



UNIVERSITY OF
SAN FRANCISCO

Gleeson Library |
Geschke Center

June 2014

Portfolio

Peter Goodliffe

Follow this and additional works at: <http://repository.usfca.edu/ontarioreview>



Part of the [Photography Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

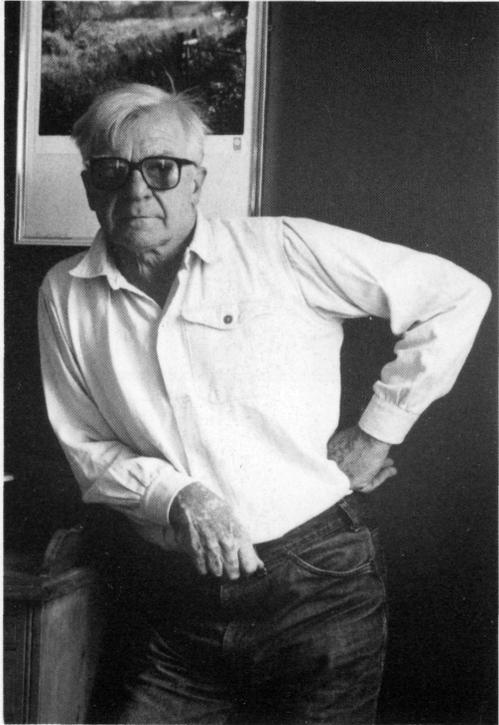
Goodliffe, Peter (2014) "Portfolio," *Ontario Review*: Vol. 40, Article 14.

Available at: <http://repository.usfca.edu/ontarioreview/vol40/iss1/14>

For more information, please contact southerr@usfca.edu.

PETER GOODLIFFE, III

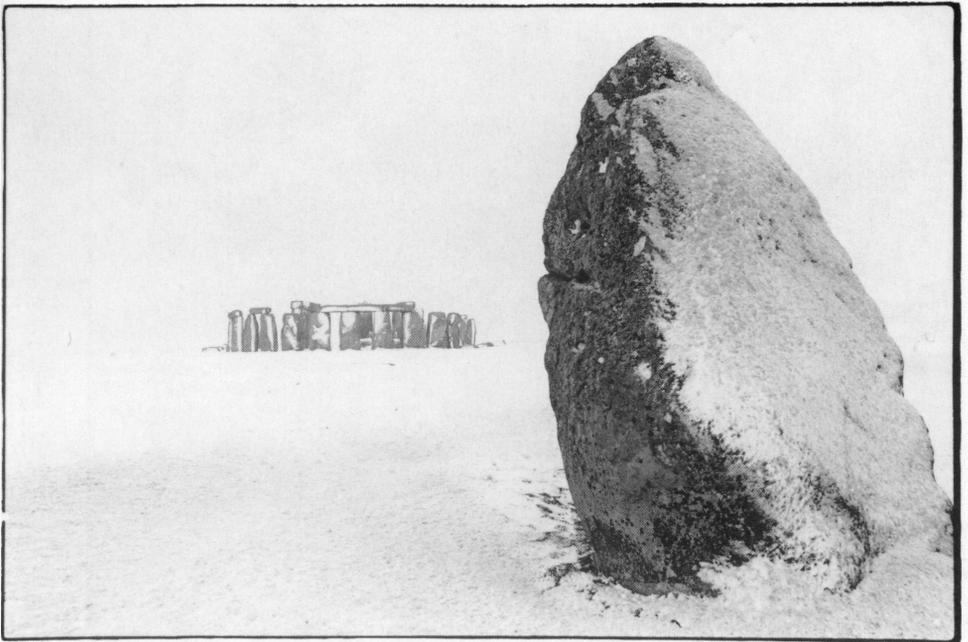
Peter Goodliffe: Portfolio



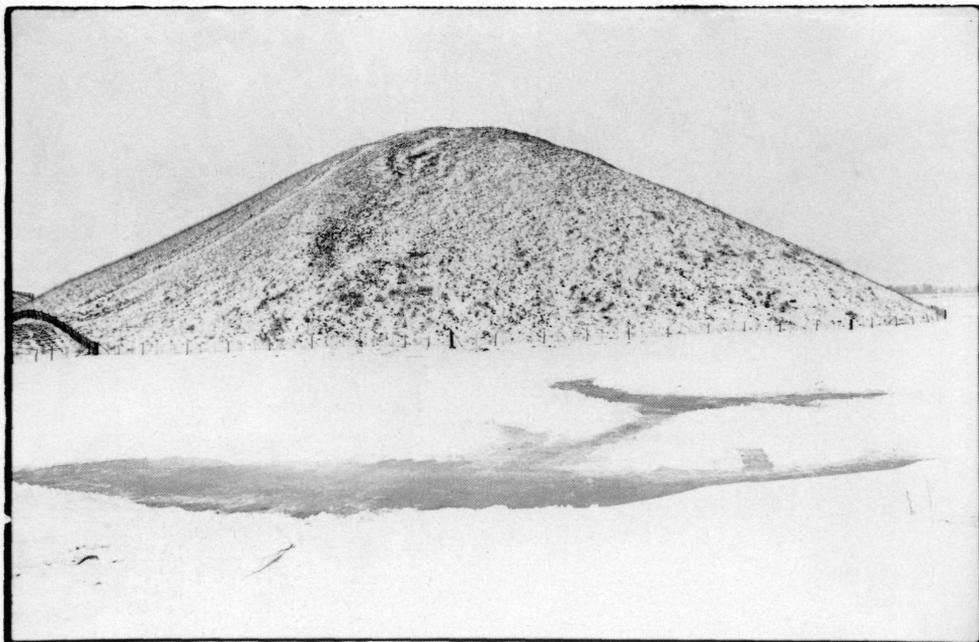
PETER GOODLIFFE



Figsbury Ring, Jan. 1, 1985



Stonehenge, Jan. 1, 1985



Silbury Hill, Jan. 1, 1985



Leningrad, Feb. 1985



Juliet's Garden, Verona, Aug. 1967



Avebury, May 1983



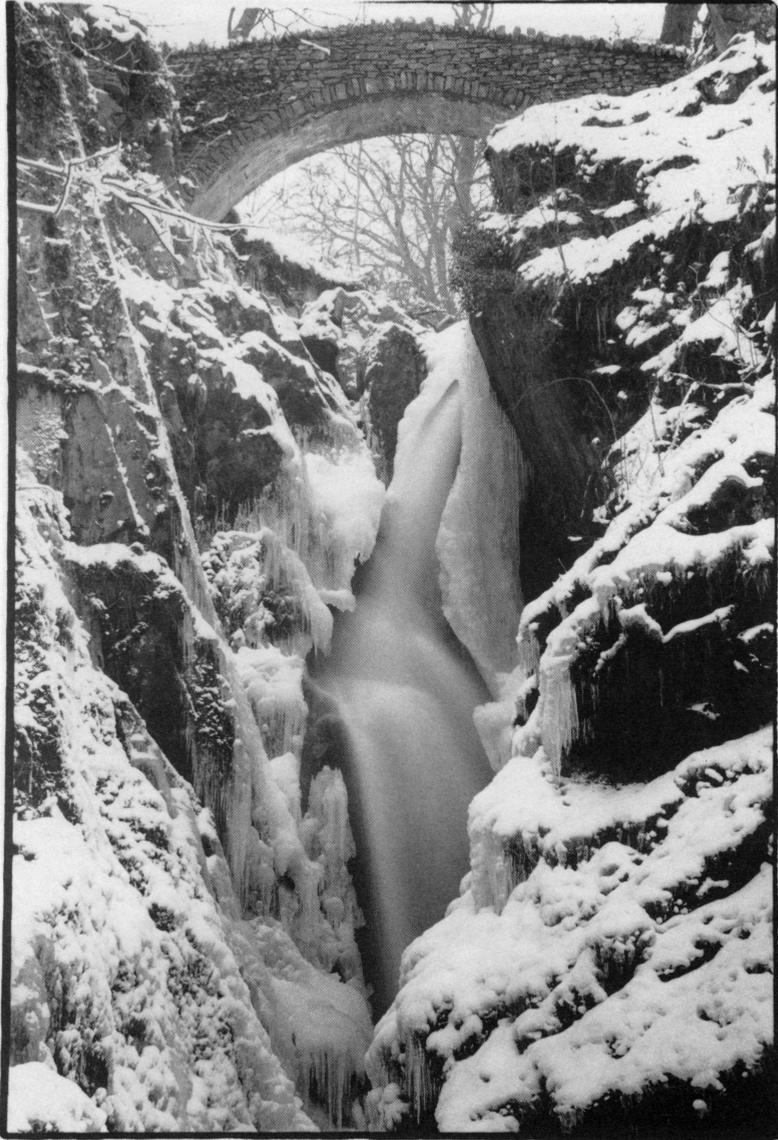
Rousham, Oxfordshire, Jan. 1982



The Strid, Yorkshire, June 1982



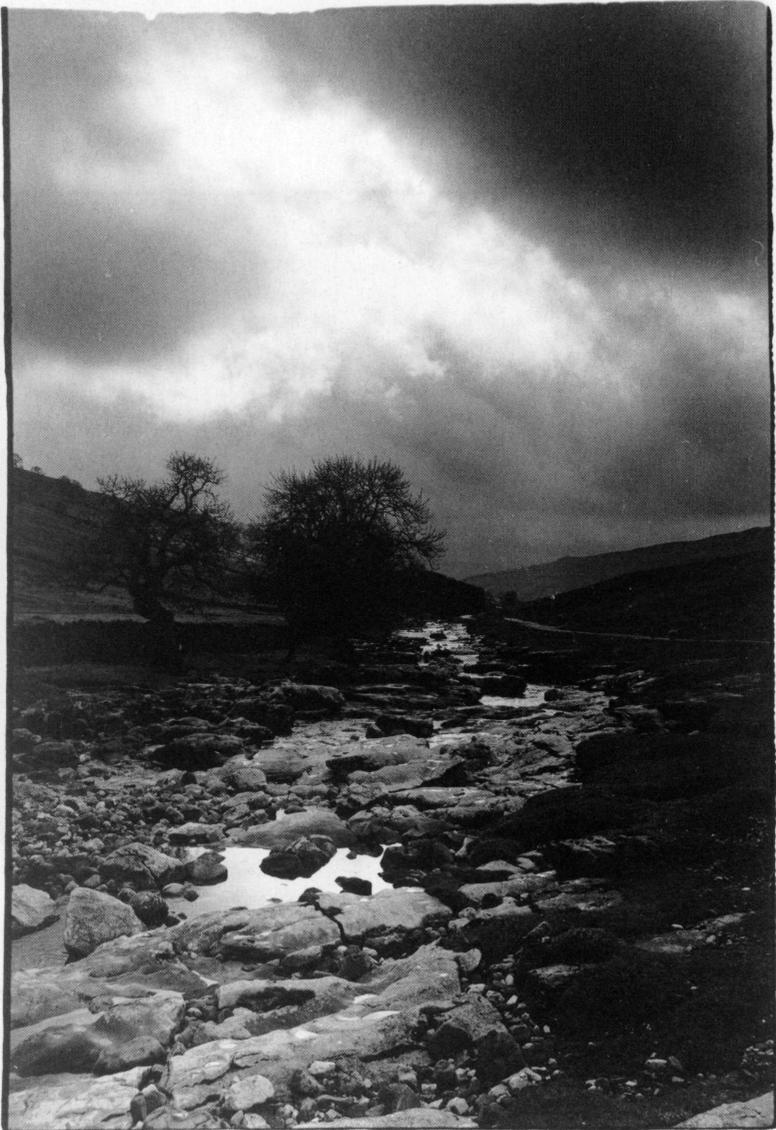
Aira Force, English Lakes, Sept. 1983



Aira Force, English Lakes, Jan. 1986



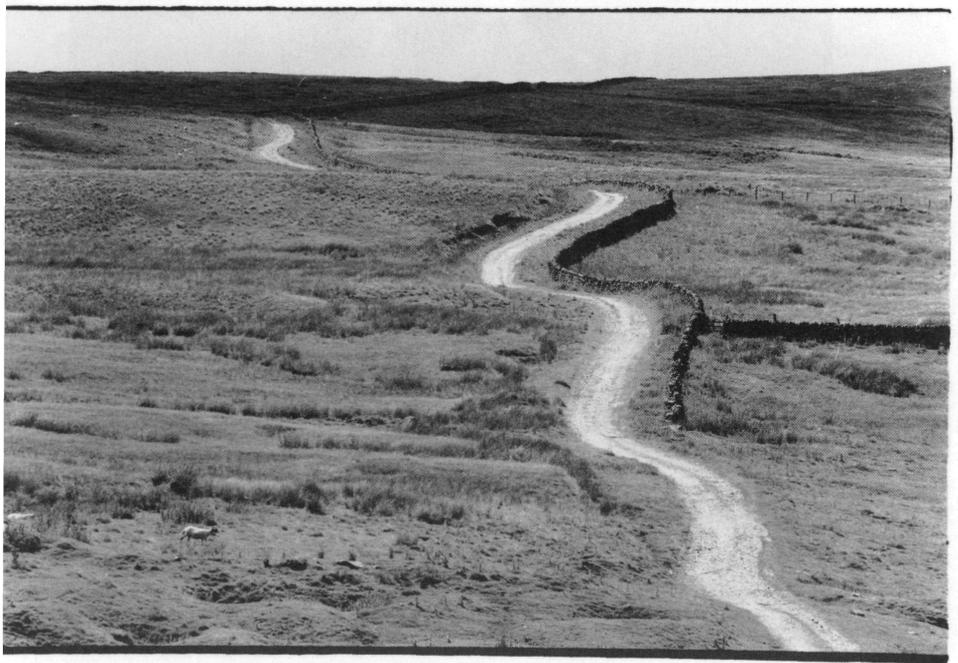
Foss Gill Beck, Wharfedale, Yorkshire, April 1981



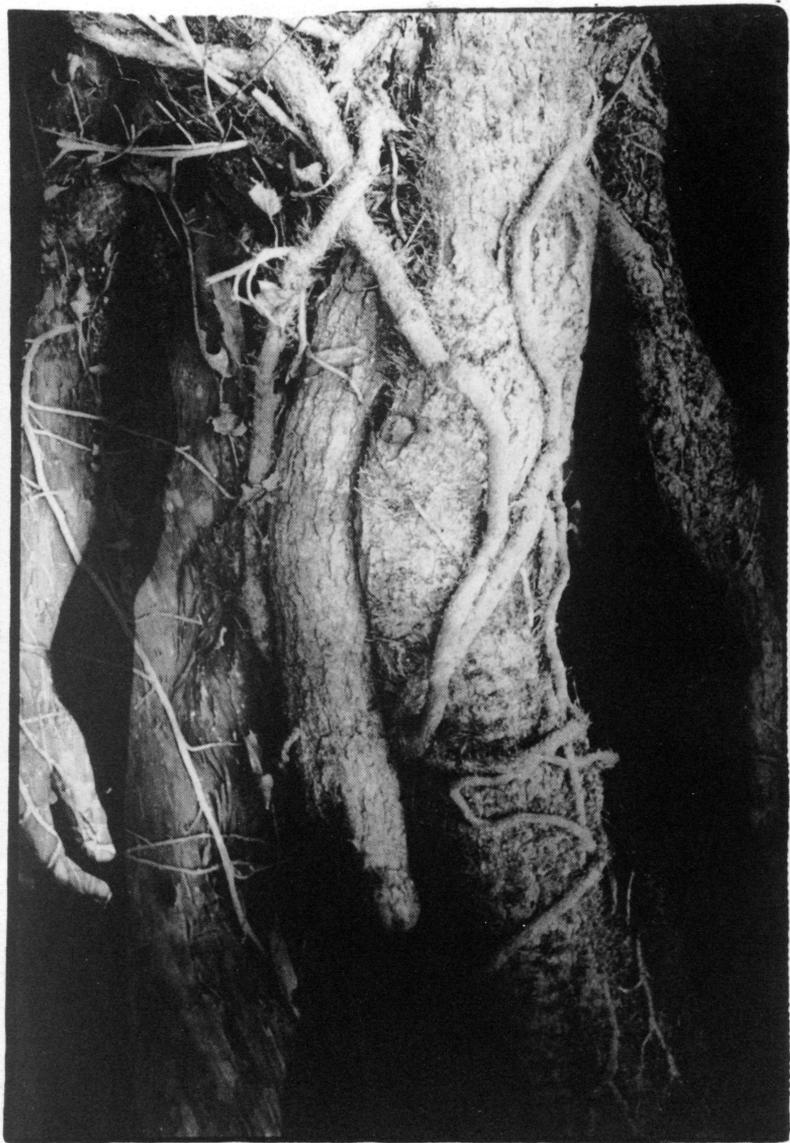
Langstrothdale, April 1982



Cray, Yorkshire, Oct. 1979



Road, Yorkshire, June 1981



Tree & Man, 1980

Notes on the Photographs

Figsbury Ring, Stonehenge, Silbury Hill. These photographs were all made on the same day. Fortunately a thick fall of snow enhanced the structure of the objects and also eliminated the intrusion of the public. In these images, quality of line becomes the most important factor. Place is of little significance, although it is of considerable importance to myself, as they are all ancient sites and hence imbued with the stimulation of mystery.

Leningrad. At 25 degrees below, Leningrad provided a cityscape which I feel epitomizes death and resurrection—the rising church and the entombment of humanity within the frozen telephone booths: electronic coffins.

Juliet's Garden. In the garden of Juliet, what attracted my attention was the manner in which nature flowed along the lines of the broken statue. Fifteen years later I revisited this garden to observe what changes had occurred—the resulting photograph is remarkably different yet the garden seemingly untouched by human hand.

Avebury. One of the standing stones of Avebury, the shape of which is echoed in the tree behind the stone and balanced by the full moon on the right. The time of day/evening, the absence of tourists, and the technique offer a mystical suggestion which I feel is an essential part of such locations.

Rousham. This is a viewpoint which I have revisited on many occasions because it contained aspects of mythology: the Garden of Eden, the central tree, the octagonal pool, and a powerful aspect of containment, yet with the provision of an exit—the lighter section to the right of the tree. Such a balance of light and sphere-like enclosure only happens during the winter months. Alas it no longer exists except in this print, because high winds blew down the central tree and many others, which destroyed the quality of the light and the structure captured in this photograph.

The Strid. Water, especially moving water, has always provided me with a problem and a fascination: the different possibilities in photo-techniques present many different interpretations of a view such as this. The Strid is also a place of local folklore; the popular saying is,

“Should you manage to jump (strid) from one side of the river to the other you will never see tomorrow.” The truth is that the whirlpools will suck you into a watery grave—many have died in trying.

Aira Force, 1983. Aira Force in the English Lakes always offers a different face, depending on the rainfall. On this occasion it was a fury such as I had never seen previously. Once again a technique is required to emphasize the movement and anger of the water and even the static rocks.

Aira Force, 1986. Aira Force is seemingly static within the hard-frost of January, yet even here the difference between the ice-covered rocks and the limited moving water offered a unique moment which I may never see again.

Foss Gill Beck. I always referred to this waterfall as “my waterfall” because I discovered it when I was 16, after cycling some 50 miles from my home—until during a lecture, a student shouted out, “No it’s not, it’s mine!” It transpired that her father owned the estate. Alas my illusion was almost lost, except that my image of Foss Gill Beck will always be mine.

Langstrothdale. This is perhaps the most objective print in this selection, yet the Burke-like drama provided a sublime image that was impossible to resist.

Cray. I have been making images of roads for many years. They seem to twist and weave their intimate pathways through the sensuous curves of the landscape, in a relationship that is almost erotic.

Road. Another exotic path to Appletreewick in Wharfedale, Yorkshire. I recall every soft curve and delightful anticipation of her shape.

Tree & Man. Suggested here is the dichotomy between nature and the hand of man. This particular image is also related to the myth of Daphne and the laurel tree; however I take a small license in using a man.

Scotland (cover). The empathy of the beautifully worked gravestone with the decaying foliage contrasts with the decay of the building, and yet the open gate offers “hope” and a pathway to life.