

JPG




NOSTALGIA
+ Transformations
+ Decay

23

\$19 US/CAN





Woods by Lisa Johansson
jpgmag.com/photos/1220012

CONTENTS

56 Nostalgia

JPG members capture scenes reminiscent of the past, and invite you on a trip back in time.

50 In Her Shoes

An abandoned house piques Christie Hemm's curiosity about the lives of its former owners.

74 The Thrill of the Hunt

Gina van Hoof documents a Belgian club's substitute for the sport of fox hunting.

CONTENTS

14 Transformations



32 Decay



84 Barbie's Makeover

4 A Moment in History

With a negative from 1968, B.D. Colen relives a scene at Resurrection City.

6 Whale of a Sight

Taylor Roberts captures the disposal of a beached whale.

8 Double the Fun

Matt Kalinowski documents the thrill of double figure 8 racing.

10 Food Fighters

The world's largest food fight has Dmitry Dudin seeing red.

12 Party Goer

Jared Polin shares his experience touring with Satellite Party.

80 My Constant Companion

For almost 40 years, Lew Harford has depended on his Nikon F.

81 Mobile Moments

Using camera phones, JPG members share their views from high in the sky.

82 Photo Challenge

Our contributors show nature's power over man.

86 A Test of Time

JD Howell celebrates Ken's 98th birthday at a university lab.

88 Riding High

In South Central L.A., Bret Thompsett finds an underground car show



JPG MAGAZINE ISSUE 23

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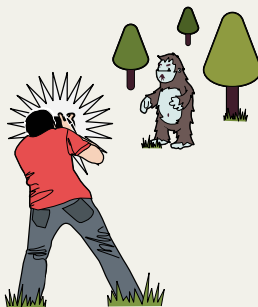
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HOW IT WORKS



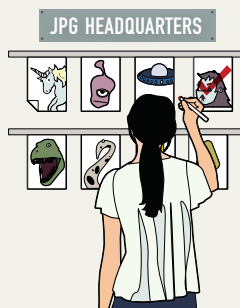
1 GET THE SHOT!

JPG members all over document their worlds.



2 SUBMIT FOR PEER REVIEW

Photos and stories submitted are voted on by the JPG community.



3 FINAL SELECTION

Editors create the issue with the best of the best.

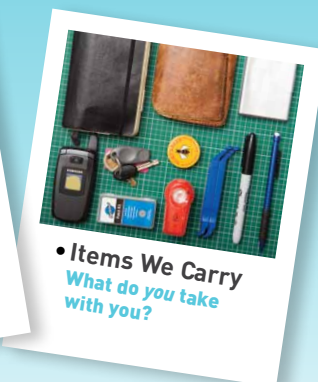


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SIGHTINGS




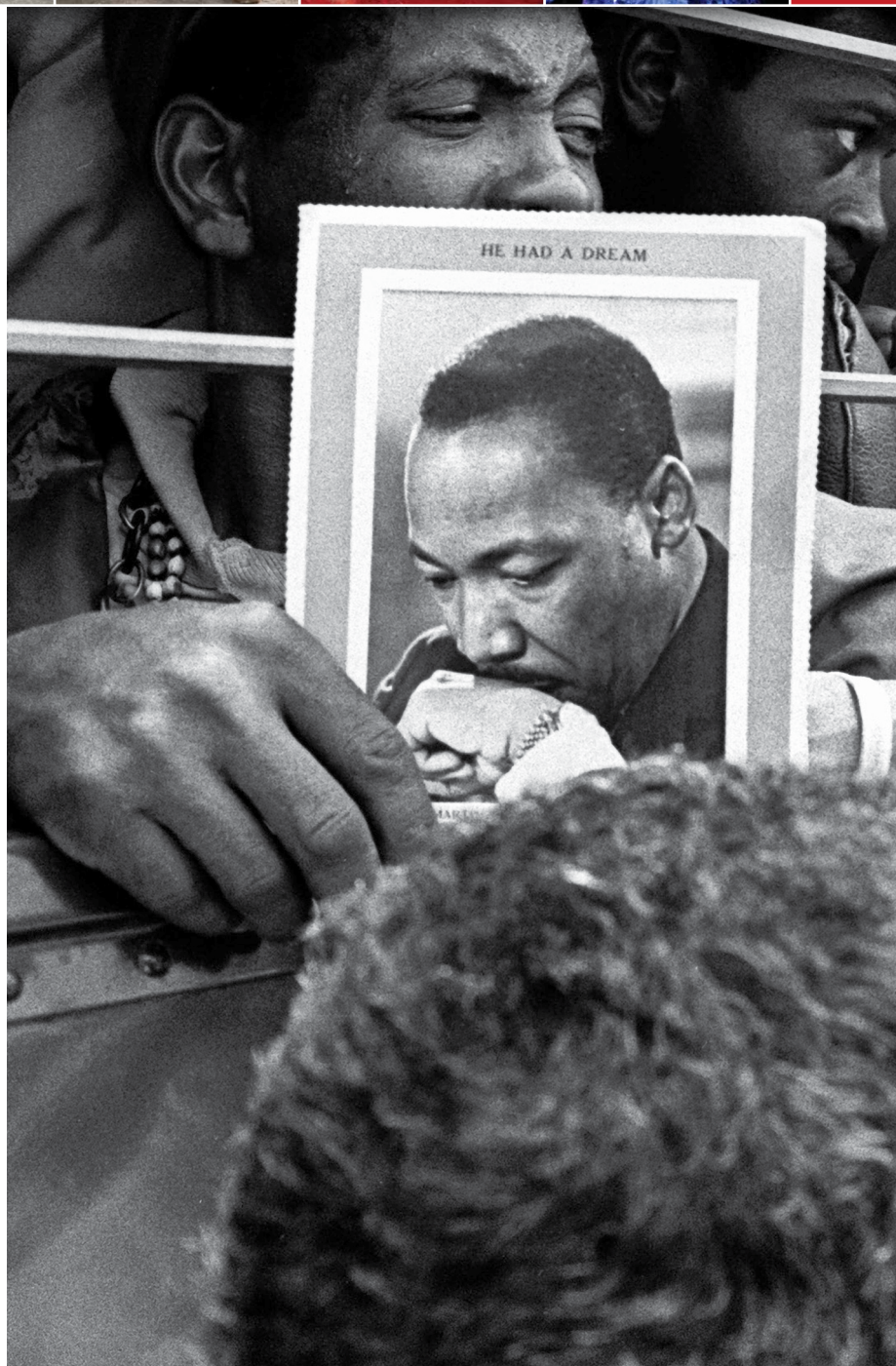
A RESURRECTED DREAM

During the Poor People's Campaign in 1968, B.D. Colen recorded the historical moment when the residents of Resurrection City were arrested.

JPGMAG.COM/PEOPLE/BDCOLEN

After the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated, volunteers carried out his vision to bring awareness to the nation's impoverished by organizing the Poor People's Campaign. Thousands of people set up a shantytown known as Resurrection City in Washington, D.C. to dramatize the needs of the poor population in America. The goal of the campaign was to have the government create an anti-poverty package that included a commitment to full employment, a guaranteed annual income, and more low-income housing.

This picture was taken near the campaign's bitter end in June at East Potomac Park when the police ordered residents living in Resurrection City to move out. While most left, some stayed and were arrested. This is one of the "bust buses" that was surrounded by reporters who were trying to interview people through the barred windows before they were taken to jail. 








PIECE BY PIECE

Taylor Roberts captures the challenging removal of a beached whale in Virginia.

JPGMAG.COM/PEOPLE/TOOBS360

My sister tipped me off to the location of this whale while she was volunteering for the Virginia Beach Stranding Team, a group that rescues sea life that washes ashore. This 52-foot whale was so large that to dispose of it required employees of Virginia Beach Parks and Recreation to cut it up into pieces, which were then taken away in dump trucks. 







01




FIGURING IT OUT

Matt Kalinowski documents how double figure 8 races offer drivers and spectators a unique form of entertainment.

JPGMAG.COM/PEOPLE/KALINOWSKI

Contestants enter the Championship Double Figure 8 Races knowing there is a chance they may never drive their cars again. Participants modify their 4-cylinder vehicles to meet certain specifications, pay a small fee, then race on a double figure 8 course. The goal is to avoid colliding with the other drivers on the track in order to keep their car operational and stay in the race. At the end of each heat, the driver with the best time wins a tall but cheap trophy.

Double figure 8 races take place across the United States, typically at state and county fairs. At the Topsfield Fair in Massachusetts, people came from as far away as New Hampshire and Maine to race against locals. Though these contestants were all from different walks of life—some were mechanics, students, office workers, or janitors—they all shared the need for 5 to 15 mph speed. 



03



02



04

01> OFF TRACK

After spinning out on the double figure 8 course, car number 15 attempts to get back in the race.

02> STANDING ROOM ONLY

At the Topsfield Fair in Massachusetts, spectators filled the bleachers and stood along the arena to watch the race.

03> SIGN HERE

Before the race, drivers had to modify their vehicles to meet certain specifications, pay an entry fee, and sign in at this table.

04> READY TO RACE

A driver waits in his 4-cylinder car for his heat to begin.






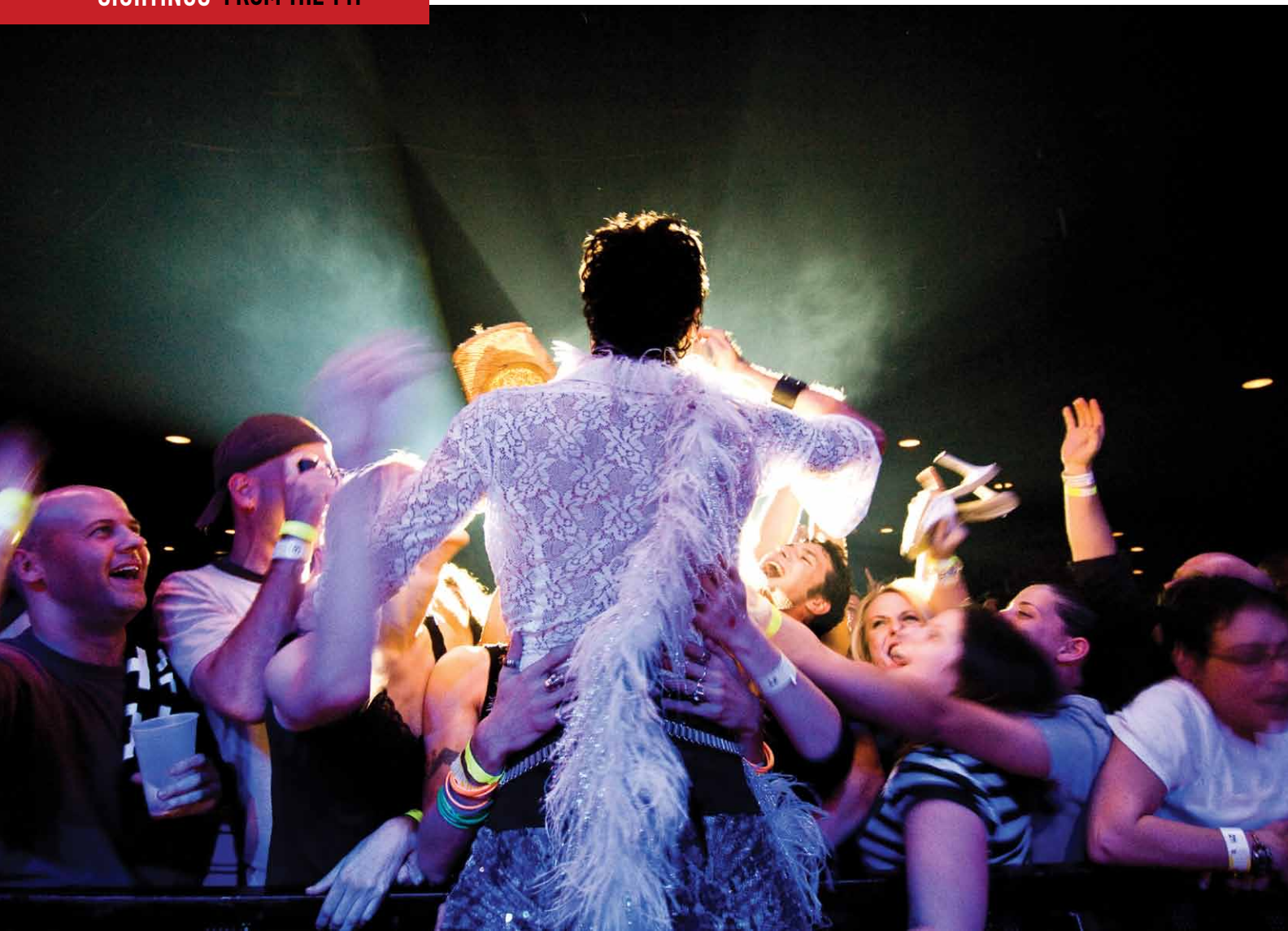
ATTACK OF THE FRIENDLY TOMATOES

The largest food fight in the world leaves Dmitry Dudin seeing red.

JPGMAG.COM/PEOPLE/FLYDIME

I was officially in the thick of La Tomatina: the air was pink, red tears streamed from my eyes, and my mouth was overwhelmed with the taste of tomato. With about 150,000 tomatoes thrown in exactly one hour, La Tomatina is the world's largest food fight. Every August, anywhere from 20,000 to 50,000 tourists come to Valencia, Spain for this week-long festival that also features music, parades, dancing, and fireworks.

I live near the location of the festival, and I've always wanted to be a part of the party—but with a camera. I got ready for La Tomatina the best I could by doing research on the Internet and buying protective equipment for my camera. Still, nothing could have prepared me for what I saw. At this food fight, tomatoes flew from side to side, with people laughing, screaming, and swimming in rivers of red juice. Afterwards, locals washed me off with water from a hose; however, my eyes stayed red for the next two days. 



LIFE OF THE PARTY


After photographing the band Satellite Party, Jared Polin shares his experience of being on their tour.

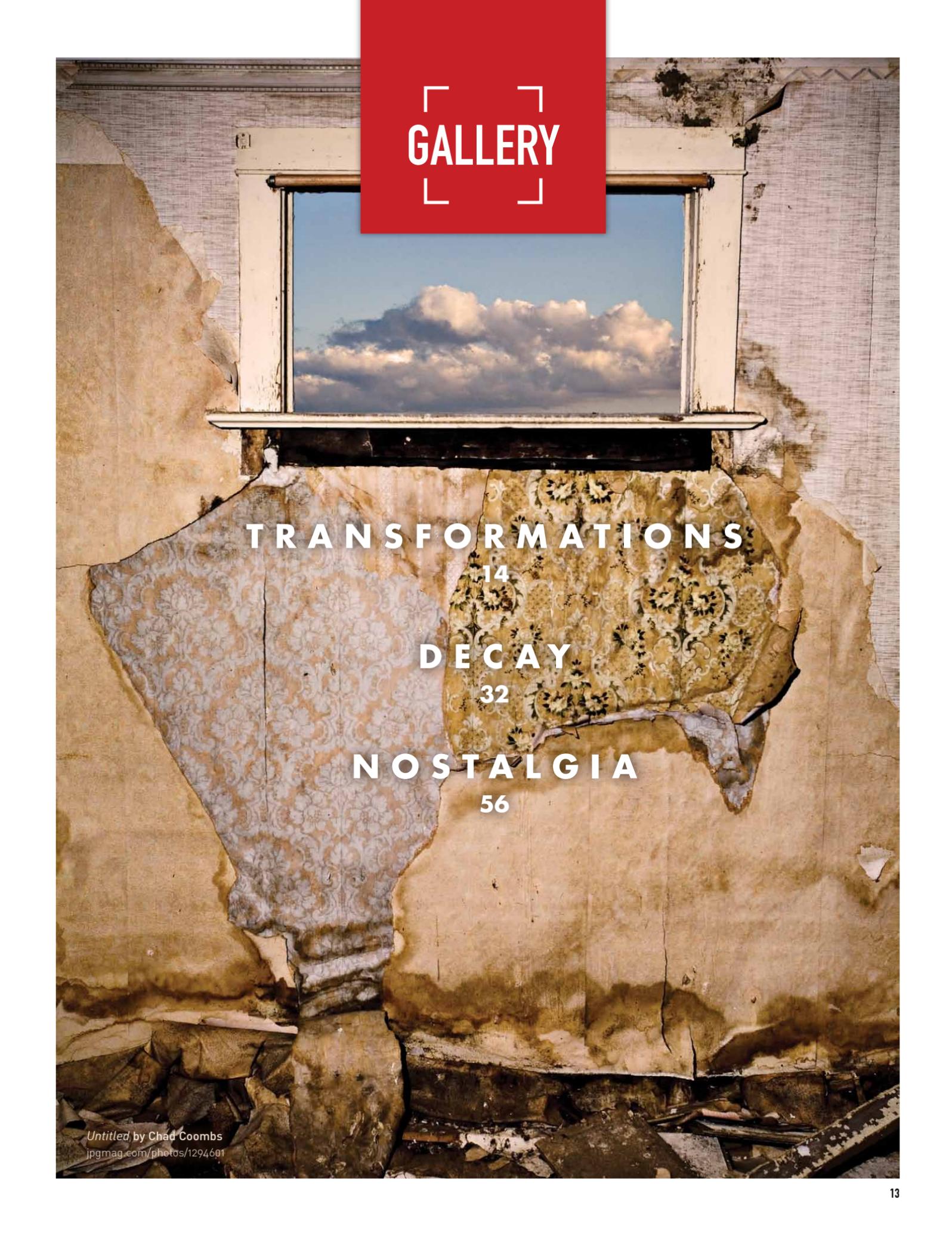
JPGMAG.COM/PEOPLE/JAREDPOLIN

One day my phone rang, and on the other end was rock legend Perry Farrell asking me, "What are you doing for the next five weeks?" That same night, I jumped on a tour bus in Philadelphia and began capturing every intimate moment of Perry and his band, Satellite Party, as they crossed the United States.

Having a bunk in a tour bus is like being accepted into a very private and exclusive fraternity. We essentially lived in a moving apartment, so everyone instantly became a family. We traveled from town to town at night, and stayed in a hotel room every fourth day. It was tough at times—every place started blending together, and the routine of the road became repetitive.

As a photographer embedded with the band, I had access to their lives that no one else did. I was there to document the moments leading up to the show, like Perry ironing his pants, doing yoga, or making out with his wife. In a way, I became a part of the band during the time I was with them. People in the crowd even began recognizing me through my work and started calling my name.

I enjoyed every moment of the 5 weeks I spent on tour with Satellite Party. This picture was taken at their last show when Perry left the stage, jumped onto the barricade, and the crowd embraced him. 



GALLERY

TRANSFORMATIONS

14

DECAY

32

NOSTALGIA

56

Untitled by Chad Coombs
jpgmag.com/photos/1294601

The image is a full-page background photograph of a landscape. It shows a hillside with a dense forest of tree stumps, suggesting a deforested area. The stumps are scattered across the slope, which is covered in dry, yellowish-brown grass. In the foreground, there is a field of green grass with some darker, possibly wet or shaded, patches. A solid red rectangular box is positioned in the upper left corner of the image, containing the word 'GALLERY' in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters.

GALLERY



TRANSFORMATIONS

The one true constant is this world is change itself. As an ingrained element of nature and the human experience, transformation of form or purpose is inevitable. By capturing the multitude of changes around them, our contributors show how transformations represent the forward progression of life.



ALMOST KISS

My 61-year-old mother couldn't endure more than a week on the Las Vegas Strip, so we hit the road in my sister's Chevy pickup and headed for the Grand Canyon. As we drove down Highway 93, we came upon the construction of the Colorado River Bridge hundreds of feet in the air. We were in complete awe at the human labor that was involved to connect the two sides together. We didn't reach our intended destination because we instead marveled for hours at this juxtaposition of manmade materials and nature coming together.

I found the transformation of this bridge fascinating, but this picture represents much more to me. This was the day that I began to realize how much my mom was beginning to slow down. After all, it was her fatigue of the city and aching knees that brought us to this bridge in the first place. Despite this disheartening realization, I was thankful to have shared this day with her and grateful to have made it back to Vegas in time to catch a show of one of her favorites, Bette Midler.

By Jen Creed

jpgmag.com/photos/2040674

HARVEST TIME (PREVIOUS)

These two hayfields are along a road that is well traveled by residents in the rural community of Rulison, Colorado.

By Kelly Robison

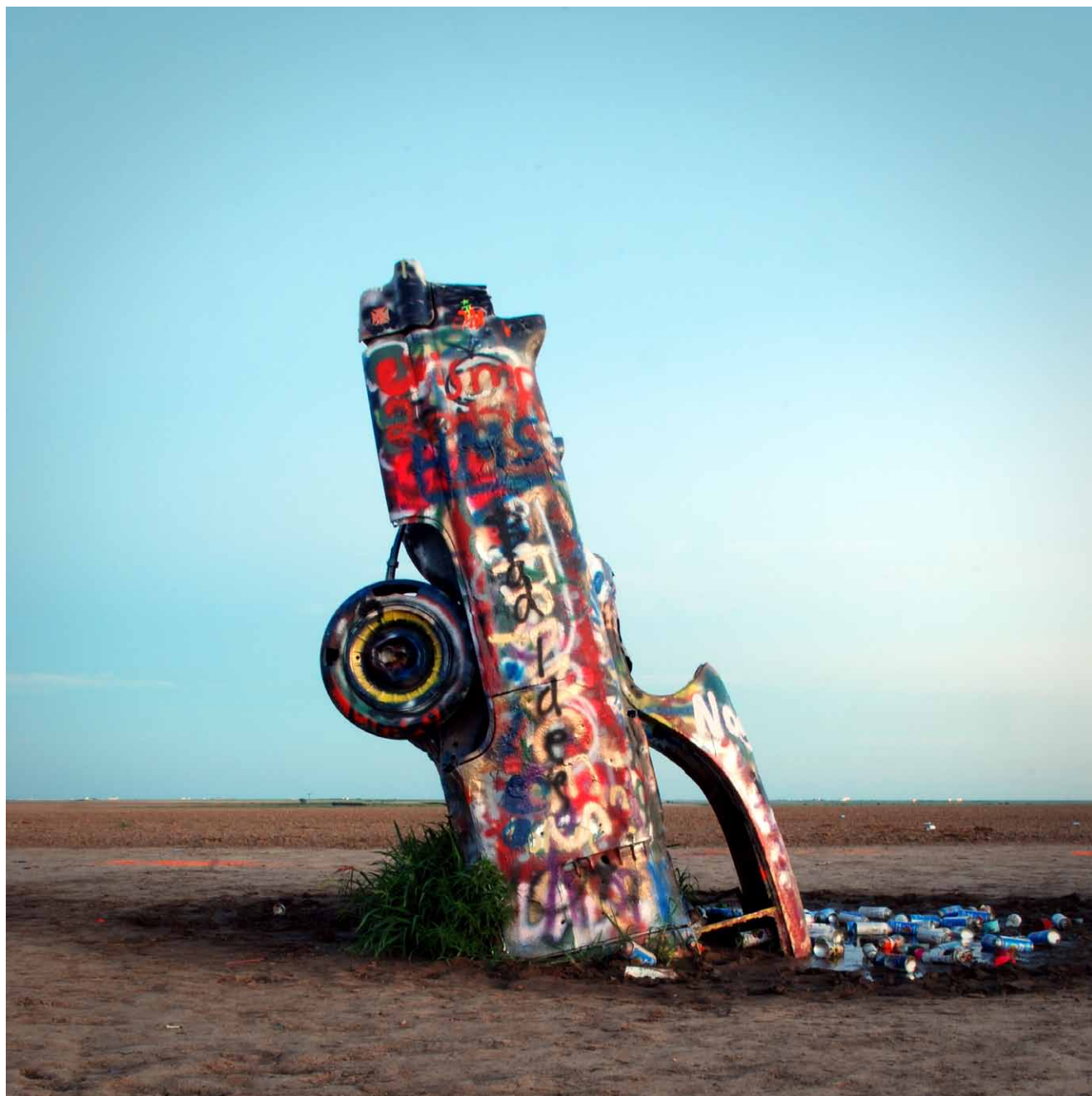
jpgmag.com/photos/992752



NOODLES IN AN INSTANT

In another few seconds, this man at Lao Bei Fang Dumpling House in New York will suddenly separate the dough, set it on the counter, and have a batch of noodles ready for soup.

By Susan Sermoneta
jpgmag.com/photos/1377181

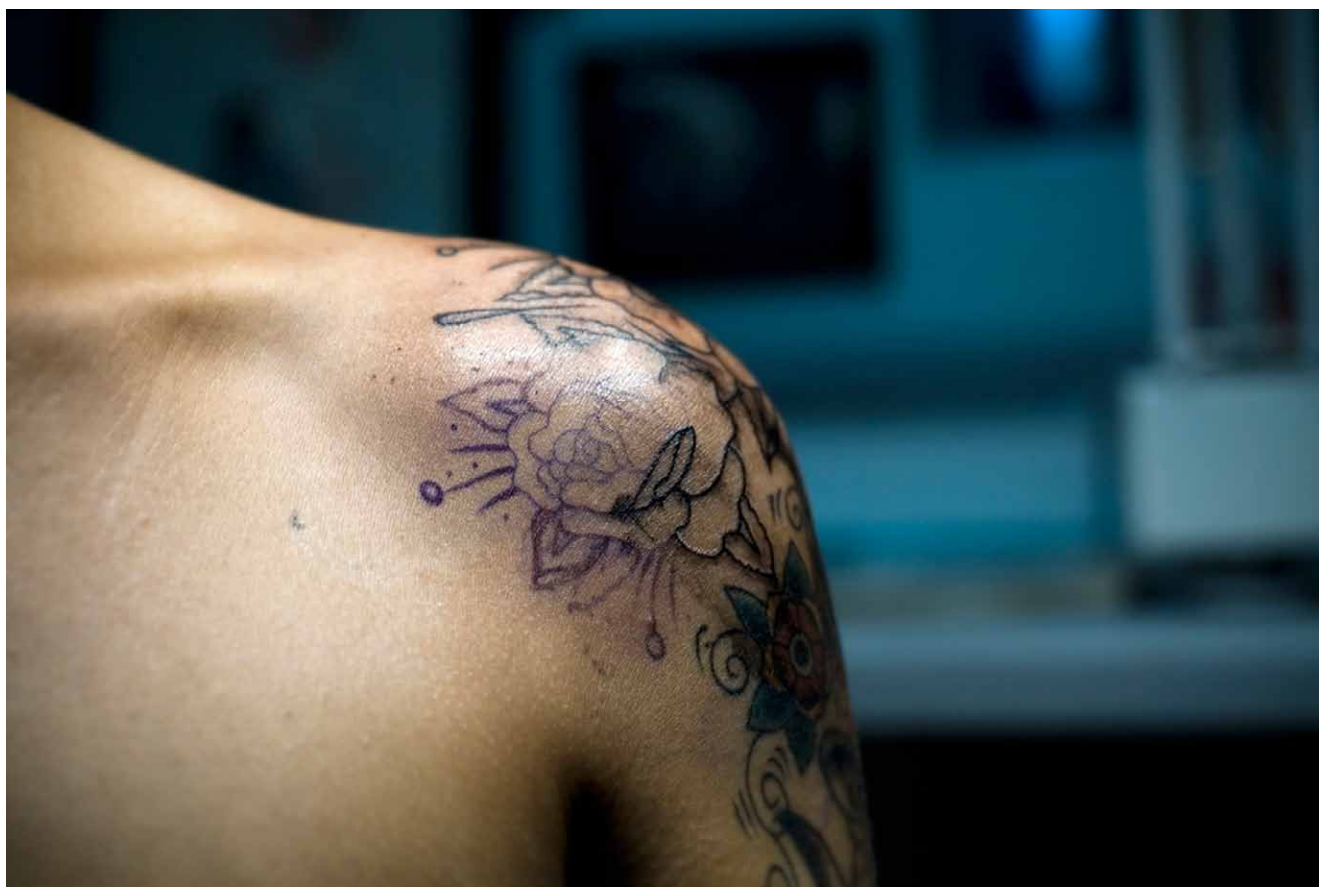


STUCK IN A RUT

I went on trip with a friend to the Texas Panhandle, and one of our stops along the way was the public art installation *Cadillac Ranch*. These cars were in good condition in 1974, but their appearance is always changing because spray painting them is encouraged.

By Wade Griffith

jpgmag.com/photos/209432



HALFWAY THERE

My wife, Anna, in the process of getting a new tattoo in Atlanta, Georgia.

By Jared Swafford

jpgmag.com/photos/517236



BACK TO WORK

Working long hours in front of a computer hurts my back and neck, so I get massage every week to release the pain. During one of these sessions, an employee at the spa recommended a traditional Chinese practice called cupping. The treatment makes my back feel much better, but leaves purple marks on my body.

By Kong Wenjing

jpgmag.com/photos/837765

► FOR THE GREATER GOOD

My friend who was working at a summer camp had an extra box of frogs destined for dissection, so she saved me some knowing that I was photographing animal taxidermy. Since the crucifixion is a common image featured in art, I mimicked that by showing the frog transformed as a sacrifice for the greater good.

By Brad Wenner

jpgmag.com/photos/1930673





SHEAR FORCE

While traveling on a 10-day photo journey, I came upon this family with their flock of sheep in Wales. One son was positioned to keep the unshaven sheep in the corner of the pen, while another son grabbed a sheep and the father prepared to shear it.

Transformation—in this case, the change of appearance—can be gradual, natural, or even forced by man. These uncooperative sheep went from being fully adorned with thick, soft wool to a group of naked animals shivering in the summer cold.

By James Menges

jpgmag.com/photos/551699

► HALF AS BADASS

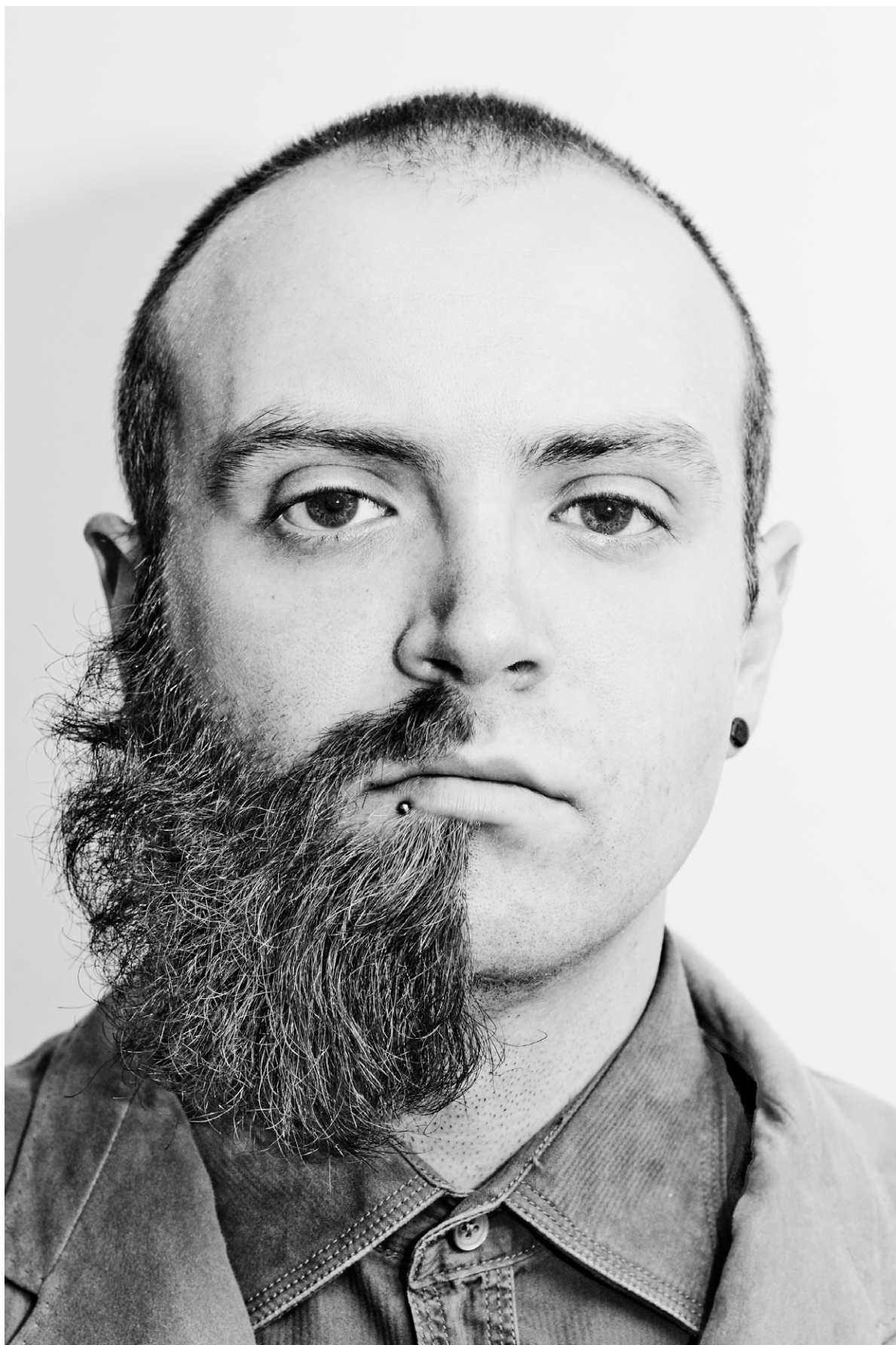
When I did a project using self-portraits, I was attempting to give myself a safe outlet to experiment with new identities. I was in an interesting place in my life during this time. I felt lost in the idea of identity—who I was supposed to be and who I was being. This is the last picture of that series and is inspired by a Man Ray self-portrait taken in 1943. It is the closing image because I believed that shaving off the beard signified a return to my normal face and normal identity.

Growing the beard for 6 months distracted me from looking myself in the face completely. When the day came to remove it, the idea seemed very empowering. But once I took that first swipe, I didn't feel happy or empowered; I almost felt like I was uncovering problems I had ignored.

At the time of this project, I was the only guy within a few miles who had a decent beard, so everyone would stare at me and want to touch it. When I shaved, it was as if I gave all that attention away, and I felt half as badass. Luckily, a month or so later I realized that the beard was actually holding me back and that I'm just badass in general.

By Ian Ramsrud

jpgmag.com/photos/617001



THE GREAT RENOVATION

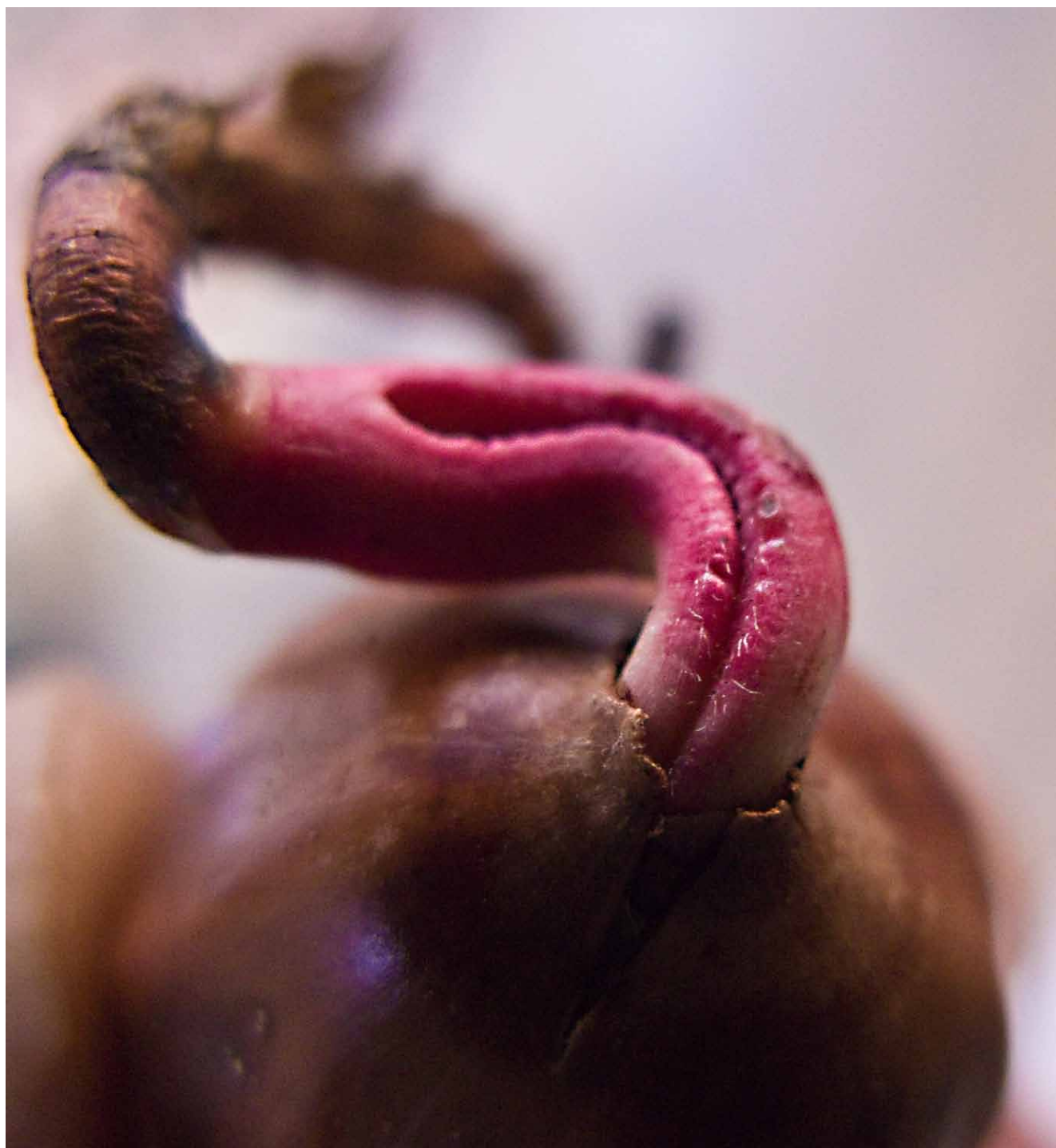
During a group tour in China, I wanted to see the Great Wall in its original state of decay rather than the refurbished version, so I set out on my own adventure. This photo shows renovation of a segment of the old wall between Jinshanling and Simatai. I love the idea of natural transformations, but I found this sight quite saddening. I've seen a lot of reconstructed historical landmarks in China, and to me it doesn't truly represent how they used to be.

By Tara Huk

jpgmag.com/photos/2038957







EMERGENCE

I live in a heavily wooded area, and on a particularly beautiful day, I went outside to capture representations of autumn. At a time when I expected to find growth ceasing or slowing, I found this acorn beginning a new life cycle. One day it was squirrel food and the next day it becomes a tree.

By Jan Hoffman

jpgmag.com/photos/391074



SUSAN PREGNANT

Susan Arnold Fuerst and I went to high school together in our hometown of Lake Charles, Louisiana. She asked me to take some pictures of her while pregnant with her third and final child because, as she put it, "I am *not* doing this again!" This was taken in Susan's bedroom, which she was gracious enough to open up to me, and where she felt comfortable.

By Laura Green Hartley

jpgmag.com/photos/736668



FRESH SKINS

While wandering around the outskirts of the one-road, one-café type village of Inari in Finland, I came across this slightly unnerving sight. I am not sure where these freshly cut reindeer skins had come from or where they were going, since there was nothing except snow and ice for as far as the eye could see. It was a surreal and sad sight to see; but like many ugly things, it became strangely fascinating and beautiful.

By Kate Denman

jpgmag.com/photos/792290



A N T S

The white limestone cliff Scala dei Turchi is so crumbly, that it is continually being shaped by the wind. It is a bit hidden and quite difficult to find in Sicily, Italy, but you aren't disappointed once you do.

By Arno Galtier

jpgmag.com/photos/1991898



BARACK OBAMA'S INAUGURATION

People were crying, praying, and waving American flags as Barack Obama took the presidential oath of office in front of the U.S. Capitol Building in Washington, D.C. During the ceremony, many also realized President Bush's term was over.

I think for a lot of Americans it wasn't easy to be proud of the government during the 8 years he was in office. Bush didn't stay at the ceremony for long, and shortly after Obama's speech, the helicopter transporting him did a few low turns around the crowd. I remember people jeering and taunting him, and almost spontaneously they began singing "Na na na na, hey hey-ey, goodbye!"

By C.S. Muncy

jpgmag.com/photos/1444560



FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

This is my son, Riah, outside of his elementary school on his first day of kindergarten. My husband, Broadus, was telling him how much fun he was going to have, and Riah was bursting with excitement. He wasn't scared at all—he was proud to be going to school.

To me, transformation is any moment when something changes from past to future: a bridge. This sidewalk was the bridge between my son being my baby and him being more autonomous, becoming a man of his own.


By Dee Jones

jpgmag.com/photos/1960545

GALLERY

DECAY

Nothing lasts forever: every living being and inanimate object reaches a point where normalcy, health, or appearance begins to deteriorate. Because this is simply a natural part of life, there is an abundance of beauty in the state of decay.



GHOSTS

These sunflowers in Geneva, Switzerland look unreal to me, but also very human, like old men weeping over the past. Decay can be the weight of years on someone's shoulders, which can happen over decades or a few weeks.

By Steph Dumont
jpgmag.com/photos/1988526





SHORTY

Shorty, who is roadie for blues musicians around Memphis, Tennessee, uses a gum wrapper to cover up his severe tooth decay. He currently lives in a motel in downtown Memphis that costs \$40 a day. His life has been hard – very hard – and his teeth reflect how he has been treated by society, along with how he has treated himself. I think decay is simply change: if things are changing in a negative direction, then they are decaying. Shorty is decaying rapidly.

By Jamie Harmon

jpgmag.com/photos/126727

AMERICAN EMPIRE

This picture of a mural in Toronto, Canada reflects the idea of decay on multiple levels. First is the physical decay of the artwork itself, which may be intentional. There's also the metaphorical decay of a nation that views itself as a world power, but is steadily falling from its place at the top. America presents itself as an indestructible and eternal force, yet seems to have an element of decay in everything from its economy, environment, or the health of its average citizen. The nation is in many ways facing the reality that it may end up like other historical empires that fell from the top to the bottom.

A degree of disorder and chaos exists as a law of life, so decay is the natural progression of all things that are left alone. It is inescapable, and will catch up with everything at some point in time, it's just a question of how and when.

By TJ Watt

jpgmag.com/photos/859694







GRAVEYARD

I came across this huge bit of land filled with tanks and artillery pieces while on a mission in Taji, Iraq in 2008. I saw this as a tanker graveyard, where these once magnificent war machines were put to rest. I'm pretty sure there are some Russian and Iraqi tanks here alongside American ones.

By Chris Norbert

jpgmag.com/photos/2070704





BREAKFAST TIME

A colony of ants found this expired lizard on the pool deck one morning and started the natural cycle of life. Every living thing on Earth is really one—we are all part of the cycle—from the smallest organism to the largest.

By Anthony Neste

jpgmag.com/photos/4948320

WAVE

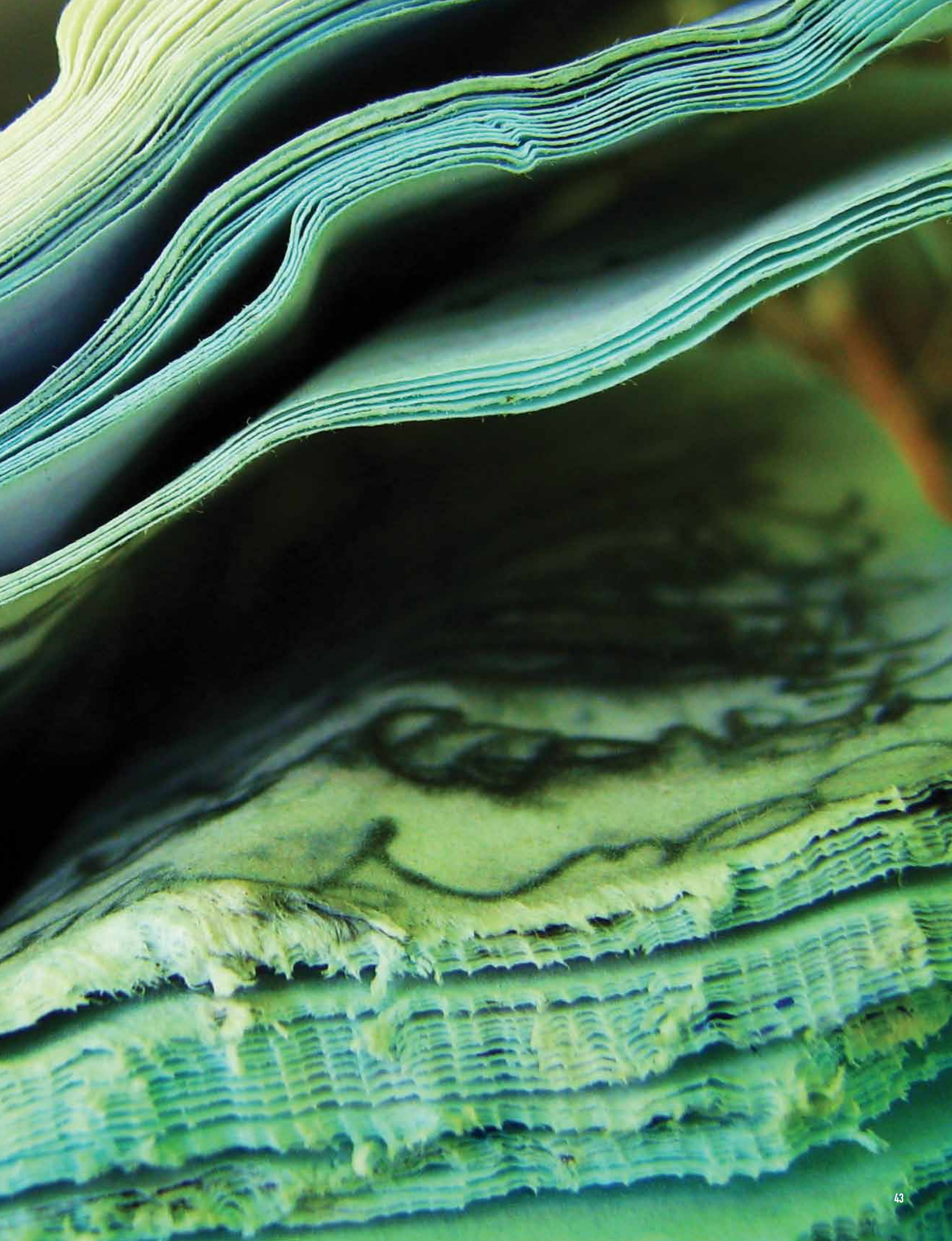
The South has terrific summer rainstorms, one of which caused a small flood on our property in Athens, Georgia. I was devastated when I discovered that several boxes of treasured keepsakes and numerous childhood diaries were ruined as a result. None of the writing was decipherable, but I lay them out to dry in the sun anyways.

Initially, I was terribly upset by this loss. It took me a moment to recognize the beauty of the damaged paper and running ink, but later I realized that though they would never be read again, I could capture their essence with my camera. From the ashes of destruction rises new life, so to speak.

I took this picture not long after I found out that my grandfather had Alzheimer's. The realization that memories fade and the passing of time is inevitable really struck me as I held these journals in my hands.

By Amber Reeves

jpgmag.com/photos/1661299







CYCLE OF LIFE

I passed a pack of vultures having this deer as breakfast in the early morning mist, and because the scene stayed in my head as I drove on, I turned around to take a picture. The vultures flew away when I arrived and never returned. The deer may have been in the process of decay, but its life energy was being reclaimed by the earth to feed the living.

By Debby Adler

jpgmag.com/photos/2074960



The background of the entire page is a photograph of a light-colored, speckled floor. It is covered with a large number of small, rusty, E-shaped metal pieces. These pieces are scattered across the floor, some lying flat and others slightly propped up. There are also some dark, irregular stains on the floor, particularly in the lower-left corner where a piece of black debris is visible. The overall scene suggests a demolition or a long-term abandonment of a building.

E IS FOR EMPTY

I've always loved Michigan Central Station. As a child, I remember it towering over the skyline whenever my family and I would enter Detroit. Sadly, I never saw the station in all its glory because I was only 6 when it shut down. When I heard that the building was going to be demolished, I was devastated. There are numerous vacant structures in Detroit that are crumbling and burnt, with trees growing through them. Since these other buildings still stand, I thought that the station would be last on the demolition list. The only reason that it is still there is because a Detroit citizen who wants it to be restored sued the city, referring to the National Historic Preservation Act.

These metal E-shaped pieces are falling out of the ceilings in most of the office rooms. I think they're simply beautiful, as are the stains they leave imprinted on the floor.

By Emily Flores

jpgmag.com/photos/2012893





WHEN OLD AGE SETS IN

This image means more to me and my family now than I ever thought it would. I look at it and feel heartbreak. I had not seen my great-grandmother in quite awhile before this day, so visiting her at the hospital when she was in this condition was like seeing an entirely different person. She had IVs and medical equipment attached to her to keep her alive, and I didn't want to believe that this was the same Birdie Westmoreland that I had known. Age catches up to us quickly and before we know it, someone who is youthful and lively can be wilting away right before our eyes.

Though I hadn't seen her in many years, she remembered me. I introduced her to my significant other, Alex, and despite her condition, she smiled and flirted with him calling him a "tall glass of water." She was a very funny, sweet, and loving woman.

My great-grandmother passed away in her sleep at almost 90, after everybody had gone to bed. This image is the epitome of life, death, and everything in between. I will never regret going to visit her, but watching a loved one slowly drift away before my eyes was one of the worst things I have seen. I am happy to know that she is in a better place now.

By Samantha Henderson-Hunter

jpgmag.com/photos/1979543



In Her Shoes

AFTER DISCOVERING AN ABANDONED HOUSE,
CHRISTIE HEMM USES THE CONTENTS TO RECREATE
THE LIFE OF ITS FORMER OWNER, ELIZABETH.



There are a lot of abandoned houses near my hometown of Menifee, California, and I would often explore them with my friends when I lived there. During a visit in 2007 to my parents' house, I came across a deserted residence up the street that somehow I had never noticed in all my years growing up nearby. I was expecting this one to be just like others: run-down, filled with empty beer bottles, and an old mattress or two. However, this particular house was very different. Although it did contain empty bottles, it was also filled with personal items left behind from the '60s and '70s. There were well-preserved clothes hanging from the closets, baby shoes, and dishes still on the kitchen shelves. After that initial visit, my mind ran wild with possible explanations of why someone would leave such seemingly important items behind.

Returning to the house several times over the next two years, I was driven to find clues within the remnants about

“After that initial visit, my mind ran wild with possible explanations of why someone would leave such seemingly important items behind.”



the people who lived there. I was able to find the owners' names on the deed, countless letters, and bank statements, but I could not figure out why they left their home and possessions.

I became very interested in the woman who once lived there, Elizabeth, because most of the objects were hers. All of the letters were addressed to her, and I even found her purse, which contained a comb and jewelry. I started to create and construct a story in my head about her. I decided that she was an intelligent woman with ambitious dreams, but because of the culture during the 1970s, she let herself become trapped in a life that she didn't want. That is why when it came time for her to move on from this period of her life she left everything – even her purse.

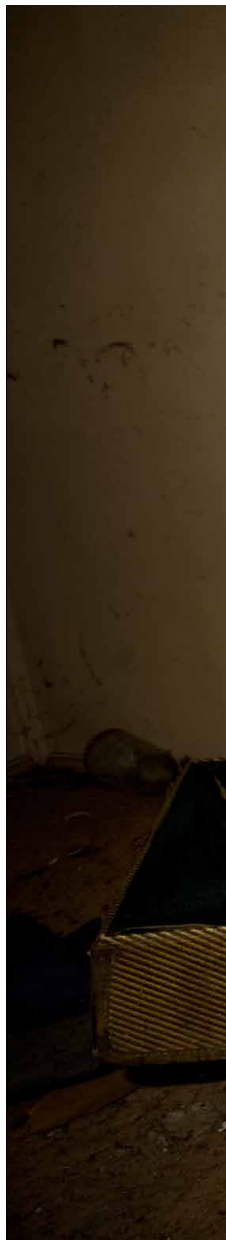
To take this project further, I decided to remove the items from inside her house to create self-portraits depicting Eliza-

beth and her family based on what I thought they were like. I have been shooting these portraits for about a year now, and only a few things have changed in their story. For instance, I started off believing that Elizabeth had a daughter, but after more research, it became unclear whether this was true. Part of what makes this project so fun and interesting for me is that I don't know anything for sure, so the story that I am telling changes as I discover more. I have clues about these people from many items in the house, but the entire story is still a mystery, so much of what I've constructed is based on my own feelings and imagination.


While doing this project, I began to feel very close to Elizabeth. That's part of the reason why I've tried to make the images feel very personal – as if witnessing a private moment of her life. I wanted to show the small periods of time in between the fake smiles and forced happiness where



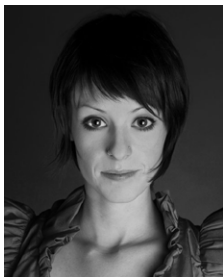
"I started to create and construct a story in my head about her. I decided she was an intelligent woman with ambitious dreams, but because of the culture during the 1970s, she let herself become trapped in a life that she didn't want."



her real feelings came through. It was important for me to have her interacting with others, so that the viewer can see the difference in her emotions compared to everyone else's. Throughout the series, I wanted Elizabeth to look discontent and upset, and I focused on these emotions for a reason. She is the one who gets that there is more to life than what is in front of her, and she longs for it.

I've thought a lot about my own life and how much freedom I have while I created these photographs. Being a woman who grew up down the street from where Elizabeth lived made this project more meaningful to me. I realized how easy it could be for someone to get wrapped up in what they are "supposed" to do, and as a result, fail to accomplish what they really want. This series was a way for me to honor the women who have struggled and weren't given the opportunities that I have today because of their gender. 

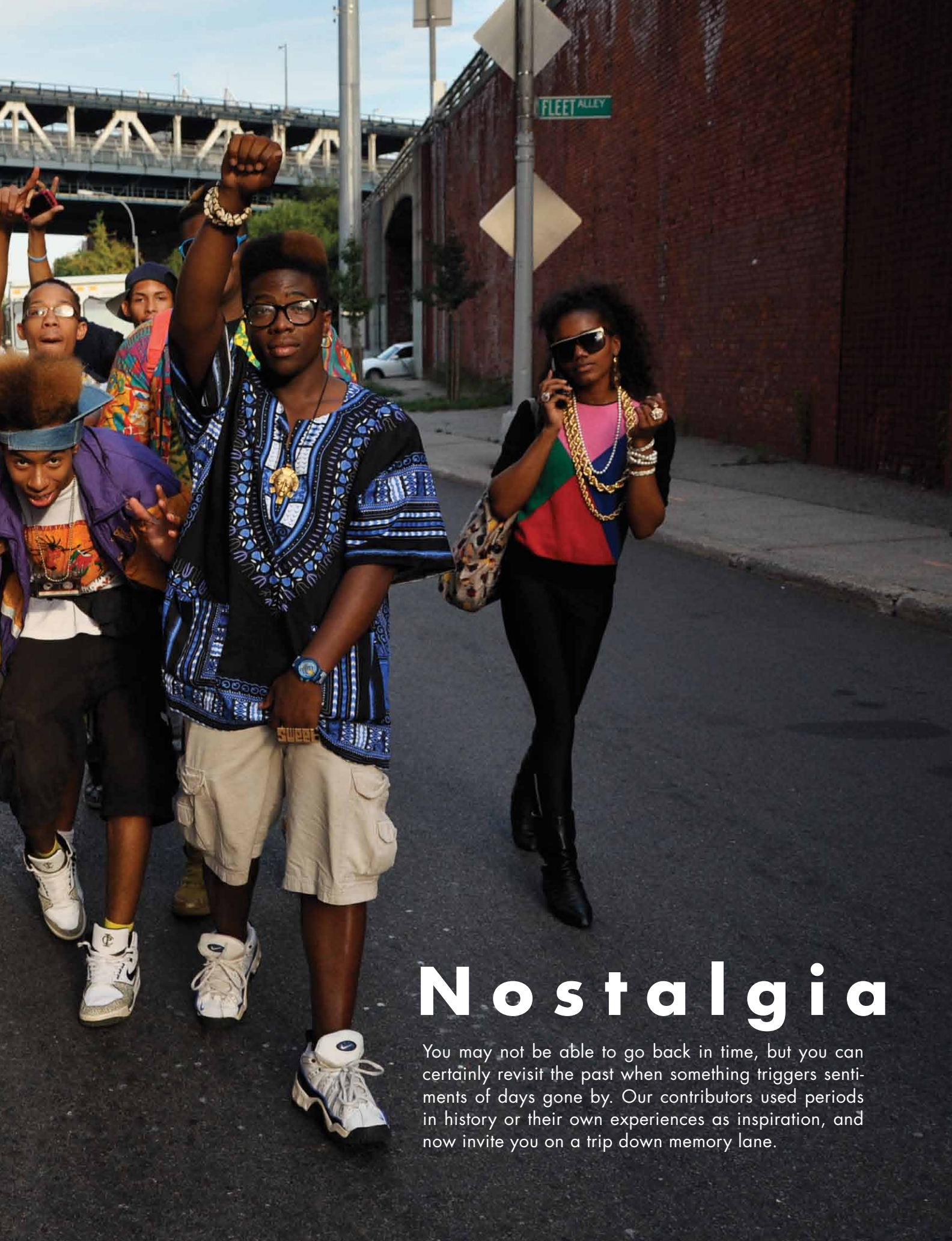
"She is the one who gets that there is more to life than what is in front of her, and she longs for it."



Christie Hemm is a recent graduate of Art Center College with a degree in photography. The intention of Christie's images is to share and tell stories, and her journalistic approach sets her apart from her peers. She is a young, open-minded photographer who's ready for anything, and her passion for people and adventure are the driving force behind her images. jpgmag.com/people/chemm

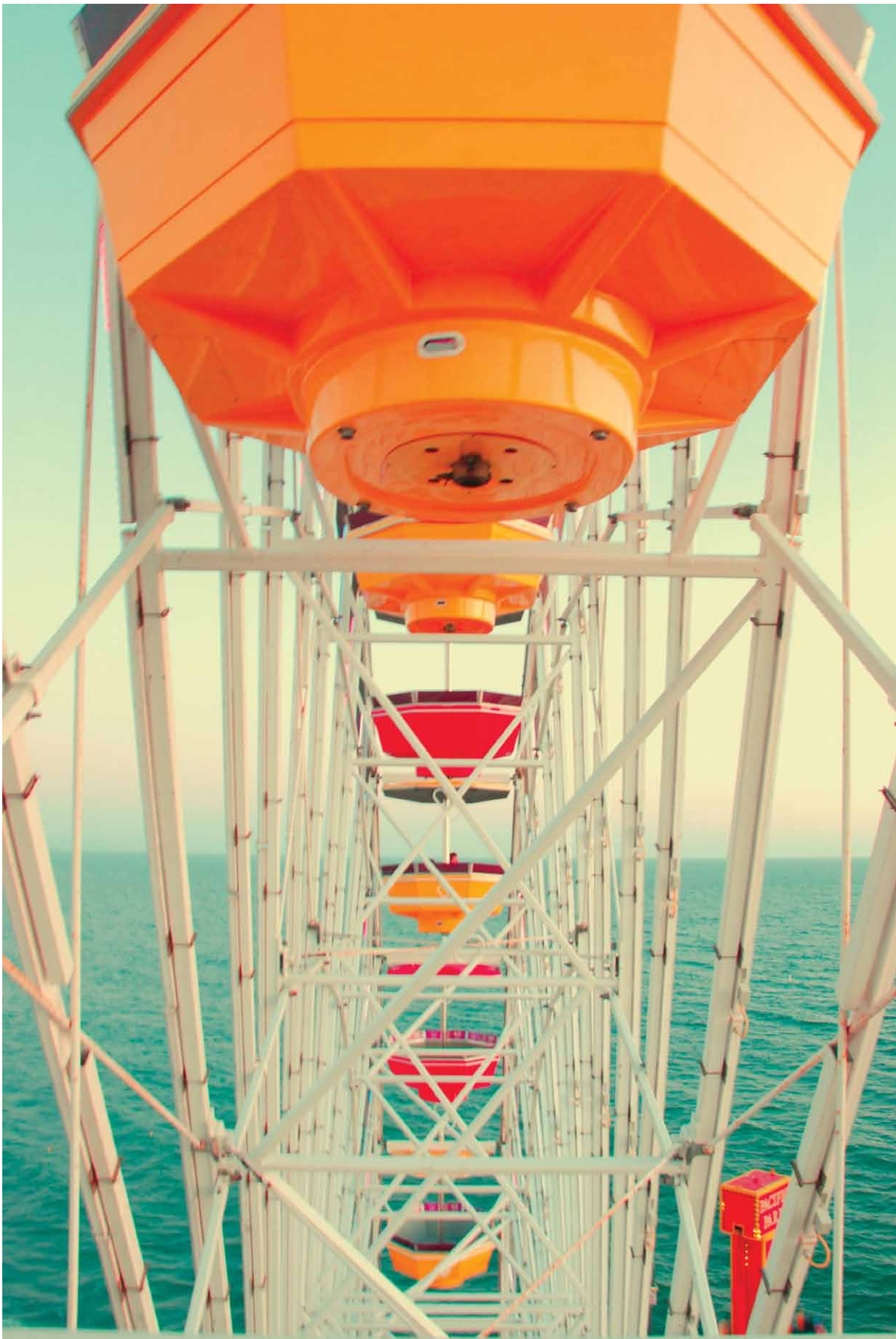
GALLERY





Nostalgia

You may not be able to go back in time, but you can certainly revisit the past when something triggers sentiments of days gone by. Our contributors used periods in history or their own experiences as inspiration, and now invite you on a trip down memory lane.





◀ A Childhood Thrill

To me, there is nothing more nostalgic than being an adult doing the things that used to thrill you as a child. I'd always wanted to ride the famous Ferris wheel at the Santa Monica Pier, and was able to do so when my husband and I visited Los Angeles, California. As we went around and around, I saw beauty in the colors and shapes of the Ferris wheel itself against the ocean in the background. It seemed to float magically above the sea.

By Kim Collins
jpgmag.com/photos/1974004

Young Love

I noticed this couple sitting off to the side at the state fair in Maine. They were wrapped up in each other, and it reminded me of young love.

By Jack Simon
jpgmag.com/photos/596964

Oh Snap! (previous)

It might be 2010, but A Tribe Called Fresh live and breathe the '80s. This crew uses fashion from a past generation to express themselves in today's society. I documented them as they walked from their usual hangout spot in the modern and flashy neighborhood of SoHo in New York to the more retro and urban area of Brooklyn, in an attempt to take the viewer on a journey back in time.

By Adam Sauermilch
jpgmag.com/photos/1946400



Lemonade Stand

I traveled with my dog from small town to small town in Idaho on a month-long trek that covered over 5,000 miles. I documented the places and people that I encountered along the way, and took this picture on the side of a long, mostly untraveled road just outside of Wallace. Seeing these two girls reminded me of my own childhood growing up in a small Idaho town, so I stopped and offered them \$5 for a glass of lemonade and their portrait.

By Nick Chapman
jpgmag.com/photos/150091



Summer at Camp

Although we are not blood-related, Mrs. Burrill is like a grandmother to me. I spent many childhood summers at her cottage in Newport, Maine that we called "Camp." Very little has changed here over the decades, so this place is truly the epitome of my summer nostalgia. It reminds me when our families would gather together to swim in the lake, barbecue, and lay on the dock at night to look up at the stars. I can honestly say that this is one of my favorite places in the world.

By Mary Costa
jpgmag.com/photos/1975523

Might as Well Jump

I took this picture of actor Anthony Quinonez during the making of "Smother," a short film directed by Luis Gispert. The conceptual sci-fi film is about an imagined past reality of a 10-year-old boy named Wayland. The director had a fear of bedwetting as a child, and he incorporated this idea into the story. In this scene, Wayland just escaped his mother's scorn by hiding his sheets before she could find them. He's now playing in his room, trying to forget the issue by entering his land of imaginary friends and scenarios.

By Roger Snider
jpgmag.com/photos/369709







Dreams of Starmen

My son, Jack's, face lit up when I walked in the house with a rocket ship piñata for his upcoming birthday. I thought it'd be fun if we created a scene with it, so I put it on a chair in the backyard of my home in Canyon Lake, California, and brought out some of the kids' dress-up clothes. My daughter, Lainey, grabbed the shovel all on her own to add to the picture. The chopper helmet my son is wearing I found in a dumpster when I was in junior high, and have been dragging around for 30 years for a moment just like this.

By Jim Sneddon
jpgmag.com/photos/709639

► Our Best Moments Pass Too Quickly

Some of the world's most beautiful paddle-wheel steamboats are at Lake Geneva in Switzerland. The cruises on these boats are very popular, and one of the biggest attractions in the region.

By Danuta Hyniewska
jpgmag.com/photos/1976963





America Unfiltered

I took this picture in early 2008 hoping to evoke feelings of the average American household in the mid-20th century. I created this still life using items I collected over time and an overpriced pack of unfiltered cigarettes that I purchased.

By Jennifer Grainer
jpgmag.com/photos/468195



Beautiful Ghost

Route 66 seems like a living museum of a more romantic time in U.S. automotive history, when gas was cheap and cars were beautiful, gleaming works of art. Running from Chicago to L.A., this highway is littered with quiet ramshackle towns that have been neglected or forgotten due to the introduction of faster, more direct freeways.

On my way to the Grand Canyon, I came across the Wigwam Motel at the edge of the town of Holbrook in Arizona. When its sad glow illuminated the night before me, I felt as though it was a ghost that was haunting, yet beautiful.

By Simon Kossoff

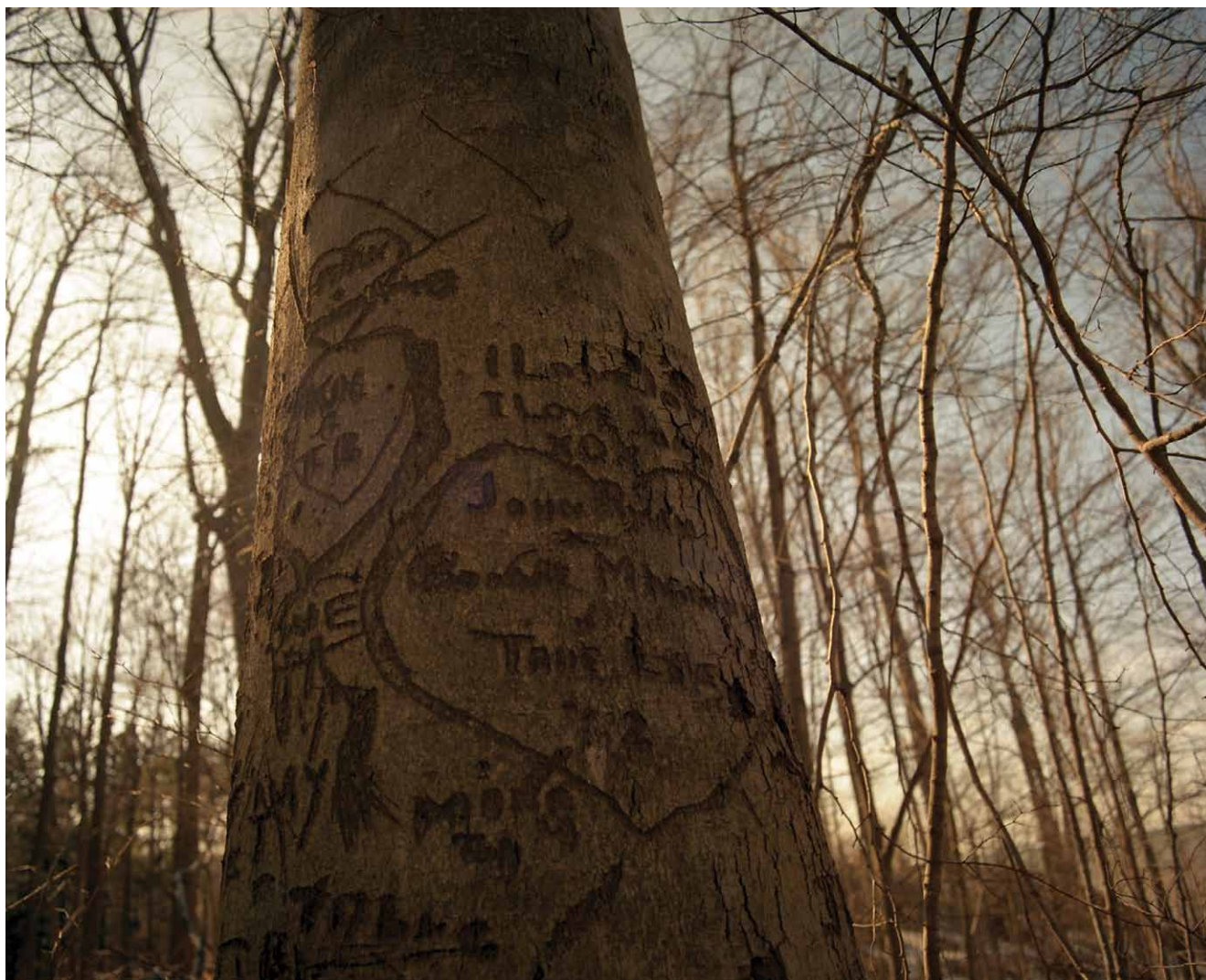
jpgmag.com/photos/1603674



Come Sail Away

Mariah McKeen and Rachael Montanary giggle at some boys who are making faces on a sailboat at the annual Lake Fair. I took this photograph in Twin Lakes, Ohio when I was an intern at the *Record-Courier*.

By Steven Mantilla
jpgmag.com/photos/2134896



Love Letters

Deep in the forest of an old abandoned Girl Scout camp in upstate New York, I found this tree. The camp was vacant and decaying, with all traces of human life long gone. Within the silence, I could almost hear the girls' excited whispers and giggles as they secretly carved the names of their summer crushes into its bark.

By Tanya Zani

jpgmag.com/photos/613731



Extra Credit

I got off the train on my way to class in New York City, walked into the main concourse at the Grand Central Terminal, and suddenly found myself on the set of a movie. The place was crowded with businessmen, cameras, reflectors, cops, and yellow tape, for what I later discovered was the movie *Revolutionary Road*. Before the cops asked me to step away, one of the extras told me that right before they started to shoot the scene, he would strike a pose for me. To make a long story short: 10 minutes passed, the extras lined up, and while the guy didn't really strike a pose, he did look at me. I took this picture and waved goodbye to him.

By Juan Cohen

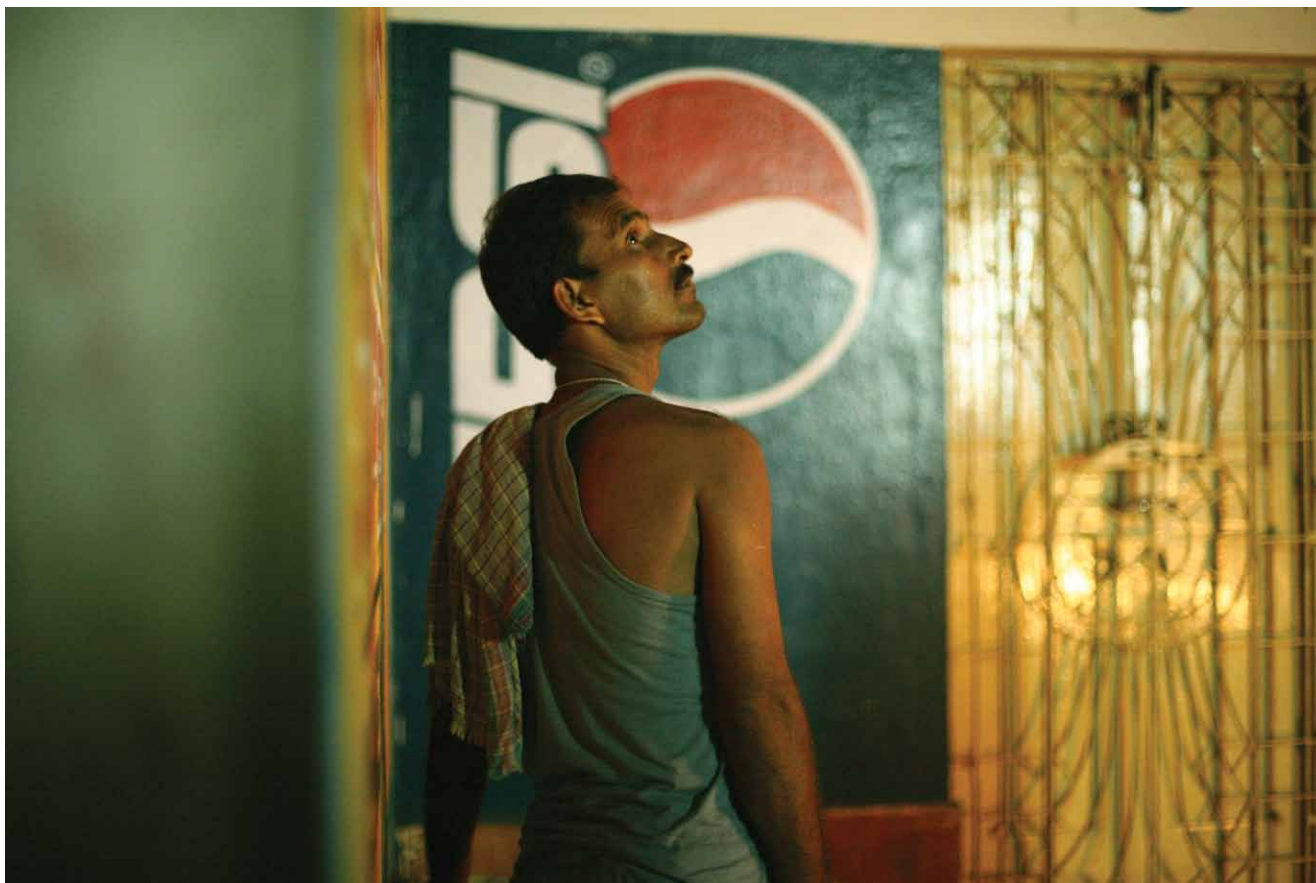
jpgmag.com/photos/1335989



Remembering D-Day

Every year in June, locals in Normandy dress up to commemorate of D-Day. For two years I went there to document the locations where this battle occurred. All of these places make me feel sad and nostalgic, and I think the girl in this picture at Utah Beach reflects this sentiment.

By Massimiliano Pugliese
jpgmag.com/photos/1198999



Foreign Affair

An Indian merchant at the Nag Panchami festival in West Bengal, India.

By Even Lane

jpgmag.com/photos/1596177

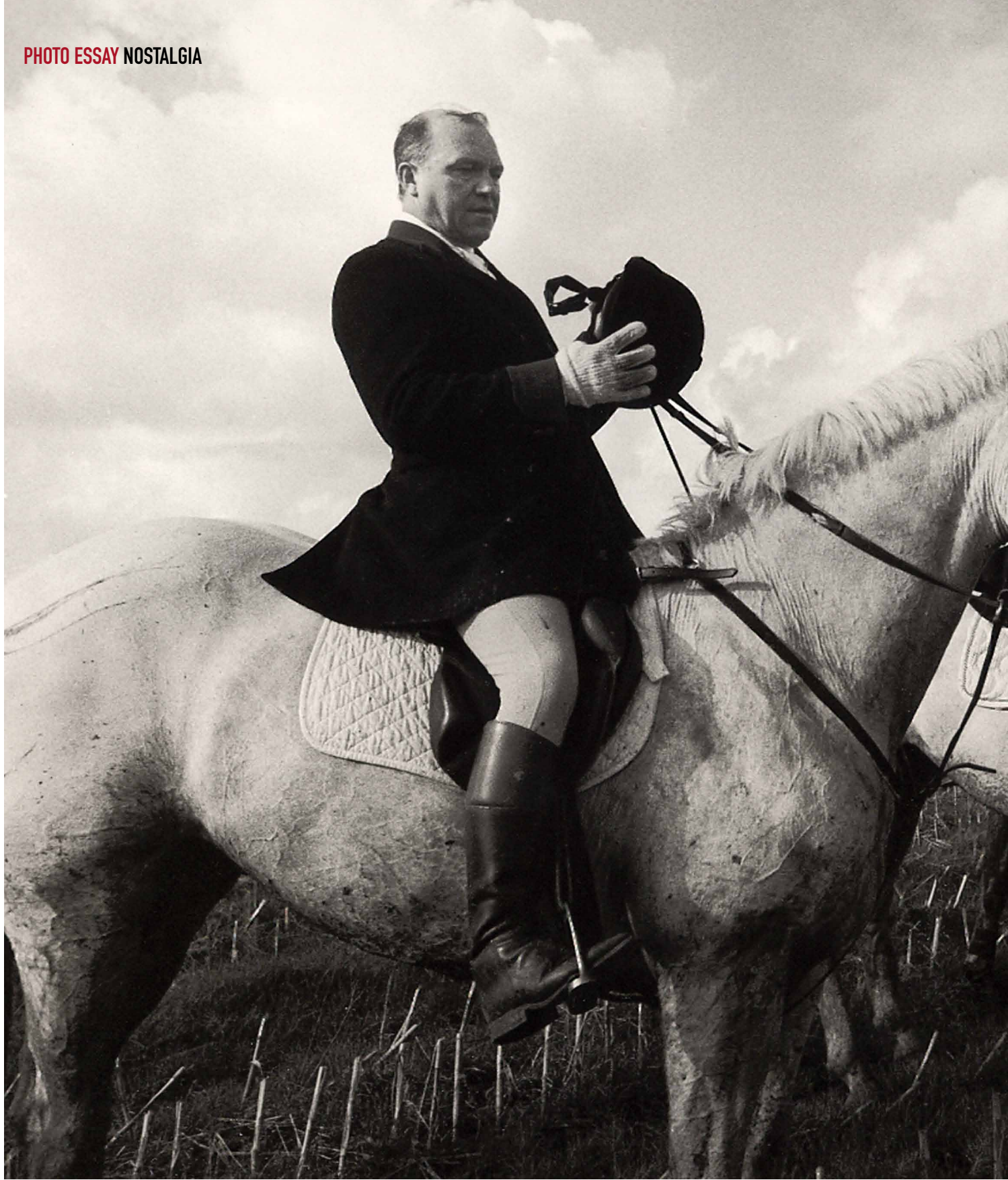
► Airborne

This photograph was taken at the Arlanda Airport in Stockholm for a fashion story in the Swedish magazine *Lifestyle*. The concept for this image is based on celebrities from the United States traveling to perform for troops stationed overseas. We wanted this model to look like one of those stars around the time of the Korean War.

By Philip Laurell

jpgmag.com/photos/1683245





the THRILL of the



Departure Time

Horsemen wait to depart for the drag hunt, which begins every Sunday at 10 a.m. during the winter.

HUNT

WITH FOX HUNTING NOW BANNED IN BELGIUM, GINA VAN HOOFF DOCUMENTS ONE CLUB'S PASSION FOR ITS ALTERNATIVE.

“A scent for the dogs to follow is created by dragging a ball of hay that is drenched in hare urine and anise along the predetermined route.”

The sun is barely peeking over the horizon as members of Royal Drag de Gant gather in the cold, biting air of the Belgium countryside. They stand alongside their horses, wearing traditional green outfits with gold buttons that bear the emblem of their club that has existed since 1890. Nearby, a large group of dogs wait patiently with their owner for a signal to begin the weekly drag hunt.

Every Sunday during the winter season, 20-50 horsemen from Royal Drag de Gant meet to practice drag hunting. This sport originated as a way to train dogs for fox hunting by simulating an actual hunt. However, over the past decade, many countries such as Belgium have banned fox hunting altogether, and drag hunting has become a substitute. For

local aristocrats in Belgium who once enjoyed fox hunting, Royal Drag de Gant serves as the one place where they can still practice the sport.

In this club, a course covering about 12 miles must be created for the drag hunt. The trail is carefully planned, with intentional irregularities to simulate how a fox would meander throughout the area. Obstacles for the horsemen to jump and observation points for spectators are selected along the way as well. Today, if members want the course to go through neighboring properties, they obtain permission from the owner and remove any barb wire or necessary debris along the route.

To initiate the drag hunt, a scent for the dogs to follow is created by dragging





Observation Point (left)

The spectators await the horsemen at one of the chosen observation points.

Early Arrival (opposite)

Each participant sets off early with their horses to be ready by the departure time.

Along the Way (below)

Many spectators of the drag hunt drive to each observation point. Here, Caroline follows her fiancé, Emmanuel, as he jumps over a constructed obstacle along the course.



“In this club, there are no stakes involved and the hunt isn’t a competition.”

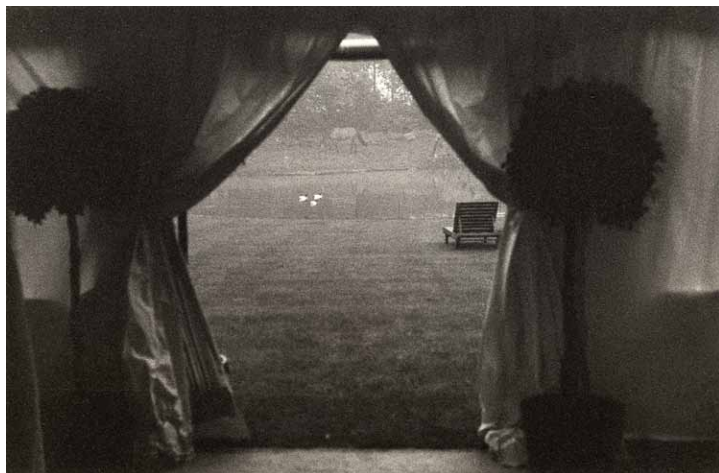
After the Hunt (right)

Following the drag hunt, a luncheon takes place on the host’s property. This location changes each week.

Follow the Leader (below)

After the scent was laid to create the route, Arty set off with the hounds to begin the hunt.





a ball of hay that is drenched in hare urine and anise along the predetermined route. Once the dogs are released, the horsemen follow them, and the hunt begins. Sometimes the course will cross paths with a real animal, and the pack will follow the alternative scent. On these occasions, the dogs' owner will blow a horn and crack a whip to get them to regroup and back onto the desired course.

Completing the hunt takes about 2 to 3 hours, and upon conclusion, the participants gather at the host's estate for a meal. Hosting a drag hunt is not optional, and the location changes every week. In fact, there is a long waiting list for membership into Royal Drag de Gant, and candidates must host a drag hunt so that the crew can evaluate them before acceptance.


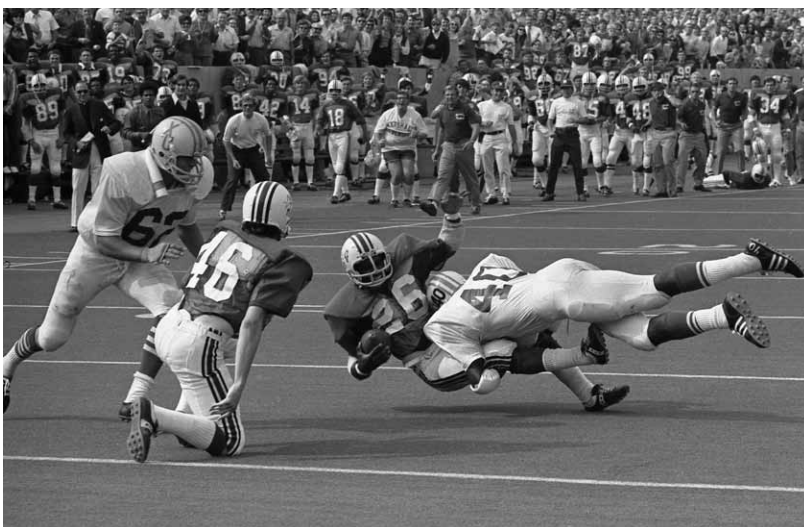
In this club, there are no stakes involved and the hunt isn't a competition. Most members participate in the sport for the opportunity to gallop and jump freely with their horse throughout the land simply for pleasure. Some people enjoy the sportsmanship aspect of drag hunting, the ritual itself, or the nostalgia for a time when aristocrats could ride freely over the land before it was invaded by urbanization, roads, and fences. 



PHOTO BY Patrick Marchal

Gina van Hoof started as a freelance photographer in 1998, and is now a well traveled global nomad. Her work has been exhibited in Switzerland, Belgium, Italy, the UK, and the USA. She has collaborated with *Newsweek*, *La Libre Belgique*, *The Sunday Telegraph Magazine*, *Vanity Fair*, *The Advocate*, and *Monocle*, to name a few, and is currently working on a project in Brazil.

jpgmag.com/people/gvanhoof



A Constant Companion

AFTER ALMOST 40 YEARS, LEW HARFORD STILL HOLDS THE NIKON F SLR CLOSE TO HIS HEART.


JPGMAG.COM/PEOPLE/DLHARFORD

I know the sound of the mirror flop as well as I know my own heartbeat. The paint on the lens is worn down from the number of times I've touched it. My Nikon F with a Nikkor 24mm lens was a gift from my father almost 40 years ago, and has been my constant companion ever since. I've exposed countless rolls of film with it, and it has never failed me.

When the Nikon F series was released, it revolutionized the market and became an instant hit. My camera is from 1971 and still works great – I've never even had to repair it. My parents would be happy to know that with a minor modification, I'm even able to use the lens they got for me with my digital camera today.

With this Nikon, I've taken thousands of portraits of people whose names I can't remember, but whose faces I'll never

forget. I used it to capture a Marshall University football game that came less than a year after the tragic plane crash that took the lives of 75 team members, townspeople, and airline crew. It was with me on my best day shoot: a foggy morning aboard a towboat on the Ohio River, where the crewmen showed me how hard river work can be. For pictures of family reunions, graduations, wedding anniversaries, and family trips I trusted my Nikon F.

The true reason I hold this camera in such high regard is that it was my father's investment in something that no one else saw in me. This gift helped me explore and develop my creativity, and because of it, photography will be a passion of mine for the rest of my life. 

01 Sarah Boreal
jpgmag.com/photos/2661957

02 Jonathan Davis
jpgmag.com/photos/2587096

03 Amanda Rybarczyk
jpgmag.com/photos/2682928

04 Mike Dixon
jpgmag.com/photos/2466187

05 Christa Masters
jpgmag.com/photos/2644960

06 Paul Andrews
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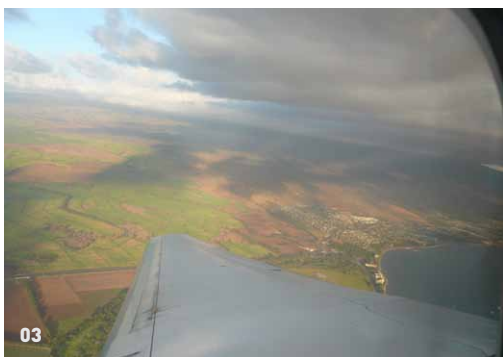
07 Jessica Higgins
jpgmag.com/photos/2581259

08 Ale Di Gangi
jpgmag.com/photos/2607845




In Plane View

BY TAKING PICTURES HIGH IN THE SKY, OUR CONTRIBUTORS SHOW THAT IF YOU HAVE A PHONE, YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE GREAT PHOTOGRAPHS.




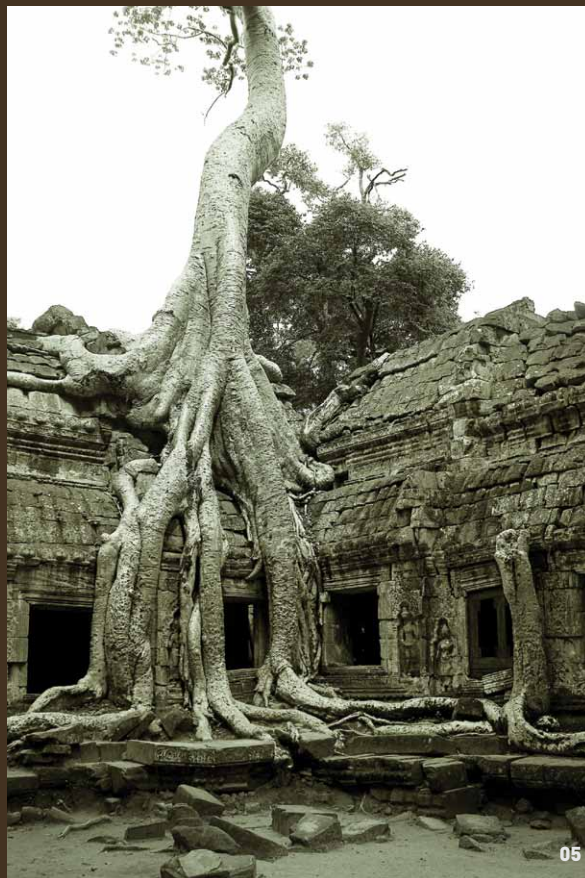
The mobile phones of today allow you to do just about anything: send an email, take pictures, or even learn how to salsa dance. These advancements in technology mean that you now have a camera in your pocket, which is crazy convenient and allows you to document your life like never before. Everything from breaking news stories to what you ate for lunch can now be immediately photographed and post-processed with your phone, and then shared instantly with the rest of the world.

To celebrate this technology and new-found freedom, we have selected some of our favorite mobile pictures that were taken when another camera may not have been so readily available. These images were captured on airplane flights, and prove that as long as you have your phone on you, you have the ability to create amazing photographs.

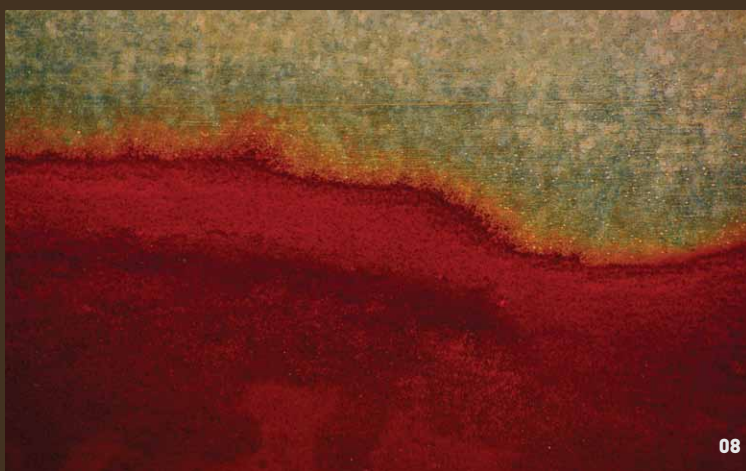
So show the community at JPG what you've documented with your camera phone, and we'll feature what's happening in your world! 

Nature Conquers Man

Humans may build skyscrapers and jump around on the moon, but there's no denying that nature can bring man to his knees. The sun, wind, and weather can slowly rust, erode, or flat out destroy the things that we hold dear, and there is proof all around us. For this photo challenge, our contributors captured the many ways that nature demonstrates its power over mankind. 



1. *Jungle* by Elultimodeseo jpgmag.com/photos/1757924 2. *Dogs of Circumstance* by Steven Ward jpgmag.com/photos/1061886 3. *Abandoned Cement Factory, Cherepovets, Russia* by Dermot Fitzsimons jpgmag.com/photos/1791523 4. *Comin ta Get'cha* by Kreddible Trout jpgmag.com/photos/597753 5. *Reclamation* by Jeff Revell jpgmag.com/photos/398493 6. *Washed Up* by Susan Marie Newbold jpgmag.com/photos/1801180 7. *Rain* by Krissi Carson jpgmag.com/photos/1722957 8. *Rustic Scape* by Jolie jpgmag.com/photos/1654984 9. *Outline Of Limits* by David Piszczek jpgmag.com/photos/1765874 10. *Untitled* by Eric Sayah jpgmag.com/photos/1160008





I'm a Barbie Girl, in a F*#!@d Up World

A TORTURED RELATIONSHIP WITH THE ICONIC DOLL LEAVES MARIEL CLAYTON REDECORATING BARBIE'S DREAM HOUSE.

JPGMAG.COM/PEOPLE/SNIPERPHOTO6

Barbie doesn't represent what the majority of the population is actually like, yet this doll is considered the ideal of what a girl's toy should be. I've always really hated Barbie, and I discovered through this project that a lot of other girls and women hate her too.

When I was a kid, boys had toys that seemed fun, like Legos, dump trucks, and action figures, while girls got a toy that personified the perfect homemaker. I remember spending hours creating Barbie's "world" and then just packing everything up because I never found playing with the doll itself that enjoyable.

On a trip to Tokyo in 2007, I discovered Japanese miniatures, and began collecting them to create my scenes. I constructed



my sets with the cartoonist Carl Giles in mind, because I always admired how he managed to put so much detail into a single scene for people to find. One day I realized that it might be interesting to incorporate Barbie into what I had built. After I did my first picture of Barbie committing suicide, something clicked: I tapped into a whole new warped area of my imagination.

The theme of my work naturally evolved into Barbie torturing others, possibly because her perky perfection and vapid demeanor tortured me when I was a child. Through this project I hoped to give Barbie a different type of persona that adds depth to her blank, sociopathic smile. I think making her a sociopath

gives her at least one interesting feature.

A toy is a vessel for the imagination. Nearly every child has something they consider a toy, and almost everyone can relate to toys. I think my work is engaging because it incorporates Barbie and leaves people free to imagine their own scenarios and think about what they would do with their own toys. I didn't start this project with any profound artistic message or ideology – I just thought it was really funny to have Barbie be a mass murderer. The most important thing for me is to create a reaction – hopefully a positive one – and to get people to see the humor in it all. 🍷




A Test of Time

AT A UNIVERSITY LAB, JD HOWELL MEETS A
TEST SUBJECT WHO DOESN'T ACT HIS AGE.

JPGMAG.COM/PEOPLE/FUNKDOGMANIA

I met Ken on his 98th birthday, while he was participating in a study at McMaster University in Ontario, Canada. Lab members organized a party for him that included a cake, gift, and photo shoot to mark this special day in his life. It was tough to get this picture, only because it required me to borrow him from the ladies he was shamelessly flirting with who worked in the lab.

I captured this photo of Ken while he wore an EEG net of 256 electrodes that recorded his brain activity for the study. By collecting data from people under the age of 30 and over the age of 60, the experiment was able to analyze how age might affect a person's ability to recognize faces. The research found that aging does impact how people process this type of visual information.

Today, Ken is still very active at the age of 100. Technically, he still works as a practicing accountant, filing 18 tax returns each year for his clients. Ken plays tournament bridge, is on a church committee, has been a Rotarian for 42 years with perfect attendance, and does volunteer work. This fall you'll find him running the show most Thursdays at McMaster University's information desk. 

CONTRIBUTOR INDEX

Debby Adler • 44-45
jpgmag.com/people/debad

Paul Andrews • 82
jpgmag.com/people/pdandrews

Sarah Boreal • 81
jpgmag.com/people/sarahboreal

Krissi Carson • 83
jpgmag.com/people/krcarson

Nick Chapman • 60
jpgmag.com/people/nicklese

Mariel Clayton • 84-85
jpgmag.com/people/debad

Juan Cohen • 70
jpgmag.com/people/juancohen

B.D. Colen • 4-5
jpgmag.com/people/bdcolen

Kim Collins • 58
jpgmag.com/people/lotuseye

Chad Coombs • 13
jpgmag.com/people/unscentart

Mary Costa • 61
jpgmag.com/people/honeyandthemoon

Jen Creed • 16
jpgmag.com/people/heytempeh

Jonathan Davis • 81
jpgmag.com/people/engjoneer

Kate Denman • 28
jpgmag.com/people/denman

Mike Dixon • 82
jpgmag.com/people/mikedixon

Dmitry Dudin • 10-11
jpgmag.com/people/flydime

Steph Dumont • 32-33
jpgmag.com/people/lastone

Steph Dumont • 32-33
jpgmag.com/people/lastone

Steph Dumont • 32-33
jpgmag.com/people/lastone

Elultimodeseo • 82
jpgmag.com/people/elultimodeseo

Dermot Fitzsimons • 82
jpgmag.com/people/dermophoto

Emily Flores • 46-47
jpgmag.com/people/seasick

Arno Galtier • 29
jpgmag.com/people/ravaluni

Ale Di Gangi • 82
jpgmag.com/people/ale2000

Yulia Gorodinski • cover
jpgmag.com/people/yuliag

Jennifer Grainer • 66
jpgmag.com/people/iheartcameras

Wade Griffith • 18
jpgmag.com/people/fixedimage

Lew Harford • 80
jpgmag.com/people/dlharford

Jamie Harmon • 34-35
jpgmag.com/people/uberphoto

Laura Green Hartley • 27
jpgmag.com/people/736668

Christie Hemm • 50-55
jpgmag.com/people/chemm

Jessica Higgins • 82
jpgmag.com/people/jessicaerinhiggins

Jan Hoffman • 26
jpgmag.com/people/janhoffman

Gina van Hoof • 74-79
jpgmag.com/people/gvanhoof

JD Howell • 86
jpgmag.com/people/funkdogmania

Tara Huk • 24-25
jpgmag.com/people/teegone

Samantha Henderson-Hunter • 48-49
jpgmag.com/people/shunter

Danuta Hyniewska • 65
jpgmag.com/people/nikonka

Lisa Johansson • 1
jpgmag.com/people/pokelisa

Jolie • 83
jpgmag.com/people/adniloj

Dee Jones • 31
jpgmag.com/people/cocorhiah

Matt Kalinowski • 8-9
jpgmag.com/people/kalinowski

Simon Kossoff • 67
jpgmag.com/people/simonpaulkosssoff

Even Lane • 72
jpgmag.com/people/filmguya

Philip Laurell • 73
jpgmag.com/people/philip1

Steven Mantilla • 68
jpgmag.com/people/photojsteve

Christa Masters • 82
jpgmag.com/people/misschrista64

James Menges • 22
jpgmag.com/people/apointedview

C.S. Muncy • 30
jpgmag.com/people/csmuncyphoto

Anthony Neste • 40-41
jpgmag.com/people/nestpix

Susan Marie Newbold • 83
jpgmag.com/people/day2day

Chris Norbert • 38-39
jpgmag.com/people/snorby86

David Piszczek • 83
jpgmag.com/people/peacecheck

Jared Polin • 12
jpgmag.com/people/jaredpolin

Massimiliano Pugliese • 71
jpgmag.com/people/massi70

Amber Reeves • 42-43
jpgmag.com/people/cousinamber

Jeff Revell • 82
jpgmag.com/people/jeffrev01

Taylor Roberts • 6-7
jpgmag.com/people/toobs360

Kelly Robison • 14-15
jpgmag.com/people/klightfoot

Ian Ramsrud • 23
jpgmag.com/people/godspeedgen2

Amanda Rybarczyk • 81
jpgmag.com/people/amandaczcyk

Adam Sauermlch • 56-57
jpgmag.com/people/asauermlch

Eric Sayah • 83
jpgmag.com/people/airchayes

Susan Sermoneta • 17
jpgmag.com/people/ssermoneta

Jack Simon • 59
jpgmag.com/people/netsimon

Jim Sneddon • 64
jpgmag.com/people/jsneddon

Roger Snider • 62-63
jpgmag.com/people/rgrsnider

Jared Swafford • 19
jpgmag.com/people/jaredswafford

Bret Thompsett • 88
jpgmag.com/people/photobret

Kreddible Trout • 82
jpgmag.com/people/kreddibletrout

Steven Ward • 82
jpgmag.com/people/gloryformula

Tj Watt • 36-37
jpgmag.com/people/bangle

Kong Wenjing • 20
jpgmag.com/people/camus

Brad Wenner • 21
jpgmag.com/people/bradbane

Tanya Zani • 69
jpgmag.com/people/buddha358



How High?

BRET THOMPSETT CAPTURES HOW TIMING IS EVERYTHING AT ONE UNDERGROUND CAR SHOW.

JPGMAG.COM/PEOPLE/PHOTOBRET

A few hundred people gathered at this community center parking lot in South Central, Los Angeles, for an underground car show. With the police out of sight, two heavily modified cars fitted with hydraulic suspension face off against each other. The owners start hopping them, and the first car that touches its rear fender to the ground wins. **UP6**



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