I was laid off and Mad Men-obsessed, when I decided it was time for a new gig. I wanted something creative that required a bit more brain usage than the typical 9 - 5. A good friend of mine was a Creative Manager at M&C Saatchi’s London office. I was attracted to the eclectic range of his projects so, one day, I Googled “Atlanta creative companies.” The first link took me to a list of 40 – 50 Atlanta agencies. In less than two days I sent emails to each one.

Ben’s email was one of very few responses that I received. When I clicked on the Iconoclasts’ link, I was welcomed with flashing red screen days, an obscure man extending a middle finger (whom I now know as Hartman), a frightening set of gold dentures, and several other odd slides and photographs.

I was convinced – I didn’t know what the hell an iconoclast was or why this site was designed to induce seizures, but I was all in.