

Photographic Art 2011

Dispersion

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Photography need not be viewed as just a medium for recording the past and present day but also for predicting the future. Photographs have the ability to move you back or forward in time through the imagination of the artist. These artistic leaps into the future can show us possible outcomes resulting from the decisions of today and cause us to question the direction in which we are headed. Living amidst all of our technological creations may bring us to consider the ethics of our decisions and what it really means to be human. Photography enables artists to break free of time constraints to conceptualise their visions of the future and to make us think about the ethical issues involved.

Some scientists believe that during this century we will be capable of making robots with cognitive abilities comparable with our own that are even able to display emotion and have a sense of self. This will change how we conceive and relate to machines. The machines in these images are whimsical characters designed to instil a humorous appeal. They are a playful attempt to capture the sympathy of the viewer whilst suggesting something very much more serious.

Change is something that is not often embraced and is sometimes repelled. The same goes for new technology, which is frequently treated with suspicion and fear, mainly through a lack of understanding. Are these the prejudiced circumstances that the characters in the images encounter daily? Perhaps they are misunderstood, mistreated and alienated, and what will become of them when they have served their usefulness? Will they be cast out by the society that created them?

Past trends will always influence the future but are generally considered to be inferior. We constantly desire the latest version of everything and soon stop appreciating those items that were once so precious. The old is relentlessly replaced by the new. Hence the association of artificial intelligent beings with old discarded equipment and machinery, suggesting that even the most up to date innovations will soon be outmoded. What then will happen to the characters in these images? Are they intelligent beings or machines, how should they be treated and ultimately disposed of? These questions may seem pedantic today but one day they could well need answering.





Between Here and There









Pretty Thin

Kelly Bishop

kellybishop88@googlemail.com

Rebecca Clayden





I was bitten by the fangs of a venomous disease that coursed through me so rapidly that I didn't feel the initial bite until it was too late. Maybe if I had - if the raw wound had shown itself on my flesh so that those who loved me could suck it out and spit it away so to save my fall from grace, I, and they, may have had a chance at an untainted life, be alive and free from the chains of illness. However, the wound never was visible, it was one born too close to the heart that on the surface of my flesh no trace of intrusion could be seen, yet the damage was done. The venom slowly but surely leaked through me, systematically constricting my body, my mind, my soul - leaving an empty shell of a person, the light from my eyes stolen. For anyone that thinks this is a physical disease, look harder for the fang marks - you'll find them on her heart - a psychological illness that proceeds to physical illness - and by then its usually too late.

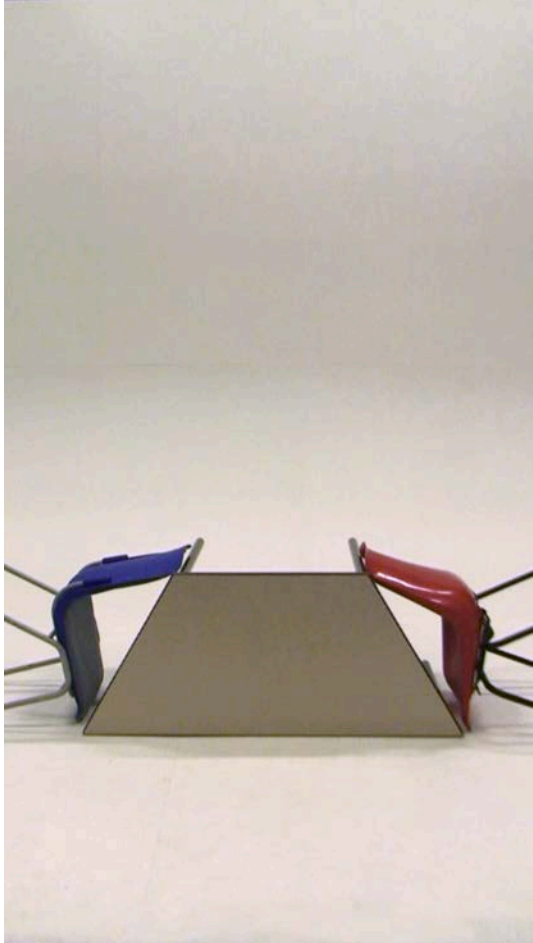
Anonymous

Posted: Mar. 09 2010 at 10:07am





Play days



Clemson explores the role of play in the development and education of children and the way they integrate this in certain learned behaviours, through her sculptural observations. This is manifested in a video performance, in which the artist adopts typical characteristics seen in children's behaviour, dramatised through the artist's intervention. Her subtle interactions orchestrate a range of familiar responses when we are placed within a certain environment. The awkwardness experienced by the artist is shared with the viewer, creating tension between the objects and the actions performed.

Factors such as repetition echo the structured routine of childhood, through the development of language and interaction with their surroundings. Explores the human condition and the conditioning of children through codes of social behaviour. Through both conscious and more intuitive reactions, the artist heightens both her own and the viewer's self awareness.

Summarises/conceptualises the idea of play, rather than endeavouring to act as a child. Research – methodical approach – shown through the heavily constructed, formal composition and performance. Assigned meanings given to objects – a chair becomes a catalyst for transport, whether it's mimicking the driving of a car, or sliding down the front of the seat, like children sliding down their stairs at home. Framing – aesthetic choice – reverts back to the photographic still life.

Three separate performances – first is scripted, articulated directly from children's words (references research), second structured/echo the familiar, third more intuitive and childlike

Editing – pauses/'acts' literary reference



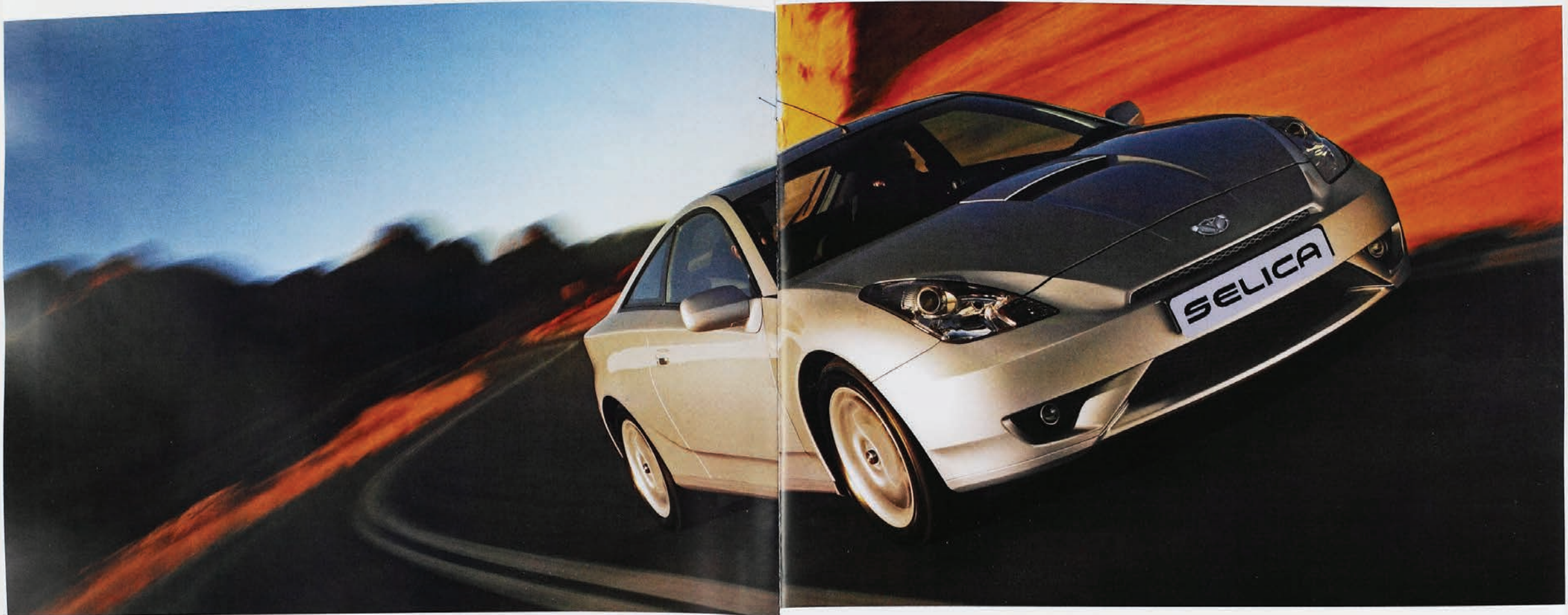




Toyomota Selica, new vehicle launch

Power and agility for exceptional performance

VVT-i



Energy considerations:

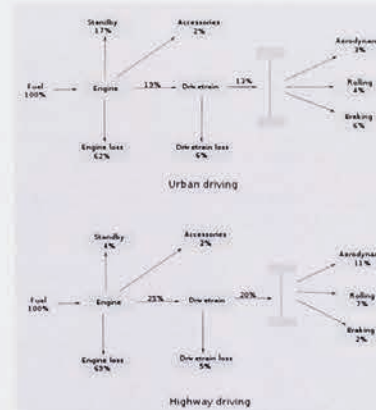
Since the total force opposing the vehicle's motion (at constant speed) multiplied by the distance through which the vehicle travels represents the work that the vehicle's engine must perform, the study of mileage (the amount of energy consumed per unit of distance travelled) requires a detailed analysis of the forces that oppose a vehicle's motion. In terms of physics, Force = rate at which the amount of work generated (energy delivered) varies with the distance travelled, or:

$$F = \frac{dW}{ds} \propto \text{Milage}$$

Ideally, a car traveling at a constant velocity on level ground in a vacuum with frictionless wheels could travel at any speed without consuming any energy beyond what is needed to get the car up to speed. Less ideally, any vehicle must expend energy on overcoming road load forces, which consist of aerodynamic drag, tire rolling resistance, and inertial energy that is lost when the vehicle is decelerated by friction brakes

Road load energy, or the energy demanded at the wheels can be calculated by evaluating the vehicle equation of motion over a specific driving cycle. The vehicle powertrain must then provide this minimum energy in order to move the vehicle, and will lose a large amount of additional energy in the process of converting fuel energy into work and transmitting it to the wheels.

The mandatory publication of the fuel consumption by the manufacturer led some to use dubious practices to reach better values in the past. If the test is on a test stand, the vehicle may detect open doors and adapt the engine control. Also when driven according to the test regime, the parameters may adapt automatically. Test laboratories use a "golden car" that is tested in each one to check that each lab produces the same set of measurements for a given drive cycle.



Average engine efficiency

The average thermal efficiency of the internal combustion engine for the overall duty cycle that results from following the driving cycle. Although the peak efficiency of an engine can be as high as 45%, the average efficiency over a duty cycle will usually be much lower.



virtual - car . org

Sport your colour of choice

Eight exciting body colours perfectly set off the Selica's dynamic lines. Depending on which model you choose, there are four complementary trims, including the innovative, replaceable Tyvek® covers on the basic model, Stain Resistant PVC, Genuine Bri-Nylon and treated dead animal skin seats available as an optional extra.

Ash Grey



Bloody Red



Mercury



Portahouse Blue



Ghoul Green



Bone White



Fools Gold



Protentious Purple



* Metallic paint available as a cost option.

COLOURS & TRIMS

Grade	Seat Trim	Colours							
		Bone White	Ghoul Green	Protentious Purple	Portahouse Blue	Bloody Red	Ash Grey	Mercury	Fools Gold
Selica	Stalingrad	*	*	-	-	*	-	-	-
	Chernobyl	-	-	*	*	*	-	-	-
Selica Premium	Baikal	*	*	*	*	*	-	-	-
Selica Style	Baikal	*	*	-	-	-	*	*	-
Selica T Sport	Moscow	-	-	*	*	*	*	-	-
	Moscow	-	-	-	*	*	*	-	*

* - Standard

- - Not available

Chernobyl

light blue/medium blue Tyvek®
Easy-change, disposable seat coverings
for high pollution environments.



Stalingrad

red / pink bri-nylon
Modern, washable fabric produced
by our previous managers, undergoing
retaining in their own quality.



Moscow

brown / tan pigskin suede
The height of luxury. Genuine suede
pigskin leather in two-tone brown
and tan. Embossed with the Toyota
logo in gold coloured foil.



Baikal

light grey / charcoal PVC
Easy-Clean PVC.



Specifications

TRANSMISSION

	1.8 litre VVT-i 6 M/T	1.8 litre VVTL-i 6 M/T
Selica	•	—
Selica Premium	•	—
Selica Style	•	—
Selica T Sport	—	•

DIMENSIONS

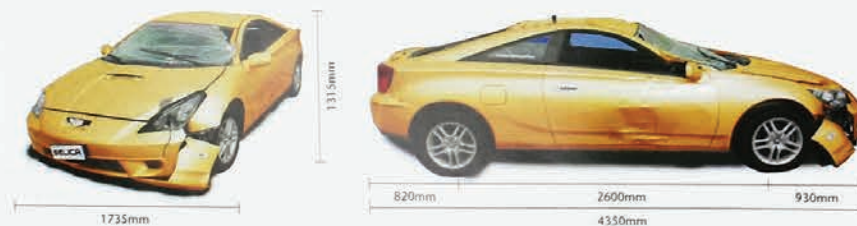
	1.8 litre VVT-i 6 M/T	1.8 litre VVTL-i 6 M/T
Exterior Dimensions		
Length (mm)	4350	4350
Width (mm)	1735	1735
Height (mm)	1315	1315
Wheelbase (mm)	2600	2600
Front tread (mm)	1490	1490
Rear tread (mm)	1480	1480
Turning radius (m)	5.5	5.5
Tyre size	205/50 R16†	205/45 R17

WEIGHTS

	1.8 litre VVT-i 6 M/T	1.8 litre VVTL-i 6 M/T
Dead weight (kg) (min - max)	1145-1185	1145-1215
Live weight (kg) (max)	1565	1595
Luggage capacity (litres)	365	365

ENGINE

	Petrol 1.8 litre VVT-i	Petrol 1.8 litre VVTL-i
Engine code	1ZZ-FE	2ZZ-GE
Number of cylinders	4	4
Valve mechanism	16 valve DOHC	16 valve DOHC
Fuel injection system	Electronic fuel injection	Electronic fuel injection
Displacement (cc)	1794	1796
Bore x stroke (mm)	79.0 x 91.5	82.0 x 85.0
Compression ratio	10.0:1	11.5:1
Maximum output (kW/rpm)	105 (140 bhp)/6400	141 (189 bhp)/7800
Maximum torque (Nm/rpm)	172/4200	180/6800



M/T = Manual Transmission
† = 205/45 R17 on Selica Style

• = Standard

— = Not available

ENVIRONMENTAL PERFORMANCE

	1.8 litre VVT-i 6 M/T	1.8 litre VVTL-i 6 M/T
Fuel consumption		
Combined mpg (litres/100 km)	36.7 (7.7)	33.6 (8.4)
Extra urban mpg (litres/100 km)	45.6 (6.2)	42.8 (6.6)
Urban mpg (litres/100 km)	27.4 (10.3)	24.6 (11.5)
Recommended fuel grade	95 unleaded	95 unleaded
Fuel tank capacity (litres)	55	55
Cost per tank (@ £1.40 per litre)	£77.00	£77.00

PERFORMANCE

	1.8 litre VVT-i 6 M/T	1.8 litre VVTL-i 6 M/T
Maximum speed mph (km/h)	127 (205)	140 (225)
Acceleration 0-62 mph (sec)	8.7	7.2

SUSPENSION

Front	Rubber Cone
Rear	Steel Cart Spring

BRAKES

Front	Pre-oxidised cast-iron disk
Rear	Friction drum and ratchet

Equipment

AUDIO

Daily Mail, Ray Massy, 5th February 2011

Road deaths dropped 14 per cent in three months while speed cameras were being axed or switched off. Fatalities over a year fell 21 per cent to a record low, Department for Transport figures show. But more than half of Britain's 6,000 speed cameras are now switched off at any one time as councils try to save money. Road safety experts say this shows that more than two decades of obsession with the devices has been misplaced. Even the former police chief turned road safety expert who installed Britain's first speed camera nearly 20 years ago said the figures showed there had been an 'over-emphasis' on cameras.

Selica Selica Premium

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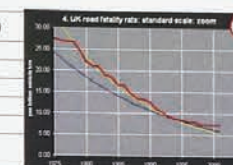
BODY EXTERIOR

There were 510 road deaths between July and September 2010,

compared with 596 in the same period in 2009 – a fall of 14 per cent. The number killed or seriously injured fell by 5 per cent, from 7,115 to 6,740. But traffic volume fell by only 1.3 per cent. During the last year to September, fatalities fell below 2,000 for the first time since records began. There were 1,900, compared with 2,402 in the year to September 2009.

Selica Selica Premium

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BRAKES

Total road casualties are down 3 per cent while the number killed or seriously injured is down 8 per cent over the same time. The figures were seized on by road safety campaigners who believe that the boom in cameras over the past decade has had little to do with life-saving and more to do with fund-raising. Speed cameras are being removed or turned off because of funding changes and spending cuts, the Daily Mail revealed last week.

Selica Selica Premium

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BUMPERS

More than half – 44.7 per cent – are now switched off.

Claire Armstrong, of the anti-camera group Safespeed, said: 'When we have a recession we expect the fatalities to fall because people travel less and are therefore exposed to less danger. Any benefit is nothing to do with cameras.'

Selica Selica Premium

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CONVENIENCE

AA president Edmund King said:

'We need more traffic police who can stop a drunk or drugged driver, a dangerous or reckless driver, and someone tailgating.'

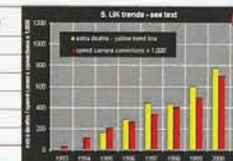
Selica Selica Premium

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Miles Bignall, Guardian, 28th January 2010

Average car insurance costs rise above £1,000

Latest AA index shows average quoted comprehensive car insurance premium rose by 72% between September and December last year.



INSTRUMENTS

Grade	Selica	Selica Premium
Tachometer	•	•
Fuel indicator with low fuel warning	•	•
Water temperature indicator	•	•
Engine management warning	•	•
Lights on warning	•	•
Door ajar warning	•	•
Key in warning	•	•
Outside temperature display	•	•
Instrument display dimmer	•	•
Digital odometer with trip meter	•	•
Digital clock	•	•
Fuel cap location indicator	•	•
Foglamps indicator	•	•



• = Standard

◊ = Optional

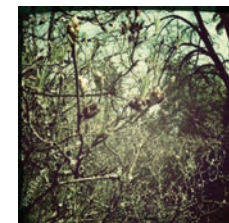
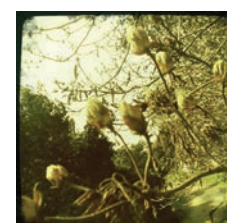
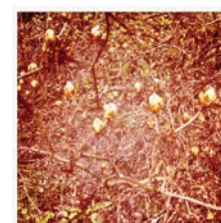
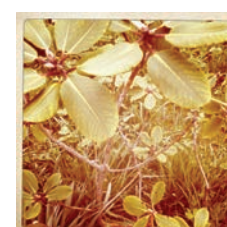
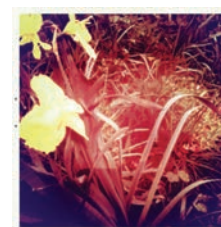
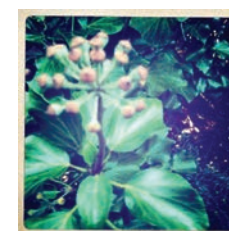
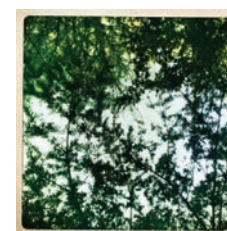
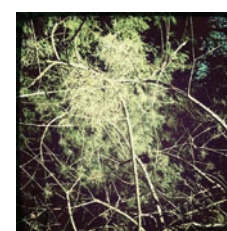
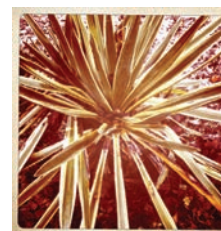
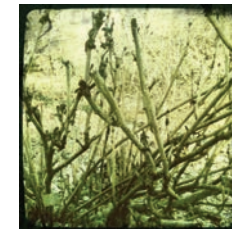
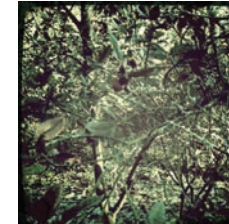
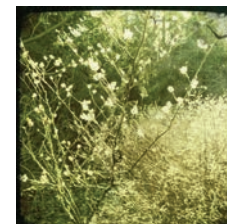
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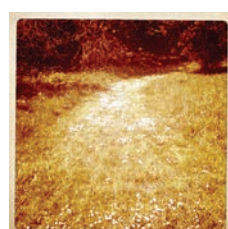
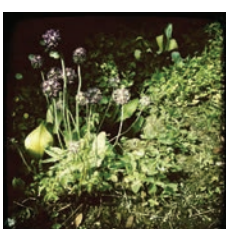
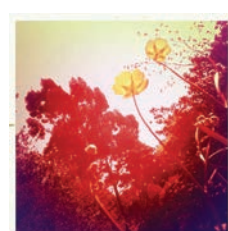
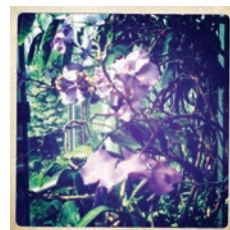
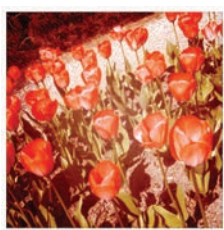
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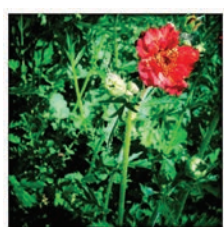
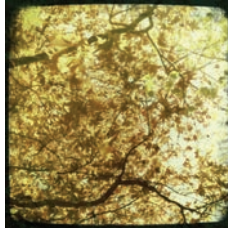


Philip Curnow
caerleon@philipcurnow.co.uk
www.philipcurnow.co.uk

Flexing to and fro in the light breeze
simple and at ease
grand and colourful as its yellow teeth shine
then seasons change and the skys fade
the bold flower loses its colour
now nude with a soft white down
waiting to be pinched by the roaming child
blown into the air and a wish will be made
only wishes have faded and the children no more
the dandelion now can wish and be wished no more





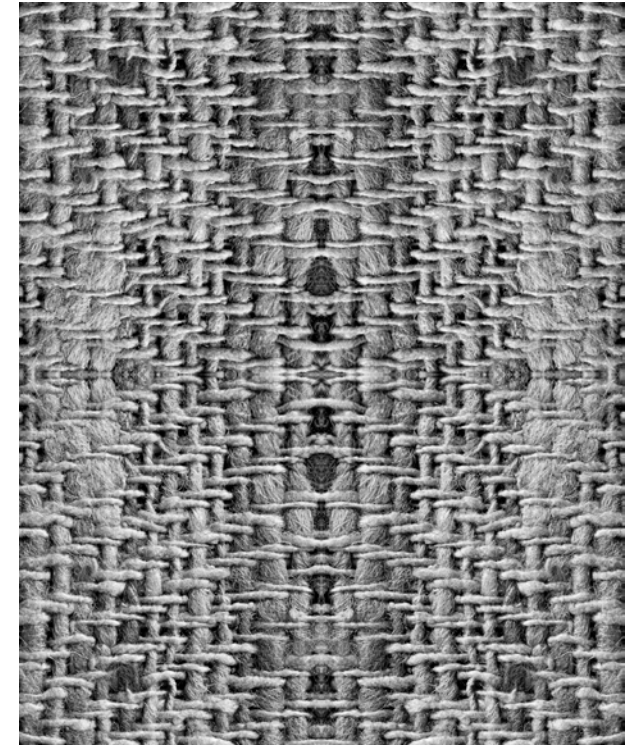


Author Richard Louv has created a term Nature Deficit Disorder. This relates to children growing up in the modern day. Louv suggests children are now so entangled in new technology meaning they stay indoors more and spend less of their time exploring the natural environment.

Research has been carried out which took children into nature to see how they reacted. What was shocking was that many of them could only entertain themselves in self play for around 10 minutes after that they became bored and needed extra stimulation in the form of ipods or electronic gaming systems.

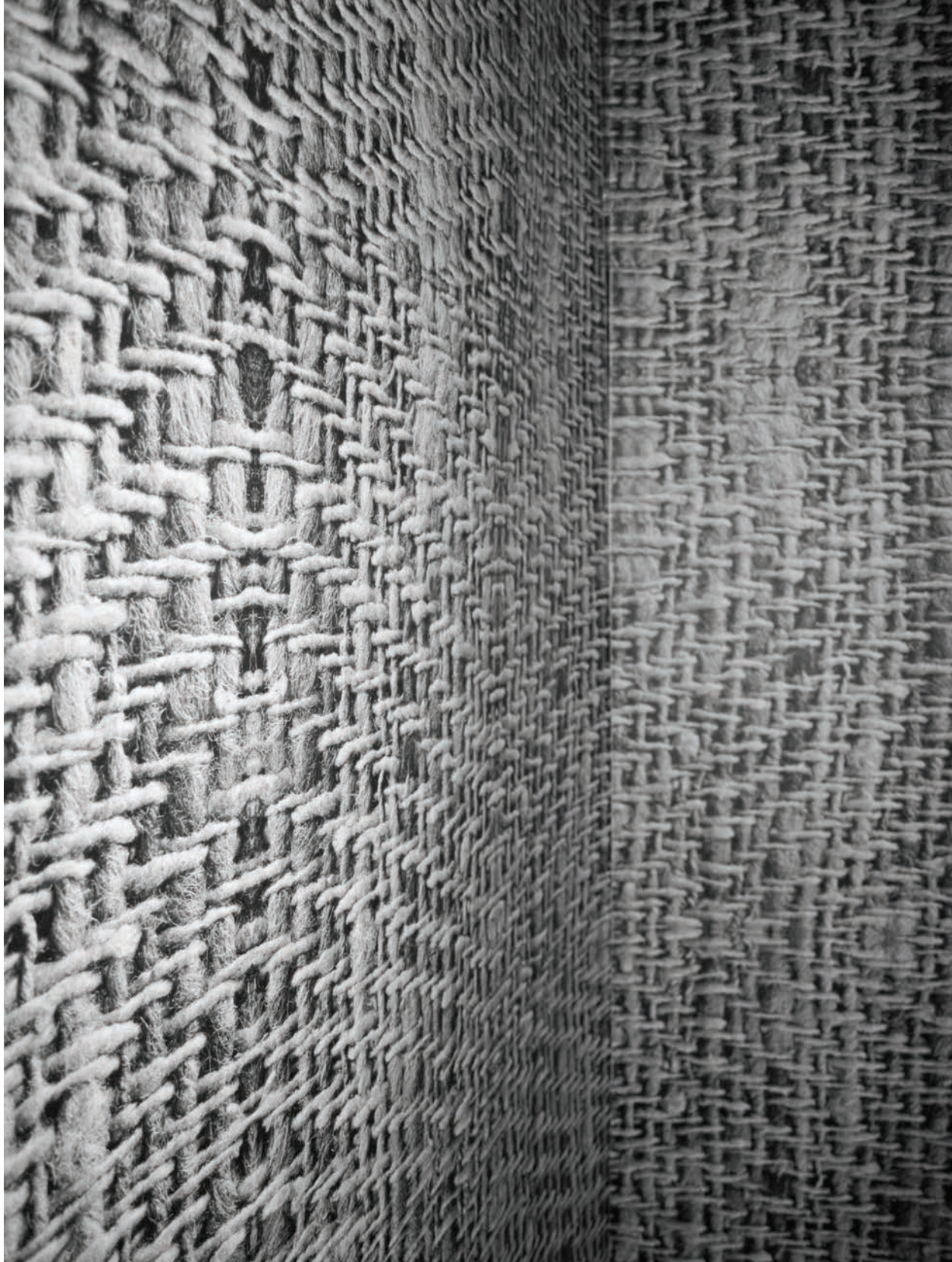
Other research suggests the rise in obesity, depression, stress, anxiety and Attention Deficit Disorder in children was higher in children who had less nature in and round the home compared to those in contact with more nature. It is also believed that the people with these conditions would benefit from spending time in the natural environment rather than being prescribed drugs from their doctor.

This problem has only surfaced in recent years since technology has taken a hold and now has a pride of place in the home. We live in a generation that spends most of their time indoors entertaining themselves with different types of electronic gadgets. The only way of keeping nature in the lives of children in the future is by teaching them. With this loss of contact with nature in mind, is this type of technology having a negative effect on our society?



Touched



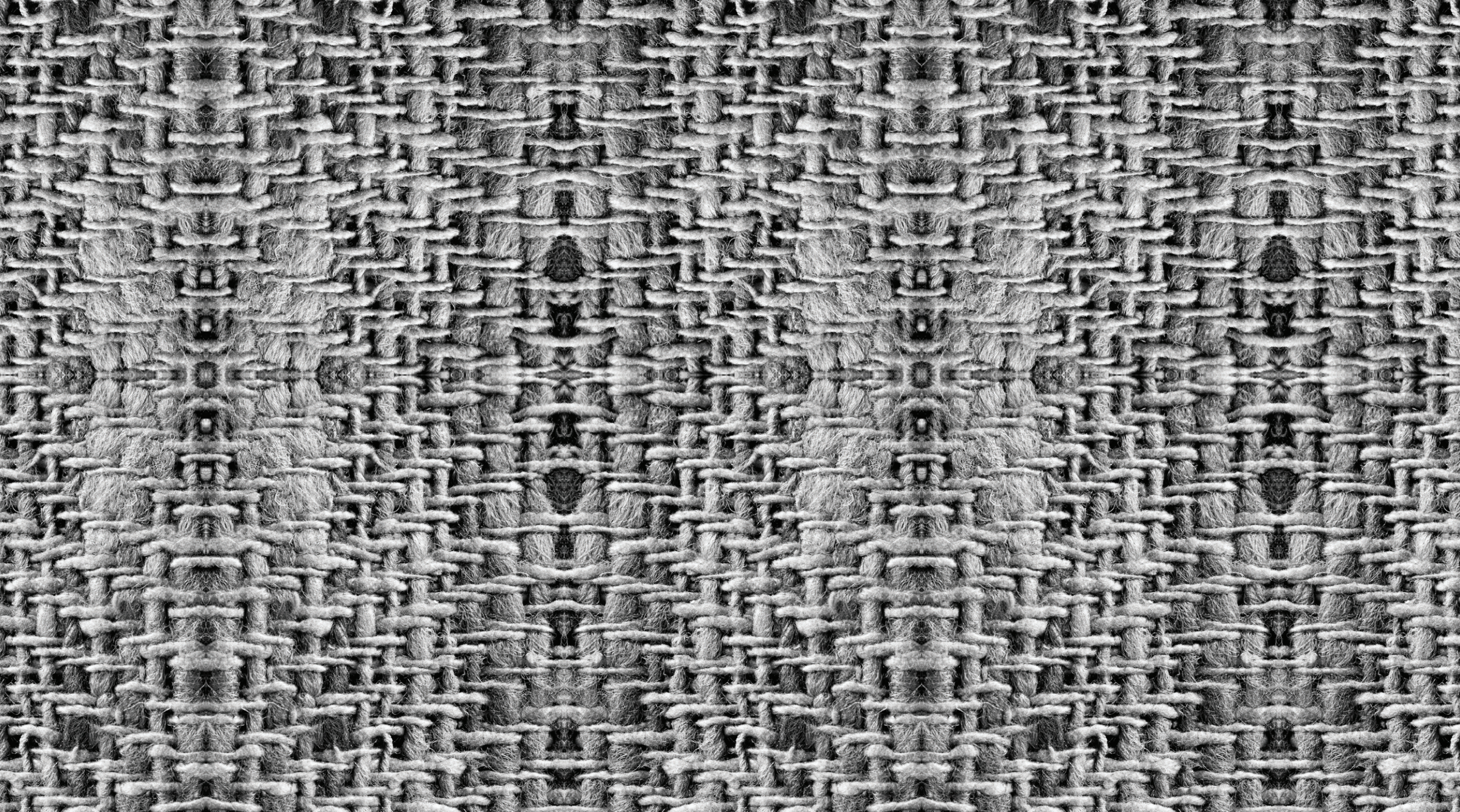


Our sense of touch is said to be the product of all the human senses, as well as a synthesis of both physical and psychological 'feelings'. Together, the tangible sensation of touching the skin and the mental awareness of the surrounding surfaces create a full perception of our world, an object, or a feeling. Textures and the feel of things can therefore be identified and named through visual sensation-sight. We learn through touch and this teaches the eyes to recognise and remember the texture and quality of surfaces and objects.

The intrinsically woven, tightly packed strands of fibre are rough and textured. Fingers feel each dip, groove and stray thread that protrudes from the uneven surface. The comfort of bare feet on woven thread, a warm plane to tread on.

We react to the touch – our skin responds, it is rough or smooth, soft or tough, pleasant or uncomfortable; it makes our hair stand on end, it makes our skin crawl. The connection between object, touch and inner sensation is made.

Texture surrounds us, enveloping us, evoking a sensation, an inner feeling, a recollection of a past touch and a desire to 'feel' again. The continuous contact of fabric enfolds our skin to a point of habitual regularity. 'Touched' allows a full evocation of the psychological sensation of touch, communicating feeling and creating a highly tangible experience. Like the skin covered by fibres, the viewer is immersed within a visually tactile, somatic 'room' of fabric.





Out of Place



The photographic artist Duane Michals once said sleep is a preparation for death. Julia Dudkowiak's work appears to be concerned with sleep and Michals becomes pertinent not only for his linking of sleep and death, but also in terms of the parallels found between his work and hers. Like Michals, Dudkowiak desires to go beyond the literal photographic document and is very much aware of photography's limitations in conveying subjective states, emotions and feelings. Mortality might of course be said to be far from this young artist's work. But if one takes up Michals' suggestion there is something very uneasy when one thinks about the states in which she puts herself in her photography: miming the floating state of sleep through performance or photographing herself while asleep. Such fixation with sleep and sleeping is in many ways about absenting herself. These are portraits but *pvv*ortraits in which she is no longer present. This absence also seems significant in terms of her own dislocation as a Polish artist living and studying in Wales. She is making work away from her homeland in an unfamiliar and culturally different place. Sleep, then, becomes a metaphor for this condition of being out of place. And there is also the dreaming and longing tied in with sleep, of that unconscious and deeply emotional realm that can never be photographed, only suggested and prompted.

Mark Durden







Shreddin' identity

Skateboarding has been involved in every facet of my life for as long as I can remember. Most of the people I know and am lucky enough to call friends are all entwined in this amazing way of life. Whether you still skate or have actively hung up the boots, skateboarding will always be in your blood. You will always look differently at every piece of street furniture that you pass by. Is it skateable? Can you grind it or slide it or pop over it or creatively interact with it in some way?

Yes, Skateboarding makes you observe the world down a different avenue. Not only from a physical point of view, but I believe this wooden wheeled glue that binds us all together affects us in many more profound ways. I would not be the person I am today without growing up around some amazing people whose views shaped my personality and definitely changed the path my life might have taken. I have seen many far flung parts of this planet, at the same time experiencing each interrelated culture from a street level seldom available to an average tourist. From the sunny yet regimented climes of California to the brand new architecture of the fast developing Peoples Republic of China to the bombed out shells of buildings in Croatia to an underpass somewhere off the M11.

What other life choice could have sent me to all these countries with such varied groups of people from each and every corner of the globe? I hope that each generation of skateboarder that follows will all get the chance to travel as far if not further than me. I believe that travel and the search for new terrain is what keeps the four wheeled flame burning brightly. If there is always one more unskated curb to be ground and one more virgin hill to be ridden then how can skateboarding ever stagnate?

Leo Sharp, skateboard photographer









Pink Expectations

James Head

James.head@mac.com

jamesheadphotography.blogspot.com

In the fourteenth century children were treated as miniature adults, and their childhood and childlike experiences were not considered valuable. As the landscape of childhood is again beginning to change back to project these ideals, and the line between childhood and adulthood once again becomes blurred, innocence is disappearing, as young girls are thrust in to a world full of sexiness and consumerism, drawing upon a new expectation that girls will be seen as sexy early in their lives. From increasingly younger ages girls are therefore forced into facing sexualising pressure that they are not yet capable of understanding, quite unlike anything faced by children in the past. They are being taught that instead of aiming to achieve any academic or great achievements, they need to display overt sexual readiness and will understand that good looks are at the centre of a good life, and their respect from men will solely be determined by their physical appearances, thus resulting in a confidence crisis, and a perfection compulsion. This is not a new phenomenon by any means, however there is something different about the way it is occurring today, and the way it has worked its way through childhood, and now even into the crib.

The wok discusses a dialect between how a young girl is shown in today's society, to play dress up, encouraging them to experiment with adult themes, and how they are trained consciously and unconsciously to wear the colour pink in order to look feminine, to the repercussions of young girls growing up with the same risks that adult women face. There is a growing acceptance of violence against women in society due to pornography. Children are being deprived from gaining a healthy sexual development, and child development experts have proven that the negative emotional feelings young people are now expected to encounter, can affect their ability to learn. It is even suggested that some children are showing symptoms that are normally seen as a result of sexual abuse, such as depression, anxiety, difficulty in being close to people and self loathing, because our culture itself has become abusive.









Tudor Mae Smith

tudor.smith@btconnect.com

Thoughts on crashing waves

Imagine a box, let it be a shoe box. It has no lid. It is stuffed full of small, old black and white photographs. Although you are in a bric-a-brac shop, and there are a few other customers, you are drawn into a private reverie as you shuffle through this reservoir brimming with its miscellaneous reports of places you haven't been to and people you don't know. Each image is a moment. No, each image was a moment, a fleeting smile, a breaking wave. For these are not your photographs, even if you pick out a few to buy. And they belong to another's time, not yours. And they are not only images of objects, they themselves are objects, they have travelled through time, these stained pieces of papers. They may have survived because they were cherished or because they were ignored, nobody could be bothered to throw them away. They have had their moment. But that moment hasn't gone away, here it is endlessly repeated each time new eyes scan these few chemical stains fixed when, once upon a time, light passed through glass after its 93 million mile journey from the sun. Someone took this photograph and now you take it too. Its tiny flat rectangle tells us about a wave and a rock. And if I turn it over, someone, the person who took the photograph perhaps, tells us that this wave, this spent burst of energy, this happened in a place called West Bay, near Bridport. At the same moment that the wave crashed over the rock, that person pushed a finger gently onto a disc of metal, mechanizing that moment. That moment was then processed, printed onto Velox paper, given the number 23A740 and signed off with a graphic flourish. These ciphers, these clues, these endorsements, they tether the image but we might prefer to release this photograph instead. We might choose to see it now as an experiment in time, an experiment waiting for the future, a meditation on the passage of time.

Consider that collision perpetually played out: a moment of noise, movement, of swell and ebb, the momentous surge of water against the utterly

immoveable solidity of static stone. Except that in that moment, the moment the water of the sea fell upon the ancient stones of this promontory, some of the stone washed away, an inconceivably small amount, a matter of grammes. And every time you hold this photograph, it too is subject to the attrition of your hands, you wear away its fiber, its substance, its existence. One day there will come a time when the photograph, the stone, you yourself will no longer be. In astronomical time, the difference is scarcely noticeable.

Paul Kilsby, PhD RCA

These photographs of waves crashing on rocks seem close to me, yet at the same time there is an odd sense of distance. Photography appears as the medium for transfixing time. However, the act of transfixing serves, among other things, to separate an idea of time from that of moment. Our time is made up of moments only in the sense that the beach is made of grains of sand. The individual grains of sand acquire importance and a separate meaning when severed from our understanding of the beach as beach (and all that that entails), and so too with the photograph. The photographic moment is quickly lost within the sea of memory.

As Roland Barthes reminds us, the magnification of an image of a lost loved one gets us no closer to their being, and ultimately dissolves our longing through an encounter with the emulsified surface of the paper. For me, photographs act as markers or points around which (fictional) narratives are created. The value I ascribe to these fixed moments lies in what it is that they allow me to construct. I am continually drawn to imagine the before and after. The meanings of the images appear to reside to a great extent in what they don't show. Where did the wave go? What did the rock look like before the water hit? Who watched, thought and felt the now of that moment.

My moment is different, it begins with an encounter with a static object that isn't that which it signifies. I'll never hear or smell this sea, or feel the splashes of this water on my face (splashes no doubt felt by the photographer), yet my moment, in its framing, seems more lasting and offers me a perhaps illusory sense that I can sit outside of time and watch its passing.

I don't remember my own interconnected moments half as vividly. Yes, I remember the sea, the waves, the family outings and playing on the beach. I remember slipping on a mossy rock at New Brighton – but I don't remember the moments of those times.

I remember times, places and being somewhere, and distance gives both time and place importance and prioritises accordingly (and in relation to me). I am never aware of the true emptiness of the beach around me, of the of the sky's existence outside of my experience of it. My memory does not provide me with a screen upon which to project and understand the world and my significance/ insignificance in/on it. Having no distance from myself, I am in all that I think and feel.

But the images here (in these photographs) are not mine. They don't derive their origin from me or my memories, and signal a specific and distinct vantage point at a distance from the world (sea, sand, rock and sky), which, in my own time and place, I am unable to arrive at. They allow me simply to look. I am thus positioned as a spectator, an examiner, a gatherer of information and a questioner of the sea. The photographs offer access to what the sea is, what the crashing waves are and what my contemplation of them does. Not that photography is truth, merely that its propensity for fictitiousness appears less pronounced than my memory's desire to (mis)lead.

Tom Palin

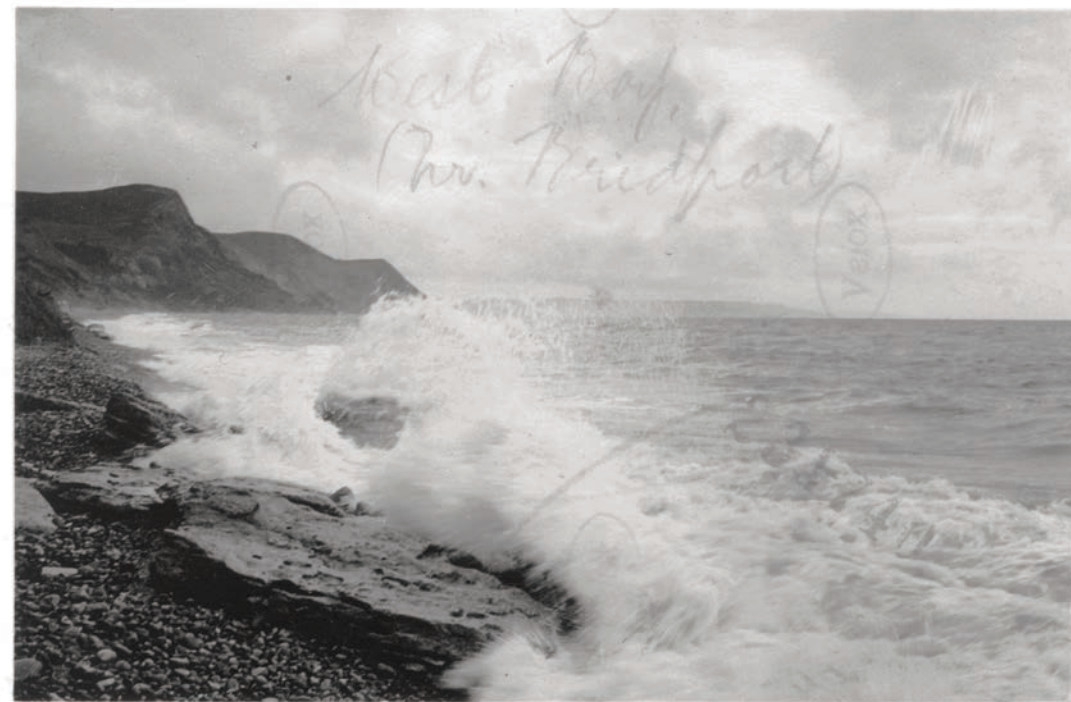
The relationship between nationhood and the sea represents two concepts that sit hand it hand. It allows our island nation to expand and develop, whilst retaining the opportunity to retreat and fortify in times of conflict. It has been a foundation in the construction of our cultural and national identity. It has pragmatic importance, offering us resource, commerce and trade, but also has a familiar element, a nostalgic significance made instantly recognisable through depiction by the likes of J W Turner. The ambiguity of maritime paintings represents an insight into the cultural identity of our island nation, arguably more accurately than that of a Gainsborough. We are not a nation based upon racial purity but one expanded from global roots, a mongrel island collated by the sea. We are one of the sea, as both a species and society.

The familiarity of the sea is rooted within our cultural make up. With a sense of nostalgia we each have memories regarding the sea. From childhood to maturity, it is there, a boundary in which allows us both restraint and release. It is a contradictory tide, and a root of fascination often gazed upon. As we stare upon the sea, we are soothed, offered a sense of peace, of closure. It has an aura, an unfathomable pull where we become hypnotized by the death of every wave. As sentient beings, we are defined by death, wound to mortality.

‘Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end’
William Shakespeare, Sonnet 60

We cannot perceive the world without ends, it is incomprehensible. It is impossible for a clock to simply tick, there is always the inevitable tock, a moment behind, allowing us closure, a release from the anxiety. The photographs work identically, they represent the past, a moment long dead, irretrievable. They play upon our ingrained fascination with morbid reality of being.

Jason Peck



Oh! I do like to be beside the seaside
I do like to be beside the sea!
I do like to stroll upon the Prom, Prom, Prom!
Where the brass bands play:
“Tiddely-om-pom-pom!”
So just let me be beside the seaside
I’ll be beside myself with glee

John A. Glover-Kind - ‘I do like to be beside the seaside.’

“Have you news of my boy Jack?”
Not this tide.
“When d’you think that he’ll come back?”
Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

Rudyard Kipling ‘My Boy Jack’

Blow the wind Southerly,
Southerly, Southerly,
Blow the wind
South o’er the bonnie blue sea.
Blow the wind Southerly,
Southerly, Southerly
Blow bonnie breeze,
My true lover to me.
Then hold your head up all the more,
This tide,
And every tide;
Because he was the son you bore,
And gave to that wind blowing and that tide!

Anonymous ‘Blow the Wind Southerly’

They told me last night
There were ships in the offing
And I hurried down
To the deep rolling sea.
But my eye could not see it
Wherever might be it,
The bark that is bearing
My lover to me.

Matt Simmons

*Repetition and recollection are born of the same motion,
albeit opposite in orientation. For what is recollected has
been, is repeated backward.*

As I follow in your footsteps I find myself searching
for you, for a trace that you once walked here yourself.
There is something timeless about this place, as if
everything moves more slowly, more delicately. The
ocean breathes by my side I try to imagine how you
felt, your feet upon these rocks, the wind upon your
face, the gulls crying above your head. Aware of your
photograph in my chest pocket I feel a sense of return
coming here, as if I have been here myself, in some far
off memory, long ago. The sea always appears familiar,
but there is something different here, beyond a sense of
déjà vu. I see the photograph clearer here.

I negotiate the rocks making up the bay, smooth below
my feet as they roll, colliding together in a deep timbre.
How have they changed since you walked upon them?
I imagine that time does not touch them as it do us.
The scene before me is barely different from the one
within your photograph.

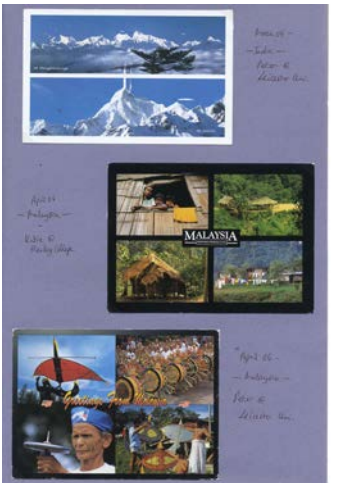
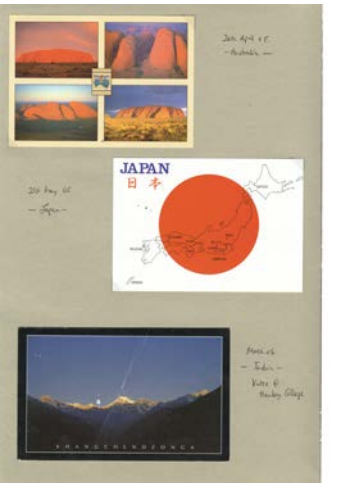
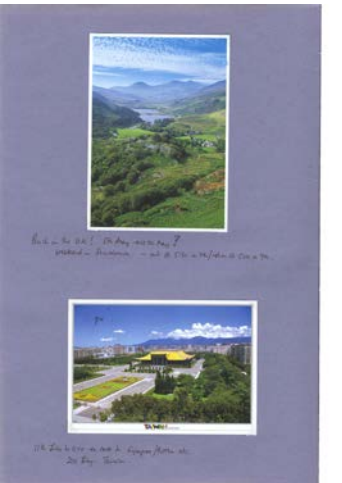
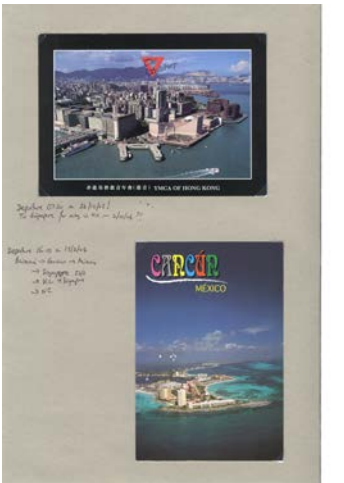
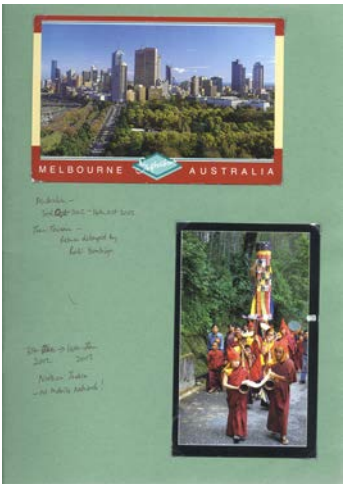
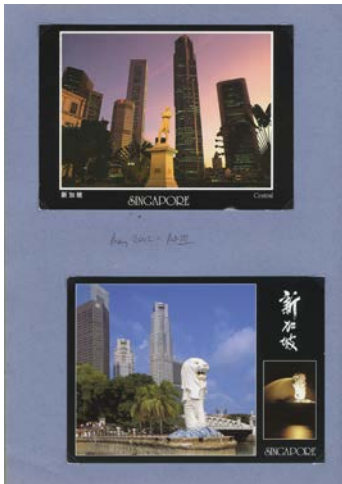
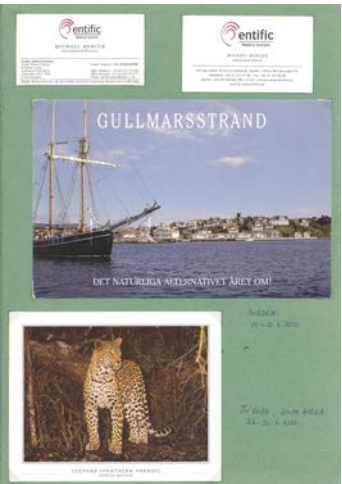
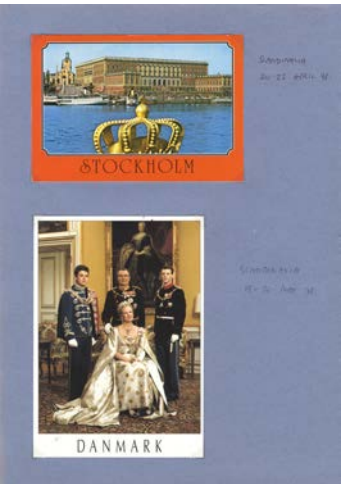
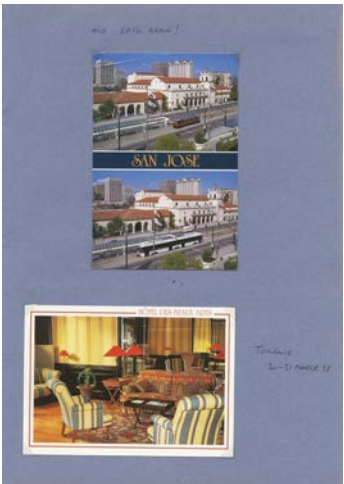
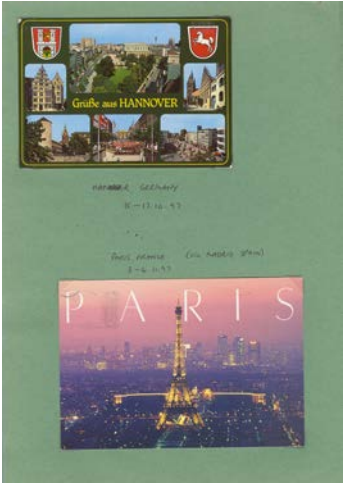
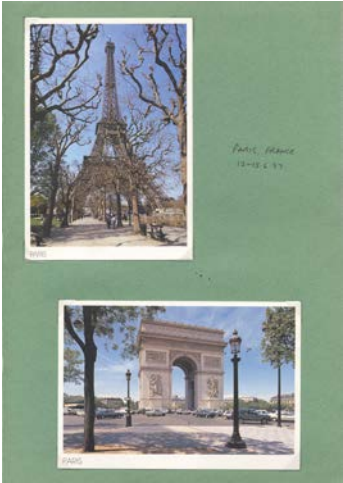
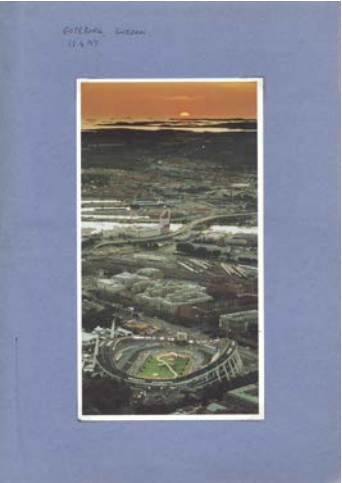
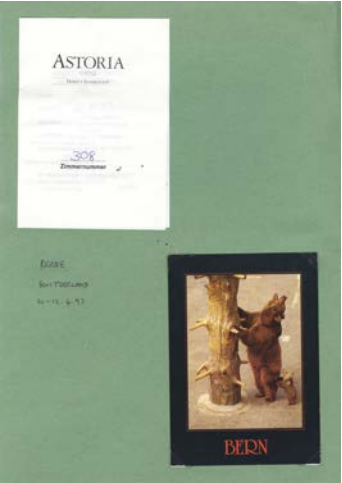
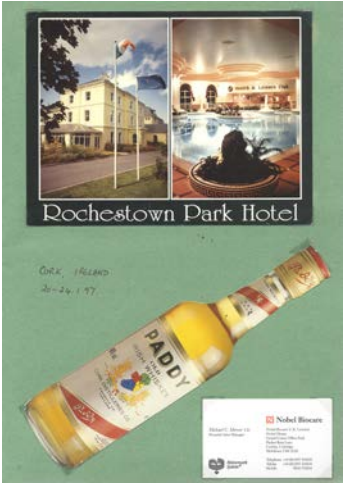
I can make out your rock, scarcely smaller now, yet
fractionally eroded by your waves. Stood upon the table
of fallen cliff, as you once did, a lifetime ago, I stare
across the West Bay, in limbo between your past and
my present. I recompose the scene with your camera,
extending the worn leather bellows, and watch each
wave in its dying moment reconstruct your vision,
if only for a fraction of a second. You are the stone, a
monolithic testament to a fading reality, and I the wave,
grasping forlornly, but never embracing. I clutch at
what remains, but the time and tide reclaims me.

I sense you here. But don’t see you. The photographs I
create are empty and you are lost. The rocks and cliffs
may be constant in out worlds, but we, like the tide
are transitory, in our final throes. A wave of energy,
ephemeral.

Aidan Mayne



Love in absence





What does a post card want to say to you? On what conditions is it possible? Its destination traverses you, you no longer know who you are. At the very instant when from its address it interpellates you, uniquely you, instead of reaching you, it divides you or sets you aside, occasionally overlooks you. And you love and you do not love, it makes of you what you wish, it takes you, it leaves you, it gives you.

Jacques Derrida, The Postcard from Socrates to Freud and Beyond, 1987 (second edition)

The writing and receiving of postcards is a simple enough ritual. The act is brief, the text tokenistic. There can be no secrets, for what is written there can be read by all. The image is a token too: ordinarily a hyperbolic version of a place, the vehicle of a tawdry sentiment. Just as the text is necessarily brief, so too the image is immediate, transparent, conventional.

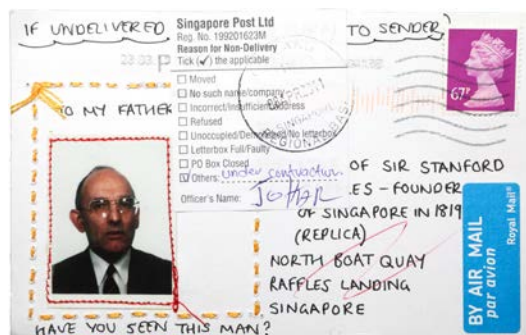
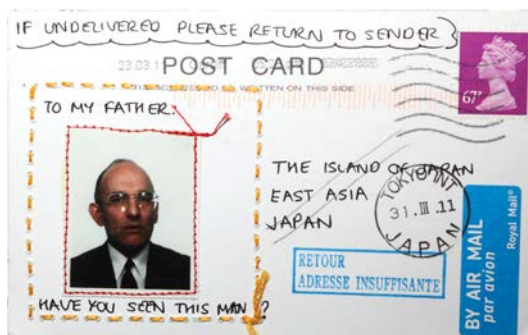
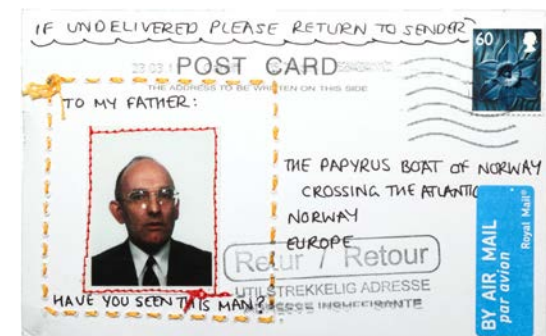
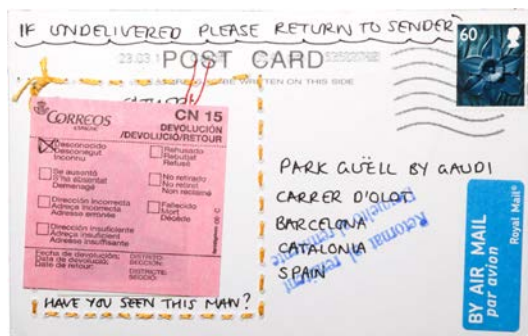
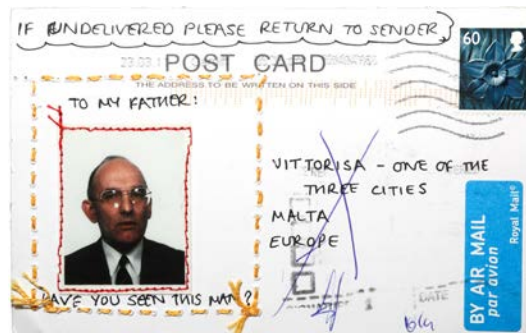
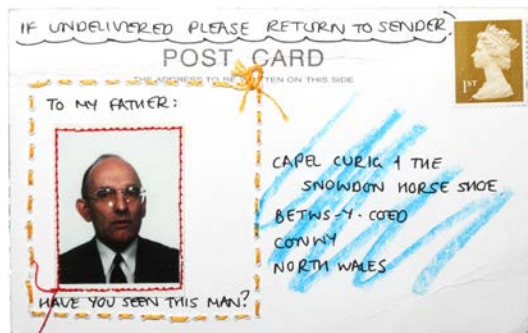
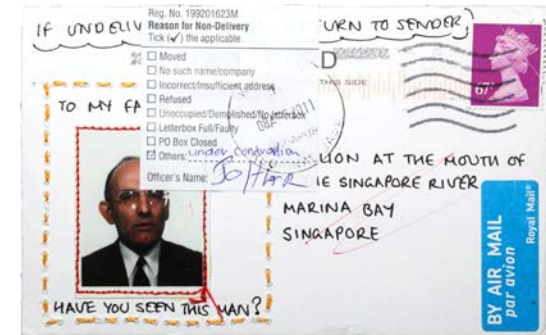
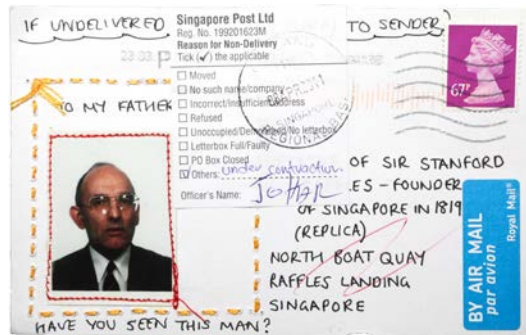
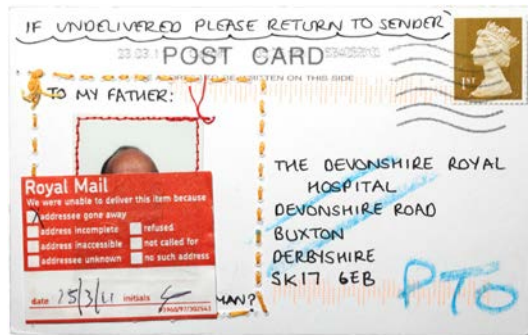
Or so it would seem. When I was small boy, my mother would sometimes take a box out of her wardrobe and hand it down to me. I remember everything about that box – it was a shirt box, it was blue, it had the words Van Heusen written in white italics. It was full of postcards sent by my grandfather to my mother when she had been a little girl. He was a travelling pharmaceutical salesman, often absent for long periods. Each card carried a sentimental little message written in his immaculate copperplate handwriting and I knew each postcard with the names of the places with, to me, their impossibly exotic associations. Is this the reason why I find Kate Mercer's project so eloquent, so moving?

Kate discovered a family archive of postcards sent by

her father, also a medical salesman, to her when she was a girl, when he was absent, overseas, involved, it since transpired, in another life, a secret life, a life in which she, his daughter, had no part at all. All these years later, she has sent out new postcards, crafted with love and doubt, to those places from whence he sent those postcards, following their trajectories of yearning and misplaced tense, destined to arrive too late. Of the 112 she sent, 32 have returned. The postcards Kate sent carry a cryptic reference: visage de poisson. Fishface was, in fact, her father's pet name for her as a girl. When she was thirteen, she heard him call someone else by this name. From that moment, the word was curdled.

Roland Barthes said that the tense of the photographic image is the anterior future, 'this will have been'. We might transpose this in this case, to: 'this might have been'. Kate's father might have taken her camping in the magical childhood place somewhere along the Ridgeway in Oxfordshire, which she has filmed with such compelling fascination. As he promised his Fishface he would. But which he never did.

Paul Kilsby





Between Here and There

Kate Mercer

kate_mercer@hotmail.co.uk

Who would have thought?

Accidents and happy chance

It is only in reflection that we realise their worth

The centre of my world

O meu centro do mundo

Lá

Here

From rock to rock

Não importa as coordenadas.

De rocha em rocha, colecionando conchas e búzios.

Routes

Roots

I remember

I spend my days remembering

I used to sit in the sun

watch the horizon over the sea

I wondered what it was like in other lands



Quem diria?

Hoje, neste cenário Vitoriano.

Not like a dream come true, more like a happy accident.

Home is no longer a physical place

I am made up of pieces

Different shapes carefully arranged

A saudade desterrou-me a vida.

Who would have thought?

Who would have thought my feet would ever

walk on this ground?

Os meus pés Portugueses caminham em chão Britânico. Em
ritmo incerto, As vezes hesitante, outras vezes determinado.



I remember

Walking on those familiar patterns made
of black and white blocks...

Sun shinning and warm wind blowing
my hair back

Casa – Lar – Domicilio – Morada
– Residencia

The centre of my world

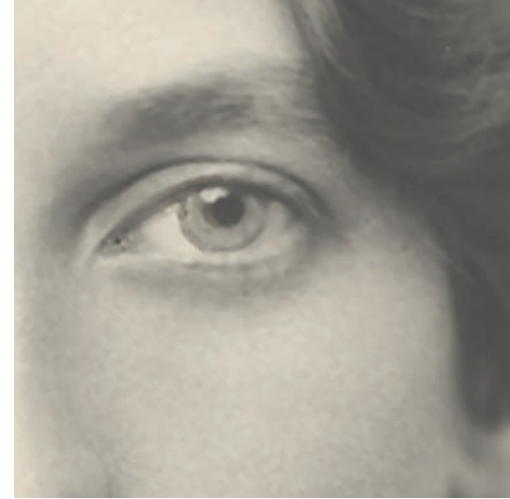
O meu centro do mundo

There

Aqui



This is the closest I could get to Portugal





W. J. Parker & Co., 258, Regent Street, London, W. C. 1.



W. G. Parker & Co., 258, High Holborn, London, W. C. 1.



W. G. Parker & Co., 258, High Holborn, London, W. C. 1.

'But this happiness was not without a morbid side for his passionate devotion to the landscape was also a way of escape from the consciousness of the malady which then was casting its shadow across his days, ignore it as he might appear to do in an effort of a sublime but foolish self deception. Darkness came to hide everything except a dim but indistinguishable glow.'

Augusta's John on James Dickson Innes.

In the frozen gaze of the anonymous woman I am transfixed. The reaction is impulsive, visceral and beyond rationality.

Lost amongst the memories of strangers I discover her, suspended in a state of limbo. Forgotten, she no longer belongs, sitting anonymously amongst the discarded artefacts of those who have past. She lingers, unable to pass, yet is unable to move forward. I have no claim, time owns her now, yet cannot leave her abandoned, resigned to obscurity.

She is time stolen, stolen from time.

As she remains static, I waver, and fluctuate. It is an obsession forlorn, with her as complex as she is inanimate. There can be no reciprocation within this delusion, despite how we are wound with one another.

We are as linked as life and death.

Manifestations follow no singular form, they are as varied as my moods. Fickle, there are regular altercations as I continue to explore the fixation incessantly. She is an enigma, an incomprehensible maze in which there is no ultimate outcome in which embodies the root of her appeal. I scrutinize her surface, her eyes, her flesh, her bones. It is to no avail however, as the pull surpasses the confines of what is physical. There is a process of cathexis, an investment of desire fuelling the obsession, allowing it form, and expansion. For every development however the image becomes wounded, the aura is fragmented, and dissolves, leaving the original image unchanged with all endeavours redundant and ultimately barren.





Residue





This project originated from the death of Sue Phelan's grandfather, Martin Curry, in June 2010. Phelan attempted to become closer to him and peel away some of the layers and mystery around him, whilst at the same time create a memorial for him. Phelan documented his home and the objects within it, especially those that were of importance to him. By documenting the entire affair, Phelan created a distance between herself and what was happening.

According to Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, when a loved one dies we go through five stages of grief; denial, anger, bargaining, depression and acceptance. As this project progressed, Phelan experienced these emotions and her work reflects this. To counteract this, Phelan had to learn to be objective with her work, and not let emotions consume it.

In the beginning, Phelan had limited supplies, every shot was used as carefully as possible and no detail overlooked. After Phelan's return from Ireland, she experimented using a scanner. The images that a scanner makes are very different from those of a camera. A camera absorbs light from the environment to make its image; a scanner however, uses only its cathode tube as a light source. This makes the images accurate and creates a relationship between the image and the object. There is nothing to interfere with the appearance in the resulting images the light is calibrated to be balanced; there are no colour casts. To ensure that this was the case, Phelan decided to work at night, removing any external and artificial light.

The images are not manipulated and are printed life size to keep them as close as possible to the real objects. This relationship between the objects, scanner and printed images is very important, as it relates to the relationship between the artist and her grandfather. The only physical remnants of their relationship are in the marks left behind on the objects within his home. It's this residue of the relationship that Phelan is trying to preserve, as she is trying to prevent it from being deteriorated any further.





Gasoline





'Gasoline', by James Richardson, is a controversial and challenging series of images which act as a wry comment on the automotive marketing industry of today.

In contemporary car advertising, using sex or sexiness to describe, promote and ultimately sell automobiles has been an incredibly popular theme which has been used by countless marques over the years, and more recently by manufacturers such as Peugeot, Ford and Volvo.

The project is an accentuation of the stereotyped idea of cars being seen as sexy or sex related, and captures the ideas used by car manufacturers in the promotion of their vehicles whilst exaggerating them until they become borderline vulgar, and erotic. The pictures themselves have been inspired by the car industries' advertising campaigns and evoke a sense of placement in today's marketing world, however they still allow room for the viewer to use their own imaginations with regards to the actual acts taking place in each individual image.





James Richardson
jm.richardson@live.co.uk

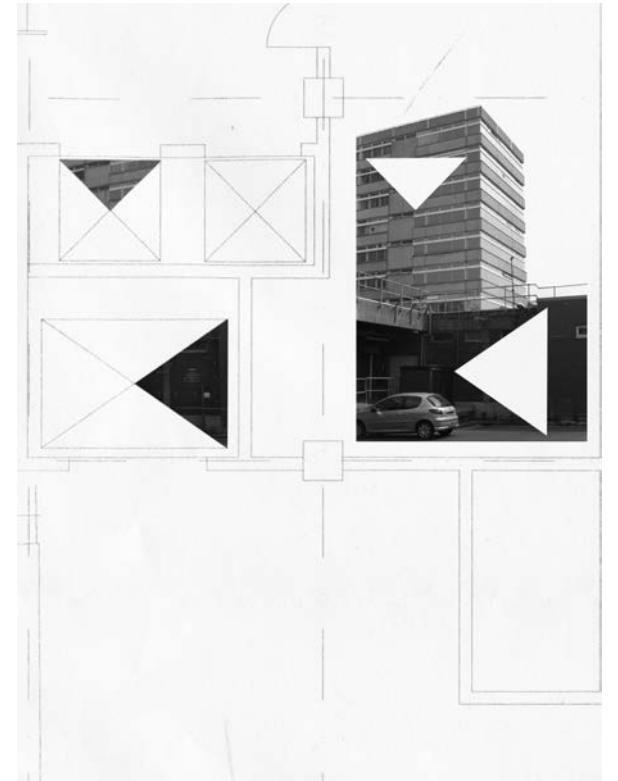
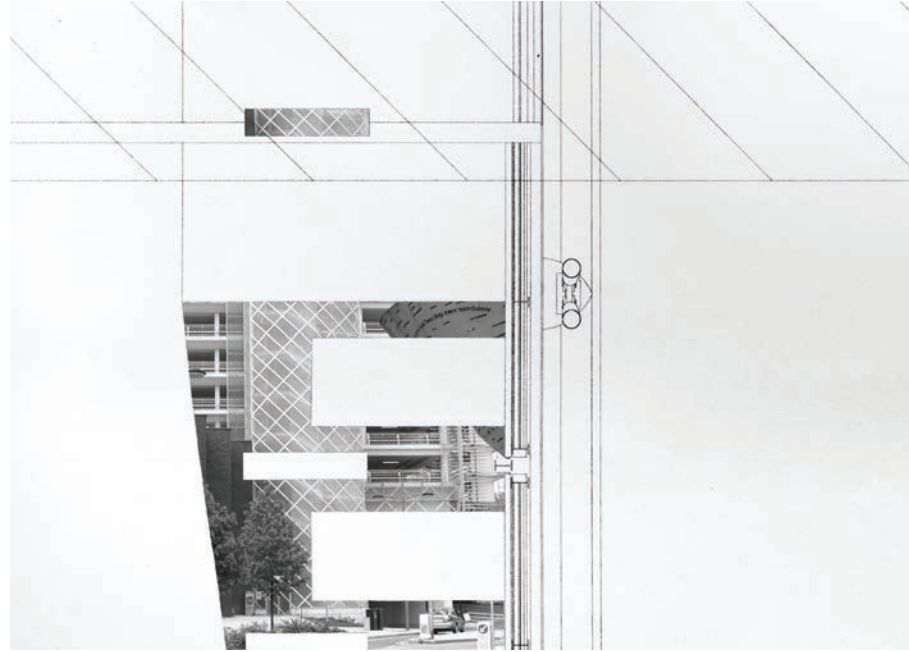








Utopus



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CAERLEON COLL

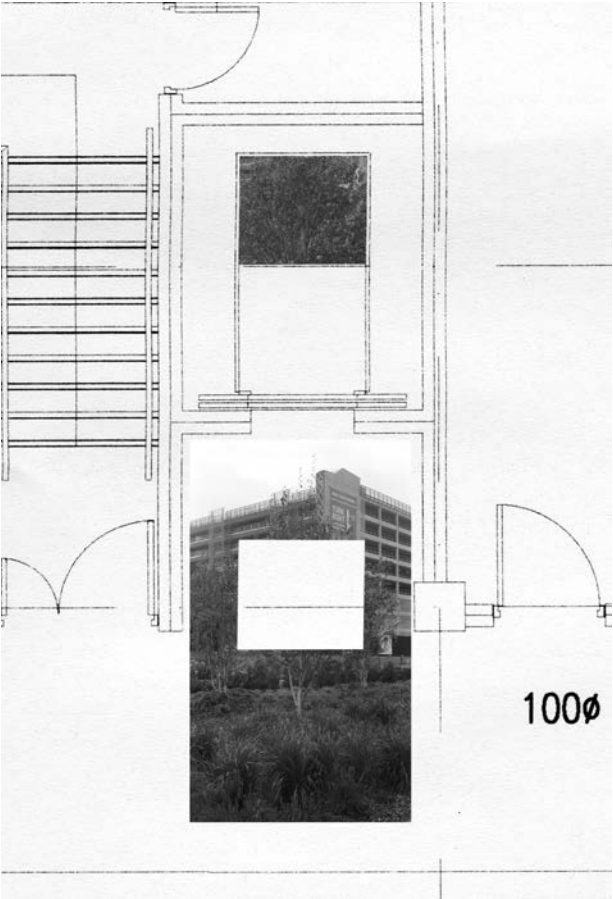
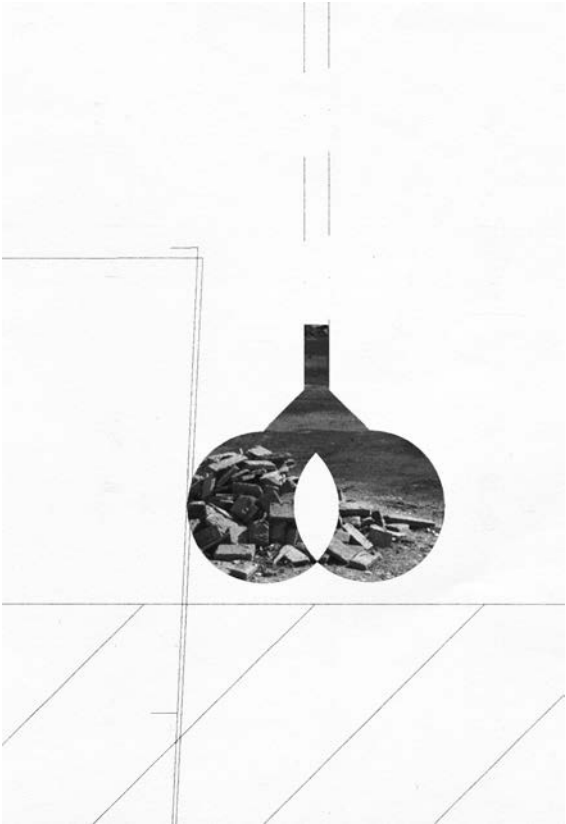
This book should be returned or renewed on or before the latest date shown below.
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-8. FEB. 1973	12. JAN. 1990
	17. MAR. 1994
-7. MAR. 1975	29. APR. 1994
	31. MAY 1994
16. NOV. 1973	28. JUN. 1994
	13. JUN. 1996
-1. MAY 1974	18 NOV 1998
16. APR. 1975	-8 DEC 1999
	27 MAR 2007
	19 MAY 2011

well perceive how little the courtiers would regard and esteem me and my sayings.

I ensure you, Master Raphael, quoth I, I took great delectation in hearing you; all things that you said were spoken so wittily and so pleasantly. And methought myself to be in the meantime not only at home in my country, but also through the pleasant remembrance of the cardinal, in whose house I was brought up of a child, to wax a child again. And, friend Raphael, though I did bear very great love towards you before, yet seeing you do so earnestly favour this man, you will not believe how much my love towards you is now increased. But yet, all this notwithstanding, I can by no means change my mind, but that I must needs believe that you, if you be disposed and can find in your heart to follow some prince's court, shall with your good counsels greatly help and further the commonwealth. Wherefore there is nothing more appertaining to your duty, that is to say to the duty of a good man. For whereas your Plato judgeth that weal-publics shall by this means attain perfect felicity, either if philosophers be kings, or else if kings give themselves to the study of philosophy, how far, I pray you, shall commonwealths then be from this felicity, if philosophers will vouchsafe to instruct kings with their good counsel?

They be not so unkind, quoth he, but they would gladly do it, yea, many have done it already in books that they have put forth, if kings and princes would be willing and ready to follow good counsel. But Plato doubtless did well foresee, unless kings themselves would apply their minds to the study of philosophy, that else they would never thoroughly allow the counsel of philosophers, being themselves before, even from their tender age, infected and corrupt with perverse and evil opinions. Which thing Plato himself proved true in King Dionysius. If I should propose to any king wholesome decrees, doing my endeavour to pluck out of his mind the pernicious original causes of vice and naughtiness, think you not that I should forthwith either be driven away or else made





Gravity

Matt Simmons

matt_simmons88@hotmail.com

www.matthewsimmons.blogspot.com

Kate Smith

What started out as a venture into the inner workings of family, evolved into a vast project that involved the very fabric of the universe and its constant pattern of groups; from the tiniest atoms to the very gravity that holds it all together.

Smith was initially startled to learn that her family had grown up and moved away from each other, only to come back to their childhood area for several generations. She found that almost all of her family members followed a similar path in life despite their differences.

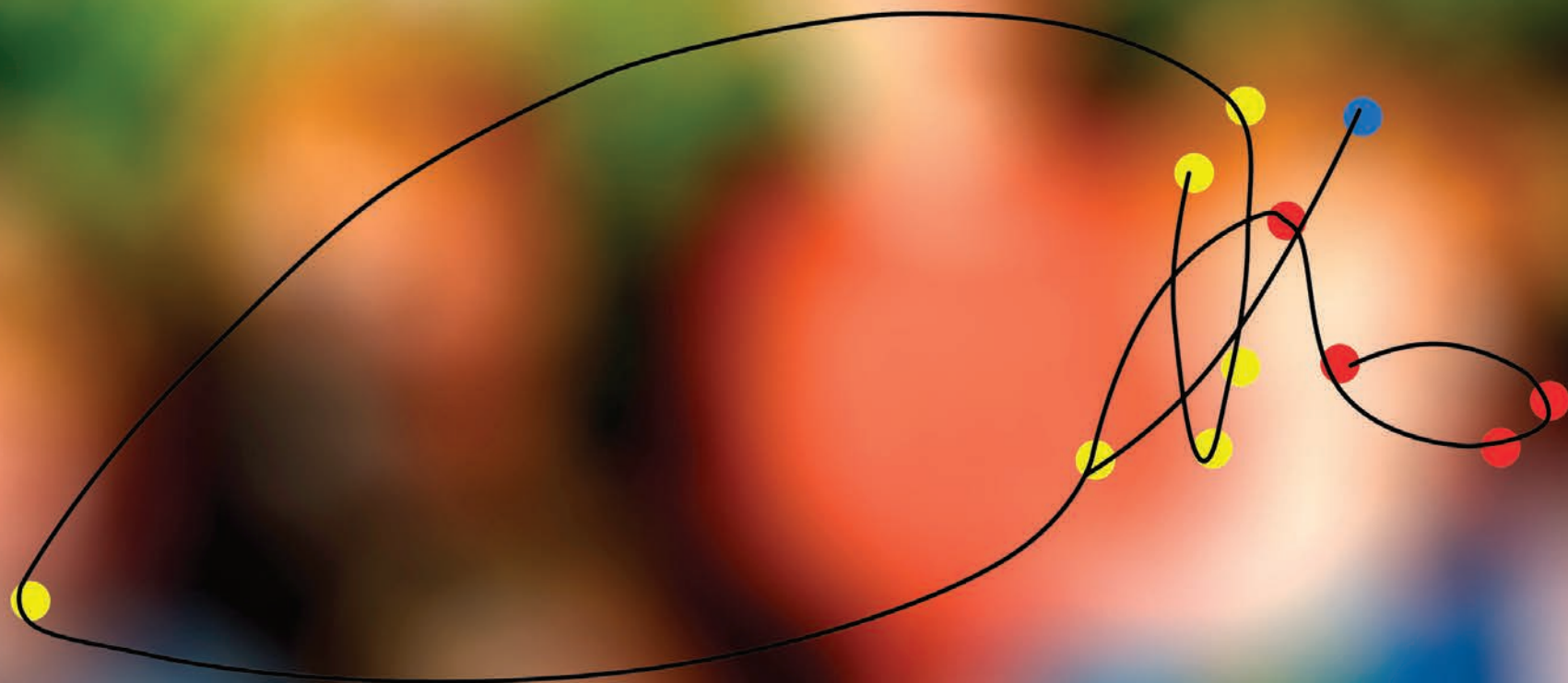
These paths, connected by dots, took on the visual form of constellations and ignited the idea that, just like the universe, human lives run on a cycle and gravitate in similar ways. Where in space, the planets and stars always seem to make their return to the same areas, so do people and family.

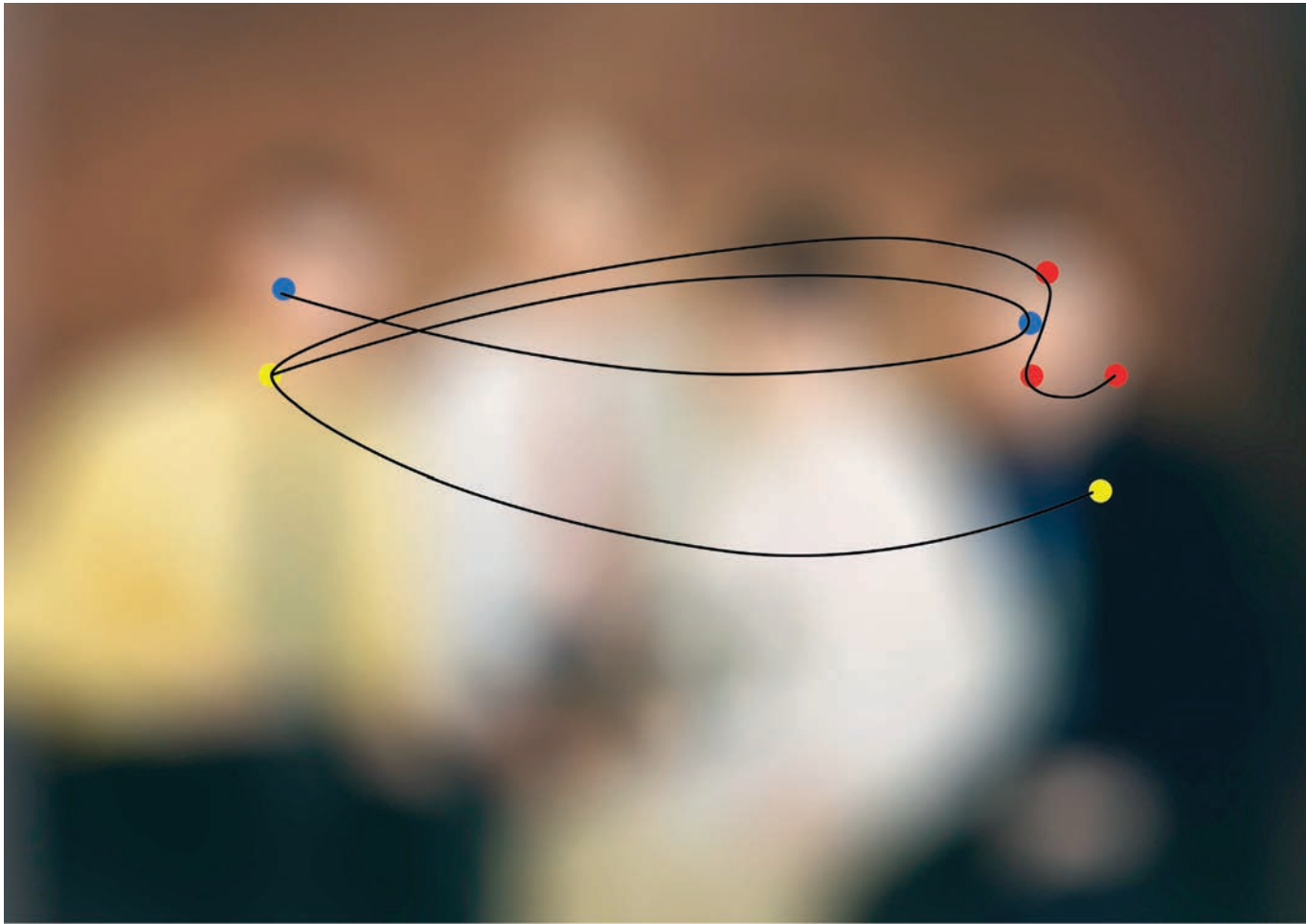
She began to ask the question, “What is the gravity that holds the family together?” and took up the challenge of showing a representation of this idea in photographic form.

What follows is her visual mapping of several generations of family moving from place to place but always returning to the same area. The photos give a hint of the family’s solidarity but they are deliberately vague so that anyone viewing the work can see themselves within it. This project is both unique and thought provoking, and has a universal quality that will inspire and intrigue all.

Ayla O'Donovan









Untitled



In her strongly compelling photographic series, Laura Thompson presents to the observer the various aspects of women living in Weston society and their abstraction from reality through the medium of photography.

The portrayal of women in Weston society has for many years been that of a sexual nature. Making their appearance appreciated by others, and in particular that of men.

The representation of women in this series, are glamorous but fixed. Their empty gazes unsettle the viewer disconcertingly with their surreal quality and their abundance of life gives an almost tragic appearance.

The eyes of the subjects are soulless, and we question ourselves whether women actually do have control over themselves that they so desperately strive for? It is the subconscious mind to desire clichéd (often unattainable) images, through subliminal transfer, through the portrayal of women in Media and Advertising.

Laura Thompson's photographs almost transport us, retrospectively to classic images of women, taken pre nineteen sixties and gives us the essence of how femininity may have been viewed.

Post nineteen fifty's, the image of woman as a whole person, changed dramatically. Women became "so called" liberated, burning their bras as a radical statement of their newly achieved "freedom".

Sexual freedom was now accessible for the first time, which in my view, falsely gave women the impression that they were now as sexually liberated as their male counterparts; this was achieved from the advent of freely available oral contraception which society actively encountered.



Laura's photographs, using subtle lighting, recurring fixed poses and portraying each subject in no particular context, gives a dreamlike quality, highlighting perhaps the emptiness and vacuum that women feel in the 20th and 21st centuries.

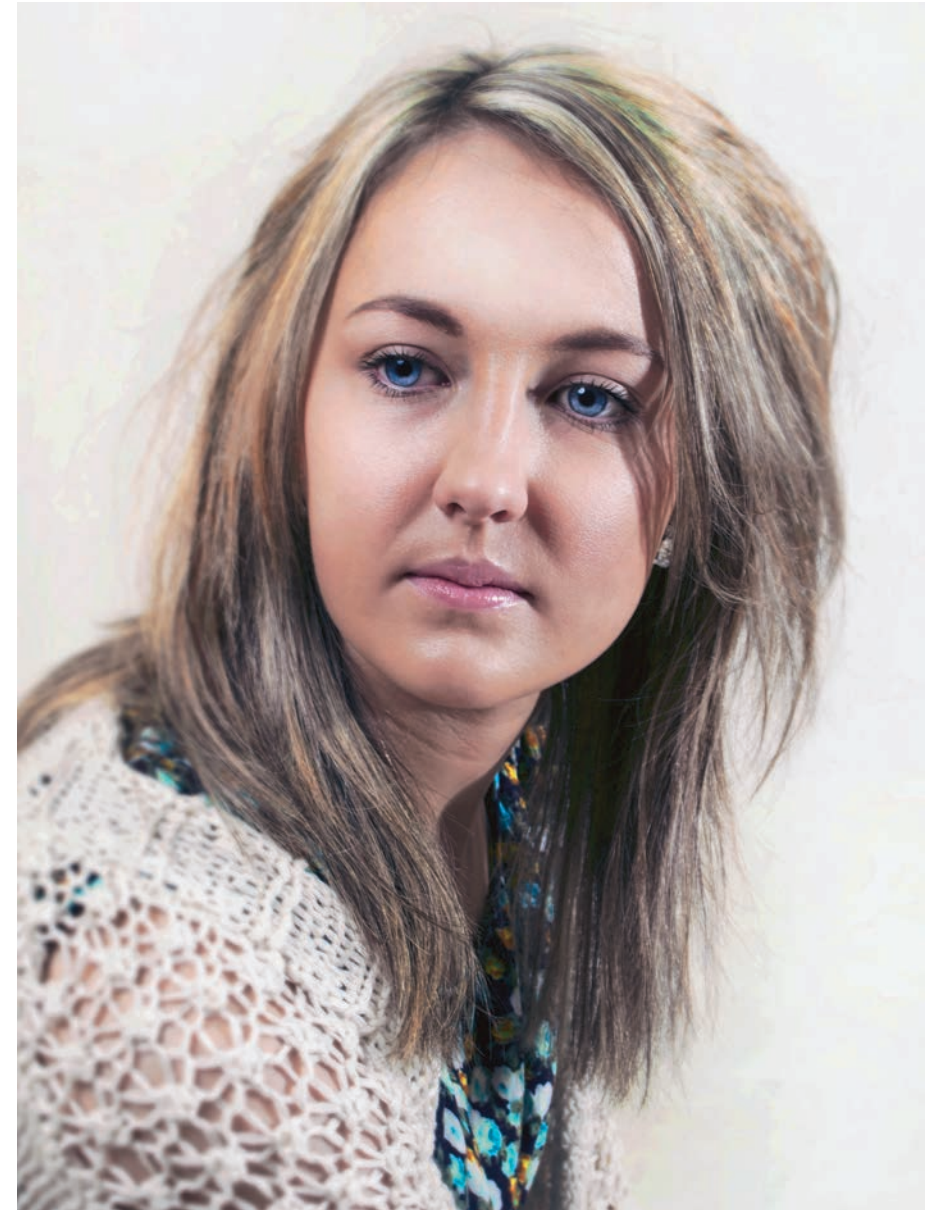
Women have allowed themselves to become equally as enslaved as were many generations before. Although these comments may sound extreme, women now regularly change their body image by surgery, such as breast enlargements, buttocks fillers and a variety of invasive procedures, using extreme surgery with the sole object of re-creating themselves into the physical shape that they have been coerced into believing is the perfect physical shape and form. I question this, and believe this is a form of enslavement. Photography plays a large part in this coercion as magazine images of women are regularly enhanced and airbrushed, giving women and young girls a false image and standard on which to compare themselves.

Each image is thought provoking and a powerful comment on the way, we as women, allow ourselves to be manipulated 'albeit subliminally' by the images we view every day in our lives, by television, in film and magazines.

I had not thought too much about these issues until I studied the photographic series of Laura Thompson and I thank her for the beauty, the shame, the elation, the wistfulness and the ultimate sadness that her images have provoked within me.

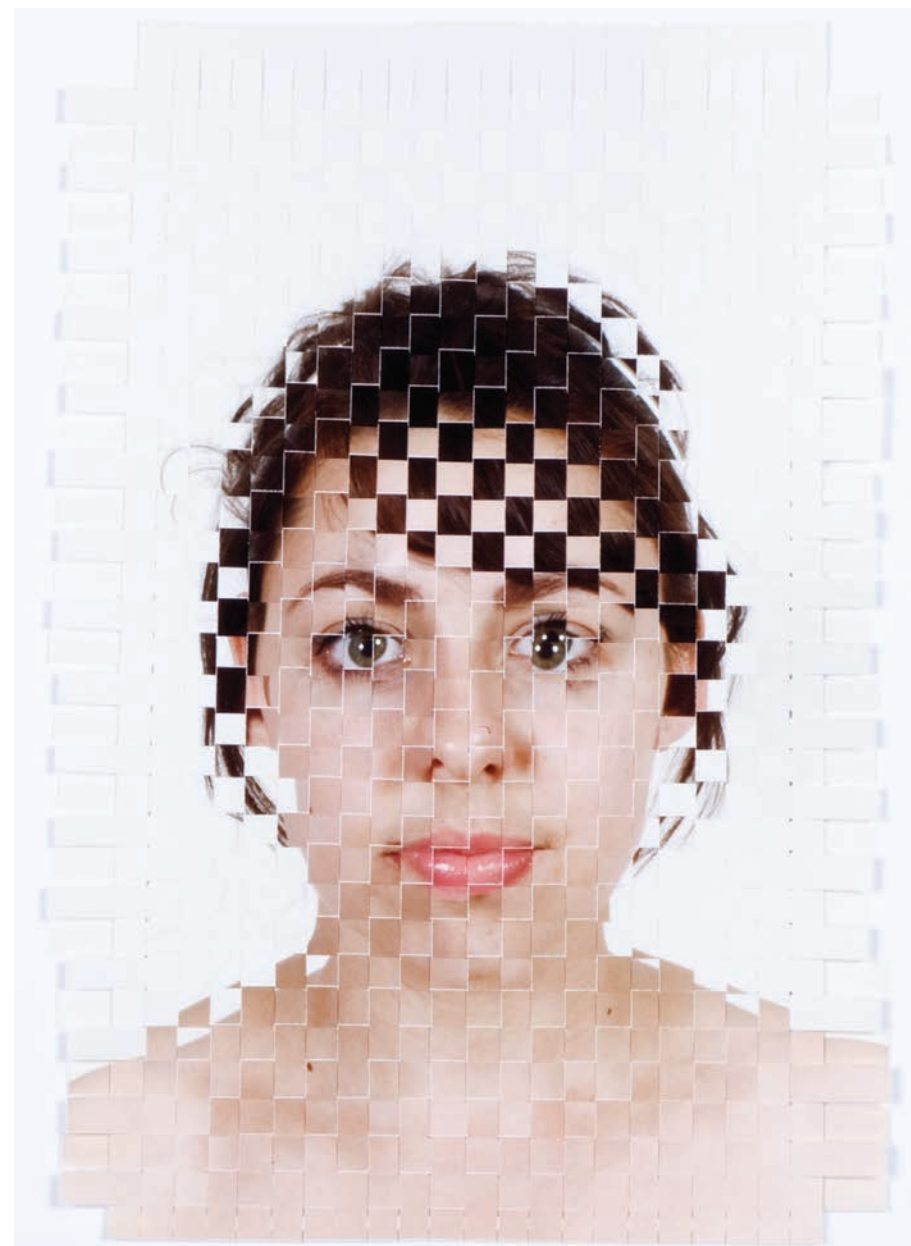
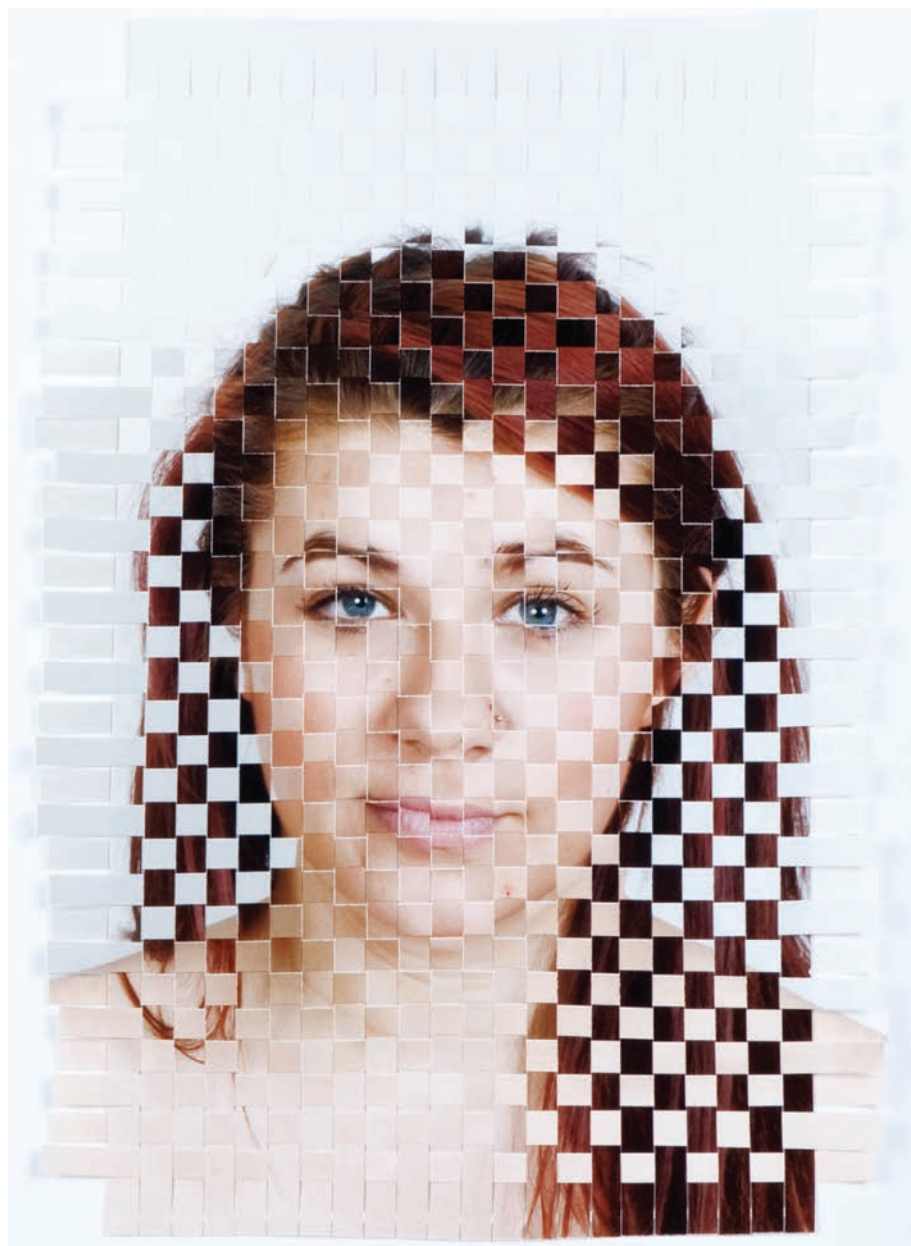
Many artists and photographers, for example, Valerie Belin and Barbara Kruger have produced bodies of work on this subject and they were a huge influence on Laura.

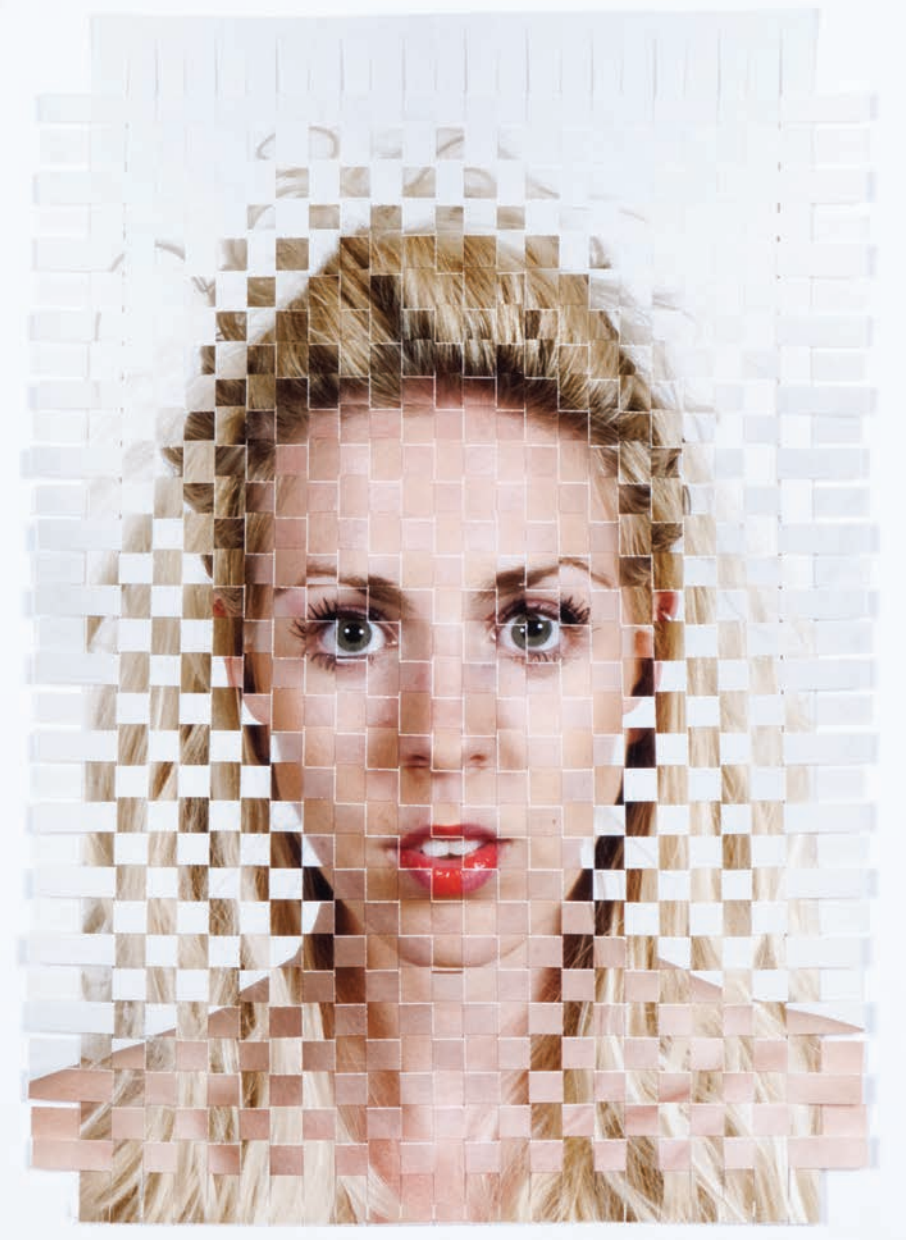
Laura's work beautifully captures the image of the 20th and 21st century women, becoming a diary of "pictures in perpetuity".





between the Seams

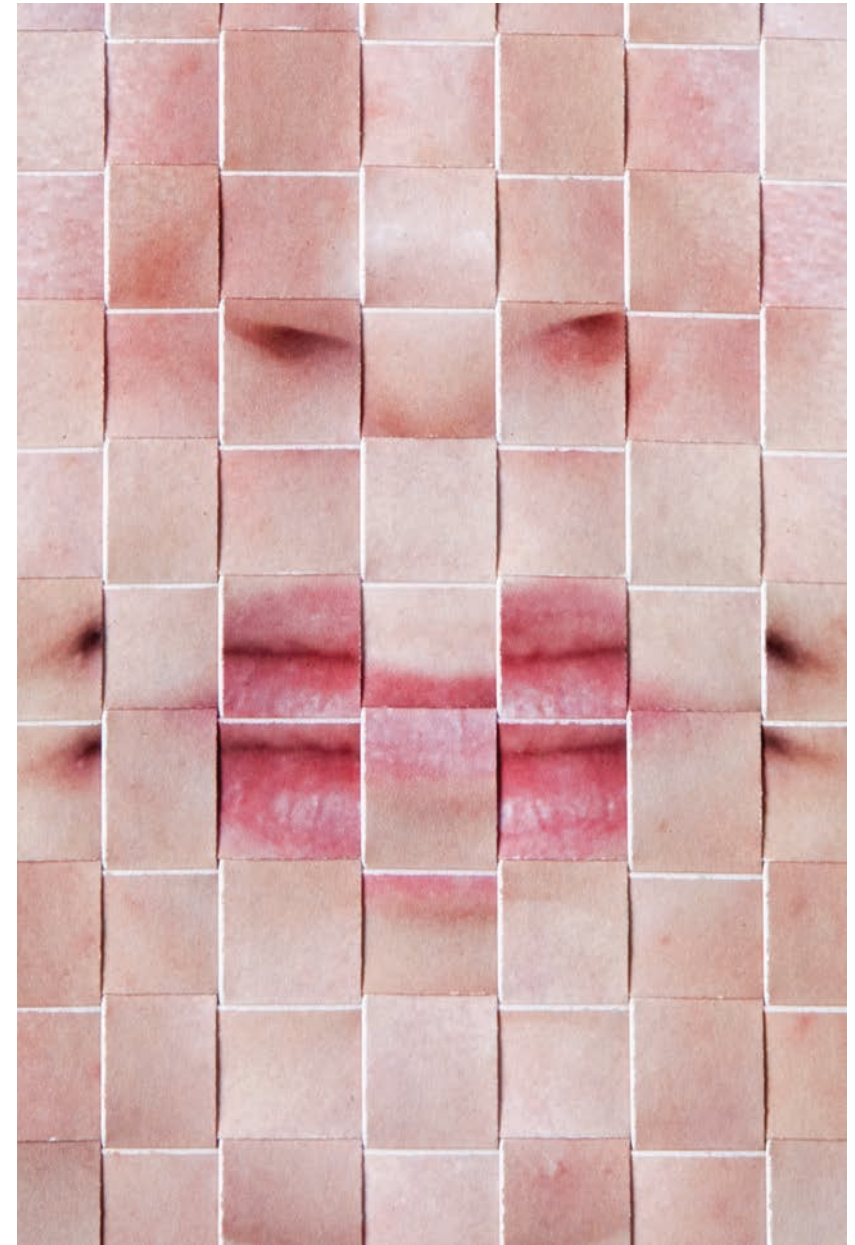




'between the Seams' calls into question contemporary attitudes towards the feminine and the Feminist. This work utilises the 'blank look' of Thomas Ruff's 1980's postmodern portraits whilst adding a new dimension to the work through the process undertaken to reach the final image.

The precise and painstaking way in which these portraits are constructed opposes Ruff's blank portraits, cutting through the conventions of portraiture. It becomes not just a portrait but a 3D sculptural object, bringing the surface of the image into play. Revealing the violent construction of the modern portrait, it confronts not just portraiture as a photographic genre, but images of women in general.

The purpose of the work is to bring into question the new balance of femininity and Feminism, the ambivalence felt towards Feminism by modern women, the "I'm not a feminist, but..."





Ticking Boxes





George's love

'Sit down darling', George sat her down in the chair.

'You really are very pretty... very pretty', he repeated, a little softer the second time.

George sat down opposite her at the table, poured them each a glass of wine and cut into his steak.

'Are you enjoying it, treasure?'

He leant over to feed her a mouthful but it fell straight to the ground as she stared blankly ahead. George frowned and picked up the piece of steak from the floor and put it in the bin.

'No need to be like that dear, tell me if you don't like it next time.'

He felt his fist clench but quickly put his hand flat as if he were playing a game of Rock, Paper, Scissors.

'I think someone might prefer sausages... yes, you'd like that, wouldn't you?'

She continued staring, her eyes fixed in front of her, glazed and emotionless.

'I'll be back in a minute my love, you stay right there'.

George proceeded to the kitchen, light-heartedly humming as he went, and began rummaging in the freezer for the sausages. As he searched, his mind wandered and he imagined them together on a beach; the sun reflecting off of her golden curls and slender limbs, her rouge lipstick - immaculate. He

wanted nothing more than to show her off in front of everyone, and thought about what the world would make of their relationship - could they ever understand it? George pushed these thoughts to the back of his mind as he retrieved the frozen block of meat and placed it in the microwave.

He returned to the living room and found her exactly as he had left her.

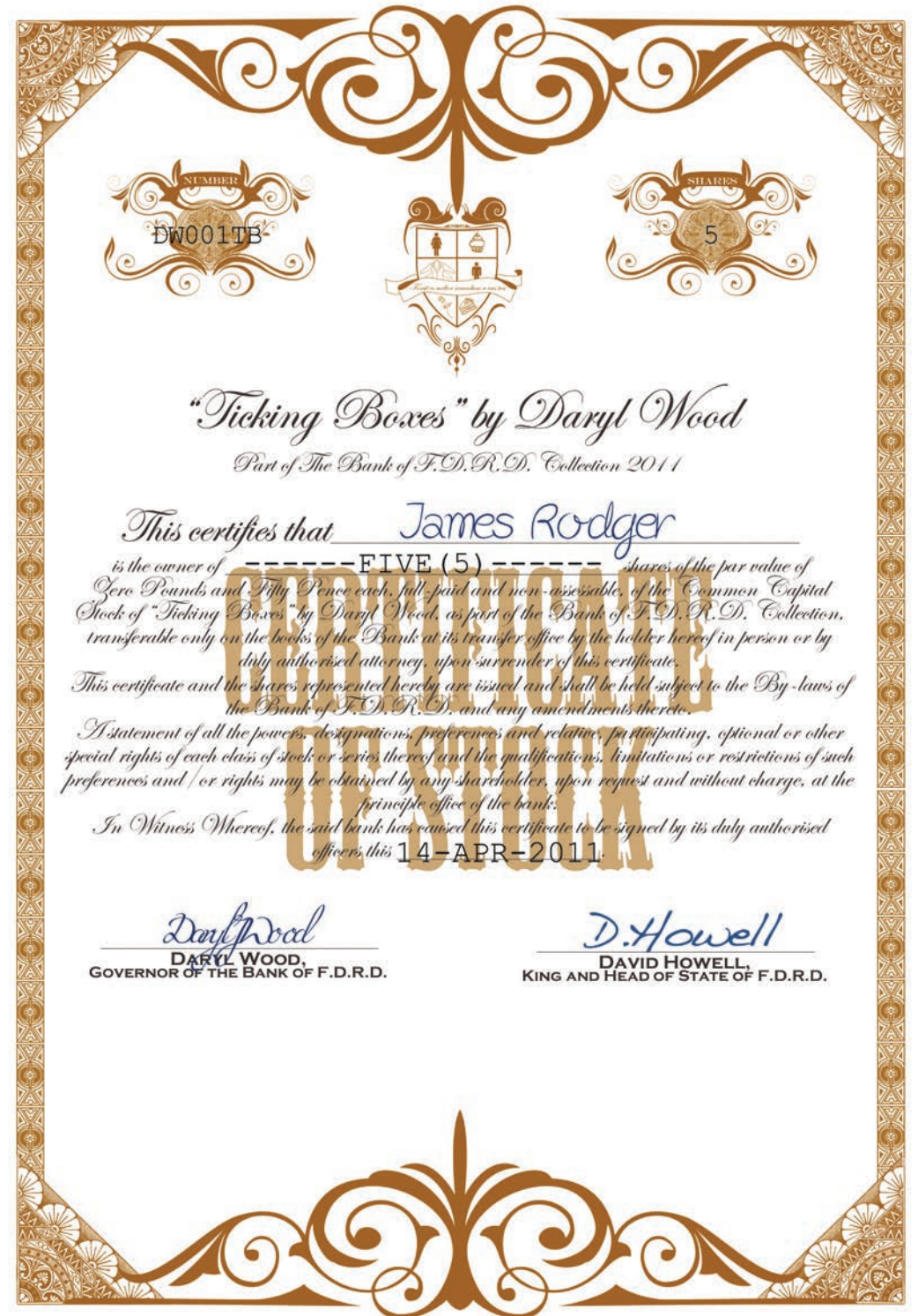
George stood there for a moment, smiling at her.

'They won't be long my dear'. He walked over to her and took her pale, stiff hand which felt cold to the touch. 'Shall we dance?'

He lifted her up delicately so she was facing him and put her hand on his hip. George gazed into her eyes with a warmth which was not reciprocated. He wanted to forget about everything else and focus on the feeling they shared together, but the feeling began to dwindle like a fire slowly fading out, as he felt her hand swiftly pull away from his side. Her arm had come loose, and in that brief second as he thought about how he would fix it, she slipped from his grasp and fell onto the ground. She lay there, motionless, staring blankly up at him, into the eyes of a broken man.

Timothy Rowe

In her work, Daryl Wood explores themes of objectification, de-personalisation, ownership and identification, through the use of sculptural installation combined with still photographic images. Her aim is to encourage mass participation from the viewer – partly through the sale of shares in the work – in an attempt to understand why these issues remain relevant in modern society. Daryl's work is influenced largely by modern feminists' perspectives on objectification, particularly the ten features which appear to be central to the act of objectifying – as highlighted by Martha Nussbaum and Rae Langton. Through collaboration with past graduate Dai Howell, Daryl has successfully set up a network through which she has been able to sell shares in the project. Her hope is that in doing so and through the nature of her work, it will highlight what a commodity the human as object really is in our society – how our cultural viewpoint almost encourages us to see people as objects, and to treat them as expendable, to be bought and sold or discarded; cheap and throwaway, and easily replaced.



Daryl Wood

images@darylwood.co.uk

www.darylwood.co.uk

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