

Notes Summer 2007

Scottish Photographers





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"YOU CAN'T WRITE poetry every day" wrote George Mackay Brown. "Even if you could, you might have to beg for a crust and a cup of tea".

That sentiment was echoed in the Spring *Notes* when the state of 'art' photography in Scotland was discussed and the conclusion was reached that creative photographers require to have a day job. It is an issue that is aired again in this edition in relation to photojournalism. Television and the internet have replaced *Picture Post* and *Life* and the features in magazines now concentrate on 'lifestyle'. Manufacturers of luxury goods may refuse to have their adverts published facing disturbing images of starving children. And why should an editor spend thousands of pounds on a black and white investigation of local issues when a colourful piece on Kylie Minogue can be got off the shelf? The results can be seen in the magazines of the *Herald* and the *Scotsman* and their Sunday editions. Talented press photographers are reduced to joining the media scrum to photograph the great and good, or at any rate the rich and (in)famous. It matters not that many of the readers have never even heard of some of the rich and (in)famous.

We are featuring the work of a man who continues to ply the honest trade of a concerned photojournalist. David Gillanders, in a short seven years as a photojournalist, has seen more than his fair share of crime and criminals. Once, when photographing in Russia, he was mocked for seeking out the unsavoury side of countries he visited. "*You come from Glasgow, the murder capital of Europe*"; he heard. The taunt struck home. Tae see oorsels . . .

The image of the Glasgow hard man is an impossible one to

shake off. Hard men were written about in *No Mean City*, played for laughs by comedians, acted out in *Taggart* and painted, notably by Peter Howson. But especially played for laughs. Have you heard the one about the Glasgow Airport bombers? '*Only in Glasgow do suicide bombers need to be rescued from the locals*'. It is maybe a joke too far for a City Council that is reinventing and renaming the place; the docks are becoming *Glasgow Harbour* and Glasgow Cross is now *The Merchant City*. But it's only a joke? David Gillanders thinks not. His current project is in on knife crime in Glasgow and, in relation to his photography, he says:

"I thoroughly believe that photography has the power to change opinion . . ."

These are the words of a classic photojournalist, not a jobbing newspaper man. Having carried a knife himself as a young man and been stabbed (his assailant was jailed and, later, murdered in prison) he knows more than most of us. Concerned documentary photography sometimes appears to be extinct - which is a serious matter for a photographer who wants to change the world, or at any rate Glasgow. We hope that the images and views of David Gillanders might encourage readers (if not the movers and shakers) to reconsider the place of photojournalism in the world of contemporary photography.

Meanwhile photography in Scotland continues to maintain a low profile. The *Scottish National Photography Centre* is becalmed and we are as far away as ever from the *Bellshill Biennale* or a *Rencontres Photographiques d'Airdrie*. So hurrah for the *Scottish Photographers* who continue to mount exhibitions of their work, often in most enterprising ways. We aim to

feature work by Scotland's leading photographers and to seek out work from the fringes for which, sadly, no other forum exists. For example unless you haunted *Street Level* in its early days, you will be unfamiliar with the works of Margaret Watkins. How much contemporary work like hers is out there waiting to be shown? Fascinating photography by Douglas Thomson and Jakob Jakobsson turned up at a recent portfolio session and we are delighted to feature it in the *Notes*. We look forward to continuing to receive work that is new and different and is unlikely to get an airing elsewhere.

The jury is still out on the question of whether contemporary art might show a particularly Scottish flavour any more. In the global village there are less obvious national characteristics than before. Is there anything intrinsically Scottish about Scotland, 'the Knox-ruined nation,/that poet and saint/must rebuild with their passion' (Mackay Brown again), or is it the case that we make 'just as good crap as anywhere else, and maybe even better'? This is not a rhetorical question. Some interesting thoughts were received from readers about the state of 'art' photography discussed in the Spring *Notes*, but none, sadly, intended for publication. Perhaps three editions of the *Notes* a year inhibits debate but nevertheless we are willing to encourage it. Downright acrimonious debate if you must or perhaps just a gentle flying, the editor is listening.

In the twelve editions of *Notes* so far we have avoided any mission statements or declarations of intent. The only hint we have dropped is that *Scottish Photographers* is a group for non-groupies, the intention being to encourage the making and showing of work which is not intended for prizes or commercial reward or for distinctions. A bit negative of course and not a

very smart definition of 'independent photography' but it must serve for the present. A new magazine is soon to be launched with the avowed aim:

'to construct a new agenda for theorising photography as a heterogeneous medium that is changing in an ever more dynamic relation to all aspects of contemporary culture'.

Maybe quite not what we are about. See if you can do better. Included with this edition is the gift of an original print, *bonaly woods*, by Douglas McBride. We are truly grateful to Douglas for his generosity. Enjoy!

Sandy Sharp



Jill Staples: May 2007. International *Scottish Photographers* at Inversnaid. Lina Löfström, Sweden; Ariadne Xenor, Greece and Denis Alishev, Russia. Also represented were the Irish, the English - and even the odd Scot.

David Gillanders - Concerned photographer



Sandy Sharp: David Gillanders at home. Houston 2007

David Gillanders lives in the quiet village of Houston with his wife and two young sons. Their house backs on to a farm; horses, kites, fun. The contrast with his photographic projects could not be greater for they take in crime, violence, stabbings and all the associated trauma. But David Gillanders is no voyeur, he is a concerned photojournalist.

"I thoroughly believe that photography has the power to change opinion and to influence the direction of individuals, politicians and governments".

It was in Odessa that David made the body of work which has brought him attention. He lived with street children in underground shelters and sewers, feral children many of whom were HIV positive and who sniffed glue and shot makeshift drugs. And died. By the time he had been threatened, assaulted and arrested many times he had made a portfolio of powerful images which won respect and international awards. But respect is one thing, getting published and properly rewarded is another. Newspapers and magazines feature 'lifestyle' in 2007, for the cult of the famous is everything, from precious pop stars to pompous politicians. This has come home to David as a result of his current project on knife crime in Glasgow which won him a place on the prestigious *World Press Photo Joop Swart Masterclass* in Amsterdam last year. These images have appeared, controversially, in an eight page spread in the *Daily Record*, bearing the legend *Warning: Graphic Images*.

David says: "I'm incredibly grateful to the *Daily Record* not just for publishing it but for how they published it. They humanised knife crime and didn't sensationalise it. Bringing it into the public domain has raised the level of awareness. But there are a lot of

people who want to protect children from seeing these images. When there was a debate on Radio Derry about the pictures an Accident and Emergency consultant said that he was bitterly opposed to use of the images because he didn't want his son to see them, he wanted to protect his son from violent shocking images. The concern of a mother in Easterhouse or Barlanark is not for her son opening a newspaper and seeing a violent picture. Her concern is with her son walking out of the door and never coming home again because he has been murdered. When someone gets stabbed in the street in Glasgow and is bleeding to death on the pavement it doesn't happen in isolation. The whole of the street is out screaming at the paramedics. Young kids are walking through the blood and seeing it unfold in front of their eyes. Young people are involved in this, they are not to be protected from it they are to be educated. If you carry a knife and you stab someone you are either going to kill them or they are going to kill you. And if you kill them you are going to end up in jail. It's a lose lose situation."

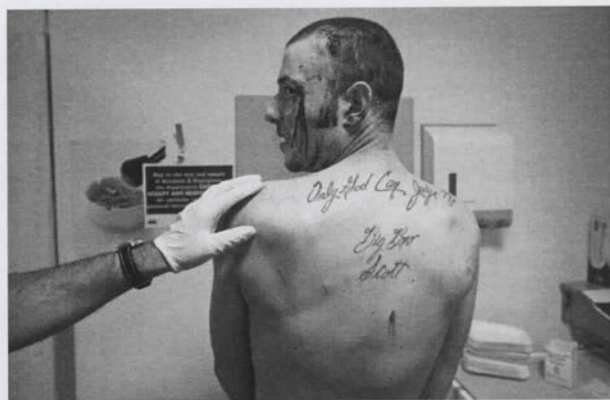
There is a positive side. David is working with Strathclyde Police to produce an education pack on 'violence intervention' and he hopes to raise funds to put on a travelling exhibition within Easterhouse and Barlanark, two areas where he has been photographing. Raising money in Glasgow to exhibit and publish work highlighting knife crime is a tricky one. The city is constantly rebranding itself and there are things like the sensitive bid for the Commonwealth Games. It raises all the problems that

photojournalists in the past like Eugene Smith encountered. Smith and Paolo Pellegrin (coincidentally the winner of the recent Eugene Smith Award!) are two of David's inspirations. The *Joop Swart* 'masters' that he encountered were a mixed bunch, but one man, a quiet man stood out.



"David Hurn is a *Magnum* photographer and a lovely guy. His whole life has been devoted to documenting what he sees and where he lives. When I met him, over and above his photographic work, I thought that he was exactly the man that I would like to be at his age. A lot of the masterclass was a bit like sitting in on a fashion seminar. Hurn sat quietly through it all; he gave his talk on the last day and everything he said just resonated with me. It was incredible, uplifting, emotionally moving, fantastic.

"I'd like to embark on a project about Scotland next, about what it means to be Scottish in this day and age. It costs a lot of money to go overseas and do work but like most people at the start their career as a photojournalist that's what I needed to do. I went wandering and worked on my projects and had good fun doing it. But I have a young family that I don't want to be leaving for six or eight weeks at a time. I love Scotland and I'm into old bikes as well [he has just rebuilt an old *Triumph* body] and I'm going to embark on tour of Scotland to find communities where I can spend a bit of time. I can see that being the longest and most in depth project I've worked on. Where is Eilean Donan Castle? Every one knows where it is and photographs it, but what's going on in the community round about it? Who is the woman who makes



Images clockwise from above.

Peter, a victim of a life threatening attack in which he was stabbed several times shows his defiance to his attackers at his home in Easterhouse. 23 June 2006

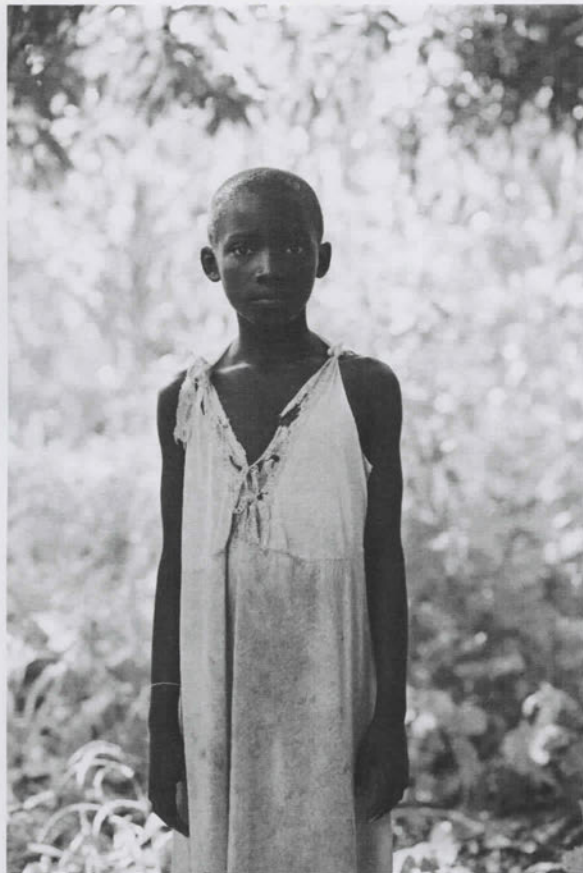
Royal Infirmary Accident & Emergency Department is one of the busiest in the United Kingdom in terms of the volume of violent trauma they treat. A man was brought into hospital in police custody, who has been hit on the head with a meat cleaver. 05 May 2006

A young man is comforted by a nurse as doctors try to stabilise his condition. The man was attacked at random near his home in Barlanark by a group of youths and received over 20 stab wounds to his chest, back and buttocks. His condition was life threatening and he required a blood transfusion to survive. 02 April 2006





GLASGOW 26 APRIL 2006: A man with a history of violence who has been assaulted is disarmed by police officers before paramedics enter the building to give him medical treatment.



Food Shortages in Malawi - Child Malnutrition. Life in the village of Mgwindhi. Despite the, at times, chronic food shortages and starvation life goes on for the people of Mgwindhi. There is an amazing and real sense of community spirit and a will to survive come. Nkhotakota, Malawi, 04 March 2006

Opposite: Sister Setrida Zulu is in charge of the NRU Nutritional Rehabilitation Unit and chiponde production plant in Nambuma.

All photos are copyright David Gillanders You can contact him at:
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your cup of tea. What does she do where does she live? How does she survive? That's what I'm interested in. If I was a tourist and came to Scotland I would want to sue somebody for all you ever see in books and postcards are blue skies, beautiful castles and perfectly calm water. That only happens one day every year, 364 days it's grey and atmospheric and moody. And beautiful! There is a very different Scotland out there. There are a number of photographers who document life on the islands and that imagery needs to be done in the mainland as well. One of the beauties of documentary photography is that it gives you an excuse to do anything you want to. I still remember overcoming the embarrassment of asking someone if I could take their picture. It was an amazingly liberating experience. I had been in town, in Glasgow, and was trying to shoot street scenes with a long lens and getting frustrated because the images weren't the images I was wanting to make. Then I started to shoot with shorter lenses getting up closer to people trying to be within the scene was trying to photograph. I started to talk to people, all they can say is no! It is a great way of meeting people. I've always been into banter and Glasgow humour, chatting to people and getting on with them. Once that invisible barrier has been broken down then the doors are open."

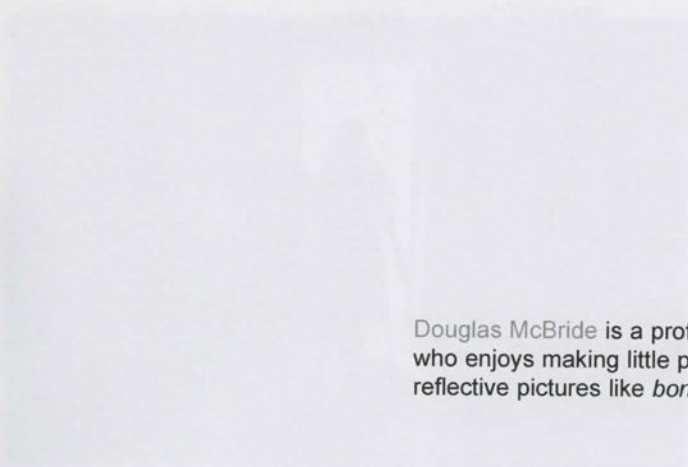
Like most photographers David has come to terms with digital revolution and hasn't developed a film for 'nearly two years'. In fact he knows he couldn't have afforded the time or money to have done the knife crime project with film. His early concerns with digital printing, storage and security have gone and is convinced that it gives far more options than film.

"For me the greatest magic of conventional photography is



developing a film. To see a roll of Tri X when it is wet and peeling off the spiral for a first look still gives me a rush. Now digital printing has become as big a part of me as hand printing ever was. I treat digital exactly the same way as I treat film. I use small flash cards that only take sixty pictures so that I work in the same way. I don't use motor drive, I just take a lot of pictures and change cards the way I would change films. I don't delete, I use the cameras just as I used film cameras using the back screen only to check exposure and then forget about it. The cameras I'm using just now are really phenomenal and four 500GB hard drives should hold all the images I'm ever likely to make - though I've still got hundreds of sheets of old negatives that I haven't even contacted. I take far too many pictures . . . !"

Douglas McBride: bonaly woods fern sticks



Douglas McBride is a professional photographer who enjoys making little pictures for himself. Quiet, reflective pictures like *bonaly woods fern sticks*.

as for words . . .
to explain why I do it
seems too hard

DM



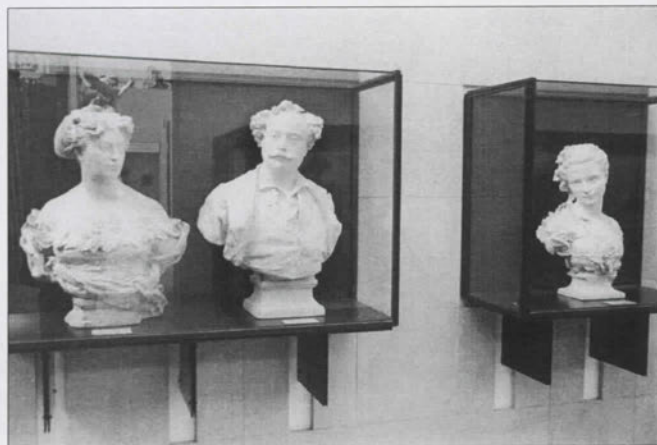
Stewart Shaw: Photography in public places

I WAS ABOUT to take a short-cut through one of Glasgow's cathedrals of consumerism, a large glass and steel shopping centre erected on the site of a former Victorian railway station. As I pushed open the heavy door, a strip of text on the glass caught my eye: "No Smoking, No Bicycles, No Dogs, No Skate Boards, No Photography or Filming."

The smoking ban now applies everywhere of course, and I can understand the desire to prevent thrill-seekers hurtling through a crowded mall on wheels (as they do on the pavements outside), but where's the harm in a few snaps or video footage of one of Glasgow's supposed "attractions"?

The "no photography" approach has become more common in recent times. Over the years I have noticed that it is becoming increasingly difficult to photograph in so-called public areas, and everyone seems more camera-aware. I am not necessarily talking about sneaking shots of people unaware ("candid camera"), but any kind of photography in public. People have always been curious, not to say nosy, about what others are doing (I plead guilty to that one myself), but there is now an underlying air of suspicion that the resulting photographs will be used for some nefarious or anti-social purpose.

Using photography to collect evidence has been in use for many years. In the 1980's when shooting in the "Barras" weekend street market I was once mistaken for a "Social Security Snooper" looking for evidence of someone on benefits earning a bit of extra cash, and I have noticed recently that our traffic wardens use a small digital camera to photograph cars parked illegally or with expired road fund licences before issuing a ticket. But now it seems every one wants to know the



Stewart Shaw: No Restrictions - Musee d'Orsay, 2007

reason for taking photographs, which in my case will probably sound puzzling or even deranged to a non-photographer as I explain what attracted me to the light and shade on that particular crumbly bit of old wall or building.

The prevailing attitude contrasts with that of several years back, when I took some photographs, without interruption, inside the centre for a book on Glasgow. Also during a short holiday in Paris earlier this year I, along with many other camera-toting tourists, took as many photographs as I wanted in the famous Musée d'Orsay art gallery without interference from the authorities, and this in a country famous for its laws restricting photography of individuals in public. Perhaps part of the trouble is altered perceptions of what is public and what is private. The shopping centres are built to look like extensions of

the street with rows of shops and internal "pavements", but unlike the outside streets they are private properties albeit ones open to the public, and can set their own rules. But even standing in the (public) street outside and pointing a camera at a building frontage can bring someone rushing out to enquire the "what and why" of your photographic efforts. Recently too, in the Scottish countryside the distinctions between public and private become blurred as wealthy estate owners legally and sometimes successfully challenge the public's traditional right of way across their land.

There are changes also in what is regarded as acceptable everyday behaviour, perhaps exemplified by the use of mobile phones where many people conduct the most intimate conversations in public within earshot of a whole bus, train, shop or restaurant. But produce a camera in public and immediately suspicions are aroused. It is perhaps ironic that now tiny digital cameras and those incorporated in mobile phones make surreptitious snapping easier than ever, and harder to detect, so who's to say if you are making a call, reviewing your holiday snaps on the LCD screen, or actually taking a photograph.

One final point occurs to me as I enter the shopping centre. Alongside the notice telling me that photography and filming is verboten is an even larger notice informing me that CCTV cameras will be filming me continuously as I pass through their property. The all-seeing cameras in the centre and the surrounding streets will run 24 hours a day, endlessly recording all through the day and night - "Sleepless in St Enoch," right enough.

Stewart Shaw



Photography in public places - an angry crowd about to advance on Stewart Shaw in Prague 2002

Margaret Diamond

Penthouse Blues
58cm x 41cm

*"The sun is shining, but the blinds are drawn and Richard and Judy are on afternoon television.
The poetic swirl of the window cleaner's work silhouetted through the overwhelming blue of the blind
plays on the emotions in this elegant, but disturbing image."*

Visual Arts Scotland Open Exhibition
Royal Scottish Academy
17 March - 12 April 2007

The Visual Arts Scotland: Sally Schofield Memorial Prize (£200) for Photography and Print.





Cézanne: Still Life with Onions 1895-1900

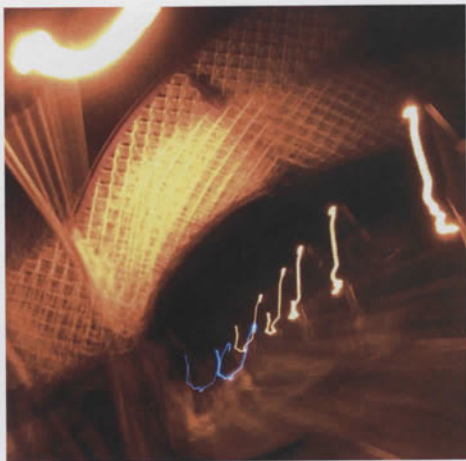
At sixteen I got my first paying summer job. Bringing electricity to all farms was a priority in post war Iceland and working as a linesman for two summers I could afford to buy my first camera. Throughout my construction life I kept my Rolleiflex and a spare roll of Tri-X Pan close by, photographing the work in progress and structure on completion.

Time and again I have been aware of the importance of each individual contribution and I have tried to highlight this aspect of the construction. In retirement I have continued to photograph in a more opportunistic way and without any particular theme in mind.

Cézanne Onions is part of a group of still lives by Cézanne that I have been recreating to try and understand his thinking behind the striking arrangements and lighting. The background is a water colour painted by me but the fruit and onions are from local shops and table from IKEA.

Jakob Jakobsson





Without light there wouldn't be many Scottish photographers. Right? It's what really gets to me. Light. In all its forms. I keep an open mind about it. Always ready to be surprised, impressed, astonished even emotionally shaken, and stirred. I go for light like a moth to a candle. Indoors, outdoors, it's the light that affects me. Immediately. No avoiding it. If the eyes are open, in it goes. Straight for the optic nerve. Zap!

And I don't need a lot of it. The faintest glimmer can set me off. I don't need grand panoramas full of light to impress me. Not at all. Often the smallest object in the weakest light can really hit the mark. But the 'wrong' light! Oh no. I'll feel an immediate depression approaching. I have to leave immediately. I am definitely late for an appointment.

I feel optically abused by 'lousy' light. I walk into a badly-lit space and I immediately look for something, anything which will rescue my senses. Nothing? Definitely time to go. A bit like reading a badly written book. If it doesn't hold my interest, chuck it. Get another. Move on.

Bad, uninspiring light? Should I stand on a chair, open a door, light a match? Close my eyes? Wait? Now there's something I could never do. Wait. Wait for hours for the right light. If I don't see it and feel it within seconds I'm off. Things to do, places to go . . .

Railway bridge at night. Country station. No-one about, train due in ten minutes. Dusk. Still blue in the sky. Station lights on. I have a feeling, no, a need to photograph. Right now! No questions asked. Out comes the pocket digital, small aperture, slow shutter, keep the camera moving, eyes on the screen, feel it! Click. Review. Re-compose. See it! Go with it. Click. Review. And again. And again. And again. And the train is coming. Camera back in pocket... Hello dear! Have a good journey?

Image details: Made with a Ricoh GR Digital pocket camera. Fixed (but collapsible) 28 mm equivalent lens, no viewfinder, only LCD screen. Set on aperture priority, aperture f9, ISO 64, shutter automatically set by the camera, between 1-2 seconds, colour balance 'cloudy'. Images 'painted' into the camera using various deliberate movements during the exposures. Post-processing completed using open source software 'The Gimp'.

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IN GLASGOW IN the eighties there occurred two exhibitions of the photographs of Margaret Watkins, a name that may be unknown to many. Here is what a correspondent of the then *Glasgow Herald* wrote at the time:

Born in Canada of Scottish parents, Margaret Watkins was one of the most internationally renowned photographers in the 'twenties and 'thirties. Her work graced the great galleries and salons of America and Britain. Margaret Watkins worked with Stieglitz, was commissioned by Macy's and toured post-revolution Russia with her camera. Yet she died, unknown and alone, in Scotland in 1969. It was then that her work was rediscovered in boxes and packing cases.

The work of Margaret Watkins was championed by Joseph Mulholland, a journalist neighbour who befriended her but who was unaware, until after her death, of her photographic past. Her photographs were exhibited in the *Third Eye Centre* and in *Street Level*. A catalogue was published at the time of the *Street Level* exhibition. Margaret Watkins: 1884 - 1969: Photographs. Essays by Halla Beloff, Joseph Mulholland & Lori Paul Editor Martha McCulloch. Published by *Street Level*, 1994.



Margaret Watkins
The Teacup, 1924

10.5.33 ~ 9.8.06

"...The era of extreme Jewish intellectualism is now at an end. The breakthrough of the German revolution has again cleared the way on the German path... The future German man will not just be a man of books, but a man of character. It is to this end that we want to educate you. As a young person, to already have the courage to face the pitiless glare, to overcome the fear of death, and to regain respect for death - this is the task of this young generation. And thus you do well in this midnight hour to commit to the flames the evil spirit of the past. This is a strong, great and symbolic deed - a deed which should document the following for the world to know - Here the intellectual foundation of the November (Democratic) Republic is sinking to the ground, but from this wreckage the phoenix of a new spirit will triumphantly rise..."

Joseph Goebbels, Nazi Propaganda Minister

"If you burn books today, you burn people tomorrow"

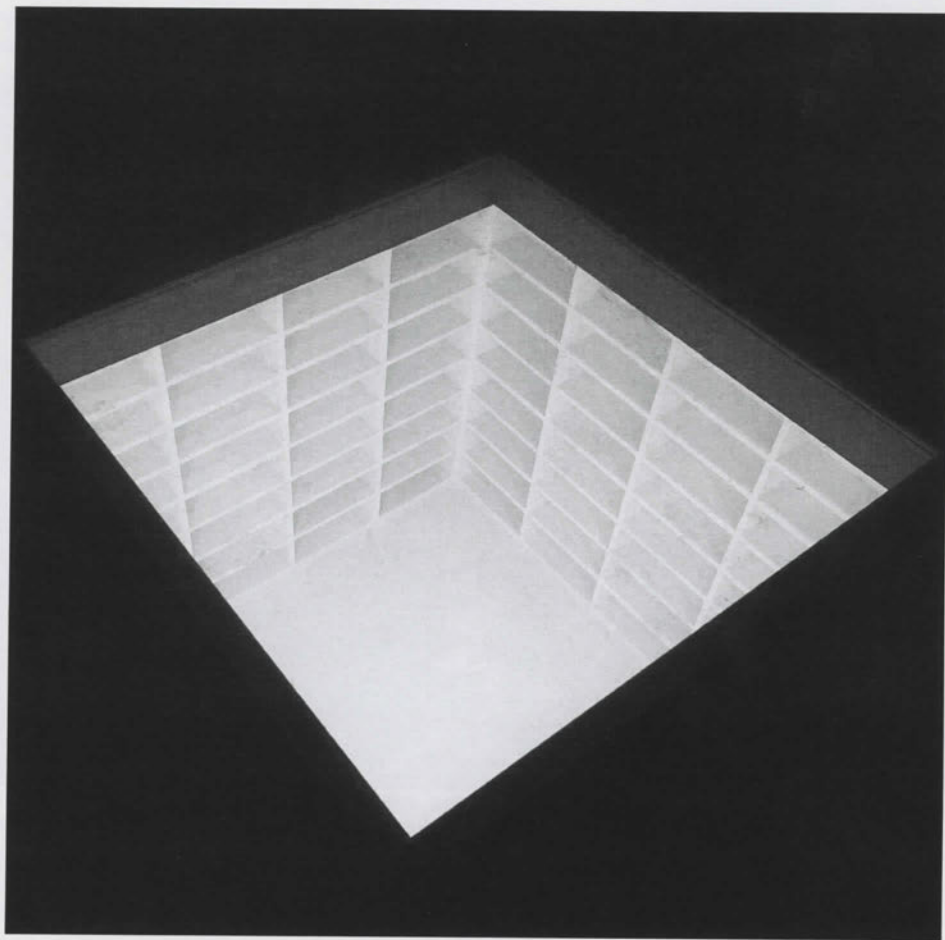
Heinrich Heine





Previous page: Babelplatz montage of a contemporary photograph and a present day one by Douglas Thomson. 10.5.33 - 9.8.06.
Above: Banned Books (l) and Humboldt University book sale (r).
Opposite: Submerged Library

Pictures by Douglas Thomson





Tom Urie: Fountain with Scottish worthies at Linlithgow Palace. From his 2006 calendar.

Is it a truth universally acknowledged that there are not nearly enough galleries showing photography? Or rather that there are not enough photographers submitting their work to galleries for showing? Whatever the truth may be it is clear that decent shows of photography (on walls, not web sites) are pretty thin on the ground. Edinburgh can at times do well though their shows often depend on images of kenspeckle figures to pull in the crowds. The temporary displacement of *Street Level* means that Glasgow is without a single centre dedicated to photography for a time. Pubs, cafes, restaurants and dentist's waiting rooms try hard, but it's not quite the same. There are two venues in Glasgow, however, which continue to show photography on a regular basis and in a serious way, the *St Mungo Museum* in the High Street and *The Lighthouse* in Mitchell Lane.

The *St Mungo Museum*, a 'museum of religious life and art', is an interesting place in its own right, in the shadow of Glasgow cathedral and the Necropolis and with a delightful Japanese stone garden. (If only it had a decent eating place. Why has Edinburgh a monopoly of brilliant cafes, one of the main reasons for visiting a gallery!). Over the years there have been many excellent shows in the St Mungo, the most recent by Roddy Mackay. A *Glasgow Story*, a 'snapshot of African and Caribbean life in Glasgow today' consisted of two dozen framed and glazed colour pictures accompanied by a considerable amount of informative text. The pictures were of the sort that you would expect from a capable press photographer. Cleverly posed (some a little too cleverly) they portrayed a sometimes wacky selection of African and Caribbean religious people mostly looking a great deal happier than do many of the locals. The agenda of St Mungo will always be 'religion' while *The Lighthouse* majors on design.



Roddy Mackay: Marvin Andrews, originally from Trinidad and Tobago, former Rangers FC player, Marvin Andrews is a pastor at his local church, Zion International Praise centre in Kirkcaldy. He plays for Raith Rovers.

The *Lighthouse* is 'Scotland's Centre for Architecture, design and the City' and has quite a different atmosphere. During the summer Brian Sweeney showed *Lido*, 'a photographic essay' of the few remaining Scottish open air swimming pools, a small number of large flush mounted back and white prints. Their provenance was not clear, in a photocopied hand out Sweeney said 'Sometimes it just hits you, when you are there and everything makes sense'. What didn't make sense was suspending the prints in the windows which made them impossible to see properly in strong light.

All in all two frustratingly 'nearly there' shows. However the *Lighthouse* has certainly got one thing really going for it - a decent gallery cafe in Glasgow.

JILL STAPLES ATTENDED the Inversnaid weekend and writes:

'The weekend was a great pleasure. We saw varied work from twelve members, but we also saw work by two students in their final year at Napier University. They had been offered sponsored places on the weekend, one by a member of Scottish Photographers and the other by Linda and André who run the Centre. These girls made the weekend for all of us. Ariadne from Athens showed work based on the religious symbols of the Greek Orthodox Church and Lina from Sweden showed work based on her vision of post global warming. Both presented their work with detailed explanations of its origins and intentions. What a good idea to offer places to two such exciting students. How delightful and stimulating is the enthusiasm of these young people. The Inversnaid Centre is a wonderful place to visit not only to learn more about photography, but also to see some outstanding countryside, lovely people giving us splendid food and a very welcoming atmosphere. www.inversnaidphoto.com

Jill is the organiser of IPSE, Independent Photographers in the South East. www.ipse.org.uk



Calum Colvin in his studio

In April a dozen of us spent a very pleasant Sunday afternoon in the company of **Calum Colvin** in his studio. Having heard stories about his methods of working it was fascinating to see that it was not all 'done by mirrors' but rather was photography of a highly complex installation. The

work in progress was a portrait of John Bellany which can be seen, along with Bellany's painting of Colvin, in the RSA in Edinburgh during the summer. Calum is building a new studio and we were quick to ask ourselves back. Yes was his answer - and we trust that he is reading this!



Audience at the David Gillanders lecture.

suggestions of topics would be welcome - and organisers!

We continue to provide a forum for members to show and discuss their work in 'portfolio sessions'. Bring along work to one of your local ones the next time you see it (e-mail) advertised. It is good to talk and anyway, as we have said before, 'your own photography is never enough' Just a music is meant to be performed so are photographs meant to be shown to others.



Melanie Sims explains all in Glasgow.



Veronika Woodroffe recently visited India.

'The traffic in the crowded huge cities of India is chaotic and polluted to the extreme. I wanted to find and capture images that would show a more relaxed way of moving people and goods'.

Clockwise from above:
Motorcycle taxis. Two men transporting blocks of ice. Boats carrying people and goods.



Tricia Malley and Ross Gillespie: Entrepreneurial Scotland - Portraits of Inspiration

THIS EXHIBITION WAS accompanied by a book which said that the photographs are of those elected by their peers to a Scottish Entrepreneurs 'Hall of Fame'. Each of the portraits is, according to the text on the gallery walls, the combined effort of the photographers. In the book it is stated that 'the aim was simply to show everyone as a unique human being connecting their professional lives where possible with their images'. That aim was not fully realised.

The most successful photographs are those where the link is made. Brian Souter is reposing solemnly in a bus shelter with two women chatting happily along the bench with a company bus as a backdrop through the glass; Sir Arnold Clark in an empty showroom with what looks like the first car he sold. In another group the subjects are photographed in their homes, Ann Gloag with ancestral portraits and chandeliers, Lord McFarlane with Scottish paintings on his wall and a catalogue of the works of Egon Schiele on the table and Chris Gorman sitting at his swimming pool with a large yellow beach ball floating in the water. However much less satisfying were large monochrome cropped heads of Jackie Stewart, Ian Wood and Moir Lockhead. In other photographs the subjects were dwarfed against ware house buildings and trees.

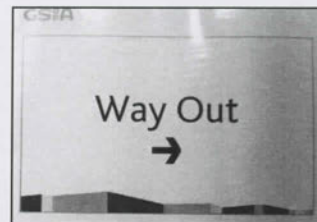
Thus as a whole the exhibition lacked cohesion. This was demonstrated by the presentation which mixed black and white with colour. The colour photographs juxtaposed those with square negative frame complete with the square negative

frame and Hasselblad notches against large rectangular photographs.

The only subject I know personally, Walter Nimmo, was photographed sitting at a piano wistfully staring into the middle distance. The photograph completely failed to show the mercurial dynamism which is the essence of his personality.

Although there were a number of striking and successful photographs the exhibition was a bit of a disappointment due to the lack of a consistent style and a failure to realise the aims that the photographers set themselves.

Douglas May



Found notice: Glasgow School of Art Degree Show 2007

Scottish Photographers 2005

Life Member Thomas Joshua Cooper

Anke Addy Aboyne Chris Adie North Berwick Alan Aitchison Lochwinnoch John Alexander Broughty Ferry Allan Allison Glasgow
Denis Alyshev Glasgow Jane Angel Edinburgh Roland Ashcroft Longforgan Susan Baker Glasgow Geoff Banks Aberdeen James Baster Edinburgh
Ian Biggar Dumfries Andy Biggs Elswick Richard Bingham Bönnyrigg William Bishop London Val Bissland Bearsden Alan Borthwick Perth
Sheila Borthwick Perth Allan Bovill Edinburgh Frank Bradford South Ronaldsay Keith Brame Edinburgh Katie Brooke Edinburgh Alicia Bruce Edinburgh
David Bruce Helensburgh David Buchanan Edinburgh William Buchanan Hawick Ronald Burns Upton Robert Burns Glasgow Irene Cadenhead Edinburgh
Gordon Cairns Glasgow Gordon Cameron Edinburgh Lord Caplan Edinburgh Richard Carrey London Colin Cavers Lauder
Lin Chay Glasgow Cynthia Chen Edinburgh Derek Christie Edinburgh Al Clark Abernethy Lesley-Anne Clark Glasgow Alastair Cochrane Avoch
Bob Collins Glasgow Joel Conn Glasgow Scott Cook Dunfermline Thomas Joshua Cooper Glasgow Robin Coufts Waterloooville Anne Crabbe Chesham
Gordon Croft Lower Largo Simon Crofts Haddington Caroline Dear Portree Margaret Diamond Glasgow Alan Dimmick Glasgow Stan Dodd Chelmsford
William Doig Glasgow Craig Dorral Milngavie Gordon Doughty Achnamara Caroline Douglas Edinburgh Catherine Drain Kilsyth Bill Ellis Warrington
Ian Fairgrieve Inverness Roger Farnham Glasgow Jane Fenton Edinburgh Peter Fenton Strathcarron William Fisher Glasgow Eileen Fitzpatrick Kinloss
Felicity Fullwood Glasgow Sam Gardener Staffin Tony Gardner Aberfeldy Robin Gillanders Edinburgh Aase Goldsmith Largoward
Peter Goldsmith Largoward Andre Goulaincourt Inversnaid Suzy Gray Kilmuir Jenni Gudgeon Cupar Peter Hallam Morton Gordon Harrison Achnasheen
Janet Healy Cumbernauld Jim Henderson Laide Niall Henderson Menstrie Joyce Henry Giffnock Nick Holmes Mull Keith Ingham Glasgow
Colin Jago Glenelg Jakob Jakobsen Milngavie Kate Jo Inverkip Vaughan Judge Inverkip Eric Judlin Glasgow John Kemplay Chipping Campden
Virginia Khuri London Ian King Inversnaid James Kinloch Tayvallich Alina Kisina Edinburgh Peter Koch-Osborne Penrith Rosemary Koch-Osborne Penrith
Peter Lane Forrest Town Thomas Law Bearsden Nikki Leadbetter Menstrie Michael Lee York Gordon Lemant Falkirk Gordon Lennox Cumbernauld
Chris Leslie Glasgow George Logan Cargill Suzie Long Wicklewood Clare Lorenz Edinburgh Patricia Macdonald Mussleburgh Douglas Mackie Edinburgh
Gwen Mackie Edinburgh Douglas McBride Killin Graeme Magee Edinburgh Harry Magee Glasgow Frances McCourt Glasgow Sarah Mackay Glasgow
Peter McCulloch Glasgow Bryony McIntyre Edinburgh Ray McKenzie Milton of Campsie Iain McLean Glasgow Jim Mailer Cupar Graham Marsden Nairn
Don Marsh Glasgow Fergus Mather Wick Stephen Mather Glasgow Allan May Bearsden Douglas May Edinburgh Clare Maynard Anstruther
Ian Melville Glasgow Michael Mercer Dalgety Bay Tony Middleton Cannock Carole Miller Livingston Robin Miller Drumnadrochit Bill Millett Rutherglen
David Mitchell Dunfermline Gunnie Moberg Orkney Bob Moore Avoch Chris Morris Bishops Waltham Roy Myers East Linton Kevin O'Brien Leven
David Ogden Balmullo Caroline Parkinson Edinburgh Alan Paterson Glasgow Peacock Visual Arts Aberdeen Michael Peterson Lerwick Fiona Porteous Alva
James Stuart Porter Edinburgh Stephen Pounder Dundee Keith Price Lairg Carl Radford Blantyre Hazel Rae Portree Bruce Rattray Camberley
Martin Reekie Ballater John Rhodes Salisbury Chantal Riekel Glasgow Jonathan Robertson Cupar Roy Robertson Newport on Tay Mairi Robertson London
Richard Sadler Monmouth Beth Sandison Edinburgh Gordon Saunders Glasgow Lenka Sedlackova Czech Republic Mike Shanahan Haslemere
Sandy Sharp Motherwell Stewart Shaw Glasgow Madelaine Shepherd Edinburgh Matt Sillars Dingwall Roddy Simpson Linlithgow Melanie Sims Bearsden
Gavin Smith Portobello Richard Smith Portree Craig Snedden Glenrothes Source Magazine Belfast Philip Spain Glasgow Jill Staples Bolney
Shelagh Steele West Calder Alex Stephen Prestwick Donald Stewart Kinross Stills Gallery Edinburgh Street Level Glasgow Euan Sutherland Glasgow
Stefan Syrowatka Cork Norma Louise Thallon London David Third Keith Anne Thomson Forbes Douglas Thomson Stonehouse Michael Thomson Hamilton
Elisabet Thorin Linlithgow Nigel Thorpe Glasgow Ian Trushell Kilbarchan Tom Urie Motherwell Tiny van der Werf Netherlands Hugh Walker Glasgow
Robert Walker Kinross Stuart Walker Kemnay David Wallace Perth Vanessa Wenweiser Glasgow Simon Nicholas White Edinburgh
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