

HUMANS OF NEW YORK

HUMANSOFNEWYORK.COM

FACEBOOK.COM/HUMANSOFNEWYORK

HUMANSOFNEWYORK.COM/BOOK

HUMANS OF

SINGAPOR
HUMANSOFSG.COM

IRLAND
HUMANSOFIRELAND.IE

SPANIA
HUMANSOFSPAIN.COM

AMSTERDAM
HUMANSOFAMSTERDAM.NL

MUNICHEN
HUMANSOFMUNICH.DE

KINA
HUMANSOFCHINA.TUMBLR.COM

PRAHA
HUMANSOFPRAGUE.IHNED.IE

PARIS
FACEBOOK.COM/HOPAIP

SIDNEY
FACEBOOK.COM/HUMANSOFSIDNEY

LIVERPOOL
FACEBOOK.COM/HUMANSOFLIVERPOOL

CARDIFF
FACEBOOK.COM/THEHUMANSOFCARDIFF

EDINBURG
FACEBOOK.COM/HOFED

HUMANS OF NEW YORK



BRANDON STANTON

Sommeren 2010 startet Brandon Stanton, fotografen fra Georgia USA, med prosjektet sitt. Han bestemte seg for å vandre rundt New Yorks gater for å fotografere menneskers portretter. Resultatet av turer hans ble til bloggen “Humans of New York” hvor bildene av menneskene sammen med historiene de forteller eller sitater, blir lagt ut.

Bloggen har de siste fire årene grodd til å bli en stor hit som nesten en million personer følger.



"Right after I lost vision in my eye, I was so bad at walking that I ran into a girl eating ice cream, and knocked her cone out of her hand. She screamed: 'Are you blind!?!?' I turned to her and said: 'I am blind actually, I'm so sorry, I'll buy you a new cone.' And she said: 'Oh my God! I'm so sorry! Don't worry! It's no problem at all! I'll buy another one.' So we walked into the ice cream store together, and the clerk said: 'I heard the whole thing. Ice cream is free.'"



"I left Belize when I was 12 or 13, just as all my friends were getting swept up into gangs. The gangs would get kids to do the dirty work, because they knew the kids wouldn't go to jail. I actually have an old photograph of the group of friends I used to hang out with— there were seven us. After I came to America, they were all killed in the exact order that they were standing in that photograph."



"My husband was an editor at the New York Times, so he'd work really late nights, and I'd sometimes get lonely. So I started letting this tomcat into our house everyday. But my husband was horribly allergic to cats, so right before he'd get home, I'd let the cat back out again. But one night it was raining so hard that I refused to let the cat out, and my husband stayed up all night sneezing. And that's how I got a puppy!"



"Mom took care of me when I was sick so I wrote her a card but the teacher was too busy to help me spell it so I wrote a picture instead."

Man trenger ikke være en god fotograf for å bli kjent som en. Dilemmaet ligger likevel ikke der. Brandon fikk interessen for å ta bilder ganske sent, dog var det noe han brant raskt for. Men han skjønnte at det ikke var noe han kunne tjene penger på. Likevel etter å ha mistet jobben sin i Georgia, flyttet han til NY uten en plan. Han bruke alle dagene sine på å spasere rundt den store byen for å ta bilder av folk. Han brukte også mye tid på å finne en metode på hvordan han skulle få folk til å fortelle han historiene sine. Og i det hele tatt ikke bli skremt av en fremmed mann som kommer bort til dem. Han har dannet seg selv en myk måte å gå opp til fremmede på og ikke minst en unervøs og åpen måte å prate til folk på. Historiene han blir fortalt er gjerne ting som ikke har blitt hørt før og historier folk vanligvis ikke legger ut om til gud og hverman. Historier som noen kan kjenne seg igjen i, eller som lesere blir glad av, kan le av, gråte av, bli klok av eller få sympati for.



Today in microfashion...

“HONY er en feiring av individualitet og en hyllest til New York.”



"I did 8.5 years on an attempted murder charge."
"What happened?"
"Some thirty year old dude kept harassing my twelve year old sister. He'd wait outside her school and invite her to parties. So I tried to kill him."



"She got pregnant with another man, then asked me to be the godfather."



"What's your favorite thing about your cousin?"
"His dirt bike."



"I found him in the trash. I named him Shadow because he followed me everywhere."



"I'm drawing the man who raped me."

Man kan skjønne at et slikt prosjekt vil inspirere på mange forskjellige måter. Det har det også gjort. Etter at HONY ble kjent over hele verden startet bølgen av “Humans of”. I mange land og byer fra vest til øst har enkeltpersoner og grupper startet blogger og facebooksider med samme konsept. Noen av de som har hengt seg på er Singapor, Irland, Spania, Amsterdam, München, Kina, Praha, Paris, Sidney, Liverpool, Cardiff og Edinburg.

Her i Norge har vi Humans of Oslo, Humans of Kristiansand og Humans of Norway.



"Even if we work hard to be a teacher, or a lawyer, or a doctor, we are seen first as outsiders."



"He won the Best Legs Competition on our cruise ship."



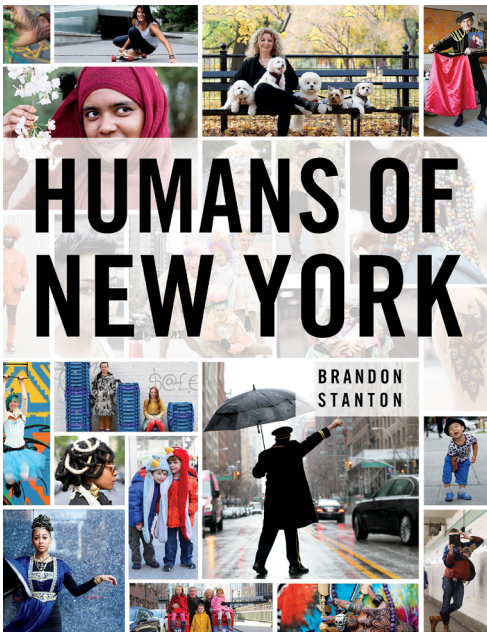
"Are you lonely?"
"It's been a lifetime of loneliness. I decided early on that I better get used to it. I go to movies by myself. If the movie theater is completely empty, I'm even happier. I learned early on that if I wanted to go to restaurants, I better learn to go by myself. One benefit to being big is that people don't bother you. I'm shocked that you came up to me. Nobody's ever done that. When I started to go to therapy, it took me several sessions before I even spoke a word. I'd just sit there and cry. And honestly, you caught me on a tough day. I was sitting here feeling really bad about myself. Because I went to the doctor today, and I was sure that I'd lost weight. But I'd gained some."



"They sent me to the psych ward 20 times. They said I had bipolar, schizophrenia, dyslexia, mad stupid shit. The only one that made sense was schizophrenia, because my mom has schizophrenia. I didn't have any of that though. I was just angry. What I was angry about, anyone would be angry about."



"He had his first birthday yesterday, so he goes crazy every time he hears the 'Happy Birthday' song."
"Let's see it."



Humans of New York er boken som er inspirert av bloggen. Med 400 fargerike bilder pluss eksklusive portretter og nye historier samlet.



"How'd you meet?"
"I volunteered to hand out water at an all female marathon."



The woman in the blue coat approached me by the United Nations building yesterday, and said: 'There is an interesting man around the corner that you should photograph. I don't know his name, but everyday he stands directly across from the UN, and says 'God Bless You' to everyone who walks past. I've always sort of viewed him as the conscience of the world.'
'Let's go together,' I said, and she agreed to bring me to where he was standing. When we finally found the man, I asked for his photo, and he cheerfully agreed. But he pointed at a nearby wall:
"Let's take the photo under that scripture," he said.



"We've been friends for 43 years. Every few years, we meet for a few hours, and pick right back up."



"He wants to go home."