About London Independent Photography

LIP is an informal forum for independent photographers that has been established for nearly 20 years, bringing together practitioners with different backgrounds and levels of expertise, who are interested in developing their skills and personal approach to photography.

LIP organises a programme of practical workshops, master classes and talks as well as various exhibitions throughout the year. It has satellite groups across London which meet regularly to discuss members’ work. Our magazine is currently published three times a year and is free to members.

Join LIP
Annual Subscription: £20, concessions £16 (students and OAP). Application details can be found on our website: www.londonphotography.org.uk/joinLIP.php

Satellite Groups:
Small informal groups meet approximately once a month to discuss each other’s work, plan exhibitions and just share ideas. The structure, content, times, dates, and frequency of the meetings are left to the individual groups to decide for themselves. Non-members as well as members are welcome.

Acton
Peter Spurgeon: 07968 210533, info@peterspurgeon.com

City and Shoreditch
Susanna Suovalkama: susannahfellinn@yahoo.co.uk

Croydon
Sam Tanner 020 8689 8688 tanner@tannerb57.fsnet.co.uk

Dulwich/Sydneham
Yoke Matze: 020 8314 4715, yoke@yokematze.com

Ealing
Jonny Baker enquiries@ealinglondonphotography.co.uk
Website: www.ealinglondonphotography.co.uk

Greenwich
John Levett 01223 521 058 john.levett1@ntlworld.com

North London (Enfield)
Avril Harris 020 8363 7996 avrilharris@blueyonder.co.uk

Queens Park
Pete Webster: 020 8830 3372, petewebster@talktalk.net

Ruislip
Robert Davies 01895 675676 robertd299@yahoo.co.uk

Woolwich
Dave Mason: 020 8854 7157, davemasonldt@yahoo.co.uk

Published by LIP
www.londonphotography.org.uk

Address for all correspondence and submissions, Please see the LIP website for full details:
http://www.londonphotography.org.uk/LIPmagazine.php

Editor:
Britt Hatzius, editors@londonphotography.org.uk

Design:
Anita Chandra, designer@londonphotography.org.uk

Contributors:
Alexandra Stara
Anita Chandra, www.anitac.co.uk
Celine Marchbank, www.celinemarchbank.com
Chris Moxey, www.chrismoxey.net
Dan Bachmann, www.danbachmann.com/photo
Ellie Davies, www.elliedavies.co.uk,
Gordana Johnson, gordanajohnson@blueyonder.co.uk
James Royall, www.jamesroyall.com
Jenny Burrows, www.jennyburrows.co.uk
Jill Staples, jillstaples@maccorna.com
John Rhodes, www.johnrhodes.co.uk
John Stead, www.Lightimpact.com
Mark Adams, www.unreelcity.co.uk
Martin Stewart, www.martinistewart.co.uk
Nigel Jarvis, www.flickr.com/photos/njjarvis/
Pete Baldwin
Peter Jennigs
Philip Pegden, www.pegden.co.uk
Richard Conolly, www.flickr.com/photos/dickcon
Richard Spencer, richard.spencer@zen.co.uk
Steffi Klenz
Tiffany Jones, www.tiffanyjones.co.uk
Virginia Khuri, www.londonphotography.org.uk

All submissions are welcome but cannot be returned unless appropriate packing and reupostage are included. The editors regret that lack of time prevents them commenting on individual submissions. No respons- ibility or liability is accepted for the loss or damage of any material.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any material form (including photocopying or storing in any medium by electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems) without written permission from the copyright owner. Applications for the copyright owner’s written permission to reproduce any part of this publication should be addressed to the publisher. The views expressed in this publication are not necessarily the views of the publisher or the editors. The publisher and the editors accept no responsibility for any errors or for the results of the use of any information contained within the publication. Copyright © London Independent Photography. 2009. All photographs in this publication are copyright of the photographer, and all articles in this publication are copyright of the writer, unless otherwise indicated.
Contents

Spring 2009 Issue 12

Featured Photographers
6. Peter Baldwin Closed Aperture
8. Richard Spencer Facing East
10. James Royall The Moving Train
12. John Rohdes Tea and Coffee Caravans
14. Nigel Jarvis The Sea
17. Peter Jennings Horizons
20. Chris Moxey Salton Sea
22. Ellie Davies Silent Dark and Deep
24. Steffi Klenz A Journey Elsewhere (Guest Contributor)
26. Celine Marchbank Tracks and Traces
28. Philip Pegden Tibet
30. Richard Conolly Year of the Rat
32. Martin Stewart Soho-Noho-Boho
34. Dan Bachmann Life’s Journey
35. Gordana Johnson Journeys
36. Mark Adams The Journey’s Blurred Moments
37. Jenny Burrows On the Road
38. Constantine Gras Digital Voyage

39. Exhibition News 21st Annual Exhibition
41. Workshops A Journey Through LIP Workshops
42. Photobooks Recommendations
The journey began 21 years ago on July 29th 1987 when London Independent Photography was inaugurated at the Photographers Gallery. What began as a small group of twenty-six founding members has now grown to over four hundred members. The original inspiration for the journey lay in the workshops, organized by Paul Hill at the Photographers Place that we had all attended.

Behind the workshops conducted in the 1970’s and 80’s was the conviction that photographic images can mirror the personal experience and feelings of the photographer and that making them can be a means to personal growth, that “what is deeply and personally true to an individual can be explored through a photographic participation in life.” Those workshops’ intention was always to foster such individual explorations in a non-competitive, supportive informal setting of a community. It is this, which LIP seeks to continue. As stated by American photographer Robert Adams in his book, Why People Photograph, “your own photography is never enough. Every photographer who has lasted has depended on other people’s pictures too – photographs that may be public or private, serious or funny, but that carry with them a reminder of community.”

Thus the LIP community exists to encourage and support individual photographers; whether just beginning or well advanced, all benefit from shared reactions to each other’s work. The very first such group event held at Hammersmith and West London College on September 25th we called a ‘blu-tac’ exhibition which brought together fifty individuals to share their work. This proved so successful that such events were held quarterly at The Drill Hall in London until that venue became no longer available. While it lasted it was an invaluable way for members to keep up with each other. In addition, from the beginning informal meetings were held once a month, first at the Photographers’ Gallery, then at various locations in central London including St. Martins School of Art. Soon satellite groups were set up across London. Now there are eight groups actively meeting to discuss work and even mounting group exhibitions locally.

From the beginning LIP’s mission has been to instruct, inform and inspire and it was felt that workshops were essential to this educational purpose. Thus, over the years, day-long workshops have been conducted by such luminaries as Paul Hill, John Blakemore, Thomas Cooper and Martin Parr. More recently we have had Joy Gregory on ‘beauty’, an ‘out and about day’ with Mike Seaborn, and Brian Harris on ‘reportage’ as well as occasional practical ‘hands on’ days. There have also been weekend workshops held at Brunnel University and Photofusion as well as joint residential ones with Independent Photography in the South East (IPSE). Half-day workshops take place with the Curator of Photographs in the print room of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Evening talks, an extension to the workshops, were originally held at the Photographers Gallery,
then at St. Martins in the Field crypt and now at Rudolf Steiner House. In the past we heard Cole Weston talk about his father’s work, a survey of contemporary European photography, and most recently Martin Parr. The first speaker for the annual Janet Hall Memorial Lecture was given this year by Paul Hill.

At two years old, LIP held its first exhibition of members work from 23 May to 3 July 1989 at the Mermaid Theatre, Blackfriars. The purpose was to show the very best of members’ work as selected by Mark Hayworth-Booth, Curator of Photographs at the V&A and Peter Turner, Editor of Creative Camera. Its aim was also to raise public awareness of the possibilities of photography as a medium of individual expression, of ‘personal truth’. Since then there have been 19 annual exhibitions of members’ work at various locations: The Barbican Library, The Swiss Cottage Library, The Metro Cinema and finally for the past few years at a more permanent space in Cottons Atrium on the South Bank. The images to be shown have always been selected by people renowned in the photographic field.

The Millennium Project and exhibition was an important milestone for it put LIP permanently on the map, locally and nationally. Sponsored by Arts 4All, “Countdown 2000” was a year-long daily documentation of the year 1999, the results of which were exhibited at the Oxo Gallery from 30 August – 10 September 2000 and can still be viewed on the LIP website. www.londonphotography.org.uk

LIP’s publicity began as a simple quarterly newsletter called LIPservice, which was typed and photocopied for members. It carried the program, listings of interest to members as well as comments on current exhibitions and workshops and often lively debate on photographic issues. It has now matured into a nationally circulated and respected magazine with full colour reproduction and subscriptions from the increased membership.

The newest development in LIP is its website, something we could not have imagined in LIP’s early days. It has evolved to become a very important means of communication to both members and a wider public with a constantly accessible programme of activities, updated notices to members including an archive of back issues of the magazine, portfolios of members’ work with links to their websites, an archive of the disproportionately large number of individual exhibitions undertaken by our members and a listing of their published books and a Members Forum for lively discussions of photographic topics.

The fact that LIP exists is only due to the dedication and generosity of those who volunteer their time and expertise. Over the years there have been many, too many to name here, but all must be thanked for their part in bringing LIP this far on its journey. LIP can now be seen to have arrived as a fully matured member of the arts community – and so the journey continues.
Closed Aperture
Peter Baldwin

I took these images of an old derelict building in South Wales about two years ago. Since then they have held a certain fascination for me. The boarded windows represent for me a closed barrier through which I have not yet passed. All the windows are similar in their generality but each is boarded up in a different manner, hiding the beyond—a metaphor for emotion. Some have a chink, a broken pane, what lies beyond? Looking in, not out. An anxiety of dark secrets.
I think I can almost remember how difficult it was to write about those first photographs I had published by LIP in 1992, and that difficulty remains with me today. This journey of windows continues to this day. I'm still puzzled over the fascination with the closed aperture, maybe I have yet to pass into the light? A reflection on what I wrote all those years ago.
I suspect that I joined LIP in the year of its founding, or close to, as my membership number is 95.

In the mid nineties I found myself strongly attracted to the openness and loneliness of certain parts of England's eastern coastline, perhaps prompted by memories of visiting Dungeness. I took photographs at Orford Ness in Suffolk, near Bradwell on Sea in Essex and near Berwick on Tweed in Northumberland and this was the last body of work that I printed using an enlarger and traditional wet chemistry. My stock of paper was running out and the components of my tried and tested technique were being discontinued one by one. The prints I made, still amongst my favourites, are thus unrepeatable.

Since then my practice has been sporadic and I have turned to a hybrid analogue/digital technique of traditional film and processing, followed by scanning the negative and printing digitally. I realize now that I have since then sub-consciously avoided similar subjects because of the difficulty of matching those prints.

The opportunity arose to visit North East England last December and my partner had always wanted to visit Holy Island. I had only seen a distant view of the castle against the horizon from the train when I visited Berwick those many years before; tantalizing but unreachable. As we took a short walk the next day around Holy Island, the wind off the North Sea pushed me back to the concerns of those earlier photographs: to capture the vast openness of this English landscape.
Obelisk (Navigation Marker) against the North Sea
The Moving Train
James Royall

A take on Paul Fusko's 'RFK Funeral Train', this series is shot from the Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch Railway in Kent, which claims to be the smallest public railway in the world. Its diminutive size gives a low point of view and allows people to approach the train closer than they might otherwise do. The photographs seem to capture two different kinds of onlookers: the day-trippers, often standing stock still with slightly glazed expressions and the locals, caught in their daily lives or involuntarily drawn to watch the passing train, once again.
Tea and Coffee Caravans
John Rohdes Interview by Tiffany Jones

TJ: Do you consider this to be a documentary project about the stalls and caravans, or is it a series of portraits of people? What are your reasons for creating this series?
JR: This ongoing project is essentially a documentary project. The first image taken, “Jumbo Breakfast”, was 5 years ago followed by a second one a few days later. Both of these caravans were close to where I then worked and I would pass “Jumbo Breakfast” whenever I went for a lunchtime walk. There were no more in that area so the images lay dormant in my files for some time. I moved to Salisbury in 2006 and noticed several in the area, mainly placed on industrial estates. I have made a few more images since moving, but have also been refused permission to photograph two caravans I approached.

TJ: Is there a personal connection for you with this subject?
JR: There is no direct personal connection with the tea and coffee caravans although when I began driving in the early 60’s, when the M1 was in its infancy, they were often to be found along all the major trunk routes which had none of the modern service areas found on motorways today. I would take advantage of them when on my travels, knowing that the food was always prepared fresh to order. They were, in my opinion, superior to the options available on motorways nowadays.

TJ: Could you explain how you approach your subjects and go about taking these pictures?
JR: Having made some images I carry 10 x 8 copies with me and approach new sites with them in hand and promise a copy if allowed to photograph, which I always honour. These are all shot on a 5 x 4 large format camera so it is a unique experience for the proprietors.

TJ: With the caravans, what kind of traveling is involved? Do the people you have photographed move their stall from place to place?
JR: Those caravans that I have photographed are always in the same location although some remain permanently on site whilst others are towed away and return each day to the same location.

TJ: Did you find many of the stalls are family run? What can you tell us about the personalities and characters that run mobile tea and coffee stalls?
JR: I believe that most stalls are family run although I do not ask too many questions of them. Some are very wary of why someone should be interested in photographing them. One of my refusals was, I am sure, working here without a working permit. The young man in the “Munchbox” image was, in fact, a customer and asked to be included in the image as he “always wanted to be a chef”.

TJ: Do you pose or position your subjects?
JR: I do not pose the people concerned. I just let them position themselves so that they feel comfortable. I have not, for instance, requested that they pretend to be cooking something. With the large format camera the exposure can be made, after setting up, by simply standing next to the camera and having eye contact. I believe that they feel more at ease with mode of working.

TJ: How is this series different from other projects you have done?
JR: Although I have started another project which involves people most of my large format work has been with textural landscapes, disused petrol pumps and corrugated structures. I do have a further project in mind which will be very people oriented but have not started this yet.
The Sea
Nigel Jarvis

North

West
West South West

South West
I began this series of photographs of Kent when I moved there in 1992. It has always been an enigma to me, a ragbag of images failing to hold together as a whole. Looking again I realised I had photographically snaked this journey through Kent along endless throughways. Footpaths, roads and waterways appeared almost as signposts. Literally and metaphorically, directions for this long-term project were in place.

Recently, almost un-self-consciously, I have been framing this same landscape with the position of the horizon lining up on the same level in each image. The photographic travels through Kent had gradually led to these ‘Horizons,’ which I now feel are the most clearly defined images of my ‘journey.’

But why concentrate on horizons? It may be that at the mature age of 59 ¾ I am at the sharp end of my journey through life, so I muse on the final destination as I scan the horizon- still opening up to wider horizons. I realise that this seemingly minimal line marks a greater concentration, paring down the existential to the absolutely essential.

Horizons
Peter Jennings


Building of the Channel Tunnel Rail Link, Boxley, Kent. May 2002.
The guidebooks say there’s nothing to see here, but they’re wrong. Sitting 277 feet below sea level in the middle of what ought to be Californian desert, this area has been flooded and dried out several times over geological eras. The current Salton Sea is the result of an accident; in 1907 the Colorado River breeched its levees and over two years water poured into the basin. Since then, irrigation run-off has been the major source of replenishment, the Boulder Dam having eliminated Colorado River flood water as a source.

In the 1960s, the area was developed to become a resort with beaches, marinas and swanky restaurants. The Beach Boys and Jerry Lee Lewis were frequent visitors. As the condition of the sea got worse though, they moved on. Now it sits forlorn but not quite deserted. In small communities around the edge of the sea, in places like Bombay Beach, Desert Shores and Salton City, there exists a core of people that won’t say die. They continue to fish and swim in the sea. Ever hopeful that things will change and that the sea will one day thrive again, they sit out the years.

There have been many plans to restore the sea but this is costly and time is running out. Today the lake has no real source of new water and is slowly drying up, the run-off is increasing the salinity of the water and killing the fish; that beautiful white beach under your feet is in fact the desiccated remains of wildlife.

When I came here, I fell in love with the place – though in truth, I’d done that long before I arrived as I’d read so much about it. Visually, it’s a fascinating place, with its quirky beach homes and lunar terrain. It was the buildings I felt most drawn to photograph, the way they seem to say something about the pioneering and resourceful spirit of the people that live here. And if you can ignore the smell when the wind blows in a certain direction it can be one of the most beautiful and peaceful places on earth.
Silent Dark and Deep
Ellie Davis
Non-places don’t exist. The term, introduced by Marc Augé in his seminal book of the same title in the mid-90s, is a conceptualization that describes transient places, stripped of specificity and character, as essential by-products of our hyper-technological, globalized ‘super-modernity’, another of Augé’s terms. ‘Non-place’ is a seductive and frequently useful characterization, as it captures well the alienation and malaise of our times; but it is also a dangerous one, which, if carelessly applied, can flatten the real and lived in one fell sweep. However, Steffi Klenz has been working with what she calls ‘non-places’ for several years now, and, in her case, the term seems to have found some of its most apposite subjects. This is because Klenz’s subjects don’t really exist either. Whether a utopian urban project, a deserted estate due for demolition or heaps of building materials in empty stretches of peripheral London, the locations where Klenz has turned her camera all hover between an existing reality and an imagined condition.

The train journey to Dagenham Heathway, on the north-eastern edge of the District Line, is a very good way to immerse oneself into the generic banality of London’s protracted fadeout into suburbia, and to that other thing beyond, the mutation of joined up, featureless towns and settlements into an ersatz-urban sprawl. But people live here, and its claim to reality is in abundant evidence, whether in Roy’s Pie & Mash, the Cherubim & Seraphim Church or the different net curtains in the identical windows of 70s red brick housing. Klenz’s Dagenham, however, is an altogether different place. Just over a half-hour’s walk beyond the Heathway, crossing the land of the old Ford Motor Works and past increasingly sparse, deserted buildings, the landscape is largely empty and desolate; and then one finally arrives there: the flimsily fenced lot with heaps of road surfacing materials, leftovers from the A13 extension. The barrenness of this spot is rather stunning, with something strangely epic emerging through its desolation. The open, nondescript horizons and absence of inhabitation have something of a western movie to them. Not the technicolor, romanticised westerns of yore, but the gritty, latter-day ones, where the sublime is substituted with something more sober and unforgiving that speaks of displacement and time’s fleetingness.

Still, the landscapes in Klenz’s photographs cannot be located. The place of the photographs’ origins is here, but the place within the photographs is elsewhere. We are accustomed to photography preserving the form while altering the mood of a place – but here we have a reversal: what can be seen on and from the actual site bears no resemblance to Klenz’s images, though the mood is deftly captured. This may be a strange thing to say for an artist whose work is so dispassionate and often aligned with the sparseness of the Bechers, yet the result of Klenz’s paring down reveals more about this abandoned lot, even as it appears to withhold. It captures the persistent sense of unreality that comes when almost all marks of specificity are erased and recognition becomes delegated to imagination rather than memory. Man-made yet uninhabited, imposing yet scale-less, present yet atemporal, the place in Klenz’s photographs is simultaneously the abandoned site in Dagenham and elsewhere, just like the site itself is simultaneously in Dagenham and elsewhere. It is a ‘non-place’, then, not as a negation of its existence, but of its specificity. It might be that the reality of the place, stripped as it is of any distinctiveness, can become evocative of many other places, real and imaginative, actual and possible. It is this potential that Klenz captures in her photographs. And these, in turn, begin to suggest an alternative mapping of London’s periphery, where the blank patches of A-Z, with no buildings or roads, become filled with coloured earth and bleached skies of a transient, unexpected beauty.

Photographer Steffi Klenz will be giving a talk about her practice, including the work of “A Scape” in April, as part of the LIP events program.

Alexandra Stara is Principal Lecturer at the School of Architecture & Landscape and Course Director of the MA Architecture: Thinking Building at Kingston University, London. Alongside teaching, she has been developing an interdisciplinary body of research around the ‘modern project’ and contemporary architectural practice, with a strong interest in art photography and the notion of place.
From the series "A Scape": Dagenham Heathway
Humans create works of art all around us, most often unintentionally. They are there, every day and everywhere we go, even if we might not notice or even acknowledge their existence. These works are our traces, their forms marking our movement. Some of these traces might be very recent, others weeks or months old, some created by a collaboration of many, others by lone makers. They leave us questioning.

These marks are impermanent. They have limited physical existence, resembling the impermanence and reality of human life. Lasting only until someone else takes the same path, wind sweeps or rain falls, they are in constant flux. The beauty of these forms is their simplicity and unpredictability.

With an unknown past or future they are sub-consciously created in a process that is almost imperceptible.

Each mark has its own individual form. No two are the same and could never be the same. They are all individual, created by an individual at a very particular moment in time, in a certain place, in a certain way that can never be repeated.
In summer 2007 I took a tour along the Friendship highway from Kathmandu to Lhasa across the high deserts of Tibet. The trip was defined by the people I met; often appearing out of barren, harsh landscape as if from nowhere, or looking oddly out of place in the city of Lhasa, where the Chinese influence was patently evident. I often wonder what happened to them, as they melted back into a world seemingly lost in time.
I first visited China in 2001 and in 2008 I returned for a third time a few months after the Olympic games. I have a long-standing connection with the city through my wife who was born there. Having done the tourist trail on previous visits, I was looking for a different visual approach.

Even after the Olympics, there is still a huge amount of building work going on in Beijing, as China’s new middle class awakens to the joys of consumerism and new malls spring up to feed the demand for Western style goods. Whilst there might be many winners in the new entrepreneurial order, there are many who are still struggling and alienated by the swiftness of the changes. The credit crunch has bitten but it is the migrant, poor and elderly who are feeling the pinch the most.

Other changes are noticeable too. When I first visited in 2001 I saw only a handful of Westerners once I was away from the tourist circuit. Now, there is a large young expat community for whom Beijing is either a cool posting or a lifestyle choice. New luxury apartments and housing complexes are springing up in Qingdao, about 350 miles south of the capital, to cater for the demands of both local and overseas investors. Here, my taxi driver assured me that a consortium from Dubai had bought an island just off the coast with a view to developing it into a luxury resort. Whether this was wishful thinking on his part or actually true, we will probably not have to wait long to find out.
Soho-Noho-Boho, Hong Kong
Martin Stewart
There was no destination, except for the ultimate return home when my compulsion to saunter would fade away, my savings would run out or the whole journey would have turned out to be a miserable failure of an experience. In the latter case, there would be no point in returning. The supposedly good life I had left behind wasn’t keeping me happy so I kept on moving and searching for something that might unravel the meaning of life.

I started with a romantic vision of exotic cities, fresh air, walking across mountains, streams, farms, castles and villages. What I had in mind was adventure and absolute freedom. Everything would be fresh, different and stimulating, no destination, only possibilities. All the physical possessions I might have needed fitted in that one bag on my back.

I never did move back to my homeland, but I also never lost my desire to experience the unknown, run out of money or fall into complete despair. In many ways, the journey has never ended. I am now married to a woman I met on my trip across Asia and we explore the back streets of London like new land. I have found the meaning of life just as unclear as the journey’s destination. Human life itself is the search for that meaning and the journey is the silencing of that very question. There is no answer, only the pursuit of it. There is no end, there is only the journey itself.
Journeys can take many forms and be undertaken for many different reasons; it can be a tourist stepping back in time to an era of frocks and petticoats; or it can be a woman traveling across mountains to a market miles away. As a photographer, a journey can be the witnessing of these journeys - and through this, one’s own transformation.
The Journey's Blurred Moments
Mark Adams
On our way from A to B, we witness the landscape only as surface and our location only by road signs or names. In the far distance, the small details of other lives are clear, but separated from me by the rushing road, or me rushing, with the need to be elsewhere, going somewhere else. I look past the road, barriers, objects flying by, to frame the passing scenery that remains as brief glimpses in my mind.
Radio and television electromagnetic signals have been beamed into outer space for over a century now. If alien life forms had the requisite equipment to decode these signals, what on earth would they make of them?

Back on terra firma, I am settling down to watch Some Like It Hot.

Sugar Kane has befriended Josephine and Daphne. She is now "making love" to Junior, a sugar daddy who talks like Cary Grant. If Sugar could just look beyond the plane of phallicy, she might cotton on to the fact that Junior multiplied by Josephine, equals Joe. With knickers and boxer shorts all twisted, the travails of Sugar Kane echo those of Marilyn Monroe and comedy overdoses into tragedy.

I’m watching this on a Sony Wega LCD digital t.v. that will receive analogue until 2012. Marilyn Monroe as viewed in analogue is perfectly stable. Digitally, she appears more ravishing. But there is a spanner in the works. Completely unscripted, her monochrome digital image will fragment and decay turning into colourful strips of pixelated chaos. Sugar and Marilyn are threatened, not by men or drugs, but rather the electromagnetic interference caused by a boiler or fridge thermostat in my kitchen. Perversely, I welcome these non-advertised breaks in my viewing and catalogue them using an SLR loaded with film: Match of The Day Lineker with crinkle-cuts in his image; David Tennant possessed by the boiler-fridge monster; Celia Johnson with the mother of all grit in her eye; Gregg Wallace as a mashed potato; Gordon Brown in a recessive spin; Jonathan Ross, self-imploding; and Kylie, simply, unveiling a new cubist look.
Preparation for this year’s exhibition is well underway. We have already confirmed our first selector Magda Keaney (formerly Curator of Photography National Portrait Gallery Canberra, Judge for the Schweppes Photographic Portrait Prize 2004 and currently working as a Curator at the National Portrait Gallery London). We will be confirming our second selector shortly via the LIP web site.

Here are the important exhibition dates:

- **Mid to End August**
  - Print Submissions Deadlines
- **2nd September**
  - Selection Day
- **17th October**
  - Exhibition Hanging
- **18th October**
  - LIP Private View
- **19th – 31st October**
  - Exhibition Public Viewing
- **1st November**
  - Exhibition Taken Down

We have also been working towards updating the submission guidelines, hints & tips for exhibitors, and to confirm deadlines and locations for print submissions & collections. Please check the LIP web site ‘Exhibitions’ section for the latest information. As in previous years we will also be sending out entry forms and information in a few months time to all members.

Lastly, we are also happy to announce that as the exhibition catalogue was so well received last year we will be producing a similar catalogue this year.

Kind Regards
John Stead
email: exhibitions@londonphotography.org.uk

---

**Obituary**

*Written by Virginia Khuri*

February 2009

**Peter Goldfield**

1945-2009

"It was with great sorrow that I heard of Peter Goldfield’s death on Monday 9 February. He was a fixed presence in so many lives, a part of so many histories; his generous spirit will remain always in our memories.

I have always felt indebted to Peter for giving me my true start in photography. Long ago on a cold winter’s day, when he was still looking after his father’s chemist’s shop by turning it into the only place in England where one could find Agfa fine printing photographic paper, and chemicals such as Selenium toner, I made my way to Muswell Hill to arrive on his doorstep looking for inspiration. I was greeted with a big smile and enormous enthusiasm. What I was offered that day was priceless; a copy of Goldfinger’s Catalogue (a step by step guide to fine printing), encouragement to attend workshops at Paul Hill’s Photographers Place, and an offer to put my pictures on the wall of a small gallery at the back of the shop – and of course a box of Record Rapid printing paper! A new world opened for me in fine print making.

What followed for Peter was his first heart attack prompting him to sell his chemist’s shop and move to a farm in Somerset which became Duckspool Photographic Workshops. He became deeply involved in photographic education with a series of inspirational workshops given by renowned international leaders. He was also supportive of LIP and gave several workshops for us ranging from early digital printing, to poetry and photography. With the passing of Peter something vital has gone from British photography, but something even more vital remains in the influence he has had on so many lives like mine. I am very very thankful for the generosity, which was his life."
The journey I would like to take with LIP is through the workshops we have been offered over the years. This is a logical starting point as it was because of Janet Hall’s attendance at Paul Hill’s splendid workshops in Derbyshire that LIP was started. All who were lucky enough to visit the Photographer’s Place found their lives and their approach to photography changed. For me these wonderful experiences widened my knowledge and appreciation of photography. Like Janet, it was because of this stimulus that I started IPSE in 1991, LIP’s sister organisation. Those who have attended LIP and IPSE workshops have found similar inspiration.

The list of people Janet found to lead the workshops is impressive. Many of the early workshops were led by some of our very experienced LIP members. Other more widely known leaders included Paul Hill, Thomas Joshua Cooper who started the photography department at the Glasgow School of Art, John Blakemore who taught, still does, at the School of Art at Derby University, Mick Williamson, senior tutor at the London Metropolitan University, and several times selector for LIP exhibitions, Paul Trevor who taught us how to organise books long before there was on line publishing and Peter Kennard tutor at the Royal College. Peter Goldfield, who ran very lively workshops at Photographers at Duckspool in Somerset, led the very first on 22nd February, 1988.

Some workshops took a practical form; large format, gum bichromate, platinum/palladium printing and making portfolios and books. Janet always said that practical workshops were popular, but she knew that seeing and hearing about the work of a wide variety of practitioners was what provided the greatest stimulation and nourishment to the development of our own work.

1992 was a particularly good year, there were five weekend workshops, six one day workshops, two visits to the V & A photographic archives with Mark Haworth-Booth, monthly evening meetings and two Blu-Tack days. One of the weekends was residential and held jointly with IPSE (Independent Photography in the South East www.ipse.org.uk) Many of the early weekend workshops were organised jointly for both LIP and IPSE members. They were, still are, residential with full board. These workshops are held in the idyllic setting of Micklepage; a haven in the Sussex countryside run by the Micklepage Trust. It consists of a 14th century medieval hall house and a converted 18th century barn, set in spacious grounds. In this lovely setting we not only learn and are stimulated by some outstanding photographers, but have a great social time. Everyone says they come for the food as well as the photography.

I am addicted to workshops, they have given me and continue to give me so much. I am amazed at the generosity of the tutors in revealing their philosophies and working methods, as well as their encouragement and guidance in looking at our work. IPSE still runs two weekend workshops a year and several LIP members come to them. All are welcome. The next is in May 2009, when Chris Dickie, editor of Ag magazine will tell us about publishing including online publishing. Paul Hill will be leading the autumn workshop. Long may LIP and IPSE continue on their rewarding journey through the workshops offered.

I would like to end with some comments I have received from three LIP members in particular.

From Anne Crabbe, Brunel University, October 1998. A LIP workshop on Liquid light led by Melanie Manchot , organised by Janet Hall:

"How liberating it was! Not just the excitement of being shown how to lay one’s images on to beautiful handmade paper, old net curtains, glass and wood by the leading exponent of the day but also to appreciate from her the possibility of using photography to express and explore profound ideas and challenges. Unforgettable!"

From Nancye Gault:

"There is no better way to get real value for money for your LIP membership and feedback on your photography, than to go to one of the talks. On first joining LIP in 1995, I used to read about the workshops Janet was organising, but felt an initial reluctance to take the plunge. When I eventually did, I found the feedback invaluable.

A workshop led by John Hilliard was one of the most inspirational for me. I was already a great admirer of his work and it was incredible to have a whole day hearing about the ideas behind his images. He was lecturing at the Slade School of Art at the time. Paul Kilsby, teaching at the Royal college of Art, was another good communicator, who led stimulating workshops that gave us plenty of food for thought. With Tim Daly and Adrian Davies, creative digital imaging photographers, I gained the confidence to make my journey from the darkroom to the Lightroom!

I think the reason the Workshops were so successful, was the intensity of engagement and feeling engendered because they were small (typically 10-16 people) and everyone could have their work appraised by inspirational photographers, in a supportive and friendly environment. Dare I say it, I think my photographic
practice benefited more from the LIP Workshops and Exhibitions I went to than 2 years of studying for an MA."

From Carol Hudson:

"The journey, the distance travelled, always makes for good stories but it is not always commensurate with progress. The essence of London Independent Photography was embedded in the workshops, the meeting of minds and the generous giving of the workshop leaders. The experiences shared, the inspiration that fired many LIP members over the years to make (and remake) work that has both meaning and depth came from the workshops and the sharing of a passion. It came from enthusiasm and the desire to communicate through a medium chosen, not because it is easy but because, for whatever reason, seemed the most appropriate to explicate the truth that each individual feels and sees. Over the years, workshop leaders generously provided both focus and inspiration.

The recent expansion of LIP, together with the severe reduction in the number of workshops has, I believe, taken something very special from the reach of most members. Perhaps this is inevitable as numbers grow and more immediate and contemporary methods of communication begin to dominate.

So the journey of LIP is, indeed littered with many stories worthy of showing, images of success and of sadness communicated with great virtuosity, imaginative elaborations or factual reports from far flung places together with the occasional rambling discordant set of work that may amuse or depress. There have sometimes been boring images, or ones peppered with cliche, but all have been stories that individuals wished to share. This alone would make them special but, for me at least, it was the encouragement found in the warmth and openness of photography workshops that enabled my practice to grow, that enabled me to reach a wider audience. This I miss and even more, I regret that LIP can no longer offer this experience to All LIP members.

My personal journey, as part of LIP, has allowed me to see a wealth of images, to meet and discuss photography with people who felt a passion for the media and it is a journey whose highlights (those places along the way that remain as gleaming memories) have been the workshops."

Please refer to www.londonphotography.org.uk/LIPevents.php for current programme of workshops and events.
Photobook Reviews
Book recommendations by Laura Noble

Graciela Iturbide
Graciela Iturbide The Hasselblad Award 2008
Publisher: Steidl
Price: £25 / LIP members price £22.50

Julio Bittencourt
In a Window of Prestes Maia 911 Building
Publisher: Dewi Lewis
Price: £19.99 / LIP members price £18

Susan Meiselas
Nicaragua
Publisher: Aperture
Price: £27.50 / LIP members price £24.75

‘Our Lady of the Iguanas, Juchitán, Mexico, 1979 is probably Iturbide’s most well known image and will remain part of the photographic canon for many years to come. However, this book came as a revelation - displaying work I had never seen before - that moved and inspired me immensely. Her universal themes of life and death coupled with immaculate composition prove her to be a truly deserving winner of the award. The book itself is beautifully curated, often pairing photographs on double spreads that compliment and create a dialogue throughout. In her series Frida’s Bathroom the artists’ spirit is felt through the objects and animals within it. In one image a pair of feet in the bath appropriate Kahlo’s own work opposite an image of two dead birds placed to look reminiscent of angel wings. Birds are a fascination for Iturbide who manages to picture their wondrous nature in several ways through suggested allegory and from unexpected vantage points. Iturbide’s self portraits display her beauty, humour and penchant for the surreal as snakes pour from her mouth in one, snails cling to her face, throat and shoulders in another. She weaves all these elements into her work, finding the surreal in her beloved Mexico, finding something wondrous at every turn.

This astounding work is a revelation. I was struck by the restraint of Bittencourt. His photographs do not intrude inside the 22 storey Prestes Maia 911 Building tower block but look in from the outside. This emphasis on exclusion parallels the reality of the residents’ own situation. Situated in the heart of São Paulo, Brazil housing 1,680 people, Prestes Maia 911 is home to some 468 families moved in by Movement of the Homeless in 2003. However, in March 2006 they were given a 28-day eviction notice. This place was not just a squat, it was a place free of drug dealers and criminals whom had been driven out by residents also housing educational facilities, workshops and a even a library. Bittencourt’s photographs reveal the textured, scratched façade like an artists etching plate inked up awaiting the cloth which wipes it clean before pressing onto the waiting paper. The figures in the windows communicate, live and breathe within the frame within the frame. They are luminous, sometimes joyful, watching, playing, contemplating, laughing, listening. This poetic glimpse of life does not pity but celebrates a community bound by more than the flimsy patchwork of wood, plastic and tin sheets that make up the outer shell of Presta Maia 911.

Many years ago I was deeply shocked and moved by a photograph in a book called The Photograph: A visual and Cultural History by Graham Clarke. This image still haunts me for its power and horror and the realisation of what human beings are really capable of. In this photograph a man lies in the dirt. In fact, parts of a man lie in the dirt, his legs and his spinal cord exposed and an arm and a hand are detached. The rest of his body is not visible. This is but one of the unforgettable images taken from her record of Nicaragua. Starting with the decline of the Somoza regime and into the revolutionary movement of popular resistance through to the victory of the Sandinista revolution in 1979. This new edition also contains a DVD and a booklet. The DVD presents Meiselas returning to the places she photographed all those years ago, tracking down and interviewing the people she had met. This is a contemporary classic not to be missed.

LIP members receive reductions at The Photographer’s Gallery Bookshop for the above selection of books.
With the opening lines of E E Cummings eponymous poem, Jennie Gunhammar’s deeply personal work begins with the promise of a journey. The journey is that of Gunhammar’s identical twin sister, Jess and her partner Stan, who suffer from Lupus and Parkinson’s disease, respectively. Whilst these illnesses form a backdrop to their relationship, Gunhammar’s work is concerned with the affection rather than affliction of her subjects. With Stan 30 years senior to Jess, their relationship was already unconventional, but despite their struggles they have formed a formidable bond. Gunhammar captures the routine of their daily lives, a routine in which medical care is implicit but always subordinate to elegant defiance and enduring love. Jess and Stan rarely appear self-conscious, even in intensely private moments together in bed or alone with their individual thoughts. Their space is rarely invaded by outsiders and when they share the frame their attention is focussed on each other with an intensity that reminds us we are only guests on the fringes of their world. Whilst Gunhammar evokes the narrative style of the snapshot aesthetic, the composition is richly considered, deftly referencing the classical Pietà one moment and contemporary fashion photography the next. The visual cues are subtle yet effective and eloquently echo the complexities of her subjects. Both within and alongside the portraits, they are surrounded by the ephemera of medicines and treatments, which Gunhammar inverts with inclusion of love notes and messages. The effect is one of intense intimacy which diffuses even the most clinical background of the hospital foyer. Indeed, it is the complex interplay of strength and fragility that sits at the heart of this body of work. Whilst this addresses the physical condition in a very direct way - in Stan’s playful show of strength that opens the work, in shared moments of tenderness and private moments of doubt – it is in the strength and fragility of love that the work is most powerful. Gunhammar’s work speaks with many voices. It is at once a document, a deeply personal journal and a rich portrait of two remarkable people, but it is in its poetry that it most fittingly captures these two entangled lives. Like Cummings poem, it speaks of the incredible power of love, a power that both belies and yet is borne of its own exquisite delicacy. As with all love, this is a journey both painful and challenging, yet ultimately uplifting. Matthew Barnett: somewhere I have never travelled, gladly beyond will be exhibited at Diemar/Noble Photography.  

Exhibition: 7th May–12th June 2009 at Diemar/Noble Photography, 66/67 Wells Street, London W1

www.diemarnoblephotography.com

Jennie Gunhammer
somewhere I have never travelled, gladly beyond
Publisher: Damiani
Price: £17.99
London Independent Photography

Number 16
Spring 2004
£8.00.