

snap fingers & whistle

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Seven minutes of changing colors and music. Then silence and a zenithal view of Manhattan. A whistle blow starts before the dizzying zoom in into a West End basketball yard. Then, fingers snapping.

Two gangs coming from different extremes of the world and pecking at the remains of the American dream, have to share the streets and fight with violent dancing. They sing, they kill, and they fall in love. They like to live in America; tonight, the Jets, Toni, The Sharks, Maria, etc.

I decided to document New York simply according to what I expected from these over-reported streets. I was looking for that real part in the movies, if any, exploring once more the fluid border between fact and fiction through the very respectable street photography.

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