

# CAMERAWORK



Nick Hedges.

From 'Factory Photographs', H.M.P.W. Touring Exhibition

**John Berger Jean Mohr**  
**Bill Jay Letter. Danny Lyon Interviewed**  
**D.I.Y. Exhibitions**

No 10

Half Moon Photography Workshop

75p / \$1.50



# John Berger: Ways of Remembering

They are coming to offer their labour. Their labour power is ready-made. The industrialized country, whose production is going to benefit from it, has not borne any of the cost of creating it; any more than it will bear the cost of supporting a seriously sick migrant worker, or one who has grown too old to work. So far as the economy of the metropolitan country is concerned, migrant workers are immortal: immortal because continually interchangeable. They are not born: they are not brought up: they do not age: they do not get tired: they do not die. They have a single function – to work. All other functions of their lives are the responsibility of the country they come from.

Migrant workers, already living in the metropolis, have the habit of visiting the main railway station. To talk in groups there, to watch the trains come in, to receive first-hand news from their country, to anticipate the day when they will begin the return journey.

In his imagination every migrant worker is in transit. He remembers the past: he anticipates the future: his aims and his recollections make his thoughts a train between the two.

In the winter the main railway station is warm. And it is one of the few places where events occur and they can remain spectators, and at the same time outnumber the citizens. The constituents of leisure: the right to watch, and the capacity to be at ease with those of your own choosing.

He is listening to the noise of the train in the throat of the journey. The noise is as regular as the lines. Over this, irregularly, rising to crescendos and falling away, are the noises of what the train is passing: the fields murmur, brick walls pound fists on metal, a station throws gravel against the windows. When the terminus first arrives, it does so in silence.

64



65

Pages 64 & 65 from 'A Seventh Man' by John Berger and Jean Mohr

*'How in practice can we use photographs so that, even though we are using them publicly, they are replaced in a context which is comparable to that of private photographs. This is what Jean Mohr, Sven Blomberg and myself have tried to do in our books. What we have achieved is only a tentative beginnings, others later will make us look like primitives.'*

A book by Susan Sontag was recently published in the United States. Called *On Photography* it will soon be published here. I think that it's perhaps the most important book on photography ever written. In what I'm going to say I am borrowing a great deal from her insights.

One can begin by asking – before the invention of photography what served in its place? What was there before photography? The obvious answer would be engravings, drawings, paintings, graphic works of one kind or another. Yet, if one doesn't look at it from a purely technical point of view, what served the function that photography now serves is none of those things, given the vastness of today's global system of photography. What served that function before photography was the faculty of memory. If that sounds paradoxical I hope it will become clear in a minute.

A photo's relation to the object or event depicted is different from that of a painting or engraving, because the latter is a reconstitution of the event, whereas a photograph is, as it were, a trace of that event. A photograph is similar to a footprint or a deathmask. It is a trace of a set of instant appearances. The camera, like the eye, records appearances through the mediation of light. But the camera, unlike the eye, fixes the set of appearances which it records. It preserves those appearances from the supersession of other appearances. If I look at you and then I look around, the appearances recorded by my eye are continually changing. What the camera does is to fix a set of appearances and, in so far as it does that, it is like memory. Memory preserves an event from being covered and therefore hidden by the events that come after it. It holds a single event. So does the camera.

When one really begins to think about it, the practice of photography is unprecedented, there was no equivalent before it. In a sense if I

compare photography with memory I am comparing two completely incomparable things. It is an unsatisfactory comparison, but we are forced to make it. When photography was first invented and used, there were considerable debates about whether it was a form of art or a science. What I'm suggesting is that our systematic use of photography is almost a metaphysical process.

Photography was discovered in 1839 by Fox Talbot. One of the things that immediately strikes one is how quickly the possible uses of this new discovery were taken up and applied by the industrialised countries at that time. Within thirty years it was being used for nearly all the purposes to which we are accustomed. It was being used to make postcards of places, it was being used for police records, war reporting, military reconnaissance, pornography, family albums, anthropological records (often, as with the Indians in the US, accompanied by genocide), sentimental moralising, news reporting and formal portraiture. Capitalism needed photography.

Nevertheless it was not until the period between the two world wars that the photograph became the dominant and most 'natural' way of referring to appearances. It was then that it replaced the word as immediate testimony. It was the period when photography was thought of as being most transparent, offering direct access to the real – the period of the great witnessing masters of the medium like Paul Strand and Walker Evans. It was, in the capitalist countries, the freest moment of photography: it had been liberated from the limitations of fine art, it had become a public medium and so could be used democratically, and had not yet become the febrile production of consuming dreams – or nightmares.

Yet the moment was brief. The very 'truthfulness' of the medium dialectically encouraged

its deliberate use as a means of propaganda. The Nazis were among the first to use systematic photographic propaganda. At the same time, less perceptibly, photography was beginning to become, everywhere in the industrially developed world, an ideological component. In the first period of its existence, photography had offered a new technical opportunity, it had been an implement. Now, instead of offering a new choice, its usage and its 'reading' were becoming habitual, an unexamined part of modern perception itself. Many developments contributed to this transformation: the new film industry; the invention of the lightweight camera, so that the taking of a photograph ceased to be a ritual and became a 'reflex'; the discovery of photojournalism, whereby the text follows the picture instead of vice versa; the emergence of advertising as a crucial economic force.

The first really large circulation picture magazine was started in the US in 1936. At least two things were prophetic about the launching of *Life*, the prophecies to be fully realised in the postwar television age. The magazine was financed not by its sales, but by the advertising it carried. One-third of its pages and images were devoted to publicity. The second prophecy lay in its title. *Time* magazine had been started ten years earlier as a *digest* of the news, on the assumption that a mass audience could not have the time to read the full news reports. *Life* intended to fill the space thus emptied with pictures. Its title is ambiguous. It can mean that these pictures are about life, yet it seems to promise more: that these pictures are life. The first photograph in the first issue played on this ambiguity. It showed a newborn baby. The caption underneath read: "Life begins . . ."

Why has photography lent itself so easily to usages which are relatively independent of the photographers' intentions? I think the reason is

fairly simple. The photograph offers a set of appearances prised away from their context and therefore from their meaning, because meaning is always a question of process – meaning lies in narrative, meaning is born out of development and process. If you stop that process, and take a set of images out of their context, they are prised away from their meaning. Something of the violence of that prising away of appearances from the continuum in which they once existed is suggested by the following thought. Imagine that the life of a photograph is only ten years, and most photographs last longer, the ratio between that life and the instant it represents will be something like 200,000 million to one. This perhaps gives one some idea of the violence of the fission that occurs when a set of appearances is prised away from its context. The violence destroys meaning. And the set of appearances is then available to any meaning being put upon it.

Now there are two distinct uses of photography: the private and the public. The private, that is to say the photographs one has of the people one loves, one's friends, the class one was in at school, etc; in private use a photograph is read in a context which is still continuous with that from which it was taken. Take a photograph of your Mother. There's still that prising away of an instant. But there remains a continuity between you and your experience and your Mother. The private context creates a continuity which is parallel to the continuity from which the photograph was originally taken.

Private photographs are nearly always of something which you have known. By contrast public photographs are usually images of the unknown, or at best, they are images of things which are known only through other photographs. The public photograph has been severed from life when it was taken, and it

## CAMERAWORK

is designed to provide a forum for the exchange of ideas, views and information on photography and other forms of communication. By exploring the application, scope and content of photography, we intend to demystify the process. We see this as part of the struggle to learn, to describe and to share experiences and so contribute to the process by which we grow in capacity and power to control our own lives.

This issue of CAMERAWORK, July 1978 was produced by the Publishing Project, Half Moon Photography Workshop, 119/121 Roman Road, London E2. 01-980 8798.

The people who worked on this issue were: Ed Barber, Mike Goldwater, Sue Hobbs, Peter Marlow, Jenny Matthews, Tom Picton, Richard Platt, Shirley Read, Siddhiratna, Paul Trevor.

If you have any comments to make or articles, letters or prints you would like to contribute we would be glad to hear from you. Please make sure it reaches us as soon as possible.

(ISSN 0308 1676)

remains, as an isolated image, separate from your experience. The public photograph is like the memory of a total stranger, a total stranger who has shouted 'Look' at the event recorded.

There is something about every photograph which is intimate. It's bound to be so because it goes in, it isolates and it frames. You are always in a situation of intimacy towards what has been photographed. That is another reason why I talk about memory. At the same time because the public photograph is divorced from all first hand experience, it represents the memory of a total stranger. Who is this stranger? One could answer that it is all the photographers. Yet the photographers are only the agents of this memory. They do not construct the system.

There is a cartoon that Daumier made of Nadar in a balloon over Paris. His hat is blowing off in the wind, and he has this very large clumsy camera with which he is photographing the whole of Paris below. This cartoon offers us a clue. Perhaps the eye of the total stranger is the eye of God, but the eye of a totally secularised, totally estranged God. A God of nothingness.

The faculty of memory allows us to preserve certain events from oblivion. Because of their experience of this faculty, women and men in nearly all cultures have assumed that there was somewhere an all-seeing eye. They accredited this eye to spirits, ancestors, Gods or a single God. Such an all-seeing eye recorded all events, and the idea of this eye was connected with the idea of justice, to be remembered was to be redeemed; to be forgotten was to be condemned. The all-seeing eye saw in order to judge. The all-seeing eye recorded all events and in that recording was implicit a kind of judgement.

Nineteenth century capitalism elided the judgement of God into the judgement of history. Today we live in a culture which denies history, which cuts itself off from history, a culture of pure opportunism. So we have the systematic use of photographs, used as an all-seeing eye, recording events. But this all-seeing eye judges nothing: it uses neither the judgement of history, nor the judgement of God, it is totally without judgement. *It is an eye which records in order to forget.*

Is an alternative use of photography conceivable? Is it possible to use photography addressing such a use to the hope of an alternative future?

The immediate answer to that is yes. You can use photography in all kinds of agitprop ways, you can make propaganda with photographs – you can make anti-capitalist propaganda, anti-imperialist propaganda. I wouldn't deny the usefulness of this, but at the same time I think the answer is incomplete. It's like taking a cannon and turning it round and firing it in the opposite direction. You haven't actually changed the practice, you've simply changed the aim.

How is it possible to use photography so that it doesn't function like the eye of a totally estranged God? We have to go back to the distinction I made between the private and public uses of photography. In the private use of photography, the photograph does not lend itself to any use, it does not become a completely value-free object because the use reconstitutes the continuity from which it was taken. Maybe one has to consider how the private use of photography could be extended, could be enlarged so that it might cease to be private and become public.

One of the most important and most popular photographic exhibitions ever put on was called *The Family of Man*. It was organised by Steichen in 1955. Steichen, I think, had a starting point not far from what I'm saying. The exhibition was arranged like a family album. The overall notion was that the world is like a family with birth, death, marriage, unhappiness, hopes, fears, dreams, etc everywhere. Such a notion was a sentimental short cut because it is not possible to treat the existing world as if it were without contradictions, without murderous struggles, as if it were a family. The unity of the world has not yet been achieved. And so the exhibition as a whole was evasive and sentimental although many of the images in it were not. Yet Steichen's intuition was not wrong. If the camera is not to be used as if it were the eye of a totally estranged God, we can say that photography awaits a world historical consciousness which has yet to be achieved. It awaits a social memory which will transcend the distinction between public and private.

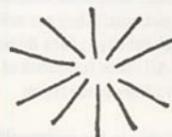
How in practice can we use photographs, so that, even though we are using them publicly, they are replaced in a context which is comparable to that of private photographs? This is what Jean Mohr, Sven Blomberg and myself

have tried to do in our books. What we have achieved is only a tentative beginning, others later will make us look like primitives.

The problem is to construct a context for a photograph, to construct it with words, to construct it with other photographs, to construct it by its place in an ongoing text of photographs and images. How? Normally photographs are used in a very unilinear way – they are used to illustrate an argument, or to demonstrate a thought which goes like this:



Very frequently also they are used tautologically so that the photograph merely repeats what is being said in words. Memory is not unilinear at all. Memory works radially, that is to say with an enormous number of associations all leading to the same event. The diagram is like this:



If we want to put a photograph back into the context of experience, social experience, social memory, we have to respect the laws of memory. We have to situate the printed photograph so that it acquires something of the surprising conclusiveness of that which *was* and *is*.

What Brecht wrote about acting in one of his poems is applicable to such a practice. For *instant* one can read photography, for *acting* the re-creating of context:

So you should simply make the instant  
Stand out, without in the process hiding  
What you are making it stand out from.  
Give your acting  
That progression of one-thing-after-  
another, that attitude of  
Working up what you have taken on. In  
this way  
You will show the flow of events and also  
the course  
Of your work, permitting the spectator  
To experience this Now on many levels,  
coming from Previously and  
Merging into Afterwards, also having  
much else Now  
Alongside it. He is sitting not only  
In your theatre but also  
In the world.

There are a few great photographs which practically achieve this by themselves. Any photograph may become such a 'Now' if an adequate context is created for it. In general the better the photograph, the fuller the context which can be created.

Such a context replaces the photograph in time – not its own original time for that is impossible – but in narrated time. Narrated time becomes historic time when it is assumed by social memory and social action. The constructed narrated time needs to respect the process of memory which it hopes to stimulate.

There is never a single approach to something remembered. The remembered is not like a terminus at the end of a line. Numerous approaches or stimuli converge upon it and lead to it. Words, comparisons, signs need to create a context for a printed photograph in a comparable way; that is to say, they must mark and leave open diverse approaches. A radial system has to be constructed around the photograph so that it may be seen in terms which are simultaneously personal, political, economic, dramatic, everyday and historic. ■

*The original version of this article was presented to the British Sociological Association Conference at the University of Sussex in April. It has been revised for Camerawork by John Berger.*

*John Berger is noted for his radical criticism of art and society. He attended both the Central and the Chelsea Schools of Art in London and started life as a painter. His published works include a book of essays called Permanent Red (1960); Success and Failure of Picasso (1965); four novels: A Painter of Our Time (1958), The Foot of Clive (1962), Corker's Freedom (1964) and G (1972); and Art and Revolution (1969). Ways of Seeing (1972), which started as a BBC tv series. He wrote A Fortunate Man (1967) and A Seventh Man (1975) with Jean Mohr. Berger now writes regularly for New Society and lives in France.*

*On Photography by Susan Sontag will be published by Allen Lane on July 27, price £5.50. The American edition is available at the same price from Arts Bibliographic Bookshop, 48 Earlham Street, WC2 and Creative Camera, 19 Doughty Street, WC1.*

## Jean Mohr: Ways of Working



*Jean Mohr has been a freelance photographer for 23 years. He studied economics at Geneva University, worked for the Red Cross with Palestinian refugees, and studied painting in Paris for a year. When his photographs of the Middle East aroused more interest than his paintings, he returned to Geneva to write and translate for a newspaper while taking more and more pictures. He is now co-operating with John Berger on a book about peasants.*

*Shirley Read and Tom Picton spoke to Jean Mohr in London. He told them that he had been unwilling to take some of the photographs in A Fortunate Man.*

There were some moments where I didn't want to take pictures but it was the doctor who reminded me of my duty . . . for instance, one little story which appears in the book is of an old couple. The wife was depressed, she had a breakdown, and they came in the middle of the afternoon, both on a motorcycle or side car. She was in the middle of her forties and he was completely lost. Probably the breakdown had to do with her age. They had lived together for more than 20 or 25 years and he was just completely lost. He brought her to the doctor and she was crying and he was lost and I felt at that moment that it was too private and I didn't want to take pictures but the doctor reminded me and said: 'If you want to show what is the life of a doctor, this belongs also to my practice. I don't have only to cure physical things.' Which was true.

His position in such a village was far more than just curing physical diseases. He was in fact replacing the priest. Whenever somebody in the village had some problems, even moral problems, if young people wanted to get married, they first came to him, to ask him for advice, he had a very strong position. You see the position of a photographer is in fact a very strong one, a very easy one. It's like being behind the cops during a demonstration. I'm sorry to say that. It's the easy way. I've experienced that many times during my WHO stories where, very often, I had even to wear a white coat. When you enter an operation room, for instance, you have to be like a doctor for

obvious reasons. For hygienic reasons. You're just a doctor with a camera. In this case I was not another doctor with a camera but his friend so I was cleared . . . When these pictures were published I had been reluctant. I took the pictures because he was right, my duty was to take them. But then, when it came to the layout, again I said to John: 'But listen, first of all for moral reasons and then even for legal reasons, we have to be very careful. I don't know if we should print them'. He was on the side of the doctor. He said: 'Yes, we have to.'

*Jean Mohr has worked extensively for the World Health Organisation (WHO), International Labour Office (ILO), and other specialised UN agencies, in Asia, Africa, America and Europe. How valuable is this work?*

For a long time I thought it was really useful. But I am happy that it's more or less over. Here I was, a white photographer, sent by the headquarters to any place in Asia or Africa and there was something paternalistic about the whole thing. I remember very well at the beginning that ILO, International Labour Office, expected a certain kind of picture – the white expert explaining to the good black how to handle a machine, and so on. Then suddenly, five years ago, it goes with the denomination also – it was the 'underdeveloped world' and then it became the 'developing world'. In pictures you could feel the same thing. Suddenly you were asked to avoid such kind of pictures. The white expert would suddenly disappear into the background. He would still be there, just to give advice or something, nothing more. Now I think the white expert would just be out of the picture. The European photographer who goes to Africa has a very hard job because he's not welcome any more and he's not welcome any more coming from the UN (United Nations) moreover.

One of the last assignments I did in Senegal was for the UN. The first thing I was told was that I better go back immediately to Geneva because there was nothing to be photographed. That happens more and more, that you feel that you are not wanted for obvious reasons. ■

# 'A Seventh Man' – Theory in Practice.



OLD WOMAN IN BARRACKS, GREECE

172



MADONNA BY PERUGINO

173



174



WALL ABOVE BED IN BARRACKS, SWITZERLAND

PEASANT GIRL WORKING IN FIELD

175

Pages 172-175 from 'A Seventh Man' by John Berger and Jean Mohr

'In *A Seventh Man* there is a photograph, which is in a wooden barracks where Portuguese and Yugoslavs live. They work in a tunnel, they live in a wooden barracks, they have bunks two above the other. Around the bunks, on the roof of the bunk above, all the way round are pictures, sexy pictures, which they did not of course bring with them. They bought them in Germany or Switzerland or somewhere. The room is absolutely plastered with these. We wanted to use that picture because it was important, first of all because it was like that, secondly because it is, in a sense, an indirect index of the sexual deprivation suffered by these men. How to do it? Because you put that picture on a page and what does it say? How is that image going to work?

It firstly, maybe, approves of the virulent

sexism of the images stuck up. It's going to confirm the superstition that these men are all sex maniacs and it's probably also going to give a vicarious thrill to some. You see, it's not going to work and it was a problem which we actually worked on for about a week. How could we use this in order to escape this automatic and false meaning? We tried juxtaposing that picture with pictures of the men's faces, it doesn't work because it doesn't really mean anything – it really only adds the personalities of these people. We tried putting in a photograph of something in the street, some sex shop in the street where the bourgeois of the city go. But again that says it is o.k. the petty bourgeois go to the sex shop the same as the migrant workers. It doesn't help. I'm not saying that the solution we found is the ideal one, but finally we found a

photograph of an old peasant woman in her village who could have been the mother of any of those workers – in fact she wasn't – but she could have been. It was a picture of a mother, quite influenced in some respects by Catholic iconography with the Madonna and so on. The kind of picture that one of those workers might have carried around with him. It had a kind of icon value, it was sacred. We then put next to it not a photograph at all but a reproduction of a Madonna, a painting by Perugino. There begins to be a juxtaposition between idealised maternity and real maternity – that's to say a woman of 45 looking like 65 and probably with eight children. Then we turned the page and in that context we put the picture of the barracks with the sexy pictures all round. Beginning to relate, to talk about a life story, beginning to talk about

women in more than one dimension, beginning to talk about the experience of those men. And then finally we chose to put opposite that barracks picture an extraordinary photograph that Jean took of a young Polish peasant girl – at that time totally uninfluenced and untouched by sexist consumerist glamour, who at the same time has a very beautiful face, young and questioning, the exact opposite in fact of the women in the barracks picture but corresponding very likely to one of the girls in the village. Now with those four pictures we perhaps began to put back the first one – that is to say the barracks one – in a context.'

**John Berger**

*From a discussion at the B.S.A. Conference, April '78.*



Battersea.



Ascot.

# Ian Berry's Pictures of the English.

"The film cannot be the medium of a culture all of whose surface appearances mislead, and which has made such a psychological art of escaping present, or camera, reality. For us English the camera, a public eye, invites performance, lying . . . With film-making our real 'block' is our secret knowledge that any true picture of the English must express what the camera cannot capture — the continual evasion of the inner self, the continual actuality of saying one thing and thinking another . . . The eternal bar is that the elusive and eluding nature of the English psyche is profoundly unsympathetic to visual representation." (Quote from the book *Daniel Martin* by John Fowles)

If one agrees that the camera cannot probe beneath the masks of the English there is only one thing to do; record the performances which make the English the best actors and actresses in the world. Instead of waiting for the masks to slip, why not capture the strain of keeping them in place? Recognizing the masks and the strain is the first step toward self discovery. The next is to question why such semblances are necessary.

Is the best role for the camera, an essentially nostalgic tool, to preserve the safe rituals and structures to which the English cling rather than to acknowledge the guises and thereby document the unfixed and shaky steps of self knowledge? These are my questions after seeing Ian Berry's pictures at The Photographers' Gallery, London. They preview his book — *The English* — published in June. They will also tour the country under the auspices of the Arts Council.

In 1974, the Council gave Berry the first major bursary in photography for his personal project; getting to know his country better after having lived in Africa for several years. A member of Magnum, Berry is internationally known for his pictures of the 1960 Sharpeville (South Africa) massacre.

The Sharpeville pictures were intended to show a specific, dramatic event, which is not the case for the English project. It is more difficult to photograph the mundane events of daily life, with which we are all familiar, and maintain such an emotional high in the images' impact. Although not expecting an intense experience from the portrait of the English, I was disappointed by not being moved at all toward an insight into the national character or into a slightly different way of seeing. Berry's portrait is built on stereotypes. Neither are the masks noted nor the stress of keeping them on shown. It is the ritual and structure which is duly recorded.

Many of his images are of working-class people, the majority seen from a distance in dark shadows. They are working, waiting for a bus, walking down a road; their heads are bent,



Spitalfields

shoulders stooped; they gaze downward. The fragile and stooped frame of an East Midlands invalid is swallowed up by a huge black chair before a table of two bowls of untouched food. There is a good tension in the symbolic irony of engulfing chair (death) and untouched food (life). But like the others, this picture is only a caricature. It does not evoke empathy for the person or the class.

About 20 of the 70 images in the exhibit are of young people, couples dancing or touching each other in public. In *Battersea*, the embracing young couple is echoed by the statue of a boy angel putting his arms around a nubile nymph. *Hyde Park* shows a threesome. The boy has his arms around two girls, squeezing the breast of one while the other plays with his hair. We see the rites of young, exhibitionistic love.

There are only a few pictures of the upper-middle classes. A man at Crufts puckers his mouth for a kiss, leaning over to the dog in the lap of the woman next to him. A young, well-dressed man with longish hair stares into the camera from the Chelsea flower show. Although these pictures prompt a smile, they are contrived parodies. There is more to the upper-middle classes than this.

Then there is the picture about the interaction of the classes where a gentleman and a worker cross paths from opposite directions at Ascot. The picture was taken in the middle of a

street, from an angle that makes the gentleman appear to be on a higher plane than the worker. With furrowed brow and bent back, the worker strains to push a dolly laden with crates. Neither looks at the other; the gentleman looks straight ahead and the worker off to one side. In this case, I feel that Berry is simply observing that a class system still exists.

The few pictures on the race question are mere snapshots or obscure. In *Brixton*, a black worker and a white one smile broadly for the camera in front of what appears to be a warehouse doorway. A black man sitting, perhaps living, in the boot of a junked car gives the camera a blank expression in *Spitalfields, Whitechapel*.

Many of his pictures are well composed, sensitive to the need to balance light and dark areas and shapes. With a clearer intent, this ability could make very strong images. Particularly exciting is his emerging personal symbolism which can add depth to his portraits. But juxtapositions of dark and eerie shadows or objects with his subjects create a surreal quality which often does not complement the "real" elements to make possible multiple interpretations or fuller understanding. Some of his statements are trite.

In *West Sussex*, an exercising gentleman stretches out on his lounge floor with one leg and flexed foot at almost a right angle to the rest of his body. Light from an open window projects

his leg as a shadow amidst those of the window panes onto the foreground. His disembodied limb plays hopscotch with the pattern of panes. This second reality causes a closer scrutiny, but doesn't provide insight into the man. *Poole*, however, is more successful.

Two mannequins in a shop window face each other and gesticulate as if in dialogue. One, dressed as a bride, motions towards a baby in a pram outside the shop. A box of groceries on top of the pram includes a carton of detergent, linking the baby's future to the mannequin's make-believe destiny of housewife. The metaphor is too obvious in *Sunderland*. A bent, old woman walks down the pavement toward a building in shadow except for a crucifix suspended in mid-air. Poor Sufferer shuffles her way to the road's end, soon to meet the Alleviator of misery.

This brings us back to square one, Berry's overall intentions. In the exhibition brochure, he stresses that he is not trying to make "any sort of political statement." He is "simply an observer . . . photography for me is about communication and unless a picture tells someone something it doesn't have any real value. If one can create an increased awareness in people of other people's way of life, I think that's valuable." He notes that "it's difficult to photograph the so-called upper and upper-middle classes, unless there's a horse involved . . ."

I find these statements very revealing. Although some may argue that all photographs make political-cultural statements, I believe in another category — statements of personal and private expression. Berry's portrait of the English falls into neither category. I do not understand what he says about himself, specific individuals, classes, the nation, or even humanity. He has not identified what he wants to communicate.

One could say that he means to show the misery of the working class, but he seems to go for the easy shots, the stereotyped posture. He gives the illusion of a deep and widespread study by labelling his pictures with the names of different towns. His photographs of other classes make the portrait more confused. There is no clear connecting thread. He also shows different age groups without making clear connections. Can he be saying that the young dance in their sexuality only to become crippled and bent in their old age? I think that Berry is trying to show too much of the surface of English life, evading the tension of inner turmoil.

**Ginger Pritchard.**

All photographs reproduced by kind permission of The John Hillelson Agency Ltd.

*Factory Photographs* is a **Half Moon Photography Workshop** Touring Exhibition which was first shown at the **Half Moon Gallery** in May 1978. The exhibition is by **Nick Hedges** who is well known for his photographs for *Shelter* and who was involved in the *Problem in the City* exhibition (See **Cameras** 1)

In 1976 Nick Hedges was awarded the West Midlands Arts Fellowship which enabled him to carry out the project which resulted in this exhibition.

The photographs were taken in five factories in the Midlands over two years in an attempt, he says: 'to give recognition to the workers who produce the wealth upon which our society depends.'

Nick Hedges interviewed many of the workers and extracts from these interviews accompany the photographs in the show. He recorded workers' views on and attitudes to a wide range of issues, including racial discrimination, industrial disease, class, pay, sociability, boredom, loyalty, and the problems of being a working mother.

The dimension that the text adds to the exhibition provides a serious challenge to those photographers who insist that their pictures say it all. It is also a reminder that the tape recorder is just as potent as the camera.

#### Extracts from the exhibition text:-

You'm brought up to go to work, work is something that your father has done, it's a class thing, you'm used to it, you'm born to it, you must work there's the social stigma - unemployed; you are born to work."

**Furnace foreman**

Its a funny sort of industry you don't see no rows or anything like that, you never see any upsets or striking, I dare say we have had more reason to go on strike than anyone - the conditions we work in, but its never come into it. Its like a family aint it, you work 5 blokes to a furnace, your mates here or your mates away you know. And its o.k. if you've got a happy crew, I aint being big headed but our crew is the best on the plant. Everybody will do everybody's work, like when I got burnt I was stuck here for a week before I went on the box, and everybody come to me and said 'don't go on the box Bill we'll do that', they were doing their own and doing mine. If they're in trouble on 'G', 'H' will come and help out, if they're in trouble on 'H' furnace 'G' will help out.

**Steelworker**

When I started here and even now after 29 years I'm still a rooky, we are still babies compared to some of the people working here. I've had blokes working with me and they were 74 years of age - we had one 82 years of age. When I started you was lucky to get a regular job because you had to wait for them to die before you moved up. It's the same as in a fishing village, there everyone is a fisherman, the sea is the community; it's the same in a mining community, the mine is the village, the main topic is the mine; and it's the same round here, it was a family concern.

We had as many as 8 or 9 Barwells working here; you go back 40 or 50 years, if you was a Fletcher you'd be alright when you'd grown up, you'd get a job here; it was a sort of generation move up. All my relations worked at the crane foundry, my brother is gaffer there now, there was about 14 Darby's worked there; I used to work there myself but being as how my brother was gaffer he used to expect more out of me than the others.

**Blast-furnace worker**

Being in iron and steel its the best job a man can have, it's not repetitive, there is always a challenge, there is always something different. I don't know how these people who do these jobs in car factories, and other jobs can stick it, the sheer boredom would drive you mad. I've worked shifts for 42 years, even when I went to India, its got its advantages, you get a fair amount of free time. The wife and family its a bit rough on them. But once you get used to it I think that shift work is better than days.

**Senior furnaceman**

I've been doing shift work for 24 years and I still don't like it, especially nights, I always thought that working nights was for cat burglars and midwives. At my age you've just got to face the job, I can't just leave this job now and get another one.

**Furnace keeper, Steelworks**

The condition of work is very poor, its dusty it affects your lungs, heat doesn't bother me much, its what you breathe in. It is grossly underpaid this job, the money is hopeless no good at all. Here to get a good weeks money you have to get 80 or 90 hours in a week. If I worked here for 40 hours in the week, I should only pick

# Born to Work



Nick Hedges

Front-side steel furnace worker. British Steel Corporation, Bilston.

up about £35. You've got to work the hours to get the money. There isn't much chance of improving it now with all this control on the wages. There is an old saying 'hard work never kills nobody' but it goes a long way towards it I can tell you that.

**'Fifth' man on the furnace**

At any time out there whether morning, noon or night, any of the operators can lose their life. You can be just walking around the furnace and the tuyers blow out and catch you, anything can happen. We missed death by just seconds man, you have to trust your luck coming up these steps. When you are looking at the risks involved, it stands somewhere between a chemical plant and a coal mine. Three men they are still on the 'box', badly injured. The furnace burst and a man standing close by catch a fire, he was blazing, if we lose a second we would be dead. It's very unpredictable this blast furnace, that's why it's being given a woman's name - Elizabeth.

**Furnace hand**

My missus is always going mad at me about smoking: 'You'm going to have lung cancer'. I says: 'Cock, you come down our place in the shut down (holidays),' and her come up the back steps with us and her walked in. It was a sunny day, no furnace was on, but you could see stuff coming through the roof. Her got hold of me and she said: 'Bill, smoke as many as you want.'

**Front-side steel furnaceman**

Now I'm getting on and I've got industrial disease; what it is, is it's sand on me lungs, and instead of me lungs being able to function properly I can only take shorter breaths. I used to go dancing ever such a lot, I go on the floor now once or twice and I have to sit down; I used to swim a lot but now I can just about get across the width. If I ever have to do a lot of running about here it can knock me about for half an

hour. If I get a touch of flu - I've got bronchitis and emphysema an all see - it can knock me about, my legs go. I prefer shift work to day work, I suppose it's because I've done it for so long. I think that Monday to Friday is a rut, I see people, even my next door neighbour, he does the same thing every week year after year, washes his car down on a Sunday - always the same thing.

**Blast-furnace shift manager**

We've always had a decent bunch of chaps to work with, never had no arguments or anything. If you ain't happy your job's twice as hard, if you'm happy in your work and you've got a decent bunch of lads around you who can have a laugh and a joke, it's the biggest part of working. The hardest part of the job is just being happy. I've been lucky in both jobs I've had, I've always had a decent bunch of chaps.

**Shearer on Rolling Mill**

In this steel works which is a government place there is racial discrimination; very vigorous racial discrimination in the works. Now the government policy is that they should have no racial discrimination in no part of society in this country: in this steel works you have more colour bar than in South Africa. The colour bar operates from the personnel office, if you go to some departments here you will see only Englishman or whiteman do that job, and they've already laid down that policy that if a blackman come on that section they'll walk out. Even on the shunting you never seen an Indian or Jamaican on that job, and look how many Indians and Jamaicans are on the yard doing the dirty jobs.

**Jamaican blast furnace worker**

There was so much prejudice when we first started to work on this plant, people didn't regard you as an human being, they regarded you as a fool just born to work and nothing else. But things have changed and we the immigrant

population are willing to make concessions and we have made concessions as far as our culture is concerned - our way of living; but we are not getting the same response from the English, its all one sided.

**Indian steel worker**

The only thing troubles me as a trades unionist is that all the working people should be treated as the same, all the whites and blacks they should get together first only then can you improve on things, as long as there is a barrier between the working force itself you cannot do much about it, and that involves changing the whole attitude about the immigrant population and that can be done in a good many ways and the media and press play a very large role.

**Indian Union rep**

I don't mind telling you this, but all the white people here have one thing in common whether they are working on the shopfloor whether they are a lawyer, doctor, or a Prime Minister, they have got only one thing in mind and that is to exploit the immigrant as much as you can. They are all united in one thing that is to get the maximum work out of them and give them the least pay and facilities. They still tend to use that slavery attitude.

**Indian Union rep**

What does really annoy me is that everybody seems to run working people down, and when I say working people I include management and directors, because they're working people as far as I'm concerned, everybody who is involved in the production of materials is a worker to my mind. The mass media have an awful lot to answer for, everybody talks as if we are the worst people in the Western World. They represent us badly, we're layabouts to them. The truth is that they never go inside and find out. My own work is monotonous, you're a cabbage feeding a damn monster, you get to a point when you cannot remember your own name, you are so bored. I'm nearing the end of my working life, just a couple of years to go, I shan't be pleased to finish. I shall miss the comradeship in this company. It's a good team in here, and they need to be the girls have to be very skilful and very quick. At the end of the day you feel physically drained when you go home. That is one reason why I feel so strongly about the media, we are small people - we have no means of getting over to newspapers. I'd like to spend one week on a newspaper to put it across to people. They do impugn the honour of working people, notice I say working people not working class, there is no such animal today.

Women have gone into factories, gone into offices, gone into shops, and taken lower paid jobs, and we have been brain-washed about our capabilities; I wish I was thirty, oh I do, I'd be fighting like a dog, I wish I was younger to really get in. Because it has only just started for women, we have only come a very very small step, there is far to go. I want to see women on the board, I want to see women superintendents. But we are on the lower strata of all the gradings, time will alter that, but it is so slow. I wish that I'd been able to get my ladies more interested in trade unions.

**Woman padlock machiner and shop steward**

I think it has took a lot out of my life working here, I've always been a jolly person and it's almost as if it's stopped. I'm a scrat, called a scrat, it means a grabber. You lose a lot of family life, I mean my daughter was nine when I came here; I didn't want to come to work but you want the luxuries, there is no one there to rub her hair if it is wet. You miss out on all that, I think every married woman worker does. You can't be here 7½ hours a day, go home and do exactly the same work and look after your family in a matter of 3 hours of a night time. You lead two different lives going to work, but I wanted her to look nice. I wanted her to have more than I ever did. But I'm not a nasty person and grabbing, I like a laugh and I like a joke. For a few minutes we have a little laugh and giggle, but then it's back to bobbing. I thought when I left school, I'm going to meet some handsome fellow and he is going to take me off on his white charger; when you'm at school you think all kinds of things. I was reading my husband's love letters he wrote to me when he was in the army, I'd told him I'd had a cold and I had to go to work the next day, he said 'never mind darling you won't have to go to work much longer' - I've worked ever since. When you leave school you start work, it's fantastic aye it is when you first start work: - you're getting some money, you can go out, you can buy what you like, then you start courting and you think, 'ooh I ain't going to work for long'. I thought this is going to be it when I got married, but it wasn't like that, nothing at all like that.

**Woman bobber and polisher**

# On Photo-montage.

Ever since the invention of photography the photograph has been used in combination with both photographic and non-photographic images. The Victorians combined parts of photographs with drawings, paintings, pieces of lace and other fabrics. Oscar Gustave Rejlander and Henry Peach Robinson, amongst others, combined negatives to produce composite pictures in imitation of the classical tradition in painting.

It was with the work of the Berlin Dadaists, towards the end of the first World War, that both the technique and the name photo-montage were invented. The Dadaists began by using photography in the same way as they used newsprint, graphics, painting and ephemera of all sorts – to produce incongruous, chance images with a multiplicity of meaning and associations. From this developed the realisation of a new technique which had less to do with collage but involved creating a single, realistic image. It was largely with the work of John Heartfield from this period through the 1930s that photo-montage came to be seen as a political and propagandist tool.

Although photo-montage uses photography and is dependent on the reality of the photographic image photo-montage (particularly political photo-montage) is fundamentally unlike photography in intention and in the way it works.

While a photograph may be taken for a number of reasons, the most common one being to provide a record, the *intention* of political photo-montage is to convey an idea or message. The effectiveness of photo-montage in doing this has resulted in its constant use as propaganda and as a means to move people to political action. The photograph on the other hand, although frequently used as propaganda, is not generally created to make a political point. The photograph records. This record may be open to misinterpretation and can sometimes be used to illustrate opposed points of view.

The way in which photo-montage is created and actually works is a crucial part of its usefulness as a propagandist medium. Unlike a photograph a montage can show the separate elements of an event and more clearly presents causes and results. The montage artist selects only the information relevant to his/her message and can eliminate the extraneous detail and information which is a crucial part of the photograph. Where a photograph frequently has a number of possible interpretations the message of the montage artist is usually clear. What photograph could bring together faces of the disappeared prisoners in Chile and show the role of the army in their disappearance? Photographs of torture, of rape, of murder in Chile simply do not exist. As far as we know they were not taken. Yet the facts are there.

Political photo-montage works through the involvement of the spectator. As Eisenstein states in writing on word and image: 'It is precisely the montage principle, as distinguished from that of *representation*, which obliges spectators themselves to *create* and the montage principle, by this means, achieves that great power of inner creative excitement in the *spectator* which distinguishes an emotionally exciting work from one that stops without going further than giving information or recording events.' As has often been pointed out photo-montage is itself an illustration of the dialectical principle: the idea (or thesis) and its complement or opposite (the antithesis) are juxtaposed in the work and the spectator's involvement produces his/her response (the synthesis).

With 'A Document on Chile' artist Peter Kennard and writer Ric Sissons aim to create a new method of examining and explaining history by a combination of photo-montage and text. 'A Document on Chile' is a Half Moon Touring Show, consisting of thirty panels of image, historical text and quotes from the original sources which trace events in Chile over the years leading up to and immediately after the coup of 1973. Political photo-montage is an immediate medium. Out of the context of its political or historical background it can become inaccessible. However, by using a detailed historical text the context of the work has been maintained.

It is difficult to determine the effectiveness of art in political struggle. Obviously no one work of art is likely to bring about major political change by itself. Its role has been propaganda and agitation. The intention of Peter Kennard and Ric Sissons is not only to make propaganda but to inform and educate. By their combination of image and text they have shown a way of extending the use and application of photo-montage.

Shirley Read.



## THE FIGHT FOR COPPER

Copper constitutes 75% of Chile's exports and is the country's most important asset. The industry was dominated by two American multinational corporations – Anaconda and Kennecott. On 11th July 1971 the copper mines were nationalised.

Both Anaconda and Kennecott took action. Anaconda, along with five other American multinationals met Nixon's Secretary of State, Rogers, to plan action against the Allende Government. Kennecott used the international courts of law to prevent other firms buying Chilean copper.

Over the present century these two firms had made substantial profits from the Chilean mines. Between 1915 and 1968 Anaconda and Kennecott profits in Chile totalled \$2,011 million. Because such excessive profits had been made the Allende government decided that no compensation would be paid when the industry was nationalised. They argued that all profits made in the last fifteen years in excess of 12% would be deducted from any compensation. This figure far exceeded the value of these firm's assets.

Anaconda and Kennecott profitability, 1969. (*New York Times*. 25.1.71.)

	Profits worldwide	Profits in Chile	% of world profits in Chile
Anaconda	\$99,313,000	\$78,692,000	79.24%
Kennecott	\$165,395,000	\$35,338,000	21.37%



### 'DISAPPEARED PRISONERS'

Top row, left to right: Jose Fidel Flores Perez, Jacqueline Del Carmen Binfa Contreras, Ugarte Roman Marta, Perevia Plaza Reinalda.

Bottom row, left to right: Rosa Elena Morales, Mamia Angelica Andreoli Bravo, Juan Canales.

*"'The disappeared prisoners' is the name we give to members of our families who have been taken from our homes, in front of our eyes, or in their work places, colleges and universities, with eye witnesses or strong proof of their detention. The people who detained them were members of the military intelligence service. They are being held in secret and all our efforts, such as writs of habeas corpus, affidavits of kidnapping, and letters and interviews with Government officials, have been flung back in our faces with the following answer: 'This person has never been detained'. There are variations such as: 'He has left the country', 'He has gone into hiding', 'He has been kidnapped by a band of extremists', and so forth."*

Committee of the Families of Disappeared Prisoners, Santiago, June 1975.

# Doing-it-Yourself:

For many people a photographic exhibition means pristine gallery walls lined with metal-framed, bevel-edge mounted prints. All too often the photographs appear to be hung at random; sequencing and themes are obscure; text and captioning non-existent; the number and size of prints seems arbitrary.

However, there are reasonably cheap and easy ways of exhibiting photographs that can be used to make cohesive statements, whilst making photographic shows accessible to an audience much wider than regular gallery buffs.

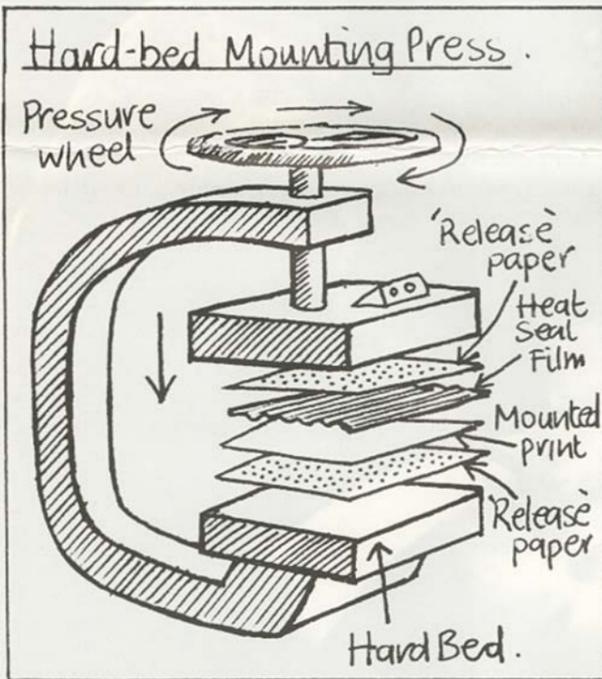
The HMPW has developed a viable alternative to glass and frames, and we can put a photographic touring show of 30 panels on the road for less than £180 (excluding the costs of labour, prints and publicity).

Photographs were first exhibited in 1972 in the foyer of the Half Moon Theatre – a former synagogue in Alie Street, Aldgate, East London. This soon came to be known as the Half Moon Gallery and has been used for monthly photographic exhibitions ever since.

Until 1976, all photographs shown at the Half Moon were mounted on card, pinned to the softboard wall panels, and protected with sheets of glass. This caused problems in touring the exhibitions: prints were toured without glass or frames and soon became tatty and worn. A different method of presentation was badly needed.

## Heat-sealing versus lamination

While designing the **People Portraits** exhibition in October 1976, we decided to heat-seal the photographs and text. Heat sealing is done with thin, clear plastic film (available in matt, special texture, and gloss finishes). The pictures and text can be dry-mounted on to mounting board, aluminium or hardboard. We chose hardboard.



The heat-seal film is positioned on each panel, which is then placed under a hard bed mounting press for several minutes. Dry mounting and heat-sealing are both done at 85°-90°C; the heat-sealing must be done under a hard bed press, but dry-mounting can be done on a hard or soft bed press. To avoid peeling at the edges of the panels it is far better to wrap the heat seal films around the edges, taking particular care with the corners, which can be easily damaged.

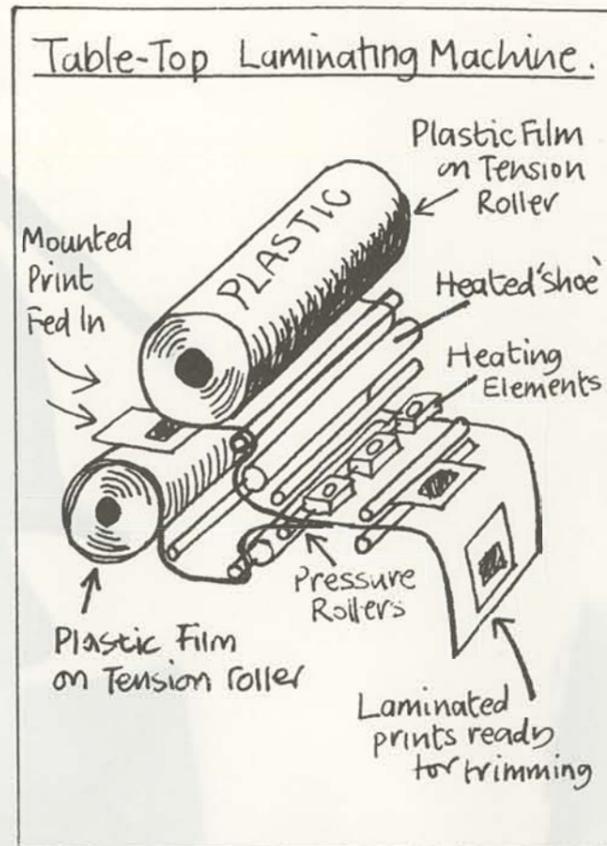
Hardboard is cheap and fairly durable, but unfortunately it proved too heavy and bulky for flexible use. The **People Portraits** show, consisting of 22 panels 21" x 18", weighs 35kgs including its wooden case – too heavy for one person to carry any distance. The matt-finish, however, proved very effective and with eyelets in all four corners the show is easy to hang, and still touring.

Determined to find a more lightweight and portable method of displaying photographs, we started using plastic lamination early in 1977. This process seals the pictures and texts in a gloss finish plastic film, available with clear film on both sides, or with black film on the back.

The mounted prints are fed into a laminating machine which uses a series of heating elements and pressure rollers to force the plastic film on to both sides of the paper. Our panels consist of a sheet of thin card on to which prints and typeset are mounted.

The laminated panels are waterproof and very light: we use 20" x 25" as a standard size because it allows a wide variety of picture/text designs, and fits comfortably within the 24" width

restriction of most bench-top laminators used by commercial firms.



The maximum thickness for lamination is 20/1000": the combined thickness of your photographic print, mounting tissue and backing card must not exceed this. A double weight print is 9/1000" thick – likewise a sheet of the 260 gsm Astralux card we use on our panels. There's only just enough room for the mounting tissue, so wherever possible use single-weight photographic paper. Medium weight resin coated paper is fine, but if you're making bromide prints larger than A4 size use double-weight as it is much easier to handle.

Remember that if your final mounted panel is more than 20/1000" thick, the surface of the laminate will be damaged.

The panels have eyelets in the corners for easy hanging with pins, but can also be hung with double-sided tape or sticky-bud corners. They can be easily transported in a fibreboard box, and a whole cased exhibition of 30 panels weighs only 16 kgs. Other advantages include clean, simple, unified presentation which can overcome the inconsistencies of virtually any display space, either in or out of doors.

It is important to remember that both heat-sealing and lamination render the prints and texts irretrievable, since the plastic film cannot be removed.

## Selection & Design

Selection of material for exhibition will present a number of different problems depending upon who is producing the visual/written material: if you're working alone on an exhibition project it will obviously be less complex than if you are a group or committee, or organising the work of a number of individuals.

Decide firstly what you want the show to be about, ie what will it actually say? It could be the best pictures you have available, or one particular theme. Now is the time to decide – before you begin editing.

Secondly, calculate how much wall space you want the show to occupy, given that the panels can, if absolutely necessary, be double-stacked. From this you will be able to work out how many panels you require – funds permitting, that is.

A portfolio or set of photographs is just the raw material for an exhibition – editing, design and layout are all essential ingredients in making an informative and worthwhile show. This requires a lot of work – it's easy to ruin a good show with uninspired layouts.

Visual dynamics are very important – vary the size of prints and layout designs, juxtapose prints and relevant text, to enhance and clarify the statement you want to make.

Our panel size (20" x 25") allows print sizes from 20" x 16" down to 5" x 4" (or even smaller) to be used in varying combinations, with text.

One simple method of trying out design ideas is to draw up a one inch grid on white card to the size of the panel, then make cut-outs of black card to the different print sizes you intend to use. Make three or four of each size – this will allow you to experiment with various layout ideas before you print up the

pictures to the agreed size. We've found that a set of 5" x 7" proof prints is helpful in designing a show, rather than trying to work straight from contact sheets.

Work out any text or captions you will need before you finalise the picture sizes and panel designs, as you may need to adjust some layouts or picture sizes to make room for the text. Then you decide upon the typeface and size you need; we found that 16pt bold works well in many of our shows.

We usually have our captions and text done on a photo-setting machine, but there is no reason why you cannot use an ordinary typewriter with a legible face, and copy the texts on to line film (high contrast, black & white lithographic film – available in 5" x 4" usually, but also in 35mm bulk lengths). These negatives can then be enlarged to the required size and printed on ordinary photographic paper.

Typesetting/photosetting will cost around £8 per 1000 words, but will prove less troublesome and much simpler – unless you have access to a good copying set-up preferably with a 5" x 4" camera and enlarger.

All in all, you'll pay your money and make your choice, depending upon the financial and technical resources available to you.

Finally, before mounting the pictures/text, it is advisable to lay each panel out individually to make sure the sized prints and texts actually fit together in the way you intended in the original layout. Allow yourself ample time to make any corrections or adjustments, to avoid the possibility of overlooking mistakes which could be easily rectified. Remember also to keep a consistent print quality throughout, since any variation will be distracting.

A laminated panel from **Shuttles, Steam and Soot** by Daniel Meadows



## Mounting

Mounting an exhibition will require several basic pieces of equipment: a cutting instrument (rotary trimmer, guillotine, Stanley knife or scalpel and steel straightedge) a steel ruler or tape-measure, a tacking iron, and a dry-mounting press. A box or roll of dry-mounting tissue is also essential.

We mount our pictures and texts on to Astralux – a thin, white, glossy card – it's expensive, but gives a very good finish when laminated. However, there is plenty of lightweight card to choose from, available in a variety of colours, finishes, sheet sizes, and at different prices.

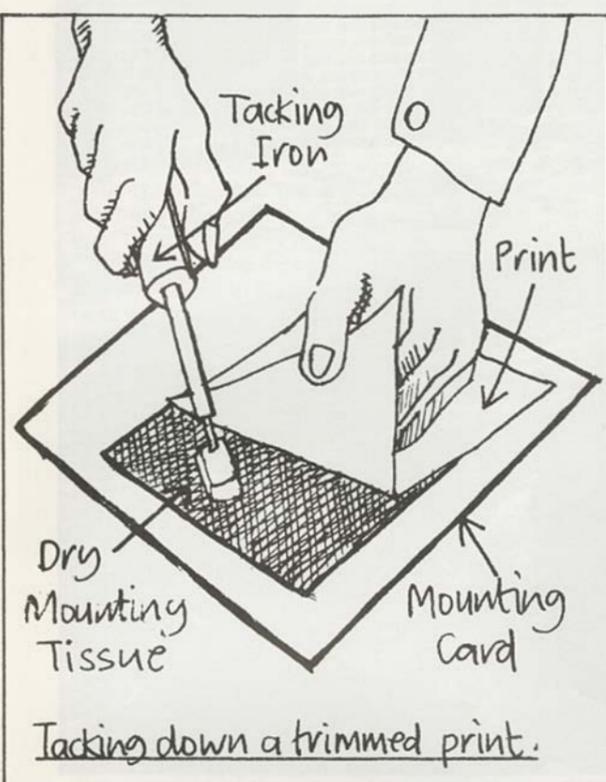
If necessary, you can always opt-out of mounting the show yourself, and pay the laminator to do it for you – in accordance with your layout designs.

When mounting material for lamination, don't use adhesives such as Spraymount, Photo mount, Copydex, Cowgum, Pritt, or even double-sided tape. All of these tend to be unstable under extremes of heat (ie heat-sealing at 85°-95°, lamination at 140°C) and begin to ooze and often become visible at the edges of prints.

The dry-mounting tissue must be tacked to each print/piece of text, using a hot tacking iron. There are several methods of doing this, but here is one that has been well tried and tested.

Tack the tissue to the back of the paper by lightly rubbing the hot iron in the centre; be careful not to press too hard or you may burn the print/paper.

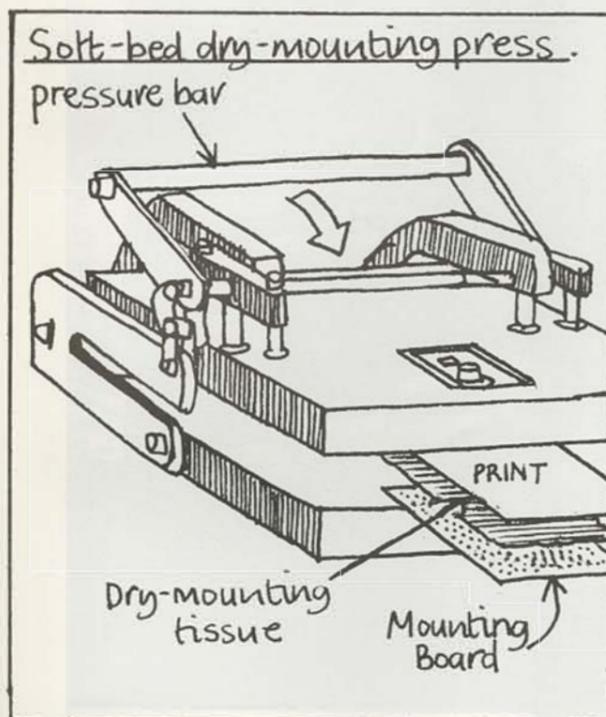
# Touring Exhibitions



Next, trim the print to the required size with your cutting instrument. Position it accurately on the mounting card and carefully tack down three corners of the mounting tissue on to the card with the hot iron. The dry-mounting tissue will then be firmly attached to both the print/paper and the mounting card, ready to be placed under the mounting press, heated to the correct temperature.

To keep your costs down always remember to use the mounting tissue sparingly – keep the remains of the sheets when trimming prints; if you're using a roll of tissue cut each piece to the size of the print. Like most mounting materials, the shellac tissue is expensive.

For complicated picture/text layouts remember to take extra care in positioning the work on the mounting card; make sure everything is secure before putting it under the press. For lamination purposes, allow  $\frac{1}{4}$ " from each edge of the mounting card, and at least  $\frac{1}{2}$ " between all prints – unless you intend butting one print up against another. These gaps will allow the rollers on the laminating machine to 'bed-down' the plastic film firmly between the prints.



## Cibachromes

Because of the high temperatures at which laminating machines operate, cibachrome colour prints cannot be laminated – excessive and irreversible curling is often caused. Heat-sealing is the only practical solution to this problem, since sufficiently strong and thick backing material can be used to counteract the curling effect. Any other type of colour print can, however, be laminated.

To mount cibachrome prints you will need special dry-mounting film, which is more expensive and difficult to use than ordinary mounting tissue. You will also need a roller tool with spikes on it to pierce the film before use. It's a pain-

staking process and will require even more patience and care than ordinary procedures.

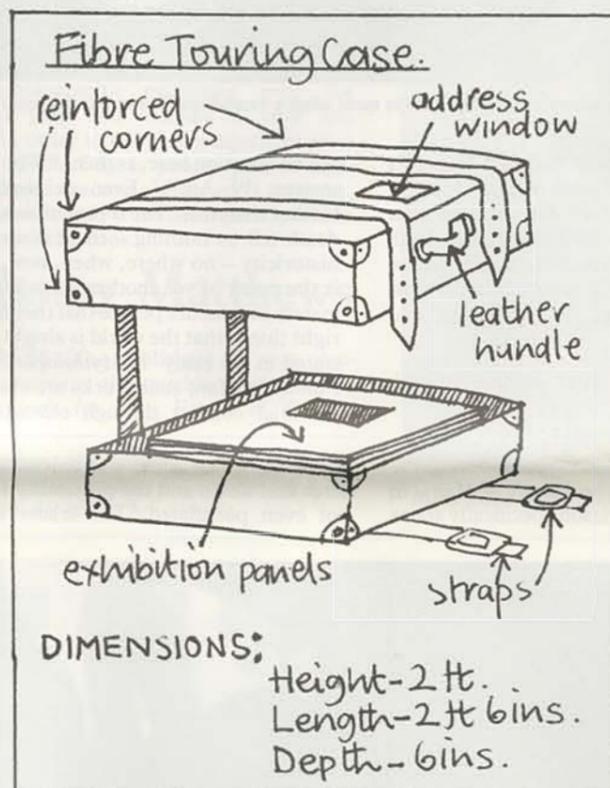
## Hanging

To hang a laminated show you'll need a good supply of long-shank upholstery pins (available in several colours from all branches of John Lewis), or big drawing pins, and some double-sided tape, or sticky-bud corners. Never use staples or anything else that will damage the plastic laminated panels. You might, however, need some wire or cord if you're hanging the show from railings or a wire fence.

Using laminated panels all the same size not only makes a show easier to handle physically, but also easier to deal with visually. Try to have a definite order for the panels (make this clear with numbers), so they can be hung quickly and efficiently by anyone hiring the show.

One eyelet in each corner of a 20" x 25" panel is not sufficient to hold it rigid vertically – we now use an additional eyelet in the middle of each long side. This gives greater hanging stability.

## Touring



The laminated panels need a strong, but lightweight box for touring; we've been using custom build fibreboard touring cases. Several companies that we know of will make these to suit individual needs for around £20.

Pack the panels image to image to avoid scratching by the eyelets; use corrugated cardboard, or polystyrene foam to protect them inside the case. If necessary, enclose tape and pins for hirers to hang the show.

Above all, have a contents list inside the case and a list of hanging instructions to avoid careless ill-informed treatment of the panels (a list of do's and don't's will be useful).

Our shows were hired out on trust for a reasonably small fee, and until recently all was well. However, some shows have been badly damaged by hirers and to protect our interest (and those of our photographers) we are now using a Touring Show contract and a system of delivery notes. That way everything is clearly written down, and misunderstandings can (hopefully) be avoided.

Don't forget to insure your show against loss, damage, or theft.

As for transportation, we use British Rail Red Star because it's fast and fairly cheap. The only problem is getting the show to and from the railway station – not an easy task without a vehicle. If the show is not too heavy you could always use public transport, but with shows over 25 panels of the size we use, it is difficult to carry them long distances.

When time isn't a major priority in transportation you could use Roadline who will collect and deliver door to door, but take far longer than Red Star. It's slightly cheaper too and it will save you some transport hassles.

There are, of course, other means of transportation, but these two are well tried and tested. We'd be interested to know about other reliable services.

## Publicity

For publicity we print an A3 black and white poster for all our exhibitions, and have several hundred extra run off without the gallery details or dates. These can be overprinted or hand-written by people hiring the show. We also print an A4 press release and an information sheet that can be supplied to hirers.

## Basic Stages – A Checklist

1. Decide size of show i.e. how many panels, their size, & number of pictures.
2. Organise publicity – poster & press release – allow two to three weeks.
3. Order touring case – allow at least one month for delivery.
4. Select pictures and texts/captions – design panel layouts.
5. Mail press release/poster at least one month before the show opens or you'll miss press dates.
6. Print up pictures to size – allow a week to ten days.
7. Typeset or type and enlarge the texts and captions.
8. Buy mounting card and all necessary mounting materials.
9. Check picture/text designs with sized prints and printed text material – allow sufficient time for reprinting and alterations.
10. Mounting – allow at least two or three days.
11. Lamination – allow at least three days.
12. Hanging – allow at least three hours – you'll probably do it in much less time.
13. Touring – hopefully by this time people will be queuing up to hire the show.

## Essential equipment

1. Stanley knife/scalpel & good supply of blades
2. Steel straight-edge or steel ruler
3. Tape-measure
4. Cutting surface – zinc sheet preferably, but wood will do
5. Guillotine or rotary trimmer – not essential but extremely useful.
6. Tacking iron for dry-mounting
7. Dry-mounting press – the bigger the better.

There's no need to buy all these items yourself (apart from 1/2/3/). Try to get access to community and educational resources – many schools, colleges and evening institutes have suitable equipment for mounting photographs.

## Suppliers

Undercover Laminations  
Third Floor  
80 Berwick Street  
London W1  
01-437 1949

*They laminate our exhibitions and will quote you on quantity and size of panels.*

Expression Typesetters  
5 Kingsbury Road  
London N1  
01-254 0073

*They typeset this article*

Enfield Box Co Ltd  
Chiswick Avenue  
Mildenhall  
Suffolk  
0638 712098

*Make custom-built fibre cases – excellent for touring shows.*

Process Supplies  
19 Mount Pleasant  
London WC1  
01-837 2179

*Photographic suppliers – for paper, chemicals, film, mounting tissue.*

Cowling & Wilcox  
26/28 Broadwick Street  
London W1  
01-734 9556

*Suppliers of artists materials – paper, card, Letraset, small items.*

We'd be pleased to know about any other suppliers you would recommend.

**By Ed Barber**

Diagrams by Harry Chambers.

# Children reviewed

**The Child in the City** by Colin Ward. Published by The Architectural Press at £5.95

**The Family of Children** edited by Jerry Mason. Published by Jonathan Cape at £5.95

*The Family of Children* is very much a 'Son of . . .' and the criticisms levelled at *Family of Man* are still relevant – the book can ultimately be no more than a zoological study of the young of a particular species since that is the only successful level at which the universality it aims at can be achieved. Again the overall feeling is one of sentimentality, strongly reinforced by the unnecessary, cloying text which, like the God-like omniscient position the photographer is elevated to, also strains towards an epic religious flavour – does:-

Remember the days of old  
consider the years of many generations;  
ask thy father and he will show thee:  
thy elders and they will tell thee

make any useful statement on children working (in situations ranging from Chinese collective to Spanish peasant to servile Honduran shoe shine boy)?

The book contains many fine pictures but their juxtaposition changes their meaning and what are in themselves very powerful images become less potent when multiplied and reduced to a common denominator. The double spread on pages 148-149 for example is denoted as being 'about' desolation (thanks to an obscure bit of text by an 'American Indian') but in fact the pictures are every one of them a comment on colonialism (couldn't the American Indian find a more appropriate comment here!) – each with a historical background of its own. Another example of such loss of meaning is to be



The street as blackboard, where one child's play is most adult's vandalism. Becky Young from 'The Child in the City'.

found on pages 18-19 where Margaret Murray's picture of a sleeping mother and kids in Bangladesh is overwhelmed and insulted by a dominating hip London mother and child. Both pictures contain a wealth of cultural information but put together most of it is lost, only the most crass, simplistic message filters through, and

Euripides doesn't help:-

O young thing, your mother's lovely  
armful!

How sweet the fragrance of your body.

The book is even proud of perpetrating the same generalisations as the *Family of Man* – in the introduction Jerry Mason specifically states

– 'The question here, as then: "Who am I?" The answer: "I Am".' Even existentialism goes further than this. The reproduction of birth and death tell us nothing – there is no question of historicity – no where, when, how, why. What is the point of yet another book like this? Ultimately to reassure people that they are doing the right thing, that the world is alright. As Barthes stated in his essay in *Mythologies* on the *Great Family of Man*, such works are about defusing potential conflict through eternalising them.

War is made just as much an animal fact of life as birth and death and the possibility of change is not even postulated. The reader is made to

identify throughout the book, to feel everything is alright, and where it's not then nothing can be done about it. The response of 'cute' could be made to all but the war and final sections and even there the most that is demanded is an ambiguous sympathy – the picture of kids shooting up can hardly be used most effectively without any text/context and loses even more of its power beneath a picture of a couple and child (page 180).

The limit set on childhood is marriage (the nice readers don't want anything untidy) which can then be made to tie things up neatly with a bit of reproduction – and the mystic American Indian is again content not to ask questions



U.S.A. Marc Tier/Mark Meyer



U.S.A. Joan Dulain



LONDON Robina Ross



BANGLADESH Margaret Murray/Christian Art

about his origins, oppression, conflicts . . .  
 Rivers flow.  
 The sea sings.  
 Oceans roar.  
 Tides rise.  
 Who am I?  
 A small pebble  
 On a giant shore;  
 Who am I  
 To ask who I am?  
 Isn't it enough to be?

*Family of Children* finally succeeds in 'packaging' childhood for the consumption of a particular market, far removed from the realities of many of the actual subjects of the pictures and as such it reduces photography to light entertainment, a mere panacea.

By contrast the very title: *Child in the City* provides the context and thus avoids the ambitious pretensions of *Family of Children*. This is not primarily a photographic book but Colin Ward uses photos to reinforce and even state some of his argument that we 'have to make the city more accessible, more negotiable and more useful to the child'. The concern of the book is to outline how cities fail kids and then make positive suggestions as to how these shortcomings can be surmounted.

In *Child in the City* a picture of sleeping kids in a chapter entitled 'Adrift in the city' conveys much more information than similar pictures in *Family of Children*, even though no reference is made to it specifically. The text of the book is interspersed with double page spreads which stand in their own right, interacting with the text, and there is even a complete chapter consisting solely of photos, entitled 'Colonising small spaces', and these pictures are an eloquent demonstration of the potential resourcefulness of kids and a reminder to the reader of Ward's optimistic championship of kids as an oppressed class.

This book also tends towards the universal in its pictures of kids throughout the world, but only to stress basic needs of children - to play, invent, create spaces, etc - and then lets the environment and conditioning speak for itself. This world-wide collection of images can be seen for example illustrating one of his most controversial ideas, that children should be allowed to work so that they can have an economic relationship with the city, have a clear definition of their social role, be useful without being exploited, and thus obtain a relevant education . . . 'In the ideal city every school would be a productive workshop and every

workshop an effective school'. We have already seen the whimsical, romantic way in which *Family of Children* approaches the question of kids working - no such romance for Ward - the choice of pictures shows the complexity of the issue . . . kids exploited/enjoying work/working because they have no choice . . . and then positive pictures of Chinese girls 'working' in school, to show the validity of his idea.

The photos in *Child in the City* are not nearly as well reproduced as in *Family of Children*, nor are there nearly as many, but each one does make a specific contribution, and whereas in *Family of Children* a kid cooling off under a fire hydrant is another picture to coo over (if you're the way inclined) in *Child in the City* it clearly demonstrates the resourcefulness of kids. The polemic of the book cannot be avoided, and the text and images work to one end, to demonstrate that kids must, and can, become masters rather than victims of their environment. Ward himself is ultimately optimistic and recognizes and stresses the imagination and creativity of kids in a deprived urban area - 'The words spell deprivation but the pictures spell joy'.

Obviously the difference between the books is to a large extent related to the economic context in which they were produced - Ridge Press is a prestigious publishing company and managed to use their standing to collect available photographs. Photographers were paid in prestige rather than hard cash (in fact they got \$50 per print, or \$100 if they belonged to Magnum, who demanded a package deal, plus \$25 and the possibility of a further payment if sales reach a certain level) and since the book is a sequel to what was reputedly 'the greatest photographic exhibition ever' the guaranteed long run enabled a very fine printing. In order to sell at a competitive price the *Child in the City* is poorly printed and, although there are some very good pictures, many of them do only work descriptively within the context of the book.

### Jenny Matthews

**STOP PRESS:** The publishers are now planning to complete the nuclear triangle and collecting work for . . . *Family of Woman!*

*Jenny Matthews also compiled and edited the interview with Daniel Meadows in Camerawork 9. We apologise for not giving her a credit.*



Productive work at the Middle School in Shanghai. Richard and Sally Greenhill from 'The Child in the City'.



Mary Ellen Mark/Magnum from 'Family of Children'.



BAFRA Al Clayton



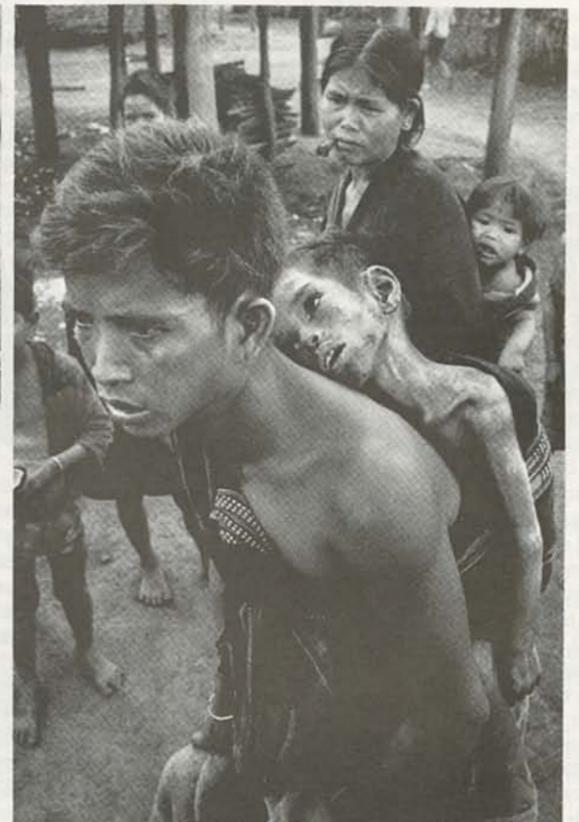
BAFRA Genevieve Chavell Sygna



IRELAND Eva Rubritzen



INDIA Margaret Murray



VIETNAM James H. Karolis

I'yehe! my children—  
 My children,  
 We have rendered them desolate. American Indian

# Letter from America

DEAR CAMERAWORKERS,

Since this is my first letter to you, I think I should let you know what to expect in this and future pieces of correspondence. This will be a highly personal look at the medium of photography, with all the inconsistencies and ambiguities that this fact implies. I intend to be 'critical'. This last word is in quotes because I understand the wide range of connotations associated with the term. Therefore my first item will be on the question: What is the function of a critic?

It just so happens that I have been reading *The Dyer's Hand* (1948) by W. H. Auden, who has a marvellous answer to the above question in his Prologue on reading. So I will 'borrow' his definition. Auden states the critic can do him one or more of the following services:

1. Introduce me to authors or works of which I was hitherto unaware.
2. Convince me that I have undervalued an author or a work because I had not read them carefully enough.
3. Show me relations between works of different ages and cultures which I could never have seen for myself because I do not know enough and never shall.
4. Give me a "reading" of a work which increases my understanding of it.
5. Throw light upon the process of artistic "making".
6. Throw light upon the relation of art to life, to science, economics, ethics, religion etc.

Change 'author' to 'photographer' and you have a fine definition of a critic for our medium. But, as usual, it is easier to state than to do. As Auden points out, the first three services demand superior knowledge; the last three, superior insight. The implication is clear: critics must pretend to be superior even though they might feel, or be, inferior to the audience. So pardon my arrogance, should it intrude. Even Auden has given me an excuse: "The critical opinions of a writer should always be taken with a large grain of salt. For the most part, they are manifestations of his debate with himself..."



While on the subject of criticism, it is worth mentioning that I recently participated in a three-day symposium in Colorado, a neighbouring state to my home in Arizona. This meant driving 2,000 miles with a car full of photographers, across desert and the Rocky Mountains, with nothing to do but talk. (No wonder Americans are adept at verbalising photographic concepts.)

To get to the point, one of my fellow speakers was Robert Adams, probably best known in England for his work in the *New Topographics* exhibition. He addressed the question of the role of a photographic critic. To summarise his conclusions, Adams believes that the *sincerity* of a photographer should not be brought into question, since it is impossible to prove insincerity from the look of a photograph. Anyway, he said, the worst art is often done by the most sincere artists. He believes that biographical data about the photographer is irrelevant; the images must stand alone. He also distrusts any academic basis for criticism, feeling that ideas, concepts, philosophies surrounding the medium are dangerous at best. "Photographs are to be experienced, not analysed."

Adams doubts that any public statement by a photographer about his own work is worth saying or writing; and that a critic should never make negative remarks, believing that the most damaging attitude is silence. He said (and I do have this quote down accurately): "critics should remember that no subject matter is irrelevant; no human response to it is unimportant", which seems a contradiction... Robert Adams was quite sure, however, on who was the most important critic of our age ("historically as important as Stieglitz"). Guess who? John Szarkowski. *Looking at Photographs*, Adams considers the "seminal book of photographic criticism".

I disagree with everything he said, but was enamoured by the man himself - he spoke with a lean, sparse, controlled academicism which was

the perfect mirror for his own lean, sparse, controlled photographs. Amazing how often photographers look, dress and act like their work.

Personally I find negative criticism much more provocative, in the sense that it encourages dialogue, than praise. When I edited *Album* I kept two files side by side, one marked "ego" and the other "anti-ego". During times of depression I would read the few letters of praise (usually from friends) in the ego file; during times of arrogance, I would take out the much larger anti-ego file and read the harsh, angry, spiteful and occasionally genuinely puzzled letters from irate subscribers or contributors. If this was not an enjoyable experience it was certainly a sobering one from which I learned a great deal. Wide disagreements in attitude can lead to heated debate and real growth - which is not true with fulsome praise since presumably the recipient is only too anxious to agree that he is a talented individual. End of dialogue.

No recent exhibition in America has provoked so much discussion, dialogue and diatribe as *New Topographics* at The International Museum of Photography in 1975. Another major, and unusually influential, photographer featured in the show was Joe Deal, who was also instrumental in instigating and organising the exhibition. Very cool and reserved, Joe, like Adams, is the very embodiment of his bland, objective photographs. In a recent interview (published in total in *Northlight* no.4.) I asked him about the attitudes of the *New Topographics* photographers. He said:

*The central core is both stylistic and the choice of subject matter. It is the choice of almost very-available, even banal, subject matter. The attitude of approach that is taken is firmly detached or non-judgemental. That is a phrase we used often and reflects what we were looking for really, and that is what this show is about - this detachment and reluctance to intrude personally in any way into the photograph... If you want to show something as clearly as you can, then you want to keep your own personal opinions, interests, and prejudices out of it as much as possible... One of the things I've often thought I aspire to is a disembodied eye. That of course is a delusion. But invisibility is an important quality of how my own personal prejudices enter the work. Transparent might be a better word. My presence in the work is always there, but not in the sense that it is calling attention to itself or proclaiming its importance in interpreting for the viewer what was before the camera.*

I was delighted to read in a British newspaper that the Hills and Saunders plates had been eventually bought and preserved. Hills and Saunders was a leading photographic studio in England from the 1860s, with branches in Oxford, Cambridge, London and Eton, as well as other college and university towns. Quickly it gained a reputation for quality portraiture of practically anyone who was anyone in Victorian England - actors and actresses, politicians, scientists, men of letters and every crowned head of Europe. By the 1880s it held a warrant of appointment from the Lord Chamberlain, with authority to use the Royal Arms. The Hills and Saunders operators were frequent visitors to the Royal residences.



Three years ago I was walking down Eton High Street when my eye was caught by the Hills and Saunders sign over a photographic studio. My curiosity aroused, I made the acquaintance of Mr Frith, the present owner, sure enough it was the same firm begun over 100 years earlier. Unfortunately no original prints remained from the 19th century - but the negatives there were in abundance. Mr Frith took me through a weed infested garden and into a crumbling dilapidated building, cracked down the middle and periodically flooded by the nearby Thames. In the gloom we crashed and stumbled over magnificent glass plates strewn over the floor, and examined thousands of negatives packed on shelves around the walls. It was a tragic sight, since so much irreplaceable

photography was being destroyed by negligence. I made attempts at that time to find a buyer for the collection without success. I am delighted that someone, somewhere has had the good judgement to preserve this valuable archive of our photographic heritage.



There's not a lot of romance in contemporary American photography, but then there is not a lot of romance in the culture. I think my personal life-style in Arizona is a good allegory for the photographic world at present.

I live in an apartment that was pre-fitted with curtains, wall-to-wall carpets, dishwasher, disposal, air conditioning/central heating and every conceivable modern appliance. It is ultra-convenient - and sterile. I never refer to it as 'home'. The apartment overlooks an artificial lake (14 miles long), reclaimed from barren desert, containing an artificial island, featuring an artificial waterfall lit by artificial lights. A few steps from my door I pass two (winter-heated) swimming pools and jacuzzi, cross a fake rustic bridge across an artificial stream, walk over an astroturf putting green to a club house containing colour TV, kitchen, pool tables, gymnasium, saunas, flanked by a concrete tennis court. The whole complex is walled-in, with a 24 hour guard at the gate. The surrounding desert is hostile, wild, even frightening. Hence, protection from the environment has led to another sort of barrenness.

Romance, or perhaps humanism would be a better word, does not thrive in such a situation. (I have never seen, let alone spoken to, my neighbours through a few inches of wall). I do not feel it takes a great leap of imagination to see the point. The American psyche is as vast - and frightening - as the Arizona desert; individuals, including photographers, must wall themselves in, and create their own environments with which they can cope to some degree. These walled-in, guarded, protected 'apartment complexes' for photographers include one called *New Topographics*, another for multi-image non-silver printmakers, one for conceptualists and so on. There is not a home for the humanist or romantic. He is alone, wandering the desert between enclaves, outcast from all.

I had better take a break here since I might get carried away - I was tempted to write words like "voice crying in the wilderness". From there it is a short sentence to "Jesus." So from the sublime to the ridiculous.

David Hamilton. This apostle of the romantic, in a different sense, visited here a little while ago. As a new and enthusiastic reporter for you Half-Mooners, I rushed to see him with notebook and pencil, ready to pass on a fresh insight into what you, and I, previously might have considered merely pretty, petty pictures of pre-puberty pollyannas. Well, don't hold your breath. My notebook remains blank. He is a charming guy, and that cannot come as a surprise: anyone who can fill his house in the south of France with such delicious little tit-tid-bits must have something, apart from the minor come-ons, like fame and money.

I am struggling to remember anything he said... Ah, yes. On the subject of why so many of his photographs depict two girls together, he answered: "What can be more beautiful than a young girl. (Pause.) Two young girls. (Smile, charmingly)."

The most interesting aspect of the discussion was not what was said, but in what circumstances. In a campus of 35,000 students, David Hamilton only drew about 20. I would like to believe the rest made a value decision between slides of sexy nymphs and Robbe-Grillet's *Last Year at Marienbad*, and overwhelmingly chose the latter. But since that is unlikely, I must conclude the lack of interest might have been partly due to my previous point about romance/humanism. It might have something to do with the football game...

Hamilton's work, I believe, deserves such flip, facetiousness. But there is a good point to be made from the seemingly irrefutable fact that

the concept of Beauty is very much dead as a photographic endeavour. Or have I absorbed more of the desert mode of living than I would care to admit? Is it true that it is difficult to sustain a creative search with the goal of 'a beautiful picture' and still be placed at the cutting edge of the medium?

A friend of mine is a good example. Joseph Marotta is enamoured with the subject matter of the child-woman. However, unlike Hamilton, his work is deeply rooted in a photographic philosophy that has genuine validity. Perhaps this is the key: motivation matters. Joe writes intelligently and poetically about his ideas and ideals; the words make sense, and the results are seductive catalysts to remembrances of his past, like Proust's madeleine cake dipped in tea. (Read the introduction to *Swann's Way*.) Yet, yet... it is impossible to escape the conclusion that his romantic spirit is an anachronism. He is therefore faced with a difficult choice, of which he is only too well aware; he must accept the ostracism or surrender to the stylistic dictates of others. Because he is a committed photographer the former always wins, but it is painful to court rejection.

But back to Joe's work. He writes: "I create for a brief period of time an illusion, where time becomes mutable, without definition. In this illusion the 'real world' loses significance, the world of imagination slowly replacing it. It is at this point of transition, the point where we have forgotten our 'real world' tendencies, have lost that niche in space and time we held before, that we are ready to photograph. The woman I am photographing opens herself. It is then, in this brief moment, the image is created; a kind of slow metamorphosis backward to a time of innocence."



Such ideas would have seemed absurd at the beginnings of the medium, when the ability of the camera to record facts, details, was astonishing enough. In fact the words 'Photograph' and 'Daguerreotype' were often used as synonyms for an objective study of a person or object - much to the chagrin of historians of the medium, including this writer. Last summer at the British Museum I was delighted to find a 19th century entry for *Photographic Poems* by C. C. Spiller. Unfortunately the only 'photographic' content was the word in the title. It was a decidedly namby-pamby religious work, morbidly delirious in the joys of death and suffering. Another such misleading title was *Sunday School Photographs*, with its hint of albumen prints of Victorian children. Again; an attempt at uplifting Christian hearts with nothing at all about photography. In the late 1840s a magazine was published in Boston called *The Daguerreotype*. The earliest photographic magazine, overlooked by previous researchers? Not at all. It was a local news magazine. This was not unique. *El Daguerreotipo*, a Mexican journal published in 1850, was merely a newspaper.

In those days, photography was associated with the idea of any method of study which laid claim to clear insight, direct honesty, and total believability. I would put up with the historical disappointments if that was still true of the medium at large.

Bill Jay

*Bill Jay was the first co-editor of Creative Camera and, briefly, the Daily Telegraph Magazine. He started his own photographic magazine, Album. He has written books about Demachy, Paul Martin, and photography of the nude. He attracted a fresh audience to seminars at the Royal Photographic Society and opened a photography centre at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, communicating his excitements about photography to many people. Finally, the inertia of Britain's photographic and art establishments was too much for him and he went to America. He now teaches at Arizona State University.*

# Danny Lyon: The Last Photographer



New arrivals in a Texas prison. From *Conversations with the Dead*, 1969.

*There is something so dead about a photograph, something so akin to a record in a file cabinet, however beautiful, that if I did not keep making new ones, I could hardly stand looking at them. I want them to speak, to smell, and live and die, as we do. And so now I turn to films, making photographs while I wait to be able to make another movie, hoping I live long enough and learn and work enough to find film-making too easy also. But that is many a dollar and sleepless night away.*

Danny Lyon in a letter to Thomas H. Garver in *Camera*, February 1977.

*Why have you given up still photography? Who told you that I gave up still photography?*

*You said it yourself – I have?*

*You were quoted in Camera as saying you thought it – you found –*

Oh, that it was too easy. In the show there are two pictures from this year. So, I don't think I'll ever give it up, I don't think I'll ever not take photographs. I always take them of my family, and it's just that I spend most of my time making films but I still do photographs. I like to do both – you just can't do them both at the same time . . . I take stills and use that as a way of finding a subject that I might then return to make a film about. You could take a picture right now, it's a pretty simple thing to take a picture. Film just isn't like that. It's more or less a mistake to wander around and shoot movie film, or to take on some subject and start filming immediately. You save yourself a lot of time and money if you've looked at the thing first, and seen it first. Well, in photography it doesn't matter; no one worries about Tri-X or things like that. Film involves a lot of equipment, and

Danny Lyon has published four books: *The Movement*; *The Bikeriders*; *The Destruction of Lower Manhattan*; and *Conversations with the Dead*. He has made four films: *Los Ninos Abandonados* (The Abandoned Children); *El Mojado*; *Soc. Sci. 127*; and *Little Boy*, and hopes to make one about murderers.

Tom Picton spoke to Danny Lyon when he came to London for his exhibition at the Photographers' Gallery.

money and other people. I'm thinking about doing some travelling in South America, in which case I'd do it to make stills, and probably in the back of my mind is the idea of finding something that I might want to return to and make a film about. But you don't want to travel around South America with 12 cases of film equipment, looking for a movie, it just isn't worth it. I haven't given up though – recently I've published quite a bit.

*Your work has changed very much from, say Conversations With The Dead, Bikeriders. . . To the new pictures?*

Yes.

That's interesting – I hope it has. I mean it's been a long time. In what way do you think it's changed?

*I think it's got much more private; you were saying that you're taking pictures of your family. I also think the pictures have got much more formal.*

More formal? I think they've gotten less formal. I'm interested in what you think; I think they've changed too. I think the best way to judge is to look at the best of the newer pictures if that's fair, because I think if you look at the best of them and the best of the older ones, and then try to think, "well, are they different at all?" To me they're better – I get the impression that you don't think they're better. I mean you like the earlier work, huh?

*Yes. But in Camera, you said you've found that the still photograph was a dead image.*

That was a letter that was written to Tom Garver about five years ago that they took out of a catalogue that he wrote. I was talking about the need to continue making pictures rather than – I don't know if I express myself well. When I look at that show, I'm more interested in the newer pictures – you get tired of looking at the old pictures. If I look at someone's work – recently they published Walker Evan's work in a magazine here – the first thing you do – you turn the pages and you see pictures you've known for years and years and you don't even look at them. You turn the pages and you look to see something you've never seen before of his. So I look at my own work that way. No matter how good

the picture is, how long can you look at it? It's like a piece of music or something. You might love a piece of music but after you play it 50 times you'd rather listen to something else. Do you think I ought to give up?

*No, very far from it.*

Right now I've been talking to someone about trying to photograph a group of rebels, people who are fighting somewhere, and I think of going there to do stills, but the exciting thing is to think about doing a film. It's practical to think about going to do stills because it's – to go to a place I've never been, meet people I've never met, to put myself in a situation I know really nothing about – I mean whatever I know would be nothing compared to what I would learn as soon as I got there. I don't know, it's kind of a decision I'd have to make. But the obvious thing to me is to go in as a still photographer because it doesn't require a lot of funding, and do stills – but the really heavy work for me would be returning with the film equipment and the help I would need to make a film. Once you're out there, in Africa or in the desert and you've contacted these people, that's most of the work. After that I guess all you have to do is try not to get shot and make the photographs. It just isn't hard to do, is it? It's not hard for me. I don't think it's hard for any photographer, any good photographer that makes good pictures. The hard part is bothering to get out of your house, and go out there and do the work. I think for an ageing photographer, or for anybody, the hard part is having the energy to bother to do it. And the thing that the students have, even though none of them can take good pictures – is they do have this drive and they get out there. Some of them I admire for it.

*A lot of still photographers seem to want to make films because you've got much more control in film. Do you think so? What do you mean control?*

*Well, you can control how the material is used.*

I've always had control over how my material was used; I think. All the books were edited by me completely, and even the magazine portfolios are almost always edited by me.

*But a lot of your early work; when you were*

*working in the south . . . ?*

First of all, I was 21 years old. It was an awfully long time ago. In terms of my work, in terms of the photographs that were produced, I don't think there were very many, any good, photographs from that series. Maybe one – there's one in the show but that's about it – and that isn't even a good photograph. It's good because a guy's being obscene, but it's not really a good photograph.

*Can you describe a good photograph?*

I can make a good photograph – I'd rather be able to do that!

*How did you move out of news coverage, feature coverage in the South, to the books?*

That isn't really true either. I was a history student at the University of Chicago and I grew into the civil rights movement before it was really known in the United States. I became involved for political reasons and because of the adventure, and I took pictures of it. That was something I could do better than someone else. It gave me a reason as a white person to be involved. Even though there were many white people who were involved at the time, each of them had to have a reason to be around. I was a member of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) and that's what I did for them. I took pictures. I never was much of a journalist. Some of that material was sold, through Black Star. I'd get an assignment once in a while. I never felt comfortable on assignment. That material from the beginning went towards a book, *The Movement*, which is in its fourth edition in the US. It was published in England too, as *A Matter of Colour*. It's the only one of my books that has not been remaindered inside the United States. And then I just went off on my own, to try to develop myself as a photographer. There was never much journalism. At that time there was a little bit, and there was very little after that. I've never worked well on assignments, I guess for a lot of reasons. There are times that I think "well, I wish I could just go off and do this" but I don't really have the – it's just never worked out. It's always seemed easier to just go and do it myself.

*You could work as a journalist not on assignment,*



Six wing cell block. From *Conversations with the Dead* 1969.

couldn't you? How do you differentiate? I used to think I was a kind of journalist. Like the prison book, the *Bikeriders*, I thought that was just a good way of doing it, that's all. Man, I don't even know what journalism is. I mean, what's journalism? It's just a way of dealing with reality, all this stuff is. Photography, the films – my films are very affected by photography, by what I think the idea behind photography is.

And how did you get to do the book *Conversations* . . . ?

I just did it. I always did those things on my own. I didn't like the idea of consulting anybody, they never had editors. None of them really were edited by anybody, even in the sense that almost all writers like to work with an editor. Even in terms of the writing it was hardly edited, hardly anything was ever changed. The books are attractive because I could control them completely myself. I couldn't stand working with the magazines. The magazines started vanishing anyway. I think *Life* magazine wanted me to go back and do it in colour, but I thought that was ridiculous. I mean, why didn't they just publish my pictures? But they didn't, they wanted me to do it in colour. Maybe today I would do it, just for the money, but then I – it seemed ridiculous.

How long did it take you to do?

I photographed for thirteen months on pretty much a daily basis, from December of '67 to February or March of '69. Then I took it all up to New York, started putting it all together, and that took an awfully long time. It wasn't just the layouts; the text was complicated. The original edition, the original book I wanted to publish inside the prison. I had a lot of friends that worked in a print shop, did offset work and such, and they did print a small portfolio for me, which we called *Born To Lose*. The cover design was copied from a tattoo, a "born to lose" tattoo that was on one of the men's arms. I'd get material out of the files and they'd make offset negatives of it and then I could put it back in the files. The prison has an incredible filing system. I printed about 20 of them, it was a 10 or 12 page portfolio and that was the original version of the book. I gave those away. I don't have any more of those, but I kept the offset negatives and I've been thinking about trying to run off some more. The man who helped me do it, after he got out of prison, was the most

wanted man in the US. According to *Argosy* magazine, he was number one on the FBI lists. He's now fighting extradition to Arkansas – he's wanted for murder in Arkansas. I still know a lot of those guys, they look me up or I look them up.

One of the things that surprises a non-American is that you could get such access, get permission to spend 14 months . . .

I didn't live there, I didn't sleep in the prison. But – well, a lot of people ask that. Now people are going in and out of prison in droves, they have classes inside prisons and all kinds of things. I think really what I did was take advantage of a situation that was really open to anybody. Any Houston newspaper man, photographer, anybody from Dallas could have gone in there anytime they wanted. And they did go in there. They went in for a day and left, or they didn't go in at all. Do you know what I mean? I think that's really what I did. Once they said it was OK to take photographs in there I took them up on it. And I said "Great, I'll be here every day". I think that's what I did – I mean it was no great trick to get inside there. Texas had had a tradition of letting people come in to do certain kinds of work; one was a recording of folk music in prison – Leadbelly was an inmate in Texas, and he wrote *The Midnight Special* in a cell there. I think the *Midnight Special* is a train that passes by one of the prisons. And Bruce Jackson had been writing inside the prison and taking pictures, and he helped me arrange it for me to get in.

Did you get backing for it?

No, I just did it myself. It didn't cost much. I used to get by on a few thousand dollars a year at that time. Gas was 21 cents a gallon in Houston then, in 1967, and I bought some old car. Everything was nice and simple. I'd drive every day to the prison and go inside. And photography itself doesn't cost that much to do – 100 rolls of Tri-X or something, no big deal. And when I started running out of money I signed that contract with Macmillan to do *The Destruction Of Lower Manhattan* and that gave me a few more thousand dollars, and by then I was done with the book. Fortunately I could sell it and have the money then for what ever was next.

Were you satisfied with the book?

At that time? Sure.

Now?

When you look at old work, that's what it is. I don't want to mess with it, I spend a lot of time with that thing, why would I want to change it? One problem with it for me was the next book, because I didn't really see what I could do next. I could take some other subject and do it in a similar way, but I didn't like that idea at all because I think the way that I do it is part of the challenge to me – part of the reason I do it is seeing how I can do it. I think any artist would be that way. I didn't see what I would do to go beyond that. So I just kind of let it sit for a while. But by then I was making films, so it wasn't a problem. I did get a book together a couple of years ago – I couldn't get it published, no one wanted to publish it.

What was that?

It was a complicated thing, it had to do with the new work from the Southwest. It was personal, it was kind of outrageous, it was a 100 page political letter to the Government about the grants, and no one would publish it. I should probably put it back in the jar.

How did you get into doing *Bikeriders*? That was your first book, am I right?

Yeah, I just did it. Well, *The Movement* was actually my first book. But *Bikeriders* was the first one I actually had control over. Do you mean how did I start taking pictures of motorcycles? Those things evolve. I don't just say "well, today I'll start doing a book called *Bikeriders*." I used to take pictures of motorcycles because I was a biker myself, and my friends were bikeriders – I mean it's a long story but the years, four years or something went by when I started making those photographs and when *Bikeriders* was actually finished, one thing that happened was I couldn't get the pictures published. People started to say that you've got to have a text. So I said, "Well, OK – I'll make a text." So then I got more interested in the text than making the photographs. I spent a lot of time with a tape recorder making my text. I enjoyed doing it, and like I said, I lost interest in making the photographs, that was really more interesting to me. And then I edited the tapes, and still couldn't get it published. Then Allen Rincer was up at MacMillan, and he was able to get it published.

And *The Destruction of Lower Manhattan*?

Well, I don't think I would have done that except that I needed the money, that I could get from the advance. And the pictures were done. I was staying in New York and a lot of artists were living in that area, and it was being demolished across the street. You could look out the window and it was being demolished. I lived down there, had a little place, stayed for about a year. That's the most suspicious thing I've done . . . I'm not really proud of it or anything, I liked doing it, climbing around the buildings.

But –

New York State Council on the Arts gave me some money to do it. If they hadn't, I probably wouldn't have done it.

You've said that you're not a journalist, that you consider yourself an artist.

I'm a filmmaker now. I don't – you know the names don't mean anything. I mean, especially if we're in a different country, who knows. You have a name for bathroom that I've never heard before – loo. Photography is a pretty amazing thing, it happens to overlap almost everything in the world, all kinds of other fields, and it's very hard to pigeon-hole it, to say, "Well, this is what photography is", it's photography and film-making is film-making, and that encompasses quite a bit. But sure, I think of myself as an artist.

Can you expand on that?

No – ask me a question and I'll give you an answer.

Well, the obvious question is "what is an artist", but that's the same question as before . . .

The question just doesn't mean that much to me. Maybe that's one reason I've never worked well on assignments. I could work on assignments if I was working with someone who understood my work. If you feel like you're being forced into some kind of format that you don't really believe in, you don't want to do it. I think on assignments I often have the feeling that I'm supposed to take pictures that I wouldn't really take. I think when someone takes pictures you just go out and take pictures. But if you have some idea that you're supposed to do a story, whatever that is, and then maybe you think "Well, I ought to take this picture because that's related to it," or something like that, and I don't think that's a good way to take photographs. But then I just do it myself I don't



Still from *Los Niños Abandonados* (The Abandoned Children): a film about homeless children in Colombia. 1975.

worry about those things, I just do whatever I want.

*But your books hold together as stories . . .*  
Well, there's a lot of work that goes into them.

*Conversations tells you more about the prison system than any other photographs or any stories that have ever appeared in a magazine.*

Well, like I say – a lot of work went into that book. A lot of work goes into all of those things. I mean you kind of get whatever you put into it. My film's like that also. I mean all those photographs – a tremendous amount of time, thousands of miles of driving went into making it. Like I was saying at the beginning, that it seems like the problem isn't making the pictures, the problem is having the will and the energy to go through everything you have to do in order to be in the situation in which you make the photographs. Making the pictures isn't that hard – filmmaking is harder. You see I was interested in books because it involved more than just making pictures. I could make pictures, but then I could always think about how they were going to work together, and the text, and a cover, and putting it all together, and making an object out of it, beyond the initial photograph. And not that I think that's better or anything, it's just that it kept me interested in what I was doing. And you know if magazines could say every year, "Here's 10 pages, do whatever you want" I wouldn't care about doing books – it's just as satisfying to do a portfolio in a magazine when you have control over how it's going to be. And in a film you constantly have the problem. You don't just go out and work as a cameraman, although that's a big part of it, but everything you shoot is part of something greater, it will eventually be the film. So maybe that's why film is challenging to me.

*On your books did you work entirely alone, or did you have anyone doing research, or . . . ?*  
No.

*The same with the processing and the printing?*  
No, I didn't – in Texas I was developing my own film, and I'd just keep ruining it, I'd send it out to a lab . . . I don't develop my own film. I'd just ruin it. I'm afraid to ruin it.

*Do you do your own prints?*  
Yeah, when I can, I print the pictures. But now, people buy prints and there's much more

demand for prints for different things, exhibitions or something, so I'll try to get someone else to do it, either – it's hard to get someone in New Mexico – so sometimes it will be done in New York, sometimes it's done at my house in New Mexico.

*And when you make films . . . ?*  
Well I work with Paul Justin, who has helped me on the last three films I've made. He takes the sound, he's the editor. I don't know about the picture . . . but you've got to have one other person with you who's really like a partner.

*You do the camera, obviously . . . ?*  
The camera – the term "Director" doesn't mean anything in the kind of films I make. But they're my films, meaning the sound man is working for me, and if I do sound for someone else, I work for them.

*You said earlier that you have to be much more controlled in filmmaking. How controlled are you?*  
Not very. I waste a lot of footage. I shot 40,000 feet on the last film, and it came out 54 minutes long so that's a ratio of more than 20 to one. It just means you need more money.

*Do you get backing for your films?*  
The last one was supported by the National Endowments for the Arts in Washington. The last couple of films have been supported by foundations. They're very expensive, there's just no way you could do them yourself. You're talking about 25 to 30,000 dollars. Just to kind of get you started.

*What do you think of the social or political significance of your photographs?*

That's really a question that someone else should answer, isn't it? I should ask you that – what do you think of the political implications of my work? Because what I say doesn't mean anything, but it's how people react to the work that means something, you see? I could say that I'm an agent for Mao Tse Tung or the CIA and that's why I do these things but I mean it's how it comes across that matters, and I'm not really the one to ask that. I'm about the worst person to ask that, because I'm so involved in it, I could never really look at it the way you can. I can't look at that show the way you can.

*But you've made certain choices. You've chosen to . . .*

Well, do you think the work's political?  
Yes, yes.  
Well, that's nice to hear. I always feel good

when someone says that because I never really know how people are reacting to it.

*Because you show people, if you like, on the edge of society. Your bikers, your prisoners, your film in Columbia, and your work with wetbacks all these would imply some political or social commitment.*

Well, I have political feelings, but I do it through my work. It has to do with the United States, and what reaches people, and what I feel is worth spending the time doing. There's no sense to me in doing something that is either being done all the time or that people can get off the television or out of someone else's book. I mean, my work has always had a lot to do with what I felt about what was being done by others and what wasn't. And when I did the prison book – prison was something that was just never mentioned in the United States. The people didn't even know there were prisons. It's hard to believe, because now it's almost a fad to go to prison, but it wasn't then. Tom Wicker said in his book about Attica that when the rebellion took place which was two years after I'd stopped photographing in Texas and they came to him in Washington and said to him "You're needed in Attica" he said "What's Attica?" He was a reporter for the *New York Times*, and Attica was a maximum security unit for felons from New York State, mostly from New York City, and Tom Wicker had never heard of the place, which says something about Tom Wicker. Those kinds of things are very amazing to me. But the fact of the matter is no one cared anything about prisons in 1967, '68. The book was finally published the same month as the Attica rebellion, because it took a year to put together, and then there was a year of delays in getting it published. It finally came out in 1971.

*Do you think it was published originally because it said something about prisons or because it was your photographs?*

You'd have to ask the publisher, really. Seems like a pretty obvious thing to publish. No, I mean, sure, they published it because it was about prisons, because the next book that came that had my photographs they didn't want to publish. I don't think artists like to talk about their work because a tremendous amount of thought goes into all of these things, the films and books. And somehow, to then sit down and talk about it, well it doesn't make sense because the reason you put all of the work into it is so you don't have to talk about it. Like you say, if you

liked the prison book, well, that's good – I think anything that's good leaves the person who sees it something to think about, maybe it does something to them. Really great art should really have that effect on you. I know if I look at pictures, read books, see films, that are really good, I'm very affected by them, and I don't particularly want to sit down and talk to the person who did the work. I don't know what I'd ask them. I met Marlon Brando the other day, and I just wanted to leave him alone. I did give him a copy of one of my books. But as far as photographs go, I don't think there's anything worth talking about in photographs, really, I mean how can you talk about a photograph? They're such completely wordless things. Something always seems dumb when I hear two people talking about a photograph. I think you can talk about a photographer, in fact you can talk about a body of work.

*Finally, can you say anything about what you think about photography at present. Your area of photography is becoming increasingly small.*

That's so funny to me – what you call "my area" of photography is – to me is what photography is, and then to say that's somehow a shrinking world, that just shows how senseless it all is. I think it's terrible what's happened to photography. I don't really care one way or the other, but I think our students get ripped off, it gets ruined, those kind of things just get more and more fucked up everywhere. I mean to hear you say something like that, it's kind of incredible to me, because to me photography is street photography, it's a realistic medium, that's what it does that nothing else can do in the world, and so you start talking about that being diminished and being replaced by pictures of bricks.

*I agree with you, but don't you think . . . ?*  
I think it's been on the skids for years. I always thought I was one of the last photographers. I like seeing good pictures but you can see them anywhere, they can be in a newspaper, in somebody's wallet, on the side of a bus. I don't see them in museums – I tend to stay away from the stuff in museums. I like – this tattoo guy I knew took terrific colour Polaroids of the women he tattooed. I liked them much better than Diane Arbus photographs. Makes me think I shouldn't take any more photographs. I should quite while I'm ahead. If I had any sense, I would. It's a business now. You can make a living at selling pictures, it's hard to stop. ■

# Half Moon Photography Workshop

## JUMBLE THANK YOU

We would like to thank everybody for their help and support for our third Jumble Sale and Print Auction held on March 19th 1978. We raised a total of £1,800 (gross) towards the fund for our new building at 119 Roman Road, London E2. We would also like to thank Sue Davies at the Photographers' Gallery for her loan of display frames for the print auction.

**OUR GRATEFUL THANKS** for help over the jumble weekend go to: Martin Argles, Fran Barthram, John Billington, Ian Cole, Helen Dudley, Mike Gilbert, David Gordon, Dave Hoffman, Dick Huntingdon, Claudine Jacquinet, Tom Learmonth, Jenny Matthews, Ray Morris, Tom Roberts, Tony Sleep, Sue Straw, Steve Stern, Jan Turvey, Wendy Wallace, Eric Watson, Mike Wigg, Bill Wise and our two cooks, Emily and Kate.

**PRINTS WERE GIVEN BY:** Mike Abrahams, Brian Alterio, Gerry Badger, Jonathan Bayer, Linda Benedict Jones, Michael Bennett, Michael Blake, John Blakemore, Sandor Bodo, Jane Bown, Bill Brandt, Rob Brinson, Paul Carter, Chick

Chalmers, Ian Cook, Johan Copes, Amanda Currie, Colin Curwood, Chris Eaves, Joyce Edwards, Ann Christine Eek, Jane England, Penny Eyles, Terry Fincher, Heather Forbes, Trevor Ford, Fay Godwin, Judy Goldhill, Neil Goldstein, Mike Goldwater, David Gordon, Stanley Graham, Greg Hale, Chad Hall, Paul Harrison, Nick Hedges, Larry Herman, David Hurn, Sylvester Jacobs, Michael Joseph, Chris Joyce, Angela Kelly, Peter Kennard, Jak Kilby, Sirkka Lisa Kontinen, Barry Lewis, Clive Limpkin, Marketa Lusacova, Simon Marsden, Jessie Ann Mathew, Daniel Meadows, Archie Miles, Ray Morris, Sue Packer, Martin Parr, Roger Perry, Photographers' Gallery, Simon Read, Tom Roberts, George Rodger, Milford Sanders, Dominic Sansoni, Chris Schwarz, Claire Schwob, Brian Seed, Derek Smith, Graham Smith, Tomas Sodergren, George Solomonides, Humphrey Spender, Chris Steele-Perkins, Ian Stern, Ian Summer, Homer Sykes, Paul Trevor, Nicholas Tucker, Peter Turner, Jan Turvey, Toni Tye-Walker, VIVA, Michael Wahlberg, Eric Watson, Rhonda Whitehead, Janine Wiedel, Mike Wigg, Angela Williams,

Glyn Williams, William Wise, Swanee Swanson and the students of Arizona State University.

**EQUIPMENT, BOOKS AND MAGAZINES WERE GIVEN BY:** Arts Council of Great Britain, Mr Badby, David Bailey, Bowens Ltd, British Journal of Photography, Rod Burleigh, Burlington Cameras, Camera Craft Ltd, Clareville Studios, Stephen Coe, Robert Enever, Dailwin Evans, Fitzroy Creative Services, Forecees Photographic, Foto-call, Fox Photos, Martine Frank, James Fraser, Mark Gerson, Gilchrist Laboratories, Mr Goldspink, Howard Grey, Chad Hall, Paul Hancock, Sydney Harris, Sam Haskins, Rod Hill, Idea Books, Jaanus Colour, Barry John, Terry Jones, John Kelly Studios, Jeremy King Studios, John Knell, Mike Leale, Lewis Cameras, Peter Lloyd, Rob Matheson, Franklin Mervin, Swapan Mukerji, Octopus Books, Bud Parmenter, Paterson Products, Photo Markets, Photo Optic, Photo Repro, Proctor Cameras, Mike Salter, Sincroflash, Stockshop, John Stone, View Cameras, Andrew Ward and many others who gave us equipment on the day of the sale.

## JOIN THE WORKSHOP

Foundation subscription to the workshop includes six issues of CAMERAWORK, posters for monthly exhibitions, plus invitations to all openings. The cost of this is only £4.50 per year (students £3.50). Subscription to CAMERAWORK alone is £3.00 for one year. Please write to us and send your subscription now. Overseas subscription costs £1.00 in addition to above costs. Send to H.M.P.W., 119 Roman Road, London E2. Tel: 01-980 8798.

### Ian Stern.

We were very sorry to hear of the death of Ian Stern who died at the age of 30 in May of this year. Ian was a fine person and a good photographer who will be missed by all his friends, including those at H.M.P.W.

Ian Stern, who was born and brought up in London, started to be involved in photography in his early teens. At the age of 19 he joined the BBC as an Assistant Cameraman. He was attached to the "Man Alive" team for several years, and was also involved in the production of many documentaries. Throughout these years he took stills in many countries which were always concerned with the lives of ordinary people. In his spare time he produced three childrens films using Victorian colour slides, and an animated film of Alice in Wonderland which was shown on BBC Television. Ian worked as a Cameraman on a number of independent productions one of which was a documentary concerning young Czech refugees in Britain.

He left the BBC in 1973 and went to work and teach in America. Returning to England in 1976, he produced several books which explored the relationship of the image to the text in different ways. He worked as a photographer for Interaction until March 1978. Exhibitions of his work have been held at the National Film Theatre and the Round House. His work has been published in many periodicals including the British Journal of Photography and the Year Book.

Ian's parents and friends have set up a trust fund to create an annual award in his memory with the aim of assisting and encouraging photographers in the development of their work.

Please send your contribution to:  
**IAN STERN MEMORIAL FUND**  
Account No: 23 17 49 00  
National Westminster Bank Ltd.  
St James Street, London SW1

It has not yet been decided how this money will be administered. We will publish further details as they become available.



Ian Stern. New York 1975.