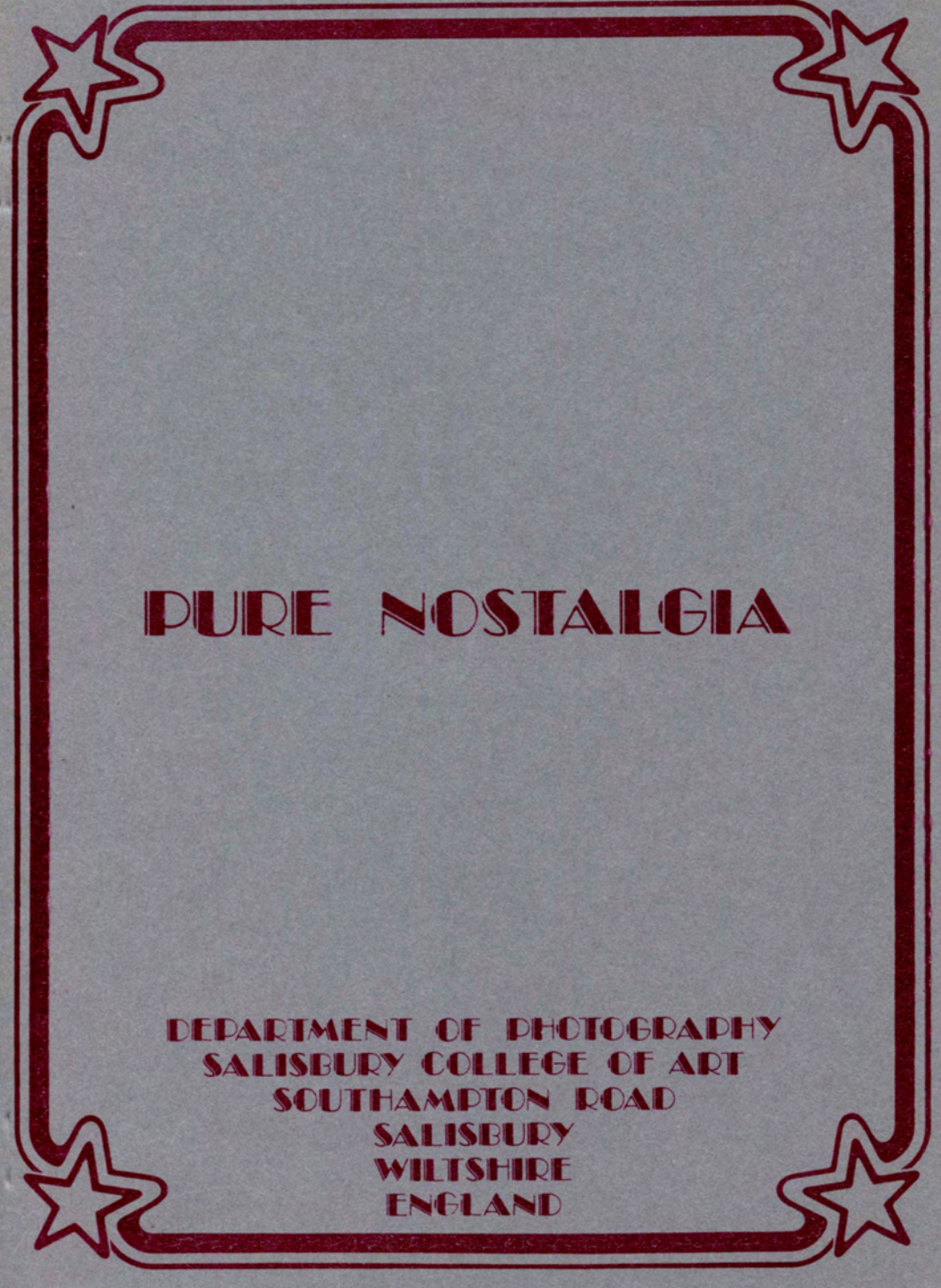




PURE NOSTALGIA

DEPARTMENT OF PHOTOGRAPHY
SALISBURY COLLEGE OF ART
SOUTHAMPTON ROAD
SALISBURY
WILTSHIRE
ENGLAND

PURE NOSTALGIA

**A MAGAZINE EXCLUSIVELY
FOR PAST STUDENTS OF
PHOTOGRAPHY**

**FIFTH EDITION
1984**

**EDITOR. IAN R SMITH
PRINTED BY ALEX GRANT**



Department photograph, Summer 1983

EDITORIAL

It hardly seems credible that almost twelve months have past since we were putting the final touches to our anniversary edition of this magazine, and yet the time has again arrived to compile this our fifth edition.

Each year our mailing list has grown as more past students are reached, and by last autumn had reached over 250. This was excellent news but led us to the difficult decision to make a charge as a subscription to the Old Students Association. Even this does not cover the real cost of production, but will make an essential contribution and enable us to continue with your very own piece of 'Pure Nostalgia.'

The big social event of the year was, of course, the reunion, and a report for the benefit of those who were unable to attend appears in this magazine.

September saw the second intake of DATEC (Design and Art section of the Technicians Education Council) students into the first year. DATEC Higher Diploma in Photography is one of the newer qualifications in our subject and has resulted from government moves over recent years to 'rationalise' (dangerous word, that!) and bring uniformity to further education.

It was true, of course, that employers found it difficult to relate a diploma from one college with that of another when the courses were very individual and all had their own standards. The intention is to align the qualifications given upon graduation. So now a successful student can expect to receive the DATEC Higher Diploma after two years at Salisbury with the third year leading to advanced studies and the BIPP PQE.

As you can imagine, the paperwork with the new scheme has caused hours of extra work and has aged

many of the staff more than they would care to admit. Thank goodness for our computer. We now have almost 100 full-time students studying photography, which keeps all the staff on their toes (some would say, on their knees) and has made the department a very different place from that remembered by students of not so many years ago. "No, Gavin, you can't build a set in the cleaners' cupboard" and "Amanda, what's this I hear about you trying to process E-6 in the Ladies?" "...if you hurry, we're just taking bookings for the mounting bench for next June!"

May of this year will see another of our major second and third year exhibitions, this time at the Fox Talbot Museum at Lacock, so if you're over that way do look in. In the mean time, good luck with your endeavours whatever they may be, and don't forget to keep in touch with articles for our next edition – it all depends on you.

Best wishes to you all

IAN SMITH



GUY HOBBS

Day one in big city — wandering back to some seedy Earls Court hotel in the small hours of the morning via Park Lane. Next thing I know I'm in the back of a chauffeured Rolls, surrounded by mink coats, dinner jackets and tipsy giggles. A tour of London's night clubs followed, ending up with an invitation to spend the night in a beautiful mansion in Surrey. Wow, I thought, so this is London.

Three weeks later, was riding the late tube back to bedsit in Kilburn. Got attacked by drunken gang. Correction, I thought, *this* is London.

Well, a year has passed now. I've worked with most of my photographic heroes with the result that they are no longer my photographic heroes. In a year of assisting, the major thing that I've learned is that I don't like being an assistant.

April – an urge to get behind the camera again, combined with Spring madness, caused me to book a flight to Moscow. Seven Siberians had been seeking refuge in the American Embassy for five years, a Sunday supplement editor was interested in the pictures, but the trip had to be self-financed. Of course, three days before our intrepid photojournalist is due to fly out, he switches on the telly to see that our dear Russian friends have decided they've had enough and are seen leaving the Embassy – only great will-power prevented a Nikon from hurtling at great speed into the screen.

More successful in Dec. Given up assisting. Fly to Morocco free and spend a complimentary week of 5-star luxury on press trip with great bunch of journalists (a sad note occurred when one flew home and two weeks later was killed in the Harrods bomb – only 24 – makes you think). I stayed on for a further five weeks, including two days staying with His Excellence the British Ambassador (er! one more bloody Mary on the verandah please, Jeeves) and an amazing Christmas in a run-down hotel with thirty world-travellers. We prepared an enormous feast, under the direction of a wonderful eccentric Englishman who had made millions by inventing the plastic gnome and who, if quizzed, would confess quite openly and seriously that he felt he too was actually a gnome.

Back in London and reality. Morocco trannies look good. Time to see if anyone out there is willing to pay me to take piccys. If nothing interesting comes up, next year's letter may well come from somewhere with a bit more sunshine and maybe the odd convenient beach nearby. In the meantime, I might start taking up my mid-night strolls along Park Lane again – I mean...well... you never know.

NICKY HIGGS

1980 - 83

Well, here I am in Balham, the 'gateway to the South,' employed as a medical photographer for St. James' Hospital. My job is quite varied and ranges from photographing patients, some alive (although this is not instantly obvious in some cases!) and some dead, to producing slides for consultants' lectures. We also visit the theatre regularly and this work is very interesting, especially photographing the plastic surgery that is performed.

It is a busy environment to work in, apart from the mortuary, and they are a quiet lot down there!, so there is never a dull moment. All in all its a pleasant job and certainly an interesting field to go into.

JOHN WHELDON

1979 - 82

"IF IT'S MAIL ORDER IT MUST BE JANUARY OR JULY"

The photographer I work for is George Jeffryes who specialises in Room Sets, but also shoots Still Life and Food. Carlton is part of Carlton Communications Plc, which includes photographic studios and laboratories in London and Manchester, printing works, a newspaper and countless other small businesses. It is owned and run by two Jewish brothers who have connections with the British Mail Order Corporation, which includes Kays, Trafford, Marshall Ward and Littlewoods, hence Carlton shoots catalogue twice a year.

Mail Order photography, for those who are lucky enough not to experience it, consists of simple sets, clean lighting and a high turnover of shots per day, ie hard work for an assistant! The other work we handle is mainly Room Set advertising and brochures, but we also do some still life including Pioneer hi-fi.

Trips abroad come up fairly frequently although I've missed out so far due to getting married (Switzerland) and the arrival of Joshua (three weeks in Spain); "location shoots" have been Regents Park twice, Hyde Park once and Petworth House. Not exactly glamorous. Oh yeah, we're going to Wigan to photograph a carpet in three weeks time!

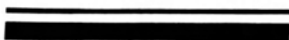
I've been assisting at Carlton for a year now and have recently decided it's time to make the transition to photographer. I'm being put in a studio to shoot part of the catalogue and if all goes well, I should be established

here by Summer, with a much-needed rise in income. My next step towards fame and fortune. OK, just fortune!

Penny no longer works in the business since she is now a full-time Mother (which, she adds, *is* full-time). But she picked up plenty of useful knowledge whilst she was working in photography which we hope to make use of in the future.

Joshua meanwhile shows no aspirations to being a child model (thank God) but does enjoy leaving grubby thumb prints on camera lenses — he'll make a good assistant!

Well, I think I had better close this edition of the Wheldon saga as Josh's nappy needs changing — an assistant's work is never done! So lots of love to everyone we know and good luck to this year's leavers. Jos sends his gurgles of joy



JACKY ROGERS

1963-66

It was rather an awesome thought that as a student of the 1963–66 era, I have 17 years worth of 'news' to impart to fellow-readers of 'Pure Nostalgia.' Having only just caught up with this magazine, perhaps I could use this space to contact others of my era. Writing now from Dublin, I do feel as if I have lost touch over the years and I was unable to attend the 21st gathering earlier this year. It would be nice to share memories with other 'old-ies' who suffered 'freezing fixer' and playing statues for 'exposing' in the Roberts Room!

Unemployment wasn't nearly such a problem in '66, but I didn't want to choose in a hurry and had no intention of heading for the London lights. In fact I went in the opposite direction and worked for several happy years with the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments in Wales, based in Aberystwyth. The senior photographer was then an ex-day release student from Salisbury in even earlier days, and two more Salisbury graduates have been employed by the Commission since. I had a lot of printing to do for the historical archives, but also many weeks of freedom photographing the lovely buildings the length and breadth of Wales. There were 'digs' to dig and isolated farmhouses to locate, ruins to explore and a Landrover to drive. Eventually, marriage lured me from the remote Welsh hills to the city life of Cardiff. After a few hectic months in commercial practice, I happily returned to the secure existence of the photographic department within Cardiff Dental Hospital. It was interesting and not specialised enough to require medical qualifications, although I acquired a lot of medical terms and techniques over the years. Certainly there were teeth, tongues and operating theatre blood to photograph, but also graphic design and exhibition work, audio-visual aids and CCTV. I enjoyed mostly the contact with patients who were never too ill for a smile! Later, an upgrading gave me charge of the photography for a specialist research department within the hospital. I even had an article published in the British Journal of Photography. During these days too, I returned to my studies. Having been at Salisbury in the early days, the college wasn't a centre for Final IIP exams, and a trip to Birmingham gave me only one third pass. But I collected the other sections after several more attempts



Leavers' group, Summer 1983

and within six months I was awarded an Associate membership of the IIP in Commercial/Industrial and a Licentiate membership in Medical, by submitting a portfolio.

My days in full-time photography seem to be in the past now. On moving to Ireland in 1976, job opportunities for married women were extremely limited, so I was pleased to have the excuse to produce our two fine sons. I have, of course, an album full of photos of the children, but I do have my own portable studio equipment for any freelance opportunities that present themselves. Mostly these are for child or family portraiture, but I've also been commissioned for scientific work and poster design for the University. Having also supplied an up-and-coming artist with slides of Irish landscapes, I have acquired a good personal collection too, as a reminder of our life and travels here. Ireland's economy is in recession too, but the scenery, even around Dublin, is lovely and the countryside so empty. Irish photography is a good standard, especially in journalism and fashion, but there are no full-time courses available.

Our trips back to the UK are still fairly frequent and I'll try not to miss any future "do's." My memory still serves me well and I can recall many, many humorous incidents during those three years!



1967 group with Mike Roberts

VIV YABSLEY

1980 - 83

To be quite honest, not a lot has happened since I left college, except of course the writing of hundreds of letters, many with no replies.

At the time of writing there are a number of job applications in the pipeline, but no interviews yet.

I have just received a letter this week from a local firm I wrote to last July. They now have a vacancy for an assistant, so I am following that up.

I did work in Boots for six weeks before Christmas – on the Photographic counter, no less. I got lots of little old ladies coming in to ask me to load and unload their 110 cameras because they didn't know how to! It amazed me how many 35mm camera owners didn't know the difference between 100ASA and 400ASA film. Anyway, it was quite fun while it lasted., although by Christmas we were all hiding behind counters and doing our best to avoid the irate customers who still hadn't bought all their presents.

Steve in the meantime (I don't suppose he will get round to writing) is waiting for the final instructions from the MOD. He had an interview before Christmas and a security interview about three weeks ago, and is now waiting to be told when he will start. Assuming, of course, they haven't dug something up from his murky passt! In the meantime he's working in an off-licence to pay off his debts, eg car wings!

Anyway, I think that is about it. Please send my best wishes to everyone.



The Reunion

THE REUNION

Take one bright spring day, over two hundred past and present staff and students, a rendezvous at college, an evening spent in style at a beautiful English country house, and you have all the ingredients of a rather special kind of reunion. One befitting, in fact, the celebration of the 21st birthday of full-time Photographic courses at Salisbury.

The day started for many with a visit to the college where a major exhibition of student work was on display. Many old friends met for the first time in a long while and were able to chat while refreshments were served throughout the day.

Marsh Court at Stockbridge was the centre of our evening activities which after a reception at 8.00 pm gave the best opportunity for much reminiscing. It was indeed satisfying to see, after so many months' preparation, the occasion being enjoyed by so many, all giving the firm declaration that we must have a further celebration for our 25th anniversary in 1986/7

JOSTEIN BAKKE

I should, perhaps, write a few words about what I am doing at the time. It is not very interesting, I am afraid. I am trying to run our family business doing all kinds of photography like portrait, weddings, industrial photography, etc. I am not becoming rich doing this, but my head is still above the waterline. I am doing my best to establish myself in our area.

Beside this I have not a lot that could be of interest to tell. Please bring my best wishes to all famous people.

CHRIS GRAHAM

1980 - 83

Ever since receiving IRS's request for contributions to 'Pure Nostalgia' I have been engaged on a frantic, and I hasten to add, fruitless, hunt for my last copy of this illustrious publication. The problem being that when it comes to writing on things nostalgic, I'm a little 'wet behind the ears.' I thought that a glance through a back issue might help by giving me some useful hints on what 'they' write about.

Would I need to brush up on the evocative age of steam, and the routes pounded by the famous Coronation Scot, or maybe even the demise of those thundering giants, the GWR Castle class locomotives? Alternatively, perhaps the glory days at Brooklands, when men donned flying helmets and gratefully risked all for little else but extreme pleasure? On the other hand, maybe the nostalgia should be of a more personal and homely nature. Recounting timeless evenings spent in the Tollgate, or was it the King & Bishop, or the Star, or the Crown & Anchor – oh, I remember, it was the Scrumpy House - or was it all of them? Those balmy days in the 2nd year were pretty unforgettable. The so-called 'second year blues' certainly took their toll. The biggest decision to be made in those days was whether to leave the refectory for a 'work break' or to go to the pub for a very long lunch.

The 3rd year was soon upon us, and with it came some degree of panic. The combined pressures of the assessment, and the prospect of job-hunting were heaped upon our tender young shoulders. Still, as they say, 'when the going gets tough, the tough get going,' and all six of them did. The rest of us seemed just to carry on as usual.

Ah!...I have just found a copy of 'Pure Nostalgia.' I cannot find one single mention of the Coronation Scot, or of oil-spattered flying helmets, not even a reference to the holy-of-holies, the Scrumpy House. Obviously my ideas of 'pure nostalgia' differ somewhat from everyone else's. Still, for the few of you who have battled your way this far through these sentimental ramblings, here is news of my career to date.

After leaving college I went straight to do some work for 'Alternative Car' magazine. This seemed great at first, I was on a freelance basis and a trial rate of £30 a day plus expenses. However, things soon started to go wrong, I had only worked for three days in eight weeks (almost less than we did at college!) and my expenses were not being paid. All the things that had been promised initially began to fade, along with my spirits. It took the threat of legal action to get them to pay up, and even to this day I have not been paid in full, and they still have one of my 5x4 De Lorean trannies. It was then that I thought it high time to start getting depressed, so I did. At that time I thought I had made a rotten choice of career – freelance work was certainly not for me.

Then I started to get really depressed, and finally reached the end of my tether and in desperation got a job. PPG Publishing, who produce 'Practical Classics' and 'The Automobile' replied to my initial letter and offered me an interview which I duly accepted. I made my way nervously to Beckenham, but the actual interview was a 'push over.' There were no nasty questions about dedication or 'Art,' and not even a hint of photographic theory, just an informal chat. In fact, it was easier than the college interview! My portfolio, the culmination of three years toil, not to mention the worry involved, was dismissed in two minutes, and they

offered me the job there and then.

I am Assistant Photographer on both magazines, and have done most work so far for 'Practical Classics.' My duties include B/W processing and printing, exterior and interior work, with flash, in both colour and B/W, studio work, copying, etc., etc....but NO PROCESS CONTROL! My first cover shot appeared on the January issue, and my first written article is to be published in February. Just before Christmas I received a substantial pay rise which was greatly appreciated. Most important of all, they seem reasonably pleased with what I have done so far.

The most striking difference that I have noticed, between SCA and the 'outside,' is time. Gone, unfortunately, are the days of one AFAEP tranny in four weeks; its more like two trannies and twelve B/W prints a day, two or three times a week now. When you have gone 200 miles to photograph a car, you simply have not got the time to sit and think about how to maximise the gamma

you have to rush the whole time. It takes a great deal of concentration to avoid making stupid mistakes, which can prove so costly. However, so far I have not made a serious mistake and am greatly enjoying the work. My fellow-workers are all likeable characters, and have proved to me that humour does exist outside the Salisbury College of Art.

Finally I would just like to say hello and thanks to all the staff who dealt with me over those most memorable three years. I never thought I would miss college life as much as I have. Also, hello to anyone else who knows me, and good luck to you all.

P.S. Someone punch Han Lee for me!

SIMON O'HARA

1978-81

Since I left SCA in July 1981 I have been in the USA seven times for various jobs with CBS and ABC Television, made possible from the contacts I made at camp during the summers of 1980 and 1981. I have also been unemployed for various lengths of time and done odd jobs, ie decorator, taxi driver, etc. But now I am down in sunny, windswept Brighton working with young offenders aged 12-18. I teach them photography and video production. All the youngsters are sent to the Intermediate Treatment (IT) Centre on court orders, for various offences from theft to bodily harm, and seeing as they are violent, every session with them with any worker or psychologist is videotaped – that is where I come in.

So despite one or two lapses, I am still doing work connected with photography. The pay is great as I get free travel and free furnished lodgings, although the hours are long, 9–9 usually.

I have heard from only David Pickup in the last 12 months, and as far as I can make out, he is working in London for Foyles.



JOHN BIGGLESTONE

Rather than present the usual interview, we asked J.B. what changes he could recall when reviewing his career and years at Salisbury.

The changes? Well, there were only five of us, for a start: Derek, Ron Graham, David Cousins, Peter Frederick and myself. Ron Graham went off to PCL via Holland after he got his PhD on the relative merits of Tri-X and Four-X. Peter Frederick went in search of the silver-based process and stopped at Southend on account of the fact that he couldn't swim, further progress being considered unwise. He's happy there, they tell me.

Students wore sports jackets and cravats, or mini-skirts and purple tights, according to their gender and/or how they felt that day. The very earliest long-haired student (male) was also our first embryo fashion photographer; he used his own (black) Pentax, he dressed overall in black, worshipped Bailey, Helmut Newton et al, didn't eat very often, got a job with a London Fashion Photographer (note respectful upper case), slept on the studio floor for six months, then said sod it and became a council gardener. He's happy, they tell me.

The Roberts Rom was the only studio, and only one student could actually take a picture at any one time. The floor, you see, was sprung, probably by the combined action of woodworm and dry rot, so when you heard a shout of "'sposing!" you stood stock still to avoid that element of diffusion in a picture brought on by camera and set vibrating out of phase. Bob ..errr....Riddle and Neil (the bells, the bells) Skelton

kept me company there for a few student generations, and we made memories daily, what with Neil falling through the roof, and Bob ..errr... arriving breathless at 9.40 am, having overslept due to an all-night read of some minor classic. Neil is now a field officer for the Redundant Churches Fund, a job designed with him in mind; Bob hasn't worked since he left here, and is presently in America helping a friend to listen to the sea. They're both happy, I understand.

Names flash through the mind: Chas Bazeley and his Land Rover; Ian K-R, Charlie Lyne, Phil Peel and the Hepworth statue; Norman de Lacy Knickers; Colin Guile of the white cotton gloves, the Mikes Lane and Whyte, and that girl whose name I could never remember, but whose name was the very least of her memorable features.

Talking of names, none of this would have happened but for Arthur Humphrey Pickering. AHP was not only an enthusiastic drinking member of the Gosford Club, he was also my boss in the laboratory of a Midlands aircraft factory, and a lecturer, part-time, in photography at Coventry Art College. I had arrived at the position of laboratory photographer via seven years of sundry other photographic jobs – industrial work for Triumph (the cars, not the bras) and Jaguar in Coventry, the RAF in Germany, civilian aerial survey in Iran and Iraq, interleaved with weddings, portraits and other bunnies throughout. Arthur was a charismatic hedonist, and sometimes he wanted to enjoy life when he should be teaching at the college; the logical thing, then, was for me to stand in for him. Not only did it pamper my ego, give me a taste of the roar of the greasepaint, etc., but all said and done, he was my boss. He's dead now; always happy, though.

I enjoyed the contact with learners, so much so that I wanted to make it my life. I convinced the principal of a newly-opened college of FE in Coventry that he needed a photographic class, and wasn't it lucky that I was available. Amateurs, two evenings a week for eighteen months led to full time at Salisbury, which is where we came in.

Changes? Yes, nearly everything. We're in a new college building now – concrete floors negate the need for “sposing”, but the place doesn't have that lovely smell of floorboards impregnated with countless involuntary applications of oil paint, turps, linseed and the rest. We have eleven full-time lecturers, with Boards of Study meetings, ordering procedures, computers with floppy discs (what the hell's the use of a *floppy* disc?), giving print-outs of everything from your names and addresses out there to current assessment totals. Wonderful, I hear you say; but we used to have meetings, take decisions, even make assessments, over a cup of coffee or a glass of Four-X in Jim's Inn next door. Not as technological, not as objective, maybe, but nicer. Happier.

But I'll tell you something that hasn't changed – the students. True, they don't wear cravats and purple tights any more; true, they're all equipped with more A levels than there are beans in a can; true, many more of them have cars, overdrafts, expensive girlfriends and other trappings of eighties society (one or two of them even recognise the difference between a Steichen and a Steiglitz), but they're still uniquely fascinating – each one. Charlie Fawell is not another Charlie Waite, who was nothing like Charlie Lyne, but they had, and thank God, have, a common quality: they are compassionate by nature. In their sincere search for understanding,

they are forgiving of the frailties of a system which they have to fight, use, abuse and manipulate in order to learn to make a folio and, in many cases, to get a job.

So when it comes down to it, it doesn't matter where I came from or what I've done or where I'm going; or David or Mike or even Gerald in the stores. It matters only that the factors either side of us – the system and the students – are compatible. Not smoothly meshed, perhaps, that would be too much to ask, but at least sufficiently dovetailed to provide a bond, which is, in reality, the only thing of lasting value.

I hope we all continue. For some time. Happily.

TONY SHEARN

1978-81

Hi folks, got time to write just before I go off to the French Alps to build snowmen – best snow in the whole of Europe.

I need a break because 1983 was such a tedious and trying year. For example, the BBC wanted me to go back to the Lebanon, but I couldn't because I thought I might get shot and also because I was working for 'the other side.' The bloke who went instead got shot.

Well, it all started in April when, just getting used to the graceful slopes and valleys of northern Portugal, I was viciously infused with alcohol so that I wouldn't be in a position to prevent my transportation to Madeira, a gem of an island somewhere near Africa with not much on it except pretty girls and bottles of wine.

When I sobered up I could hear people speaking English again, but I was in California, and had to face the prospect of a week off. There was no way out so I went to Hollywood and Malibu and Santa Monica. I tried to hire a mini but they didn't have any, so I drove a Pontiac Firebird around instead. Then we did some work. I told them I had a vertigo complex, but they didn't listen and made me fly over San Francisco and the Golden Gate and the Californian landscape in one of those helicopter things.

We went to Kentucky then, where they all talk like Daisy in 'The Dukes of Hazzard.' Even there if I had to run an errand or something the only vehicle available to me was a Cadillac. I worked hard there, and fainted one day. I recovered to find myself in Connecticut. I didn't like it much there, but had some days off so I went away. I went to New York to see if I knew anybody there, but I didn't.

Now finance is OK for a weekend, but we had a month of that, and it was sunny, and on a beach on the West Coast I broke my shoelace, and then I lost my comb while I was working in some Parisian nightclub. Then we went to some country or other where there's lots of scooters and there's a bridge in Florence just like the one in Bath but bigger.

We had a day off. I complained bitterly about the lack of exercise, because I only had to walk ten yards out of my hotel to the sea.

After that we went to Germany for a week and then we went home.

That was great, but then someone else made me go back to Germany. I said I wouldn't work for less than £50.00 a day before overtime and double time at weekends, but it failed to put them off. On the first day

there the beds were so uncomfortable I went out drinking until the next day.

Got back to Mum for a day but a large independent consortium kidnapped me and when I took the blindfold off I was back in New York. I still didn't know anybody, but I got my teddy bear interviewed on Network TV and got everything stolen like I do every year.

However, I did go to a great party in Acton!

PETER LUCANTONI

1980 - 83

Since September of last year I've been living in Italy, and for the past four months in Milan. Most of the time I've been teaching EFL to Italian businessmen in a large pharmaceutical company called Farmitalia Carlo Erba – its the largest in Italy.

Whilst teaching, I've been exploring the possibilities of producing material for EFL teaching, such as graphics for course books and also video and a-v presentations. The use of video in the EFL classroom is a real boom area, and I've found quite a lot of people interested in some of my ideas – not only here in Italy but also in England. Of course, research takes time and money, and that's why I'm teaching – but this is also the area in which I shall be producing materials, so I'm really killing two birds with one stone. Hopefully, by the time I return to England in May/June I shall be just about ready to work seriously on the production of the materials.

Hope all goes well in Salisbury, best wishes to everyone.

GRAHAM PARISH

1979 - 82

Well, no-one saw me for smoke once college finished back in July '82. If I remember rightly it was a Friday. I'd moved into my new flat in Brighton by the following Monday.

How many photographers have lived at 105 Exeter Street anyway? Quite a few. Rupert Hopkins (watch out for his book about Greenham Common and the Peace Movement – it got very good reviews) was one, then there was Jane Bayliss. She was keen on horticulture – lots of potted plants in the kitchen!! Oh yes, and there was poor old Julian Barber, he, poor soul, is working for TVS; that's Transvestite Services, not the TV company – and you all thought he was happily married to Trudy, eh?

I digress, I'll get back on the tracks now. Once established in Brighton with Kim (remember Kim? – fraught studio sessions – my apologies, lads) I set about relaxing on the beach for a while. Well, a week stretched into a month, and a month into two. However, it was a pleasurable way to relax, you see I was on the section where the signs read 'clothes do not need to be worn past this point.'

While in Brighton I mustered enough self-discipline to devote some spare time to compiling a folio of transparencies concentrating on Brighton sea-front: a fascinating place visually, summer or winter. However, my main difficulty was in getting used to using 35mm equipment again. Apart from the first couple of terms, all I used at college was 6x6cm or larger. Anyway, I ended up with what I considered was quite a decent folio. It was my intention to try and get something pub-

lished in the BJP. More of this later.

For a few months I worked as a photographer for 'Worldwide Press Services,' a new press agency being set up by Fleet Street journalist Fergus McKenzie. The first job was a feature about the history of the Indian soldiers who were hospitalised in the Brighton Pavilion during World War I. The piece was destined for The Times of India.

The second job was a speculative feature for the Mail on Sunday's 'You' magazine. I was asked to get some pics of a woman living in Brighton who was well-known for owning an unusual pet. It was a koati mundi, resembling both an anteater and a raccoon.

I decided that before I attempted any shots I'd try to win the confidence of both pet and owner. Getting to know the owner was no problem, but the koati mundi proved to be one big problem. I had been told that the only way to influence the animal's behaviour was to bribe it with bubble gum.

So there I was, sat on the toilet (lid down), chatting politely to this woman: I think the conversation was about her daughter's paranoia when in a crowd!. Suddenly I was aware of a large proboscis probing into my trouser pocket where, yes, you guessed it, I had put the bubble gum. Well, I whacked the animal on the snout, but unfortunately it retaliated by munching my finger (my shutter finger). Blood everywhere, I was trying my utmost to conceal the fact that my eyes were rapidly filling with water. It took me six hours to get the shots!

Although I had some fun working with Fergus McKenzie it was hard getting him to write the stories to go with the pics. This prompted my move to London. In January 1983 I moved to Finsbury Park, N7 and stayed with a friend John Tzeki To (an ex-Salisbury graphics

student). I chased any job that sounded interesting including one advertised in 'Campaign' for a press photographer working for Butlins. I must admit to being pretty hesitant at first but it was a job, at least.

The money was dreadful, £4000 pa plus food and lodging (the job was live-in). I considered that food and lodgings were worth an extra £40 per week, which brought the salary up to the equivalent of £6000, which I thought wasn't bad at all for my first 'salaried' job.

Of all the Butlins Holiday Centres, Barry Island was one of the worst. It had about as much life as a napalmed cemetery. But there I was on March 27th 1983 at the main gates. The first few days were awful and I almost didn't make it, but I persevered. After a few weeks I was actually starting to enjoy it. The job turned out to be very demanding, but very interesting. For twenty weeks I worked a minimum 12 hour day, six day week.

Basically the job entailed photographing the winners of all the sponsored competitions (the Milupa Baby Show, Miss She, Miss Heinekin, Knobby Knees, Miss 'Evening Wear,' Raleigh Burner and Corona Fancy Dress). Its too easy to poke fun at the whole Butlins scene and stereotype but let's face it, the people keep going there because they enjoy it – they have a ball. The job taught me how to handle every eventuality and personality.

All the photographs were accompanied by a press release and the pack would be sent to the local paper of the winner. In all I made approximately 1400 pages of contact sheets and 2500 black and white prints. This resulted in over 9000 column inches of free advertising for Butlins in the provincial press.

At the end of the season Barry Island hosted the first 'Festival of the Sixties' in which 30 'sixties' groups and

solo artistes performed over three days. There was P.J. Proby, Billy J. Kramer, Kathy Kirby, the Allisons and the Tremoloes, to name but a few. I had to do all the official pics for the press and consequently had quite a few of my pics in the national press (especially Sounds).

During the Festival of the Sixties I met the representatives of Butkins marketing consultants – Charles Barker Lyons of Holborn. They are one of the biggest PR companies around, handling accounts like American Express Europe. A month after I left Butlins I got my first freelance job with Charles Barker Lyons. The job was for American Express Europe and was in the Hague. It entailed photographing the delegates of a conference at a travel market and various banquets. One big dinner was in Queen Marguerita's Palace – it was quite an awesome task keeping one's composure under such imposing circumstances. My hotel was the old Opera House, and it was incredible to be driven to work in a bloody great American limousine.

It seems ridiculous, but I was paid more for 3½ days work in the Hague than I was paid for 5 weeks at Butlins. It sounds quite impressive getting jobs like that, but its important to realise that you might only get one a month.

I did that job at the beginning of October and I'm still hassling for the cheque. Big companies are the worst for paying up although they might pay good rates. It seems like the average national debt is about 10 weeks. That makes for a big cash flow problem if you're not careful.

My jobs at the moment include a possible album cover for the band Ekomé, a postcard for a local hotel and a brochure for a string of eight hotels.

I'm presently based in Bristol with a view to setting up a permanent studio. Thanks for the memories.

ALAN CAVE

1976-79

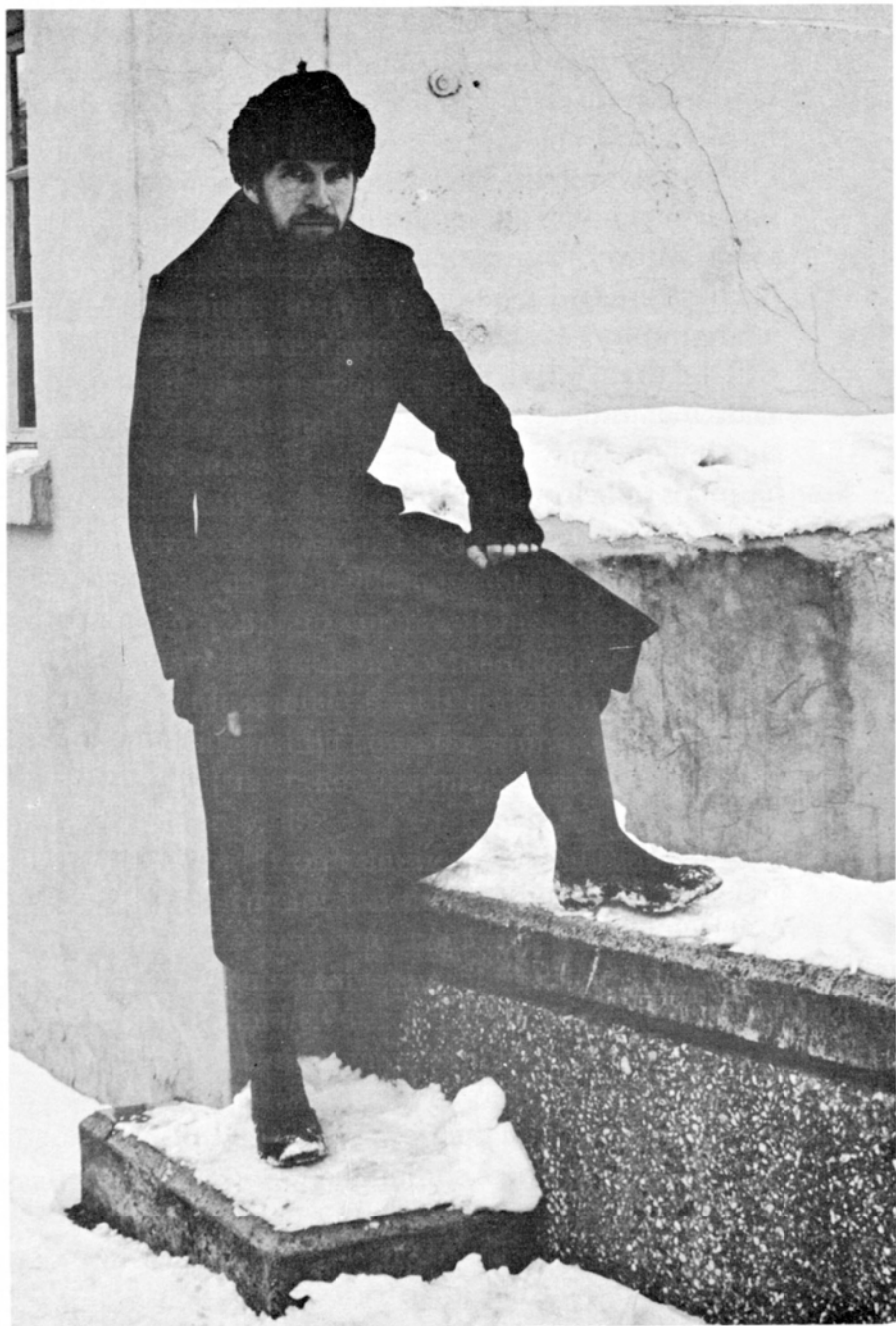
I have moved from PMH and I am now working in the Department of Histopathology at the John Radcliffe Hospital; who knows, maybe tomorrow the world!

There are two main aspects of this job: firstly photomicrography of histologically prepared slides, for which I thank Clive Kocher for making me so profficient at taking; and secondly photographing macro views of specimens from the post mortem room, which just happens to be round the corner from my office – well, a desk in a cramped little room!!

The best part of the job is making 'video nasties' of PM's in the morning to be shown to the medical students for teaching. This is amazing, the PM room some mornings is like the car lines at BL Cowley, six tables all being used at the same time, and me making videos of them. I wonder what Mary Whitehouse would make of it all?

The worst times to make them are just before lunch, or first thing in the morning after a heavy night on the beer. A marvellous way to cure a hangover.

Best wishes and regards to my year and the tutors.



George Duncan acting the part for Sophie Owen

GEORGE DUNCAN

Although George is not, strictly speaking, a member of the Photographic Department there can hardly be a student who has not, in their years at College, sought his advice and guidance on matters from script writing to job applications and from help in finding a suitable location for a shot to persuading him to act a part in a film.

When at University (Keele), George's main interest was drama. He studied Psychology and Philosophy (passing with Hons.) and during the four years spent much of his spare time working with the drama group, both directing and playing a variety of material. George could have easily pursued a career in the theatre had it not been for the somewhat uncertain and disruptive life style inherent in that profession, which he did not find so appealing.

Upon graduation George took up a post as research assistant in Education for a further year at Keele before moving to Medway College of Design as a lecturer in Complementary Studies.

George met his wife Charlotte at University, and they now have two daughters, Katie and Chloe, aged 13 and 11.

George is not saying exactly when he came to Salisbury, but he remembers well the good old days in New Street when much time was necessarily spent travelling about from one annexe to the others to hold classes.

George now spends more time with the photographic students than ever before, something which is entirely

to his liking. Seeing himself as something of an academic odd-job man, he enjoys helping to teach the broad spectrum of knowledge needed by photographers and using his considerable bank of, as he describes it, individually useless pieces of information to help students with their work. Something I am sure many will appreciate throughout their careers.

RICK CHILD

A lot of celluloid has passed through the gate since I last wrote!

I'm still with TVS in Brighton but have been doing a greater variety of work. Notably a 'comedy-sci-fi-soap opera-thriller' for Channel 4 called 'They Came from 'Somewhere Else.' Also went on a month-long trip to the States and Canada for 'The Real World' science magazine programme and 'Space Invaders,' a Channel 4 documentary about telecommunications in business.

Undoubtedly the most significant event in 1983 was the introduction of tape, ie electronic news gathering (ENG) instead of film. Nearly all news and feature items transmitted from TVS Maidstone studios are now shot on Sony 300 electronic cameras and recorded on Sony or Ampex video cassettes using Sony 110 or 50 recorders. (Probably means nothing to the majority reading this – perhaps the cost of an ENG outfit will impress – about £30,000 all told!). Looks as though the hire companies will be having a busy time as more and more ITV companies shoot their news on tape, in line with most of Europe and North America.

The changeover was really quite painless. Surprisingly easy in fact, since I never fully understood a Ron Graham lecture! An eight-day familiarisation course was all that was needed, and that included a day trip to Crete to test the gear out! No kidding – flew out in the morning – back just after teatime including 20 minutes at Heraklion airport. Can anyone beat this for the furthest ‘jolly’ in a working day?

I remember at college writing an essay on ‘The Future of Photography’ (1972–75). It now looks as though some of the things discussed have materialised. With an ENG camera you can correct for any colour temperature (virtually) at the flick of a switch. You can also ‘uprate’ the ‘speed’ of the tape at a flick of a switch too! Automatic exposure, electrically-driven zoom lens and self-threading recorders: all this seemed pie-in-the-sky in the early seventies. How long before tape is used in stills, and FP4 becomes a thing of the past? I foresee awe-struck grandchildren looking in disbelief when relating tales of sloshing things about in liquids in total darkness! I’d probably get locked up in the funny farm if I told them what used to happen in New Street!!

Enough said. Best of luck to anyone looking for a job – the only encouragement I can give is if you keep on trying long enough someone will get fed up and give you one!



Mike Campbell

Mike Campbell

Unfortunately travelling expenses wouldn't quite run to a personal visit to California to interview Mike Campbell but we thought you would appreciate this article which appeared last year in Ranch and Coast magazine (San Diego).

Author: Melody Martin

In Susan Sontag's formidable essay *On Photography* she correctly analyzes the profound impact that the camera has had, not just on individual lives, but on culture in general. She accurately perceives how the photographer "makes everyone a tourist in other people's lives, and eventually in one's own." Reality is confirmed by visual imagery, experience is enhanced, history is recorded. In short, instead of simply recording reality, photographs have become the norm for the way things appear to us, thereby changing the idea of reality and realism. There is little question regarding the allure of photographs as an irresistible form of visual esthetic, be it a family portrait or photographs of national or international impact. By the magnitude of ocular impact alone, the phenomenon of optical reproduction on film has seduced all of us into becoming image junkies par excellence.

And yet, there is an ironic contradiction inherent in photography. The camera is restricted to presenting objects in the real world, however, the camera has the ability to record things as the unaided human eye can never see them. The common denominator is, of course, the photographer, the person who chooses the manner of portraying reality to others. Herein lies the critical difference between "technician" and "artist." Anyone

can take a picture and develop the results for the public to ogle. The artist, on the other hand, must possess that creative ball of chaotic energy that allows him or her to vault into the abstract, be able to visualise the final result in advance by the intuitive knowledge of composition, to record his subject at the moment of deepest perception. Like all other forms of art, the photographer has the responsibility to provide a profound revelation of life that would go otherwise unremarked by the human eye.

Clearly Michael Campbell is one such artist who fully understands what Sontag describes as "the highest vocation of photography, to explain man to man." His panorama of portraits of the celebrated and famous is a veritable panoply of visual onslaught capturing the inner essence of such public figures as Dr. Jonas Salk, Princess Anne, Sebastian Adler, Francoise Gilot and John McEnroe.

Campbell is an Englishman by birth whose accent and wit still linger in him despite his three year residence in the United States. The thirty-six-year-old Campbell holds a master's degree in geology, which despite his passion for photography remains an obsessive interest with him. Campbell has authored a well-researched book entitled *Guide to Geology of the Scottish Hebrides*. After leaving university, Campbell went to work for Kodak in London as a research chemist in order to continue to train for the Mexico Olympics as the British high jump record holder. He had also reached national competition level both as a cricketer and a golfer. While at Kodak, Campbell wrote *From Flea to Fosbury*, "A Scientific Approach to High Jumping," another original work of non-fiction.

In 1971 he became a professor of photography at Salisbury College, and went to live in a two-hundred-year-old school house, located in a tiny hamlet, which he promptly converted into a house and studio. His neighbors at that time included world famous photographer Sir Cecil Beaton, ex-Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden, guitarist Julian Bream and violinist Iona Brown. He managed to photograph all of them in his converted school. Campbell's book on *Photographic Education* earned him the honour of becoming a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain.

Burdened by the existential restlessness of the creative artist's pursuit for new dimensions, Campbell moved to the United States in 1979 to work with the celebrated landscape photographer, Paul Caponigro, in New Mexico where they collaborated on a book about Stonehenge and other prehistoric stone circles of Great Britain. Subsequently Campbell moved to Pasadena where he worked as a portrait artist with Philip Charis before finally settling in San Diego, where he met and married Mia Doore, who is both a high-fashion model and makeup artist. Since his arrival in San Diego, Campbell has been selected as the official photographer for the symphony, and for the past two years has been commissioned to produce portraits of the Presidents of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce. In essence, Michael Campbell has established an impressive reputation firmly rooted in his varied and prominent background.

Imagine my surprise and no small amount of trepidation, when my publisher announced that Michael Campbell would be photographing my publicity stills for my current book. It had nothing to do with the creative process which all artists share, yet find difficult to exp-

lain, that caused my doleful dread. All of us, regardless of genre, search for a new seeing, a new image, a new insight. This search not only includes the object, but the in-between place place as well. You have to find a way to be yourself in your art. Since being a writer is wonderfully anonymous, the idea of being "captured" on film sent shivers of terror down my spine. To be frank, I am a photographer's nightmare. I hide behind my hair, keep moving so no one can get me in focus, and, if pushed, would describe myself as a frenzied mass of molecules run amok in a test tube. Hemingway said that the ultimate challenge is to achieve "grace under pressure." Clearly Campbell would find his testing ground with me. The stills for my first book had taken eight hours to shoot, and they had been terrible.

Campbell's studio is elegantly serene, peppered with myriad masterpieces of exquisite brides, breathtakingly beautiful children caught in their natural charm, sober admirals, families you wish you knew, famous faces utterly crystalized in their celebrated simplicity. I was captivated by a portrait of a cellist which looked like a Vermeer painting. His fashion photographs hung like testimonials to orchestrated perfection. And there I stood, an ironing board with rigor mortis. "So you're Melody. Jolly good, follow me," chirped this distinguished, handsome man whose eyes tattletailed his wicked sense of humor.

He plopped me in front of a white screen, stared at me for a minute like a museum curio, then suggested I "writhe about" in my "own fashion" as he talked non-stop, about what, I couldn't tell you, except to confirm that it was deliciously funny. Before I knew it, he was lying down, rolling over, bending to the side doing a tour-de-force of impressive acrobatics to the cacophony

of camera clicks.

I could feel my muscles distend into states of tone, despite my efforts to refuse “being natural,” which translates to my way of self perception as creating Exhibit A in the rogues’ gallery of Certifiabiles. His capacity to detonate my carefully constructed exterior, designed for distance, utterly disarmed me. Before I realised it, I had become an active participant in my own theater of the absurd.

“We are what we are” Campbell howled into the air as his agile body gyrated into unbelievable contortions. “And so we are,” I laughed back and simply joined in the fun of shedding the petrified pretense of inner beauty transcending exterior reality. Fran Lebowitz oozed her way into my frontal lobes, since I identify with her analysis of beauty: “Most of God’s children are, in fact, barely presentable. The most common error made in matters of appearance is the belief that one should disdain the superficial and let the true beauty of one’s soul shine through. If there are places on your body where this is a possibility, you are not attractive — you are leaking.”

Campbell caught me leaking out like sunny cellophane. How he did it still eludes me, though I know that nothing is ever quite as funny as the unintended humor of reality. I got my stills. My publisher is delighted. No question, Campbell won. I tip my hat to the artist who confirms Diane Arbus’ statement, “A photograph is a secret about a secret: the more it tells you, the less you know.” Ponder that one. I’m still trying to decode his artistic prowess, but the proof is in the prints.

Me voila.

The Peace Camp Book

photographic essay

by
Rupert A. Hopkins

Rupert Hopkins' book

**PRODUCED IN SALISBURY, ENGLAND
FOR WORLD WIDE DISTRIBUTION**

Typeset by Ian Anderson on Linotype-Paul CRTronic
in the Department of Fine Art & Graphics