

Lance Evans'

TIMES SQUARE MILLENNIUM

Images From The World's Largest Times Square Millennium Photo Collection

2000

CARD

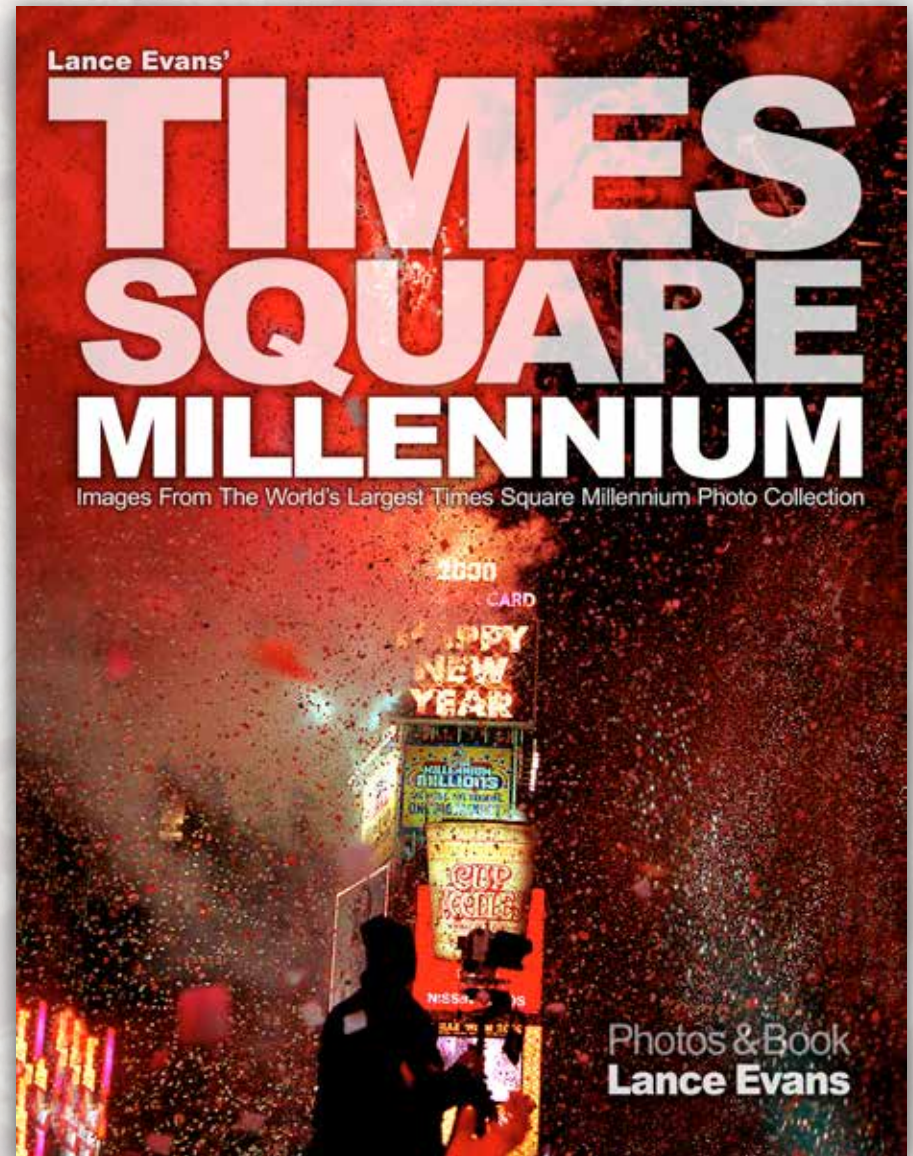
HAPPY
NEW
YEAR

Photos & Book
Lance Evans

THE MILLENNIUM IN TIMES SQUARE, WAS PIVOTAL IN MANY WAYS.

Certainly, Times Square has been the center of the world on every New Year's Eve, ever since The New York Times owner, Adolph Simon Ochs, first created the "Ball Drop" event to welcome in 1908.

But of course, 2000 Was Hardly Just Another New Year's Eve.



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Just a Note

This sampling includes my personal picks taken from the 60 rolls of film I shot across the week of Dec 28th, 1999, through Jan 1st, 2000. A body of work that includes over 2,100 images, the largest existing photo library of the Millennium in Times Square.

This volume is laid out in a loose chapter style, in approximate chronological order.

This preview is NOT meant to imply a finished product, but merely a draft of some possible treatments for the photography and text material.

— Lance Evans

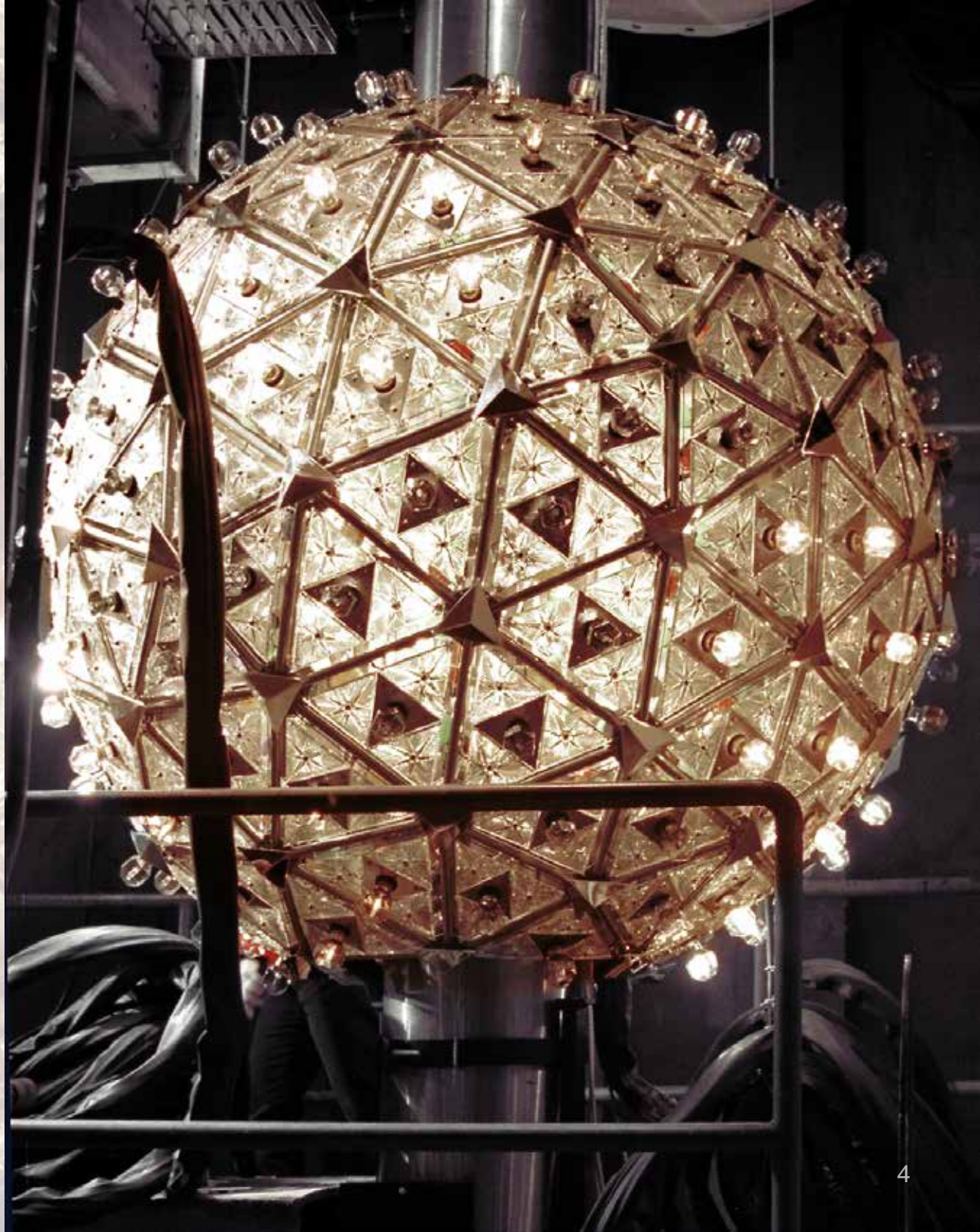


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CHAPTER 1
SCENES FROM
ONE TIMES
SQUARE



DECEMBER 28, 1999.

LOOKING DOWN FROM ATOP ONE TIMES SQUARE



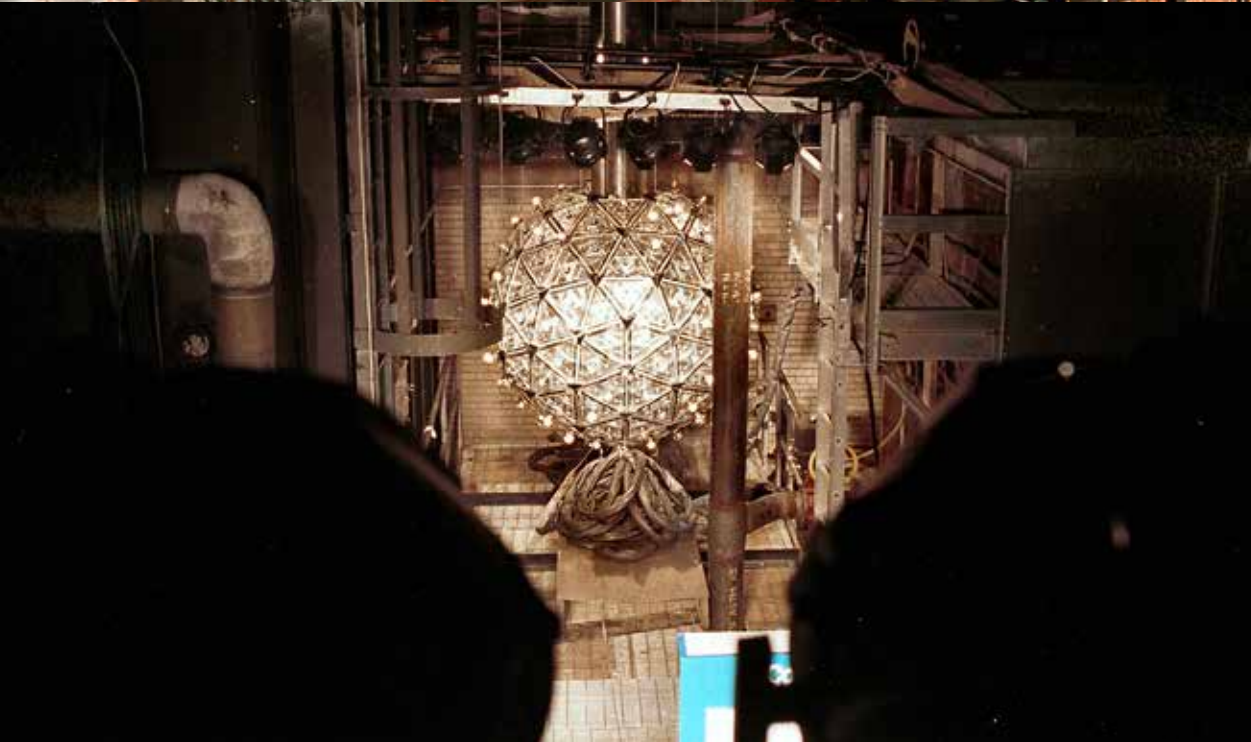
MILLENNIUM

While a “millennium” is simply the measure of one-thousands years, the passing of a millennium is a far more complex matter. Because our calendar is based on the Bible, our measure of time can be viewed as both arbitrary, and somewhat abstract.

But few would disagree that the events around the time of the millennium, including the immediate years before and those following, have been some of the most dramatic years of our century. Arguably as life-changing as those pre and post World War II. Both our technology shift over to a digital life, and the tremendous geo-political changes and ensuing wars, have totally altered the way we live our lives, and how we view the world.

And many believe one singular event, which was put into motion before the millennium and executed shortly afterwards, reached biblical proportions in itself: The destruction of the World Trade Center. A world changing event that occurred just 21 months after the millennium, and less than 5 miles south of Times Square.

For the world, and especially those of us in New York City, the millennium crystallized the birth of a new hope for the world, and too soon afterwards, that hope’s passing.



UPPER LEFT:
BACKSIDE OF THE "2000" ATOP ONE TIMES SQ.

UPPER RIGHT:
THE AUTHOR, HAVING A BALL.

LEFT:
JUST DELIVERED!
THE NEW WATERFORD CRYSTAL BALL.
WEIGHING OVER 1,000 LBS., IT SITS AT THE
BASE OF ITS POLE WHILE BEING TESTED.

CHAPTER 2
ON THE
STREET





THE ANTICIPATION

But let's step back. Back to the roaring 90's. At the end of both a century and a millennium, we did not have the perspective to know what was to come. But things were changing.

We had just begun to see our first terrorist attempts on US soil, beginning with the failed attempt to bomb the World Trade Center in 1993. Still, terrorism was something other parts of the world needed to deal with, not we in the US.

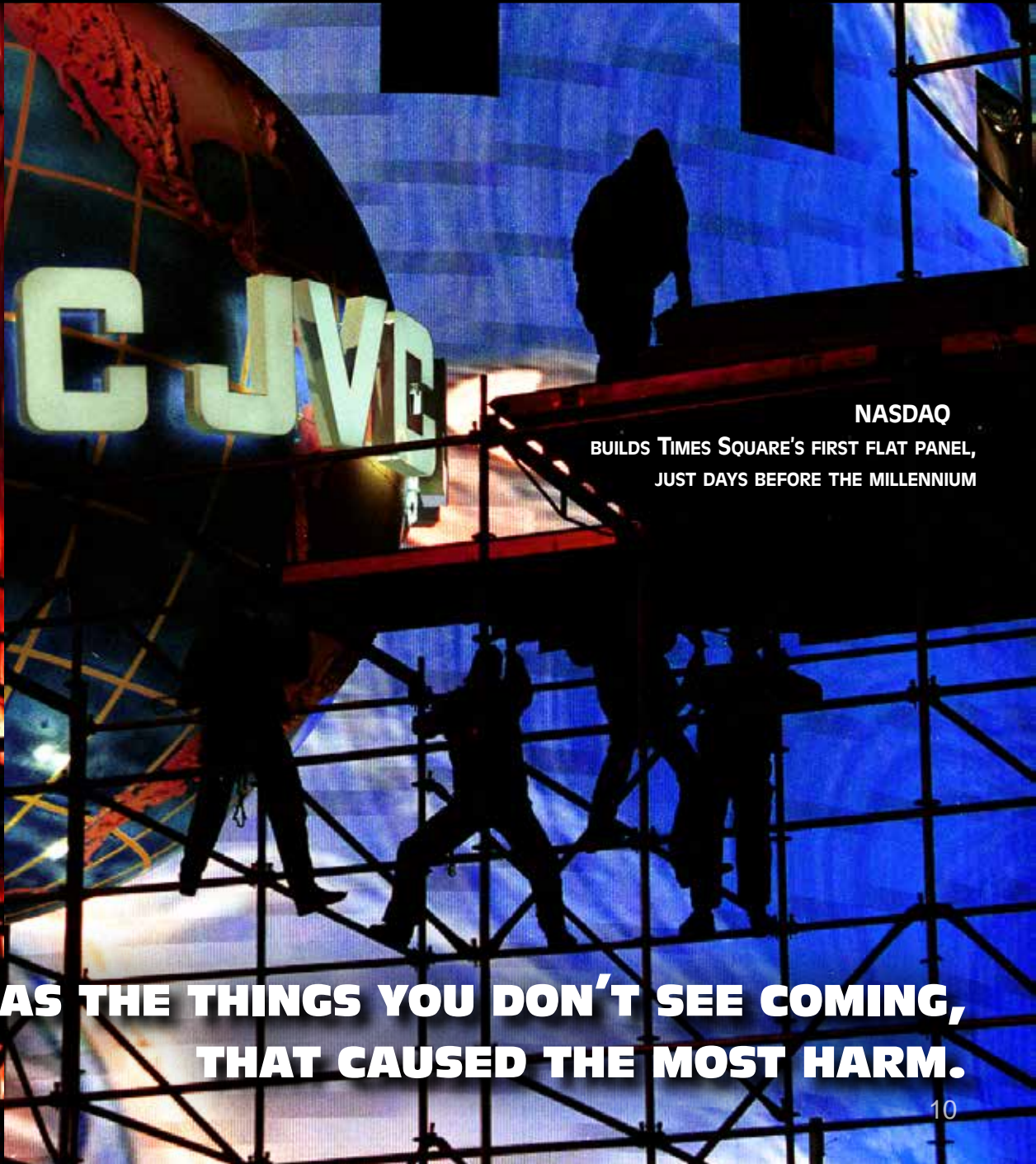
Digital technology was changing the world we lived in, certainly. But for most people, computers were still something for work. Macs were unaffordable to most, and Microsoft didn't roll out a popular version of Windows until Win95 began to make significant inroads after 1996. We entered the decade with beepers, and ended it with what would later be called "dumb" phones.

Before the millennium, the term "online" still meant standing on a line somewhere. And if you did go online digitally, you were using a dial up modem, and being told that "You've got mail" by AOL. If you did have access to this new thing called the web, you accessed it using a browser called "Mosaic", and you just might have placed an order on a website named "Amazon". Which meant you were an avid reader, because at the time, they only sold books.

Caffeine consumption was skyrocketing with the proliferation of espresso bars, and music was consumed through CDs. Rollerblade skates were the 90's hula hoops. And our tech-boom had pulled us out of a long and difficult recession (though we have since had much worse), and into a prosperous economy where it felt like nothing could fail. And the web boom was just getting started!

◀ STREET SPECTACLES CAVORT WHILE FINAL TOUCHES GO UP ON NEW BILLBOARDS AND CON ED WELDS MANHOLES SHUT FOR ANTI TERRORIST SECURITY.

As the millennium approached, our biggest fear was this thing called the Y2K Scare. Which after spending years and millions to prevent, turned out to be not much of anything.



NASDAQ
BUILDS TIMES SQUARE'S FIRST FLAT PANEL,
JUST DAYS BEFORE THE MILLENNIUM

**AS ALWAYS, IT WAS THE THINGS YOU DON'T SEE COMING,
THAT CAUSED THE MOST HARM.**



RIGGING UNDER THE MAYOR'S STAGE.

Building the millennium infrastructure all week before.



TIMES SQUARE INHABITANTS MIX WITH PRODUCTION TEAMS AND THE MEDIA, AS THE SQUARE READIES FOR THE EVENT.

**BELOW:
THE BALL DROP EVENT PRODUCER LAUREN SCHNEIDER UNPACKS CRYSTAL "BUTTON" FOR MAYOR GIULIANI.**



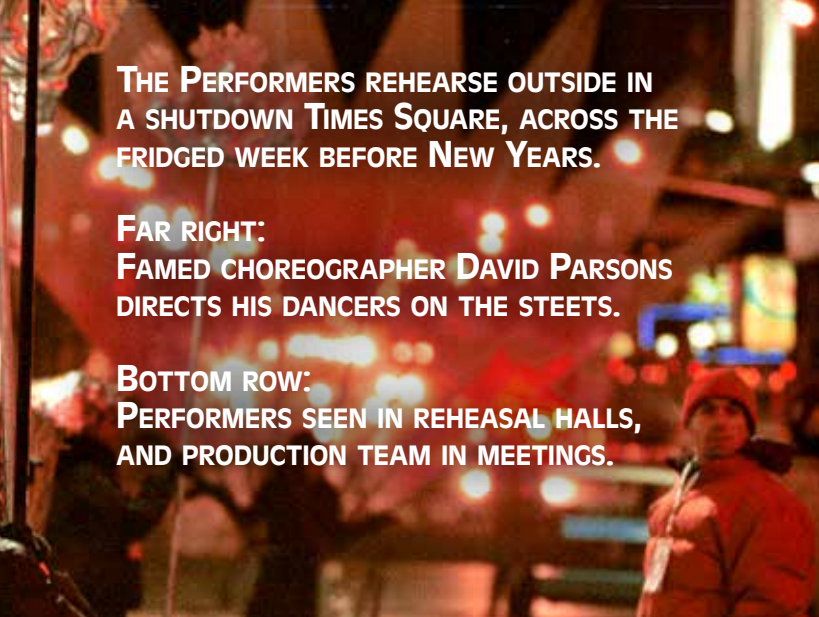
CHAPTER 3
**THE
PERFORMERS**



THE PERFORMERS REHEARSE OUTSIDE IN A SHUTDOWN TIMES SQUARE, ACROSS THE FRIDGED WEEK BEFORE NEW YEARS.

FAR RIGHT: FAMED CHOREOGRAPHER DAVID PARSONS DIRECTS HIS DANCERS ON THE STEETS.

BOTTOM ROW: PERFORMERS SEEN IN REHEASAL HALLS, AND PRODUCTION TEAM IN MEETINGS.





REHEARSING THE STREET STAGING.
HERE, UNTIL AFTER 5AM, IN BRUTALLY COLD FREEZING WEATHER!

SMOKE. DRUMS. BEAT.
DANCE

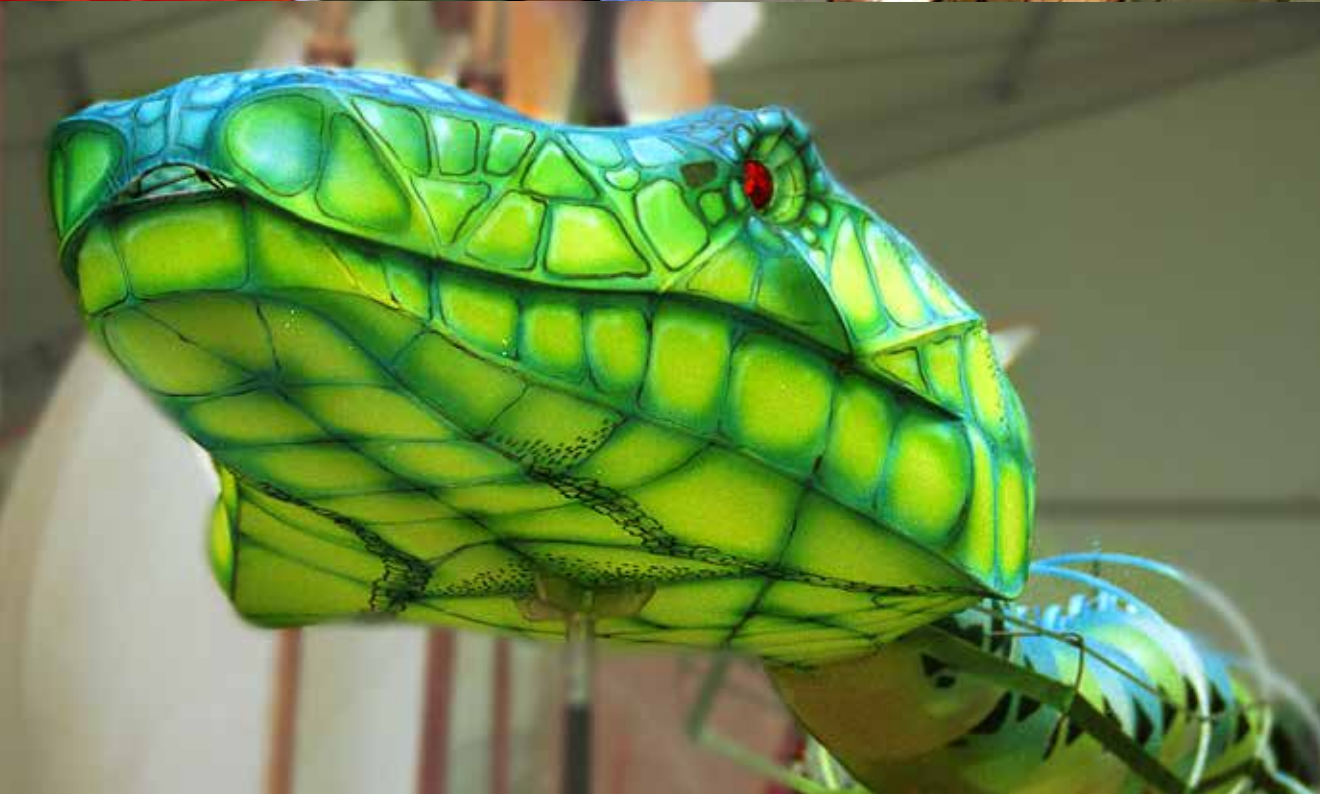


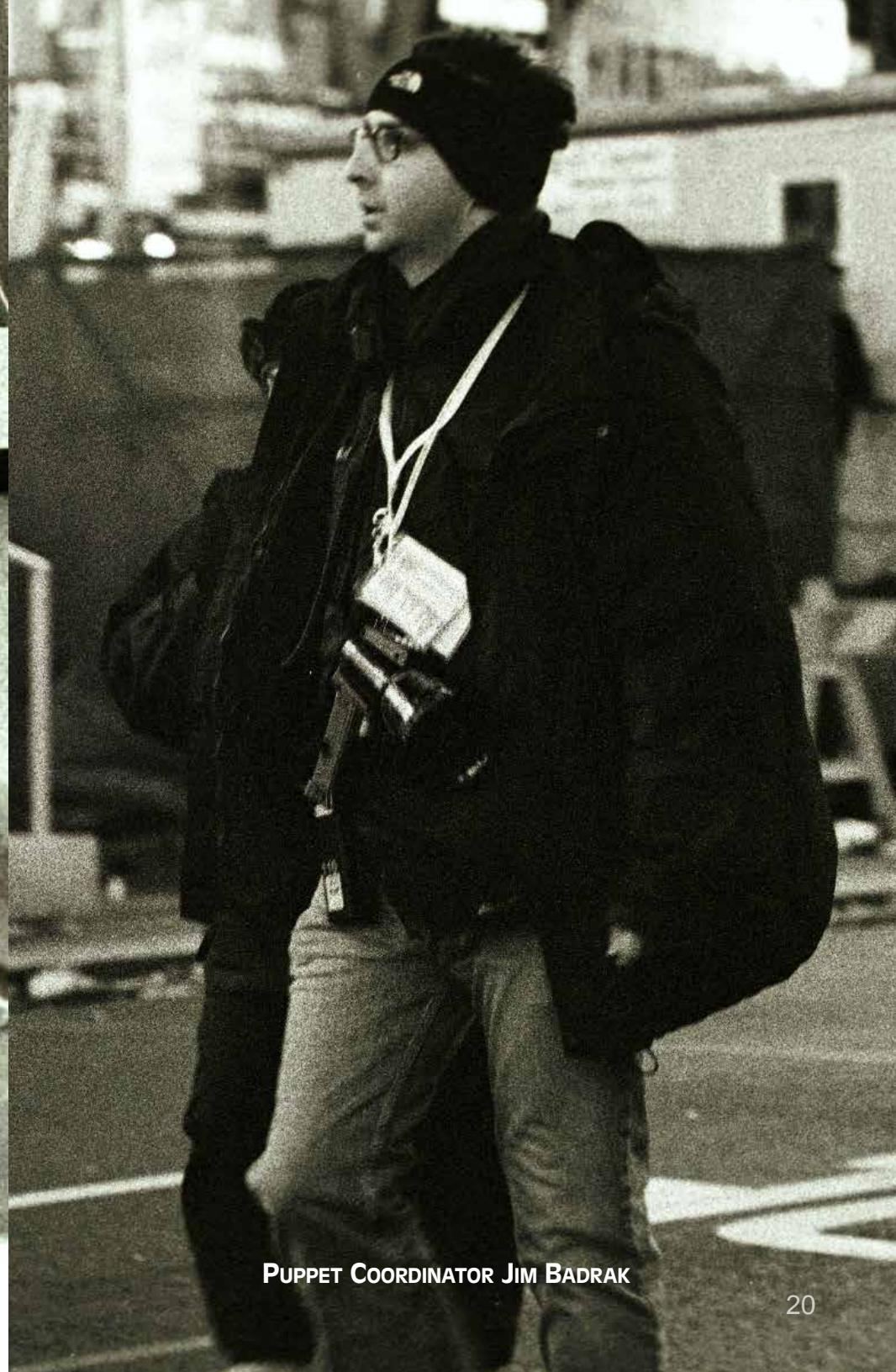
CHAPTER 4
THE
PUPPETS





The massive puppets were stored offsite in tents and warehouses just west of Times Square.





PUPPET COORDINATOR JIM BADRAK

BABY NEW YEAR!



PIPET
HIP BACK
PACKS

CREW
BAGS

CHAPTER 5
NEW YEAR'S
EVE MORNING
& DAY





NEW YEAR'S EVE BEGAN AS A VERY RAINY DAY.



NYPD





THE BIGGEST PARTY ON EARTH

As the millennium approached, NYC was sure to let the world know it would be hosting the biggest party on the planet. This was hardly a last minute thing, and was in pre-production for many years. In fact, the Marriott Marquee Hotel, which was built in 1981 with panoramic views in the heart of Times Square, actually began taking millennium reservations before they even opened!

In an effort to outdo even themselves, the Times Square Business Development group, the people in charge of the Ball Drop, decided to make that year a marathon event. Unlike any year before—or since—the celebrations would last an entire 24 hours. Times Square would not just be celebrating the New Years of our own time zone, but of the entire world's.

Every hour, on the hour, for a full 24 hours, there would be a full-out confetti storm in Times Square. But not only confetti and fireworks. Every hour would also feature live performances by top international talents, Broadway stars, and a host of others including Mermaids, manta rays, Sri Lankan monks, belly dancers, bagpipes, Lakota Sioux storytellers, Yup'ok Eskimo chants, Samoan baton throwers and more, to highlight the New Year for each geographic zone.

To the best of anyone's knowledge, nothing like that had ever been done before. And the budget for the event was nothing like the Ball Drop had ever had before.



REHEARSING THE STREET STAGING.
HERE, UNTIL AFTER 5AM, IN BRUTALLY COLD FREEZING WEATHER!

Neither were the logistics. The planning and security for such an event were staggering. Thousands of performers and production teams, hundreds of news and media teams, upwards of 2 million in person spectators (a number floated by the NYPD and Mayor Giuliani, though generally agreed to be wildly inflated), all needing to be kept safe. Now imagine just one single logistic: Porta-potties for all those people!

But there were more serious issues looming. As the millennium approached, terrorism had swiftly taken center stage in our American consciousness. After the less than successful bombing of the World Trade Center, authorities successfully prevented a number of other planned bombing attempts of NYC. Including some that were intended for the NY Subway system in '97.

Plus the successful bombings of the Khobar Towers American military complex, the killing 19 American servicemen and injuring hundreds of others in '96, and the Nairobi/Tanzania truck bombings of two American embassies in '98. Both of these later linked to the September 11 attacks yet to come.

And while the 1996 TWA flight 800 explosion over New York's Long Island was years later deemed not to be a terrorist attack, it changed the way we board airlines, requiring enhanced identification, and was the start of long metal detector and lines and pat-downs.

To say there were rumors of an attack on Times Square during the Millennium would be to downplay the real concerns many had. In fact many opted out of that year because of those very concerns.

To say there were rumors of an attack on Times Square during the Millennium would be to downplay the concerns many had. In fact many opted out of that year because of those very concerns. As the NY Post newspaper put it on December 26th, just days before the event:

**NEW
YORK
POST**

"Even folks who say they'll stay away from the midnight ball drop because of fears of terrorism might want to drop by...To protect this mass of humanity from themselves and possible terrorists, police plan tight security."

"There will be 7,000 cops on duty, up from last year's 4,800...police plan to remove every garbage container, seal every sewer cover and lock every mailbox in the area before the party gets under way."



Many others, this author included, went forward to attended with an uncomfortable mix of both excitement, and a heavy heart on what might lay ahead.

Many of us in the media, recording the events of that day, joked with an uncomfortable sense of black humor, pondering which buildings might explode. And might it be the one we were standing in?





My Role & Adventure In Times Square 2K

Like many native born New Yorkers, I had never been to the Statue of Liberty (still not, only past it on a boat), to the top of the original World Trade Center (that boat has sailed), or to Times Square for New Years Eve.

But as a New York artist, involved in the publishing and advertising worlds for years, and the nightclub business as a club owner during an earlier point in life, there wasn't much else I had missed in this city life. I had worked on some of the top brand advertising for the top ad agencies, been a New York Times reviewed fine artist, shown in galleries and museums, worked with legendary artists Erté, McKnight, Scavullo, and helped promote the re-openings of Studio 54 and The Latin Quarter night clubs, and did PR for The New Museum and various galleries.

As an author I had, and would later go on to, write for various international magazines, author books, and publish educational DVD that sold around the world. I was Editor of Newlife Magazine, and created content and imagery for Penguin Press, Van Nostrand Reinhold, Scholastic Inc., and others.

As a photographer and artist I had been written up in many publications like a 6-page spread in BackStage Magazine, and featured on an NBC TV news show.

I had also become a well known portrait photographer, popular with folks in the theatrical and social circles. I had done the portraits of Broadway's Jerry Herman, Princess Lynn Von Furstenberg, Supreme Court Justice Weissberg, Broadway and film producer Morton Gottlieb and many more (more recently, I did the portrait of Daniel Libeskind, the architect of the new World Trade Center/Freedom Towers).

So when Lauren Class Schnieder, the Producer of the New Years Eve Ball Drop Event for the Times Square Alliance since 1992, asked me to come and photograph the Millennial celebration, it didn't take much prodding.

She arranged for my "credentials", the laminated ID pass that you wear around your neck on a lanyard to gain admission to restricted areas. This was particularly important, as this year with the height-

ened security, spectators would now be corralled into fenced-off areas, no longer free to roam around Times Square.

With these credentials, I would have the same freedoms of anyone from any media network, or staff person working on the event. I would be free to travel beyond and past any fenced in corral, and right up to the podium where the Mayor would push the button to drop the ball (which, BTW, it didn't really do. But was just made to look like it did).

I was free to travel inside and up to the rooftops of all the buildings in the area that were opened for the event. Including the famed Bertelsmann Building, which housed the flagship Virgin Megastore on the ground floor.

More over, these credentials would get me into something quite unique. They would take me into every backstage and rehearsal hall in the area. They would allow me entrée to watch and photograph every behind the scenes event across that week of preparation.

Since this event had many times more staging than any previous year, they had to rehearse on stage for that week before New Years Eve. So every night around midnight, Times Square traffic was diverted. No cars were allowed for hours as the dancers, puppet masters and other performers took to the streets to perfect their performances.

These outdoor rehearsals hit a very cold week in NY's Winter, often dropping to freezing. This was terribly cold for the performers that had to be outside in costumes designed for stage, not winter. But once they had done their 20 minutes of rehearsal, they could go inside. I on the other hand, was outside all night, every night, covering the rehearsals.

In 1999, the only place open in Times Square late at night—and the only place to warm up short of the rehearsal halls further away—was the McDonalds. I had more Big Macs and McD Coffee that week than I had had in my entire life.

I had more Big Macs and McD Coffee that week than I had had in my entire life.



CHAPTER 6
**NIGHTFALL:
NEW YEARS
EVE**





The Marriott Marquis in Times Square was built in 1982, and immediately began taking Millennium reservations.



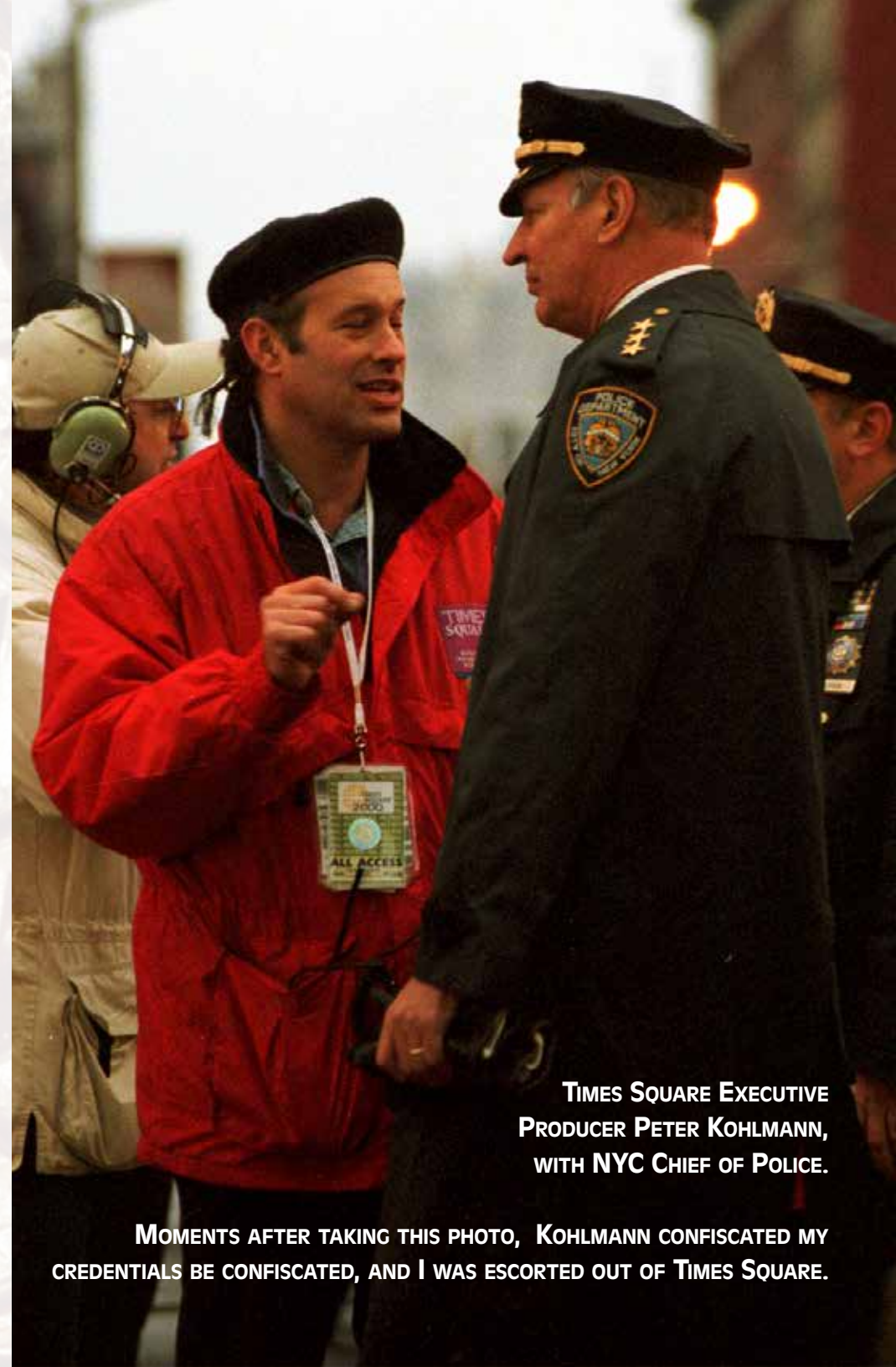
SHOWTIME!

I will for now, dear reader and publisher, leave this section covering the 24-hour event, undone. Writing wise it is the most challenging and will take a good bit of work.

However, as a rough outline to what shall come:

- As with the other sections, I shall describe the events, and illustrate it with the my photos.
- The day of NYE was a spectacularly sunny day. It was crisp and beautiful. But this would change along the way.
- People began showing up early, some even in the early morning of December 31st. They were placed into the corrals, never to come out again until they decided to part Times Square.
- I started slowly that day, pacing myself from the late and cold nights that had been the week before. And knowing that a non-stop 24 hours or more lay in front of me.
- As the day progressed, the security would get visibly more strict. I would later learn that this was in response to increasing terrorist threat concerns. At the time, I had no way of knowing this, and neither did any of the tens of thousands of people flowing in like a constant river.
- I admittedly felt a bit super-human with these credentials around my neck, allowing me to come and go as I pleased. But restrictions were getting tighter by the minute. And I admit that I was not following all the rules, which was to pick a spot and start to stay put.

- But I wanted to get every shot I could. Unlike a network or other group, I was not part of a team. I was solo and had to rely on moving myself to anything that looked like it would be of interest.
- But, I moved once too many times. And the man who ran the Times Square Alliance, the same one that had signed off on my credentials in the first place—stopped me in my tracks and asked who I was and what I was doing. Before even waiting for an answer, he pulled at my credentials, snapping them off my neck. And swung around to one of the largest Police Officers I had ever seen and told him to escort me off site. And out of Times Square!
- I was beside myself with self-pity. I had worked all week to get the most complete set of photographs of the pre-event. Now to be told I would not be allowed to shoot the main event itself...was crushing.
- After crying into a cup of coffee for 30 minutes or so, I resigned myself to try and go back in. To get what I could, and simply roll the dice and see what happened.
- What I didn't realize though, and only began to soon after, was that everything was actually on my side. I hadn't realized that all the production people working on the project all week already knew me. All the security guards and team leaders...all knew me, many by name. So as I made my way back into Times Square and over to key positions and buildings, these folks saw my face and didn't even look for any credentials.
- I was in! Sort of. The police certainly didn't know me, and the director or the Alliance who had kicked me out, along with the policeman who did the kicking, were always all over the place. I needed to not be seen



**TIMES SQUARE EXECUTIVE
PRODUCER PETER KOHLMANN,
WITH NYC CHIEF OF POLICE.**

**MOMENTS AFTER TAKING THIS PHOTO, KOHLMANN CONFISCATED MY
CREDENTIALS BE CONFISCATED, AND I WAS ESCORTED OUT OF TIMES SQUARE.**

1.800-LAWYERS

SOLID-GOLD TERRIFIC

Marriott

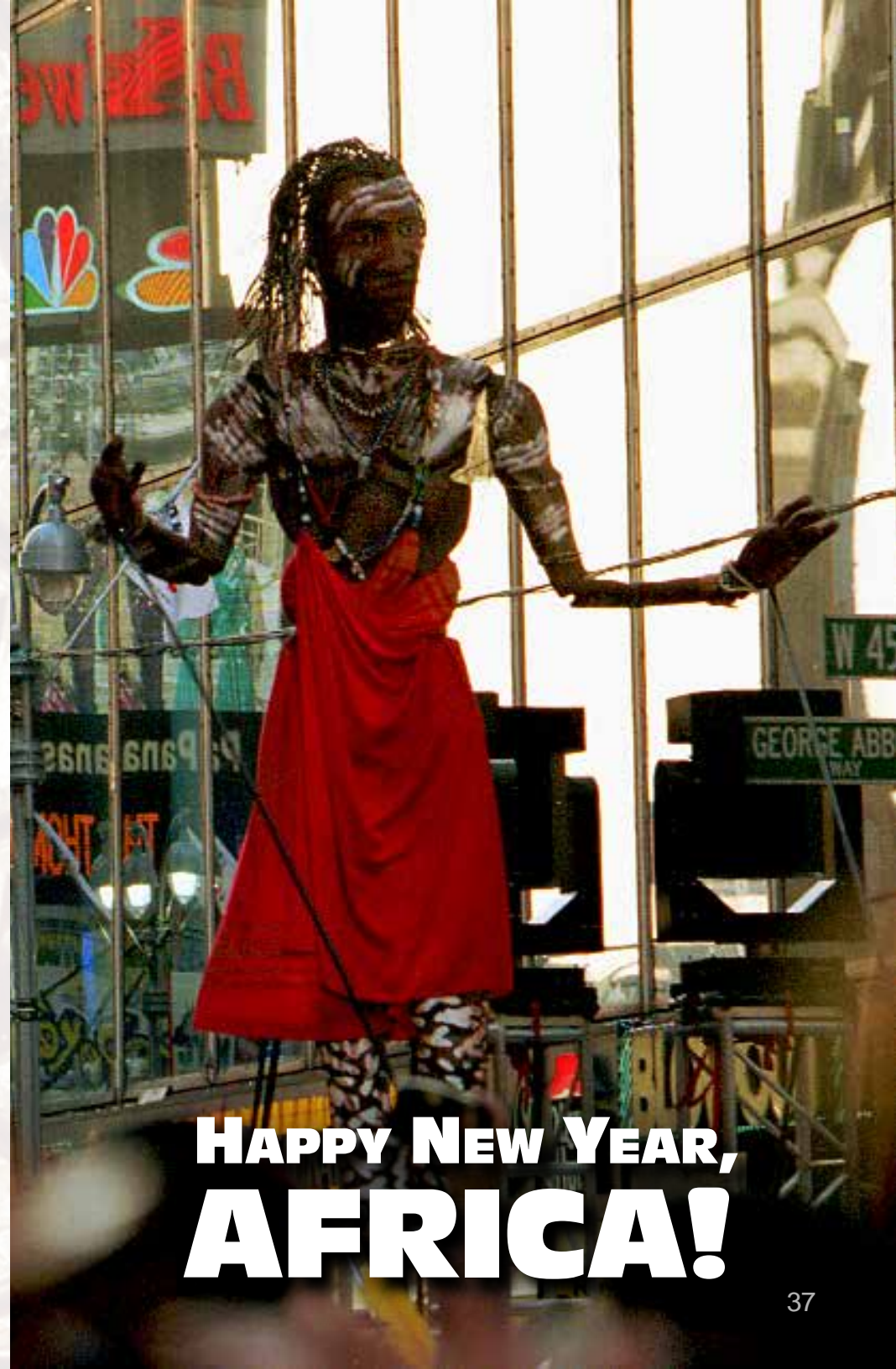
Marriott



ONE OF MANY "CORRALLED" SECTIONS,
DESIGNED TO KEEP THE ATTENDEES FROM MOVING AROUND TIMES SQUARE

by them. If caught back in by either of them, my concern was more in terms of arrest, rather than simply being booted a second time. They had serious jobs to do, and I appreciated they may not want to deal with an annoying photographer.

- In working to get as many diverse photos and from as many different places as possible, and still avoid arrest, I discovered alleyways (no, not Shubert Alley!) and passages I had never known existed.
- I also discovered under-building passages that lead from one building to another, in a maze of directions, and with never to return locking doorways. This led me from one of the neighboring buildings into the underground of the Bertelsmann Building building. Traveling from one corridor to the next, doors slamming and locking behind me, and the occasional elevator that was either shut down, or seemed not to go anywhere helpful.
- It was already after dark, and I was stuck in the underground passages by myself for what seemed like an eternity. Though 60-90 minutes may have been a more objective estimate. Regardless, I was in areas that were sub-sub-sub levels, and didn't get much traffic. I didn't have a clue how to get out, or when someone might ever arrive to rescue me. Plus, I was missing the opportunity to be taking photos.
- Finally, I found a way up a staircase, then another, and another. It ended at a doorway that I was sure would be locked, but wasn't. I went through and there was only a small room, an anti-chamber really, with another door just in front. This door was ajar and I could hear noise from beyond it.
- As I opened this doorway I felt like Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz, stepping from the gray walls of the hall-



**HAPPY NEW YEAR,
AFRICA!**



THE MEDIA WAS OUT IN FORCE. HERE, ANCHORS FROM FOX TV

ways that had held me for so long, into the bright lights and colors of...The Virgin Megastore! The store, which had obviously closed hours before, was totally empty. Not a sole in there, besides myself. But as I looked towards the sounds I had been hearing, it was that of the hundreds of thousands of people standing just outside the huge three story glass storefront! With dozens of them looking in to see me, wondering—as I was—what I was doing there. And fears of arrest rose up again.

- Ultimately, I got out, and made my way back to the roof of the Bertelsmann Building and hunkered down with some fellow photography friends I made, most from magazines like Time/Life, National Geographic, Newsweek, etc. As each hour would come, we would all make our way to the rooftop balcony and ready ourselves for the overwhelming rush of the noise, confetti, and energy of that geographic New Year.
- Between New Years, we would sit inside, talk, eat the provided craft food meals and drink the coffee. And wait until 12 midnight. Wait for our own New Years. For the real New Years. This would be the biggest of them all, with what we were told would be twice the amount of confetti used compared to either the other hours, or any previous year.
- When the minute did strike 12, and Giuliani pressed down on the button, our world light up like nothing any of us had ever experienced. Perhaps like few or no other humans had ever experienced. The event makes me glad to be a photographer, as I don't imagine words could possibly express what my images at least get close to conveying.
- And as amazing a moment in my life it was, and as happy as I was to be there, I felt alone. I was not with dear



TIMES SQUARE, SHOT FROM ATOP THE
BERTELSMANN BUILDING, ON BROADWAY AT 45TH STREET



friends, or loved ones, or family. But...my phone began to buzz. And yes, it was, one after the other, loved ones calling to share the moment. With me high up on top of a Times Square building, many minutes after 12, and still surrounded by ever falling confetti that seemed to be falling from the heavens. There I was on the phone, talking to my loved ones, and no longer alone.

- After “Our New Years”, the crowds began to thin. People began to make their way out of the corralled cages and seek warmer places to spend the rest of their holiday. By 1 AM’s New Year, perhaps half of the crowds had left. Though this still meant there were tens of thousands or perhaps even a few hundred thousand people left. No small gathering!
- But before the 2AM hour, the police and all security began pushing everyone out of the Square. No reason was given at the time, everyone just had to go...and go NOW! At some point we were told the reason was that NY Sanitation had to start cleaning up. But they did not. Later, through sources, I heard that a bomb had actually been discovered nearby. This was never information that was let out to the public, though I’m sure that if I heard it, they did as well. And I never heard confirmation as to whether or not it—whatever it was—was ever confirmed to be a bomb. I never heard whether an actual attempt had been foiled. Or if it was all just a false alarm. But...they did feel the need to evacuate the entire Square, and I can tell you, no garbage was being collected during that time.
- About a half hour later everyone was being let back in. But once away, most did not come back. Only the hard core of the lot. And myself. I was back. I was there to see it to the end. To photograph each and every geographic New Years in Times Square.



**MEDIA OUTPOST ON THE
BERTELSMANN BUILDING, OVER LOOKING TIMES SQUARE**



CHAPTER 7 MIDNIGHT





THE COUNTDOWN...

MIDNIGHT!











**THE TRADITIONAL
NEW YEAR'S KISS**

HANGING WITH FRIENDS ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.



EVACUATION!

IN THE VERY EARLY MORNING HOURS, TIMES SQUARE WAS COMPLETELY EVACUATED BY THE POLICE. NO REASON WAS GIVEN. BUT LATER, RUMORS TOLD OF A TERRORIST ATTEMPT AND THE POSSIBILITY OF A BOMB BEING FOUND IN THE AREA. AND NO MENTION OF THIS EVENT EVER MADE THE PRESS.





FOR OVER A HALF AN HOUR, ALL CIVILIAN SPECTATORS WERE BANNED FROM THE AREA, AND POLICE WERE ALMOST THE ONLY PEOPLE THAT COULD BE SEEN.

CHAPTER 8
6 AM
FINALE





ONCE SPECTATORS WERE ALLOWED BACK IN TO THE AREA, THE SHOW RESUMED AND CONTINUED EVERY HOUR UNTIL THE 6AM FINALE





Between confetti and other debris, the ground on Times Square could not be seen.





CHAPTER 9
DAWN
2000





And as the evening wore on, the first sun of a new millennium started to rise. It was hard to see it at first, as a heavy fog had rolled in over the night, making the NYC dawn look more like one in London.

10AM AND THE FIRST SUN OF THE NEW MILLENNIUM COULD STILL NOT BE SEEN THROUGH THE THICK HAZE OF THE DAY

**It was 2000.
And the world was changing.
We just didn't quite know it yet.**

ONE WAY

ONE WAY

TIMES SQ

NYC 2000 WAY

7 AV

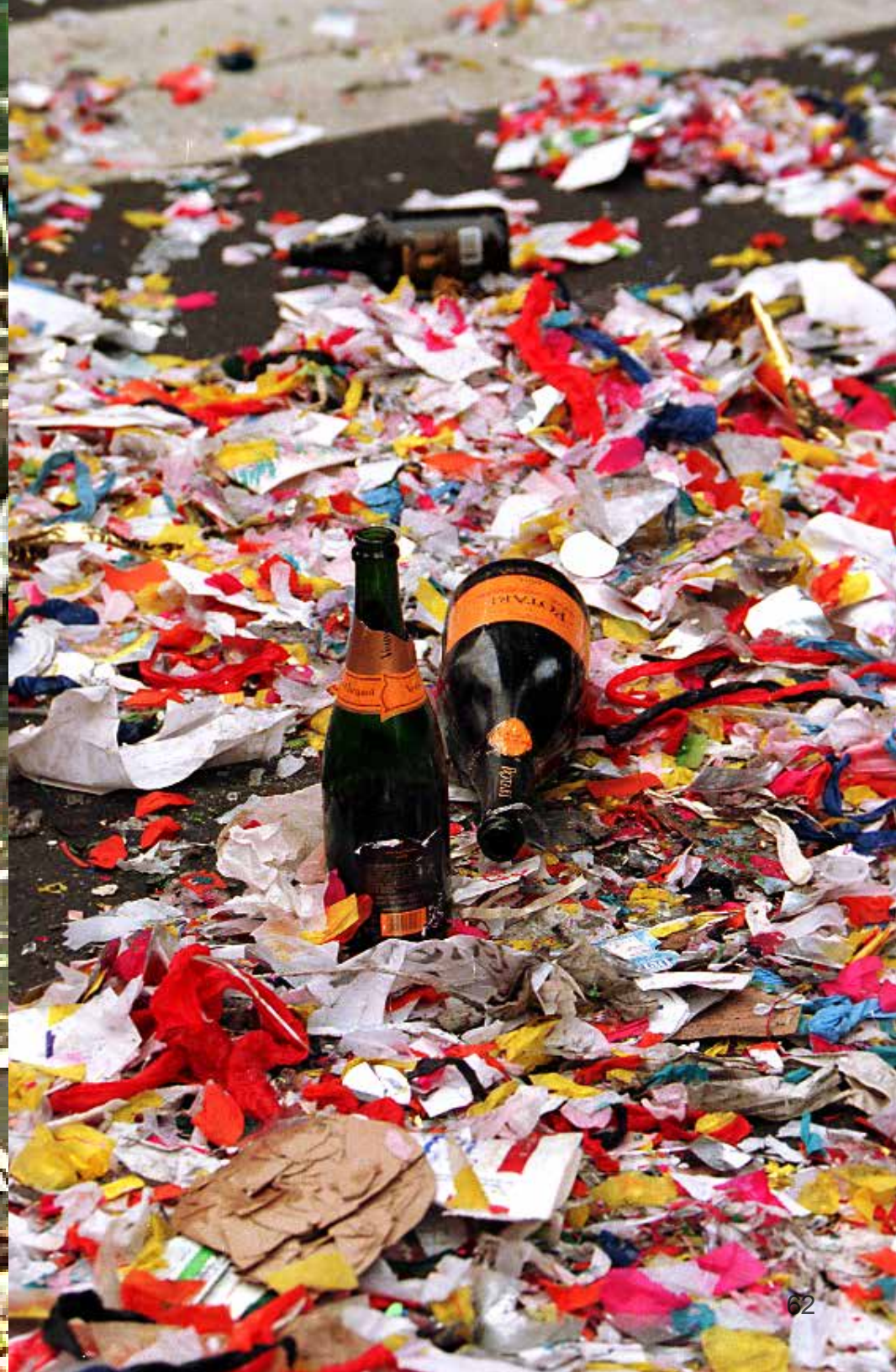
NYC 2000 MILLENNIUM WAY

DONT WALK

NO STANDING ANYTIME







LANCE EVANS

PHOTOGRAPHER-ARTIST

After finishing his Fine Art education in NYC, Lance had a string of successful commissions from companies like Sak's Fifth Ave and The Latin Quarter Nightclub, and soon became the Master Printer for the legendary artist Erté.

By his early 20s he discovered photography and quickly establishing himself as a photographer with an eye. One gallery showing after another, then a museum show that led **The New York Times** art critic Phyllis Braff to write:

“...extremes in theatricality and an accomplished handling light make Lance Evans’ photography very successful. His work reminds us of how well suited photography is for artists responses to social and cultural conditions.”

With a growing creative shop in midtown Manhattan, Lance began creating spectacular imagery for his commercial clients, like Miller Beer, American Express, Lincoln Center, Merck Pharmaceutical and more. Producing work for most of the top ad agencies and many of their top brand clients.

His portrait photography, which he has always continued, includes work for Broadway legend Jerry Herman (Hello Dolly, Mame), Princess Lynn Von Furstenberg, Supreme Court Justice Weissberg, Freedom Tower architect Daniel Libeskind. and many in theater, media and NY social circles.

Lance is a well regarded author and educator in the advertising and design community. He has authored over a half dozen books and educational DVDs, produced/hosted creative seminars for Apple Computer, and written for the top design magazines for 20 years, including creativebloq.com with a monthly readership of over 6 million.

**Lance’s portrait photography can be seen here: lanceevans.com
Commercial/digital creations are seen here: lanceevans.com/digital
And his commercial studio is: graphlink.com**