

CARRIE BORETZ

BIO

I have always felt most comfortable with a camera in my hand. Borrowing a 35 mm camera from my Aunt (all I had was my reliable instamatic) during high school, it gave me a reason to be in places that I felt either shy or uncomfortable. I was to others an extrovert but inwardly not. Holding a camera to my eye gave me a perfect shield and a mission at the same time. Shooting pictures fit my quick, impulsive and empathetic nature to those facing battles I had no clue about, to eventually be up close to those who faced a world harsher and completely alien to my relatively peaceful life growing up in a NYC suburb. I wanted to explore what was foreign to me, those who I was moved by, drawn to, inspired by, those facing battles I had no clue about. I wanted to be close to all of it. It was my way in.

I had been staring at some of the greatest photographs ever taken my entire childhood that had graced the walls of my house. The photographer Russell Lee, one of the Farm Security Administrations' photographers and a good friend of my father's had given him hundreds of his photographs and other FSA shooters. I realized from early on how revered they were.

My dad, Alvin Boretz, was a television writer who spent much of his spare time typing out story ideas for me, once I had decided to pursue photography as my career. He couldn't help himself. They were the subjects of many of his scripts for shows during the early days of television. Social issues, David and Goliath stories, the unsung heroes. It was in my genes to pursue these kinds of stories.

After a false diagnosis of leukemia my freshman year of college (turned out to be Mono), I was given my own 35 mm camera, a Pentax Spotmatic, the only thing I had asked for when promised the world upon finding out I was to live. I soon took off to London for a semester in "Photojournalism" through Syracuse University's Newhouse School of Communications. I learned how to roam through a city, become bold and shoot beyond the obvious tourist attractions. After graduating college, a week later I began my life as a NYC photographer, landing an internship at *The Village Voice*. I was thrown onto the streets of New York having had little experience shooting on them, navigating them as I began traveling the world too on stories but never for long stretches. I always wanted to get back to my city. I was not drawn to live the life of the globetrotting photographer but wanted children and the daily rituals of a family life.

I free-lanced for the major magazines (*The New York Times Magazine*, *New York Magazine*, *Sports Illustrated*, *People*, *Fortune*, *Life* and the major NYC newspapers). By the 1990s, I was shooting almost daily for the *New York Times*, the DAY beat, one picture that revealed a slice of the city on that particular day. The streets were my office life and after 25 years of shooting, I traded it in to start life in an actual office and became a photo editor.

Street will be my first book of photographs.