



PURE NOSTALGIA

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

PURE NOSTALGIA

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

SIXTH EDITION

1985

EDITOR. IAN R SMITH

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Department Photograph Summer 1984

Letter from the Editor

Summer 1985

Three weeks to the end of term, and just three weeks to compile, print and post your sixth edition of *'Pure Nostalgia'*. In fact much of the work is done, with all your letters once again phototypeset for that really professional touch worthy of such literary masterpieces. Seriously, many thanks go to all who took the trouble to write, and even more to those who sent a subscription to the Old Students' Association. Now more than ever the production of this magazine relies on you. Happily, contributions both literary and monetary were generous, and we're in print again.

This September will see yet a further increase in our own numbers for the three year course. The scales have just tipped over the 100 mark, which is the largest group of full-time students since the department began in 1961. We are all pleased to be so popular, of course, but frequent nostalgic remeniscenses can be heard amongst the staff. "Remember when we just had 15 to a year, back in '69."

Not all of us can remember that far back, of course!

Our two ex-members of staff in the sun, i.e. Mike Campbell in California and Alan Knowles in Barbados, were rather backward in writing this year, so I decided to give Alan a call. Yes, telephone him and blow the expense; nothing is too much trouble for *Pure Nostalgia*. What a marvel of modern science International dialling really is. Yes, I know you're speaking to New York twice a day, but to me – well, I refuse to take it for granted. A few digits, a couple of clicks and there he was, "Hi, man." I could feel the heat! What is he up to? Well,

he's working very hard (or so he says). Those rum punches take some mixing – and lifting those glasses; the first one's OK but by the tenth...!

“The weight of the ice, man. That's what does it.”

With tourism and particularly boating being such big business, Alan and his brother have extended their house and jetty to provide refreshment and entertainment facilities for passing yachts. He has just joined a band called The Red Men (from the 'red legs', a name given to early Indian settlers from South America). Sounds like fun!

Mike I didn't ring. One miracle was enough for one night. In fact, John Bigglestone is in fairly frequent touch now that Mike is teaching in a college in California. A couple of his students and two of our third years are liaising on a joint project. As far as we know he is well and enjoying life.

Other items of news during the year are that Nicky Perry, our part-time tutor for several years, has now taken up a full-time appointment at Harrow. David Lloyd, ex-Bournemouth College, has replaced Jeff Gorbeck as our part-time business studies lecturer and John New, a commercial artist also part-time, has been with us now for two years providing an invaluable input on the creative side.

Mandy Edlin has now joined the ranks of our overseas students, having married an American serviceman and been whisked off to his home. We hope to have a letter from Mandy in our next edition. Meanwhile our very best wishes to them both.

Well, another edition is 'put to bed'. I hope you enjoy it, and please do write in with your contribution for next year. They are not only very welcome but are vitally necessary to keep the magazine alive.

Have a good year!
With best wishes to you all,

Ian Smith

CHRIS GRAHAM

1980 – 1983

My first year in the dizzy world of magazine production and publication seems, on the face of it, to have done me little good. For despite having had at least two months in which to write my contribution, I have still managed to miss the 1st March deadline. Let's hope that the £75 that I included for the 'benefit' of the Old Students' Association does the trick. It certainly should go some way to equipping Mr. Smith's ageing Triumph Herald with some new front wings. Remember, Ian, do it the *Practical Classics* way and you won't go far wrong – if you need any back numbers I'm sure that I can organise them at a very favourable rate.

I'm sorry to have to report that I was shocked, stunned and even dumfounded by the lack of response from our year in last year's *Pure Nostalgia*. So as a sort of feeble protest, I have decided to keep my entry this year to the bare essentials ...that will teach you all.

I'm afraid that this year has so far seen little development (old 1st year photographers' joke) in my plan for world-wide notoriety within this glorious profession of ours. I am still the photographer on both *Practical Classics* and *The Automobile*, although I am doing much more editorial writing these days. I have not been

abroad on location yet, nor have I met any really famous people (I did brush shoulders with Shaw Taylor at the British Film Institute one evening, and I did exchange pleasantries with Andy Olney at an exclusive little place I know in Clapham, just before Christmas). However, I have been to some really great parties and last Wednesday I had a McDonalds Quarter-Pounder with cheese for lunch, and went swimming in the evening.

I must say that watching *Top of the Pops* last week made me feel glad that I have been to Liverpool. One scene in the Barbara Dickson/Elaine Paige video features those two standing on a black and white chequered background ...stand up Mr. Mark Lyons, and take a bow.

A recent visit to the College with my trusty old buddy David Hitchcock (promising young BBC cameraman of the year) opened my eyes to the problems of overcrowding that you are experiencing there now – it must be absolute hell waiting for a cup of tea in the canteen these days. But you all hang in there and make the name of Salisbury College of Art great once again. The reputation of the place obviously took a tumble when we left, but do your best and continue to grind Blackpool into the dirt. Best wished to all and sundry.

P.S. Whatever happened to David Gibbons?

RUPERT CAKE

1977 – 1980

In deepest Dorset on the farm we are amidst the lambing season, which is always very hectic mainly because it seems that most ewes don't want to be the first to give

birth, so there is all the waiting and then a sudden blitz of lambs. 'Blitz' is, I think, a good word in this case as when the lambs start to arrive they seem to be dropping left, right and centre. As the new families are brought down off the hill to the buildings in the valley for sheltered accommodation, we (the humans) are dashing about trying to find a compartment for each family group (sometimes a ewe and three lambs). It is surprising how much water 200 sheep can drink: more than a gallon a day each, a lot of buckets when the pipes are frozen.

Old students who knew me most likely will not remember my work such as it was; however even as a farmer I still use a camera. Back in the autumn a group of neighbouring farm buildings were being converted to an expensive dwelling, so it was out with the camera and, after a chat with the builder, I would call in every few days to film the change. In January the work was completed and I sold a good number of prints – makes a change from lambing.

KIT HOUGHTON

1965 – 1968

1984 was certainly eventful for me. My major task was covering the equestrian sports at the Olympics and, being the only British equestrian photographer, I ended up covering for over a dozen magazines plus some of the National Horse Federations which meant working a 20-hour day for the first week and battling with Los Angeles



Summer Leavers 1984

freeways each day to work in the Main Press Centre, and then dashing across to the Hilton Hotel where the colour transparencies were transmitted to London by satellite at between 2 and 3 a.m. – and then back to Santa Anita racecourse for an 8 a.m. start.

It was certainly an experience not to be missed, but thank goodness the Olympics only happen once every four years. Other projects in '84 included illustrating both partly and completely five books on various horsey subjects, perhaps the most interesting of these being a book on the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery.

So far this year I have been in St. Moritz photographing polo on ice, spent a week touring Southern Ireland and shortly go on a trip to Palm Beach, Florida for more polo.

IAN KELSEY

1980 – 1983

Since leaving college on two weeks industrial release and never returning, I've been working at Hedges-Wright in Bristol, primarily as a printer but occasionally as a photographer. I've been to such exotic locations as the M25, and photographed such glamorous items as pickled eggs but I am, as I say, primarily a printer – after two years I think I'm getting the hang of it! Most of the stuff I print is for use on exhibition stands, and an average sort of size print is about two foot by 3 foot. I suppose the largest print I've done was a little 12 foot by 8 foot number which, just to complicate matters, had to be

sepia toned. Ever tried sepia toning a print that size? Not a lot of fun!

On the lighter side of things, I've just finished a 3,000, 8 x 6 print run - towards the end of it I was averaging 200 an hour - bit of a change from two a week (and that was in a good week!).

On the whole I'm having a good time, and satisfying any creative urges by taking sports photographs, and I'm waiting to hear whether I've got a freelance contract taking pictures at Horse Trials from March through to October.

Hello to everyone I know, and a big 'up yours' to everyone who thought I was too lazy to do anything without alcoholic incentive.

MARTIN EVENING

1977 - 1980

I have been working freelance for about a year now. I share a studio of about 2,000 square feet with another photographer.

There isn't too much I can say about my work at present - it's early days yet! However I was pleased to work with a group of hairdressers from Salisbury last week. They came to London to do the session and the pictures will probably be appearing in their salon (Blinkers) soon, maybe the *Salisbury Journal* too! My ambitions are to work for the top editorial fashion magazines, preferably abroad. I went to Italy last year and found the response to my folio more promising than anywhere else.

CHAS BAZELEY

1969 – 1972

Once again the time has come to conquer the natural reticence for which those at SCA from 1970 to 1972 will doubtless remember me.

Since my last letter (about 1982, I think), I have branched out somewhat from making ceramic sculptures and am now, amongst other things, designing and making robots with my partner Zac Manesseh; an example of our work being the 'Sievehead' robot on BBC1's *Saturday Superstore* programme. This, together with my fleeting appearance on the Noel Edmonds Live, Live Christmas Show last year – most people blinked and missed it, but it did get me away from the in-laws for Christmas morning! – has given us a taste for the limelight and we have now entered a 'Moving Display' team for the 1985 *Great Egg Race* series on BBC2, due for screening in the summer.

In the meantime, business as usual and the money carries on merrily rolling out. Fame, it seems, doesn't carry fortune in its wake after all. Still, you can't have everything!

On the home front Liz, my wife, is due to present the world in general and us in particular with a second small person in June, our first, James, being two years old in April; so our home near Colchester, Essex, is filling up fast, and my habit of swanning about the country, dropping in on unsuspecting friends, has almost become a thing of the past. Still nice to hear from you, though.



IN VIEW

DAVID PITT

Dunkirk was over, the Blitz was in full swing and it was a very good year for autograph books. It was a popular pastime amongst the young to collect signatures of the famous, like Miss Smith, who taught English and would do a natty verse with watercolour violets thrown in, or that lad up the road who knew those limericks.

So began my career, filling in on the cream page between Miss Smith and the naughty rhyme. Aeroplanes were my speciality; for a ha'penny you could have a lovely line in Spitfires shooting down Messerschmitts.

I never looked back. A natural progression took me from autographs to posters. Five bob a time from the local butchers' shop to the dizzy heights of painting a landscape on a large decorative mirror in a posh house in Streatham (Leonardo, eat your heart out) and so to Art College. It hasn't changed much! My goodness, was I talented, and did those tutors realise it? And did they understand when we needed to let off a little steam, like dropping fireworks through the skylight of the local baths into the wrestling ring below? Well, its all rigged anyway, isn't it?

So through four years of hard grinding study known so well to all art students, and then National service.

The Army asked me whether I'd like a home posting or not, and as I had a nice little girl friend at the time I decided to stay in England. My job at GHQ, Kenya, was looking after the stationery store. Pretty shrewd casting on the Army's part, this; pencils, paper, artist! Anyway I

soon discovered even Majors could be brought to heel if one restricted their map pin ration. So life was pleasant enough except for the CO's occasional habit of sending us all up-country to chase the Mau Mau (local dissidents, a bit like new age gypsies but with dark complexions and big knives). We weren't very good at this, and the Mau Mau, playing at home, as it were, usually faded long before we arrived. Happily therefore, I didn't shoot much, except with a camera, a 35mm Finetta, which most of you won't have heard of, and in the GHQ darkroom I first discovered the magic of b/w printing.

Arriving back in England I noticed how fast people scurry around and how worried they look. In Africa people relax better (if well fed). However, a few weeks on the dole and a few fruitless interviews got me reverting to type, but I was lucky and soon found myself a job in a small ad agency for £7 a week. Time moved on and so did I, through various agencies and accounts: cars, cookers, drinks, sweets, toys, magazines, aircraft and so on. This was the age of the Beatles, the swinging sixties, Mary Quant and Carnaby Street.

Working in ad agencies can be fun – it has been described as 'the most fun you can have with your clothes on!' Well, perhaps not, but the people, many of whom are maniacs, do make for an interesting day. Like the art director who, on receiving his digestive biscuit and coffee (courtesy of the company) from the trolley lady each day, with a short run-up would hurl it out of the window. For a short period, Digestive hurling above the Haymarket became quite popular, but, like skateboards, it faded. I'm not sure why; perhaps it was the crumbs all over drawing boards when someone missed the open window. It wasn't all games, though; campaigns, client presentations, trying to grab an extra

1/2% of the market from the opposition meant that one had to work hard, sometimes very hard, and old art directors don't exist.

So, pushing on up the ladder, I noticed one day an ad asking for someone to do graphics at Salisbury College of Art. Well, why not? Nice long holidays, see more of the wife and kids, easier than advertising. I could do it for three or four years and then drop back into the ad game.

All that was nearly eighteen years ago, and now I find myself more and more concerned with photography and less with graphics. Photographers are more sensible, mind, and I do have relatives in the business. In fact my grandfather (an early photograph of him as a young man accompanies this article) used to help Fox Talbot with his calotypes.

JULIA MIGDOL

1975 –1978

Do you know, ten years have passed since leaving Salisbury and every year Ian Smithy has been promised my memoirs – here we are, just before Halley's comet arrives to destroy the world. A quick joke first: a man came home to find his wife chopping up snakes and a very small man. "Oh, no," he moaned, "Not snake and pygmy pie again!" I like it. While still on the subject I must congratulate John Bigglestone for finding love and marriage in a perfectly wrapped package – far and away the best bit of studying he has accomplished recently. Actually, if it were not for the likes of John and Ian, I

might not have lasted a full year at the college because, primarily, I was dragged into it by a certain Miss Phillipa Awdry whose ambition was to become a possible Mrs. David Bailey. I was not quite on that level and she used to attend all the technical data lectures while I watched television – far more entertaining for an alien from Kenya, where the limit at the time was three half-hour comedies a week. Phillipa would fill me in later, of course, but common sense was more prevalent to my mind for the practical use of a 35mm camera and, having an exceptionally good one at home, all I needed was an expert eye for composition. But don't panic, the year was very enjoyable and certain pieces of extreme importance were impregnated into an almost-genius, rah-rah-rah.

Back in Nairobi, I took a secretarial course just to smooth out the edges of becoming a lady and became one of the most sought-after social photographers, apart from being the official race-course snapper of owners leading in their winners. Must have lasted for a few years, but being a total sap for business, never really made any money out of the game and so, when the prices of processing, etc. shot up to gastronomical levels, I faded out slowly and now only do special contracts. In the meantime I worked in about twenty different places as secretary, a car saleswoman, a disc jockette and even contemplated becoming a doctor, which led to gaping at major surgery, not a pretty sight, believe me. Finally I managed 18 months in a travel firm as a PA to a highly erratic man and each day was a total riot – he says I was driving him to drink but he started long before I arrived! We actually parted on a 'devoted' note and I opened up a new business in the health line, making invalid cereals, meaning that anyone could

have them but diabetics and coronary subjects could also indulge. It took off slowly so the recipe was slightly modified and now it is the rage. In fact, it has grown too much for one fragile lady to cope with so it is being sold next week and someone else can do all the making of it. I shall simply market it and carry on more seriously with horse racing – thinking of becoming a fully-fledged professional jockey since our own jockey fell off and broke his neck. Previously I had been a mere amateur, which means no money; it does not categorise it as any lesser and they can ride every week in five races as opposed to every month in one. Got it? Two escaped lions were walking along the seafront at Blackpool and one said: “Not much of a crowd for a Bank Holiday.”

Socially I am totally useless – out at a good dance about four times a year and madly in love with someone, platonically, no less – I did not hear the news flash about Queen Victoria being dead, you see. My glitter is twice a week at the roulette tables, someone has to keep the Casino in business but, for all those still at college, don't follow my example – I just happen to be particularly brilliant, still poor but happy. God bless you.....

ALAN CAVE

1976 – 1979

When last I enlightened you all to my exploits both fair and foul of the happenings in the hospital environment, especially in the nurses' homes of PMH, many things have moved to change all that.

Initially I moved to Oxford, that great seat of learning, and came face to face with all that is bad in medical photography, namely the head of the photo dept. He apart, I thoroughly enjoyed my time at Oxford.

By now the tension is mounting, what calamity has struck our intrepid hero, to have taken him away from the warmth and security of the nurses' home? In a word, my career. It took a dramatic upward turn for the better from May '84, when I was appointed Lecturer in Photography – Medical at West Bromwich College.

Oh, those halcyon days of being a student are returning to me now as I watch our students and settle myself into this academic role. Only I can't help feeling we as students ('76) appeared happier, gained more from college than most of these students, but then again we did put more effort and graft into our work!

Monday mornings I remember, struggling in for morning tea-break and then having to work like hell to make up for lost time (especially in the Summer term), and the many joyful greetings of Mike Fitton being able to easily recognise the 'Workers' from the 'Shirkers'. Thursday afternoons as we came *en masse* to the Lecture Theatre to have imparted to us pearls of wisdom from IKR, IS, AK, MF, that now are regenerating themselves in my conscious thoughts as I prepare myself for the student inquisition, be it in a lecture or to guide a student in practical photography.

Those long sessions lounging towards the back of the theatre with Mark Owen (he went off to read English & Philosophy at Sussex University) informing me of his latest bird or con trick he'd pulled; I think it was during this time I manifested my keen desire for women and ill-gotten money. We also discussed the grand life of being a college lecturer, the long holidays, only having to

lecture for 45 mins. a week, just the life for students to follow.

Well, I'm going to blow the myth – it isn't all long holidays and locking yourself away in the darkroom with the fairest student to see what might develop! No, it's hard, long hours preparing lectures and schemes of work, setting and marking exams long into the night. At times I wonder why I ever left the NHS; gone are the nights of partying into the small hours, arriving at work next morning and locking yourself into the print room for a recuperating snooze, definitely gone.

I wouldn't change it for a minute, though.

All is looking good on the 'western front', with the college sponsoring my attachment to the Education Faculty at Wolverhampton Poly to study for my Certificate of Education – more hard work, but with a worthy result at the end.

Hope all from Sept '76 are still enjoying life as much as I am.

SIMON O'HARA

1978 –1981

Well, here I am in Swindon working (oops, that's a bad word!) with young offenders and underprivileged kids. I'm what's known as a Project Worker; there are two of us and 95 kids.

We do have a darkroom but I'm afraid I have to be tranquilised before I get dragged in there. We also have a video workshop which deals mostly in camera techniques and repair jobs – “Simon, why won't this camera work, I mean, I only dropped it twice?” The pay

is O.K., but the town is the pits, I must admit. If you are in the area please drop in, but beware, the kids round here are rough and dangerous – don't wind your windows down to ask for directions! Must bring them to college for a tour sometime!

MIKE FITTON & NEW TECHNOLOGY

As from September this year I'm moving to higher things in the college (up to Room 403) to start a new 'Image Technology Unit'! George Duncan always insists that these days it only takes four sentences for me to convert a conversation on any topic to that of computing. Well, there's no need for me to be so devious now.

In keeping with trends in industry, the new unit will have the latest 16-bit micros (Apricots) and, as well as the usual peripheral facilities, they will be coupled up to electronic Paint Boxes for computer graphics, and two- and three-dimensional design. All the micros will be connected to the CRTronic phototypesetter and, of course, there will be all the latest word processing and text & image mixing facilities. We've started work on some image processing and hope in the first year to look at applications within the college for computer-assisted design and computer-assisted manufacture (CAD/CAM)

The unit will service all departments within the college, and I hope that I can count on the help of all past students to send me any information on their work in this area. Should you be in or about Salisbury, please pop in for a chat and a look round the new unit. If there is a particular interesting computer application that you would like me to see, I could arrange a visit to you.

DOMINIC FONTANA

1981 –1982

Since leaving the College in the summer of 1982 much has happened to me career-wise. My first taste of the big wide world of professional photography was a long period on the dole. Very dull and dispiriting, so I used the time to work on a number of non-profit projects with the aim of making my CV more impressive (not difficult).

I was offered the chance to photograph some paintings for an art gallery that were to be used in the catalogue for an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in Rome. No money, but good fun. At the same time I was putting together an exhibition with some other artists, photographers and designers to show at a gallery here in Portsmouth. This show was done to a good standard but at very low cost.

My second stroke of luck was to get the chance to work as a volunteer in the photographic department at the Mary Rose Trust. This was basic b/w developing and printing, still no money. I joined the Royal Photographic Society and prepared a panel of photographs for a licentiateship, which I got in 1983. At the same time I worked on my portfolio to get it into presentable state. It was just as well that I had done this as the Mary Rose photographer was offered a cine job, so there was a photographer's job going. I applied, was interviewed, and got the job.

The photographic work at the Mary Rose is very varied, including scientific, industrial, documentary, press, PR and museum and exhibition display. My department is not all that well equipped, but it seems to

be OK to meet most of the demands (any freebies gratefully received). I take a lot of pictures: in 1984 I took around 10,000. This gives many other problems that are not directly photographic. We have an information retrieval system for the photographic archive (currently 50,000 pictures) which works very well, but needs a lot of time filling in computer cards.

I have had the opportunity to do a lot of very exciting work. I have photographed Prince Charles on two occasions, and many other dignitaries from Lords to Lord Mayors. In the first months of 1984 Kodak approached the Trust to produce an exhibition of photographs; I very much enjoyed the planning and execution of this. It opened at the Kodak Gallery in London, then went to the Royal Photographic Society in Bath and is currently at the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich.

There have been a number of other major projects which I have been involved in. Firstly there is our own museum in the dockyard in Portsmouth, and secondly there is a major exhibition of artifacts and photographs of the Mary Rose put on by the National Geographic Society in Washington, U.S.A. Lastly is the new souvenir book for our museum, which will be published in early summer 1985. I am totally amazed by the amount of work and organisation that is needed to put such a book together.

As to the future? I don't know what I shall do. I think I would rather work in museums than in photography directly.

I hope all those who were at SCA when I was there are having a good time and much luck. If anyone wants some *unpaid* (sorry) work in Portsmouth, please contact me at The Mary Rose Trust, 48 Warblington Street,

Portsmouth PO1 2ET, telephone 0705 750521
Extension 39.

CHARLIE LYNE

1968 -1970

The past year has been one of relatively great change for myself and my family. Nearly a year ago I changed my job, from designing with silicon chips to designing silicon chips. I now work for Plessey Semiconductors in Swindon doing extremely interesting work on the next generation of chips. The change of job necessitated a change of house* and on top of all the upheaval that entailed, Barbara has just given birth to our third son, Edmund.

Best wishes to all PN readers, especially those old-timers from about the late sixties.

*Holmcroft, Horcott Road, Fairford, Gloucs GL7 4DD

PETER BRYENTON

1973 – 1976

Junk mailing has a familiar look about it, as those of you who fill in reader-enquiry cards will know. I can hit a wastepaper bin at any hyperfocal distance you care to set and have long since perfected the double rebound (filing cabinet, notice-board, bin). It was with some relief that I rescued the latest issue of *Pure Nostalgia*; after all, I am paying for it.

I have been reading the magazine with passing interest. I look directly at the authors' 'dates' with the practised manner of the car driver who, upon recognising a similar model to his own, looks for the registration letter on the number plate in an attempt to find some comfort about the age of his machine. I have not found many contemporaries and therefore feel quite justified in writing this so that you too, reader, may understand this empty feeling. Am I simply another name and date which fails to jog your memory?

I traded in the evil-smelling, simple dip-and-dunk darkroom dungeons for the clean complexity of video. You just change the technical jargon and mumbo-jumbo. For example, 'grain' becomes 'noise' and 'over-exposed' becomes 'white-clipped'. But, and here is the common ground, photons and electrons are still flying around the place and Sod's Law is still turning your best efforts into cock-up.s At college we were mostly perfectionists; infuriatingly so. Here, good old Auntie Beeb merely insists on technical excellence within the constraints of time and money ("Do it again, or we won't pay you").

The urgent, world-changing thrust of those exciting student days has been tempered by children and marriage (not necessarily in that order). Employers seem to like this; it gives them the opportunity to use lots of management jargon like 'maturity' and 'stability' when they are giving you a telling-off for being late.

The sight of my precious Nikkormat in lots of small, seemingly unrelated pieces would have made a strong man weep. Since I am not strong I did not cry very much. Watching a time-served BBC craftsman skillfully remove the faulty components reminded me that the camera was over ten years old and had given me splendid service in spite of a certain lack of loving care and attention. The same is true of my Diploma, which has seen me through countless job applications and two redundancies.

I hate computers. The first course I did had micros which only talked in OCTAL. This is sums to the base eight and a quick calculation reveals that if you cut off both thumbs you are well-equipped for counting their way. Unfortunately the next course required a complete understanding of binary. Since this is sums to the base two, you just cut off all your fingers and use your thumbs to count on. Easy, isn't it? Of course, working the keyboard can become tricky.. I was upset to discover that someone at SCA has our names and addresses 'on file', as they say. A total stranger ("You don't know me") rang me up at home with the stunning revelation that I lived at Stratford-on-Avon (TRUE) and used to go to Salisbury College of Art (TRUE). At that point I declined to further the relationship with all the tact and diplomacy I reserve for double-glazing salespersons.

I like the title *Pure Nostalgia*. The difficulty in writing for such a chronologically-separated readership is that

cracks like “Donna: I hope your body is in as good a shape as the Nikkormat you sold me” mean so much to me, a little to those who knew me, money in the bank for Donna’s lawyer and nothing at all to those of you who know neither of us. Still, the magazine lives only through the efforts of those who make the effort. I have done my bit; if you don’t understand a word of it then write something yourself. We shall then have met through the power of the printed word.

LANDSCAPE IN BRITAIN

photographs by Charlie Waite
commentary by Adam Nicolson



Charlie Waite's latest book



A F A E P WINNERS 1985:

Alistair Rowe Phil Melia Mark Rogers

Adrian Burke Mike Whitestone

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HUSBAND AND WIFE IN STUDIO 1 VENTURE

STUDIO 1, Barnstaple's newest photographic business, is the product of two years' planning by the husband and wife team of Louise and Mike Southon. Both have worked on a professional basis for many years in the photographic industry. Louise has worked as a studio manager and Mike as a professional photographer. Their venture into a joint business was the result of a long-term plan to combine their skills and experience. The couple have invested in a well-equipped studio in the High Street, Barnstaple, which is now open for business. The studio offers a wide range of services, including wedding photography, portraits, and special occasions. The couple are confident that their joint venture will be a success.



MICHAEL AND YVONNE (left) Mike Southon, Centre, Louise Southon, far right and Louise Southon, far left, in the studio of their new venture.

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ANTHONY DAVID BAILEY

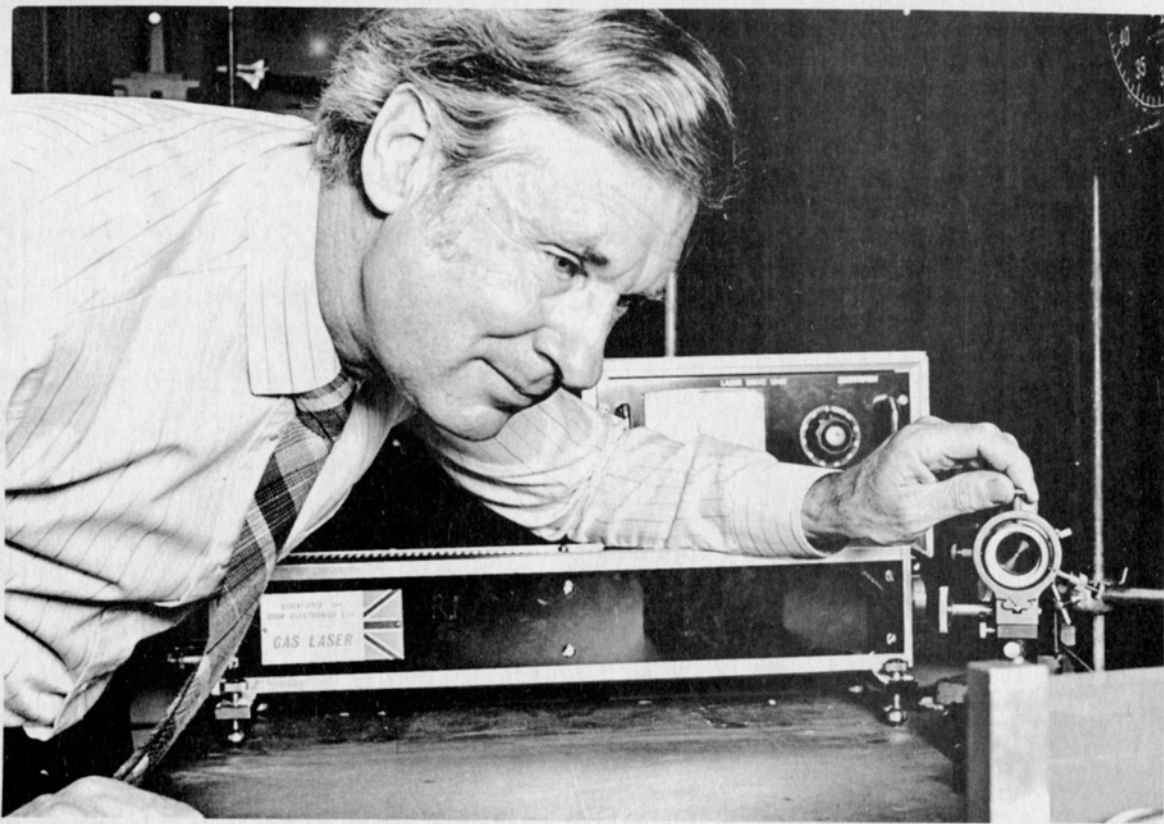
OBITUARY

It was on a Friday morning not many weeks after we had returned from the summer vacation that news reached us of the death in a car accident of 'Dave' Bailey (1979-82). Dave had been working for a local film company and was returning home from an assignment when the accident happened just outside Wilton.

He had left college two years earlier and, having worked for a time as an assistant with Jeff Gorbeck in Southampton, had only recently secured a job working in film production.

At college we will remember him for his good humour and very real enthusiasm for the subject. We believe he enjoyed his years at college, and his parents, the Rev. and Mrs. Bailey, asked at the time of the funeral that in place of flowers any donations should be made to the college that something may be bought in his memory.

The funeral was held in a tiny chapel in the village where his parents live in South West Wales. It was a bright autumn day on the scenic Welsh hillside, and I was pleased to be able to represent past students. Whilst of course it was a sad occasion, his family and friends took comfort, I am sure, in the knowledge that he had found the satisfaction of working in a career of his choice.



Photograph by Louise Fry

IN VIEW

CLIVE KOCHER

Although not quite one of the original founder members of the department, Clive has certainly been part of it since the early days. In fact teaching photography could almost be regarded as a second career for Clive, having completed a 20-year flying career in the RAF before joining the college in 1970.

Clive's interest in photography developed during the early 50's, mainly as a result of his wife, Jean. In those days she worked as a secretary to one of the Kodak directors and was able to obtain Kodachrome at a very competitive price! Serious photographic education began in 1962 on posting to the Officers' Specialist Photogrpahy course at Wellesbourne Mountford, near Stratford-on-Avon, later moving to Cosford. In fact he was one of the first photographers to be trained at Cosford, now established as the main training centre for Service photography. Subsequent postings included low-level Photo Reconnaissance, flying with No.17 Squadron (Canberra PR7) based in Germany,. also several years as a Photographic Trials Officer at Boscombe Down. The work included the initial trials on Aerial high-speed Ektachrome, Infra-red False Colour and the testing of the camera systems on the maritime Nimrod. He was also responsible for the camera testing for the ill-fated TSR2, which would have included some of the very first photography at supersonic speeds.

Association with Salisbury College of Art began in 1969 when, attending as a part-time student, he passed

his IIP final in Scientific and Technical photography. Soon after, in 1970, he was appointed to the teaching staff to work with Ron Graham on day-release studies and general S & T work. One of Clive's earliest students was a young medical photographer by the name of Ian Smith, at that time working at Poole General Hospital! Clive's main area of responsibility continued to be with day release until 1983, when the courses finished.

Since 1975, in partnership with Ian Smith, Clive has been running weekend courses on photography for Bristol University.

His strong interest in Photomicrography developed in the early days with Ron Graham, and he now has a modest collection of old microscopes and microscope slides. He has been successful in resurrecting a number of colourful Victorian techniques and relating them to modern colour photography. The creative use of polarised lighting and Rheinburg Illumination helped him achieve an RPS Fellowship award in 1980 in the Pictorial Photography section, and to put on one of the first exhibitions to be seen at the new RPS centre at Bath in 1980. Several of his microscope pictures have been published, including a picture from a hypo crystal in the 1984 Photography Year Book.

Clive has been associated with the teaching of holography for many years, and is particularly interested in its use as a realistic recording medium. Earlier this year he put on the first exhibition of Museum Holography to be seen in Britain, at Salisbury Museum – holograms of historic objects to be viewed as an alternative to original pieces. His work has also been exhibited at various other locations, he has published papers on holography and is currently engaged in research work leading to a PhD degree – in fact following in the footsteps of former

colleague Ron Graham, who gained this qualification in 1975. Yet another activity to help keep him out of mischief is his position as Secretary of the RPS Holography Group, which he helped to establish in 1983.

CATHERINE PINFIELD

1981 - 1984

It seems ages ago since college finished as so much has happened. As you see from my address, my abode is in Geordieland , where the wind blows perpetually very cold and where the accent is so naff I still have trouble interpreting a true local after five months!

What am I doing in this corner of the country, you may ask? I think I wrote to every TV company in the country and Tyne Tees actually bothered to write back, give me a couple of interviews, and a job! I am at the moment training as an assistant film editor, including ENG editing (electronic news gathering), though hopefully the training will be finished at the end of this month.

I am really enjoying the work, though the initial move up here and settling down in a strange place by myself is not something I would like to go through again too soon; in fact I nearly packed it in and went home!.

Tyne Tees is *the* TV station that brings you The Tube, Razzamatazz and Supergran (oh no!) and also various other gems that you in the TVS region are not subjected to. Seriously, it's not a bad company to work for at all as it is forever expanding and the production level is rising, which means I won't be out of a job, for the time being, anyway!!

The programmes I have worked on so far are: 'Operation Julie' (a drama about a true 1978 LSD drugs bust) due out in the spring, I think; 'The Tube', where syncing up sound and vision of bands with no clapperboards is a bit of a headache, especially if two or more cameras are used!! – and 'Northern Life', the local news programme, done on ENG.

At the moment I'm working on a local consumer magazine called 'What Would You Do?', a sort of watchdog type thing. A recent example of the more humorous side of it was when a pregnant woman with a broken leg wrote in to complain about some men who'd ripped her kitchen lino, without mentioning it after, when mending her fridge. The Tyne Tees film crew went round to interview her and had to move her cooker out of the way so they could film her, crutches and all. They made an even bigger hole in the lino doing this which didn't go down too well! The first 'What Would You Do?' went out recently, only to have an irate shopowner phone up and say he was going to sue the producers for whatever it was. It's just one of those programmes, I think!

I wish I could say I haven't made any mistakes, but I can't, in fact I broke the first rule in the TV company book – going through a red light into a control studio while transmitting! This is absolute sacrilege. Most Fridays, though, I do sneak into the infamous Studio 5 to see who's on 'The Tube' although some of the less-shy stars can be seen in the company canteen beforehand.

Well, I think I'll have to finish this now and I hope it will give you an insight into my life since college. "Hello" to everyone at college and also "Hello" to any fellow 'old students' who might be reading this. It's just occurred to me that some people might wonder why I've

got this job and not, for instance, a scientific photographic one. Well...it's at the end of the day, when I've finished syncing up a big roll of delicate reversal film and the centre core decides to fall out, letting all the film cascade onto the floor from the centre out – that I wonder as well!

RICHARD SMITH

1968 –1971

I was working quite happily for a research association, and had been for ten years, becoming more and more indispensable, when I was made redundant. I had got wind of this: the shredder was in my office, and my workmate had spent an entire evening sticking bits of paper together to tell me of this a week before I was summoned into the boss's office. I could hardly keep a straight face as he told me how much I was going to get!

A month previously I had bought an offset litho machine, and was all set to build up a paying hobby. I suddenly found myself self-employed, but luckily all my previous customers followed me, so the only difference was that I didn't have to travel to work! Our house is blessed with a huge basement, the printing press is in the room under the two living rooms, and I built a darkroom under the kitchen and hall. I am in the process of building a workshop under the darkroom now, to house my big hammers and crowbars (I mend my machines with these as I can't afford the proper mechanic!).

So, eighteen months on, I am a jobbing printer, but still keep my hand in with photography.

An ad in a local give-away asked for a freelance, so a couple of hours a week I search out scoops. I also work for another paper in the group, *Blades News*, the supporters' paper for Sheffield United F.C. The only trouble is that football is one of my least favourite things, but at least I give signed photographs of the players to prospective customers.

I still do proper photography: last week was spent in Derbyshire taking snaps of barbed wire and stock fencing; before that I had a load of spoons and thimbles to photograph. Quite a few of my friends are captains of industry in Sheffield, so I get a variety of work, which certainly makes a change from just photographing bits of glass, the bulk of my work with the research association.

My wife Jane and I had a son last year, he'll be one year old soon. I am trying to get him interested in my work, but he just chews my cameras and dribbles over the finished work. I suppose he'll learn, though.

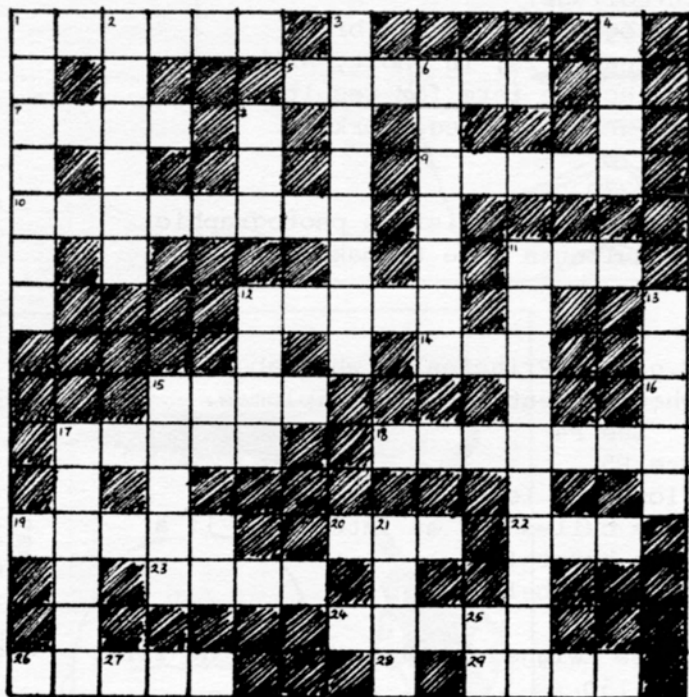
I often think back to my days at college, the incident with the bomb on the grotesque Hepworth sculpture in the Cathedral Close, the '58 hours of continuous music' party at Whiteparish, river-walking from our flat in Churchfields, going to JB's house in the sticks in the middle of the night to tell him we couldn't do our homework for the next day as it was along walk back to Salisbury, and the incredible rhubarb stews we had at Coombe Bissett, and Bob Riddle's confusion of the 'new' student, Pete Dewhurst with a wig on. I wonder if I'll tell my son much of what went on, like police-baiting, 'bombing' the Tech's football match when they wouldn't let us in the Rag Week, and having the park

cleared when we turned up one bonfire night with a highly explosive 'Angie' guy?

I hope to get to the next reunion and look forward to *Pure Nostalgia*.

my first picture cryptic crossword

by Ian Southwood.



Solution on back page

- for which we accept no responsibility!!!

THE CLUES

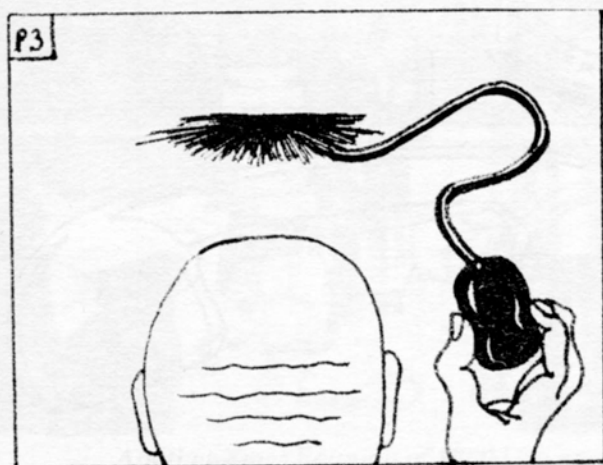
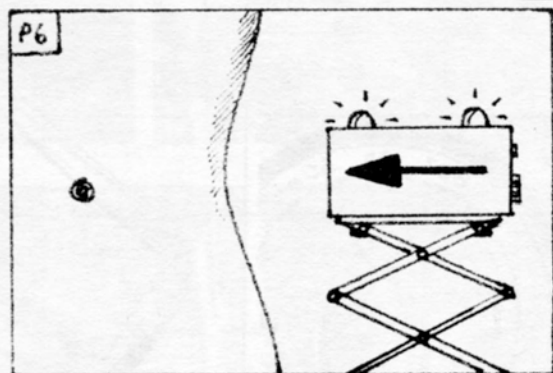
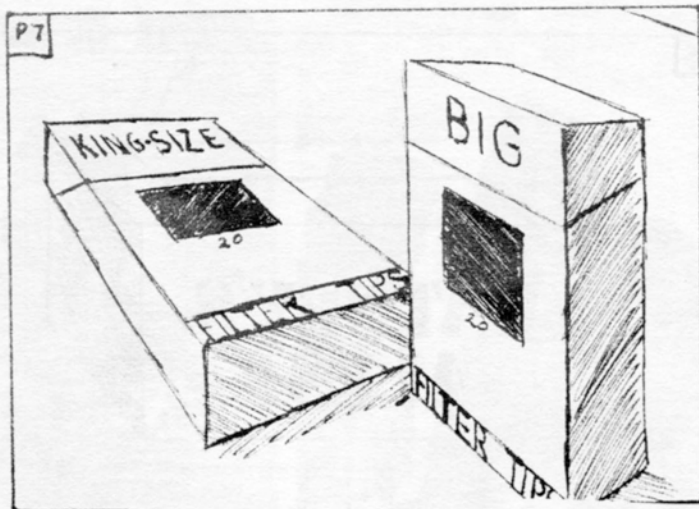
Across:

1. What students become at 4.45p.m.
5. See 15D
7. A meter for retouching?
9. See 17D
- 10,11D,19. See picture clue No P1
11. Lens' headgear?
12. See P2
- 14,18. See P3
15. What to give a dirty film.
16. Image conjugate.
17. Gordon's illuminating first name.
18. See 14A.
19. See 10A.
20. Sound often heard in photo department in college.
22. Photographers' break brew.
23. Luminance is, in short, Anthony.
24. Collective term for results of last six weeks' college work.
26. See 2D
28. 16A/27D
29. The sort of decisions photographic consultants have to make.

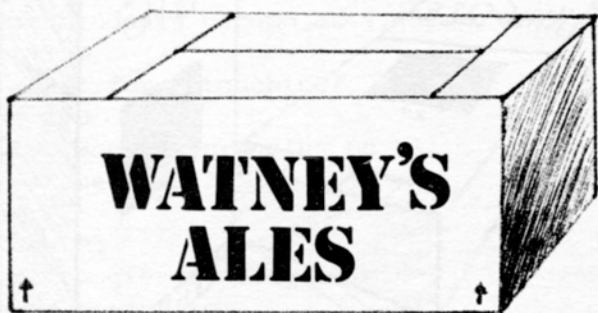
Down:

1. E.g. The Principal's whereabouts or when students receive diplomas.
- 2,26A. See P4
3. See P5
4. Flower in lens.
6. Only called for at interviews if a pipe bursts!
8. To carry bellows in?
11. See 10A
12. Moses twigged it when he saw the fire.
13. See 15D
- 15,13D,5A. See P6
- 17,9A. See P7

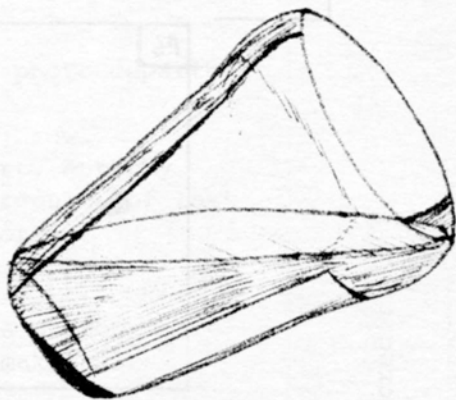
21. Fast lens?
25. Initial crossword credit.
27. Object conjugate.



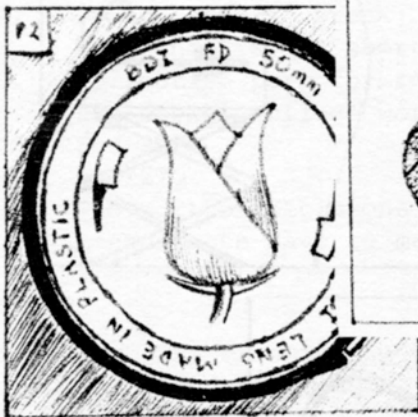
P5



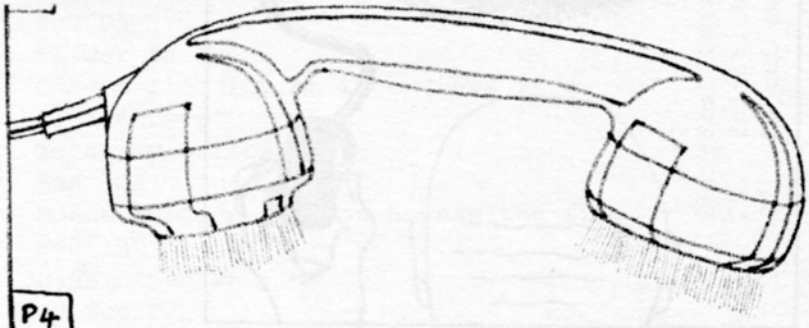
P1



P2



P4





Another Xmas Reunion of 1980 Leavers

LES BAKER

1977 -1980

During the past year I have twice changed my employment within the photo-finishing industry (the processing and printing of amateur films).

My first move from Quality Control Manager at the Downton laboratory of Colourcare to a position responsible for the whole UK regarding technical services and quality control, involved visiting each of seventeen laboratories on a regular basis. The laboratories, as far away as Edinburgh, Liskeard in the West, Deal in the East and two in London, service a number of Boots the Chemist photographic shops and independent chemists.

On a recent visit while driving to Edinburgh I kept up with some other cars (as suggested in the Highway Code) until we all got nicked for speeding through a radar trap. Still, one offence in a year at 3000 miles per month isn't bad really. Living in hotel rooms all week eventually became a chore, particularly when the job-satisfaction aspect disappeared. Even though I had a company expense account I never got used to dining on my own. Compare it to a situation where you book a table for two and the other person doesn't turn up!

I had shared accommodation in Salisbury with David Bailey (not *the*) and heard of his death in a car accident when I was working in London. A sad loss, particularly as he really enjoyed his television work for the BBC. My own driving, after speeding everywhere, improved overnight.

I made a point of visiting as many places of interest as possible while at each laboratory and consider this was one of the best 'perks' of the job. On a week-long holiday

after working in Edinburgh I toured Scotland, well, some of it, and Yorkshire.

I've been skiing twice in the last year and really enjoyed it. Didn't break any bones, but this winter was the coldest. The resort was -24°C when we arrived and dropped to -33°C that night. We had to ski in temperatures between -12°C and -20°C depending on the altitude. Several people had serious frostbite in fingers and ears, but the apartments were as warm as required.

I'm now working in London since resigning my UK job, at a laboratory as Quality Control manager again. Usual groans about being over-worked and underpaid but it's enjoyable really.

Wishing everyone a successful year ahead.

STEVE ROLLS

1981 - 1984

I left college in June '84, started my new job in July, and have been there ever since. I am working for Derek Gardiner at his studio in Worthing as third photographer. We cover all sorts of industrial, commercial and advertising projects for companies in the south eastern part of the country. You might have noticed that Derek has been winning one or two awards recently.

Although hectic and fraught at times I have had quite an eventful and enjoyable time. Derek could be described as one of the Great British Eccentrics of our times; in other words he can be an absolute crackpot at times and is most of it. The times that I have assisted him on location could be compared to the situation comedy '*Faulty Towers*', with Derek taking the starring role of Basil Fawlty, and muggins here playing Manuel.

One morning I came into the studio, which was occupied by clients and art directors, Derek said to me, "I need your hand for a shot." "Fine," says I.

"Yes, but I need to show some shirt cuff as well," replied Derek (good, eh?).

"So?" I said.

"Well, I think I'll use your hand and my shirt. Quickly. Here, put my shirt on," replied Derek.

So, with a bemused audience, Derek swapped shirts with me (ugh!) and proceeded to photograph my hand while stood there in his string vest (not a pretty sight). Although the women in the studio at the time had nothing to do with the shot they were a captive audience. This is nothing unusual for Derek. There was a time we were shooting some models on Brighton beach; it meant going into the sea, so Derek decided to change on the beach in front of this poor model. She didn't know where to look, come to that, neither did I. Another time Derek noticed a rusted and twisted fire hydrant whilst driving along one day, so he stopped his car in the middle of the road, got out, lay down in the middle of the road and shot this thing. Because he had quite simply just stopped the car there was something of a traffic jam! Anyway, I am pleased to report that he has gone to China for a month on holiday.

Anyway I will not bore you with the other hundred and one nutty things Derek has done. At the moment I have certain plans that I am looking into and in the next issue I hope to report some exciting news. Until then I bid you a very eccentric goodbye.

ROBERT JACKSON-MEE

1979 -1982

Well, its been over 2 years since my last entry and, my God, it's just whizzed past! Continuing from where I left in it in January '83 (that is in bed with pneumonia for 6 weeks): I started work with Norman Gold's set-up, off Kensington High Street, in February. We were sometimes working 18 hour days during my precious weekends and I found it quite hard at first. The photography at the time was, although very clinical, of the highest standard that I have seen to date. For example, take a good close look at the Castrol GTX liquid engineering adverts.

Six months later two photographers, Chriss Bailly and Mike Galetly decided to leave Norman Gold and set up on their own, and I decided to go with them. During that year I managed to get to Morocco, South of France, spend a week on a 50 foot yacht around Corsica, 2 weeks skiing in Austria, and Alison and I went on a trip to Africa that was very similar, in nature, to our Far Eastern trip.

As for the future well, more skiing next week and then in 12 weeks we are off to Hong Kong for about three years. I am setting up a studio in the city and have managed to get my hands on a dinky little flat in Kowloon, also I am in the process of setting up a situation where I will be teaching advertising photography to the Chinese in Peking for about 1-2 days per week. They desperately need to know how to use lights and cameras in a field which is to them totally new in nature and principle. Lastly and most important of all, Alison and I want to go and stay in Mongolia for a while, just to shake the synth-

eticness of London advertising people out of our heads, so we can communicate to the true Chinese people on a level that they will both understand and appreciate. For those people that I won't be seeing before we leave, and are not coming on the surfing trip, I will say goodbye now. A message for Ian Phipps – thanks for that marvellous effort on New Year's Day and see you soon.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

Across:

1. Mobile
5. Finder
7. Spot
9. Packs
10. Eyesight
11. Cap
12. Bloom
14. Air
15. Wash
16. Y
17. Flash
18. Release
19. Glass
20. ZZZ
21. Z
22. Tea
23. Tone
24. Folio
26. Brush
28. M
29. Snap

Down:

1. Mystery
2. Blower
3. Lightbox
4. Iris
6. Diploma
8. Bag
11. Correction
12. Bush
13. Level
15. Waist
17. Filter
21. Zoom
25. Is
27. U

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