trader, so I only had time to use it on weekends, but I fell in love with it. Every Saturday and Sunday, I'd take my camera into downtown Chicago and photograph everything. If I found something especially beautiful, I'd photograph it from twenty different angles—just to be sure that I'd end up with one good shot. I'd return home each night with over one thousand new photos. Almost all of them were awful, but I didn't mind. I was hooked. Photography felt like a treasure hunt, and even though I sucked at it, I'd occasionally stumble upon a diamond. And that was enough to keep me wanting more.

I lost my trading job that July and immediately decided I wanted to be a photographer. I had enjoyed my time as a trader. The job was challenging and stimulating. And I'd obsessed over markets in the same way that

my life were spent obsessing over money, and in the end I had nothing to show for it. I wanted to spend the next phase of my life doing work that I valued as much as the reward. Photography seemed like an obvious choice. Like I said, it felt like a treasure hunt. And that seemed like a pretty good way to spend my time.



My parents thought I was crazy. There were several awkward phone calls during this time. My mother didn't try to hide her disappointment. She saw bond trading as a very prestigious profession. Photography, on the other hand, seemed like a thinly veiled attempt to avoid employment. After all, I had no experience or formal training. And it didn't help that I had no plan for making money. But I figured the best way to become a photographer was to start photographing. So I planned a photo tour through several major American cities.

I left Chicago in late July and started in Pennsylvania. My first stop was Pittsburgh. In taking photographs, the same way that I deposited the Chicago law book on a shelf, I found a book on the subject of bridges called "Bridges and Flays" by Myron. I had planned to take a book on Chicago architecture, but I found a book with the notable exception of "Yellow Submarine Bridges" because it was so important in the history of the city. Most of my photos were of buildings and bridges. But occasionally, I did include the best of my portraits to be the most compelling of my photographs, so I focused more energy on seeking them out.

I arrived in New York in early August. I planned to spend a week in the city before hopping on a plane for the West Coast, but I ended up staying for the rest of the summer. I remember the moment my bus emerged from the

The buildings were impressive, but what struck me most were the people. There were tons of them. And they all seemed to be in a hurry. That night, I created a photo album for my New York photos. I called it “Humans of New York.”

Back then I had no intention of starting a blog. I didn't even know what a blog was. But after spending some time in New York, I knew that I wanted to photograph people. I spent that entire summer stopping people on the streets. By the end of August, I'd collected over six hundred portraits. I began to sense that I was on to something special. I returned to Chicago long enough to pack my bags, and returned to New York on November 4, 2010.

I first envisioned HONY as a photographic census of New York City. I wanted to take ten thousand portraits and plot them on an interactive map of the city. That way you could click on any neighborhood in New York and scroll through the faces of people who live there. I'd been resisting the suggestion for some time, because I was already posting my photos to my personal account. Making a separate page seemed redundant. But one night he finally talked me into it, and I started a new page for Humans of New York. In just over a year, that haphazard decision would lead to the discovery of half a million fans.

It wasn't an immediate explosion of growth. Progress was slow at first. But after a few weeks of posting, I began to notice unfamiliar names interacting with my photography. With each new post, a few more strangers began to follow my work. I could now see a direct correlation

My next big break came when I discovered Tumblr. No other platform puts a higher value on promoting its artists and creators. HONY took root on Tumblr very quickly, mainly because of the early support of Tumblr's editorial team. Soon hundreds of thousands of

people were following HONY on Tumblr, and I remain very thankful for Tumblr's role in my success.

The last major evolution in HONY came when I began interviewing my subjects. Whenever possible, I started pairing my photos with a story or quotation. This mix of photography and writing caused HONY to grow even faster. Hundreds of new fans started following the site every single day. Then thousands. And as the audience began to balloon, HONY evolved from a photography project into an ongoing blog. I began to shift my priorities. I no longer aimed to complete an epic photography project. Instead, I sought to provide my audience with a few good portraits, every single day. And I hope to continue doing so for a very long time.

This book is the result of nearly three years of work. I walked several thousand miles to find these portraits. I stopped over ten thousand people on the street. It was exhausting work, but I enjoyed every minute of it. The people in these pages are very dear to me. By allowing me to take their photo, each one of them helped me to realize my dream. And I am so thankful for their participation.

Last, thanks to all of you who follow my work. You've supported me so much. It's been a dream, really. Thank you for making this happen for me. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

"I'M JUST FIGURING OUT
WHAT I WANT TO DO,



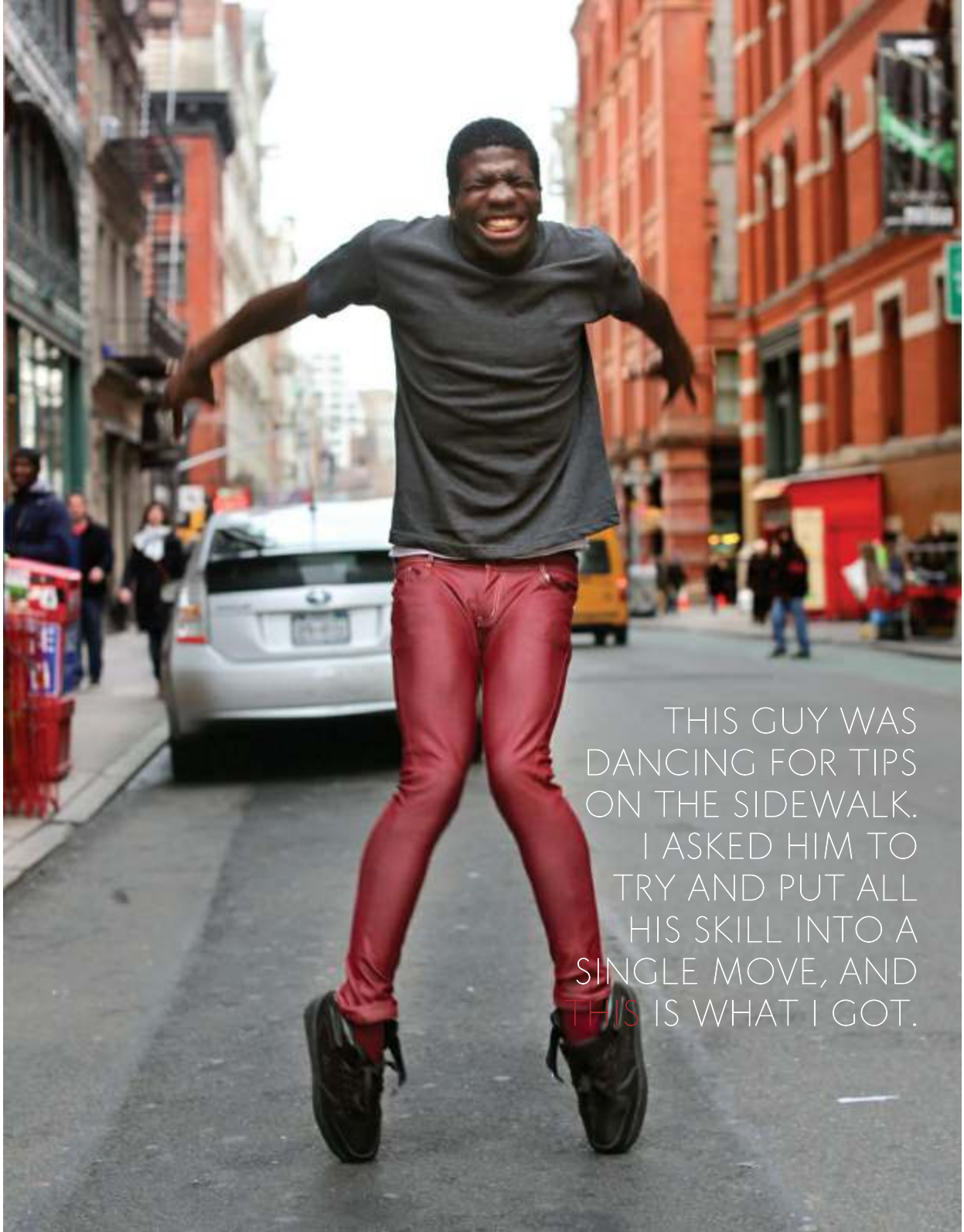
"CAUSE IT
AIN'T THIS."



SEEN AT THE WEST INDIAN DAY PARADE



"WILL YOU GIVE ME A COUPLE BUCKS IF I DANCE?"



THIS GUY WAS
DANCING FOR TIPS
ON THE SIDEWALK.
I ASKED HIM TO
TRY AND PUT ALL
HIS SKILL INTO A
SINGLE MOVE, AND
THIS IS WHAT I GOT.



SEEN AT BRIGHTON BEACH,

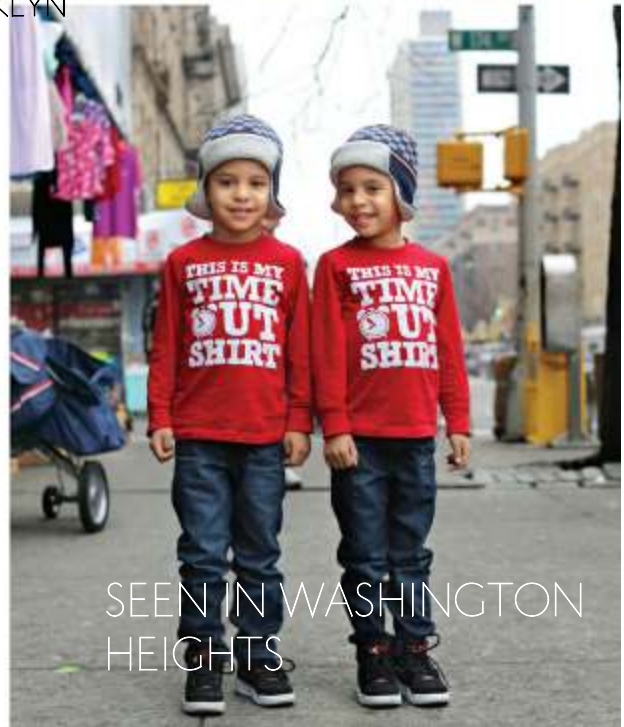
GOOD NEWS, EVERYONE!
ALL REMAINING
MYSTERIES OF THE
UNIVERSE WERE SOLVED
YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.



HITCHING A



SEEN IN BEDFORD-STUYVESANT, BROOKLYN



SEEN IN WASHINGTON HEIGHTS



"I GOT CAR DOORED."



EVEN THE SMOOTHIE WAS BLACK.



"WHAT INSPIRES YOU?"

"COLORS,
FLOWERS,
AND
PICNICS."

GAC FILIPAJ IS A REFUGEE FROM THE FORMER YUGOSLAVIA. FOR THE PAST TWELVE YEARS, HE HAS WORKED AS A JANITOR FOR COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY. HIS JOB TITLE IS "HEAVY CLEANER," WHICH INCLUDES EMPTYING THE TRASH AND CLEANING THE TOILETS.

THROUGHOUT THAT TIME, HE WORKED UNTIL 11 P.M. EVERY NIGHT DURING THE WEEK. AFTER HIS SHIFT CONCLUDED, HE WOULD START STUDYING. THIS WEEKEND, AFTER TWELVE YEARS OF STUDY, GAC GRADUATED FROM COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY WITH A



A PERSON WHO
EXHIBITED SO
MANY QUALITIES
I ADMIRE.



"I CAN TIE A FULL WINDSOR WHILE DRIVING DOWN THE ROAD AT SIXTY-FIVE MILES PER HOUR."

I NOTICED A LARGE CROWD GATHERED AT WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK.

THIS

I PUSHED MY WAY TO THE CENTER, AND FOUND





THAT MUSTACHE IS SO
SIKH.

I FOUND A HUGE GEYSER OF STEAM COMING UP FROM A GRATE
IN TRIBECA.
THEN I FOUND TWO BALLET STUDENTS EATING LUNCH ON →

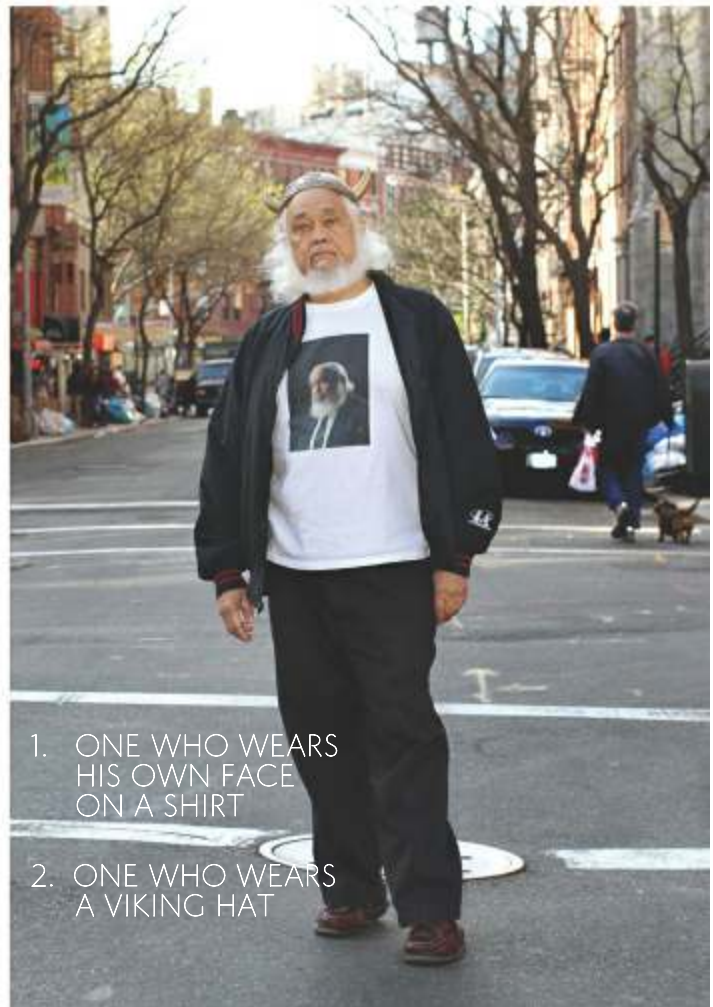




IN AN AGE OF
IPHONES AND
PLAYSTATIONS,
IT'S GREAT
TO SEE THAT
SOMEBODY'S
STILL ROCKING
THE BUS-ON-
A-STRING.



THE HONY
DICTIONARY
CONTAINS TWO
DEFINITIONS
FOR THE WORD
"CHAMPION".



1. ONE WHO WEARS
HIS OWN FACE
ON A SHIRT
2. ONE WHO WEARS
A VIKING HAT



"WE'RE GONNA BE FINE."



WHILE SURVEYING HURRICANE DAMAGE ON STATEN ISLAND, I CAME ACROSS THESE VOLUNTEERS FROM THE MUSLIM-AMERICAN SOCIETY. THEY PAUSED FOR A QUICK PICTURE BEFORE HEADING



THE PIGEON WHISPERER



NOW THAT'S ART.

“HE WAS MY FIRST LOVE. WE DATED FOR TEN DAYS WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, BUT MY MOM WOULD NOT ALLOW THE RELATIONSHIP. SHE TOLD ME: ‘HE’S AN AMERICAN, AND HE’S AN ACTOR. HE’LL NEVER MAKE ANYTHING OF HIMSELF.’ THEN SHE SAID: ‘THERE ARE MILLIONS OF MEN, BUT I’M YOUR ONLY MOTHER.’ SHE TOLD ME TO NEVER CONTACT HIM AGAIN AND I LISTENED TO HER. SHE TOOK ME TO KOREA FOR A FEW YEARS. I NEVER TRIED TO CONTACT HIM, EVEN WHEN I CAME BACK. I NEVER EVEN GAVE HIM AN EXPLANATION. THAT WAS OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO

RECENTLY, I GOOGLED HIM AND SAW THAT HE WAS RUNNING A THEATER COMPANY. I WROTE HIM A LONG LETTER OUT OF THE BLUE, EXPLAINING EVERYTHING WE’D BOTH BEEN MARRIED. WE BOTH HAD KIDS. BUT HERE WE ARE—FINALLY TOGETHER.”





"I LISTENED
TO MY
TEACHER
AND WENT
BEYOND
AND
ABOVE"



“EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD LIVE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN FOR AT LEAST A YEAR. WE HAVE A CALVINIST WORK ETHIC TRANSPORTED FROM NORTHERN EUROPE. WHEN YOU LIVE IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACE ON EARTH, THAT SEEMS LESS AND LESS IMPORTANT.”

“YOU BETTER NOT MAKE IT SEEM LIKE WE
WERE SITTING AROUND. . . .



DON'T TAKE THE PICTURE UNTIL THE
BULLDOZER STARTS MOVING.”

"I WOKE UP,
SMOKED
A BOWL,
GRABBED
SOME
RANDOM
STUFF I
FOUND
BY THE
DOOR, AND
HEADED
OUTSIDE."



SEEN IN
SOHO





THIS LITTLE GUY WAS BOUNCING A TINY BASKETBALL WHEN IT GOT AWAY FROM HIM AND LANDED IN A BED OF PINE STRAW. TWO SQUIRRELS APPROACHED THE BALL TO INVESTIGATE. THE BOY CONCLUDED THAT THE SQUIRRELS

TO STEAL
HIS
BALL, AND
WAS
OVERCOME
BY
DESPAIR.

I THINK
IT'D BE
DIFFICULT
TO BRING
TOGETHER
MORE
ELEMENTS
OF NEW
YORK
CITY IN
A SINGLE
SCENE.





THE MAN ON THE RIGHT SPENT SEVERAL MINUTES EXPLAINING HIS PLAN TO BECOME A GENDER-BENDING ROCK STAR. IT ALL SOUNDED VERY IMPRESSIVE. THE MAN ON THE LEFT WAITED PATIENTLY WHILE HIS FRIEND HELD THE SPOTLIGHT. THEN, IN A QUIET VOICE, HE SAID: "I'M A CARD-CARRYING NATIVE AMERICAN AND THE TWILIGHT

ON THE
LEGENDS
OF MY FAMILY."

BOOM.



"I'M A MATH
TEACHER..."

"I WASN'T
EXPECTING
THAT."

"... AT THE
FASHION
INSTITUTE OF



SEEN ON THE SUBWAY

A TERRIBLE CRIME HAS BEEN COMMITTED. →



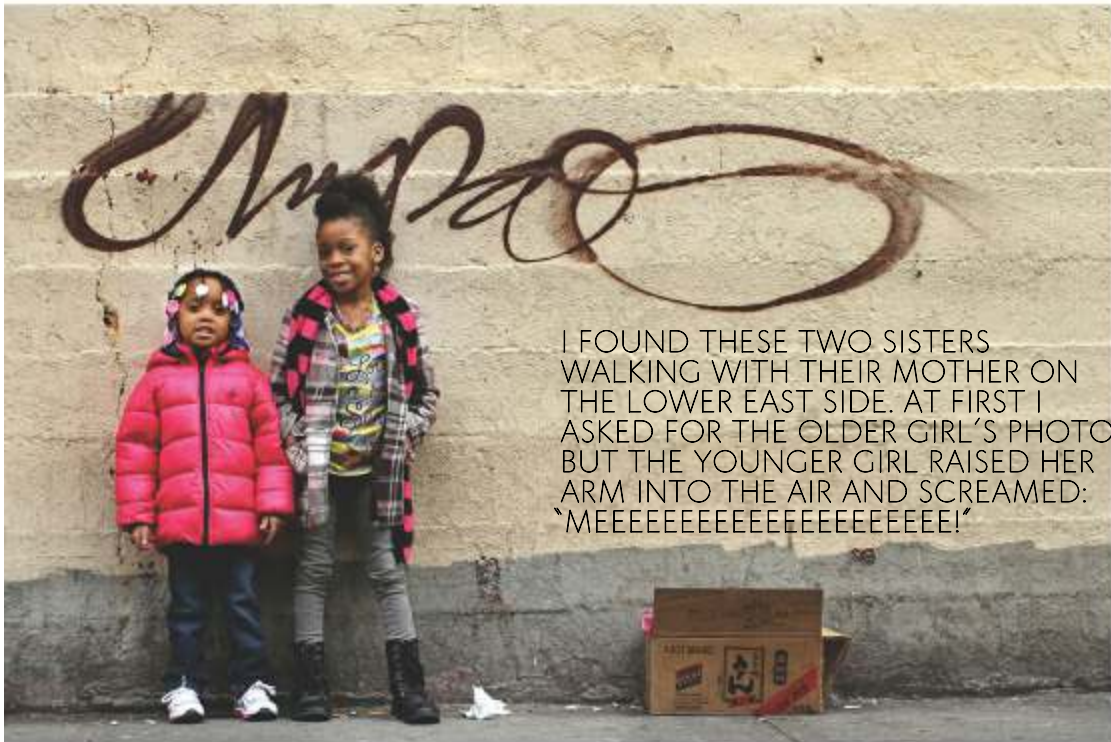


'I'VE BEEN A
WIDOW FOR
FIVE YEARS
NOW.
AND I GUESS I'M
WORRIED THAT
MEN LOOK AT
HOW I DRESS
AND JUST
DON'T
'GET IT.' MY
LATE HUSBAND
'GOT IT,' OF
COURSE. I'D
LOVE TO MEET
SOMEONE, BUT
I'M NOT GOING
TO CHANGE
ANYTHING
ABOUT MYSELF
TO DO IT.'





"WHATEVER'S NEEDED."



I FOUND THESE TWO SISTERS WALKING WITH THEIR MOTHER ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE. AT FIRST I ASKED FOR THE OLDER GIRL'S PHOTO, BUT THE YOUNGER GIRL RAISED HER ARM INTO THE AIR AND SCREAMED: "MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"



FEET CAN TELL THE BEST STORIES.



"WHAT'S THE BEST THING ABOUT WALKING BAREFOOT?"
"YOU FEEL MORE ALIVE. YOU FEEL THE HEAT.
YOU FEEL THE COLD."

"WHAT'S THE WORST THING?"
"STEPPING IN SHIT."



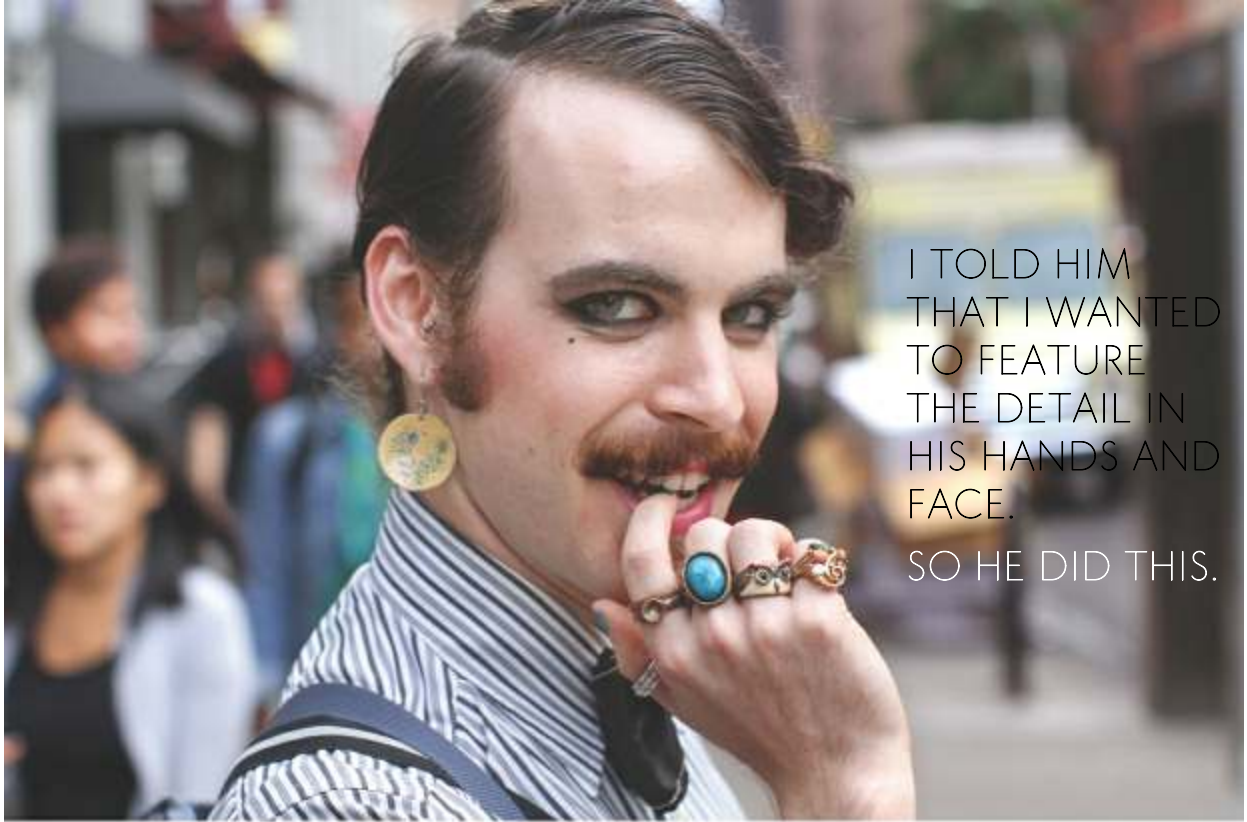
THREE MIND-BLOWING FACTS:

1. THESE FEET BELONG TO A SEVENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD MAN.
2. TWO YEARS AGO HE RAN A MARATHON.
3. AT THE NORTH POLE.





GRAFEETI



I TOLD HIM
THAT I WANTED
TO FEATURE
THE DETAIL IN
HIS HANDS AND
FACE.
SO HE DID THIS.



THE GOLDEN CHILD



"MY FIANCÉE AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED TOMORROW AT CITY HALL. SHE IS FIVE MONTHS PREGNANT AND BEAUTIFUL."



THE ENDANGERED HOMOCORNIA GLAMORALI





BET IT'D
BE HARD
TO HAVE
A BAD DAY
IF YOU
WERE
HOLDING
HANDS
WITH
THESE TWO.



ALL YOU
NEED IS
A HAND
TO HOLD
AND A
PUDDLE
TO STOMP.



"MY MOTHER'S GETTING MARRIED



HER
PARENTS
WERE VERY
SKEPTICAL
OF THE
MAN
WITH THE
CAMERA.
LUCKILY
SHE WAS
FEELING
BRAVE.

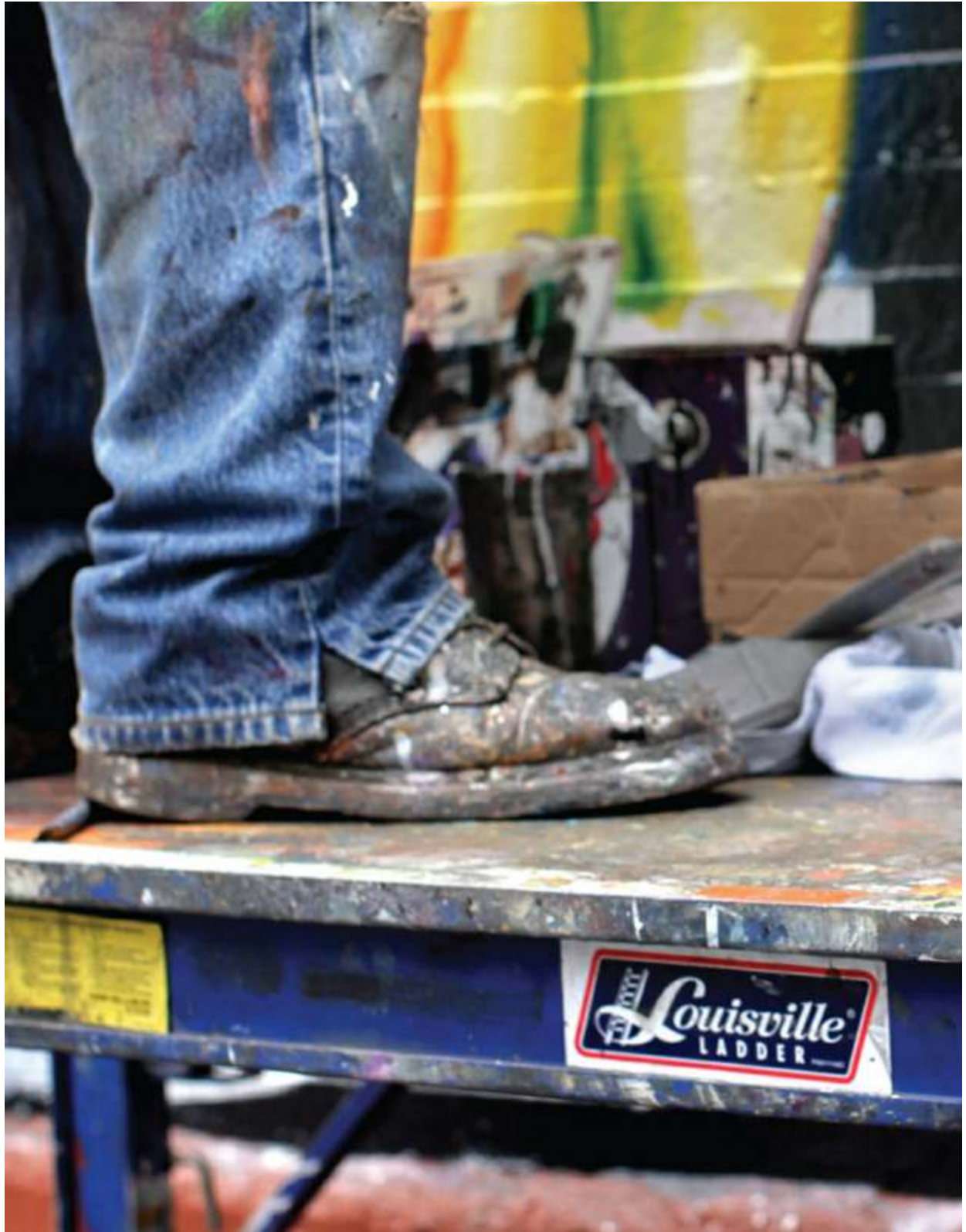


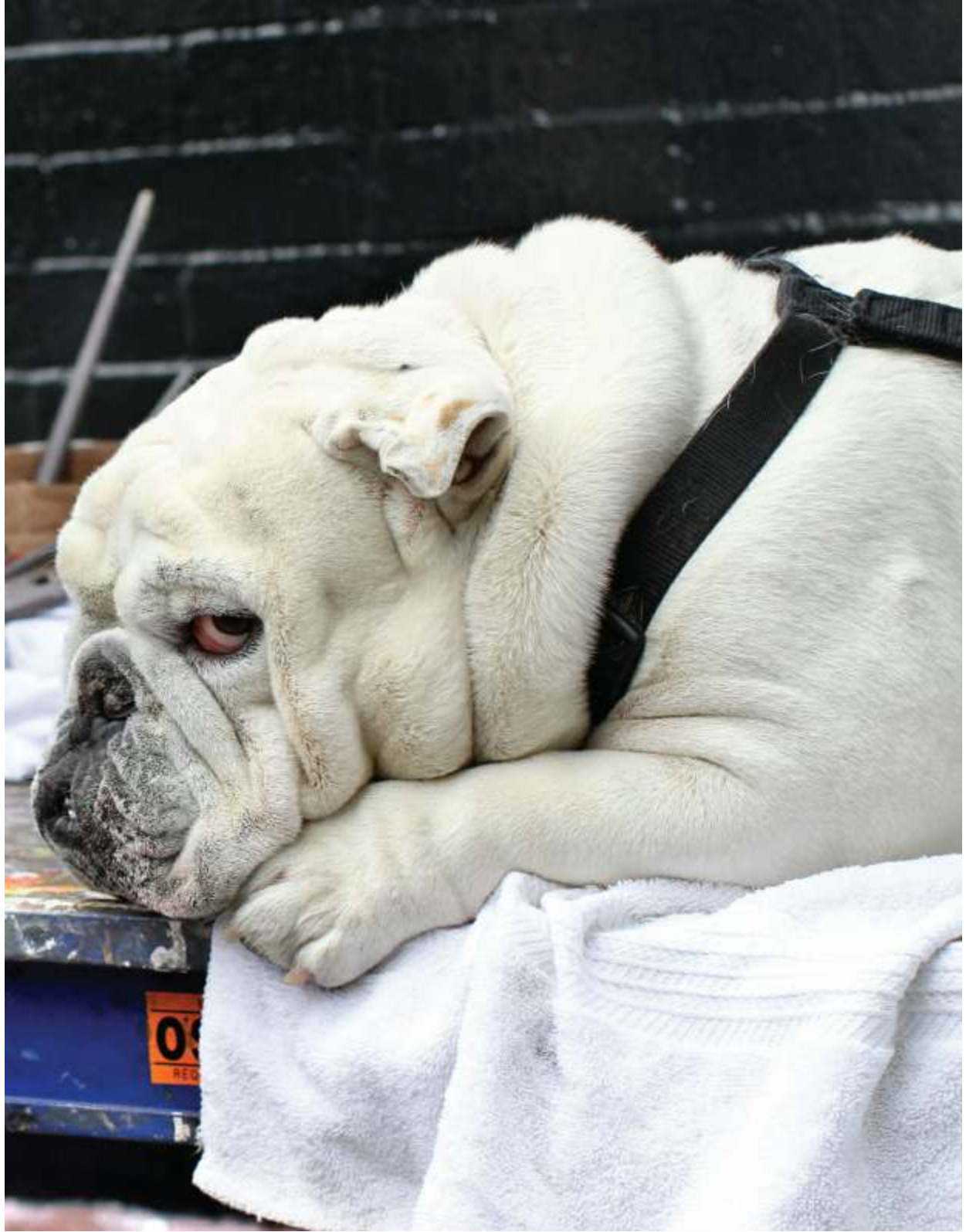


I STEPPED INSIDE AN UPPER WEST SIDE NURSING HOME, AND MET THIS MAN IN THE LOBBY. HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO DELIVER A YELLOW TEDDY BEAR TO HIS WIFE. "I VISIT HER EVERY DAY," HE SAID. "EVEN WHEN THE MIND IS GONE, THE HEART SHOWS THROUGH."

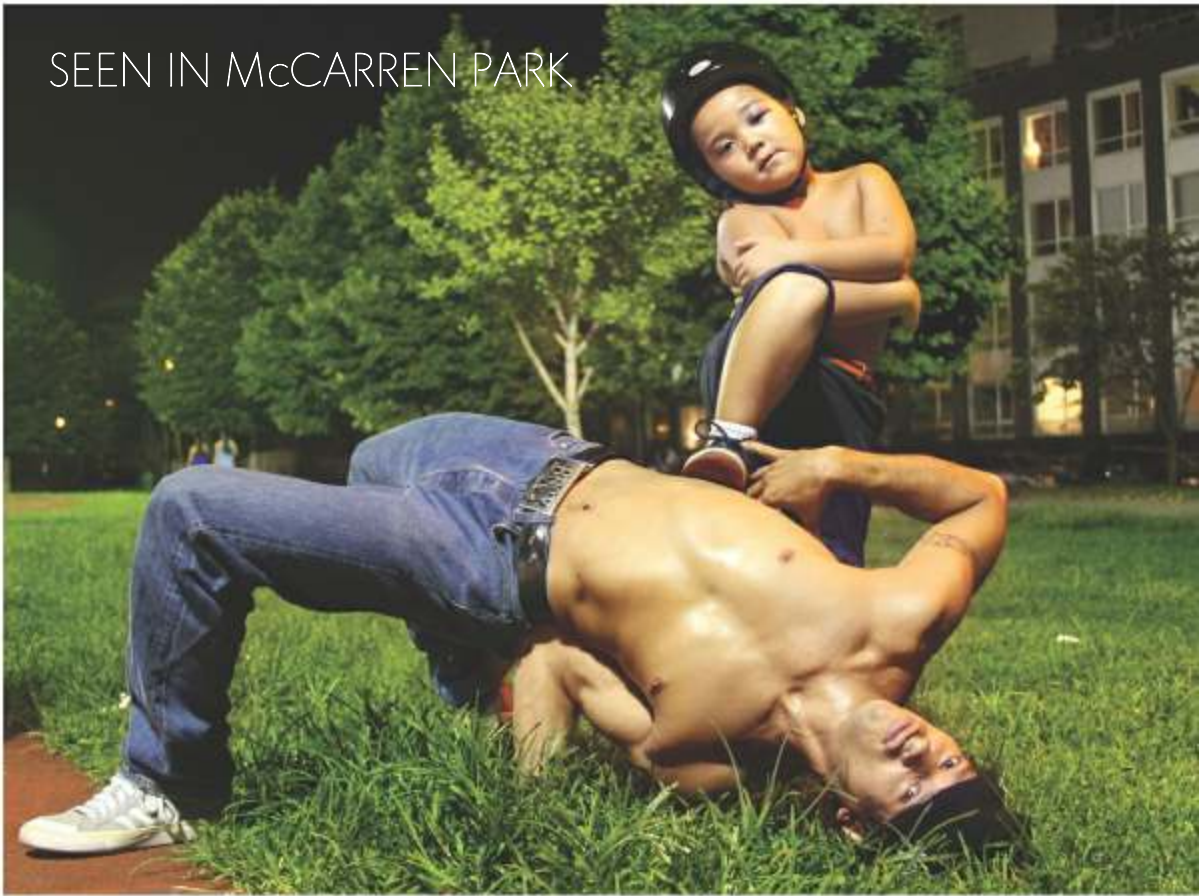
THE PAINTER HEARD ME LAUGHING, AND WITHOUT LOOKING DOWN, SAID:

"BOOGIE'S LOOKING AT YOU SIDWAYS,"





SEEN IN McCARREN PARK

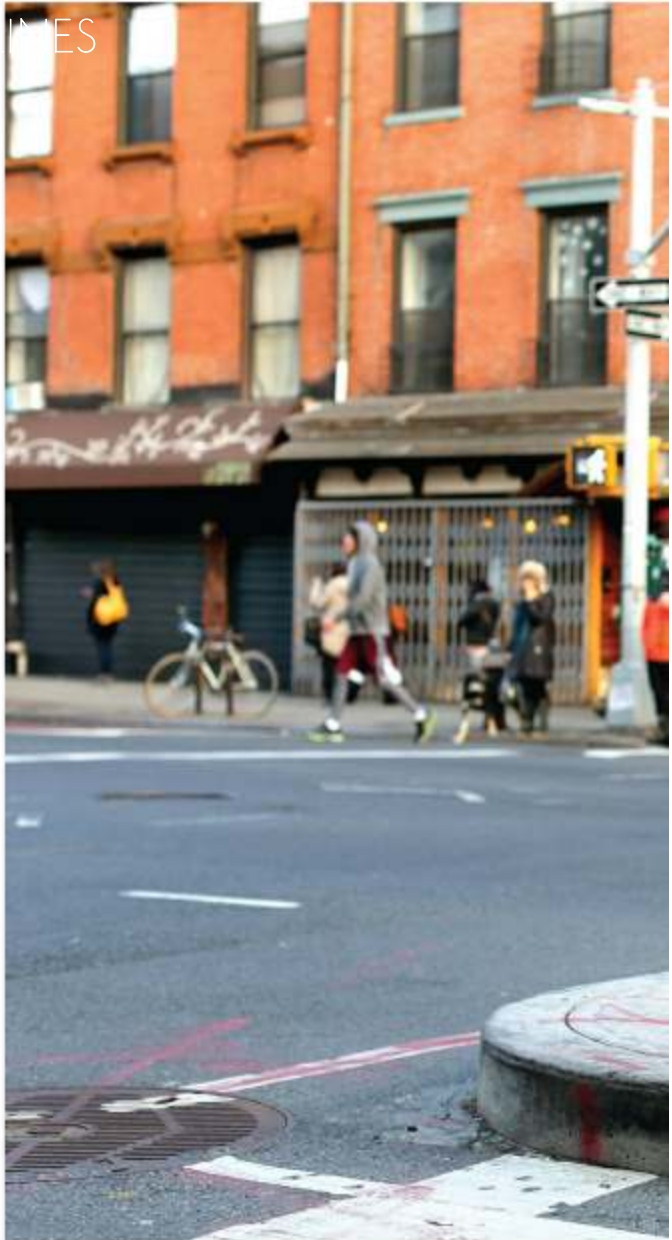


"DID YOU HEAR THAT, RUBY? THE PHOTOGRAPHER JUST CALLED YOU A BOY!"





COLORING INSIDE THE LINES



THIS KID WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A SCAVENGER HUNT, AND HAD JUST EARNED FIVE POINTS FOR "POSING WITH



"US ROLLERBLADERS GET NO RESPECT."







SEEN IN GRAND CENTRAL



SEEN IN CROWN HEIGHTS,
BROOKLYN



THE BUSINESS MEETING



THE EXTROVERT AND THE
INTROVERT

IT READS:
"WHEN BIRDS
LOOK INTO
HOUSES,
WHAT
IMPOSSIBLE
WORLDS
THEY SEE."



"I WAS
BORN IN
TRANSYLVANIA
AND I WRITE
BOOKS ABOUT
DRACULA."





THE POINT GUARD



"HONY IS
ONE OF THE
ONLY THINGS
KEEPING
PEOPLE FROM
GETTING
LOST IN THE
MATRIX."



THE BASH



SEEN IN THE WEST VILLAGE

"I LOOK LIKE
GOD. DON'T
I?"







TWO AGES,
SAME BEAUTY



SEEN IN THE WEST VILLAGE



HE PUT HIS
MOTHER, TWO
GRANDMOTHERS
AND GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS
ON HIS RIGHT
LEG. HE PUT



PROBABLY SO HE
COULD HAVE A
LITTLE PEACE.

SEEN IN UNION: SC



HAND OF A SIBERIAN FILMMAKER





SEEN IN
COLUMBUS
CIRCLE



"I'M A TIME



"IT BELONGS TO MY BOSS."

THESE TWO WERE RAISING MONEY FOR THE BOY'S ATHLETIC LEAGUE. "IT'S A GREAT PROGRAM," EXPLAINED THE



IT WHILE
SEARCHING
FOR THINGS
HE COULD
DO."



"THIS IS BANANA GEORGE," EXPLAINED HIS CARETAKER. "HE'S THE WORLD'S OLDEST BAREFOOT WATER-SKIER. HE'S NINETY-SEVEN NOW. WHEN HE WAS NINETY-TWO, HE SET THE WORLD RECORD FOR THE OLDEST PERSON TO WATER SKI"



YOU KNOW
SOMEBODY IS
TRUE TO HERSELF
WHEN HER
"INSPIRATION
BOARD" IS
CAMOUFLAGED
AGAINST HER
CLOTHING.



SEEN IN THE EAST VILLAGE



"HE FELL OFF HIS
HORSE!"



SEEN IN THE SUBWAY



DESPITE BEING HOMELESS, HE WAS GENUINELY CONCERNED ABOUT MY ABILITY TO "MAKE IT" AS A PHOTOGRAPHER.



SEEN ON WALL STREET



THE STORM
BRINGER



"I'VE BEEN NATURAL MY WHOLE LIFE"





I KNEW
NOTHING
ABOUT THESE
TWO WHEN I
TOOK THEIR
PHOTO IN
WASHINGTON
SQUARE PARK.
THEY LATER
BECAME A
HEADLINE
WHEN A
CACHE OF



EXPLOSIVES WAS
REPORTEDLY
DISCOVERED
IN THEIR
WEST VILLAGE
APARTMENT.

INSPIRED BY



“WE WERE BOTH INVOLVED IN THE CIVIL RIGHTS
MOVEMENT.
WE MET FORTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO ON A PICKET LINE.”



TRAVELING BUDDIES



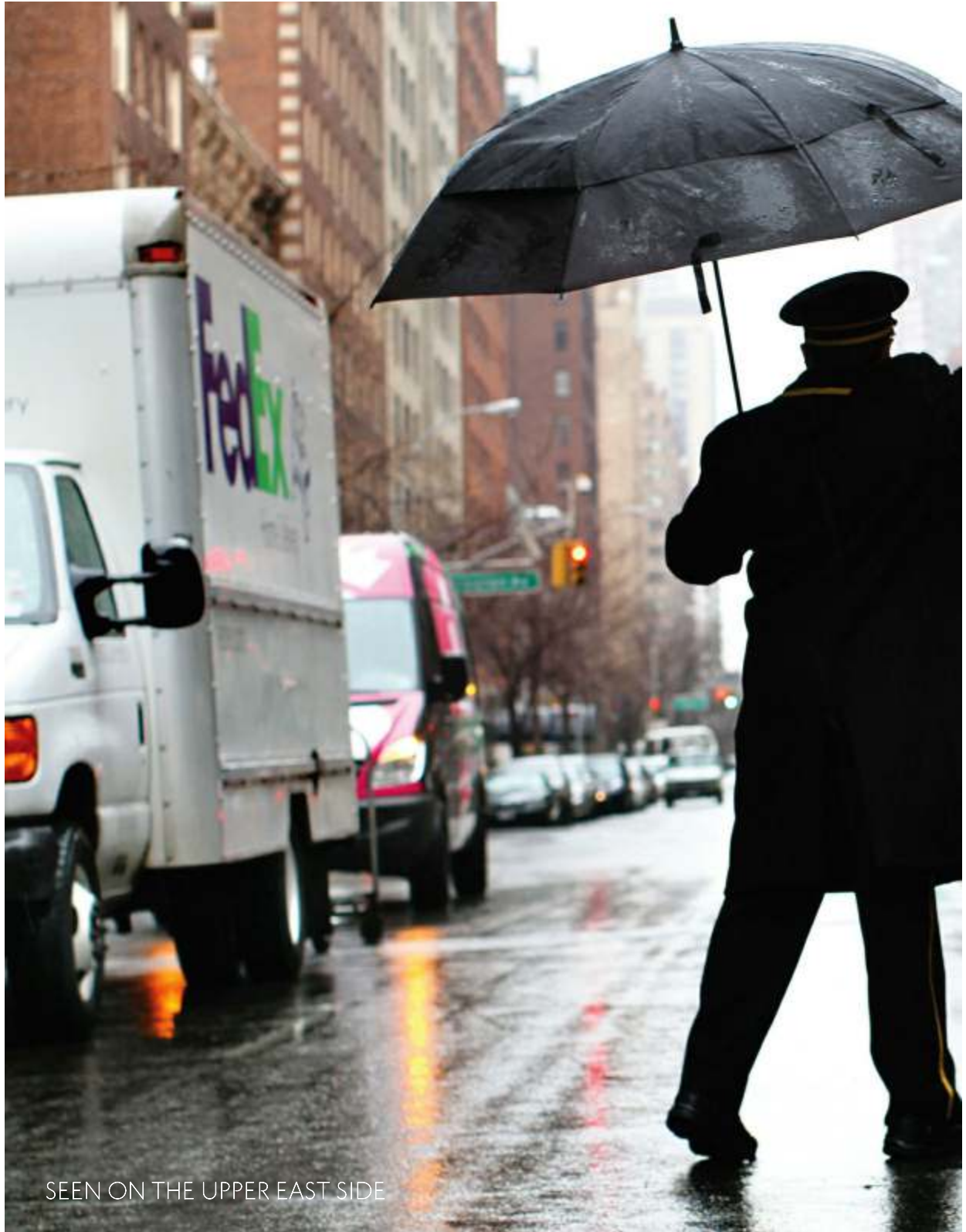
IT TAKES A LOT OF DISQUIET TO ACHIEVE THIS SORT OF QUIET COMFORT.



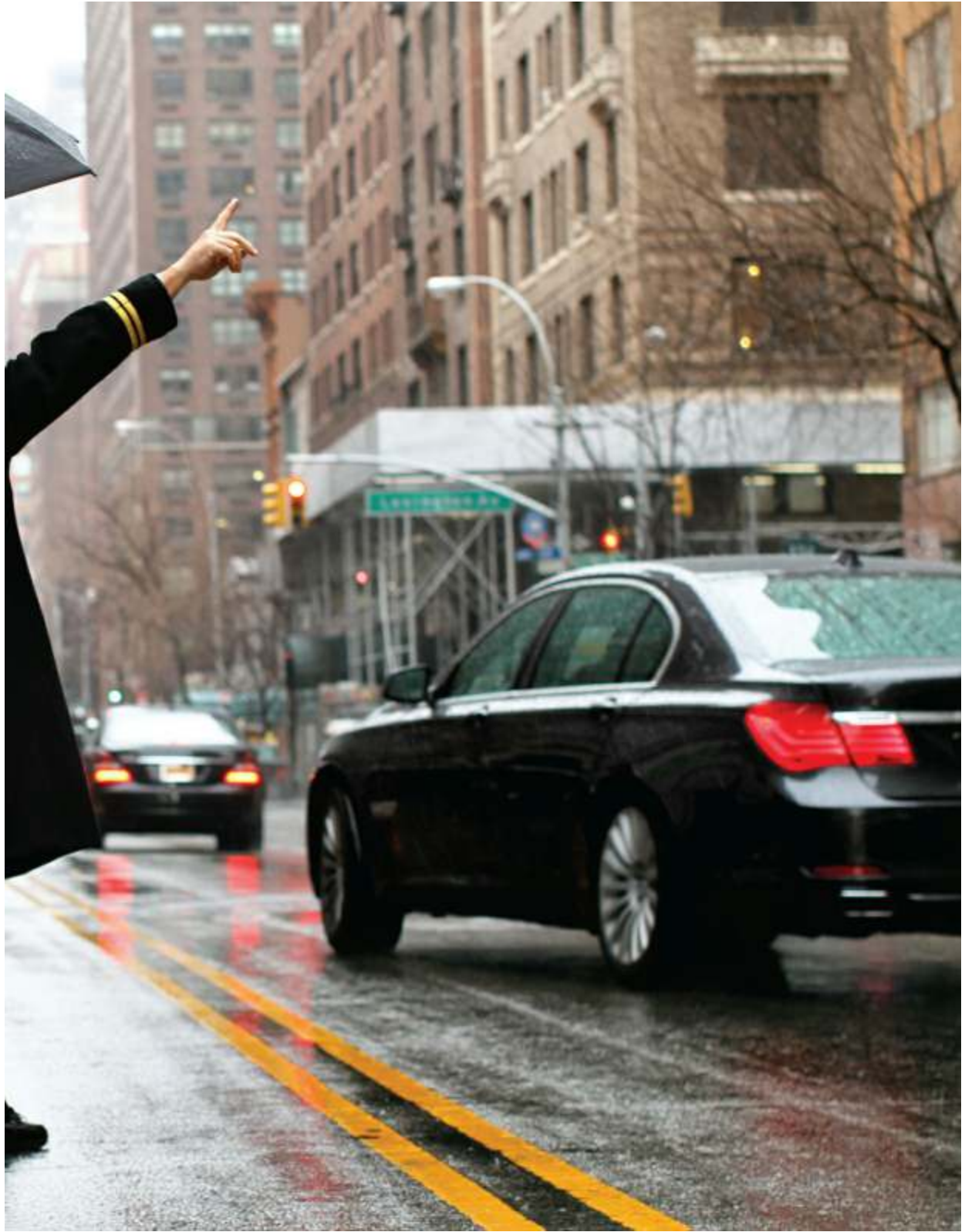
"MY WIFE PASSED AWAY A FEW YEARS BACK. HER NAME WAS BARBARA, I USED TO CALL HER BA. MY NAME WAS LAWRENCE, SHE USED TO CALL ME LA. WHEN SHE DIED, I CHANGED MY NAME TO BALA."



CAMERA SHY



SEEN ON THE UPPER EAST SIDE





I REMEMBER TAKING AN ANTHROPOLOGY CLASS IN COLLEGE AND THE PROFESSOR WAS EXPLAINING THAT THERE IS LITTLE "SEXUAL DIMORPHISM" IN HUMANS. HE MEANT THAT THERE ARE FEW OUTWARD, OBSERVABLE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MALES AND FEMALES. AT THE TIME I WAS CONFUSED, SO I

AND WOMEN APART," I SAID.

"THAT'S DUE TO CULTURE," HE ANSWERED.



WHEN I
DISCOVERED A
GIRL WEARING
A SHIRT MADE
OUT OF PANTS, I
DIDN'T THINK MY
DAY COULD GET
MUCH BETTER.
BUT THEN SHE
DID THIS.

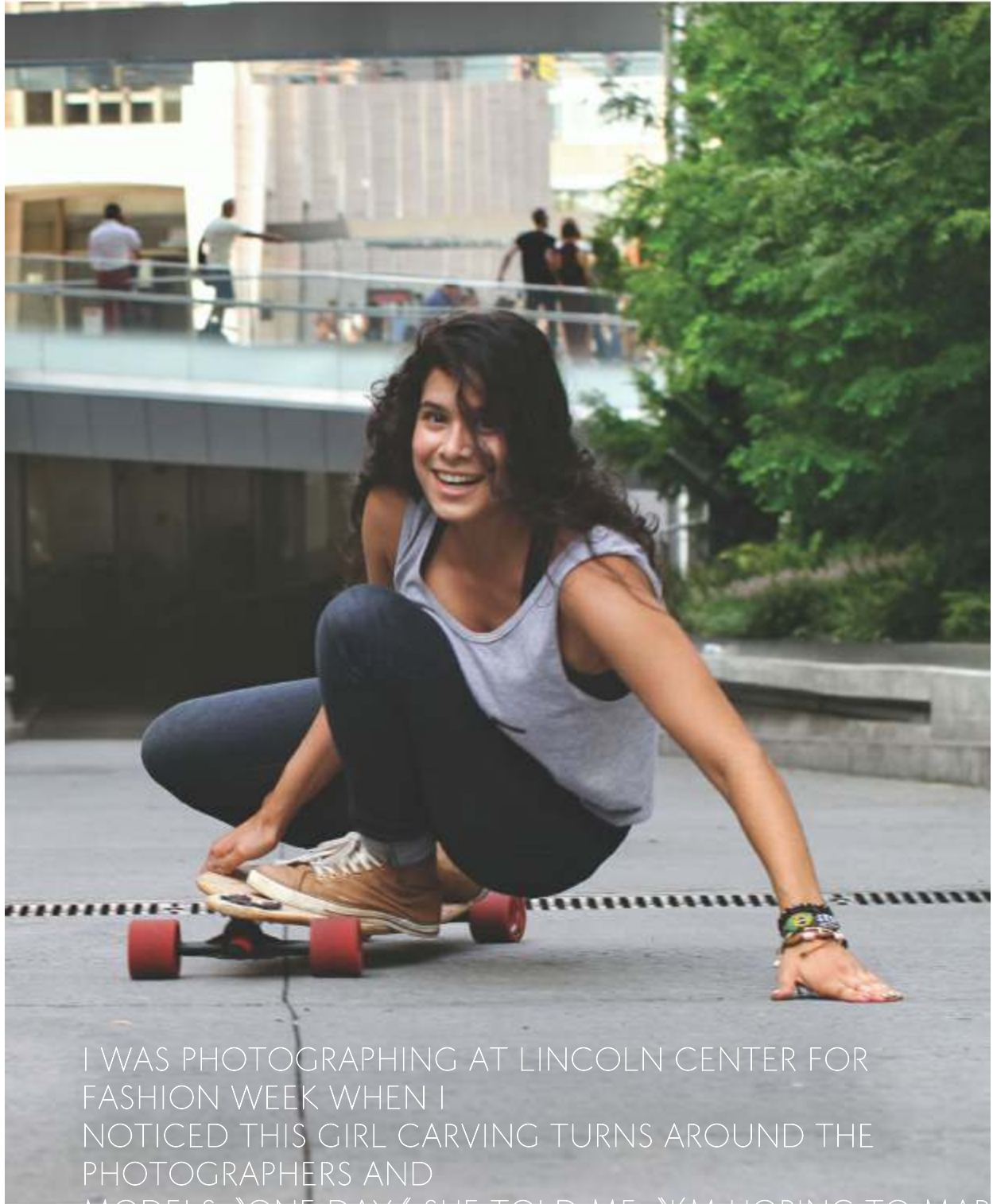


ARTEMIS



THE ANGEL OF ST. MARK'S PLACE





I WAS PHOTOGRAPHING AT LINCOLN CENTER FOR FASHION WEEK WHEN I NOTICED THIS GIRL CARVING TURNS AROUND THE PHOTOGRAPHERS AND MODELS. "ONE DAY," SHE TOLD ME, "I'M HOPING TO MAKE



THESE TWO DIDN'T KNOW EACH OTHER, BUT I
THOUGHT THEY SHOULD.



"I WAS STUDYING TO BE A BALLET DANCER, BUT NOW I'M LEARNING TO BE A TRAPEZE ARTIST."

"WERE YOUR PARENTS UPSET ABOUT THE SWITCH?"

"NO, THEY WERE HAPPY. I FINALLY STOPPED CALLING HOME

~~NEW YORK~~ ^{EVERY NIGHT} HAS TEARS."

THE HIGHEST WASHOUT RATE OF ANY CITY IN THE

MAKE
IT, BUT
DON'T
COME
UNLESS
YOU HAVE
A
REASON TO
BE
HERE."



"I HAVE
TWENTY
MILLION
YOUTUBE
VIEWS IN
SERBIA

... AND THERE'S
ONLY
SIX MILLION PEOPLE
IN
THAT COUNTRY."







I WAS RIDING ON THE SUBWAY WHEN I NOTICED EVERYONE IN THE SEAT ACROSS FROM ME WAS TURNED AROUND, LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW. SENSING A PHOTO OPPORTUNITY, I HOPPED OUT AT THE NEXT STOP.

"EVERY TIME
I FORCE
MYSELF TO
GO OUTSIDE,
SOMETHING
WONDERFUL
HAPPENS!"



"EXCUSE ME, IS
THERE ANY WAY I
CAN TAKE YOUR
PHOTO? I RUN
A BLOG CALLED
HUMANS OF
NEW YORK, AND
I'M TRYING TO
DOCUMENT
ALL THE
NEIGHBORHOODS
OF NEW YORK BY
PHOTOGRAPHING
THE PEOPLE WHO
LIVE THERE."

"I DIDN'T HEAR





SEEN IN THE EAST



GIRL WITH A BIG HEART



TO THE WORLD YOU MAY BE ONE PERSON, BUT TO ONE PERSON YOU MAY BE THE



SEEN AT LINCOLN CENTER



SEEN IN BEDFORD-STUYVESANT, BROOKLYN



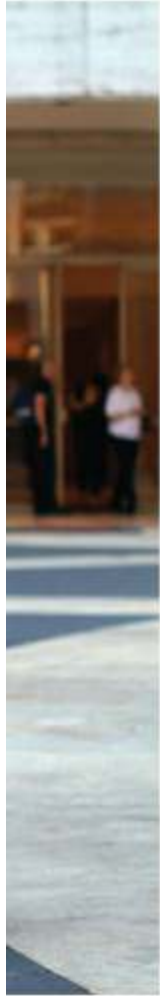
DEDICATION



"YOU CAN PHOTOGRAPH ME COUNTING MY MONEY, IF YOU'D LIKE."

I SAW THEM WALKING ON TWO OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE PLAZA, AND STARTED PRAYING THAT THEY'D END UP IN THE SAME PLACE.





IF YOU'RE NOT CONSTANTLY EXPERIMENTING WITH YOUR ART, IT'S TOO EASY TO END UP IN A BOX.

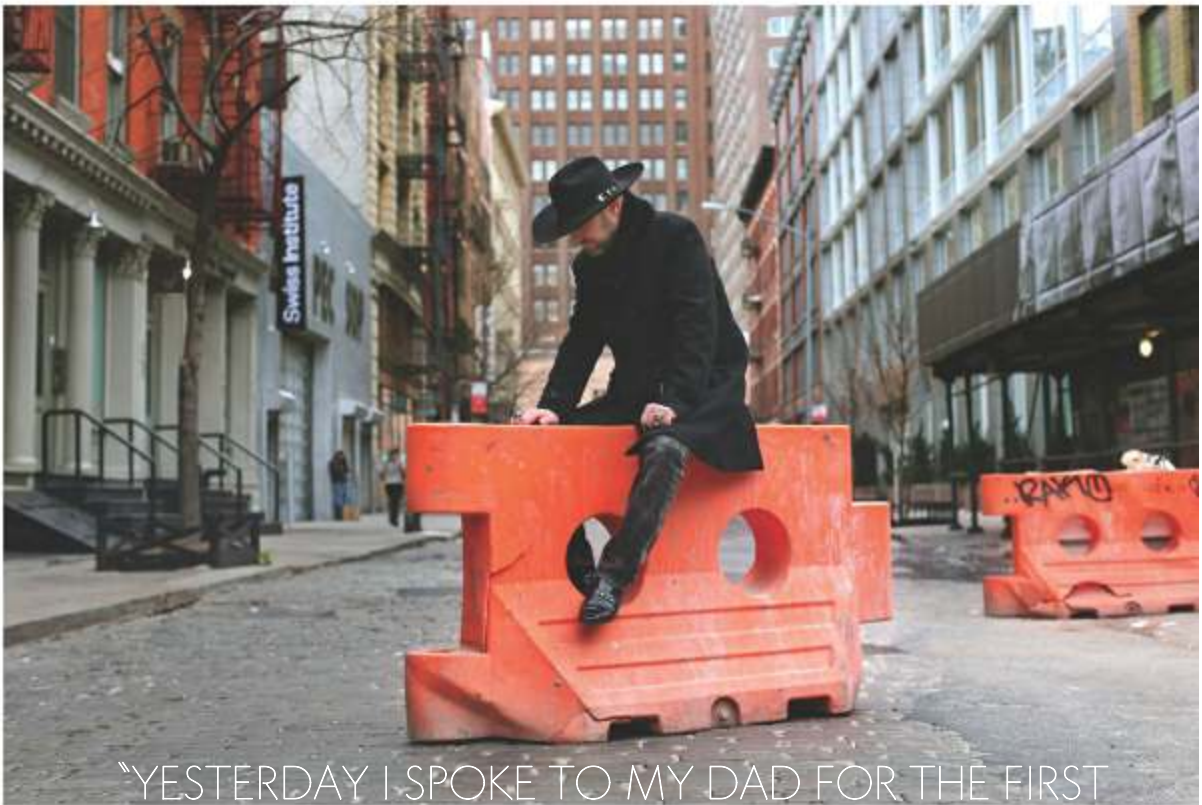


ONE DAY YOU WILL GROW TO BE LIKE ME.



"WHAT'S IN THE
BRIEFCASE?"

"SECRETS."



"YESTERDAY I SPOKE TO MY DAD FOR THE FIRST

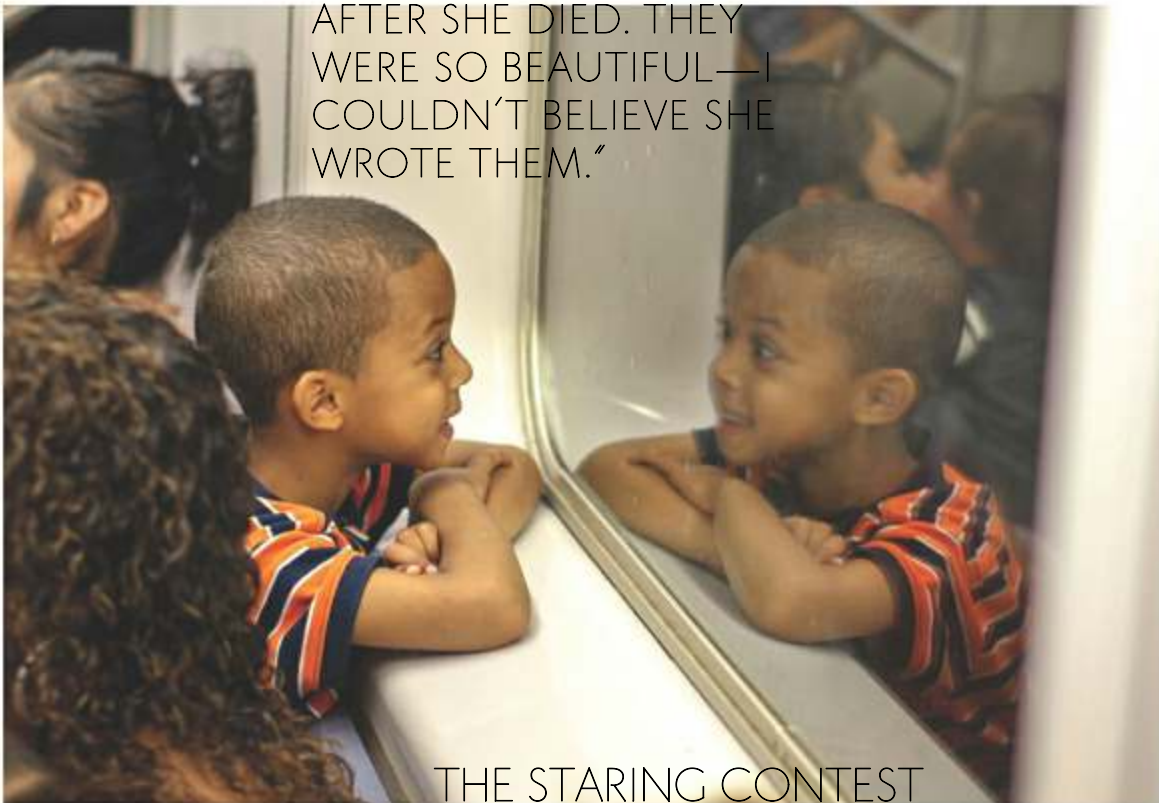


"MY MOTHER'S ASHES
ARE IN THERE."

"TELL ME SOMETHING
ABOUT HER."

"SHE WAS AN AMAZING
POET. SHE WOULDN'T LET
ANYONE READ HER POEMS,
THOUGH. WE KNEW SHE
WAS WRITING THEM, BUT
SHE WOULDN'T LET US
READ THEM. I FOUND
THEM ON HER COMPUTER
AFTER SHE DIED. THEY

WERE SO BEAUTIFUL—I
COULDN'T BELIEVE SHE
WROTE THEM."



THE STARING CONTEST



FIELD OF



DREAMS
"WE JUST GOT MARRIED AT
BURNING MAN!"



SEEN IN FLUSHING,
QUEENS

I'M PRETTY SURE THAT BAG HAS A →
FACE.

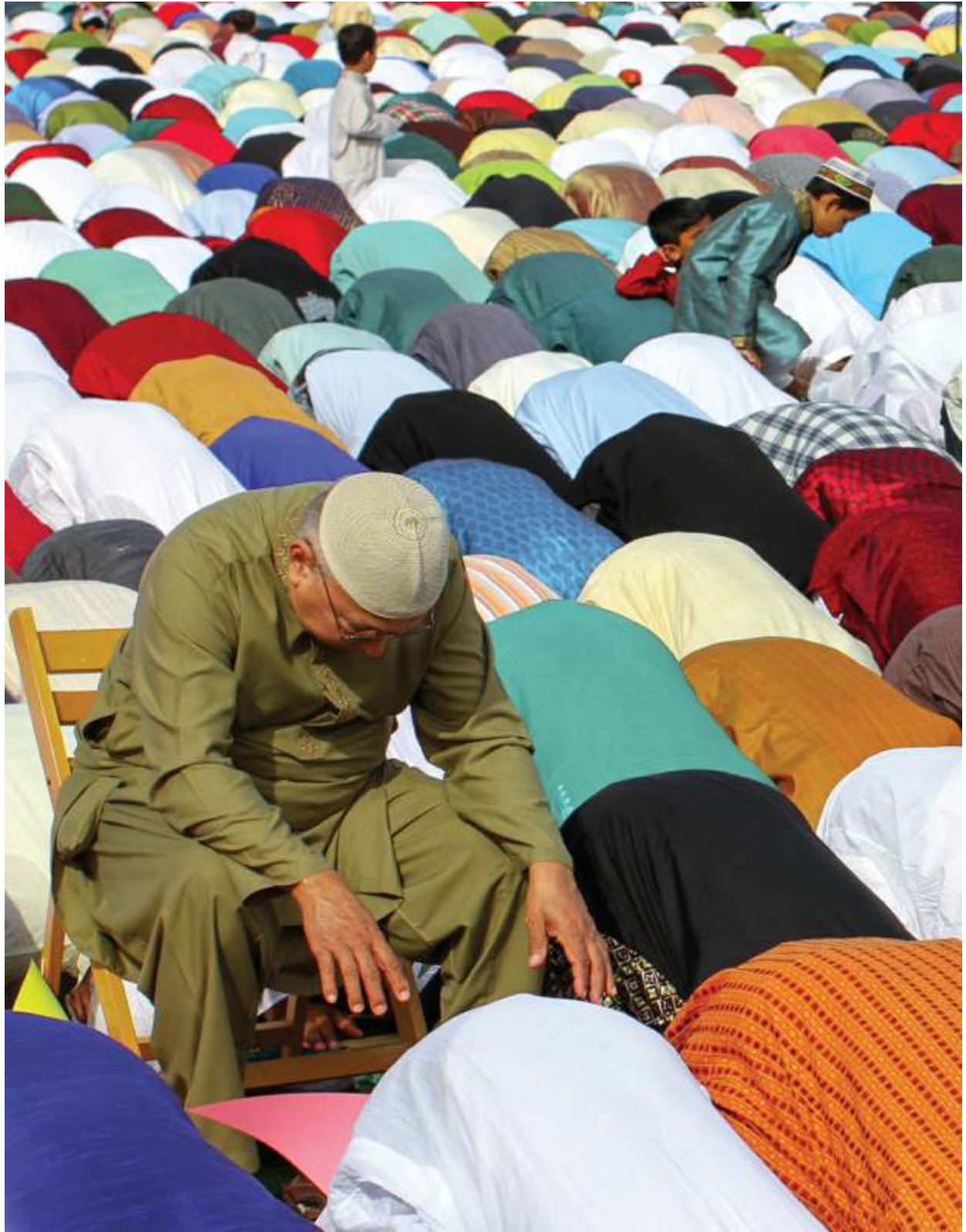




IN SOME NEIGHBORHOODS, FACES MATURE FASTER THAN BODIES.



DATE





SEEN IN JAMAICA,
QUEENS



PROBABLE WARLOCK HANDS, SPOTTED ON THE

CITY WEST SIDE

SEEN AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART





SEEN IN

"MY HOUSE BLEW INTO THE OCEAN."





SEEN IN UNION SQUARE



"THEY'RE FRIENDLY"



DAMN LIBERAL ARTS
DEGREE



I FOUND THIS
GIRL A FEW DAYS
BEFORE HALLOWEEN,
WALKING THROUGH A
HURRICANE-DAMAGED
NEIGHBORHOOD.
NOBODY WAS
HANDING OUT CANDY,
SO I ASKED HER
DAD WHY SHE WAS



SEEN IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK



SEEN IN WASHINGTON HEIGHTS







“EVERYONE WHO SEES MY
RÉSUMÉ
ASKS ME WHY I DRIVE A CAB.
BACK
IN NIGER, I WAS A FRENCH
TEACHER.
BUT THE GOVERNMENT
STOPPED
PAYING US FOR A FEW
MONTHS, SO
I DECIDED TO QUIT MY JOB
AND
MOVE TO AMERICA. THAT
WAS
TWELVE YEARS AGO. I
THOUGHT I
COULD TEACH FRENCH
HERE, BUT I
HAD NO IDEA HOW HARD IT
WOULD
BE TO GET A JOB WITHOUT
PAPERS.
THE ONLY PLACE I COULD
FIND
WORK WAS A CAR WASH.
BACK IN
NIGER, KIDS WOULD WASH

LONG
I WAS WASHING CARS FOR
OTHER
PEOPLE. I WAS VERY
DEPRESSED.
BUT I WAS TOO
EMBARRASSED TO
GO BACK HOME. THEN, ONE
YEAR
AFTER I ARRIVED, GEORGE
BUSH
GOT ELECTED AND
EVERYONE WAS
TELLING ME THAT IT MEANT
VERY
BAD THINGS FOR ME. THEY
SAID
THE REPUBLICANS WOULD
MAKE
TROUBLE FOR ME. SO I WAS
VERY
SCARED. AFTER THE CAR
WASH, I
BECAME A STOCK BOY.
THEN, A
DELIVERY DRIVER. FIVE YEARS
AGO,
I GOT MY PAPERS AND
BECAME A
CITIZEN, SO NOW I'M ABLE
TO
WORK AT THE AIRPORT. AT
NIGHT,
AND ON MY DAYS OFF, I
DRIVE A

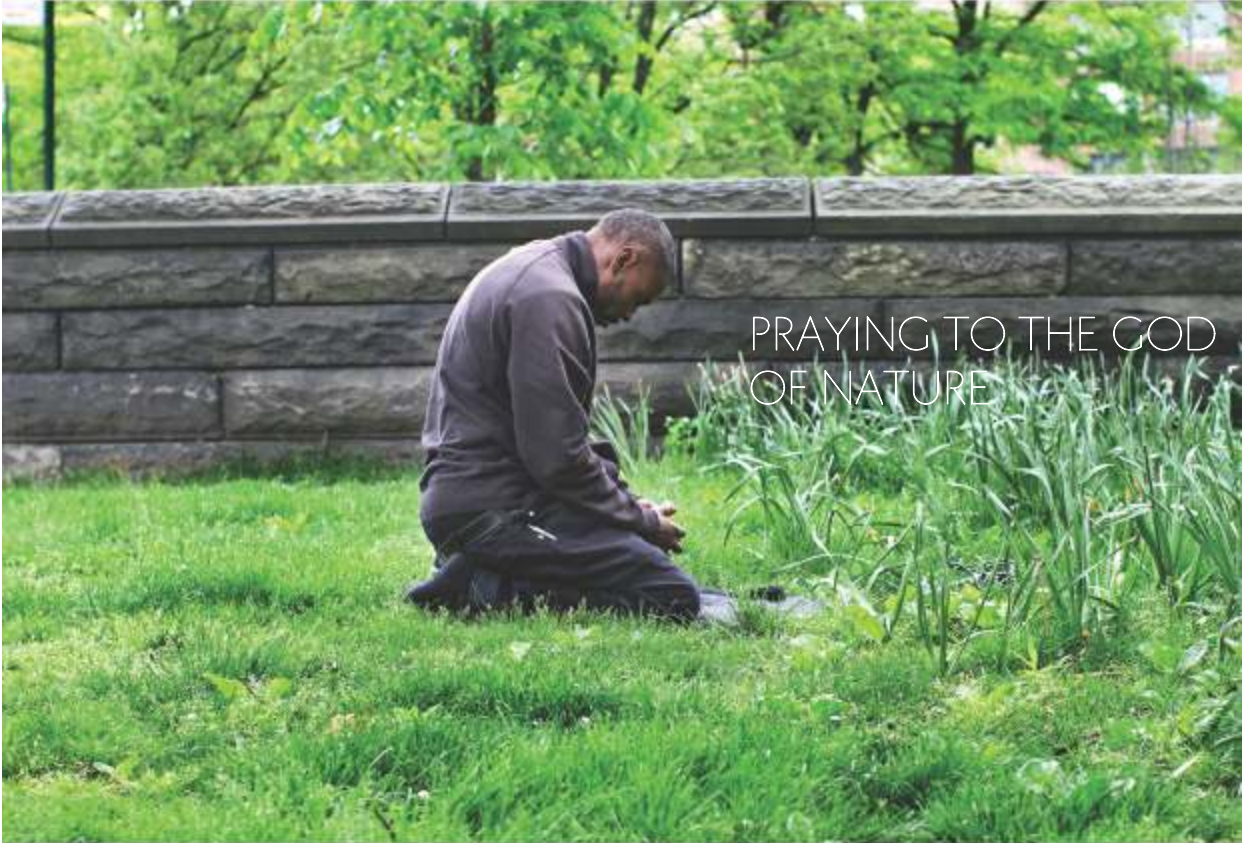
DISCOVERED THESE GUYS IN BREEZY POINT,
QUEENS, AFTER
HURRICANE SANDY. WHEN I WALKED UP, THEY
WERE IN

THE PROCESS OF DISMOUNTING FROM THE BOAT.
BUT THEY
HELPED ME OUT BY PILING BACK IN FOR THE
PHOTO OP.





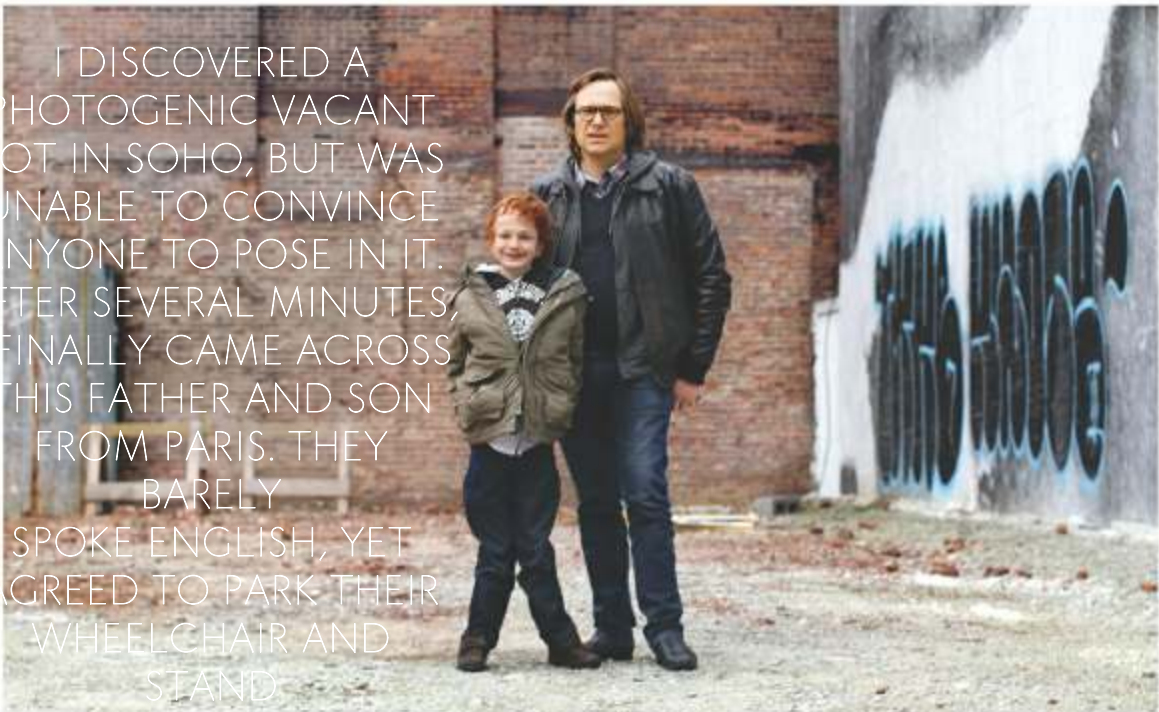
HER NAME IS
REIGN.



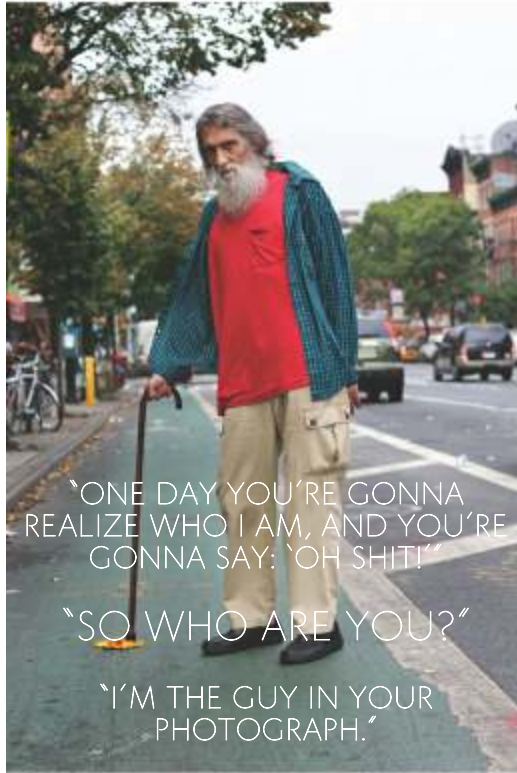
PRAYING TO THE GOD
OF NATURE



SEEN IN TRIBECA



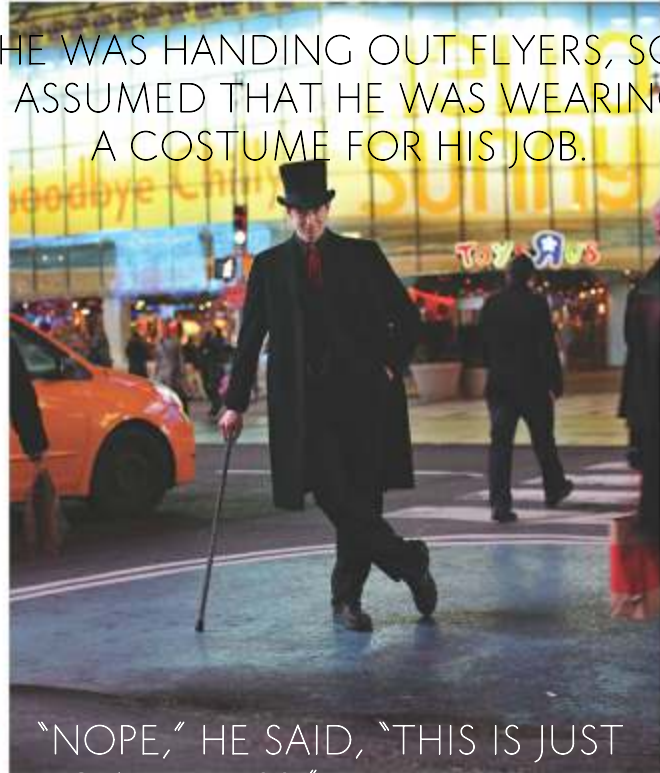
I DISCOVERED A
PHOTOGENIC VACANT
LOT IN SOHO, BUT WAS
UNABLE TO CONVINCE
ANYONE TO POSE IN IT.
AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES,
I FINALLY CAME ACROSS
THIS FATHER AND SON
FROM PARIS. THEY
BARELY
SPOKE ENGLISH, YET
AGREED TO PARK THEIR
WHEELCHAIR AND
STAND.



"ONE DAY YOU'RE GONNA REALIZE WHO I AM, AND YOU'RE GONNA SAY: 'OH SHIT!'"

"SO WHO ARE YOU?"

"I'M THE GUY IN YOUR PHOTOGRAPH."



HE WAS HANDING OUT FLYERS, SO I ASSUMED THAT HE WAS WEARING A COSTUME FOR HIS JOB.

"NOPE," HE SAID, "THIS IS JUST



SEEN IN CENTRAL PARK

"I JUST
GOT
BACK
FROM
THE EYE
DOCTOR.
I HOPE
HE CAN
SAVE
THEM."



TAKEN LONG PAST
BEDTIME, ON



ON THE LEFT
WE HAVE
DONNY
DIAMONDS,
WORLD-CLASS
BILLIARDS
PLAYER.
ON THE RIGHT
WE HAVE
DOC ASTRO,
INTERNATIONA
SLINGSHOT
CHAMPION.
I'M NOT
MAKING
THIS UP.

I WAS STANDING ON
A BRONX SUBWAY
PLATFORM WHEN
A TRAIN PULLED
INTO THE STATION. I
NOTICED THESE TWO
PUTTING ON QUITE
A SHOW IN ONE
OF THE WINDOWS.
I SCRAMBLED FOR
MY CAMERA, AND
MANAGED TO SNAP
ONE SHOT BEFORE
THEY PULLED AWAY.



THIS
KID
LOOKS
BETTER
WALKING
HOME
FROM
SCHOOL
THAN
I'VE
EVER
LOOKED
IN
MY
LIFE.





SEEN IN GREENWICH VILLAGE



“WE ORDERED HER THOSE PANTS, AND AS SOON AS THEY ARRIVED, SHE CUT OFF THE BOTTOMS AND MADE A PAIR OF GLOVES.”

SEEN IN CENTRAL PARK



I FLAGGED
THIS MAN
DOWN WHILE
HE WAS
JOGGING
ACROSS THE
BROOKLYN
BRIDGE. HE
TURNED
OUT TO BE
A JAPANESE
BOXER. HE
THOUGHT
I WAS
LAUGHING AT
HIM WHILE I
WAS SETTING
UP THE SHOT,
BUT I ASSURED



AT HOW
AWESOME HE
LOOKED.



"MAKE SURE YOU CAN SEE THE BAG."

"OH, I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE ADVERTISING SOMETHING."

"ISN'T EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL ADVERTISING SOMETHING?"



SEEN ON THE SUB



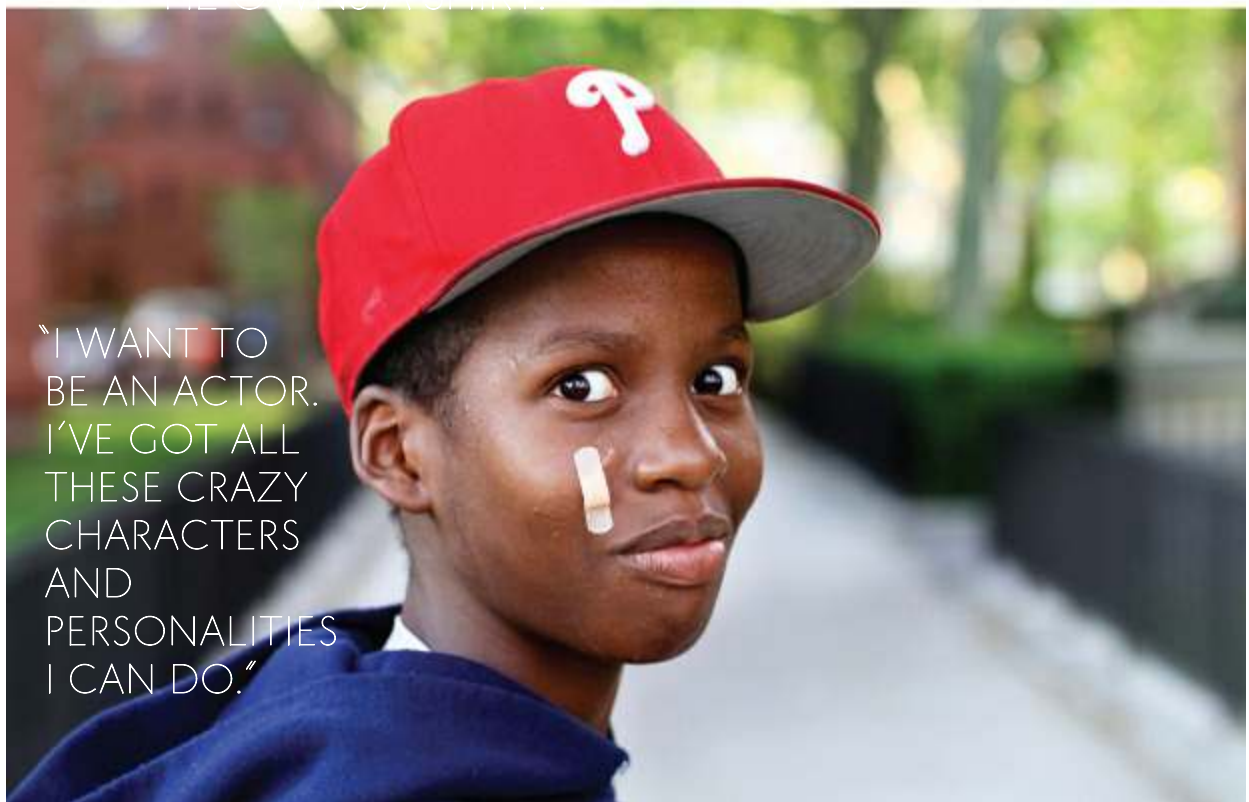
HE'S GOING TO BE A PLAYER.



SEEN IN THE



I'VE SEEN THIS GUY SEVERAL TIMES. I DON'T THINK



"I WANT TO
BE AN ACTOR.
I'VE GOT ALL
THESE CRAZY
CHARACTERS
AND
PERSONALITIES
I CAN DO."



SEEN FROM 59TH STREET



SEEN ON CONEY ISLAND



THESE TWO WERE SALSA DANCING AT
BRIGHTON BEACH,
BROOKLYN, MANAGING TO MAKE EVERYONE



"I FOUGHT FOR TWENTY-SIX MONTHS. EIGHT COUNTRIES. THREE DIFFERENT UNITS. SIX CAMPAIGNS. ONE INVASION. THE FRENCH GAVE ME THE LEGION OF HONOR. THE U.S. GAVE ME THE BRONZE STAR. AND THE RUSSIANS GAVE ME THE ORDER OF THE GREAT PATRIOTIC WAR."



"IS THAT YOU?"

"KINDA."



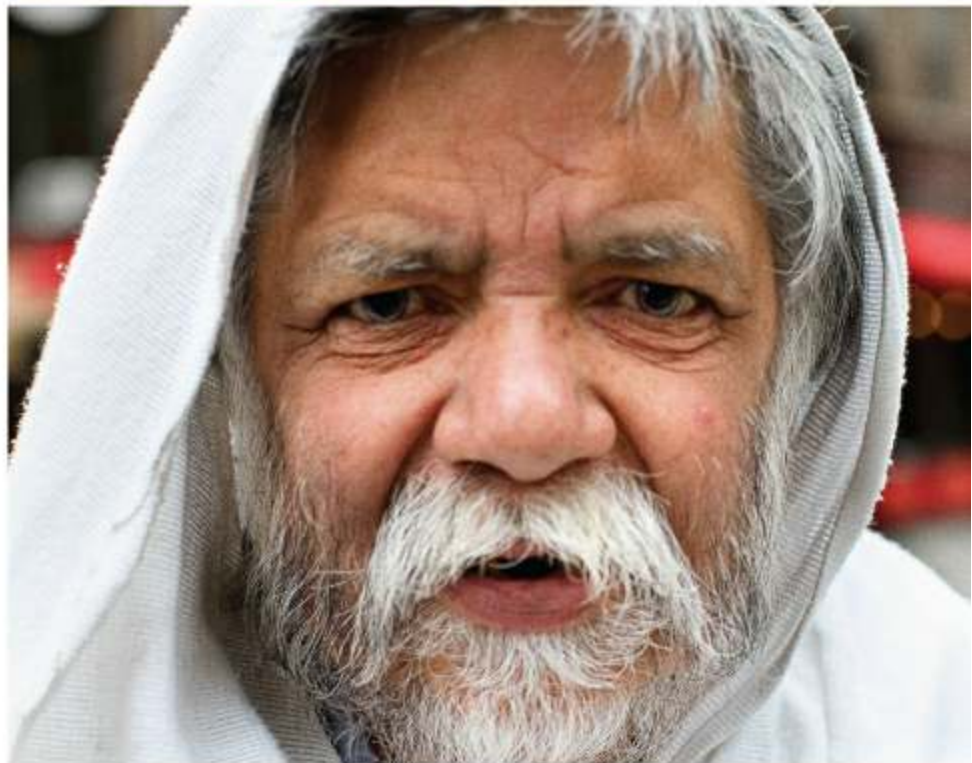


AT FIRST THE KIDS WERE MUCH HIGHER UP
ON THE FENCE,
BUT TWO POLICEMEN CAME WALKING BY
AND ASKED

THIS PLACE GETS SO DEAD AT NIGHT.



ONE
AMAZING
THING
ABOUT
NEW YORK
IS THAT
YOU
PASS ALL
THESE
PEOPLE
WITH
ULTRA-
MODERN
CLOTHING
AND



THE
CORNER
AND SEE
SOMEONE
FROM THE
ANCIENT
WORLD.



SEEN IN UNION SQUARE



I'M NOT A FASHION EXPERT, BUT I DO KNOW WHAT "COOL AS SHIT" LOOKS LIKE.



THE COPILOT

WHEN
THEY
CROSSED
THE
STREET,
HE WAS
CARRYING
HER DRESS.
JUST LIKE
THIS.





SEEN IN GREENWICH VILLAGE



SEEN IN BEDFORD-STUYVESANT, BROOKLYN



I FOUND HIM.



SEEN ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE





THIS GUY
WAS A
LITTLE
HESITANT
TO
PARTICIPATE
WHEN I TOLD
HIM TO "JUST
STAND RIGHT
IN
THE MIDDLE

FLOWERS.”
LATER IN THE
DAY, I PASSED
HIM ON THE
STREET AND
HE
SHOUTED:
“YO!
IT’S MY
OFFICIAL
PHOTOGRAPHER!”

ME: "WHAT'S
YOUR FAVORITE
THING ABOUT
YOUR BROTHER?"

RED GLASSES: "HE
PLAYS WITH ME."

BLUE GLASSES:
"DON'T FORGET
I'M A GOOD
SPELLER."

RED GLASSES:
"OH, YEAH."

BLUE GLASSES: "I
HELP HIM WITH
HIS HOMEWORK.
A LOT."





"I'VE BEEN GREEN FOR FIFTEEN YEARS!"



SEEN IN CROWN HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN



SEEN IN SOHO



ME: "WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE THING ABOUT YOUR BROTHER?"
BLUE HAT: "HE'S MISCHIEF."
RED HAT: "KAY NOT MISCHIEF YOU'RE"

"I REALLY DON'T
HAVE TIME TO
TALK, THESE
SHADOWS ARE
CHANGING.







COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

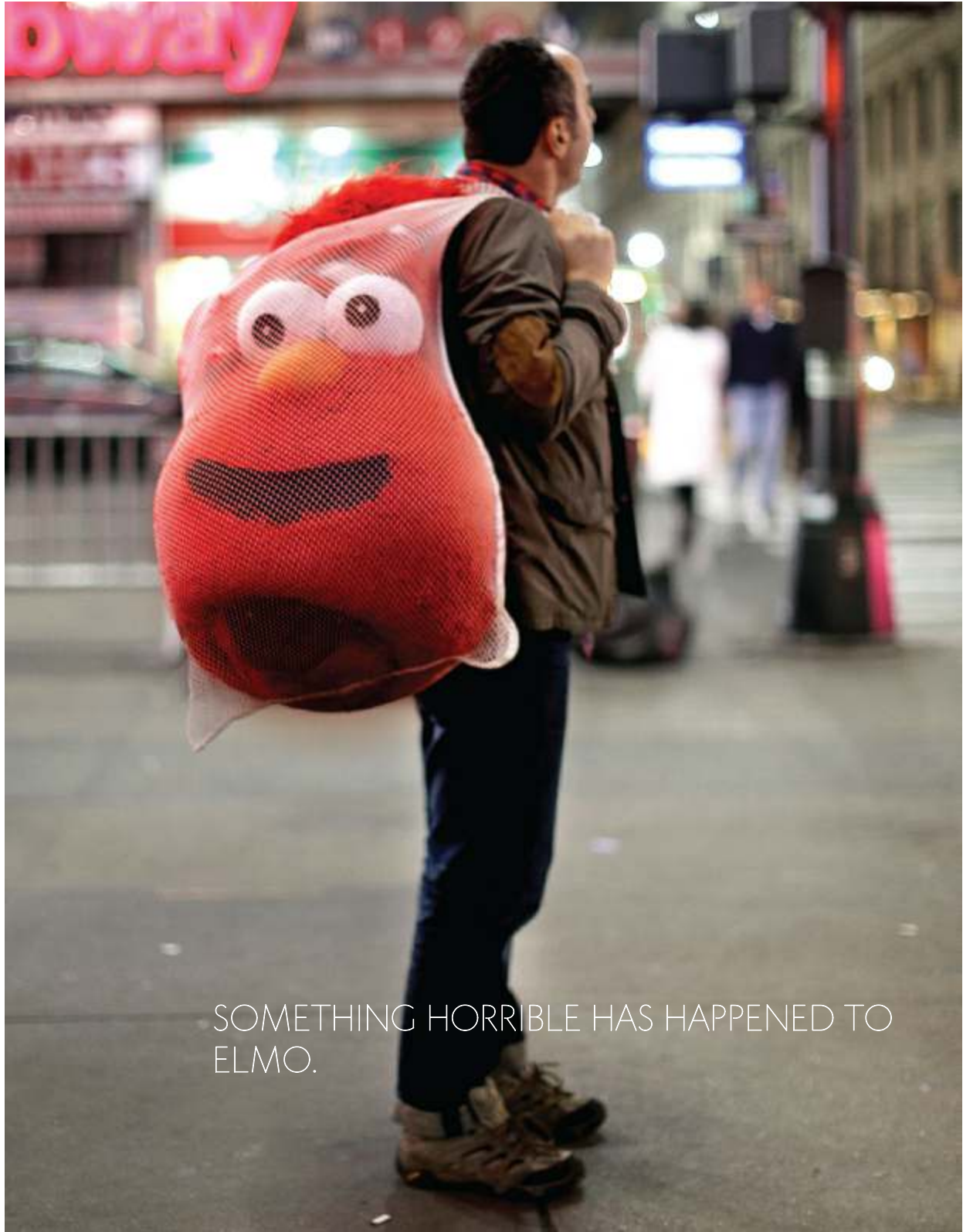


SEEN IN LOWER MIDTOWN



I LEANED DOWN AND ASKED THIS MAN FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH,
BUT THERE WAS NO REPLY. HIS CARETAKER WAS SITTING NEARBY.
SHE SMILED AND SAID: "I'M THE ONE YOU NEED TO ASK."

"OH," I ANSWERED. "HE LOOKS WONDERFUL."



SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAS HAPPENED TO
ELMO.



SEEN IN WASHINGTON HEIGHTS



SEX AND THE



SEEN IN EAST HARLEM





SEEN AT THE WEST INDIAN



BON APPÉTIT!



*"ARE YOU GOING TO
MAKE FUN OF ME?"*



*SEEN IN THE EAST
VILLAGE*

“DO YOU MIND IF I TAKE YOUR PHOTO, JUST LIKE THAT?”



“I DON'T KNOW ...”



SEEN ON 5TH AVENUE



"I'M A CATHOLIC MONK. I LIVE A LIFE OF PRAYER."
"WHAT ABOUT THE CIGARETTE?"
"SOMEBODY'S GOT TO MAKE THE CLOUDS."



SEEN IN UNION SQUARE



THEY MAY
NOT BE
WINNING
ANY
SAFETY
AWARDS,
BUT THEY
MADE FOR
A GREAT
PHOTO.





I WAS WALKING ACROSS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE WHEN I NOTICED THIS STRANGE MISSILE COMING TOWARD ME AT A VERY HIGH SPEED. I PLANTED MYSELF DIRECTLY IN ITS PATH, HOPING TO CATCH A GREAT SHOT. THE VEHICLE VEERED AWAY AT THE LAST MOMENT

WORDS: "COO-COO! CAH-CAH! WOO-HOO!"



NOT SURE HE WAS
QUITE READY.



THE DISCOUNT RACK





GIRL



WHEN I WALKED BY, SHE WAS REALLY MOVING TO THE MUSIC—HANDS UP, HEAD NODDING, SHOULDERS SWINGING. I REALLY WANTED TO TAKE HER PHOTO, SO I WALKED UP TO THE NEAREST ADULT AND ASKED: “DOES SHE BELONG TO YOU?”

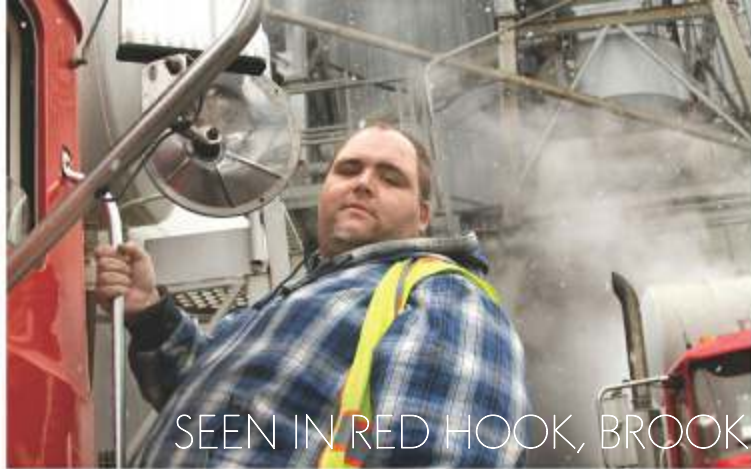


ON
SUMMER
DAYS, THIS
MAN CAN
OFTEN BE
SEEN IN



"HE WAS BORN
ON SAINT
PATRICK'S DAY,
AND EVERY YEAR
THEY THROW
HIM A PARADE!"

THE
FOUNTAIN
AT
WASHINGTON
SQUARE
PARK.



SEEN IN RED HOOK, BROOKLYN



"I'M THE
CHIEF OF
PERSONNEL
FOR THE
FIRE
DEPARTMENT.
I'M MAKING
SURE
EVERYONE
IS
WHERE
THEY
NEED TO
BE AND HAS
WHAT THEY
NEED."

"DO YOU
MIND IF I



"CAN MY
SON
BE IN THE
PICTURE?"



STEAM WAS COMING OFF THE STEPS OF THE MET THAT MORNING— IT MADE FOR A VERY SURREAL SCENE. I ASKED A COUPLE OF PEOPLE FOR A PORTRAIT, BUT BOTH SAID NO. THANKFULLY SHE WAS ASKED TO PARTICIPATE IN THIS ADVENTUROUS MANEUVER WITH A FRENCH ACCENT. POETRY ON THE SUBWAY. "IT'S FREE THIS TIME," SHE ANNOUNCED. "BUT Y'ALL GONNA HAVE

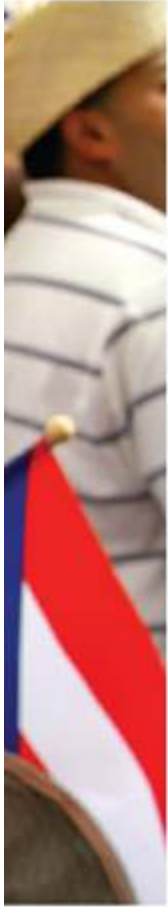
I GET TO THE
APOLLO!"



NOT EVERYBODY WAS INTO THE PARADE.

FOUND
THESE TWO
OLD FRIENDS
WRESTLING
ON A
SIDEWALK IN
BEDFORD-
STUYVESANT,
BROOKLYN.





"I'M
NINETY-NINE
YEARS OLD.
EVERYTHING
FROM MY NECK
DOWN IS SHIT.
BUT EVERYTHING
FROM MY NECK
UP IS JUST AS
GOOD AS



MS. COLOMBIA WAS A LAWYER,
UNTIL SHE LEARNED THAT SHE HAD HIV.
THEN SHE BECAME MS. COLOMBIA.



THE MORNING
COMMUTE
CAN
BE HELL FOR A
GERMOPHOBE.





"I'M THE WHOLE
HAM!"



"IT SEEMS
THAT A LOT
OF PEOPLE
MY AGE
TRY TO BE
INTERESTING
BY HAVING
PROBLEMS
OR STARTING
CONFLICTS.
I'D RATHER BE
INTERESTING
BECAUSE I
CREATED
SOMETHING



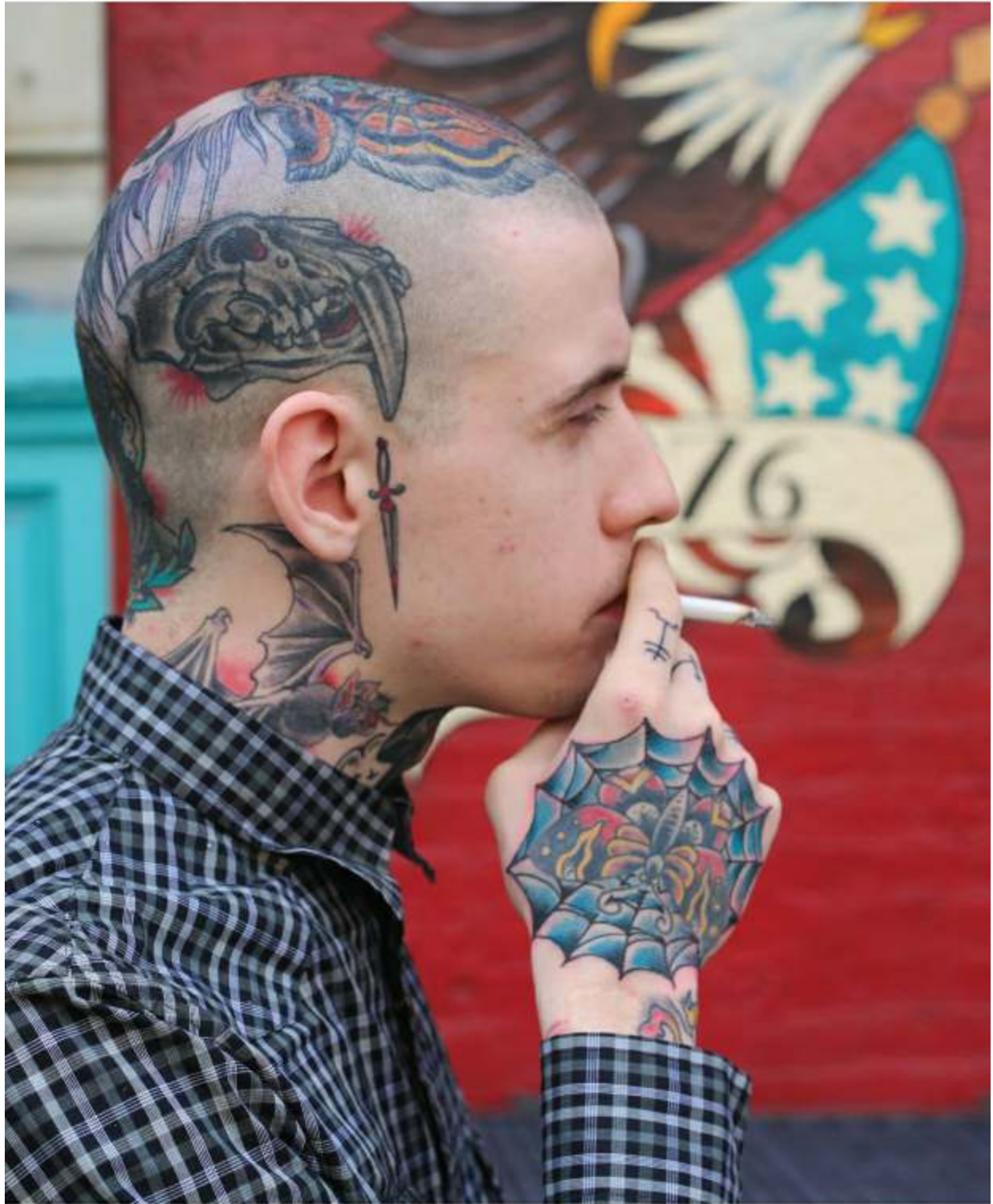
I'M NOT DOING THIS BECAUSE I'M DOWN AND OUT OR ANYTHING. I'M REALLY JUST WANT TO BUY THINGS."

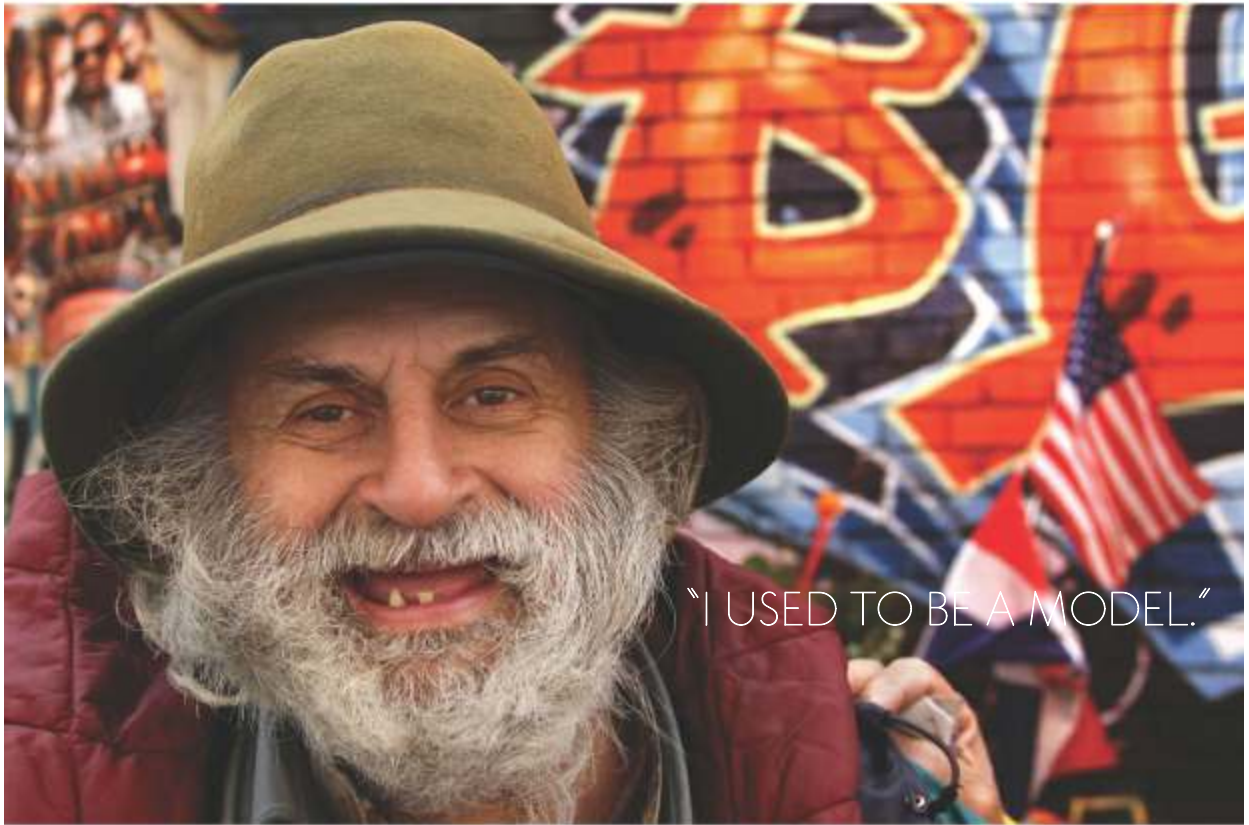


SEEN IN EAST MIDTOWN



"MY MOM DIED WHEN I WAS EIGHTEEN. I ACTED LIKE IT DIDN'T BOTHER ME 'CAUSE I WAS A PUNK ROCK KID. BUT I THINK IT CAME BACK TO ME LATER IN WEIRD WAYS."





"I USED TO BE A MODEL."



"WHEN MY HUSBAND WAS DYING, I SAID: 'MOE, HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO LIVE WITHOUT YOU?' HE TOLD ME: 'TAKE THE LOVE YOU HAVE FOR ME AND SPREAD IT AROUND.' "



GAME OVER



"MY GIRLFRIEND IS STAYING IN AN ALL-WOMEN'S DORM AND I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO BOOK A HOTEL FOR THE ENTIRE TIME THAT I'M IN NEW YORK . . . SO WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO SNEAK ME INTO HER DORM IN A SUITCASE."

IT WORKED.



“THERE
ARE MORE
COMBINATIONS
IN THIS CUBE
THAN THERE ARE
SECONDS IN THE
HISTORY OF THE
UNIVERSE.”



DREAM
BIG

"JUST TO LET YOU KNOW, I'M OUT HERE PROMOTING MY COMPANY. I KNOW YOU WANTED MY PHOTO BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT I WAS A GROWN-ASS MAN SITTING AROUND WITH A PUPPET."



"HE HURT HIS FOOT."





“IT’S FRENCH FOR ‘ARMY OF SHADOWS.’ ”

“AND WHAT DOES THAT MEAN TO YOU?”

“I WAS GOING THROUGH A REALLY ROUGH TIME IN MY LIFE, AND IT FELT LIKE A WHOLE ARMY WAS AFTER ME. BUT WHEN I

SHADOWS."

I DISCOVERED A YOUNG DANCE TROUPE FROM CHINA POSING FOR A PORTRAIT OUTSIDE OF LINCOLN CENTER. THE CHAPERONES NOTICED ME TAKING PHOTOS, AND BEGAN WHISPERING TO EACH OTHER. SUDDENLY ONE OF THE ADULTS BLEW A WHISTLE, THE CHILDREN LINED UP, AND A VERY PRIVATE PERFORMANCE COMMENCED.





SEEN ON THE LOWER
EAST SIDE

SEEN IN CENTRAL PARK



SEEN IN THE MEATPACKING DISTRICT



SEEN AT THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA





"I'M TRAINING MYSELF TO LUCID DREAM."



WEDDING DAY



“IT’S TAUGHT ME TO BE MORE RESPECTFUL OF ALL PEOPLE. IF I MEET A MAN ON THE STREET NOW, NO MATTER HOW OLD HE IS, I’LL CALL HIM SIR.”

"I'M GOING TO
ISRAEL
NEXT WEEK."

"ARE YOU
JEWISH?"

"I AM."

"JEWISH AND
WHAT?"

"JEWISH AND
GERMAN,
IRAQI, AFRICAN,
IRISH,
PORTUGUESE,
AND
FRENCH.
I WORE
CHEROKEE
SHORTS TO
LENAPE
SCHOOL
AND
YESTERDAY,
BLACKFOOT,"
AND THE
HEADMASTER
GOT REALLY
MAD, SO
TODAY
THE WHOLE
CLASS
WORE
THEM."





"I DON'T MIND THE WHITE PEOPLE MOVING INTO
OUR
NEIGHBORHOOD. THEY'RE LIKE THE INDIANS—THEY
COME IN
PEACE. AND THEY BROUGHT SOME WHOLE FOODS
WITH 'EM.

OUR BLOCK PARTIES ANYMORE."



SIGNS OF SPRING IN CENTRAL PARK:

1. TREES TURN GREEN.
2. FLOWERS BLOOM.
3. BLACKWOLF THE DRAGONMASTER BEGINS ASKING PEOPLE TO FEED CASH TO HIS DRAGON.



SEEN ON 42ND
STREET

"JEALOUSY. DEPRESSION. LOVE. THEY PRETTY MUCH DEMONSTRATE THE WHOLE RANGE OF HUMAN EMOTION." →







SEEN AT LINCOLN CENTER





THE
SCREAM



"WE DO HOUSE MUSIC"



BIG BIRD (10:37 P.M.): DID YOU HEAR THAT SHIT ABOUT EL



"WHERE'D YOU
GROW UP?"

"ALL OVER."





THESE MEN HAD VERY HEAVY ACCENTS, SO I COULD BARELY UNDERSTAND THEM. I TRIED MY BEST TO FOLLOW ALONG AS THE MAN ON THE RIGHT TOLD ME HIS LIFE STORY. AFTER ASKING HIM TO REPEAT SEVERAL SENTENCES, I FINALLY CONCLUDED THAT HE'D GROWN UP IN

YEAR DID YOU COME
TO AMERICA?" I ASKED.

"HE WAS BORN IN RHODE ISLAND," SAID THE MAN ON
THE LEFT.



HE INTRODUCED HIMSELF AS CIRCUS, THE TRAVELING MAGICIAN. HE THEN HANDED ME A BOOK OF SPELLS. HERE ARE SOME OF THE HIGHLIGHTS:

THE SPELL TO MAKE STRANGERS WISH YOU A "HAPPY BIRTHDAY": MAKE A SIGN THAT SAYS "IT'S MY BIRTHDAY," AND HANG IT AROUND YOUR NECK.

THE CUDDLE-INDUCING SPELL: SIMPLY HANG UP A SIGN THAT SAYS "CUDDLE"

SPELL TO MAKE OBJECTS MOVE THROUGH THE AIR: MAKE SURE THERE IS A NICE PERSON IN CLOSE PROXIMITY, BOTH TO YOU AND THE OBJECT YOU DESIRE. THEN SIMPLY STRETCH YOUR ARM OUT TOWARD THE OBJECT AND, IN LESS THAN A MINUTE, IT WILL FLOAT MAGICALLY INTO YOUR HAND.



"I DIDN'T EVEN START DANCING TANGO UNTIL I WAS SIXTY-



SEEN AT BRIGHTON BEACH, BROOKLYN



TURNS OUT THEY'RE BIG NAMES IN THE THEATER WORLD. JUST



MODERN COUPLE



SEEN ON THE SUBWAY



"SORRY HE'S SO SHY."



THESE TWO WERE WATCHING
CLOUDS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE
PARK JUST LIKE THIS



HE SAID: "I'VE GOT TO FIND A NEW SYSTEM FOR CARRYING MY STUFF."

AN OLD LADY WALKED BY, AND SAID: "CLOSE YOUR MOUTH!"



NATURE OR



"MY GIRLFRIEND'S A MODEL. SHE TURNED SEVENTY-EIGHT TODAY."



THIS GIRL CAUGHT MY ATTENTION BECAUSE SHE WAS READING A FULL-PAGE, TIGHTLY SPACED, HANDWRITTEN LETTER. I ASKED HER IF IT WAS A HAPPY LETTER OR A SAD LETTER. "IT'S A VERY HAPPY LETTER," SHE SAID. "IT'S FROM MY BOYFRIEND IN JAIL."





SOME ART COSTS AN ARM AND A LEG.
SOME ART IS AN ARM AND A LEG.



FOR ONE
FLEETING
MOMENT,
THIS KID MAY
HAVE BEEN THE
HAPPIEST PERSON
IN THE WORLD.

ALL OF THE LIGHTS







ONE OF THOSE RARE OCCASIONS
WHEN DAD
IS WEARING A JACKET COVERED IN



SEEN AT LINCOLN CENTER,
CARTOONS,
AND YOU'RE NOT EMBARRASSED AT
ALL





SHE HAD THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
AWKWARDNESS.



SEEN IN WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN





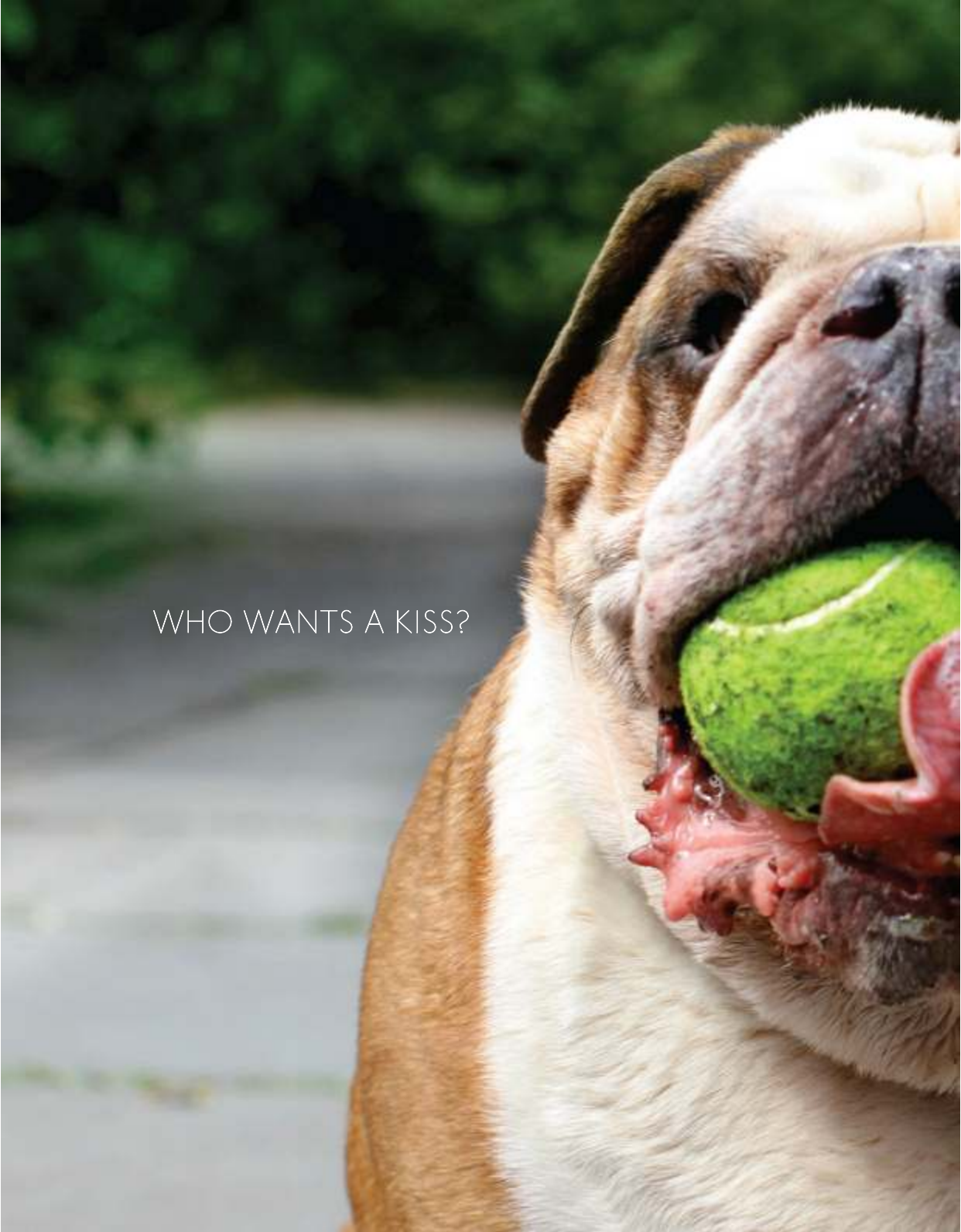
"I ALWAYS WORK
MY DOG'S NAME
INTO MY
CLOSING
ARGUMENT."

"THAT'S SO
AWESOME."

"YEAH, BUT YOU
NEVER WANT ME
AS YOUR
LAWYER."

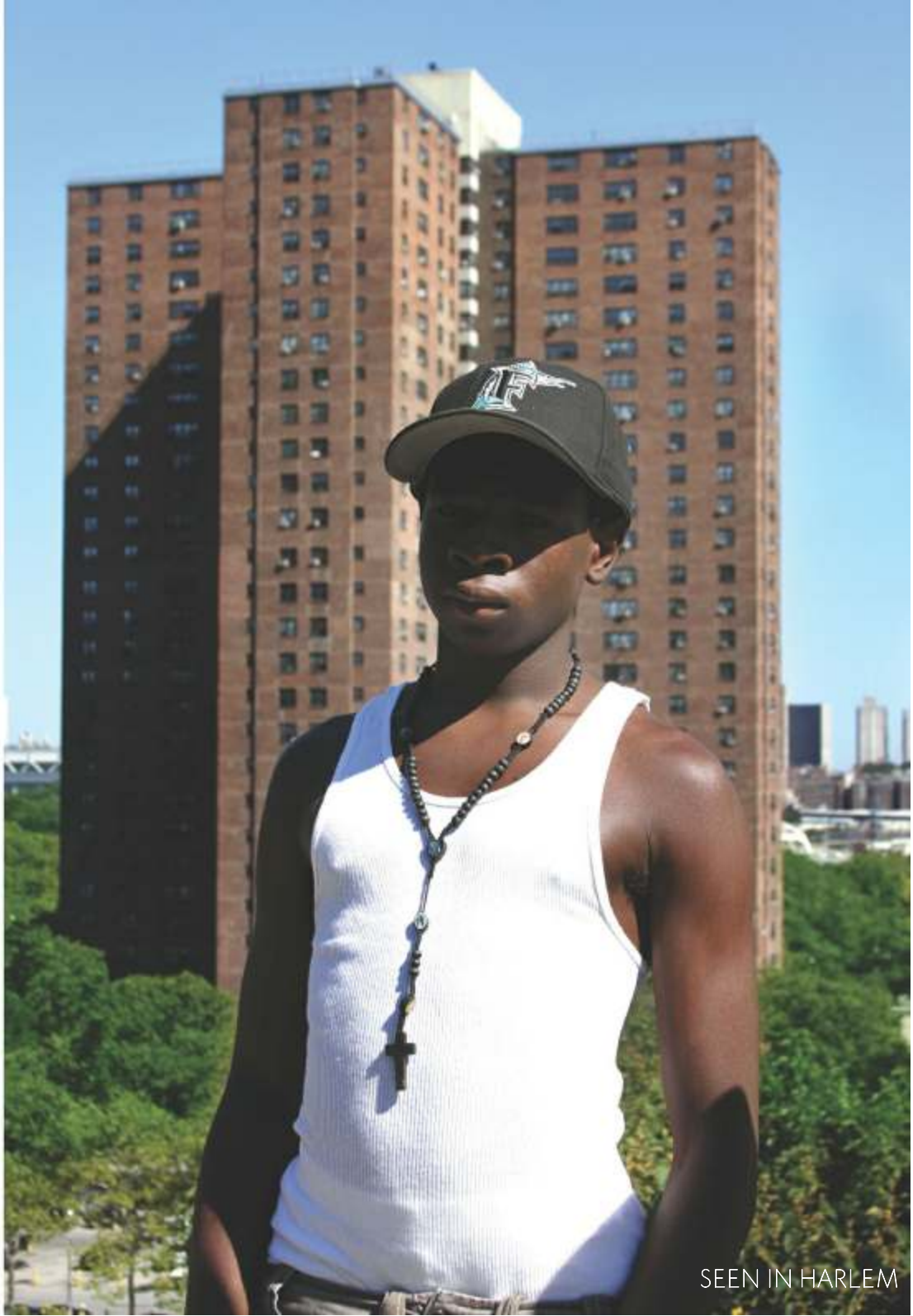
"WHY'S THAT?"

"CAUSE THAT
MEANS YOU'RE
IN DEEP DEEP



WHO WANTS A KISS?







SEEN IN THE
SUBWAY



SEEN IN RED HOOK, BROOKLYN



SEEN IN THE EAST
VILLAGE





SEEN IN TIMES



CASTING
OFF



MARK TWAIN STILL COASTING OFF THOSE



"ALL RIGHT, LITTLE MAN. SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT."



SEEN IN BEDFORD-STUYVESANT, BROOKLYN





SEEN IN WASHINGTON
SQUARE PARK

TESTOSTERONE
REARED ITS HEAD
ON AN UPTOWN
5 TRAIN LAST
NIGHT.



"I'M AN ILLUSTRATOR."

"WHERE CAN I SEE
YOUR WORK?"

"TRUST ME, YOU'VE
ALREADY SEEN IT."



"I'M A PHOTOGRAPHER."

"WHAT DO YOU
PHOTOGRAPH?"

"MYSELF."







"WE MAKE ELECTRO
GOTH POP."



SEEN ON THE LOWER EAST



THE
KING



SEEN IN WASHINGTON



"I'VE BEEN MARRIED FIFTY YEARS. IF I WAS TO GIVE ONE PIECE OF ADVICE TO YOUNG COUPLES, IT'D BE THIS: NEVER LOSE YOUR TEMPER AT THE SAME TIME IF

THE OTHER
ONE BETTER
MAKE A
RETREAT."

I FOUND THESE
TWO HUNCHED
OVER ON
BROADWAY,
JUST LIKE THIS.
IT SEEMED LIKE
AN INTERESTING
MOMENT, SO I
QUICKLY
SNAPPED
THE PHOTO,
THEN
APPROACHED
THEM TO FIND
OUT WHAT WAS
SO
INTERESTING
ABOUT
TODAY'S PAPER.
THE MAN
SEEMED
SHEEPISH WHEN
HE ANSWERED:
"MY
FILM JUST GOT
SOMETIMES
REVIEWED BY
THE LOUDEST
PERSONAS
NEW YORK
BELONG TO
THE QUIETEST
TIMES."
HE SAID, "SO I'M
SHOWING MY
DAILY LIFE."





"CAN I TAKE YOUR
PHOTO?"

SEEN AT THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM





THE WILDFLOWERS



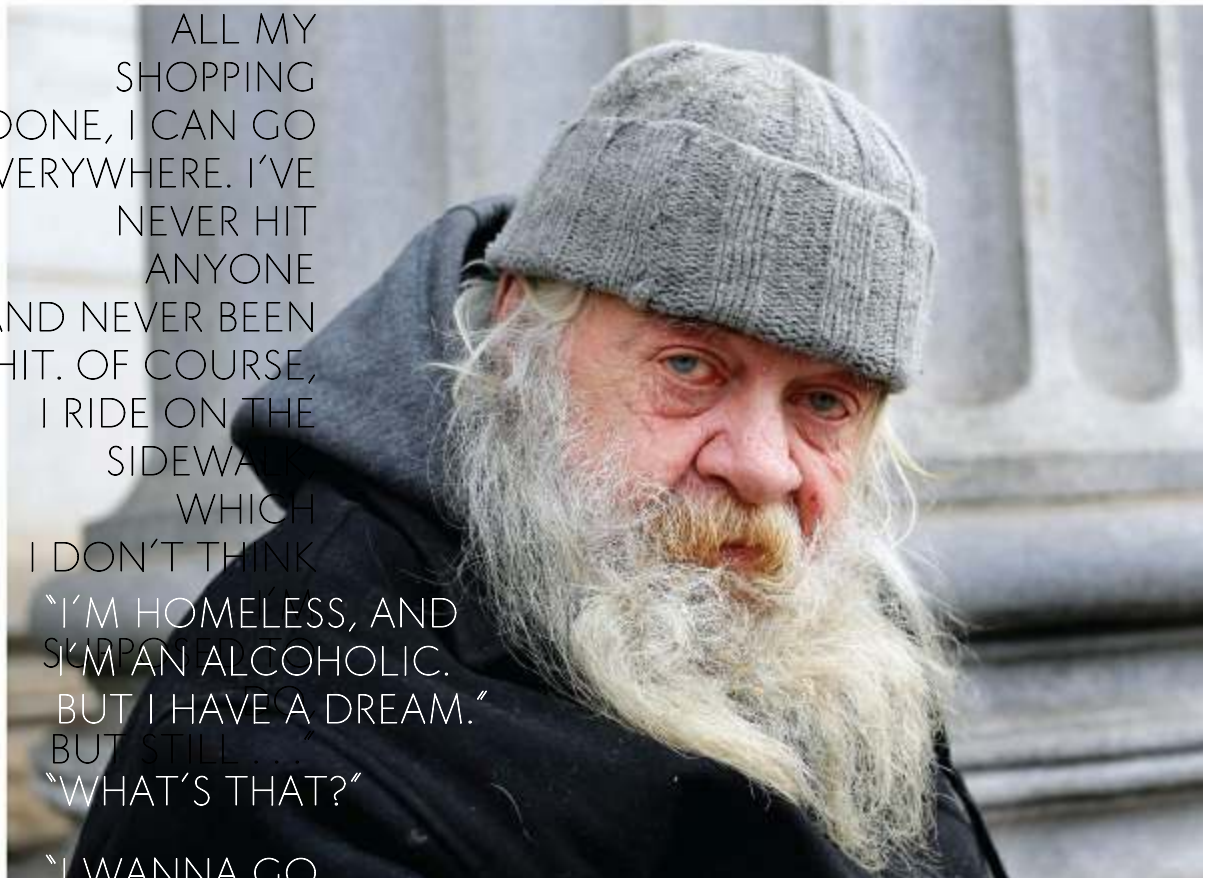
HEAD FULL OF DREAMS



"I'M NINETY
YEARS
OLD AND I RIDE
THIS
THING AROUND
EVERYWHERE. I
DON'T SEE WHY
MORE PEOPLE
DON'T USE
THEM. I
CARRY MY CANE
IN
THE BASKET, I
GET



ALL MY
SHOPPING
DONE, I CAN GO
EVERYWHERE. I'VE
NEVER HIT
ANYONE
AND NEVER BEEN
HIT. OF COURSE,
I RIDE ON THE
SIDEWALK
WHICH
I DON'T THINK



"I'M HOMELESS, AND
SKIMPY ON ALCOHOL.
BUT I HAVE A DREAM."
BUT STILL...
"WHAT'S THAT?"
"I WANNA GO



THIS BOY WAS PART OF A ZOMBIE FAMILY. WHEN I ASKED FOR A GROUP PORTRAIT,



HE SEEMED RECOGNIZABLE TO HIS GROOMING FLOOR.

"I'M EIGHTY YEARS OLD. AN EIGHTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD MAN WAS JUST SPEAKING TO ME IN A FLIRTATIOUS MANNER, I BELIEVE. BUT HIS DAUGHTER

THEY WERE
HAPPY WITH
HOW THE
PHOTO CAME
OUT, IF THE
SHRIEKING
WAS ANY
INDICATION.





"I NEVER HAD ANY FAMILY GROWING UP. BUT I STILL WENT TO SCHOOL EVERY DAY. ONE DAY, WHEN I WAS IN ELEVENTH GRADE, MY ENGLISH TEACHER CAME UP TO ME AND SAID: 'IF YOU GRADUATE, I'LL ADOPT YOU. I'LL SHOW

EVERYTHING. ON THE DAY I GRADUATED, HE WAS THE ONLY FAMILY I HAD THERE. HE'S TAKEN ME EVERYWHERE SINCE THEN. I'VE DONE ALL KINDS OF THINGS."



"I'M GOING TO BE IN A BOOK!"



THESE TWO
PERFORM A VERY
UNCONVENTIONAL
"PRAYERFORMANCE,"
WHICH
INVOLVES

LANGUAGE.



LIFE-SAVING ROPE

GARTH VADER
DISAPPOINTS
HIS FATHER BY
SHUNNING
THE THRONE
AND PURSUING
A FASHION
CAREER.





AFTER THEY FINISHED KISSING, SHE TOOK OFF HER BLUE CAPE AND LAID IT OVER A WOMAN SLEEPING ON A NEARBY BENCH. IT WAS SUCH A POETIC MOMENT, I ACTUALLY CHASED THEM DOWN TO FACT-CHECK MY OWN EYES

WAS THAT
YOUR
BLUE
BLANKET?"

"YES."

"AND YOU
JUST
GAVE IT TO
HER?"

"YES, WHY?"



“HE DOES ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING FOR ME. I’M COMPLETELY SPOILED.”

“I USED TO BE A BUTCHER. SHE USED TO COME INTO MY STORE. EVERY WEEK I WOULD SET APART THE BEST PIECE OF MEAT FOR HER. AND LOOK HOW IT TURNED OUT—I ENDED UP WITH THE BEST PIECE OF



ONE NANOSECOND LATER, AN UNFORTUNATE
HEAD-BUTT
BROUGHT THIS PHOTO SHOOT TO A SCREECHING



"I'VE BEEN CRITICIZED FOR A LOT MORE THAN MY FURS."

THIS MAN
NEEDED
A BREAK
FROM THE
MUSEUM
EXHIBITS,
SO HE
TURNED TO
SOMETHING
MORE
AMUSING.





SEEN IN THE EAST VILLAGE



"IF THERE ISN'T A CROOKED FINGERPRINT ON THE
BACK,
YOU KNOW IT ISN'T MINE."





"IF YOU COULD GIVE ONE PIECE OF
ADVICE, WHAT WOULD IT BE?"

"REVOLT!"



AUTUMN





"IF WE PUT THEM AT THE END OF THE SLIDE, WILL THEY SIT STILL?"



"FOR ABOUT FIVE SECONDS." THIS LITTLE GUY STARTED POINTING AT ME LIKE I WAS KING KONG.







SEEN ON 5TH AVENUE



SEEN IN THE
SUBWAY





THE

SHE WAS
GUIDING HER
TWO
CHILDREN
DOWN A
SIDEWALK
IN JACKSON
HEIGHTS,
QUEENS.
NORMALLY
I'D
HAVE ASKED
FOR A GROUP
PORTRAIT,
BUT
THIS TIME I
THOUGHT



STANDALONE.



AFTER THE PHOTO WAS TAKEN, THE GUY LOOKED AT IT AND SAID: "I'VE NEVER FELT LIKE MORE OF A MAN."



"ARE YOU MARRIED?"
"WE'RE PRACTICING."



“TO THEM, I’M MOMMY.”



THAT LOOKS LIKE AN AWESOME
SECRET



"HOW'S THE
TEAM DOING?"

"ONE WIN. ONE LOSS.
AND TWO DRAWS. BUT
THESE KIDS HAD NEVER
TOUCHED A BASEBALL

BEFORE. SO WE'RE
DOING GOOD."



JUDGING BY
EVERYONE'S
EXCITEMENT
THIS DAY
WILL
ALWAYS BE
REMEMBERED
AT THE
LOADING
DOCK AS
THE DAY
"I HARRY

INTERNET.”





SEEN IN WASHINGTON

HYPERMASCULINE
MYSTERY MAN
COMPLEMENTS
EPIC MUSTACHE
WITH NEW
PUPPY.





"WELL, I ALWAYS DRESS LIKE THIS—THEN I BOUGHT HIM THE JACKET AND MADE HIM WEAR IT."



"IF YOU COULD GIVE ONE PIECE OF ADVICE, WHAT WOULD IT BE?"

"PREPARE FOR THE WORST."



SEEN IN THE EAST VILLAGE





— SEEN IN THE WEST VILLAGE

SOME DAYS I WORRY THAT I WON'T FIND
ANYONE TO PHOTOGRAPH. THEN I TURN THE
CORNER AND SEE A GIANT TREE MAN.





"I'M STUDYING TO GET A PH.D. IN
NEUROSCIENCE, BUT IN
MY FREE TIME I LIKE TO PERFORM IN
BURLESQUE SHOWS"

“EVERYONE
ON
THE SUBWAY
IS ALWAYS
ABSORBED BY
THEIR PHONE
OR A BOOK.
I’M A SOCIAL
PERSON, SO
THIS
IS MY WAY
OF
INTERACTING
WITHOUT
BOTHERING
ANYONE.”



Queens (F) train local
"Delancey Station"



"WHAT'S YOUR STORY?"

"JUST RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT."

HE THEN HANDED ME A PIECE OF LITERATURE THAT OUTLINED HIS PLATFORM.



"AMONG OTHER THINGS, HE PLANNED TO LEAD A FIGHT FOR MANDATORY TOOTH BRUSHING LAWS. HE ALSO HOPED TO PROVIDE 'A FREE PONY FOR EVERY AMERICAN.'"



A TRAFFIC CONE WAS KNOCKED OVER ON THE SIDEWALK DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THESE MEN. I PICKED IT UP AND CASUALLY TOSSED IT ASIDE. THE MAN ON THE LEFT GOT REALLY STERN AND SAID: "I KNOW YOU DIDN'T JUST DO THAT TO MY CONE." I LOOKED AT HIM, WAITING FOR HIM TO LAUGH. A FEW SECONDS PASSED AND HIS FACE DIDN'T CHANGE. HE SEEMED GENUINELY UPSET. "I KNOW YOU DIDN'T JUST DO THAT," HE REPEATED. THEN HE BURST OUT LAUGHING.



A GLIMPSE INTO
THE JOURNAL OF
A
(QUITE
INTELLIGENT)
SIXTEEN-YEAR-
OLD
GIRL
PHOTOGRAPHED
WITH
PERMISSION, IN
CENTRAL PARK.

what day is it & in what month? these clocks never seemed alive
i can't keep up, & i can't back down, i've been losing so much time
"BLAH BLAH BLAH. You feel trapped in your life. what i'm hearing is this; happiness
isn't worth any inconvenience
growing up isn't very helpful, when it comes down to it.
when i was really little, i loved staring up at the night sky... it always
fascinated me, the way the darker it got, the more stars would come out
they'd almost always be there, every time i woke from a bad dream
& ran to the window, everytime ~~needed a little extra light~~ ^{the daytime sunshine just wasn't enough,} every
time i just ~~wanted~~ ^{needed} reassurance that they hadn't gone anywhere -
odd, but before the age of eight i don't have ~~any~~ a single memory of
a cloudy night. ^{for} seven years later, i'm still just a girl, looking ~~for~~ ^{for you}
for comfort, for sleep, for respect. ~~for you~~ ^{for you} for this
~~seven~~ you. for someone to jump with, our arms outstretched,
fingertips reaching to the heavens without the slightest idea what's
out there. grasping for who-knows-what ~~is~~ ^{is} our wishes have been
enveloped by balls of fire light years away; & yet there's the feeling
that there is, there always will be, something more, something
bigger, something we want but are so so terrified to have. i live
with the constant ~~sensation~~ ^{feeling} of having something ^{very very important} to say, with out the
slightest idea what it was or who it's meant for. maybe that's why
i started writing - in hopes that someday it'll ^{finally} come out, ~~the way~~
~~they're~~ ^{they're} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~end~~ ^{end} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~book~~ ^{book}, & i'll ~~finally~~ ^{finally} know
a real epiphany feels like ^{standing there, head} ^{tilted up, taking it all in,} ^{to an audience} ^{in deep space}
really, the only difference now is far more rainy nights.
(i just really want a
chick-flick romance.)
every once in a while, you meet these people that make you think
you that just maybe you've been doing something right after all, that
deserve them in your life
yes, i do stupid things,
make up words i don't
enough. i let my heart
my brain. i keep writing
letters that i wouldn't
send in a million years
this talking
Linda weals
me out
for life's not a paragraph
& death i think is no parentheses
something about you ~~is~~ now ... i can't quite figure out ... everything
she does is beautiful ... & everything she does is right

REMEMBER TO TELL NILO:

well, a friend of mine has a "proud to be a david terrorist fan" t-shirt... it's a pity i couldn't find one for you...
"so you remember french boy?" "YES?!?!!" "oh well, nothing happened with him..."

les

ore days
rainer
im still
day to
stared
oid &
ie that
of it is
se of you
ZAH!!!
a bond
l with work
per, motif

useful phrases from "the book thief": smiles like salt. ruptured veins
waxy yellows. stood & played with the quietness. mistakes, mistakes - it's
all i seem capable of at times. wooden teardrops. oaky smiles. **DERP.**

i don't even really know what to say; putting & i am fairly good at putting feelings
on paper, so that's new. i dunno - i really dunno. i'm just putting syllables down on
the page now with no real direction. & i haven't even really mentioned anything

yet, no detail that would let ~~me~~ any one other than myself to understand,
but that's just it, the "other than myself" bit. i can look at this tomorrow
or next week or next month or possibly next year & most likely know what
i'm talking about, & that in itself is worrying.

insomnia is quite a beautiful thing, really. **I THINK I LOVE YOU**
at least then i can control my **i'm yours, eternally.**
dreams **love, love, love, love, love**

what is there to tell you about brutality & beauty that you don't already know?
the lines on my fingers from gripping the pen too
amelia pond - the girl who was
the callouses on my right hand from playing
the lines on my fingers from gripping the pen too

if frodo can get the ring to Mordor, you can get out of bed.

MATURITY
COMES WITH
CONNOTATIONS
I GREATLY
DISLIKE.

"meant to be"
is kind of a
funny idea
dutch think!

things will
work out in
the end. if it's
not okay, it's
not the end.

sometimes i just stop & look back at the last fifteen years & a bit years th
up my life & think about all the things i wish i hadn't ~~done~~ done - & trust
that's a pretty long list. people tell me that i'm too cautious, sometimes. & may
but i really can't help it; i just don't want you to turn into just another mistake, jus
more regret to add to my mental drama. maybe being careful is the way to happily
after - i mean, if we want fairy tale simplicity, it'd be pretty helpful to create it our

you pick up feelings in the unlikely places -
desk drawers, the cracks in cobblestone paths
for example, or creaky desk drawers, or
stuck in the knots of your shoelaces **la lie**

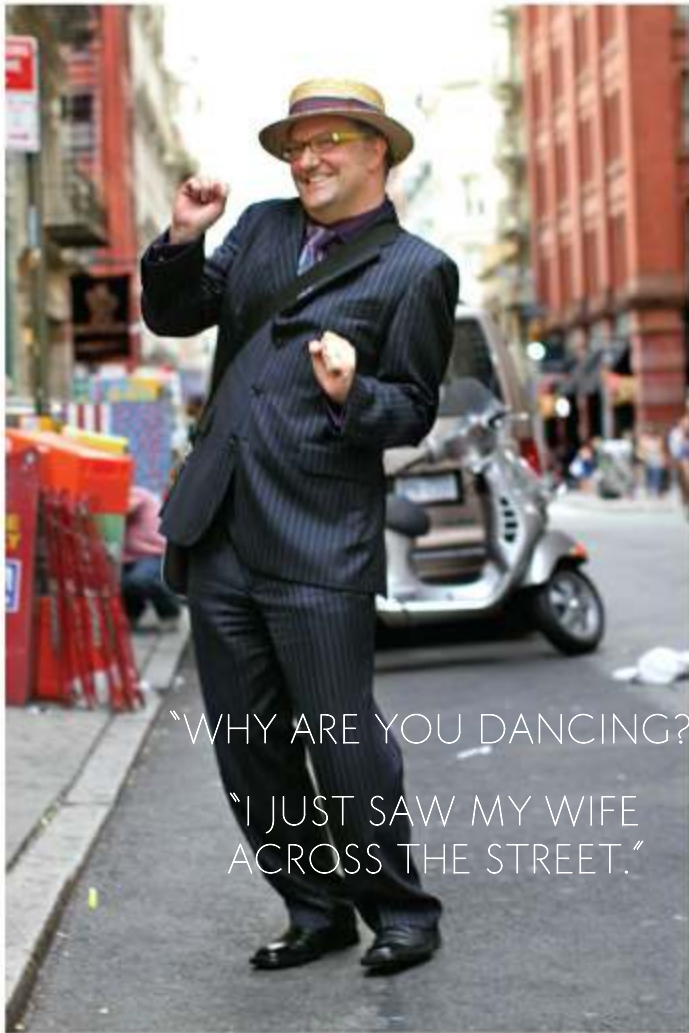
listen, okay? i'm not perfect - i don't want
to be. i want to stay lost & awkward &
quirky & merdy & me. but then there's the
matter of you... it really shouldn't
be this hard of a choice. giving up ~~myself~~
you or giving up myself... .. hmmm.

"if i fuck it up, it's cool. that's art." ~ matt nathanson

but i don't mean
kind of silly th
that you look ba
& laugh at, like
weird kid you adore
for a while or wasting
time worrying about
the popular kids. i
think i mean real
regrets, although
perhaps i'm not mature
enough to know what
exactly that even means.



SEEN IN BEDFORD-STUYVESANT, BROOKLYN



"WHY ARE YOU DANCING?"
"I JUST SAW MY WIFE
ACROSS THE STREET."





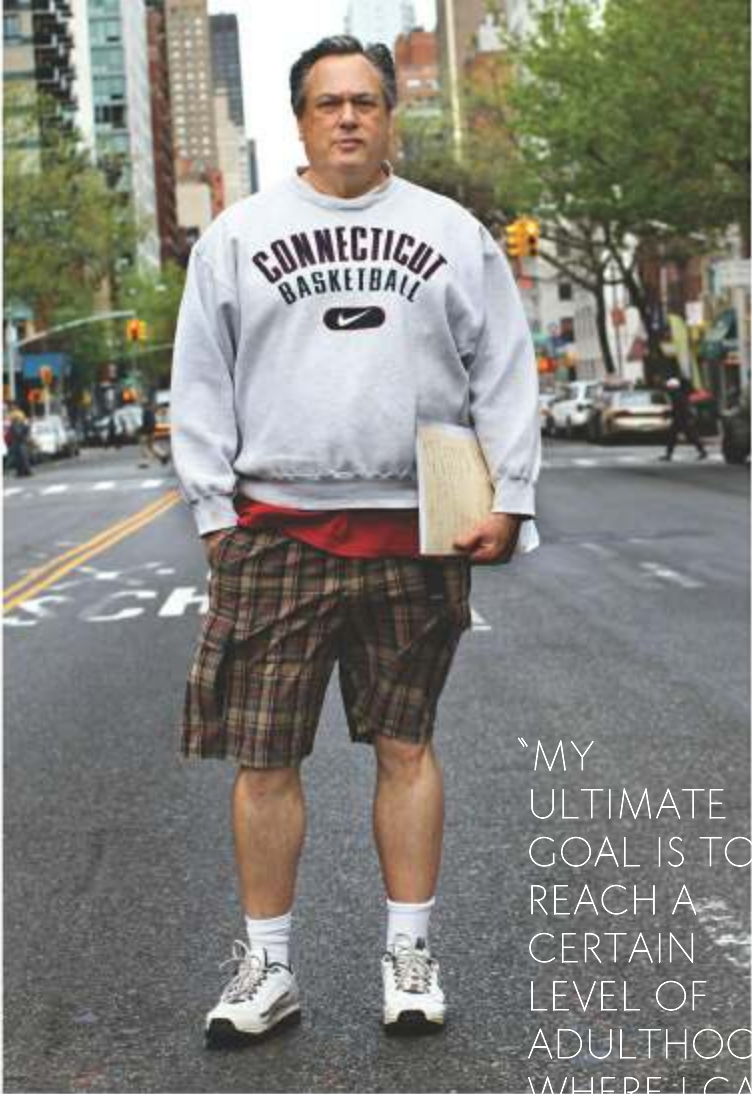
SEEN IN WILLIAMSBURG,
BROOKLYN



"SHE'S HAVING A BIRTHDAY WEEKEND AT THE PLAZA HOTEL."



CHESS,
LIKE
SOCCER,
IS
A
COMMON
THREAD
AMONG
MANY
CULTURES.



"MY
ULTIMATE
GOAL IS TO
REACH A
CERTAIN
LEVEL OF
ADULTHOOD
WHERE I CAN



SEEN AT LINCOLN CENTER AFFORD TO
BE A CHILD



KEEPING THE THRILL ALIVE

OLD FRIENDS



SOMETIMES SPRING NEEDS
A KICK START.



"I'M GOING TO LET YOU TAKE MY PHOTO BECAUSE YOU SEEM LIKE A GENUINE PERSON. BUT JUST SO YOU KNOW—I DON'T NORMALLY LET PEOPLE STEAL MY SWAG."





"MY FATHER HAS ASPERGER'S, SO IT'S ALWAYS BEEN VERY DIFFICULT TO CONNECT WITH HIM EMOTIONALLY. THEN, A FEW YEARS AGO, I WAS READING TRUMAN CAPOTE'S *OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS*, AND THERE'S THIS SCENE WHERE THE MAIN CHARACTER PRAYS TO KNOW HIS FATHER. AND WHEN HE'S DONE PRAYING, THE CHAPTER ENDS: 'AND IN THIS MOMENT, LIKE A SWIFT INTAKE OF BREATH, THE RAIN CAME.' "



"I'M LEARNING A SONG."
"ARE YOU LEARNING IT
FOR A GIRL?"
"... YEAH."

I ASKED HIS
SISTER TO
TELL ME
SOMETHING
ABOUT HER
BROTHER.
SHE SAID:



"HE LIKES CARS. A LOT."



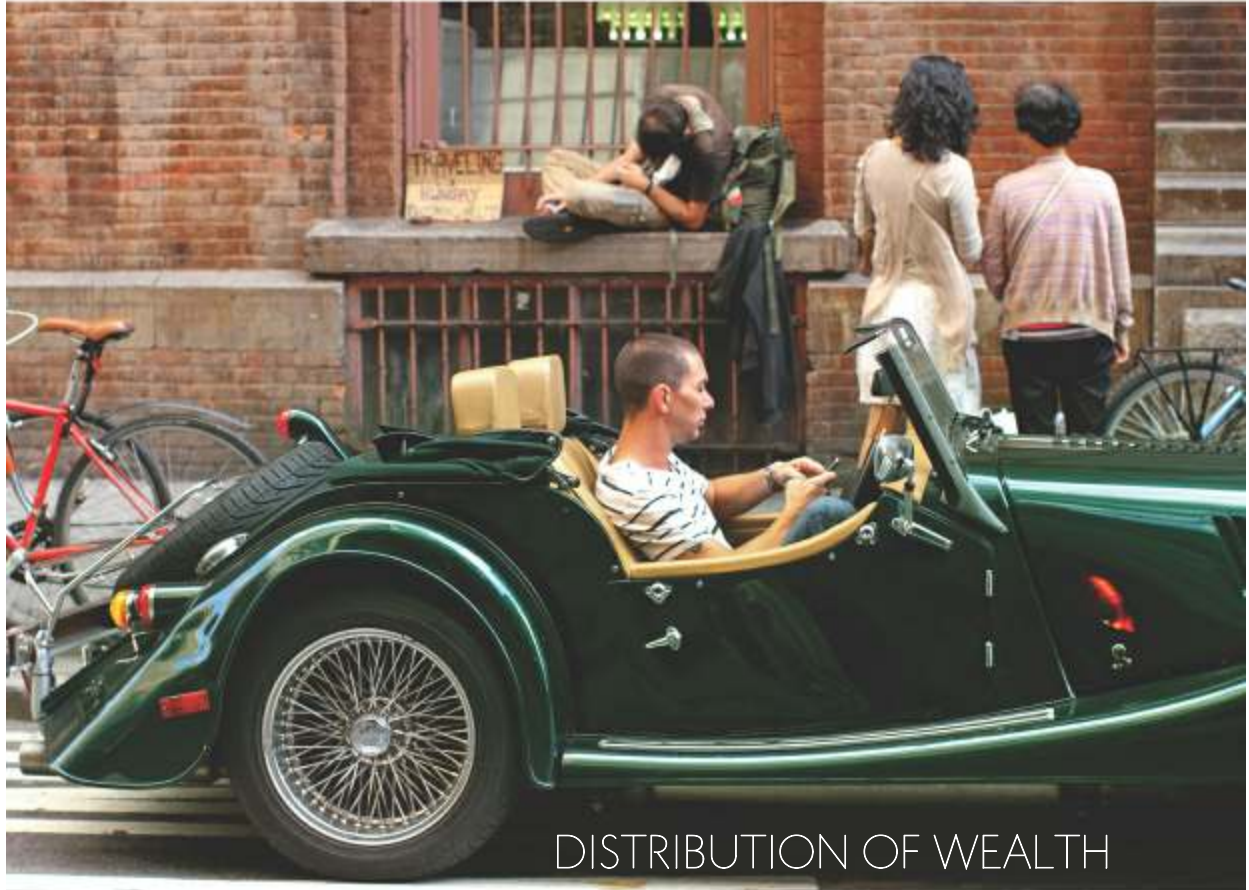




SEEN IN



"HIS NAME IS KINGSLEY. HE PRETTY MUCH DOES





"WHEN YOUR PULSE DROPS BELOW SEVENTY-SIX, IT FUNNELS BLOOD OUT OF THE MASK AND YOUR VISION IS CLEARED. WHEN YOUR PULSE RISES ABOVE SEVENTY-SIX, THE BLOOD IS FUNNELED BACK INTO THE MASK AND

TO TEACH THE USER TO BE SENSITIVE TO ENVIRONMENTAL STRESSORS, AND TO LEARN HOW THESE STRESSORS AFFECT THE BODY."



"I USED TO
LIVE IN A
PLASTIC
BUBBLE. I
DON'T MEAN
FIGURATIVE
I MEAN, I
USED TO LI



"I USED TO
LIVE IN A
PLASTIC
BUBBLE."

"I'M AN ARTIST, AND
DRESSING IS MY ART."



I DISCOVERED
THIS WOMAN
PRACTICING A
DANCE ROUTINE
IN SEWARD PARK.
SHE EXPLAINED
THAT SHE SPENDS
HER FREE TIME
PERFORMING



THIS MAN WAS PERFORMING PUPPET SHOWS BASED ON THE SHORT STORIES OF FRANZ KAFKA. DURING PIVOTAL SCENES, HIS YOUNG ASSISTANT WOULD BLOW WILDLY INTO A SAXOPHONE.







STREET FIGHT IN



SEEN ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE



"I GREW UP IN SOUTH AFRICA, THEN I MOVED TO THAILAND FOR A FEW YEARS. NOW I'M HERE WORKING AS A PERSONAL CHEF. I SPECIALIZE IN FRENCH CUISINE, WITH A SOUTH AFRICAN AND ASIAN TWIST."

"YOU SHOULD NEVER SAY: 'I'M POOR.' INSTEAD YOU SHOULD ALWAYS SAY: 'I LIVE IN ABUNDANCE.' GIVE IT A TRY. I DID IT FOR A WHOLE



WERE BUYING
ME
LUNCHES,
THEATER
TICKETS—IT
WAS
GREAT.”

“JUST BECAUSE YOU’RE AN ADULT DOESN’T MEAN YOU’RE GROWN UP. GROWING UP MEANS BEING PATIENT, HOLDING YOUR TEMPER, CUTTING OUT THE SELF-PITY, AND QUITTING WITH THE RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.”

“WHY DO SO MANY PEOPLE SEEM TO LOVE RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION?”

“BECAUSE IF YOU CAN PROVE YOU’RE A VICTIM, ALL RULES ARE OFF. YOU CAN LASH OUT AT PEOPLE. YOU DON’T HAVE TO BE ACCOUNTABLE FOR ANYTHING.”



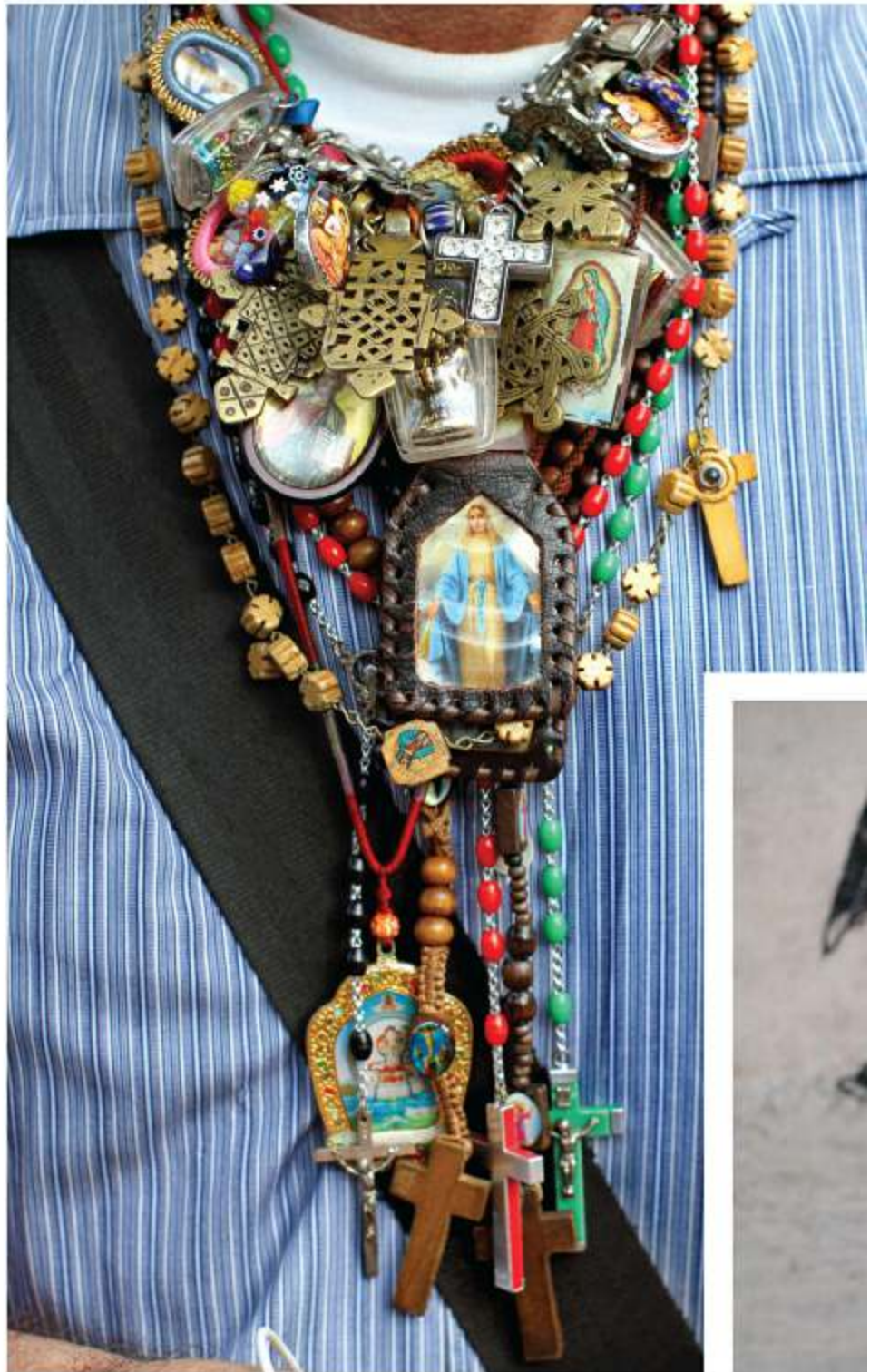


WHEN I EAT AT CAFÉS, I TRY TO GET A TABLE BY THE WINDOW.
JUST IN CASE SOMEONE WALKS BY WITH A GIANT SUN MIRROR.



SEEN ON
GOVERNORS ISLAND

"I BELIEVE IN
A
LITTLE BIT
OF
EVERYTHING."





SEEN ON PROSPECT AVENUE,
THE BRONX



THIS MURAL
WAS
HOUSED IN
A VACANT
LOT
SURROUNDE
BY A HUGE
CHAIN-LINK
FENCE. I
ASKED
SEVERAL
YOUNG
MEN
TO FOLLOW
ME
THROUGH

NOBODY
WAS
WILLING TO
TAKE THE
RISK.
AFTER
SEVERAL
MINUTES, I
FINALLY
FOUND
TWO
PEOPLE
WITH THE
BALLS
TO DO IT.



THE 1 PERCENT



"I WANT TO CHANGE THE WORLD, BUT I DON'T"



I DON'T THINK
SHE WAS FULLY
COMFORTABLE
WITH THE
PROCESS, BUT
HER

THROUGH
BEAUTIFULLY.



DUDE WAS JUST WEARING A MASK.



SEEN IN UNION
SQUARE







SEEN IN THE EAST VILLAGE



"I'M THE SULTAN OF WISCONSIN!"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

These days I get tons of mail from people offering advice, help, and support. I appreciate all of it, of course. But I'd like to begin by thanking the people who provided these things back when HONY was just a crazy idea. Thanks to Sam Ward for telling me that I was going to be remembered for my "people pictures"—after my very first day of shooting. Thanks to Casey and Erin, Catherine, David, and everyone else who let me sleep on their couch during my first summer in New York. Thanks to Nathan Hicks for being the first true believer. Thanks to Eric Engdahl for all the counseling. Thanks to Jessie Canon for building an awesome Web site for some guy you didn't know, for free. Who does that!?!? You do. Because you're an awesome guy.

Thanks to Brian Lighthiser, Andy Anaszewicz, and Adam Schaefer. Emotional support is great—but you guys helped pay the rent. At some point.

this possible. Thanks also to Steve Churchill, for being a dick. (You know I love you.) Thanks to my assistants, Olivia and Christina, for all the work you've taken off my back, for keeping me organized, and for taking my emo phone calls when I get hate mail. Thanks also to my roommate Dave for all the cynicism, skepticism, and

pessimism. It kept me grounded. Thanks to everyone at Tumblr for letting me hang out at the office and feel like a cool kid.

Thanks to my agent, Brian DeFiore. Late in the game, a lot of agents wanted to meet because of my audience. In the beginning, Brian wanted to meet because of my photos. Very grateful for his early and continued support. Brian—sorry about all the text messages on weekends. Thanks to everyone at St. Martin's Press for buying in to something new. Thanks to Yaniv Soha for all your helpful suggestions, and Jon Bennett for your mad skills.

Thanks to Tim Chia, Alex Rojas, and Keith Fiantago for teaching me how to trade bonds. You're three of the greatest guys I've ever known. You taught me that there were bighearted, honest people in every industry. You also taught me to take losses and keep swinging. And that I'll use forever. Thanks to Ioe Coconate and Charles

false starts and wild curves. Sorry about the scares. Thanks to Ryan for being a great brother. And lastly, thanks to my wonderful girlfriend, Erin—you have a heart of absolute gold and make me eat vegetables.



