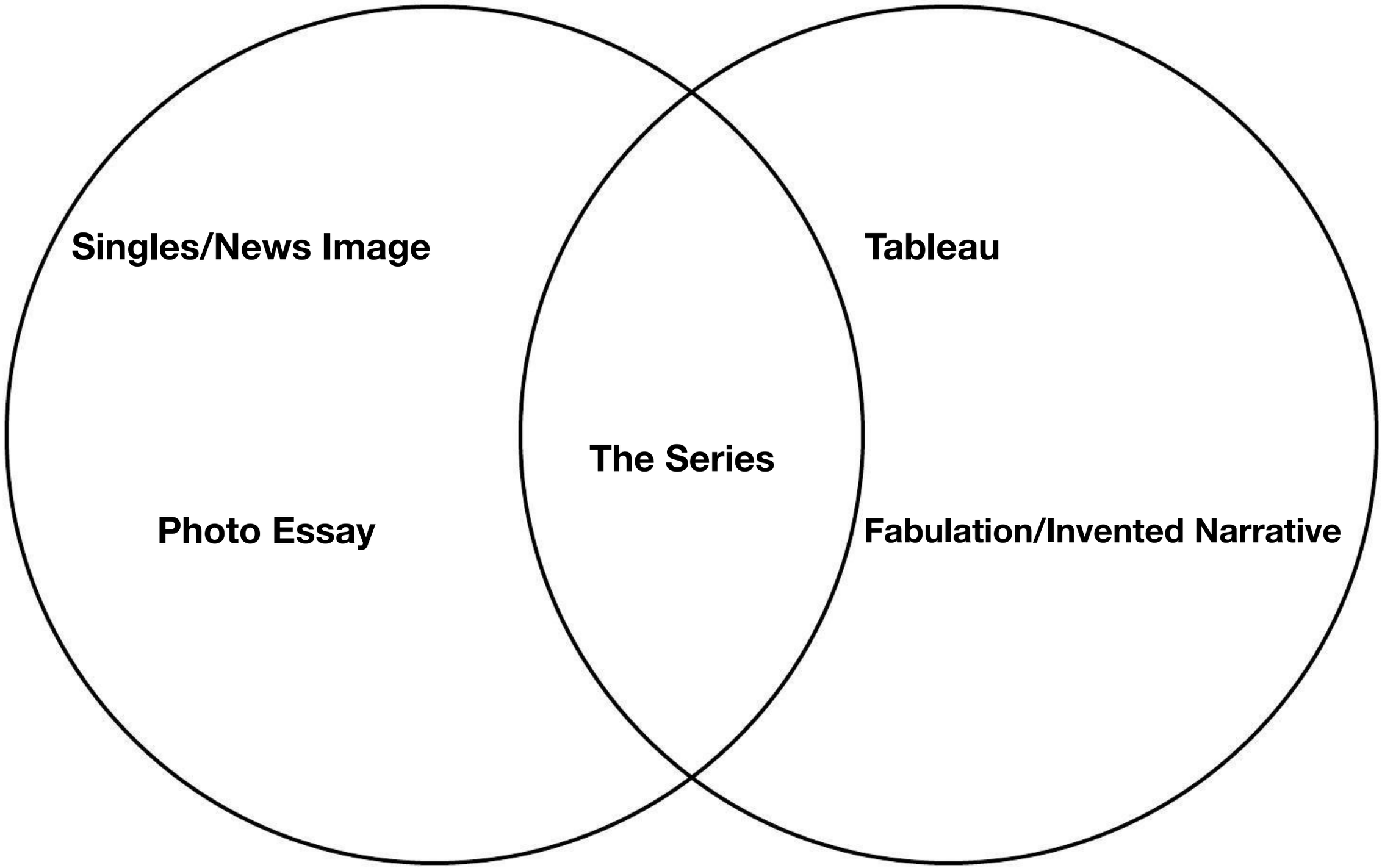
Photographic Approaches to Narrative



Jeff Wall, *The Storyteller* (1986)

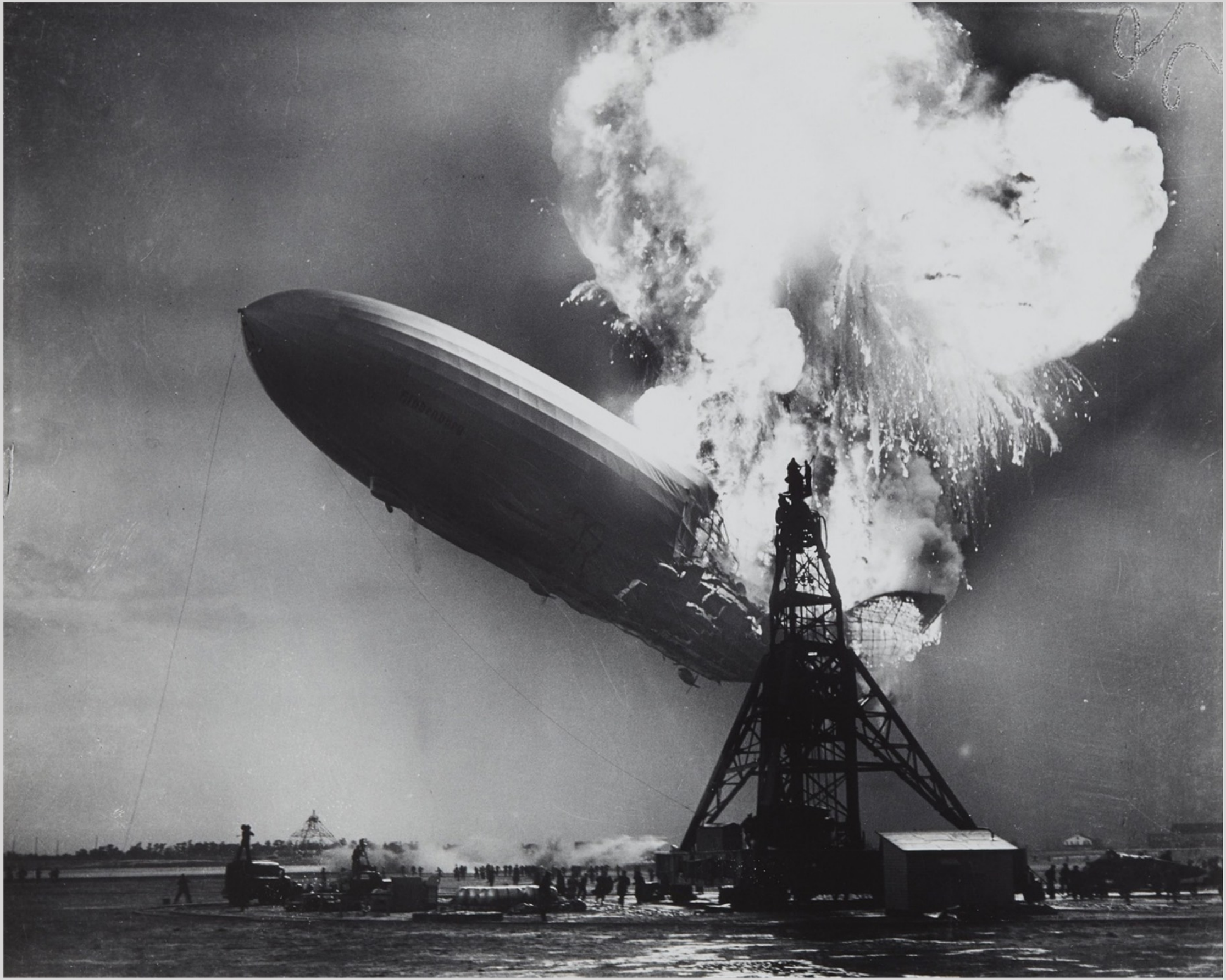


Edouard Manet, *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe* (*The Luncheon on the Grass*) - 1862



The Venn diagram of Photographic Narrative

Single Image - News Image



Sam Shere, The Hindenberg Disaster, 1937



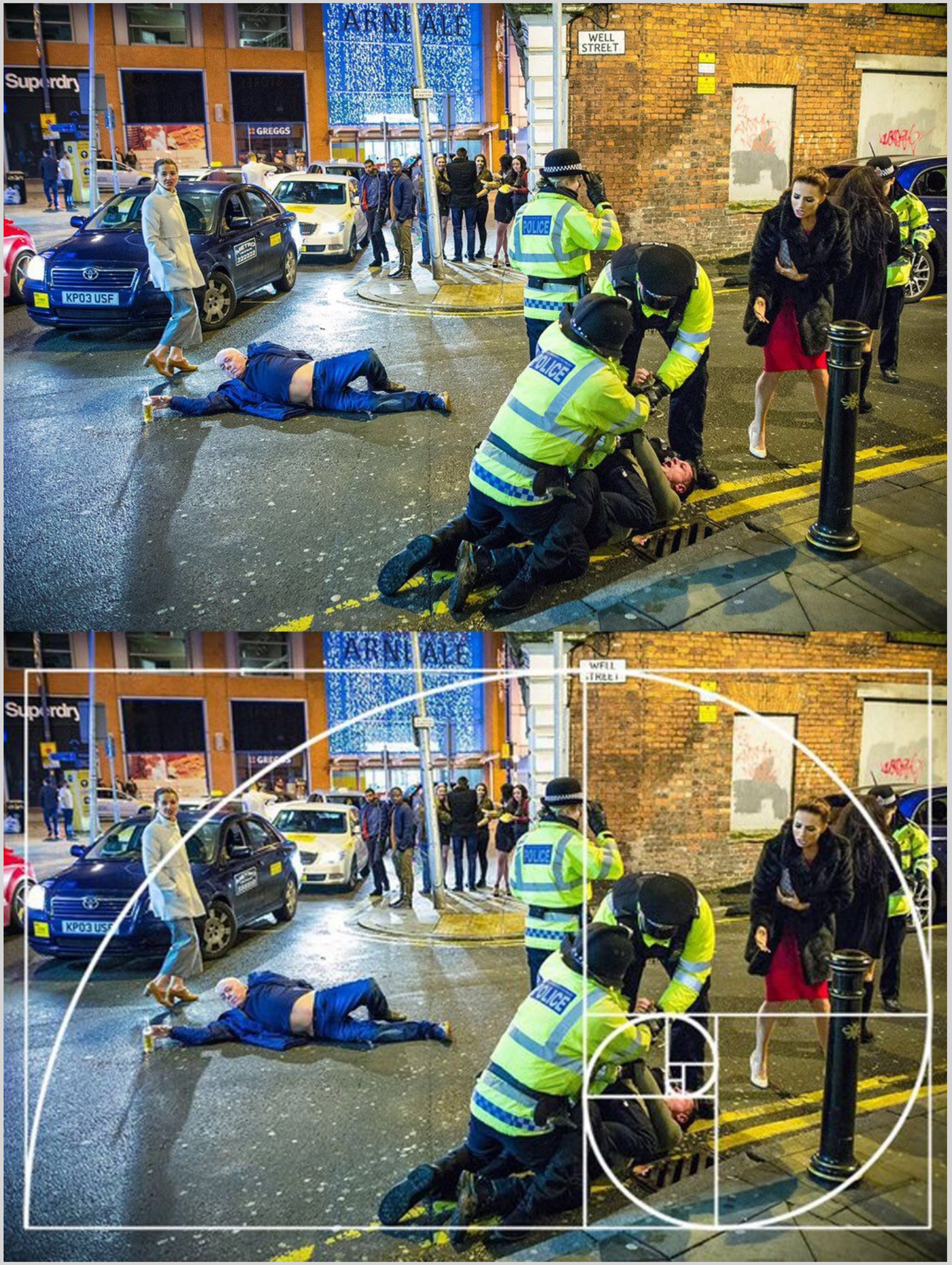
Josef Koudelka, Prague, 1968



Thomas Hoepker, Brooklyn, 9/11, 2001



Joel Goodman, New Year’s Eve, Manchester, 2016


ARNDALE
WELL STREET
Superdry
GREGGS
KP03 USF
POLICE
POLICE




anthropocene man



Ian Bradshaw, Twickenham, 1974



Jeff Wall, *Picture for Women* (1979)



Edouard Manet, *The Bar at the Follies-Bergère* (1882)

The Tableau Narrative



Diego Valázquez, Las Meninas (1656)



Hieronymous Bosch, The Garden of Earthly Delights (c.1500)



Rembrandt van Rijn, *The Anatomy Lesson of Doctor Nicolaes Tulp* (1632)



Rembrandt van Rijn, *The Night Watch* (1642)



Théodore Géricault, *The Raft of the Medusa, c*. 1818/19



Jeff Wall, *The Destroyed Room* (1978)



Eugène Delacroix, *Death of Sardanapalus* (1827)







Jeff Wall, *A View from an Apartment (1992)*



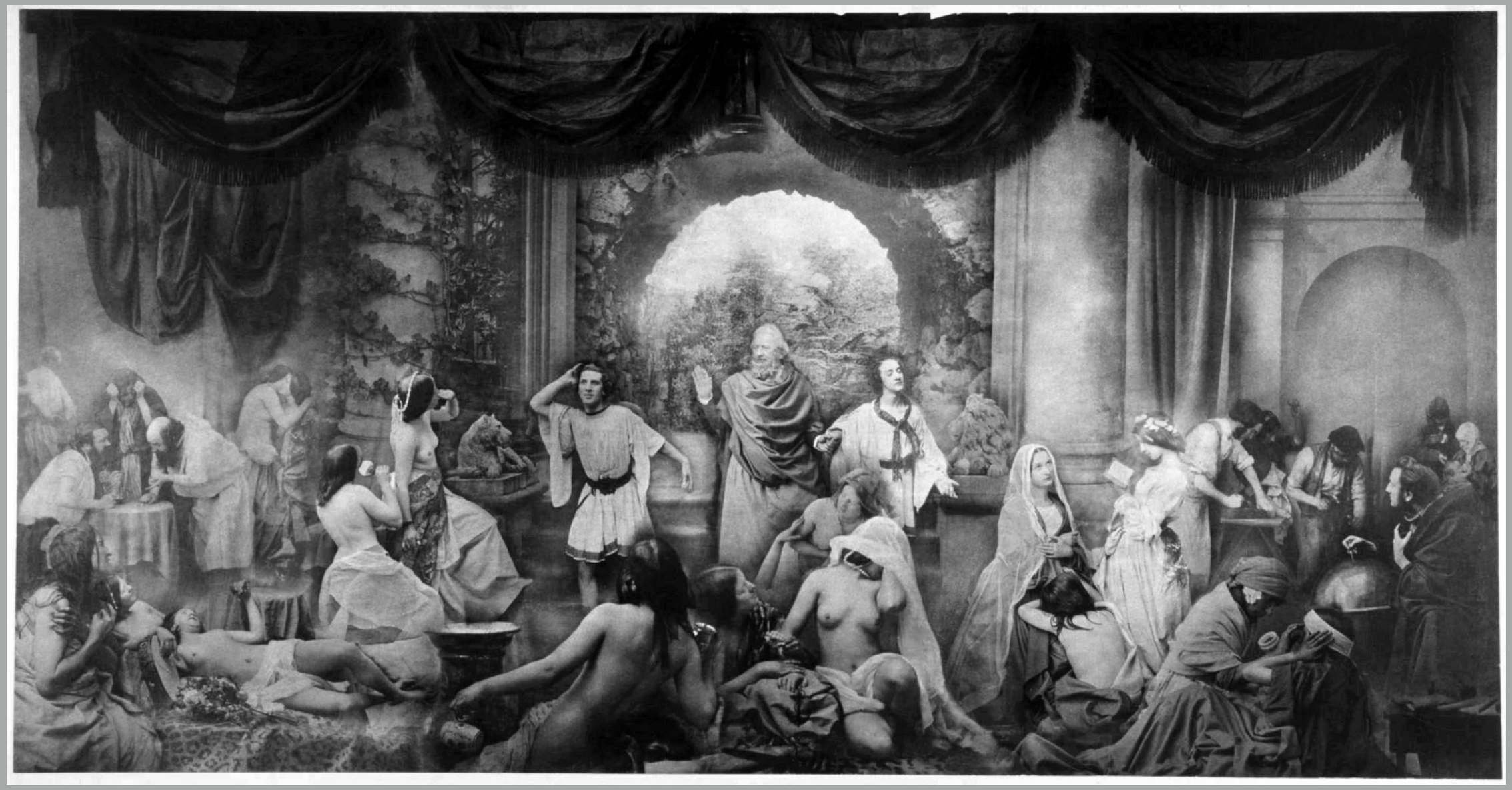
Jeff Wall, *Mimic* (1982)



Jeff Wall, *A Sudden Gust of Wind (After Hokusai)* - (1993)



Hokusai, *Travellers Caught in a Sudden Breeze at Ejiri* (from the series *The Thirty-six Views of Fuji*) - C. 1832



Oscar Gustave Rejlander, *Two Ways of Life* (1857)







Yinka Shonibare, *The Diary of a Victorian Dandy*





William Hogarth, *The Rake's Progress* - Plates 3 & 6 (Printed, 1735)



Tom Hunter, *Woman Reading Possession Order*



Johannes Vermeer, *Girl Reading a Letter at an Open Window (1657-59)*



Tom Hunter, *The Way Home*



John Everett Millais, *Ophelia* (1851/52)



Gregory Crewdson, *Twilight*



Gregory Crewdson, *Twilight*





Dr. David Octavius Hill & Robert Adamson









Hill and Adamson; some generic corporate stock photography

The Photo Essay/Story

Statement

The photo essay is, arguably, the bedrock of documentary photography and photojournalistic practice. The idea that there is a learnable and repeatable language, applicable to a multitude of subjects, that allows a skilled and sensitive practitioner to discover and order meaning into a coherent set of images, has long held sway in photography, especially in the magazine market - the traditional home for the photo essay.

The skills used are a language in which specific types of image, using a variety of visual strategies, create meaning and address the question: ‘what is going on in this situation?’ More accurately perhaps, ‘what has the photographer’s subjective experience revealed about this subject; what are they trying to convey?’ Consider these elements as you look at the images.

The photo essay is a starting point for a variety of practices which can be applied not just to visual journalism, but also corporate photography (annual reports), and even social photography (events etc.). Any situation in which a story is best told with visual variety: observed candid moments; close-up detail; formal and not so formal portraits; middle distance and wide shots; objects; abstracts; selective focus; varied shutter speeds; light and dark situations. The list goes on.

Look at these images and consider: how has this photographer gone about telling me this story? What has worked - or hasn’t worked?























W. Eugene Smith

COUNTRY DOCTOR CONTINUED

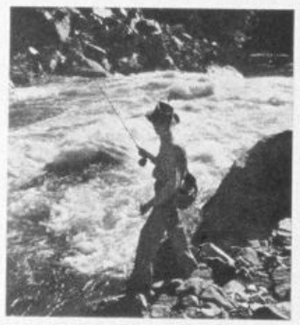
AN ACCIDENT INTERRUPTS HIS LEISURE

Dr. Ceriani's moments of relaxation are rare and brief. Last month, taking a chance that he would not be missed for three hours, he asked two employes of the Denver and Rio Grande to take him out on a railroad gasoline car to Gore Canyon. There he fished alone in the rapids of the Colorado, working expertly over the white water for almost 30 minutes. Suddenly he saw the car coming back up the canyon far ahead of time, and automatically he commenced to dismantle his fishing rod. Ceriani had no feeling of resentment at the quick end of his excursion; he merely stood still waiting for the car to reach him, wondering what had happened and hoping that it was not serious. When the car arrived Chancy Van Pelt, the town marshal, hopped off and said, "Little girl at the Wheatly ranch got kicked in the head by a horse. Can you come now?"

Lee Marie Wheatly, aged 2½, was already in the hospital when Ceriani arrived. While her parents watched he looked for signs of a skull fracture, stitched up a great gash in her forehead and saw that her left eyeball was collapsed. Then he advised the Wheatlys to take their child to a specialist in Denver for consultation on removal of the eye. When they left Ceriani was haggard and profoundly tired. He did not remember that he had been fishing at all until, on his way out of the emergency room, he saw his rod and creel lying in the corner where he had thrown them.



AT 4:15 two friends start to give fisherman Ceriani a ride to Gore Canyon in a railroad motor car.



AT 5:00 Ceriani begins his day's fishing in the boiling, trout-filled rapids of Colorado River.



AT 5:30 Kremmling's town marshal has come after Ceriani and they start back to take care of an emergency case.





W. Eugene Smith



THE DAY'S FIRST OFFICE CALL is made by a tourist guide and his baby, who have come to Kremmling from an outlying ranch. Ceriani's patients are of all ages and income groups and come from doctorless areas as far as 50 miles away.

COUNTRY DOCTOR CONTINUED

HE MUST SPECIALIZE



HOME CALL at 8:30 a.m. starts Ceriani's day. He prefers to treat patients during office hours at the hospital, but because this printer had a fever and symptoms of influenza Ceriani thought it would be unwise for him to get up and make the trip.



MINOR EMERGENCY disrupts Ceriani's office routine. This 60-year-old tourist, suffering from a heart disturbance aggravated by a trip through an 11,000-foot pass in the Rockies, came to the hospital to get an injection of morphine.



ANOTHER HOME CALL turns up a feverish 4-year-old suffering from acute tonsillitis. Although a large proportion of his patients are children, Dr. Ceriani is still inexperienced in pediatrics and studies it whenever he has an opportunity.

IN A DOZEN FIELDS



X-RAY PICTURE is explained to a rancher by Ceriani, who developed the negative himself. In addition to the X-ray machine, the hospital contains about $10,000 worth of equipment, including a $1,500 autoclave and an oxygen tent.



BROKEN RIBS, the result of an accident in which a horse rolled on this patient, are bound with adhesive tape by Ceriani. Many of his hardy patients walk in with injuries which would make city dwellers call at once for an ambulance.



PROBLEMS OF AGE—in this case a slight deafness complicated by deposits of ear wax—are daily brought to the doctor. Here, in an operation chiefly important for its effect on the patient's morale, Ceriani removes the wax with a syringe.



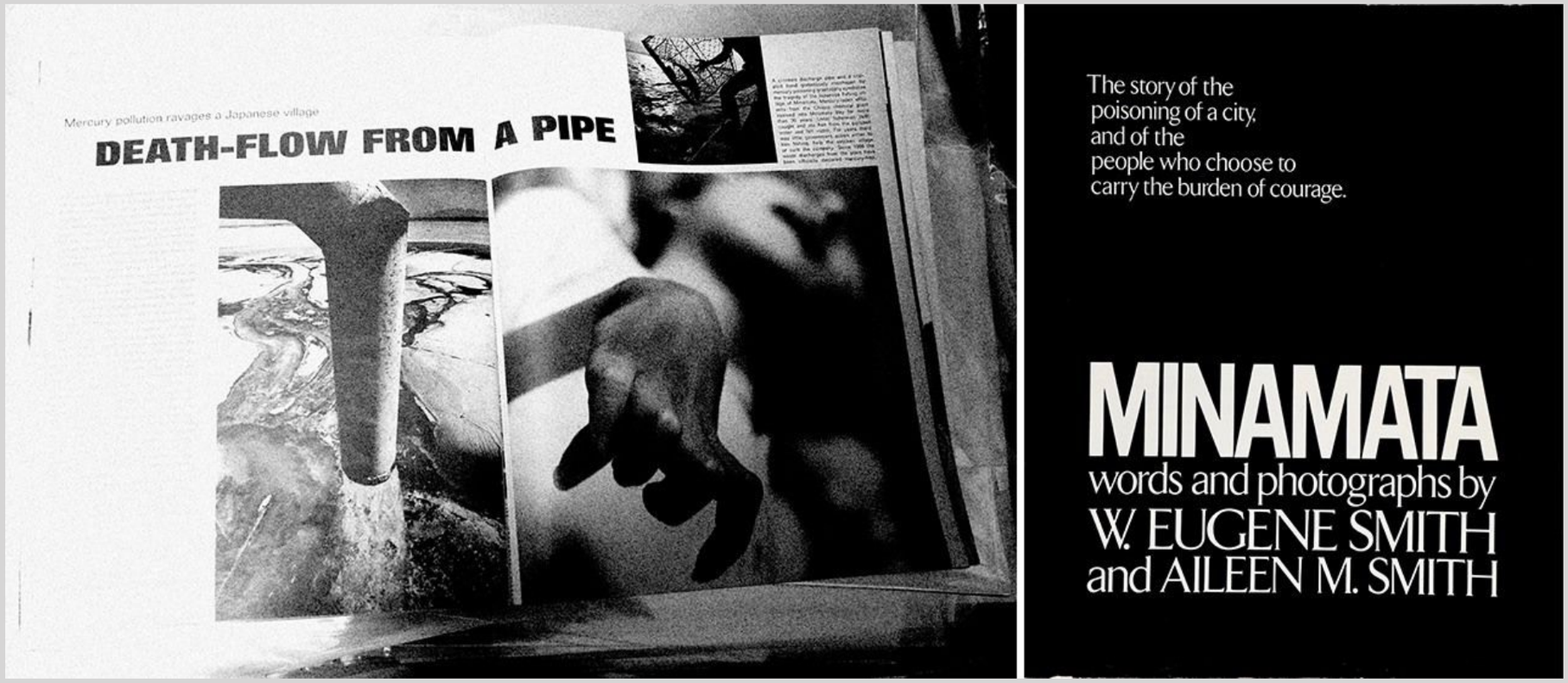
WOES OF YOUTH fill Ceriani's office with noise. Above: he examines stitches in the lacerated hand of a squalling 7-year-old. Below: he uses a rubber tube to remove the mucous which clogs the throat of an infant he has just delivered.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

W. Eugene Smith



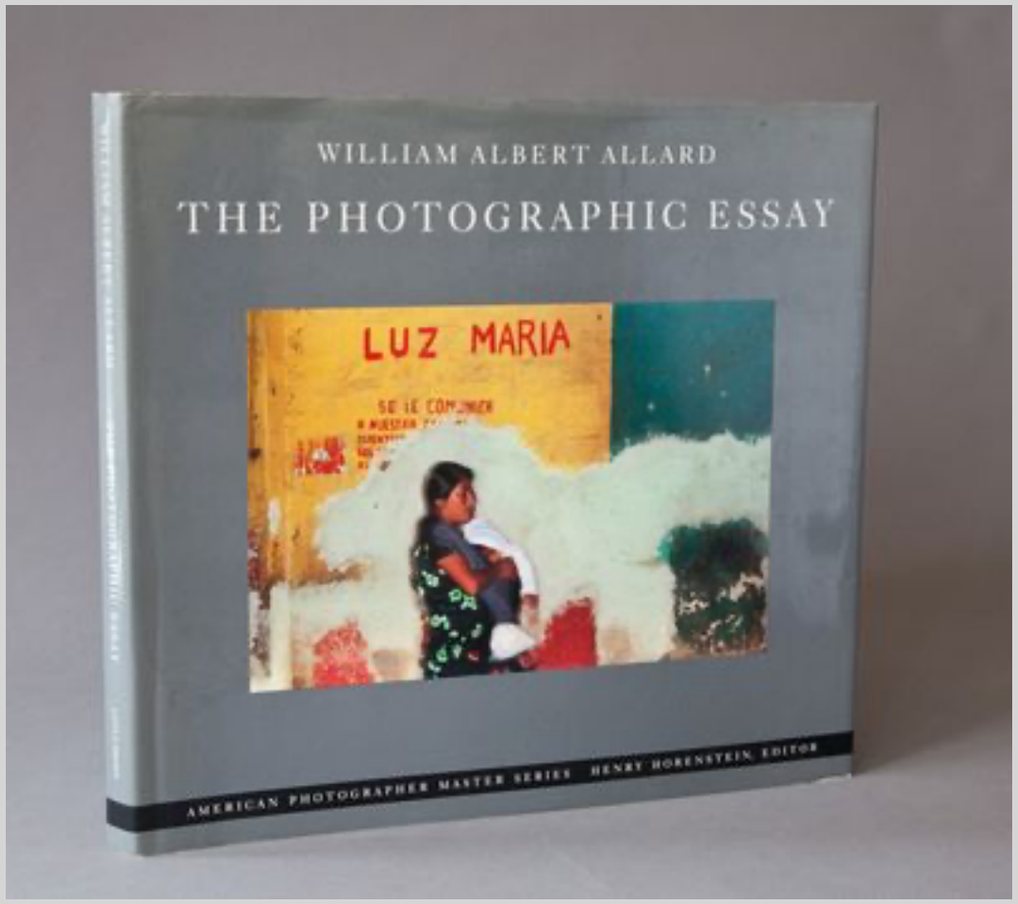
W. Eugene Smith







W. Eugene Smith



William Albert Allard is a doyen of the photo essay, having been pivotal in the development of the National Geographic's style from the 1960s when he started working for them. He eschewed the traditional structure of linking 'impact' images with connective 'point' pictures by stating that his submissions to the picture desk only included what he saw as strong images with emotional impact.

Although not devoid of description - the clear showing of the subject matter - his pictures are always visually strong, full of colour and atmosphere.





William Albert Allard



Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table. . . . PSALMS 128:3

Amish households are seldom without children; the average family has eight youngsters. After dinner, Melvin Stoltzfus jounces his youngest son in the large kitchen, where families spend most housebound hours. His daughter playfully tugs on her brother's suspenders.

Young Barbara, another daughter (left), meticulously stays within the lines of her coloring book. Amish make most toys but may buy simple items such as this. Barbara wears her hair braided and pinned at the back of the neck. After baptism in her teens, she will wear it in a bun covered with a white prayer cap, for the Bible says "women adorn themselves with modest apparel . . . not with broided hair. . . ." (I Timothy 2:9).

Eight Stoltzfuses, including a baby in its mother's lap, join in the midday meal (right). Pressure lamp provides light in the evening. Flowers and ivy frame a wind-up clock "just for pretty."

wear buttons on their jackets or vests—such ornaments were worn by the military in the old country.

Yet another group that left the parent body in the 1940's, because of some minor difference, consisted mainly of a bishop, a preacher, a deacon, and the families of those three.

When I asked Mr. Landis why there were so many fusses, he smiled and said, "I always say only *good* wood will split."

Generally speaking, the Mennonites have adopted more modern ways than the Amish. Most can drive automobiles, although some of them paint the bumpers and all chrome trimmings black, so as not to be considered prideful; the latter are called "Black Bumper" Mennonites (page 241). They also can wear buttons on all their clothing (the Old Order Amish use only hooks and eyes on their vests and jackets). The Mennonites, in fact, dress pretty much as they please, but the women still cling to the jumperlike long dress and the prayer cap. Amish, on the other hand, maintain the styles they were wearing in the days of Amman, at the end of the 17th century.

Amish Rarely Permit Photographs

After I said goodbye to Mr. Landis, I went for another drive down through the Amish area—through the larger towns, such as Paradise, Leacock, Leola, Bareville, New Holland, and Blue Ball, and on into the back country's twisted roads, passing through such hamlets as White Horse, Spring Garden, Bird in Hand, Stumptown, Mascot, and Skelp Level.

Every few miles I would pass an Amishman's boxlike buggy (pages 252-3). The driver, usually a burly man with a thick beard, invariably kept his eyes straight ahead or averted them as my car passed.

William Albert Allard



William Albert Allard







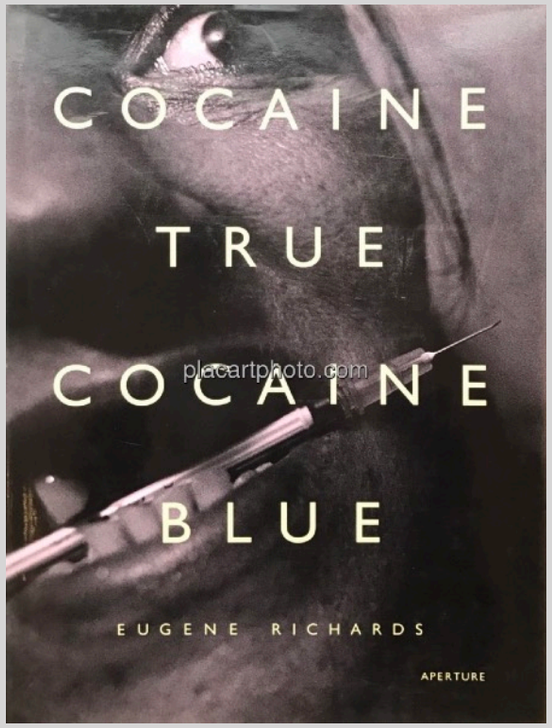


William Albert Allard

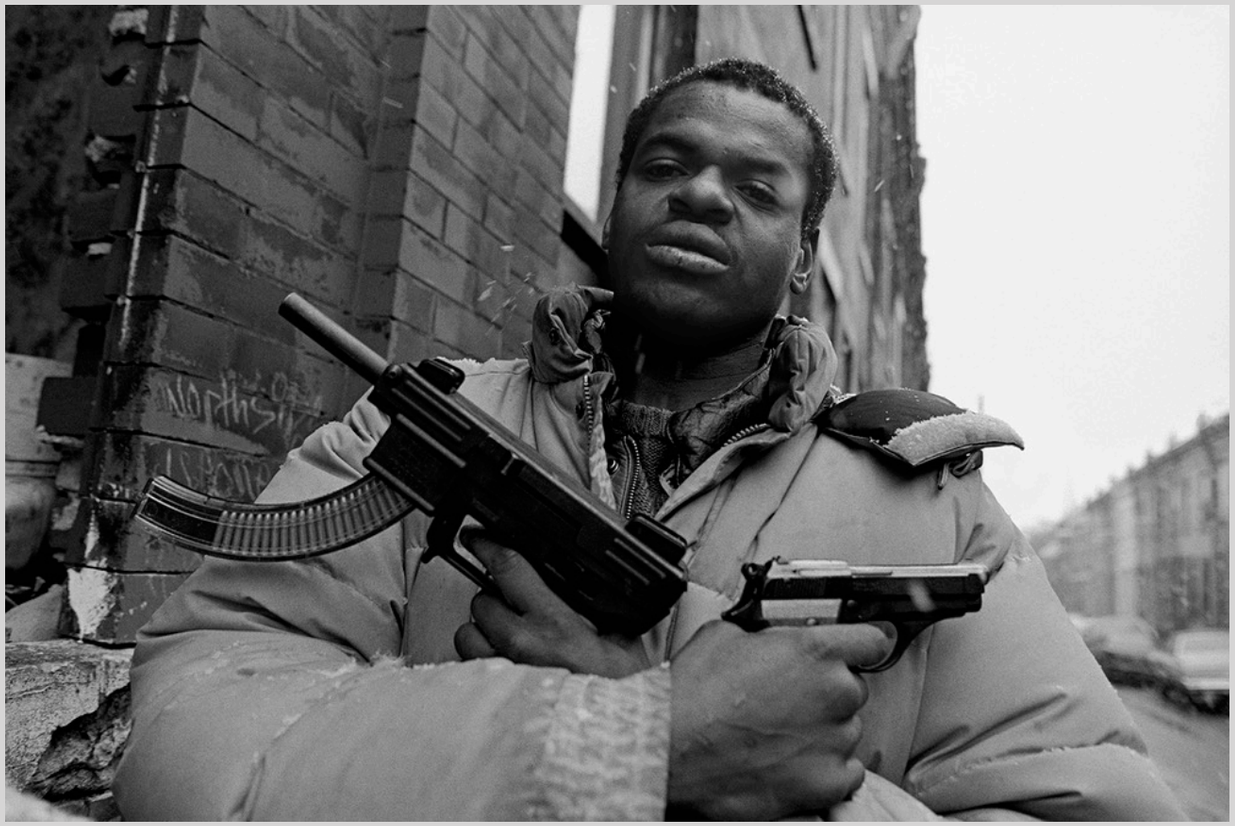




William Albert Allard



placartphoto.com







Eugene Richards - *Cocaine True, Cocaine Blue*

Eugene Richards - *Cocaine True, Cocaine Blue*













David Modell

It was an extraordinary outpouring of public grief. For a week that we will never forget, the country came to a standstill, mourning Diana, Princess of Wales. Photographer David Modell and reporter Tom Utley spent seven days with the thousands who came to pay their very personal tributes



Early Thursday morning: outside Kensington Palace, a policewoman almost lost in a sea of Cellophane begins the task of redistributing the flowers that piled up the night before

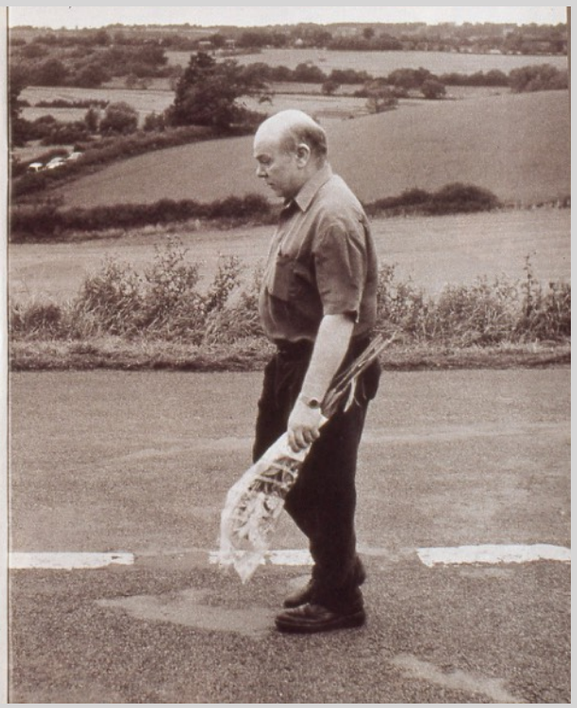


'Sunday': a shoulder to cry on in the street outside Kensington Palace, a few hours after the Princess's death

'Monday': writing a tribute before placing flowers at the gates of Buckingham Palace

'Wednesday': signing the book of condolence at Great Brington church near Althorp Hall in Northamptonshire

'Thursday': under a union flag draped on a tree, a cyclist surveys the scene at Kensington Palace; where, below, on Wednesday, these mourners from two generations added their flowers to the pile of tributes. Right, Wednesday: a moment of solitude on the road to Great Brington church

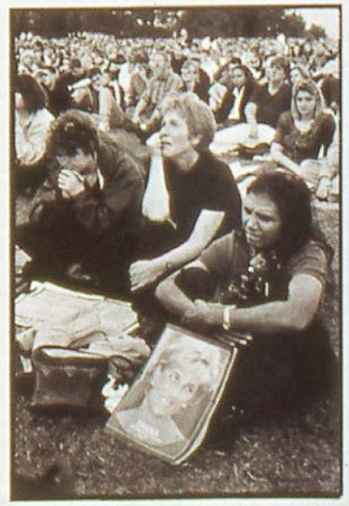






Left, Wednesday night: in the rain, a policewoman relights candles at one of the many makeshift shrines that grew up around the trees outside Kensington Palace. *Right*, Friday: some are wakeful, some sleep at midnight in Hyde Park





Above and *right*, Saturday: for many in Hyde Park the feeling of grief is almost overwhelming as the funeral service is relayed on giant television screens



• Vanessa Winship
United Kingdom

1ST PRIZE STORIES

In April 2,000 young hopefuls from all over the world met in Blackpool, England, to compete in the Junior Ballroom Dancing Festival. The splendid Tower Ballroom formed the perfect backdrop for the event. Facing page : Welsh girls pose for their picture in front of a scale model of the building where the festival took place. Tension mounts backstage before the announcement of the winners' names *(story continues)*.





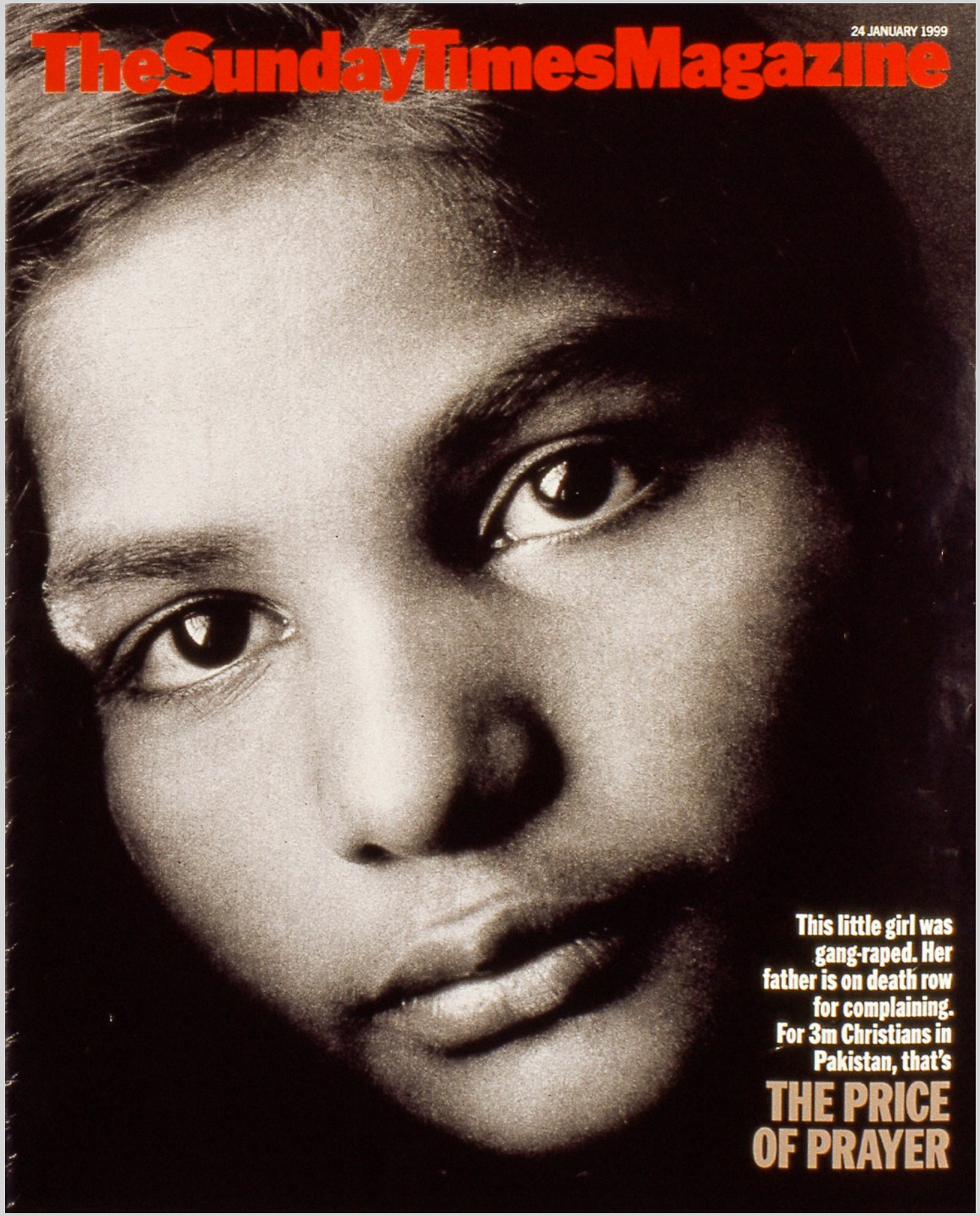








(continued) Breaks in the dancing program afforded the opportunity to make friends with competitors from other countries ... and play arcade games (above). Facing page, top: These teenagers are from Portugal. Participants came from as far afield as Siberia and South Africa.



Harriet Logan



Ghulam Masih in a police cell in Shargpur. The gang who raped his daughter, Nageena, when she was seven, have falsely accused him of murder

BEYOND BELIEF

They are raped, enslaved, falsely accused, beaten to death and have their homes bulldozed. Their only crime: to be Christians in Pakistan. Cathy Scott-Clark and Adrian Levy investigate. Photographs by Harriet Logan

Her mother was the only one to hear the story. The seven-year-old whispered it once and since then has hardly talked at all. She was returning from a friend's house at 11.30am, when someone called out. As she turned, four men from her village ran towards her. Nageena ran too, tripping on her scarf, stumbling on the unmade road. She is not sure why she ran – because they were running, because they had never spoken to her before, because the only man she had ever talked to was her father. But the four men were faster, cornering her, catching her. She could remember being pushed through a wooden door and into a dark room, which smelt of damp sacking and grass. She screamed but could not describe what happened next.

Villagers heard her crying and a crowd gathered outside the *dera*, or cow shed. Ghulam Masih saw the commotion, ran over and pulled open the door. Inside he saw Alla, Ditta, Rashid and Javid, the sons of his neighbour, standing over his daughter, her clothes tangled with straw, her legs covered in blood. As he scooped Nageena into his arms, the four men backed away and ran across a rice field.

Ghulam and Shehnaz, his wife, carried their daughter to the police station, filed a criminal complaint and were put on the bus to Sheikhupura hospital, in Pakistan's Punjab province. It was 10.30pm by the time they arrived, and Dr Zahida Nosr was about to go home. "Hymen torn off, first-degree tear, fresh bleeding, a wound and tear marks on her right and left thigh, semen and blood stains taken from clothes," the medical report concluded. Dr Noor told Ghulam and Shehnaz that their daughter's internal injuries were so severe that she would never be able to have children.

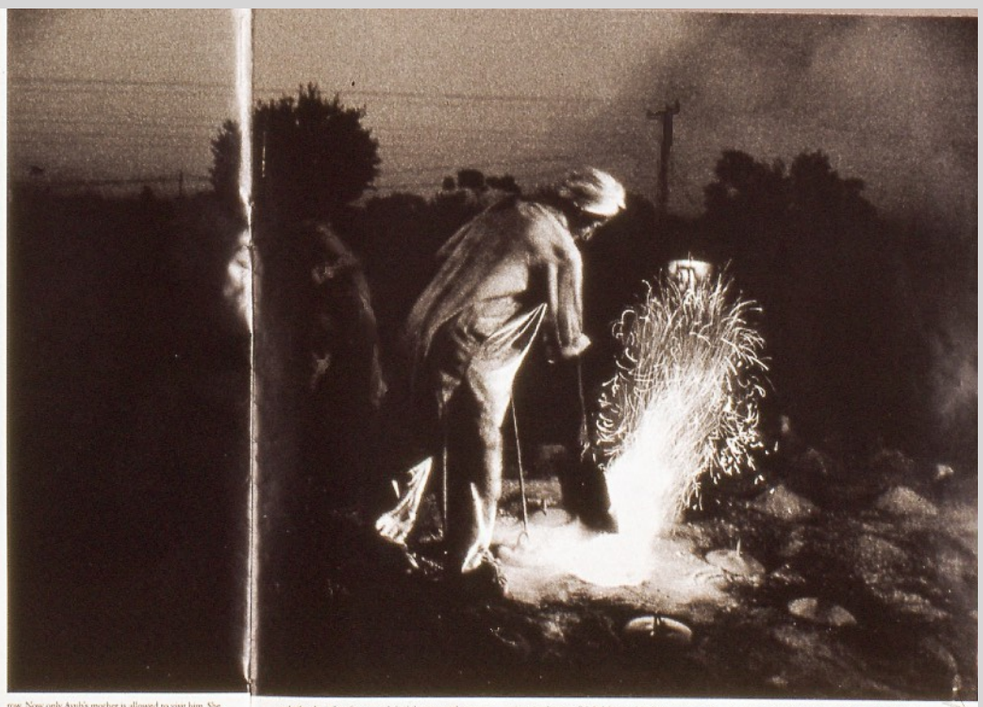
Over the next two weeks, as Nageena hid under her hospital blanket, the Shargpur police arrested Alla, Ditta, Rashid and Javid, after dozens of villagers came forward with their names. It would be another six weeks before Nageena would talk again to her mother, and when she did it was to ask why the four rapists were back in her village. Mushtaq Ahmed, inspector of police, had freed them and "closed the case. He said he could find no evidence and told Nageena's family to forget the matter. But Ghulam continued to demand justice and refused gifts of a new home, money, sweets and clothes from the men who had raped his daughter.

Nineteen months later, the family thought his determination had paid off. They received a letter from a new government department, the Human Rights Ministry of Pakistan, which said it had reviewed the criminal file and decided to award Nageena £200 compensation. Two weeks later, Ghulam Masih was back at Shargpur police station. This time he was lying half naked with his face in the dirt, heavy 29 >





Above: in the town of Sahiwal, 50 Christian families have had their homes razed three times. They pray at the site of their bulldozed church. Left: Bibles and statues have been taken from churches and burnt. Right: Christians must work through the night to keep the Sheikhupura brick kilns burning



penned in Ayub's tidy writing, to his bishop, his lawyer Asma Jehangir, and his friend Peter Jacob, a human rights activist, have been the only outlet for his fear.

10/3/98

Dear Asma,

They keep me in the dark for 24 hours a day, and I am unable even to read my Bible, which is very disturbing. I am kept next to prisoners from Sipah Mohammed (a Muslim extremist group). I spend my whole day praying. I am very afraid. Please let me know the date of my appeal. I am helpless.

3/8/98

Dear Peter, ,

Please get someone to help me. I am in great suffering. I want to tell you that since I have been given the death sentence I have been left alone in my cell for 24 hours a day. I have no fan and no water and no toilet. I am really tired, please get me out.

Last month Ayub wrote to us from Central Jail, Sahiwal, Block 7. His letters, written in a mixture of Urdu and English, each page headed "Jesus Christ", and one decorated with a drawing depicting his chained hands releasing a dove carrying the letter, were smuggled out of the prison.

• "I am thankful that you are concerned about me," he wrote. "I am a very humble servant of God who is now in jail. I am sick with various diseases and have not been allowed any medicines – my conditions are getting worse all the time. Being a prisoner charged with blasphemy, I have been kept alone in a darkened cell where there is no light, no toilet and no fan to cool me from the heat. I have to tell other prisoners that I am in here for theft or I would be beaten for being a Christian. I have been tortured many times.

"I would like to tell you about my mother. She is suffering more than me and I cannot bear to see her cry when she comes to visit me in jail. I want to go home to my parents. I want to look after them in their old age. But my mother knows that if I ever get out of here I will have to go abroad or die.

"Now, after suffering so much, I want to go away from this world. I want to go to Jesus Christ. In protest of [sic] this country's blasphemy laws, I want to kill myself and give my life to God. Now you know my situation, please pray for me and ask God to give me understanding to get me through this."

Ayub's bishop was John Joseph, of Faisalabad, the Catholic figurehead of an international campaign to free him. For 18 months they had corresponded weekly, but nine days after Ayub was sentenced to death, John Joseph asked to be driven to the courthouse. As his driver, Patras Masih, turned the car around, the bishop pulled a pistol from his bag and killed himself. "I called him on the evening before his death, and he said he was going to Sahiwal to 'tell them something'," said Father Emmanuel Mani, a close friend. "John Joseph felt that Ayub's death sentence was the end of the road and that things may change if he killed himself."

Christians in Lahore, Faisalabad and Sahiwal rioted, international letters of protest were sent to the prime minister and the Vatican, but one day after the bishop's suicide, another Christian was arrested and put on death row. Now only Ayub's mother is allowed to visit him. She begins rocking in her chair as she describes the scene at Block 7; she, outside the cell door, he, whispering to her in the dark through the iron bars, quiet conversations drowned out by the screams of prisoners being tortured with straps and canes in neighbouring cells.

"Ayub feels guilty about the bishop's death. When I saw him last week, he had a fever and flu. He was in a filthy condition, his hair so long I cannot recognise him. I have to give him everything: tea leaves, milk and money to bribe the jailers for water. I don't have enough money to help him. There is no electricity, no fan, no water, no light. Just his Bible. There is no toilet, and he covers what he does with dirt. He was praying for those who accused him and won't talk about what he feels about the death sentence, but he is frightened of his jailers."

'I have been left alone in my cell. I have no fan and no water and no toilet'

No death sentence has yet been carried out on a Christian, and an unknown number are in prison on blasphemy and other charges. But while Pakistan's senior judiciary decide whether to execute Ayub Masih and others because of their faith, Christians are already dying in custody. Tahir Iqbal, disabled with polio, was found dead on the floor of a darkened cell in Lahore, six days after writing letters to the court warning of his fears of being murdered. The judge who refused Iqbal's bail application said he had done so because the man had been charged with "a cognisable offence with serious implications". Iqbal, born a Muslim, was arrested for converting to Christianity.

Mukhtar Masih was seen being beaten in the courtyard of the Nishtar Colony police station, in Lahore, only hours after being picked up for questioning on blasphemy charges. When his body was taken to the hospital a few hours later, the police claimed he had died of a self-imposed fast.

Javed Masih, a Christian from Hyderabad, was said by police to have committed suicide in his cell. But a postmortem revealed he had been tortured with electric shocks and had kerosene and red chillies inserted into his anus. His body was swollen with multiple injuries, his teeth broken and he had ligature marks around his neck.

The blasphemy laws have legitimised the persecution of Christians by making it easier to jail them, but they have also armed extremists with an idea. Encouraged by a partisan police force and a weak judiciary, fanatical advocates of Islam act as an extrajudicial sentencing authority. Christians charged with blasphemy and freed on appeal have been forced to flee the country after Muslim mobs "reinstated" the death sentences.

Salamat Masih was only 13 when he, an uncle and a friend were convicted of chalking slogans on the wall of a mosque. They were allowed to appeal against their death sentences after the court accepted that all three were illiterate. Ismaeel Qureishy, the author of the blasphemy laws, appeared against them at the hearing, and a second lawyer called on the crowds to attack the defence solicitor – Asma Jehangir.

As Salamat Masih, his uncle, Rehmat Masih, and their friend, Mansoor Masih, left a lawyer's office in Lahore in April 1994, three men on a motorcycle fired on them with semiautomatic weapons. In a few seconds, 30 >



Right: a Christian child at work in a brick kiln in Shekhupura. Many were born in the brick fields and have never left them. Below: this letter from Ayub Masih to Cathy Scott-Clark and Adrian Levy, petitioning their help, was smuggled out of jail, where he has been held for the past two years on blasphemy charges

Mansoor was dead, hit 10 times, Salamat's hand had been smashed by a bullet from an AK-47, and Rehmat was critically injured, with eight wounds to his stomach. A gunman stood over him, but a round jammed in the chamber, and Rehmat survived.

In February 1995, Justice Arif Bhatti overturned the death sentences on the two survivors, and again the extrajudicial courts went into session. Posters printed by the Muslim extremist group Sipah-e-Sahaba (Army of Muhammad) called for the public lynching of Salamat and Rehmat, and they had to be smuggled out of the country. "It began just as a fight over pigeons. A village dispute. Suddenly we were waiting to be hanged. I miss my family, but if I hadn't left the country I would be dead," Salamat said, talking from his home in Germany.

Eight months after Salamat and Rehmat were freed, an armed gang broke into the lawyer Asma Jehangir's home. When they discovered she was not there, they tied up her brother, sister-in-law and two young children. But they did not catch a family servant, who escaped and called the police. Officers arrested the intruders and found a book by Ismaeel Qureishy in their car, next to several Kalashnikovs, a coil of rope and some knives. On one page, which detailed the "blasphemy" committed by Jehangir in 1986, a note in the margin said, "This woman has to be got rid of." On October 10, 1997, Justice Bhatti was shot dead at point-blank range by gunmen on a motorbike as he left the Lahore High Court.

Beside the Mall, the broad avenue that sweeps through the centre of Lahore, flanked by Regency villas and oak trees, lies a little piece of Middle England. The Christian cemetery is a field of wild flowers, angels and crosses. The Rt Rev Henry Bickersteth Durrant, CBE, Fourth Bishop of Lahore, lies near Joseph Harry Waters, "grandfather and a real pal", and Vera Margaret Ross, "darling daughter mourned by Violet, her mother".

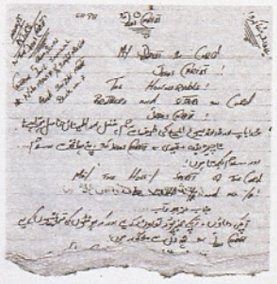
Among the bishops and the Brits stands a giant granite crucifix, erected in memory of Dewan Bahadur Singha, who led the Pakistani Christian community at the time of partition from India and, as speaker of the Punjab Legislative Assembly, cast the deciding vote to create Jinnah's nation. The British convinced him that Christians would be bettter off living in the new Pakistan. Their faith was closer to Islam than Hinduism.

Behind Singha's grave is Mansoor Masih's, inscribed in Urdu: "Shot dead on 5th April, a victim of blasphemy laws. His funeral took place at the Sacred Heart Cathedral. 6000 people participated. Rest in Peace."

"How is it to be a Christian in Pakistan today? I am terrified, my husband was killed, the judge who overturned the death sentence was killed. Is that enough reason for me to be scared?" asked Rashida, Mansoor's widow, who lives in hiding. "I was driven from my home and my friends became my enemies after Mansoor died, but I will never give up my faith – it is all we have left," she said, clutching the hand of her three-year-old son, born a few months after his father was murdered.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

"It started with laws to protect the name of the Prophet and has turned into a pogrom. Remove the stain, person by person, brick by brick," said Shazia Alam, author and Urdu translator. "There is a growing belief that, if you push the Christians far enough, we will pack up and go."



Shazia remembers hiding in a cupboard when three intruders broke into her home in Shekhupura and killed her father, the Presbyterian pastor Noor Alam, in January last year. Sakina, her mother, was forced to watch as the men beat her 58-year-old husband with clubs, stabbed him and then tried to shoot him in the head. He died later that night in hospital, with his wife and daughter at his bedside.

At the funeral, a family friend told Shazia, 24, how her father had sent him letters predicting his own death and had named the men who were threatening him. The pastor had written the same names in his private diary, which Shazia found a few days later.

Noor Alam was killed for trying to build a church on land sold to him by a Muslim, who also laid the foundation stone. Christian families in the area had nowhere to pray, but some of the community could not tolerate the plan. Only days before the church was due to open, a Muslim mob locked the Christians inside their houses and burnt down the building in the middle of the night. The pastor lodged a case with the police, and promised his parishioners that he would rebuild the chapel. The death threats began. "I said to the men who broke into the house, take our money but don't kill us," said Sakina. "He had been getting phone calls but wouldn't talk to me about it. He said I shouldn't worry. He was a good man – he was just trying to help the community. I have lost everything now, my husband and my home."

All that remains of Pastor Noor Alam's church is a mound of bricks and charred timber. The derelict site is guarded by police. Even this pile of rubble is too much for the villagers who live nearby. Every day a few more bricks are stolen, and soon there will nothing left of the chapel in Shekhupura.

In Sahiwal, where Ayub Masih is in prison, an entire Christian community's homes have been razed. Every time the residents try to rebuild their dwellings, a mob marches back to destroy them. The 600 domestic servants and labourers were allowed to build their 35 >



















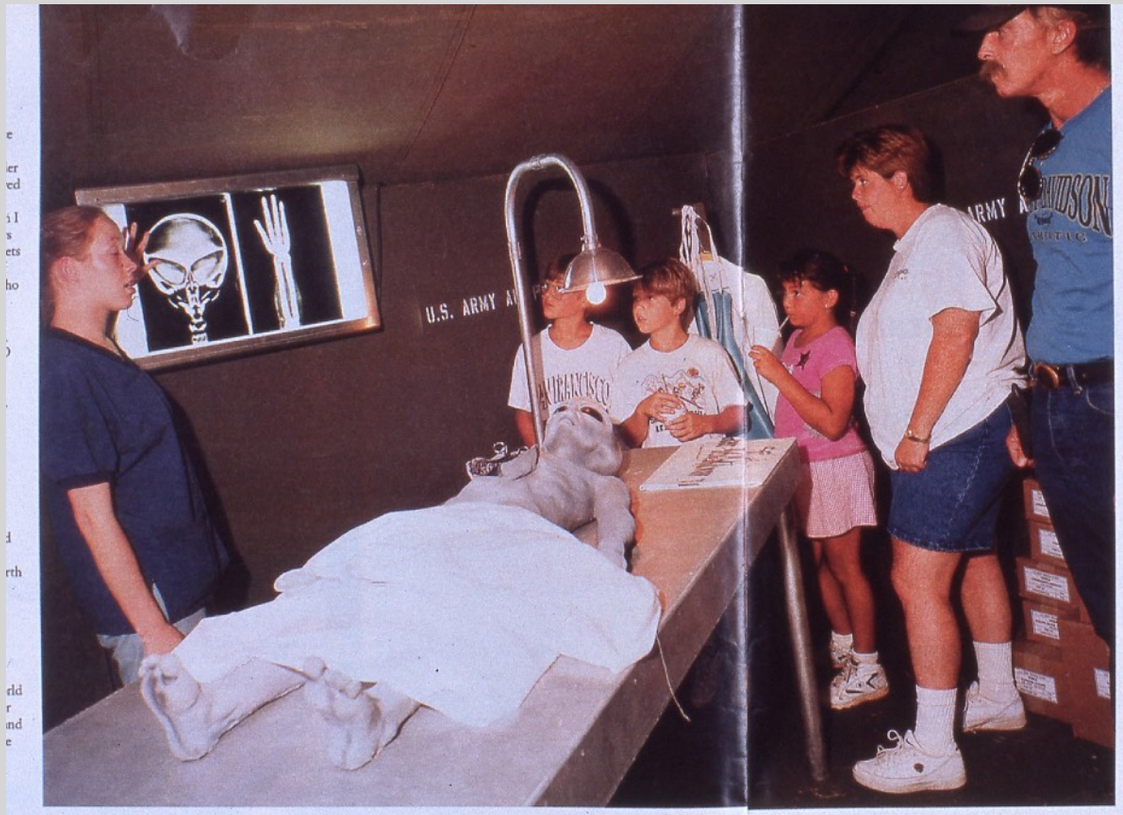
Paul Duerinckx, Evangelical Christianity



Strangers in the night

If aliens were to visit Roswell in New Mexico, nobody would notice. Come the 4th of July, the site of the most famous UFO crash in the world is awash with weirdos. And the truth gets buried deeper in the desert. By Tony Barrell. Photographs by Paul Reas

Paul Reas







Jamie, 17 (far left), conducted dozens of mock alien autopsies during the week-long convention. 'I've been saying this spiel in my sleep,' she said. Top: Morgianna the Intergalactic Belly Dancer with an admirer. Her body make-up was turning gooey in the heat, giving her the silver equivalent of the Midas touch. Above: after his speech at the stormy July 4 banquet, abductee and multi-million-selling author Whitley Strieber (right) chats to retired colonel Philip Corso, who claims he saw UFO wreckage and an alien body after the Roswell crash

Carlsbad has," says convention organiser Stan Crosby.

Feverish speculation and a lack of hard evidence inevitably breed folklore, in all its forms. So it isn't too surprising to discover that the Roswell incident has become a folk song. "Someone reminded me of the story a couple of years ago and I thought, 'That is the quintessential subject for a traditional folk ballad,'" says

embarrassment on the family," she says. Haley is one of a growing band of people who believe they have been abducted by aliens. She sits behind her bookstall in the convention centre and tells me her strange story, in a fragile Southern voice that calls to mind Blanche Dubois. "I'm a lifelong abductee. Most times, I'm taken aboard a craft, and the room is round. I'm on a

and 'You talk about this and I'll blow your head off!'"

Roswell seems to be crawling with abductees; the murmur of strikingly similar stories, featuring the alien "greys" with their big eyes and surgical instruments, is everywhere. Sceptics say the cause of this phenomenon is often temporal-lobe epilepsy or sleep paralysis, but these people seem so adamant, so convinced, that I start

made out of random remnants. The last lot really tax the descriptive powers of the compere – a loud, brassy blonde well past her Southern-belle-by date. "Whoaa!" she roars at one point, faced with a shapeless heap of fabric. "Cool stripey thing!"

A huge black cloud rolls overhead, shedding isolated raindrops and threatening to turn the whole scene into a









THE NEW VILLAGE

JOHN SPINKS

John Spinks showing what can be done to build a story that is often devoid of people (apart from the portraits that, although taken many years back, are at a good social distance).

The images of exterior and interior spaces fit his generally formal style and lend a strong sense of place and atmosphere to the work. They speak about the absence of people while also commenting on presence.



ARLEY IS A VILLAGE in the heart of the Midlands. It's England's dead centre, near as dammit, though it's not a large place. The village, which is probably about a mile wide, is actually two places – Old Arley and New Arley. Until the turn of the 20th century, Old Arley was a farming community, but in 1908, they sank the shaft and opened the colliery.

In its heyday, Arley Colliery employed nearly everyone in the village, probably 2,000 or 3,000 men. They closed the pit in 1968; the miners came up off a shift, and found a letter on their lampstands telling them that they no longer had a job. There was no other offer, or retraining. They were just told, "that's it". Another pit, Daw Mill, had recently opened a couple of miles down the road, so some of the Arley miners went there, but most of them went to work at the car factories in Coventry or Birmingham.

A lot of people found it traumatic because the idea of the community as a whole was shattered. But they had work. Then, during the 1970s, manufacturing in England went into decline – and in the 1980s it went into severe decline. The result was mass unemployment, and that's when the real problems started in the village. Because the things you could rely on before could not be relied upon any more. Not that I think my grandfather would have wanted his grandchildren to work in the mines, though – ironically enough, because there's only three miners left in Arley, and one of them is my cousin.

I used a large-format 5 x 4 camera to make these pictures because it made it obvious to people what I was doing. At the time, I'd say I was "going back" to photograph the mining community I was from. But "going back" brought up all these difficulties about who I am and where I belong and what I am able to speak of.

I think while the mines were still open, the idea of community and industry gave people a way of imagining the future that we don't have now. It leads to an anxiety about the future but also a lack of expectation about what we settle for. I think that I had this grand, operatic idea of making a very political piece of work, but I don't think it's political at all. I think it's about me **8**

John Spinks was talking to Bella Bathurst



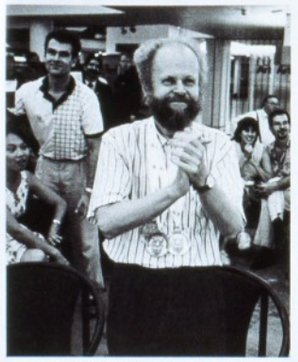






BRAIN SPOTTING

Some of the world's cleverest dicks and smartest alecks attended the first Mind Sports Olympiad. But it was too hot to wear an anorak. Richard Johnson reports. Photographs by David Modell



It is as British as your local allotment society – a gang of Mensa members festooning up at the bar with clever puns and impromptu odd-one-outs. They are here for the beer (no isotonic energy drinks for these mental athletes) and the IQ contest in the world's first Mind Sports Olympiad. "If it costs 6p for an apple and 28p for a mango," I think I hear one say, "what's the price of a fig and a coconut?" I would simply ask the greengrocer. And point out that he's undercharging for his mangoes. But then I'm no lateral thinker, and it is lateral thinking that this week-long event has set out to honour.

More than 2000 men and women from all over the world have spent months revisiting in electromagnetic fields and floating in Epsom salts by way of preparation. Now they have come together under one roof – London's Royal Festival Hall – in the first Olympics of the mind. Ajax and Achilles playing chess seems like a suitable image to inscribe on the Olympiad medals. A game of Twister just wouldn't have had the necessary gravitas. Besides, all 39 disciplines represented here have been chosen because they test verbal, inferential, analogical or spatial/diagrammatical skills.

Let the games begin. Except that there are still only two phone lines and one modem in the building. The world's press are expected at any minute; CNN are coming, for goodness' sake, and the coffee isn't even on order. It is a problem that the Mensans would appreciate, but Don Morris (the only Olympiad organiser worldly enough to understand how the earpieces and walkie-talkies work) seems very rock'n'roll about the whole thing. He has organised Phil Collins's wedding and three James Bond premieres, so sorting out a few board games in the Royal Festival Hall should not prove too much of a problem. ▶

Previous pages: Rebecca Faulks, 8, playing chess with Allan Hiswitt, 27. She beat him 15-1, and may one day become a grandmaster. Above: during the awards ceremony, a Mind Sports Olympiad competitor shows off his three medals – which depict a chess challenge between the Greek heroes Ajax and Achilles. Right: a typically taxing moment







Left: spectators watch from a balcony as players face the 10-minute chess competition. Other contestants were playing chess in their heads, or on the internet. Right: an audience assembles as a competitor puzzles over the jigsaw contest

There is no march-past at the opening ceremony. No living flag. No torch-bearer racing into the stadium. Just Raymond Keene, grandmaster, Sunday Times chess correspondent and Olympiad organiser, making the first move on a crystal chess set. The second move will be made at the closing ceremony by the chess gold-medallist, but nobody really understands why.

Prize money has attracted players from 58 countries. "I received an e-mail from the Latvian Draughts Federation," says David Levy, chess master and Olympiad organiser. "It said, 'A question for us arises about the probable prize money for one draughts event (first place). Sorry for quite a matrimonialistic interest, but our wages are not average west European.' Other people wrote, 'I want to know the conditions.' What they meant was, 'Is there an appearance fee, and is our hotel paid for?' I just sent them a list of cheap accommodation – Tent City in Acton is still only £4 a night – and a note saying 'The nearest undersigned is Waterloo.'"

Garry Kasparov, the world chess champion, was invited. He refused. That man wouldn't even pop next door for £2000 and a Concorde ticket. But there is a fair showing of gaming celebrities. Zia Mahmood, who once lost £30,000 on a hand of bridge, is here and wearing Armani, in stark contrast to the Bri-Nylon favoured by the English. He is not sure which country he represents (born in Pakistan, now resident in Trump Tower), but he is playing duplicate bridge with admirers who call themselves Zia's Lovelies. He still dreams of bridge being adopted as an Olympic sport. I point out it's hardly a "sport" – not very aerobic. The playboy smiles. "It can be – the way I play it."

Then there's Ron King, the Mohammad Ali of the chequers world. He's cracking his knuckles. "I am the greatest chequers player in the world – ever. You know what I say to the other players here? Don't look at the first prize. It's disrespectful. Concentrate on second, or I'm only going to beat you worse." King wins gold by Wednesday, and rushes off to defend his world title in Weston-super-Mare. He is one of the new generation of brain stars, as the Olympiad likes to call them – eggheads who are hounded by autograph hunters. "Look at Corné Vonderman," says Keene. "Very famous. She's just someone who knows her 19 times table."

Levy is probably a C-list brain star. When not playing chess or organising Olympiads, he is a computer scientist. He recently won $2000 for designing a computer program that could hold conversations with a panel of five human judges. The program has 60 different topics of conversation, and a database with a large range of synonyms. And, boy, has it got an impressive range of algorithms. But, as with your average Mensan, you wouldn't want to get stuck in a lift with it.

Down in the ballroom, inventors are trying to convince passers-by in their new games. Benno Gerez from the Czech Republic invented Dvainy when he fear saw photographs of Stonehenge. I think he explained that the players are different planets revolving around the stones. You live as long as possible, attracting fortune (represented by a large-breasted woman) until you die. I must say, it grabbed me more than Owari. In Owari you capture the nuts of the Gudlandria bush. Touch a nut, you've got to move it. One player mistakes my smile for naked excitement. "You know what we say? Anything can happen in Owari."

In Azerbaijan, they probably say the same about draughts. Everyone at an event like this knows Azerbaijan as the birthplace of Kasparov – and as an eastern bridgehead to the conquest of America in Risk, the game of world domination. But, after oil, draughts is Azerbaijan's greatest export. The government's sports committee are paying their ▶

David Modell

the great occasion, above all, we have a passion for lilies. **Andrew O'Hagan** follows the scent of a bouquet from a field of red earth near Tel Aviv, to fridge, to aircraft, to market, to its final home

A floral tribute

Photographs by **Annabel Elston**

For a long time England used to go to bed early. It was a country then of chimneys and cocoa-drinkers. Rich Tea was the favourite dip. In the evening, people would listen to well-spoken liars on the radio; they would polish their own shoes, and go up the stairs early. There were flowers on the wallpaper. Flowers on the carpet. Flowers on the china, and on the lamp shades. The bedspread was an acre of roses; their redness quite faded in the wash.

The people of that country breathed flowers in their sleep. And, sometimes, their dreams — much like the old ballads — were pastoral dramas shaded in green. The flowerbed of England was love-bower and grave. The typical house in the typical street: a mouth of flowers, an English garden. How small the world is in the English memory: everywhere an outpost, a colony, a dominion; and in every field there was a flower-decked corner of home, where a soldier's bones made it forever England. Prime ministers and poets have made much of England's flowers. And the people have, too. Flowers put them in mind of who they like to be; the old houses, the old soil.

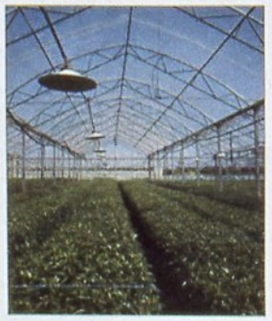
But what is the Elizabethan garden now? The empire is gone: there's more of the world in England now than there is of England in the world. The supermarket is a global bazaar; the television set is a mobile room with a view. England could never be that old thing again. But the love of flowers has grown somehow. It's as if the people were keen for the scent of that other England, that place of shelter and communal worth, of blooms as symbols of national feeling. It's as if they yearn, from time to time — usually in times of disaster and dismay — for a childish liberty of flowers, like Wordsworth's Sacred Nurseries Of Youth:

> In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers
> Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours
> The air of liberty, the light of truth.

And maybe there's a longing for something more: a runaway sense of popular pride, a more fevered application of Wordsworth's floriation, such as that of Alfred Austin, with his Who Would Not Die For England!

> So across the far-off foam,
> Bring him hither, bring him home,
> Over avenues of wave, —
> English ground, — to English grave,
> Where his soldier dust may rest,
> England's flag above his breast,
> And, love-tended, long may bloom
> English flowers about his tomb.

England's flowers. What a commodity. Wrapped in plastic at the palace gates. Yet most of those





flowers were not English. Most flowers sold in England now are not from this place. They are products of other debatable lands. They have their own stories.

This is the story of one bunch. Their existence began in 1970. They are a breed of the most popular white lily, *Lilium longiflorum*. With lilies, the shortest route from breeding to market is eight years. In 1978, the first of our breed of lilies was produced by Herut Yahel of the Israeli agricultural research group. Nowadays, Israel produces ten million to 15 million of these bulbs every year.

Dudu Efron is a bulb manufacturer. He stood talking under an orange tree. It was a normal March day in the Israeli desert; he fanned himself with a mobile phone. "The Arabs hate everything we produce," he said, "but sometimes business is stronger than politics." He was talking about the fact that many Israeli flowers end up in the Persian Gulf. They go to Holland first. "The flowers, they lose their identity at the market. And, if the price is right, the Arabs will buy them." He laughed under his moustache. "Yes," he said, "there is a little something of Israeli soil in the houses of our friends, the Arabs."

Efron was born in Jerusalem and grew up on a kibbutz. Agriculture and politics were mixed up in the life he remembers. "The farmers in the kibbutzim were heroes. They protected the borders. The Israeli people thought they were noble. Now people think farmers are dirty. Stupid." For 20 years, Efron was a wheat grower, then he planted potatoes, and for the past few years he has been producing bulbs. Especially lily bulbs. Three years ago, he produced the bulbs for our bunch. He froze them, then sold them to Haviv Sela.

Sela's farm is a baked cluster of sheds. There is also a house; a heap of sandshoes in the yard; a broken pot on the window; a goldfinch outspoken on the clothes line. The palm trees have hot leaves; a patch of sand encircles the bottom of each tree. Thirty years ago, all of this was desert. Now, they grow white lilies from the soil. The farm is just outside the village of Amioz. "We are making our history by single years, not centuries," said Sela, out in the field with his blue cap. He rolled three bulbs in a brown hand. They can be used three, maybe four times, he said. Every June, he will pluck all the bulbs out of the fields, scrub them clean, leave them to dry for a while, and then place them in a giant freezer for 60 days. "This makes the bulb think it has been through winter." Once this is done, he will start planting them again. Each bulb to be planted ten centimetres down in the soil. Sela's soil — the soil he calls "my land" — is a difficult shade of red.

The bulbs for our bunch were put into the soil on December 9, 1997. This was the bulbs' third time pregnant: they produced two sets of flowers last year, and had since spent most of October and November in a pretend Siberian winter. Here again in the soil, they began to sprout. They were sprinkled with two minutes of water eight times a day. They had artificial light at night. The light came down in two-minute bursts. As the flowers grew, the men and women on the farm, who are all from Thailand, would weed the field by hand.

By January, young, green shoots had broken through the soil. Waxy leaves were showing. By February, the flower-heads were formed. The cells were turgid with water, bloated with radiant energy. The heads were deep green; they tapered to white at the ends. By March, the stems were 12 inches high. Stout. And two weeks on, they had grown to their height: 22 inches. Sun-fed, water-made, chemically-charged, carbon dioxide-breathing lilies. White lilies. They swayed easily in Sela's field. Full of life. The blue sky above, the red earth below. Soon, it was time to cut them.

Sela took out a small knife. He clipped each of ▶



at. They were carried
buckets of water. For
in the sun. (This is an
't allowed to take in
od of time, and just
ver open.) Sela har-
e morning. They sat
'clock. The buckets
dge. They are meant
16 hours. Our bunch
eantime, Sela's fam-
ck crowed. Mrs Sela
lastic bottle. "I don't
' she said. The uncut
Acres of them. The

e lily of
rms, so
rs.

ent? Consider
grow: they toil
yet I say unto
his glory was

ng from the milk of
ces the larger claim
here in the Bible.
l beauty and purity.
it was a medicinal
etimes crushed and
agrant petals were
ages, the white lily
n Mary (the flower
s of her), and also
ick and Louis. Nat-
plentifully in the
ppeared somehow.
ny of lilies in Pales-
eptember morning
plant-hunter who
f students from the
m, found a flock of
the mountains of
, was the lily of the
the lily among the
survive the various

the night at two
ht them out of the
t was an especially
ced all lushly green.
. The flowers were

ere in the packing
g the good from the
must be careful not
. "Too much water:
omes from a village
have to work many
Day." He hopes to
gs he can take back
as been in Israel for
, is working at the
itting on a column
have been working
. The pay is reason-
ething home to his
said. All the Thai
ls have covered their
re covered. "They
. "Like lilias."
machine. It was a

the machine stood in a pile of mashed plants. A patch of greenery tattooed on to the floor. "Many flowers," he said, "and looking the same."

Someone else took each bunch of five stems and placed them in plastic bags. At 9am, our bunch was packed, with some other bunches, into a pink-and-yellow box, a carton with the word Carmel printed on it. At 11am, a truck came to the farm. The cartons were loaded up. A lazy dog lay at the farm's gate. It was panting. It closed its eyes to the dust clouds, The too-hot morning; the rumble of trucks. The flowers were on their way to the packing house at Mabuim. This place is run by Agrexco — the company behind Carmel — and is one of 15 packing houses in Israel. Agrexco is the main exporter of Israeli fruit and flowers. Liav Leshem, one of the company's young product managers, responsible for flowers, was driving on one of the Negev's new dual-carriageways. He had one of those hands-free mobile phones. The phone rang every other minute. He spoke Hebrew to the office; English to customers calling from Holland and Germany. He wore a watch that was lodged in a sweatband. He drove past a spray-painting of Princess Diana. Someone had put a moustache on her. The graffito shimmers in the heat.

"It is hard," said Leshem. "we are dealing here with a very perishable thing. Flowers die too early if you don't look after them, give them the right conditions. At every stage of the flowers' journey, we keep the right temperature. It is very hard. There are three ways in the world to lose money — women, gambling and agriculture. Women ▶









The Guardian Weekend May 2 1998





◀is the most enjoyable; gambling is the quickest; and agriculture, well, agriculture is the surest."

Agrexco was founded in 1957. Its turnover last year was $600 million. Year upon year, the company grows: it is one of the biggest suppliers of roses and lilies and gerberas to the English market, and it feeds vegetables into all the main supermarkets. "England wants more of the flowers now," says Leshem. "The supermarkets are taking over. They've increased their orders for next year. They like the quality, and we move fast."

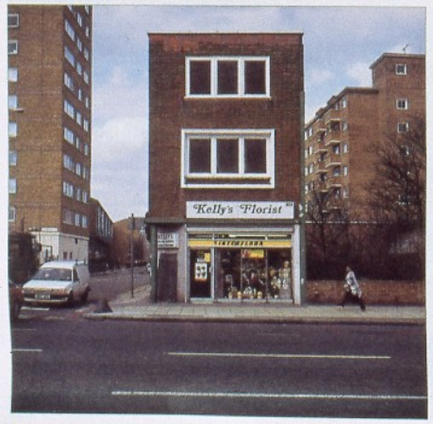
He was moving fast as he said this. Field after field fell away. "Why are the white lilies so expensive?" he said. "I'll tell you: because you have to freeze the bulbs after each planting. They demand high. Very high. We send them all by air. But people love the lilies. Mysterious . . . lilies in England. They use them in the marriages and in the deaths, no? England is our biggest market. What is the difference between a wedding and a funeral? No? In a wedding, two people are buried."

The packing house at Mabuim is across from a cluster of new dwellings. They are middle-income houses; nice terracotta roofs. Three hundred growers — one as far as the Gaza Strip, 120 kilometres away — send their produce to this warehouse. More than 250 million flower stems a year pass through here. Millions of white lilies.

Our bunch arrived at Mabuim at nine on Thursday morning, March 11. They were left in the fridge there for an hour. Then they were stamped. The label has the grower's barcode on it, the plant's name, and the serial number of the country and the customer. The cartons were loaded on to a pallet. Our bunch went into a truck — bound for the Agrexco terminus at Ben Gurion Airport — at one o'clock. Each carton was passed through a bomb-detector machine before being loaded. A young Israeli driver stood by the machine. He was trying to blow a smoke ring through a smoke ring.

There are no accents in Israel. There is no dialect. There are many different kinds of voice, but only one steady inflection. Unlike other small countries — Denmark or Ireland, say — where the accent can change from street to street. "The heart of the people is more ready for peace now," says Leshem. "More time, more blood on the soil, but eventually peace will come."

Leshem's boss is called Gidon Mazor, a handsome, easy-smiling man in a cotton shirt. "My father," said Mazor, "was a vegetable man. My father pushed me towards the flowers. It was a way of keeping me at home. And my own son is now in the business too." He speaks as if companies such as Agrexco add to the big idea of Israel. Their idea. They show the country working. Another of Leshem's young colleagues said it is all just great: "Britain, which left our country in such a mess in





The Guardian Weekend May 2 1998

A week later, the flowers had a powerful scent, something of old earth and the Dead Sea

◀a revival of that same English community; but those grotesque piles of wrapped flowers glinting by the roadside might only say the very opposite. Their Cellophane might say it. They are condomised symbols of how it used to be. People don't touch the flowers; they don't know them. Their softened colours speak boldly of a lack. And the more they are piled, the more certain you become: the England they conjure is dead on the air.

You often see those flowers now. They don't mark soldier dust or any hero of the high winds. They mark the fall of people in ordinary life. People who are heroic only in the matter of their having met a surprising death: a car out of nowhere; a gang of crazy youths. Those flower shrines. They started to appear these last few years: at the sites of football stadium disasters; at the spot where a child was killed. And now they are everywhere in England. They are anonymous expressions of sympathy, from one passer-by to another. People come with those flowers as if it were an old-fashioned thing to do: laying flowers at the spot where some piece of random violence took place. As if to say, "We didn't used to live like this". As if to say, "Let these flowers remind you of what is best in us".

The people bending there, they act as if they know it. That the flowers on the road could just as easily be piled for them. It is an odd — and oddly compulsive — piece of stage business in the televised culture. Many people use flowers much as they always did. But everything is touched by the new floriation. England suffers bouts of false-memory syndrome. It thinks it remembers







flowers, and an age of innocence; it recalls an open-air festival of clean living, and no murders. It knows of a world that was never here, a time when everybody was one, and it marks that time's passing with Cellophaned flowers. The pinning of flowers on the palace gates looked like a quiet revolution. It looked like people saying something large in one voice. But it was all in the mind, and all in the mind of television. The flowers were just flowers, and the people were just bored.

New Covent Garden Market is a gigantic cave of flowers; it lights up while London sleeps. The perfume near knocks you over. Forty or more large wholesalers, their flowers and plants spilling over, lying out in boxes, stacked in high bins. Lilac orchids, red amaryllis, yellow narcissus, pink ranunculus, frosted eucalyptus, a world of roses, a globe of tulips. Lilies.

"A bit wet outside," said Helen Evans, one of the market's employees. All the stand-holders know her. She moves in a cloud of winks and jokes and early-morning hellos. She has noticed the strangeness and importance of the English drama about flowers. It may be to do with memory, or the culture. "But the weird thing," she said, "is that they don't buy a lot of flowers. They spend less on flowers than almost every country in Europe. Th overall retail market is worth £1,240 million pe year; about £22 per person a year. But that is no high. The English love flowers — they may thin a lot about them — but they don't buy them in big way." The Swiss spend £102 per person; th Germans £57; the Dutch £47; the French £40. Be the English market is growing bit by bit. The mar ket has doubled since 1986.

As for our bunch of white lilies, the lid was o the carton, which sat on the wet concrete. Eac stem of the bunch looked pert. They seemed darker green in the English light. They lay in th stand of S Robert Allen Ltd, one of the market big wholesale firms, and were surrounded b blooms from everywhere. The traffic is conducte by Roy Stevens. "We live by the weather," he sai "Too hot, and the flowers are dead on the stree too rainy, and the people won't bother stoppir for flowers. It's like that in Britain. I mean, who going to allow themselves to be dragged out lool ing for flowers on Cup Final day?" He said yo must be prepared for anything.

"That lovely lady Princess Di going so sudden — it was flowers everywhere. We noticed the ri in demand right away. Bang! All the white flowe were gone. You could just feel it. People need flowers. And we sold everything we had."

Betsy Kelly is 79 years old. She has been selli flowers since 1930. A small, ambling bundle cardigans and hats, Betsy is usually too busy smile; she is famous at the market, as her father w before her, in the old Covent Garden of horses

Is the photo essay still relevant?

The photo essay, like photojournalism generally, has been criticised as a form. Is it formulaic? In a world of mainly online usage, are the methods - designed for the printed page - still appropriate? Has the photo essay been superseded by the ‘series’: a set of images that are more consistent from shot-to-shot and tally with an art documentary practice that is at home on the gallery wall as it is in a magazine or online?

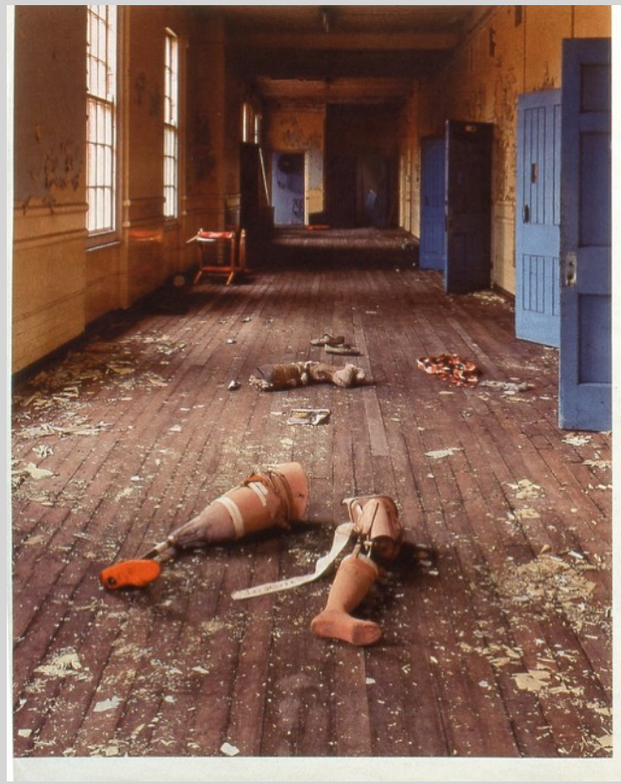
The photographic ‘series’ has for a long time been the default for documentary photography. It is both looser - less structured - than the disciplines of the photo essay, yet not as diverse, steering closer to visual contiguity than to variety.

These are important questions to ask. The best way to ask them is to practice the techniques of the photo essay to see if they yield meaning for your subject.



The world that care forgot

The Victorians built lunatic asylums to provide sanctuary for those who were shunned by society. Today the wind whistles through the desolate corridors, while many of the former inmates roam the streets. At least one of these institutions will be turned into luxury flats. These photographs by Daniel Dixon, capture the concrete legacy of 'care in the community'. Report by Lois Rogers





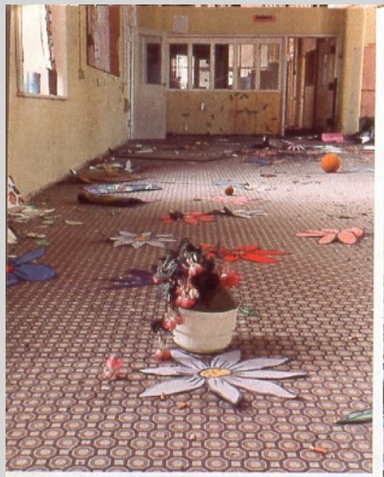
Illusion of freedom: a park scene decorates the door to a ward at the Manor, another deserted Epsom hospital (left). Above: Friern Barnet, north of London, boasts the longest corridor in the world. There are plans to convert the 1840s building into luxury flats





Artificial limbs remain in a peeling ward at Long Grove (left). The doors off the ward lead to isolation rooms. Above: a note to a trainee care assistant about John Tovey, an 81-year-old patient. 'He receives no visitors,' it reads. Nobody knows what became of him when the unit closed in 1992

Dan Dixon





Elsewhere there are Buxton chairs, a form of humiliation now universally condemned, which allowed senile or troublesome patients to be strapped all day at a 45-degree angle to prevent them from wandering off. In other rooms the fleeing populace has left medical equipment, from screens to dental chairs, as well as dirty coffee mugs and even jackets hanging neatly on office coat hangers.

Perhaps the most poignant touch is a note left on a chair pockmarked by cigarette burns, for a student care assistant participating in a "one-to-one" training day at Long Grove, also in Epsom. "Your patient for this afternoon is John Tovey and you will find him on Harvey Ward," it reads. "He is 81 years old. He is on a soft diet. He has no special interests. He never has visitors."

Jim Chalmers, Long Grove's general manager until its closure in 1992, could not say what happened to Tovey. "The hospital is like the Mary Celeste now," he said. "People just walked out with what they needed and everything else was left." Most of the final handful of long-stay patients were moved to a nearby hospital, but inquiries at more than a dozen health authorities revealed no record of a John Tovey.

Wards for the seriously mentally ill in ordinary hospitals are now overflowing with patients compulsorily detained because they are a danger to themselves or others. Many more cannot get in at all. Experts say investment of at least £600m is needed to care for the thousands of former mental patients living on railway platforms and in shop doorways. A report by the Royal College of Psychiatrists earlier this year said that 13 out of 39 recent murders were the result of the failure of community care. The health secretary, Stephen Dorrell, responded by announcing that community care would be known instead as "the mental health spectrum of care". These images remind us of the failure of the concept, whatever it is called ■

Gone to seed: cut-out flowers (above) made by patients at Friern Barnet have been scattered by the wind; even the plastic blooms have wilted. Right: Christmas cards carpet the floor of a day room at Long Grove



The ransacked printing room-cum-library at Long Grove, splattered with ink by vandals, looks like the scene of a massacre













It's one thing Canadian writer Monica Heisey still doesn't get about the British: what's so great about trudging through a muddy field to nowhere? Meanwhile, photographer Jonathan Browning meets walkers doing just that

Take a hike

Jonathan Browning

here are lots of things about the British I do not understand: the national ompulsion to clap along, in unison but off the beat, to any music; Mr lobby's Christmas No 1; the use of "quite nice" to mean "really not very nice all"; bread sauce. Being a Canadian living in this country is a never-ending cle of getting confused, asking for clarification, understanding, and then ding up somehow more confused.

In the heady days of our bubbled summer of 2020, when such a thing was ssible, I went on holiday to Sussex with my Canadian partner and three of oldest friends, all Brits. Having met in our early 20s, we had always been broke to holiday together. Now we were in our 30s and affluent enough to t a cottage five ways for four nights; this was a landmark moment. Look, uld spend a lot of time setting the scene, or cut to the chase and tell you we were there for five days and went on long, aimless walks every single . This was how I discovered the British Walking Sickness.

had always thought I was all right about walking - liked it, even. But what derstand, after almost a full year of rotating lockdowns, during which ve gone on a little mental health stroll almost daily, is that I actually like having somewhere to be, and walking is often the nicest way to get e. Touring a new city on foot? A joy. Walking to the bus in the mornings? ely private moment before the day's work begins. Strolling to dinner a friend on a summer evening? I can think of nothing better. But essly trudging around the same bit of my neighbourhood, for the fourth in a row, in the interests of scavenging a crumb of mental health? Thanks, no. The other day, on one such trudge, I saw a woman finish a lap of the , then turn to her friend and suggest, audibly bored, "What do you think, uld we have a go round the cemetery?" That is how destination-free king feels to me: going around a cemetery for no reason.

is precisely this kind of aimless wandering that my friends - and, I have e to understand, a great number of their countrymen and women besides nsidered a key draw of our holiday. I have known these men for a decade, had no idea the mere act of renting a cottage would turn them all into nysons. The rumblings had begun in the car, when several mentioned e "popular walks" they had "read about" in the "area". No sooner had we down our bags and had a welcome G&T than we were off, the five of us ly picking a direction, the forecast of heavy thunderstorms be damned.

ere are we going?" I asked. "On a walk!" they replied.

e days passed in a flurry of walks, on all of which I wore the wrong s: a half-hour jaunt on a public footpath across a gated, excrement- led field; an hour's tour of a birdless bird sanctuary we discovered on the







a field, meditating on the uncharacteristically lax approach applied by the British to the definition of the word footpath.

I am, it seems, comfortably in the minority. After the Great Walking Holiday of 2020, I encountered pro-walking sentiment everywhere. Friends tracked steps with competitive rigour, fighting to be the first to reach 10k a day, or announcing grand Sunday schemes to cross London on foot. Planning a weekend in Herefordshire, I was inundated with recommendations for the county's excellent walks. In fact, Airbnb reviews in the UK tend to focus on two things: whether or not the property provides an adequate electric kettle, and the quality and abundance of nearby walking routes. Recently, watching The Crown on Netflix, I had the disorienting and novel experience of feeling sympathy for Margaret Thatcher who, in an episode set at Balmoral, is dragged out on the royal family's favourite pastime, "walking around in terrible weather wearing the thickest socks imaginable". The prime minister has not brought appropriate attire (brown shoes, aforementioned huge socks, waxed jacket, head hanky), and is treated with scorn for it. But why?

There is something in the British that mistrusts pleasure. Why sit and chat in your lovely rented holiday cottage when you can walk through 40 different kinds of mud wearing the wrong shoes, everyone trying tensely not to be the first person to suggest heading home? Why take a gentle cycle ride near your hotel (or tent or caravan) in the Lake District when you can load yourself up with too much expensive gear and walk for hours, the only delight ahead a faux chippie "Hiya!" to the other miserable, sunburned walkers you pass, everyone somehow too cold yet also sweating in their moisture-wicking gilets? Why not accept that in a country where the ground is soggy and the sky grey at least 60% of the year, it might be nice to have some non-walking ideas in the back pocket?

Now, of course, these questions are moot. A third, frustratingly open-ended lockdown means trundling around our neighbourhoods for the sixth time that week is the only way to see people outside our own households. It must be walking, you understand. Picnicking is expressly disallowed, ditto sitting on a bench. The government has spoken: we will walk our way through this. I am exhausted already.

Let's break it down: if you are walking without a destination in mind, you are walking for exercise, or to relax. Maybe you are interested in spending quality time with a friend. These are all valid reasons to take up a pastime, and walking carries the extra benefits of being a) free and b) outside, a particular tonic during "these uncertain times". But even with these criteria in mind, I would argue there are much better ways to pass the time, sweat it out, or soothe yourself. Kick a football around! Watch some ducks being stupid in a pond! Do some high-intensity interval training in the park! Lie down with your eyes closed and think about how small you are in the scale of the universe. This is just off the top of my head.

Maybe walking into some marshes, and deciding at an undetermined future point to stop walking, was what was available to the Romantics, but I think we can do better. Why not let walking be what the body does when it is going somewhere and leave "talking about it as if it's an activity" to - I don't know - activities? I like my exercise to feel like exercise and my leisure to feel leisurely. I prefer to amble towards some place, and when I get there, to sit down. To that end, I have been trying out legally allowed walk replacements. I bought an exercise bike. It cost £79 and the price was reflected in its look, feel and quality. Lately I've been using it to dry clothes. I started Yoga with Adriene, but she kept saying, "What's up, party people" Baths required a deep cleaning of the bathroom area and went cold before I could properly relax. Running outdoors had all of walking's problems, I succumbed, again, to Big Walk.

While I will never share the enthusiasm of my friends (and will probably ask for a more detailed itinerary next time we plan a holiday), I suppose classically British trait: pragmatism. No, it's not the most fun there is to be really wants to be doing it, at least not like this. Still, it's something to do, a way to get the blood flowing and the vitamin D being absorbed, and possibly a bit of distanced facetime with a loved one. It's not a pleasure, but it's the best we've got, all of us walking in place until we have somewhere to walk to. And so, once more around the cemetery ■

David, Clayton Hill (above left)
I'm not a crowd person; I can't abide going somewhere where people are queueing to do something. A lot of places people go to tick them off their bucket list wouldn't impress me at all - I'd rather be in the mountains where you can commune with nature. One of the pleasures of walking is to be able to get away from it all. Recently, of course, everyone is out walking. My lady friend and I have walked all over the world: Peru, New Zealand, Tasmania, the Himalayas - and we've done most of the long-distance paths in the UK. For the past six months we've only been walking from the house; we haven't put petrol in the car since the start of December. But we're hoping to go to the Lake District or walk the Seven Sisters coastal path, as soon as Boris allows it.

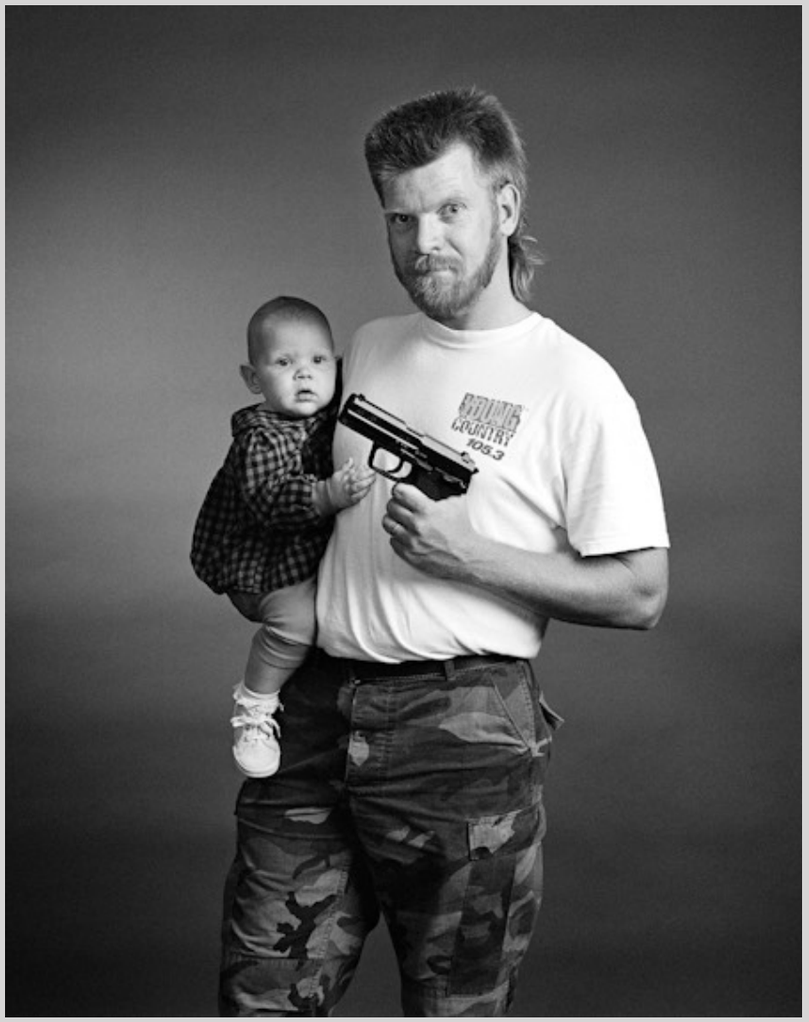
James, 33, Cissbury Ring (above)
I've worked from home for the past three years, and walked our dog for at least an hour every day, so lockdown hasn't changed my routine that much. The main difference is the amount of people; I'd got used to being by myself around Cissbury Ring, but now I notice a lot more people out walking, which is good. My wife and I moved back to the UK in 2015, after living in China and Australia. By the end of our time away, we longed to spend time in the Great British countryside - and we feel very lucky to live in rural Sussex, which is beautiful. I usually go for a walk at around 11am; it's my opportunity to reflect on whatever is going on at work, and get a clear overview of what I need to be doing. The pandemic has made me value the outdoors even more - it's a great way to relax and calm your mind.

Tara, 50, with daughter Livvy (centre) and friend Hannah, both 18, Wolstonbury Hill (right)
I love the outdoors, and I like to walk four or five times a week when I'm not swimming or going to the gym. Wolstonbury Hill is quite steep, so you can't really speak on the way up, but once you're at the top you have the whole view of Brighton. Fresh air is medicine; when I walk early in the morning, I always find I get more done afterwards. It's invigorating. I'm a flight service manager, so it's a big lifestyle change to be at home all the time. It's more than just a job: if you work in the aviation industry, you do it because you love that lifestyle. Wherever I'm away, a group of us will always go for a walk. I can't wait to get back out there. When the pandemic is over, I'll look forward to visiting Palm Springs and Joshua Tree - but Brighton will do for now.

Majda, 40, with Henry, 37, and Minka, 5, Ditchling Beacon (below right)
We live down the hill in Hove, so we often walk here, or make the most of being by the sea. Henry works long hours in digital marketing, and I was made redundant in the first lockdown. Before that, we both worked in offices. Now I'm freelance and we're both working from home, which means a bit of juggling; one of us will be looking after our daughter and the other will be catching up on work. We try to break up the day, and venturing out into nature is a way to do something together as a family. Rather than thinking: "What shall we do next, colouring or drawing?" it's a chance for my daughter to be extra noisy and run about. We all feel calmer and happier afterwards - stepping away from it all helps to balance us out. We've just bought a new tent, so we're looking forward to going camping as soon as it's safe.

Interviews by Joe Stone











Zed Nelson - *Gun Nation*

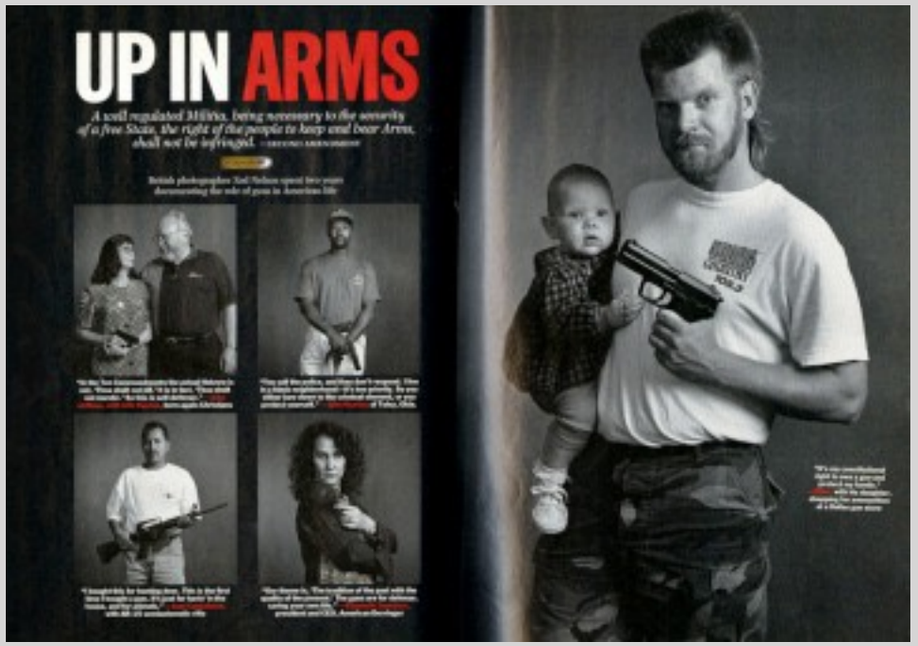
Zed Nelson is both a documentary and a commercial photographer. His skills with lighting and setting up elaborate shoots help him with large-scale long term projects like *Gun Nation*.

Note the use of still-life and studio portraits in addition to the more typical observed pictures that we associate with photo essays. He is attempting to build up a picture of a complex situation by showing the various sides: pro-gun, the firearms industry, the culture, police, violence and its aftermath, using the full skill-set at his disposal.

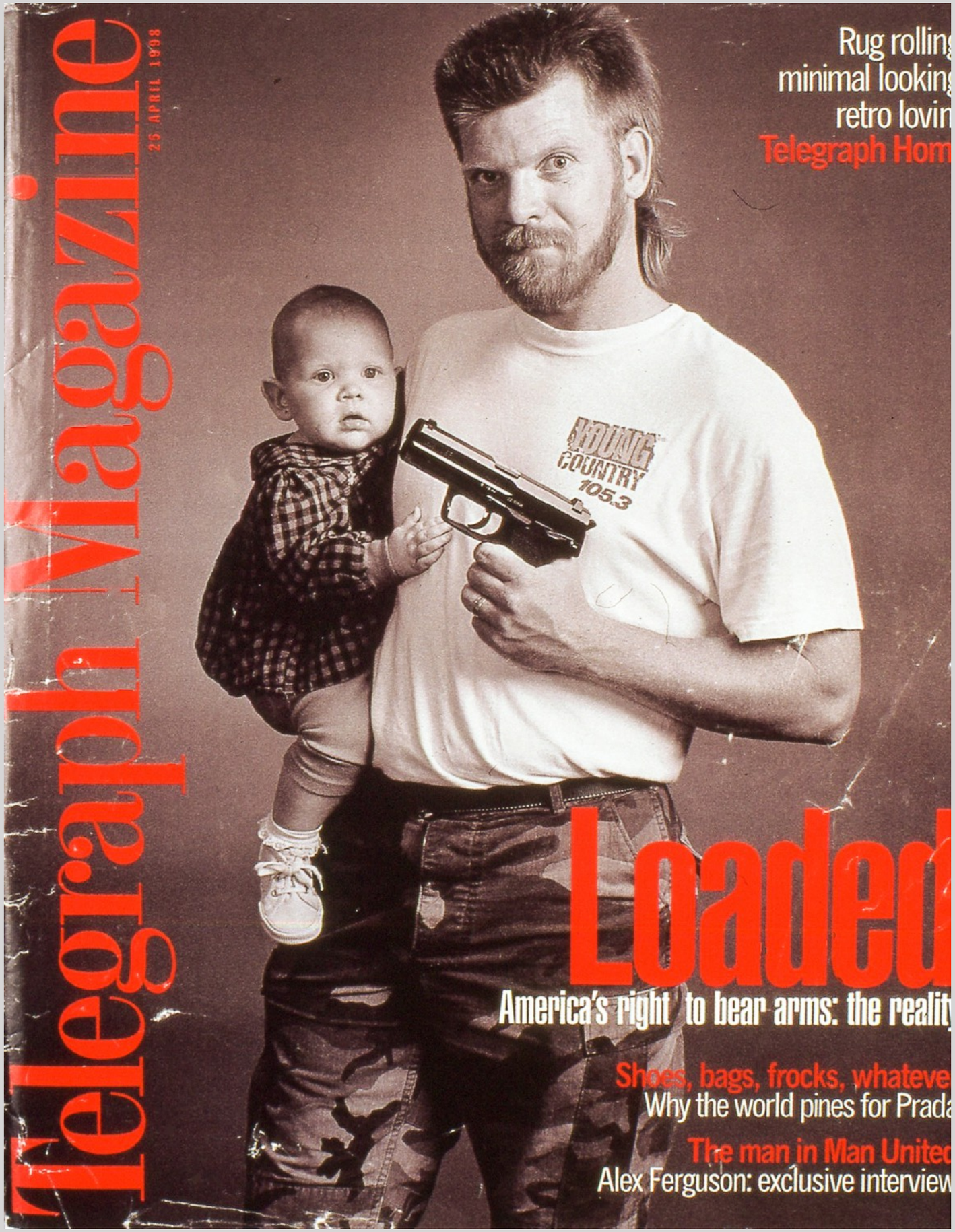




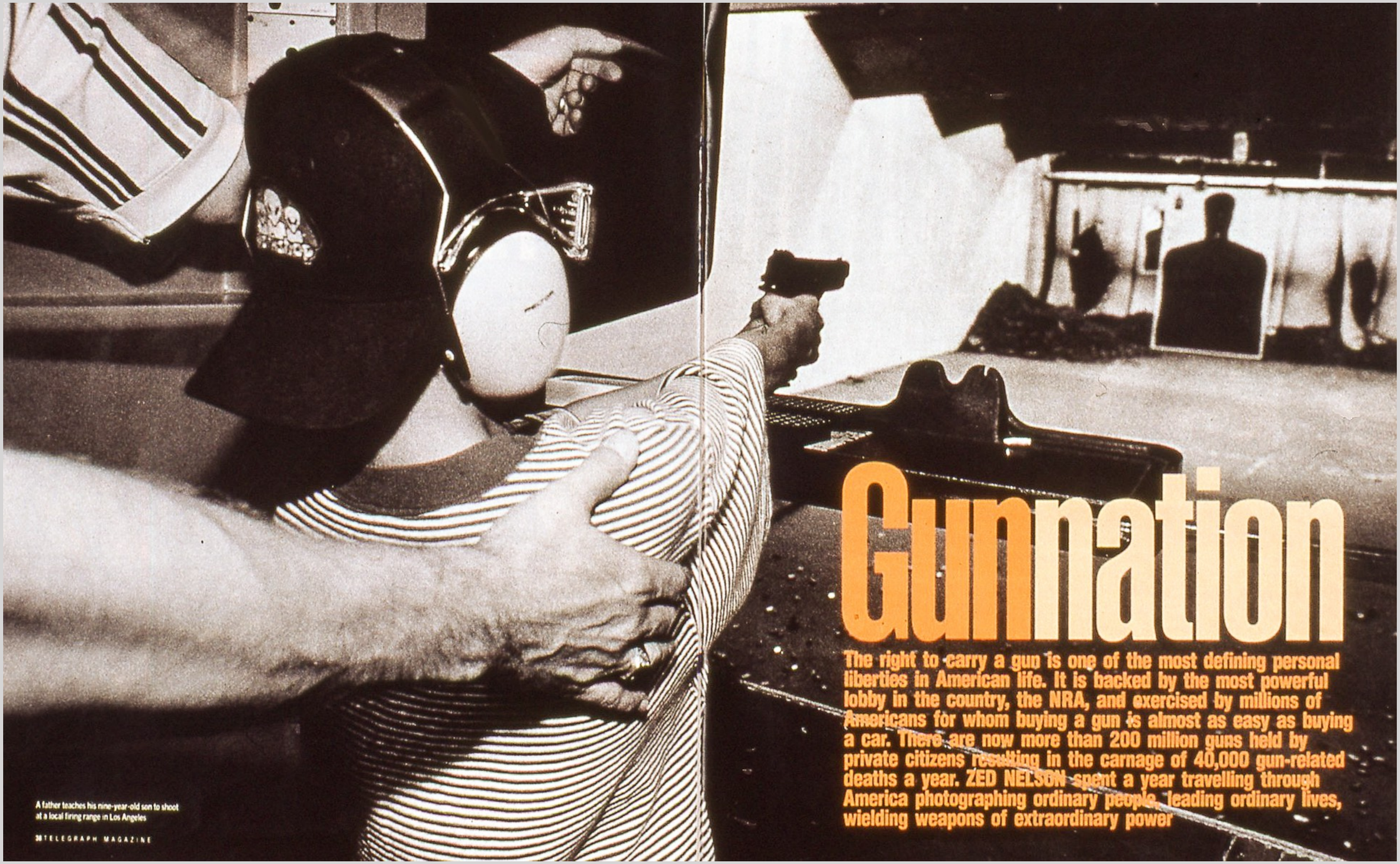




Zed Nelson - *Gun Nation*


Telegraph Magazine
25 APRIL 1998
Rug rollin
minimal lookin
retro lovin
Telegraph Hom
BOUNG
COUNTRY
105.3
Loaded
America's right to bear arms: the realit
Shoes, bags, frocks, whateve
Why the world pines for Prad
The man in Man United
Alex Ferguson: exclusive interview

Zed Nelson



Gunnation

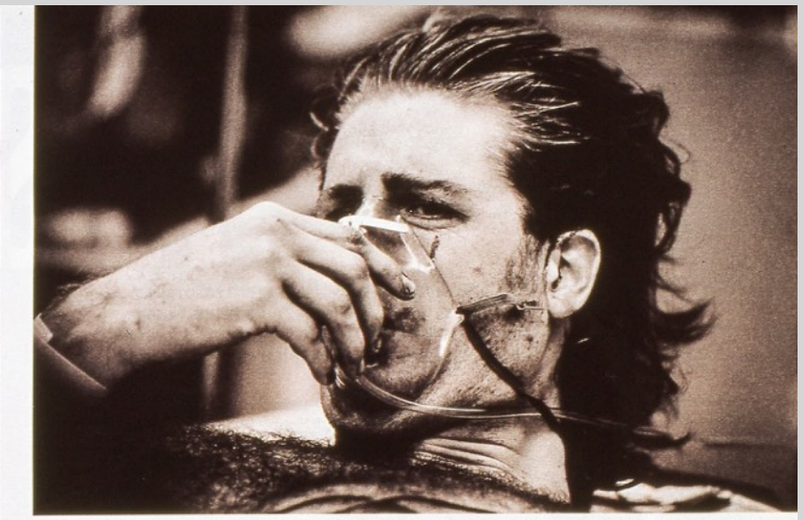
The right to carry a gun is one of the most defining personal liberties in American life. It is backed by the most powerful lobby in the country, the NRA, and exercised by millions of Americans for whom buying a gun is almost as easy as buying a car. There are now more than 200 million guns held by private citizens resulting in the carnage of 40,000 gun-related deaths a year. ZED NELSON spent a year travelling through America photographing ordinary people, leading ordinary lives, wielding weapons of extraordinary power

A father teaches his nine-year-old son to shoot at a local firing range in Los Angeles


Rimtech
ALWAYS ON TARGE
COLT
.22
I got a .410 shotgun from Santa Claus last year
Sarah Read, aged 10, behind the counter of her father's gun store in Millington, Tennessee


At the very minimum I would like to see the ammunition that is used conform to the Geneva Convention. I mean, we can use bullets on the streets of America that we can't use in full-scale war
Dr Greg Stanford, surgeon and head of the emergency trauma department at Dallas Parkland Hospital


Things are getting dangerous. I hope and pray that the person I shoot doesn't die, but I'm going to shoot so that I don't die
Susan Wilson, 44 (centre)
This is called the 'belly-gun'. It's just a colloquialism. You stick it in the belly and pull the trigger – you can't miss them that way . . .








GUNS
B&B
SALES
OPEN 11 TO 7 7 DAYS
SALESMAN WANTED
PREBAN ARMALITE IN STOCK


BURGLARPROOF YOUR HOME
BUY A GUN
THE SECOND AMENDMENT
"You do not know you need it until they come to take it away."
Guns Don't Kill People









POSTCARDS FROM A LAND OF RIDDLES

MARTIN KOLLAR





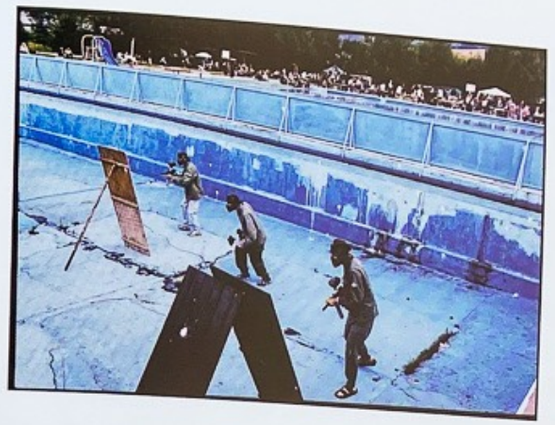












"MY COUNTRY is neither big nor small, neither rich nor poor, it's just in the middle, pretty unremarkable compared to others. You could be anywhere."

Martin Kollar was born in Zilinia, eastern Czechoslovakia, in 1971. By 1993, Slovakia had become a separate republic and Kollar found himself keen to chart the people of this "new" land. The migration from Communism to Capitalism proved a fruitful time for observation. He could see the people and himself changing and he wanted to capture that moment.

He had travelled the continent of Europe with a camera, but found his inspiration came from society at home. Kollar described his approach to taking the pictures: "I tried to be sad, serious, or political, but it was tragi-comic, even just comic, that worked best. I could communicate better through the images, people could look and either choose to laugh or cry."

His strangely disquieting, voyeuristic vignettes are never staged, he simply catches mor with an eye for an almost surre humour. Each image does hav explanation – for instance the remarkably drunk man in a fie celebrating because he has just a grass-cutting competition – they work just as splendidly in isolation, leaving the viewer w smile and a question mark



A JOLLY GOOD TIME IN

BY BILL BRYSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOMASZ TOMASZEWSKI



"Dear Prudence. Walked along the seaside. Saw the Eiffel Tower (Ha!). Chilly on England's west coast. Marvelously tacky here. Gaudy arcades, silly T-shirts. Would you believe 17 million visitors a year? Hitting a disco tonight! Cheers, Cliff"

Consider the whelk. Rubbery and almost tasteless, the whelk is at the very limit—possibly just beyond—of what could be classified as an edible substance. Imagine a wodge of chewing gum about the size of a Ping-Pong ball that you have been chewing for ten hours. That is the whelk.

Imagine the coldest water that you have ever waded into—water that greets you like a stab of pain and brings to your lips a long, involuntary sound like air escaping from a pinched balloon. Imagine wind-driven sand that stings your cheeks, dusts your hair, and leaves you feeling, at the end of the day, like a newly stuccoed house. Imagine noise that hits you like a car crash and colored lights that jangle your senses. Imagine paying good money for this. Imagine enjoying it.

Welcome to Blackpool.

The British invented the seaside holiday, and frankly I can't imagine what they were thinking. To sit half naked for hours on a pile of sand is, to my mind, as alien to pleasure as an experience can be. To do it in a climate like Britain's is clearly a form of madness.

Yet millions of Britons faithfully, even eagerly, troop to the coast each year to enjoy the traditional pleasures of a day at the seaside—saucy postcards, kiss-me-quick hats, Gypsy fortune-tellers, cantankerous deck chairs, donkey rides on the beach, funfairs, chewy whelks—and nowhere attracts them in greater numbers than Blackpool.



Sprawled along seven breezy miles of the Lancashire coast, just over the horizon from the old industrial cities of northern England—Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds—Blackpool is the largest, liveliest, most incontestably in-your-face seaside resort in Europe. It attracts more tourists than Greece. Seventeen million visitors, equivalent to almost one-third the population of Britain, come to the town for at least a day each year. It has the largest roller coasters, the brightest lights, the biggest crowds, the intensest noise, the tackiest souvenirs of any fun spot that ever rose beside the sea. There is no other place quite like it—and, you might sometimes feel tempted to add, thank goodness.

"You either love this place or hate it," admits Jane Seddon, the local tourism officer. Actually, there is a third option. You can be totally mystified by it.

BILL BRYSON, a frequent contributor, is also a longtime commentator on England's curious places. TOMASZ TOMASZEWSKI, whose photographs appeared in the magazine's special coverage of Mexico (August 1996), found Blackpool to be his most unusual assignment for NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC.



Butterflies churn even in stomachs strong enough for the Big One, a 235-foot-high roller coaster at the Pleasure Beach. Drawing heavily from England's industrial north, the 42-acre amusement park is among the United Kingdom's biggest tourist attractions.

BLACKPOOL'S NORTH PIER on a Friday afternoon in July. In the Sun Lounge, an open-air area sheltered from the wallop of sea winds by salt-dirtied glass barriers, Raymond Wallbank is manipulating an outsize Wurlitzer, playing standards like "Moon River" and Blackpool's perky unofficial theme tune, "I Do Like to Be Beside the Seaside." He has been there for 31 years, according to a sign. Many of his lightly snoozing audience look as if they have been there about as long.

Along the open pier, beneath a sky the color of soiled sweat socks, holidaymakers, mostly elderly, sit with newspapers or vacant stares on the ornate cast-iron benches, their backs tensed against a stiff breeze. A few are struggling with small plastic platters of cockles or whelks or other traditional seaside fare. They are, believe it or not, having the time of their lives.

"Enjoying yourself?" I ask one man in a flat cap.

"Oh, smashing," he says, suddenly brightening.

"Absolutely lovely," agrees his wife in an emphatic Lancashire accent, a hand pressed to her head to keep her hat from Frisbeeing off along the sands. "Wind's a bit sharp, mind, but otherwise absolutely lovely."

Seven hours later, along the entertainment area called the Golden Mile, the change of mood is dramatic. Overlooked by Blackpool Tower,

Tomasz Tomaszewski



Bursting from a campy confection of tropical hues with Carmen Miranda headwear, female impersonator Simon Green belts out "Welcome to Havana" in his "Betty Legs Diamond" persona. The revue draws sellout crowds to Funny Girls, a club on the outré edge of Blackpool's exuberant nightlife.





a half-size copy of the Eiffel Tower that has dominated the skyline for a century, this seafront stretch of amusement halls, bingo parlors, and discotheques has the noise, the pulse, the happily charged commotion of a fairground.

To stroll along among its crowds is to be assaulted by a new sensation every three paces: the pinball clatter of an arcade, the throb of disco music, the sickly sweet blast of a cotton candy stall, the silky importunings of a shill, the vaguely acrid smell of vinegar-soaked chips, the sudden, startling dampness of a collision with three bumptious, cheerful, beer-carrying youths—"Oops, sorry mate!"—the ceaseless noise, the inescapable press of strangers, the beckoning lights that flash and burn and endlessly burst and coalesce in bright, budding-size patterns. Depending on your perspective, it is either nirvana or a migraine in three dimensions.

IT IS INTERESTING to reflect that there is a direct link between the relentless liveliness of Blackpool and a long-forgotten 18th-century book with the somewhat unlikely title of *A Dissertation Concerning the Use of Sea Water in Diseases of the Glands* by an equally long-forgotten physician named Richard Russell.

Before Dr. Russell's day—indeed, at least as far back as Roman times—Britons had been taking themselves off to inland spas like Bath and Harrogate to immerse their gouty frames in the warm, generally sulfurous waters of natural springs. But in the early 1700s Russell began propounding the unorthodox view that hot springs were actually deleterious to health and that cold, bracing seawater was just the thing to remedy nearly every malady from leprosy to lassitude.

Conveniently—but somehow not surprisingly—it happened that Dr. Russell had a practice by the sea. He encouraged his willing patients not just to bathe in seawater but also to drink it, often in alarming quantities, and to stroll beside it to benefit from its healthful vapors. Soon other medical men were doing likewise, and, before long, quiet fishing villages like Scarborough and Brighton were being transformed into fashionable retreats, complete with seafront promenades and elegant piers where people of a certain class could saunter and be seen.

By the mid-1800s at least a score of resorts, Blackpool among them, had sprung up all around Britain's coast. While most other resorts strove for a kind of tranquil gentility, Blackpool became an unabashedly boisterous place—where, as the local *Herald* newspaper noted with a touch of alarm in 1875, "people expect to have a jolly care-for-nothing sort of scamper." It catered to a new class of holidaymakers—workers from nearby factory towns, who came each year on what were known as wakes weeks (from an old northern English word for a religious festival specific to a particular town or parish), when whole towns would shut down and everyone would go away on holiday together.

"Right from the beginning Blackpool knew what it was about," says Roger Bingham, a historian of popular culture who grew up nearby. "You didn't go to Blackpool to be elevated. You went for a good time."

The town began erecting entertainments for the masses—music halls, funfairs, three ornate piers, a 220-foot-tall ferris wheel, the Tower. It built an opera house but never performed opera there. "They did a little Gilbert and Sullivan and that sort of thing," says Bingham,

Suffering for his art? So it seems as Richard De Vere wields his knife. The illusionist routinely impales young women on swords in the Mystique Show The Coin Castle Arcade offers less artful diversion: slamming away at Sonic Blast Man is a harmless way to let off workaday steam.



Billows of spume from the Irish Sea bash the seawall, misting a horizon commanded by the Big One. Calmer waters lie nearby in the Sandcastle Leisure Complex. It touts an "inside seaside" with three swimming pools—one with artificial waves—in a balmy 84°F atmosphere.





Gilded splendor sets the stage for a Wednesday morning dance session in the Tower Ballroom. Cheekier moves come at the Palace: Britain's largest disco can hold 3,000 revelers. Impressive numbers also apply to hotel space: 100,000 beds in a town of fewer than 150,000.

time not so long ago when guests were expected to depart immediately after breakfast and were not allowed back until nearly dinnertime.

"On rainy days you used to sometimes see families standing under awnings or in bus shelters just waiting for it to be four o'clock," an English friend told me, grinning at the ridiculousness of it. "It was quite pathetic really."

Now guests expect, and invariably get, private baths, color TVs, complimentary coffee, tea, and snacks, and unlimited access to their rooms. Parr charges £18 a night for bed-and-breakfast and just £5 for dinner, but at the time of my visit only 3 of her 13 rooms were occupied, and I was the only one to avail myself of her munificent evening meals.

"Blackpool still gets plenty of visitors, but now even if they stay, it's only for a night or two," she says. "Blackpool has become a short-stay destination."

Nearly everyone you talk to in Blackpool notes how visitor habits have changed. Syd Little and Eddie Large, a popular comedy duo, have been performing at Blackpool for over 30 years and have seen great changes in their audiences.

"People have traveled a lot more now and expect more," Large told me one night after their two-hour show. "They aren't afraid to express themselves. The other night we were saying, 'Are there any people from Scotland here? Any people from Yorkshire?' and so on, like you do, and a voice from the audience shouted, 'Are there any comedians here?' " He beamed with pleasure at the memory of it. "That just wouldn't have happened 20 years ago."

OTHERS ARE LESS SANGUINE about the changes. John Gaulton runs Roberts' Oyster Rooms on the seafront, a business that was started by his great-great-grandfather in 1876 and has been in the family ever since. He still sells 1,500 portions of oysters a week, as well as whelks, cockles, potted shrimps, and other fruits of the sea, but the trend is inexorably downward. "I can see the day when this will be a wine bar," he says sadly.

Like many who earn their living from traditional businesses in the town center, Gaulton complains about the growth of public drunkenness and disorderly behavior by young people. "You get a lot of rowdiness on Friday and Saturday evenings now," he says. "A lot of it's just high spirits—you know, kids wrestling on corners or shouting at each other across the road—but it's frightening for families and older people, and it's terrible for business."

In 1994, the latest year for which records were available when I visited, there were 8,017 reported incidents in the town center—roughly double the number for other nearby towns with similar populations—of which 966 involved drunkenness, disorderly behavior, or fighting. The wonder is that it isn't much more.

At 2 a.m. on weekend nights as many as 20,000 young people can hit the streets simultaneously when the 56 town center discotheques and other nightspots close their doors. I spent a couple of evenings investigating Blackpool nightlife, but apart from a sore head from all the loud music and an indubitable conviction that I am much too old for this sort of thing, I saw nothing more striking than a curbside argument between a young man and his girlfriend over which of them was more capable of driving home safely. (Answer: neither.)

"but essentially Her Majesty's Opera House was just a grand name for a music hall."

Perhaps no place better represents what Blackpool is about than the venerable fun spot called the Pleasure Beach, which isn't a beach at all but an amusement park, crammed onto a 42-acre site along the seafront. For anyone who has grown accustomed to the spacious, just painted cleanliness of a modern American theme park, Blackpool Pleasure Beach can seem, well, cramped and dowdy. This, I discovered when I met Bill Marion of West Babylon, New York, is actually a virtue. "It's just like Coney Island used to be," Marion said to me in a tone that went some distance past awestruck. "It has personality. It's a place out of time."

Marion, it turned out, was one of 168 genially demented people, all members of a group called the American Coaster Enthusiasts, who had come to Britain to ride roller coasters for ten days. The park's publicity people were enormously proud of their new 12-million-pound (19 million dollars U.S.) roller coaster called the Big One, which they claimed to be the tallest and fastest in the world, but to my surprise Marion and his fellow enthusiasts were far more enchanted by some of the smaller, more creaking diversions.

"Some of these rides haven't been manufactured for 50 years," Marion explained. "That Tumblebug over there is one of only four remaining in the world. The Noah's Ark is one of just three. So is the Derby Racer." The Pleasure Beach, he went on, has two roller coasters that the Coaster Enthusiasts call "classic"—their highest accolade. In the whole of the United States there are just 23 such rides.

If there is one person at the Pleasure Beach who appreciates a good ride it is Doris Thompson, whose father founded the park in 1896 and whose son today runs it. Now 95 and confined to a wheelchair, she remains a sprightly figure with a bonny nature and an irrepressible chuckle. She first rode the Helter Skelter at the Pleasure Beach in 1906 at the age of three and made it a point of honor to test every new ride until she was well into her 80s. Her last ride was in 1990, in the company of the Bishop of Blackburn, on a terrifying piece of mayhem called the Avalanche.

"I think it was perhaps a bit vigorous for him," she told me in a sympathetically confiding tone, "but I adored it."

CHANGING WITH THE TIMES while retaining a sense of timelessness is something Blackpool has always done exceptionally well. Anyone who knew the resort 50, 60, or even 70 years ago would recognize it instantly today. The trams that trundle along the seafront are much as they were in the early years of this century. The Illuminations, a sort of carnival of lights that began in 1912 as a way of extending the season, continues to be a huge draw every autumn. The piers, the Tower, and the Pleasure Beach all offer much the same pleasures as they did a century ago, and nearly all the gift shops still specialize in a distinctive candy called (for reasons that become evident as soon as you try to bite into it) rock.

At the same time, there has been a certain loss of innocence. "There used to be a lot more of what you might call simple pleasures," Barry Shaw, a postal worker who grew up in the town in the forties and fifties, told me one day. "There were tearooms and cinemas—15 or 20 at



A September day means goose bumps for a fair-haired moppet, sand fantasies for a young girl, and reveries for those who merely watch. Few bathers are seen about. The sea temperature averages only 64°F in summer, the air just one degree warmer.

one time, as against just two now—and some lovely dance halls. People were more easily contented back then."

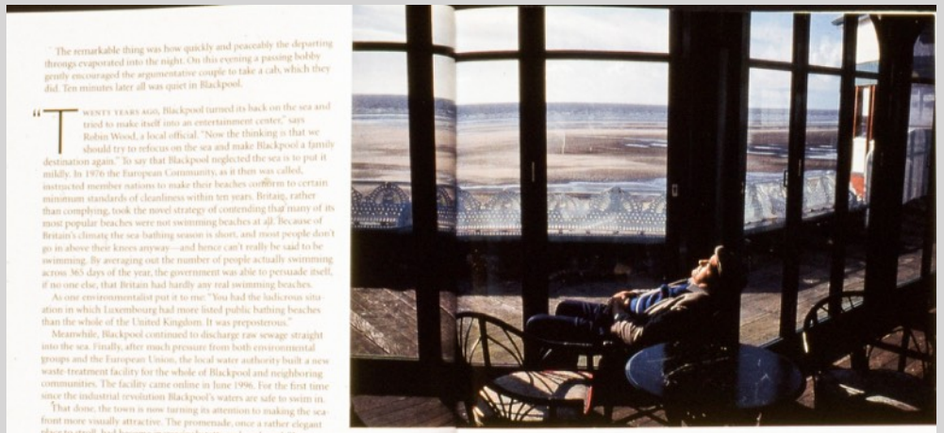
For better or worse, adapting to change has always been a feature of Blackpool. "This was the first resort to realize how the car would transform British life," says Roger Bingham, the historian. In the 1960s it tore down the main railway station, rerouted trains to a new, much smaller station a half mile inland, and redeveloped the site into one of Europe's largest parking lots. At one time as many as 320 trains a day would arrive in Blackpool and spill out occupants, most of whom would stay for at least a week. Now the overwhelming majority of visitors arrive by car, and increasingly they drive home at the end of the day—"often without having spent a penny on anything but perhaps a cup of tea and parking," says Hazel Parr.

Bustling and friendly, Parr is proprietor of one of Blackpool's 3,500 small hotels and guesthouses. Her trim guesthouse, called Haldene, is one block in from the seafront, on a street on which every house—perhaps 50 altogether—is also a guesthouse. There are scores of streets in Blackpool like this, where virtually every property is a B and B.

Parr is the antithesis of the infamous Blackpool landlady of yore. By tradition Blackpool landladies were a formidable breed, barking out orders, imposing strict rules, and generally cowing guests. There was a



Showbiz pizzazz brightens the sky with electronic pinups of the stars of *Coronation Street*, a venerable British-television prime-time soap opera set in nearby Manchester. Different themes highlight each year's Illuminations, begun in 1912 as a savvy ploy to extend the tourist season well into autumn.



The remarkable thing was how quickly and peaceably the departing throngs evaporated into the night. On this evening a passing bobby gently encouraged the argumentative couple to take a cab, which they did. Ten minutes later all was quiet in Blackpool.

"Twenty years ago, Blackpool turned its back on the sea and tried to make itself into an entertainment center," says Robin Wood, a local official. "Now the thinking is that we should try to refocus on the sea and make Blackpool a family destination again." To say that Blackpool neglected the sea is to put it mildly. In 1976 the European Community, as it then was called, instructed member nations to make their beaches conform to certain minimum standards of cleanliness within ten years. Britain, rather than complying, took the novel strategy of contending that many of its most popular beaches were not swimming beaches at all. Because of Britain's climate the sea bathing season is short, and most people don't go in above their knees anyway—and hence can't really be said to be swimming. By averaging out the number of people actually swimming across 365 days of the year, the government was able to persuade itself, if no one else, that Britain had hardly any real swimming beaches.

As one environmentalist put it to me: "You had the ludicrous situation in which Luxembourg had more listed public bathing beaches than the whole of the United Kingdom. It was preposterous."

Meanwhile, Blackpool continued to discharge raw sewage straight into the sea. Finally, after much pressure from both environmental groups and the European Union, the local water authority built a new waste treatment facility for the whole of Blackpool and neighboring communities. The facility came online in June 1996. For the first time since the industrial revolution Blackpool's waters are safe to swim in.

That done, the town is now turning its attention to making the sea front more visually attractive. The promenade, once a rather elegant place to stroll, had become increasingly tatty and neglected. "It was built in Victorian times and needed a thorough overhaul anyway," says Wood, "so we decided to make aesthetic improvements at the same time, to try to draw people back to it." Blackpool recently spent £900,000 on building new kiosks for vendors and improving seating around the Central Pier and plans to spend a further £11,000,000 on various amenity projects.

The most striking thing about Blackpool these days compared with 20 years ago is how empty its beaches are. When the tide is out, Blackpool's beaches are a vast plain—a veritable Serengeti—of beckoning sand. They look spacious enough to accommodate comfortably the entire populace of northern England. Ken Welsby remembers days when, as he puts it, "you couldn't lay down a handkerchief on this beach, it was that crowded."

Welsby comes from Preston, 20 miles down the road, and has been visiting Blackpool all his life. Now retired, he had come for the day with his wife, Kitty, and their three young grandchildren, who were gravely absorbed in building a sandcastle. "Two hundred thousand people they'd have on this beach sometimes," Welsby said. "You can't imagine it now, can you?"

Indeed I could not. Though it was a bright sunny day in the middle of summer, I counted just 13 people scattered along a half mile or so of open sand. Except for those rare times when hot weather and a public holiday coincide, it is like this nearly always now.

"You can't imagine how exciting it was to come here for the day when we were young," Kitty said. "Even from Preston, it was a big treat. Now children don't want the beach. They want arcade games and rides in helicopters and goodness knows what else." She stared out over the glittery water. "We'll never see those days again. It's sad really."

"But your grandchildren seem to be enjoying it," I pointed out.

"For the moment," said Ken. "For the moment."

Afterward I went for a long walk along the empty beach, then went back to the town center and treated myself to a large portion of fish-and-chips wrapped in paper. The way they cook it in Blackpool, it isn't so much a meal as an invitation to a heart attack—but it was delicious. Far out over the sea the sun was setting with such splendor that I would almost have sworn I could hear the water hiss where it touched.

Behind me the lights of Blackpool Tower were just twinkling on, and the streets were beginning to fill with happy evening throngs. In the purply light of dusk the town looked peaceful and happy—enchanting even—and there was an engaging air of expectancy, of fun about to happen. Somewhat to my surprise, I realized that this place was beginning to grow on me.

Victorian filigree accents a North Pier boardwalk, a hint of the resort town's 19th-century flowering. As summer wanes, the Tram Stop Bar indulges a visitor who dozes, perchance to dream of returning yet again next season.





Eva Leitolf - *Deutsche Bilder - Eine Spurensuche*





Eva Leitolf - *Deutsche Bilder - Eine Spurensuche*





Eva Leitolf - *Deutsche Bilder - Eine Spurensuche*





Eva Leitolf - *Deutsche Bilder - Eine Spurensuche*

Eva Leitolf’s series is based on incidence of racially-motivated attacks in Germany. This is not a photo essay in a conventional sense, more like the aforementioned ‘series’ or ‘serial’ - a set of images that build up a story in their totality but do so more with picture-to-picture similarity than they do with variety.

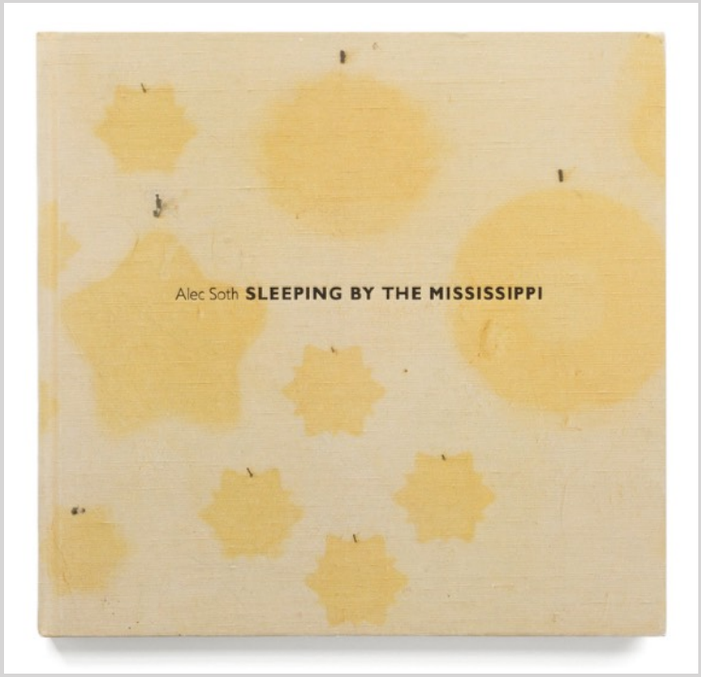
However, she makes her narrative by choosing these different aspects, by using a dispassionate viewpoint, showing connected parties - victims and perpetrators, bystanders and officials - to suggest that all concerned - other than the victims - are responsible and part of a problem that is culturally imbedded.





Eva Leitolf - *Deutsche Bilder - Eine Spurensuche*

The Photographic Series







Alec Soth, *Sleeping by The Mississippi*







Alec Soth, *Sleeping by The Mississippi*



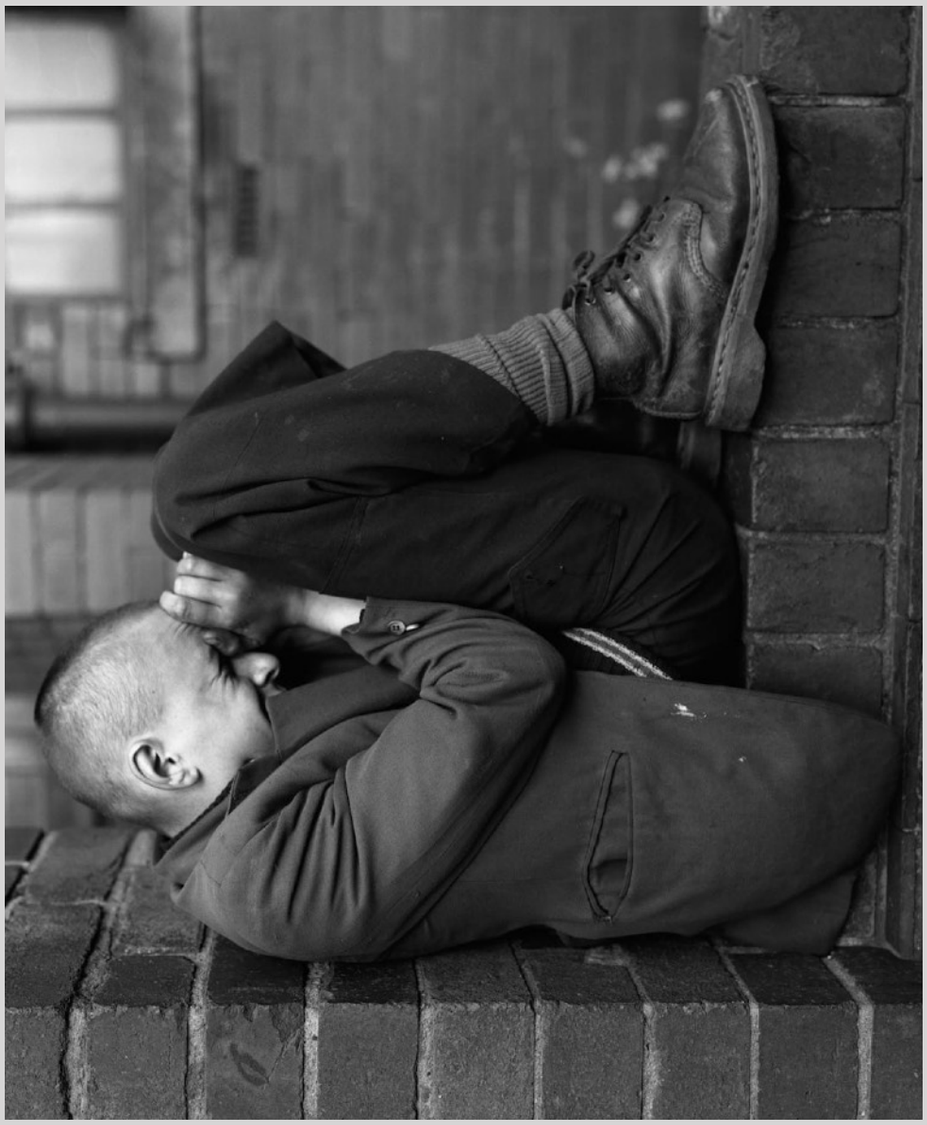






Alec Soth, *Songbook*

Chris Killip, *In Flagrente,* 1988









“A Fiction about Metaphor”

Chris Killip

“A narrow, deep area between the novel and film”

Lewis Baltz (on Killip)

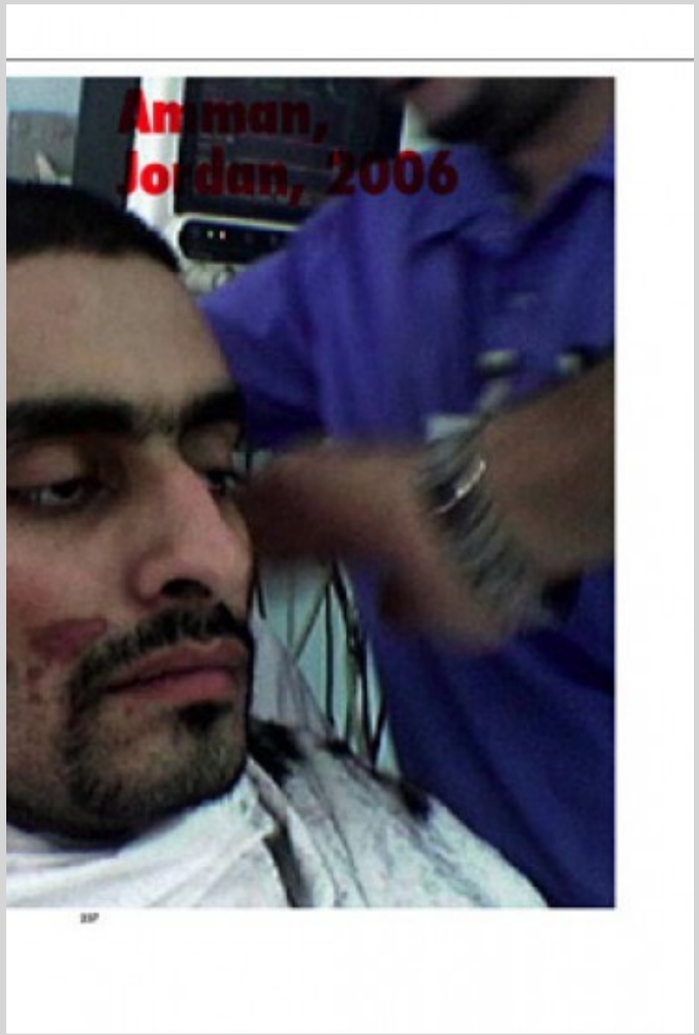




Chris Killip, *In Flagrente,* 1988







Geert van Kesteren, *Bagdad Calling,* 2008









Larry Sultan, *Pictures from Home,* 1992





Petra Creffield, *Going Home, 1997-98*







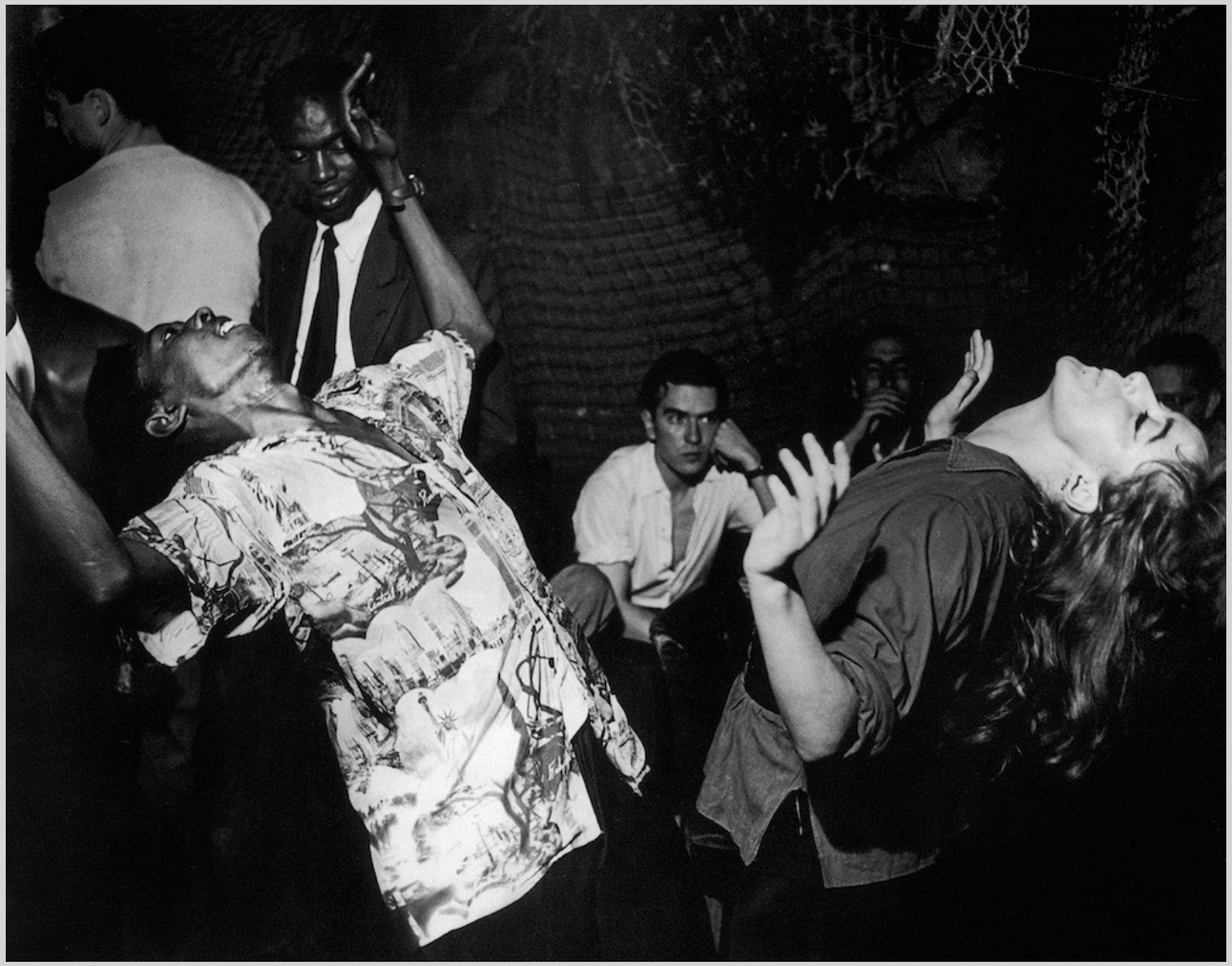

Motor
Oil



Petra Creffield, *Going Home, 1997-98*

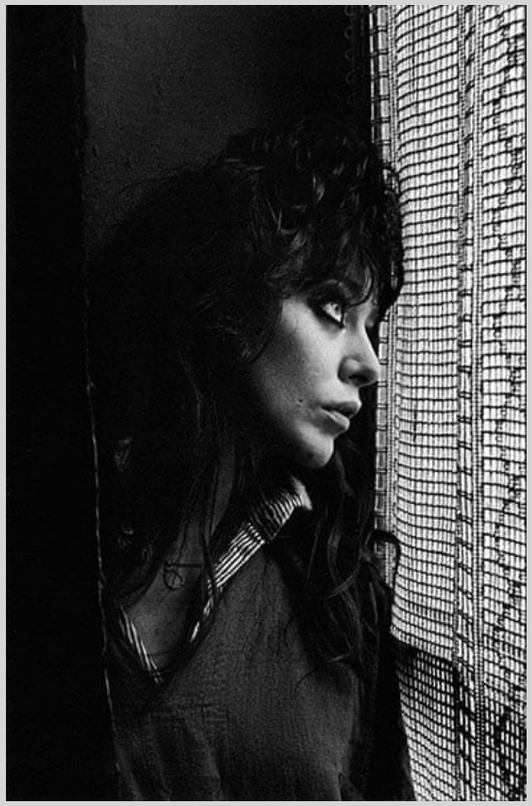


Ed van der Elsken, *Love on the Left Bank,* 1956









Ed van der Elsken, *Love on the Left Bank,* 1956









Robert Frank *The Americans*







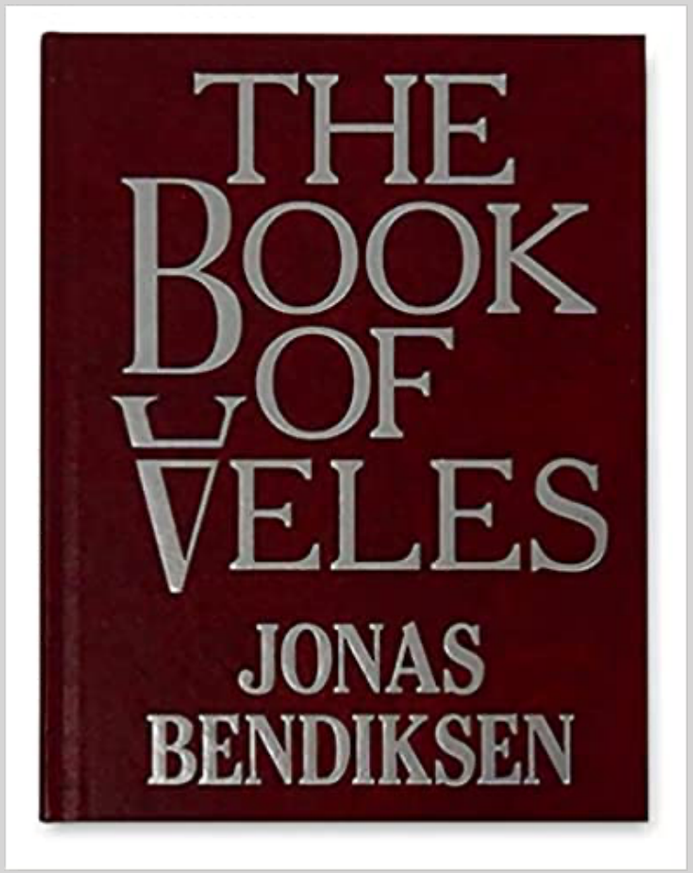


Christian Patterson,
Redheaded Peckerwood, 2010



Jonas Bendiksen, *Book of Veles,* 2021




THE
BOOK
OF
VELES
JONAS
BENDIKSEN











Jonas Bendiksen, *Book of Veles,* 2021