

The postcard said "New York Is A Friendly Town." I bought it anyways and tacked it up on my wall to remind myself that some people actually like this place. Or at least they pretend to. After all, I was living in a slum in Brooklyn, my girlfriend just moved out, my internship was coming to an end and I had absolutely no direction. Well, maybe I had some direction... and it was pointing me away from New York City.

Nearly ten years and three cities later I found myself back in New York working a boring job and editing a short film that just wasn't coming together. In an attempt to recharge my creative batteries, I decided to bring a camera with me to and from work every day and just see what happens.

I initially chose to shoot with the Holga not so much for its unique aesthetic qualities, but because it's light, cheap and can take a beating. It didn't take more than a couple rolls to get the sense that I may be on to something.

I've always been interested in creating a sense of place in my work. The unfinished quality of the Holga image seemed to me to be a perfect representation of the way I see the city. It's a place that can be an amazing dreamscape one minute and a depressing mess the next. Often, it's both at the same time. These are photos of my relationship with New York City, a friendly town.