A woman with long dark hair, wearing a white, flowing, sleeveless dress, stands on a large, dark, horizontal log in a forest. She is holding the edges of her dress out to the sides. The forest is dense with tall, thin trees and green foliage. Sunlight filters through the trees, creating a bright, hazy glow behind the woman. The overall mood is serene and ethereal.

Daniel N. Johnson

- PERIODIC BOOK -
ISSUE TWO



Our journey is our only guarantee.

RYAN MGCINLEY

Places

visited in this issue:

Navarro, CA
San Francisco, CA
Los Angeles, CA
Oahu, HI
Hawaii, HI
New York, NY
Hollister, MO
La Jolla, CA

Current location:

Los Angeles, CA



A person stands on the peak of a tall wooden tower, silhouetted against a bright sunset. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a strong backlight effect. A large crowd of people is gathered in a grassy field in front of the tower, many looking towards the person on top. The background is filled with tall, dark evergreen trees. The scene is captured in a cinematic style with warm, golden light.

Camp Grounded

NAVARRO, CA / JUNE 2014

This summer I spent three and a half weeks running around barefoot in the redwoods of Mendocino County as official photographer for Camp Grounded, a summer camp for adults. For three sessions, campers ranging in age from 18 to 78 gathered for a beautiful exploration of community, expression and a reembracing of play and connection.

As camp photographer I set up a darkroom. I taught an intro to photography playshop and built pinhole cameras using oatmeal canisters. I sang, I danced, served tea and played guitar. I went skinny dipping and streaking. I wrote letters on typewriters. I made out with a girl in the woods. It was everything you want summer camp to be. And more.

All the accepted elements of adult interaction are intentionally absent at this adult summer camp. No work talk. No alcohol. No ageism. No technology.

Not even real names.

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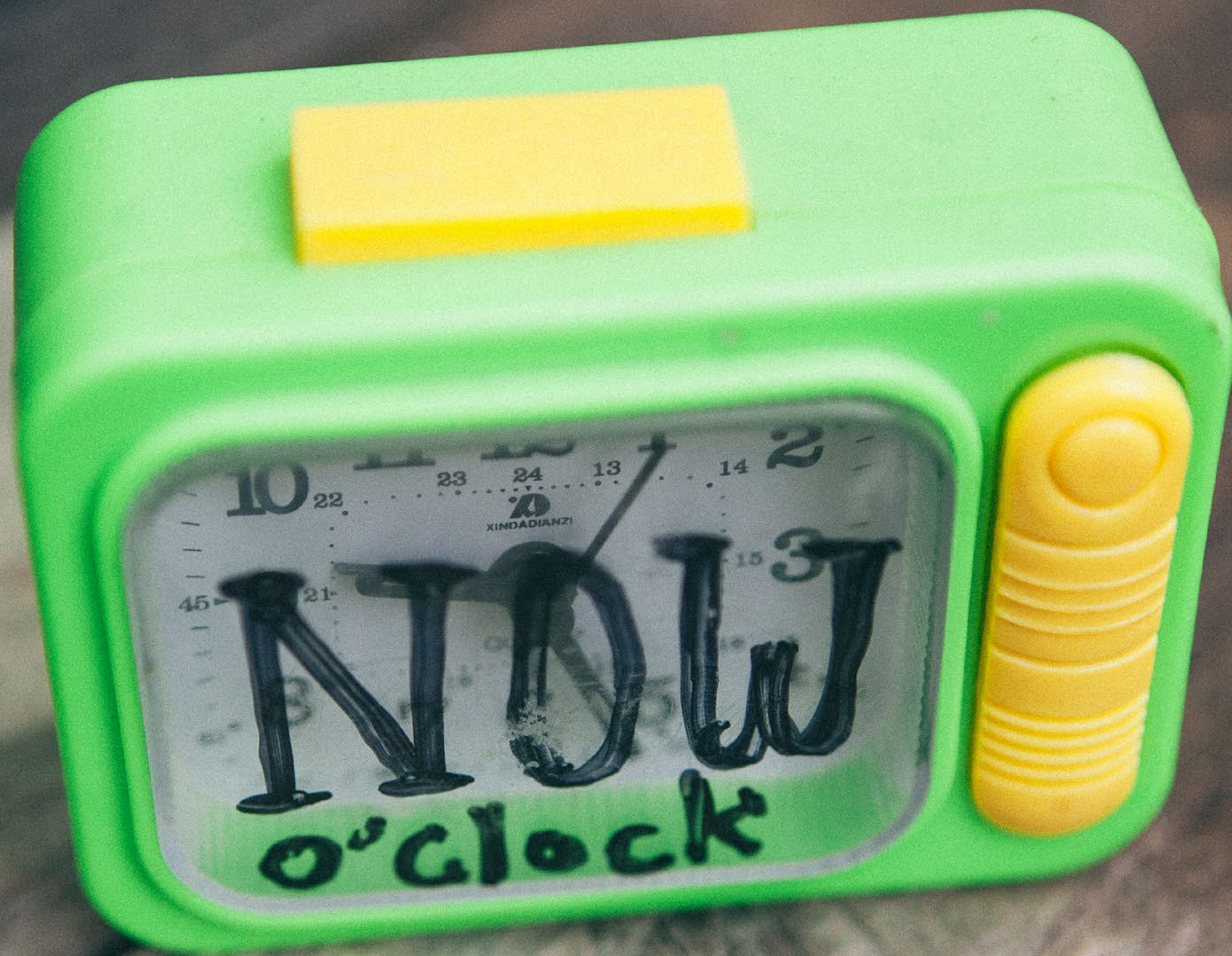


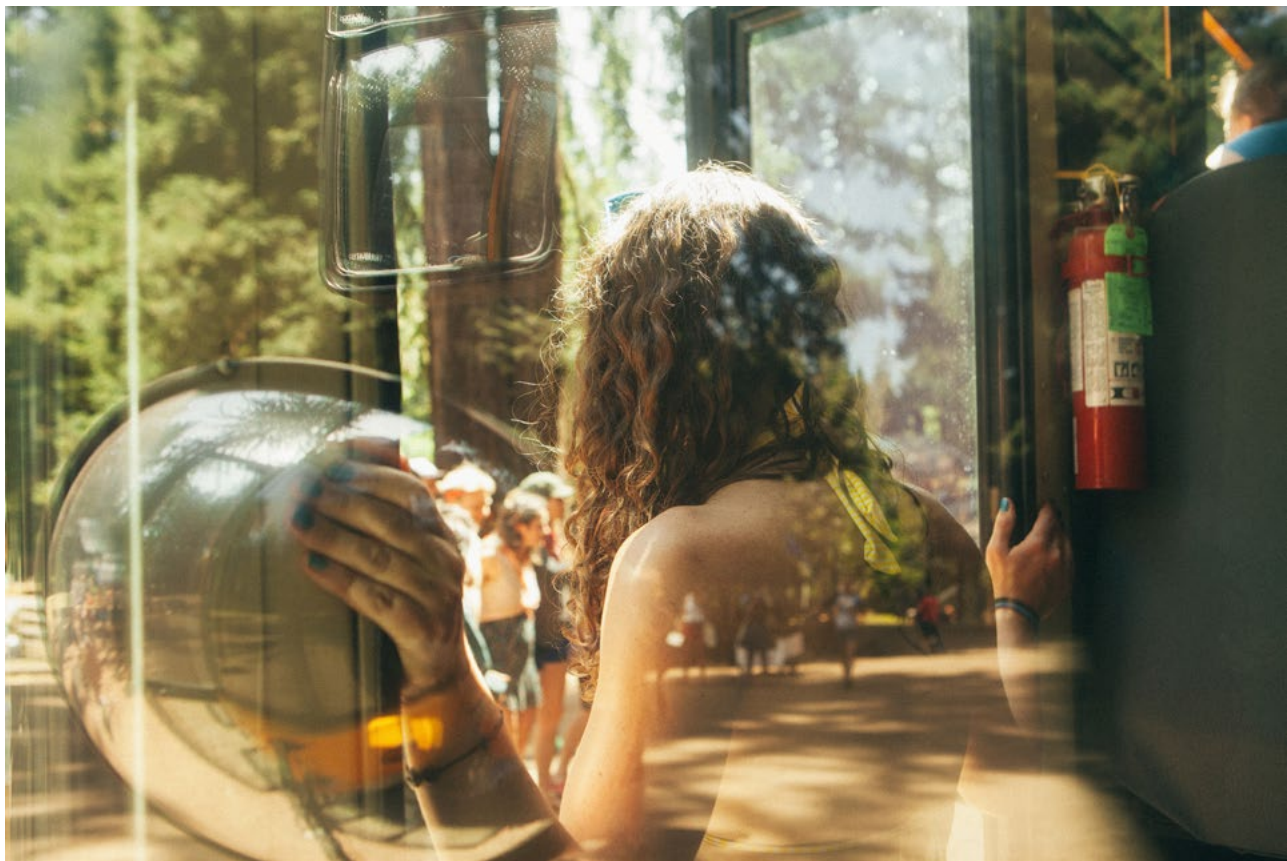
Everyone at Camp Grounded takes on nicknames: Honey Bear, Meander, Practice, Bacon Bits, Golden Bird, etc.

As adults, our name and the attachment to what we do for a living are often so intertwined. When the normal script of exchanging names and job titles is completely removed you're forced to interact with people like you used to as a kid at the playground, void of networking or societal posturing.

Thus play and attempting new things were central to the ethos of camp.

As chief documentarian my role was not only to capture moments, but also that my presence would liberate others of the need to continually historicize their experiences with iphone photos and instead be present to the equal parts serendipity and ridiculousness that follow...







*the only people for me are
the mad ones, the ones
who are mad to live, mad
to talk, mad to be saved,
desirous of everything at
the same time, the ones
who never yawn or say a
commonplace thing, but
burn, burn, burn like
fabulous yellow roman
candles exploding like
spiders across the stars.*

JACK KEROUAC



























CAMP
GROUNDED





Hello, My Name is _____

For the past several years I've played with the idea of returning to my full name Daniel.

Around the age of 11 or 12 it got into my brain that *Daniel* was a little boy's name, and that conversely, *Dan* was a cool teenager name. Most of my friends at that time were several years older and so in an attempt to appear more mature, I embarked on a two year crusade to emphatically inform everyone that from now on I wanted to be called Dan.

It was a rejection of my childhood and simultaneously a reach toward a new identity. And since that point most everybody has known me as such.

In the past couple years, however, I've been playing around with returning to my full name again. It started out professionally first: when I started diving into photography with any seriousness I chose Daniel N. Johnson as my nom de plume to differentiate it from the thousands of vanilla Dan Johnson's in the world (try googling it sometime.)

Second, when I travel I've usually used my full name: "Je m'appelle Daniel," in francophone countries, "Simen Daniel new" in Ethiopia, etc. It's more common worldwide and "Dan" is usually misheard as something else. Travel is also a time when I feel most alive and myself - could the usage and attachment of my full name play any role?

>



So it was on my business card and passport but what about friends and family calling me Daniel again, in everyday life? Did I need to have some serendipitous spiritual experience to justify the reverse name change?

Fast forward to my time at Camp Grounded last June where everybody uses nicknames: Big Sir, Fidget, Pickle, Shmu, etc. The idea is that liberating yourself from your given name for a few days (or weeks) removes you from the story or personality attached to that name and enables a beautiful opportunity to creatively reexamine your associated definitions of self.

However, I showed up to camp a couple days early for staff training without a name in mind yet. Fellow staff & volunteers would introduce themselves by their nicknames and ask me mine - sorry still waiting to find the right one... If people were going to be calling me it for three weeks I wasn't going to rush into it. I wanted something aspirational, but not cheesy. And nothing related to my responsibilities as camp photographer: i.e. Snaps, Trigger, or Flash.

So for the time being I was The Man Who Shall Not Be Named. Or simply, To Be Determined.

Finally the first session was about to start and the first campers about to arrive and it was go time, I needed

something to put on my nametag. Ok...I quickly wrote in marker: Hello my name is T.B.D. (To Be Determined.)

People loved it and it always got a chuckle when I told arriving campers my name. However, I knew it wouldn't last; T.B.D. was great for the time being; it spoke of potential and wasn't yet defined, just as I sensed my role at camp was still to be discovered as well. But it also represented a tendency towards indecisiveness in my life, of which I'm attempting to change.

At the end of the first session I was sitting in the grass with a few new friends when it suddenly hit me: *Troubador*. I didn't have a lute or guitar but my role at camp was as a creative nomad, dancing around camp, albeit with an instrument of a different kind.

The transition was seamless and serendipitous, the same syllables of TBD formed the name itself: Trou-Ba-Dor

(P.s. I purposely misspelled it from the proper Troubadour because I'd recently designed a gig poster for a friend's band who was playing the Troubadour in LA. I kept accidentally leaving out the "u" in all my drafts of the design. Decided that's the way my subconscious wanted it spelled for some reason.)

Now, names are things we attach stories to, but at the deepest essence of who I am, what does it matter if I am called Dan or Daniel? TBD or Troubador? I spent nearly a month with people who only knew me as the latter. Intimate friendships with people who didn't even know my name. And if I could change so seamlessly and painlessly from TBD to Troubador, why not my actual name in the real world?

There's something beautiful about my full name as opposed to its abbreviation: The childhood version of me, Daniel, created nonstop, with no fear of what other people thought about his creations, he just did it. Legos, drawing, forts, etc. Not much fear of failure. Of producing something that will get likes and more. But someone who just created out of a place of pure curiosity and generosity of spirit.

Camp was a beautiful opportunity to embrace that childlike sense of curiosity and creativity again. And as such, I'm inviting the people in my life to call me Daniel again.

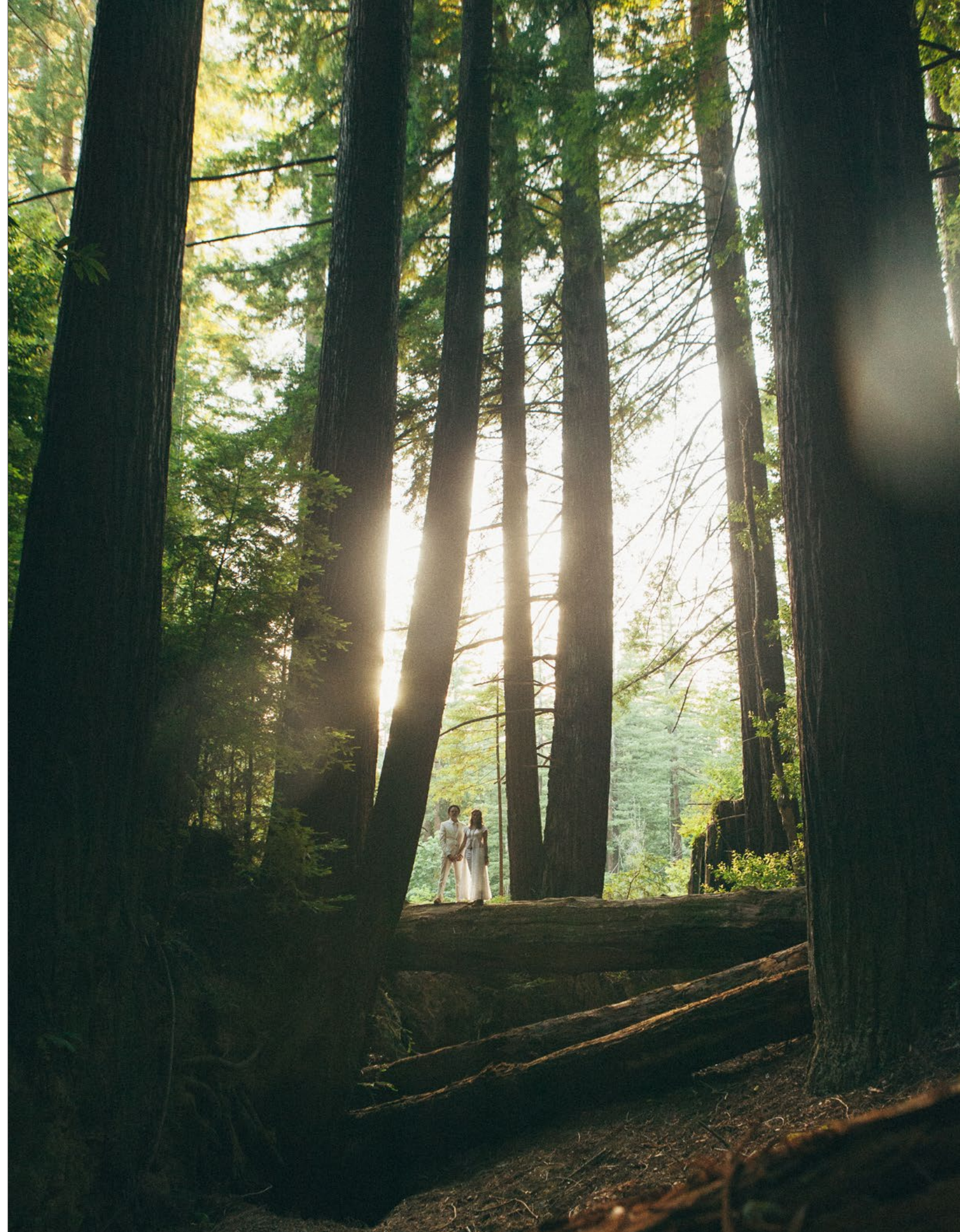
But without the reverse namechange crusade of my youth this time: ultimately I invite you to call me whatever fills your heart with joy when you say it, and if Daniel happens to be that, then I welcome that.

And if you know me as T.B.D. or Troubador from camp, well, that works too.





www.campgrounded.org



A person with long dark hair, wearing a dark blue wetsuit, is crouching in shallow ocean water. Their hands are touching the wet sand at the water's edge. The background shows gentle waves washing onto a sandy beach under soft, natural light.

Viento de la tierra del agua

SAN FRANCISCO / AUG 2014



Earth
Water
Fire
Wind
Aether





*“Life is not a problem to
be solved, but a reality to
be experienced.”*

SØREN KIERGEGAARD





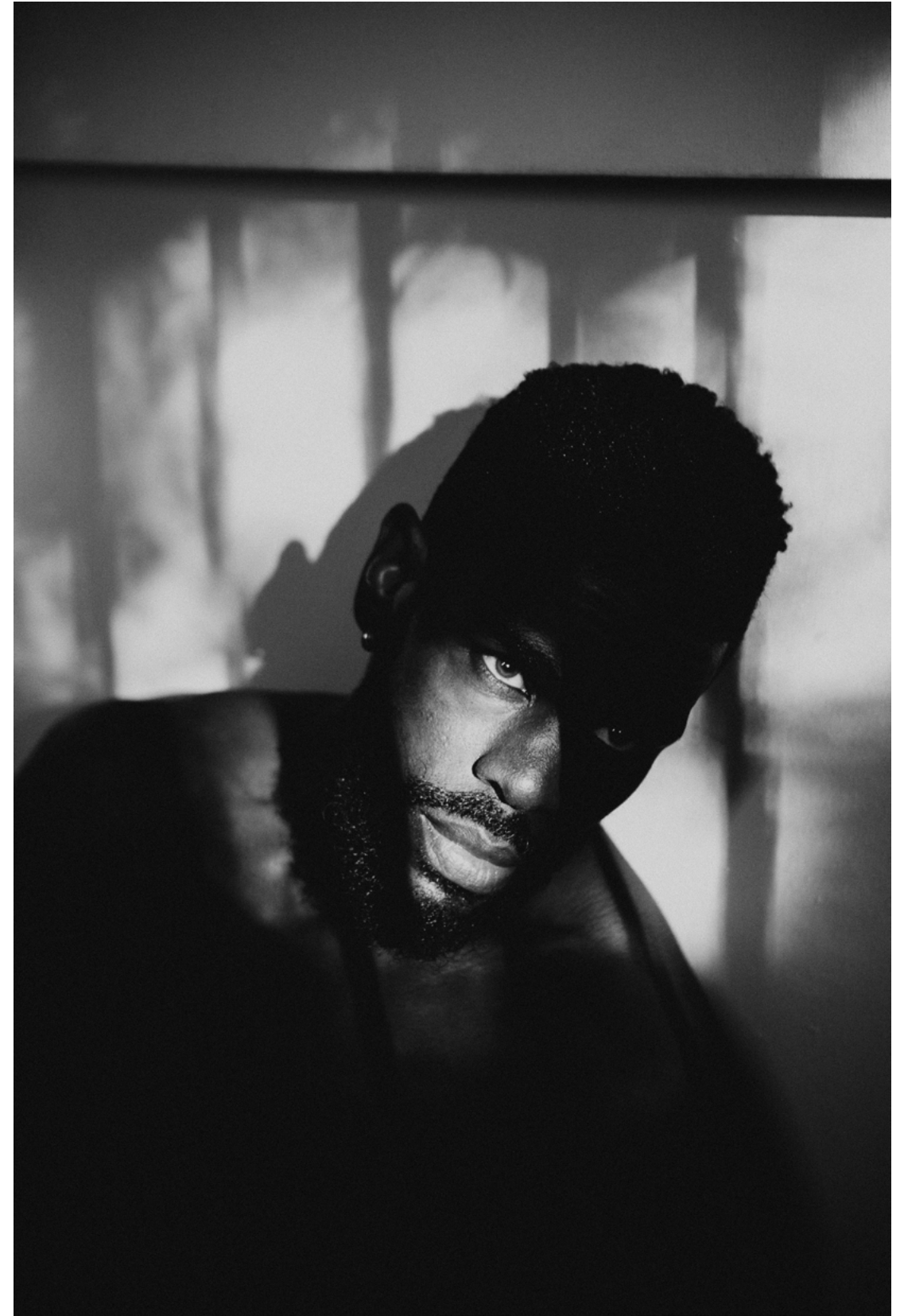
*Life implies death -
or shall I say,
death implies life.*

ALAN WATTS



Some people I know

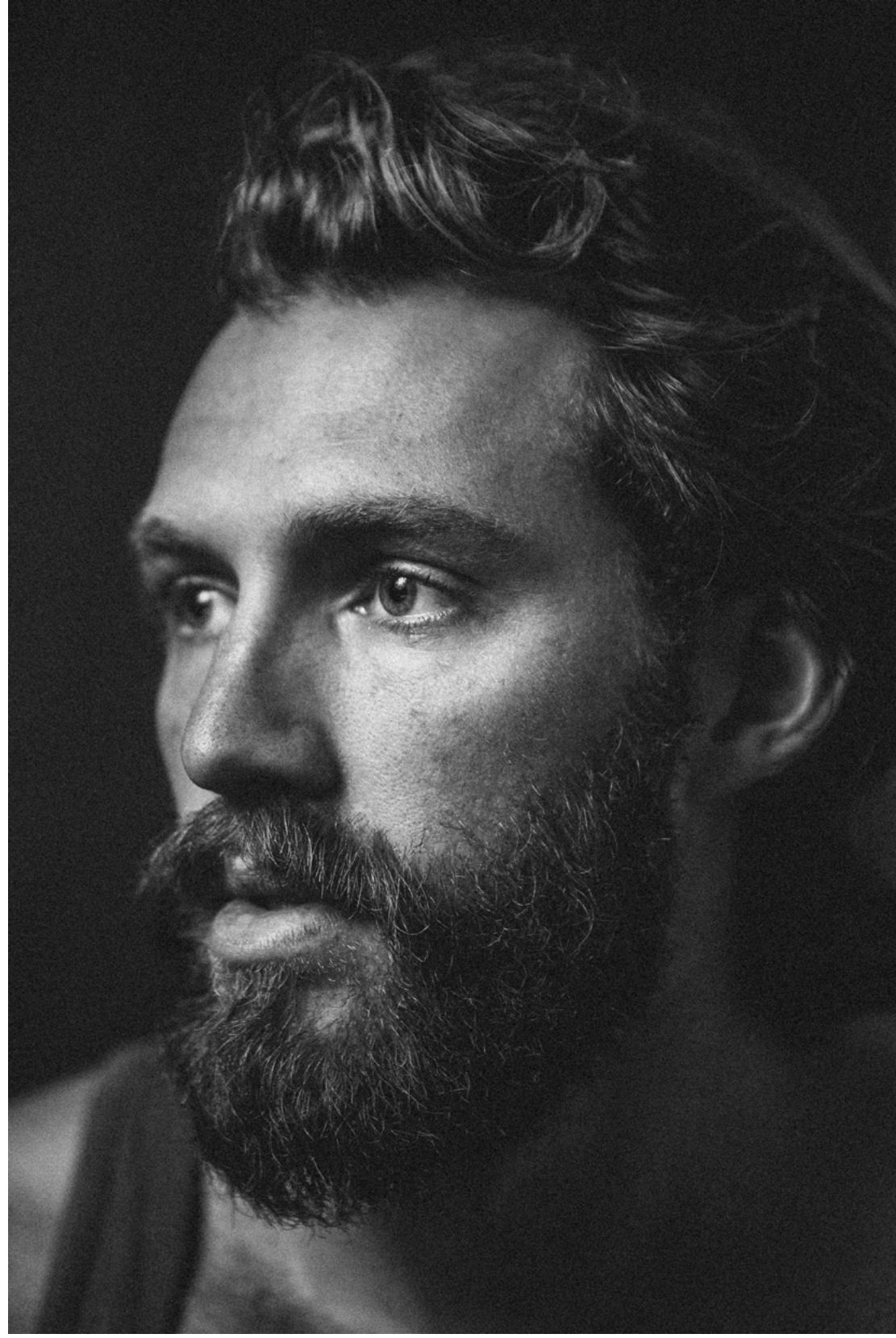
JUNE 2013 - NOVEMBER 2014



Mustafa
2014. Los Angeles



Sophia
2014. Los Angeles



Zabar
2014. Los Angeles



Hollis
2014. Navarro



Jonathan
2013. Hawaii







A woman with long, flowing blonde hair is captured in a dynamic pose, playing an electric guitar. She is wearing a dark, long-sleeved top with a ruffled waist. The background is dark, with out-of-focus stage lights in red and white, creating a bokeh effect. The overall mood is energetic and artistic.

Outside Lands

SAN FRANCISCO / AUG 2014



Wayne Coyne, THE FLAMING LIPS
2014, SAN FRANCISCO



Mikal Cronen
2014, SAN FRANCISCO



Lucius / 2014, SAN FRANCISCO

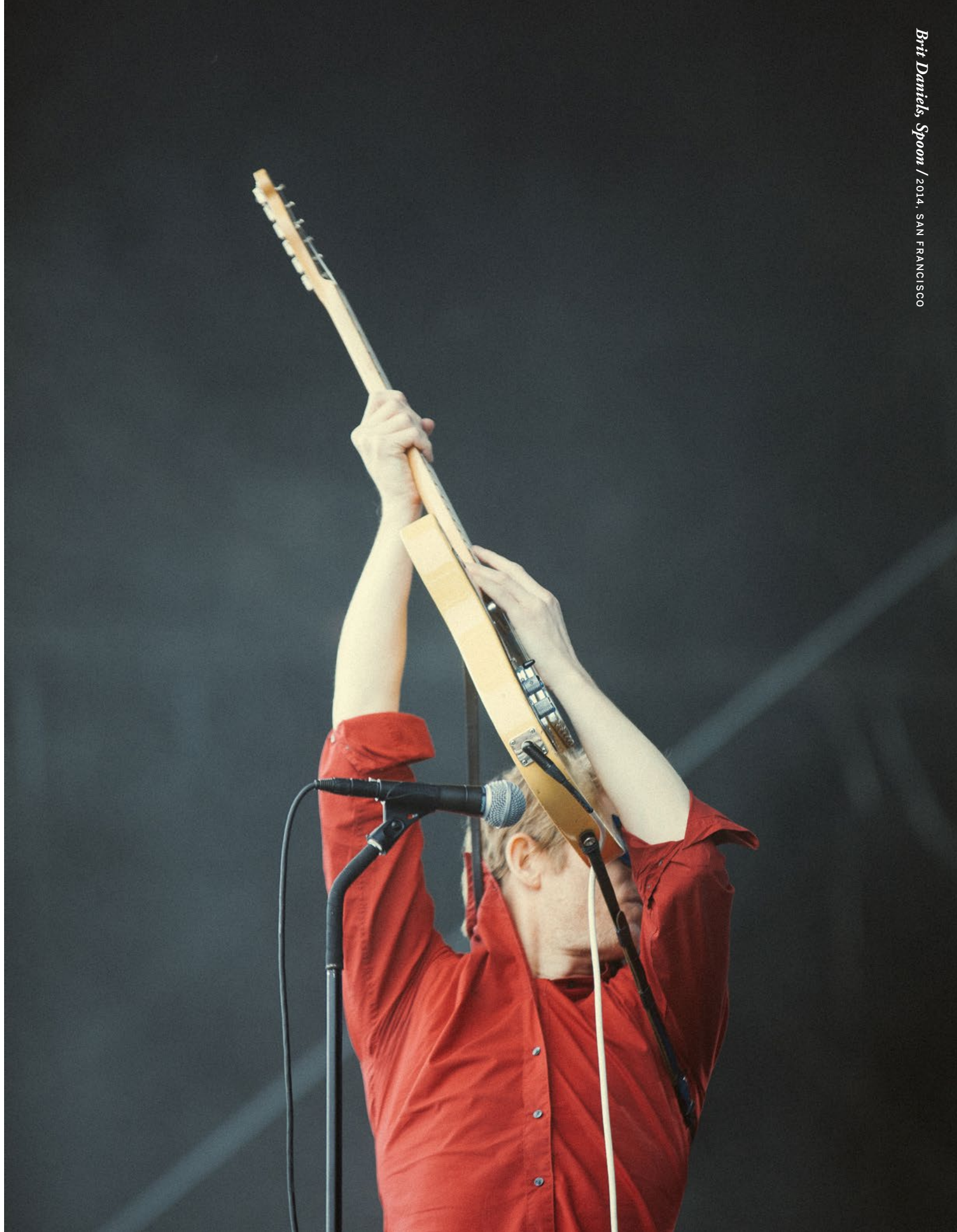


Haim / 2014, SAN FRANCISCO





Rob Pope, Spoon
2014, SAN FRANCISCO



Britt Daniels, Spoon / 2014, SAN FRANCISCO

A large group of dolphins is swimming in clear, deep blue water. The dolphins are seen from various angles, some swimming towards the camera and others away from it. The water is a vibrant blue, and the dolphins' sleek, grey bodies are clearly visible. The overall scene is peaceful and captures a natural moment in the ocean.

HAWAII

OAHU & THE BIG ISLAND / JUNE 2013





















Neka

CALABASAS, CA / NOV 2014



Neka and I were originally scheduled to shoot in Honolulu two days prior to the day I broke my wrist on the North Shore last September.

Fortunately she moved to Los Angeles in October and was one of my first shoots again after returning to LA myself after 7 weeks of recovery from surgery.



A high-angle photograph of two young girls lying on their backs on a plush blue carpet. The girl on the left is wearing a purple shirt and pink pants, with her arms raised and legs bent. The girl on the right is wearing a blue tank top and a pink skirt with a blue belt, also with her arms raised. To the left of the girls are two large pillows with blue and white vertical stripes. In the background, a dark blue sofa is partially visible. The overall lighting is soft and even.

Nieces

HOLLISTER & NYC / MAY & OCT 2014

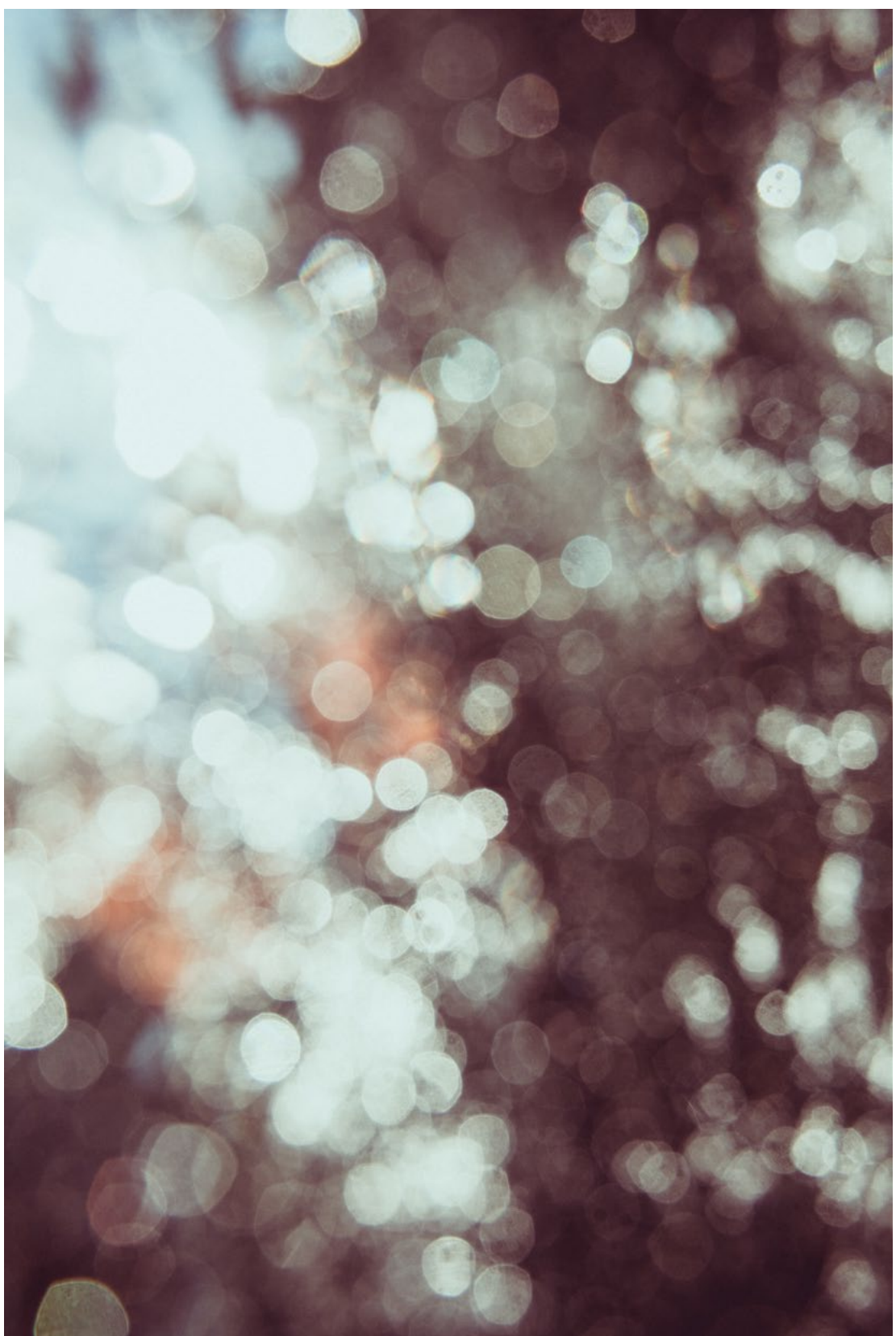






Close Encounters

LA JOLLA, CA / JULY 2014







*Our lives are the river
emptying into the sea
and becoming part of it.*



A black and white photograph of a body of water, likely the ocean, showing a boat's wake. The wake consists of several parallel lines of ripples that curve from the top left towards the bottom right. The water surface is covered in small, textured ripples. The word "Fin." is written in a white, serif font in the center of the image.

Fin.

Current inspirations:

Recent quotes:

“Mastery requires endurance. Mastery, a word we don’t use often, is not the equivalent of what we might consider its cognate — perfectionism — an inhuman aim motivated by a concern with how others view us. Mastery is also not the same as success — an event-based victory based on a peak point, a punctuated moment in time. Mastery is not merely a commitment to a goal, but to a curved-line, constant pursuit.”

SARAH LEWIS

“...But to me every idea, every new painting, is a new thing. And there are always questions, “Will I be able to do what I want? Will I succeed with this idea?”

RAPHAEL SOYER

“Why I became of photographer is to observe the human spirit, to be a radical explorer, to join the circus and run away from home. Photographers get to go places and do things. Painters make all the big money so I guess it’s a trade off.

RYAN MCGINLEY

*“If you can’t fly, run.
If you can’t run, walk.
If you can’t walk, crawl.
But by all means, keep moving.”*

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR

Recent reads:

[*Big Sur*](#)
Jack Kerouac

[*Artists Observed*](#)
Harvey Stein

[*Fierce Invalids Home from Hot Climates*](#)
Tom Robbins

[*Regarding the Pain of Others*](#)
Susan Sontag

Recent listens:

[*The Inevitable End*](#)
Röyksopp

[*Kauai*](#)
Childish Gambino

[*Black Noise*](#)
Pantha Du Prince

[*Felt*](#) & [*Spaces*](#)
Nils Frahm

Thank You

Alivia Prince
Ava Schlader
Brenna Prince
Bobby Bailey
Erin McGowan
Jonathan Olinger
Josh Zabar
Levi Felix
Maricarmen Sierra
Mustafa Shakir
Neka Stephens
Sophia Bush
Tawney Bevacqua
Wayne Price

Camp Grounded People:

Bruce
Benefitz
Big Red
Big Sir
Boomer
Boyfriend
Fidget
Chocolate Mousse
Condor
Dad
Doors
Golden Bird
Honey Bear
Jim Jams
Juicey
Meander
Pickle
Presto
Scout
Swami
Too-Tall Jones
Windey

& many more...





Issue Two / DECEMBER 2014

Most images available as prints.
[Email me](#) for info (or just to say hi)

Or visit: prints.danieljohnson.is

Much love,

DJ