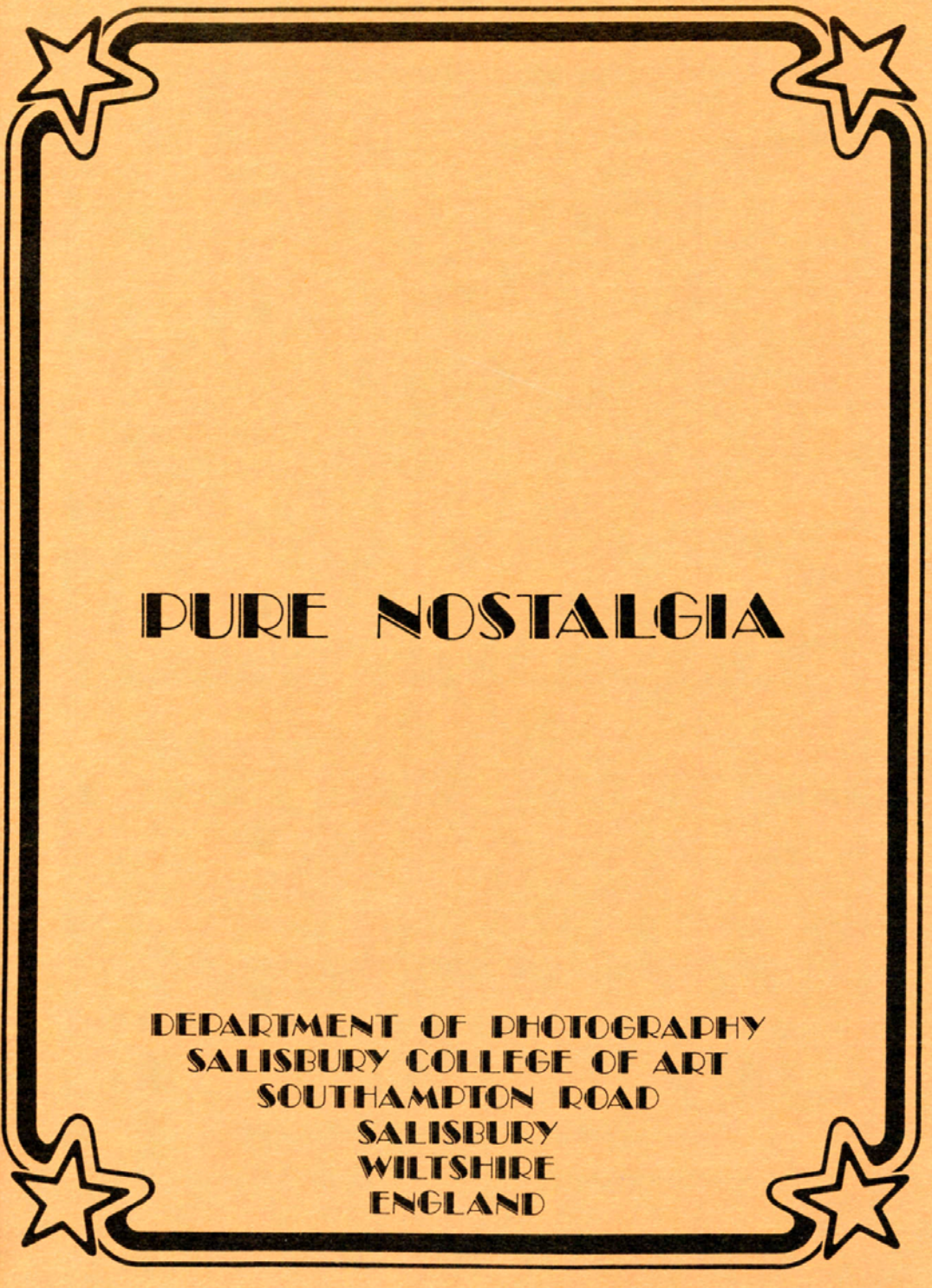




PURE NOSTALGIA

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

PURE NOSTALGIA

A MAGAZINE EXCLUSIVELY
FOR PAST STUDENTS OF
PHOTOGRAPHY

SEVENTH EDITION

1986

EDITOR. IAN R SMITH
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Group photograph, Summer 1985

Editorial

The first task when settling down to write the editorial for this magazine is to scan through some of the past copies for inspiration. As I read through my private and, of course, priceless set of these first (and last) editions, I realise how they have become not just entertaining reading but an important record of the department's history. Only six years out of 24 maybe, but with so many references to the early days they may well serve to refresh a blurred memory in times to come.

We certainly hope *Pure Nostalgia* will continue to flourish but can I take this opportunity of reminding you how much it depends on your support. Without your articles it would cease to exist, so do please keep in touch and write whenever you feel the urge. You never do? Well, write anyway.

It has been an exciting year in many respects for our department, with two major projects providing a very special interest for first and second year students. It would not be honest, though, to deny the effect that the continuing cuts in our education system are having. True, no axes have dropped in Salisbury, true we do better than many, but the pruning knife can, in time, do as much damage as the carver. With the number of hours we can teach students reduced, the fabric of the building being allowed to fall into decay and also the prospects of worse rather than better to come, morale amongst staff and students alike is sustained only with difficulty.

On a happier note, our achievements during the year. Entering the AFAEP, Fuji and Polaroid competitions has now become almost a regular annual event and I am pleased to report success well up to standard, with the

2nd/3rd year combined entry winning the top College prize. The first year students produced a superb educational show for school children with several performances to cope with the demand for tickets. The second year took on a new link with the Department of Photography at Gothenburg University as its year theme, with an exchange of exhibitions, education visit to Sweden in March and student exchange scheme starting later this year.

So, despite the problems we're still out in front and, with your help, looking forward to many more editions of *Pure Nostalgia*!

Very best wishes to you all.

Ian Smith

TIM LAWTON

1982–1985

After leaving college I came to live here in Denmark, the land of the breakfast beer and blonde-haired, blue-eyed beauties (the girls aren't bad, either). After a month or so I landed my first job which, believe it or not, was to do an exhibition for a greater Copenhagen county council. The subject was kindergartens, of which the council administers over 50 in its area. Fortunately I didn't have to visit all of them! Well, they say never work with children or animals, and after a few months I began to wonder if there was any difference between the two! Still, I had some fun, and it was really nice to be my own boss for a change.

Of course when the exhibition was finished, so too was the job, so it was time to start scanning the papers again. I had a list of Danish photographers from the Art Directors' Index (copied down at college) and I began ringing them to see if they had any vacancies. It's difficult trying to get a job in another country when you don't speak the language very much, as you might appreciate! Despite this I managed to get several interviews, of which one finally came up trumps about two weeks ago. So I'm now employed in a studio near the centre of Copenhagen. Most of the work is industrial and commercial, and we also make promotional films. Fortunately the photographer speaks excellent English so with my small knowledge of Danish we manage OK. It's not particularly my field, but at the moment I'm prepared to do anything for the money – well, almost anything!

Anyway. I'd better go off and practice my Danish again...

RAY MOWLAM

1981–1984

Well, I missed out on last year's annual due to circumstances beyond my control! But I thought I'd write a short 500 word essay for 1986.

This week finds me handing in my notice to my employers at St. James's Hospital SW12 because I've just got a new job as video cameraman for a small production company up in Finchley, North London. So, all you third years, if you want a job as Medical Photographer/Illustrator please send your applications

to the Senior Medical Photographer – there are two jobs vacant (or will be) as Mike my Basic Med colleague is also on the move.

Anyway, I thought I'd start a little *Pure Nostalgia* competition on who has the got the thickest boss. I won't mention her name, but one day she came in with her Canon A1 and said, "There's something wrong with it. The shutter speed and aperture readout keep going all funny."

So we said perhaps you need a new battery. So she said, "Aha, do you reckon its the 35–70 zoom lens using more battery power than the standard lens does?" I had to make a quick exit and burst out laughing in the loo.

She also broke two video recorders in one day by putting the tapes in backwards and slamming down the lids. There was also the time she told me to fill a new battery with distilled water and then wondered why it wouldn't work after a 24hr. charge, despite my protests.

I've enough stories to rival Dave Cousins and our old friend Harry Barker.

Well, I hope that gives someone the incentive to apply for my old job. It'll only be for two years as the hospital is closing on April 1st 1988 (an April Fool joke?) but its all good experience!

LOUISE WOODMAN

1982–1985

Briefly, I am working for English Heritage as a photographer, and I am really enjoying it although London tends to be tedious. My work is mainly photographing finds for the Conservation Laboratory, from bones to

brooches, spear heads and urns. It is mainly in the studio, before and after treatment. I was also able to photograph 'Lindow Man' when he came here for treatment. I am now being given jobs to do outside. I recently went to Bramber Castle to photograph some sections of wall that had collapsed, which involved climbing snowy banks with the Hasselblad. It was very cold, and by the end of the day I could hardly change the film. I sometimes go out with the senior photographer as his assistant. My second day here we went to Dover Castle and photographed some professional models on location for a leaflet. I had the most important task of fetching coffee and carrying equipment, but it was quite interesting, just watching.

The only problem with working in London is that with all the travelling there is very little time left to do things like write letters, so I have been very bad at keeping in touch with people.

FIONA HANSON

1980-1983

It's almost three years since I've been out from under the auspices of Salisbury College of Art and striving to rehabilitate myself in society. I have, for the last two years, avoided making a contribution to *Pure Nostalgia* for during that period I worked as a barmaid and it would, therefore, have been beneath the dignity of this prestigious publication to print a syllable from my former persona non photographer self.

I have now, however, spurned this immodest occupation and entered the fashionable, cut-throat world of provincial press photography, which is of course occupied only by the chosen few.

It is my enviable duty each day to aim my lens at this week's remorselessly uncooperative doggie for 'Help-a-Pet', or this week's 'City Girl' (often indistinguishable from the former), or this week's greasy 'Car Workshop', the like of which has been responsible for half my effortlessly stylish designer wardrobe being consigned to the dustbin.

To think I once saw myself jetting off with a bag of Hasselblads and an American Express Gold Card to photographically discover some country no one will have heard of until I return to festoon the 'Sundays' with it. This was to be followed by a long weekend with my heavy-duty invoice book.

Now for the obligatory accurate profile of my worthy career – the bit everyone speed reads and has utterly forgotten when later found drunkenly attempting polite conversation at Sara and Martin's Christmas 'at home'. I work as a freelance, spending three and a half days a week working for a city weekly covering news, sport, features, fashion, etc. The other days are divided between doing orders from other publications, PR agencies, or doing jobs on spec, some of which get put out nationally. I've also recently become Picture Editor – a grandiose misnomer, but I like it – of a new county mag, which takes up several days a month.

Alas, I'm not yet within sight of that elusive first million; I can't even allow my humiliatingly decrepit Morris Minor a distinguished and graceful death long overdue. My ambitions remain healthy – London and beyond, etc. – there is nothing like the threat of ruin and

a dangerous ego to ensure that the spirit of enterprise
lurks, ruthless, within my bosom.



*Adrian Field, Chris Nichols, Paul Griffin, Jenni Whitehead,
Roger Brown (in hiding), Jackie Rogers, Sue Grice, John Sennett;
circa 1965*



'Before Your Very Eyes'

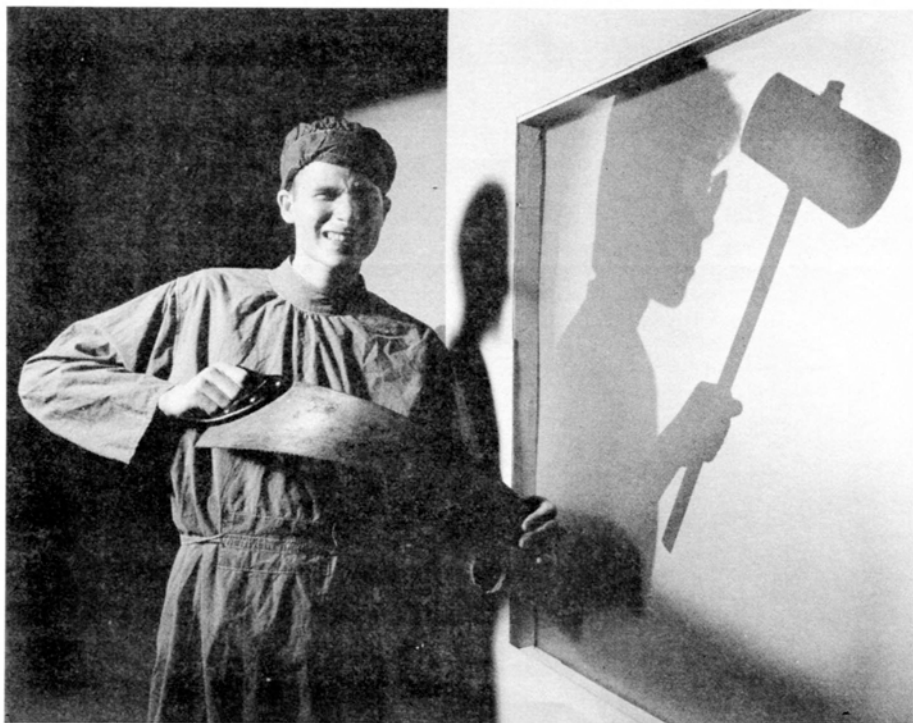
BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES

The lecture theatre was in complete pandemonium, balloons and paper darts filled the air, smoke poured from the front of the auditorium and the shouts of the students was deafening. Could this be the conclusion of another of Dave Cousins' gripping lectures on integral masking? Close! In fact all this excitement marked the end of the final performance of 'Before Your Very Eyes', billed as an educational entertainment for 8-11 year olds and produced by first year students and staff. Nine local schools attended the four shows and were treated to a multi-media extravaganza of laser-light, explosions, multi-projector A/V, optical tricks and cine film. The children thrilled to the sight of a twitching surgeon rummaging in a volunteer's innards in a shadow operating theatre; they noisily put the finger on a laser thief and positively brought the house down when their teacher was irreversibly changed into an ogre. All in all a tremendous experience for the first year participants and hopefully a valuable educational one for the 500 children who saw the show.

Cast in order of appearance:

Presenter	Dave Cousins
Dr. Keiditsch	Ashton Keiditsch
Star Wars	John Beckwith
Soldier	Andy Rogers
Thief	Andy Grieg
Mrs. Greywash	Gill Forrest
Interviewer	James Dooley
Policeman	Chris Thompson/ Mark Parker

Ivor the Eyeball (body) Hannah Lee
Balloon Burst Sid O'Connor
Tim Tim Kent-Robinson
Pepper's Ghost Kieran Boyle
Caretaker George Duncan
Stage Crew: Neil Harvey, William Shaw, Frances Tout
House Crew: Chris Brown, Simon Penrose
Welcome Crew: Jane Stockman, Karen Winter
Lights: Mike Sutton
A/V: Matthew Gilbert, Bill Shepley, Darrin Jenkins
Cine: Ian Kent-Robinson
Photography: Ashton Keiditsch, James Dooley





PHOTOLINK '86 – The Visit

It was almost a year since the last week of the Spring term was 'pencilled in' as suitable for a visit to Sweden as part of 'Photolink'86' that a group of eight second years, Ian K-R and myself met in the college car park to load up our mini-bus for the trip.

It was 8am on March 16th, and although with months of correspondence and countless international telephone calls all the arrangements had been made and re-made down to the last detail, it would have been an unobservant student who failed to notice two very firmly crossed fingers as we set off on the first part of the journey.

Harwich in March is not the most inspiring place to spend the afternoon but, the M25 having cut the journey time considerably, we had some time to kill so the first few rolls of film were exposed to the winter sun, with the backdrop of the Tor Scandinavia, the 15,000 ton Danish ship that was to take us on the 26 hour voyage to Sweden.

The sea was calm, the cabins comfortable and there were no obstacles to boogeying the night away with a few Swedish beers and the music of Atlantic Express,



Visit to Hasselblad, March 1986

the resident band. Next day and up on deck to watch the ship crunching its way through ice – as far as the eye could see a bleak white seascape with just the channels made by other ships marking the way.

At last Gothenburg harbour and at 8pm on Monday evening we were met by Ole Roos, Head of Medical Illustration at the Sahlgrenska Hospital in Gothenburg, and the friend on whom I had relied so much for help with all the arrangements. A few minutes and he had us at the Scandinavia Hotel and booked into our rooms. We were soon joined by Lars Noord, the photographer at the Archaeological Museum, for a drink at the bar. With the Swedish drink/drive laws and beer about £2.80 a pint, one learns to drink slowly. No trouble, though, with good company.

9am on Tuesday morning, and we successfully navigated ourselves through the Gothenburg morning rush to the main purpose of our trip. To take our exhibition and details of our course to the staff and students of the Institute of Photography at the University of Gothenburg. We were able to fill the reception foyer with our exhibition and were justly proud of the photographs which represented all of the second year at Salisbury. After a coffee break we were formally welcomed by Gunilla Knape, the Head of Department, and Ian and I gave a talk on how photographic education is arranged in Britain, the course at Salisbury, the City and the college. We then showed the latest promo video of our course, and then returned to the foyer for a chat about the projects which had led to the work we had brought with us.

After lunch in the refectory, which dare not be compared with anything we have in Salisbury, we had a look at some of the Swedish students' work and spent

most of the afternoon chatting to Gunilla and her new professor of photography, Pal-Nils Nilson, while some of our group were taken to see an advertising photographer in the city and others to an exhibition of photography.

We were able to discuss student exchanges, the Photolink exhibition in Salisbury this summer, and a more public venue for our work while it is in Sweden. In the evening Ian and I were taken out to dinner with Pals-Nils and Gunilla and her husband at their home, while the students entertained their guests from England at an impromptu party. It turned out to be a rather good affair. So good, in fact, that having returned to our hotel and checking things out, Ian and I decided to join it. Being the driver and in consequence stone cold sober, I poured my charges past the reception desk and back into their rooms at a time I shall not attempt to recall.

Wednesday morning was Hasselblad and, bright as berries, we were treated to the full tour of the factory, a show of equipment and three AV presentations. Coffee and pastries followed, with Gustav Lagergren and Ulf Sjostedt, Head of International Sales.

The factory was quite small considering the enormity of the company image and, in keeping with everywhere we saw, had given a high priority to interior design and a comfortable working environment. We saw several staff who had been to Salisbury College and they all wished to be remembered to those they had met there.

The afternoon was set aside for sightseeing and sampling the hotel sauna and pool, while I and Ian visited the Medical Illustration Department at the hospital, and were again entertained to dinner, this time by Ole and Monica Roos at Molndal, just outside Gothenburg.

It was Thursday, so it must be Linköping! After checking out, albeit temporarily, from the Hotel Scandinavia, we made for Borås about 80km east. Borås is a large town in the heart of a textile manufacturing area, and it had been arranged for us to visit Brundin Ateljéerna, a company specialising in fashion and catalogue photography. Six photographers work in as many studios with the full support of a props library, make-up and model rooms and processing facilities for B&W, transparency and reversal print making. The whole complex, custom-designed and built, is owned by Lennart Brundin who started single-handed some twenty years ago.

More coffee and pastries, courtesy of our hosts, and we headed north for Linköping. We picnicked by the frozen lake which we were to follow for much of the journey, keeping our eyes peeled for elks about which we were constantly warned by road signs. As we progressed further north we found much snow still lying, although the roads were clear. The wide empty Swedish roads meant very fast travelling times, and by mid-afternoon we were in our hostelry for the night, the Hotel Frimurare, Linköping.

8.45am and after the buffet-style Swedish breakfast with amazing arrays of cereals, cold meats, eggs, fruit juices and coffee we had now become used to, we were met at the hotel and piloted to the University Hospital, AV Media Centre. This centre, directed by Hans Svanberg who showed us round and entertained us to lunch, is the largest in Sweden and provides not only the usual media services to the medical school, university and hospital, but collects satellite channels and, mixed with its own material, broadcasts on the local cable network. Again, skillful interior design made the

working environment bright and relaxed, friendly and efficient.

After lunch we set off again, this time to return to Gothenburg and, stopping at a small fishing harbour by the lake, we were intrigued to see many tiny huts which had been pushed out onto the ice. Fishing during the winter months is done by sitting in your hut dangling a string through a hole cut in the ice! We all considered a good book and thermal underwear a necessary part of the tackle! About 6pm we were back in our hotel in Gothenburg all feeling we had returned to somewhere we knew well. After another go in the sauna for some and a splash around the pool for others, we cracked open a small consignment of duty free for a last evening drink in our room followed by a few pizzas imported from the take-away around the corner.

Saturday, and the sun rose into a blue sky as it had done every other morning, on this our last day in Sweden. A number 3 tram, now negotiated with the confidence of a local, – well, nearly, and into the centre for that last visit to the favourite coffee shop and time to find the essential souvenirs to take home.

Mid-afternoon and we were back at the docks waiting to board our ship for the return voyage. This turned out to be an experience all of its own as, after clearing the ice, we began to hit the storms that were to delay our arrival in England by over three hours. To walk along a corridor suddenly to find the floor drop away about ten feet below you, to negotiate stairs of uneven pitch leaning at 30 degrees, to suddenly find yourself sitting on the lap of a woman two seats away or to lie on your bunk wondering if you will actually hit your head on the one above with the next wave, affected us in a variety of ways. These ranged from trying the dance floor, where

you suddenly found yourself in mid-air trying to transfer your weight to the other foot before the floor came back, to – well, the inevitable.

Daylight, calmer weather and late afternoon saw Harwich harbour once again, and up on deck for the last photographs. The long drive back and about 11pm the familiar lights of Salisbury.

We saw so much, met so many people, that it is quite impossible to recount everything at one time. We were so impressed by the welcome, the time people took with us, the hospitality and the enthusiasm for continuing and expanding the link with Salisbury that everyone not only gained enormously from the experience, but firmly declared to see Sweden again.

For my part the group from Salisbury were a pleasure to take, more than justifying all the planning. They were interested, attentive and appreciative of their hosts' efforts. They were a credit to Salisbury College and we were proud of them.

As we finally pulled into the car park at Salisbury, two fingers could be quietly uncrossed.

IAIN WRIGHT

1968–1971

From the hand that brought you cathedral bombs now it's 'Feline Recovery services'; an elderly lady asked me if the reason for my being twenty feet up a pine tree at Castel Coch was to rescue a cat. I hated to disappoint her: "Yes, this is what you pay your taxes for!" – but no, really just a way of making life more fun.

Mind you, you do need a good reason, like your boss refusing to get you a shift lens for your RZ 67 then you can get really carried away; trees, telegraph poles, electricity pylons, I've even pegged my way up a church tower (Caerau – it was derelict) and, just feeling malicious, dented the roofs of our car fleet; yes, shift lenses could become a thing of the past if this catches on

I finished my long-running (four years) book on 'Iron Age and Roman Breconshire' early last year – rush out and order your copy now; for some reason which escapes me we don't print many!

For a change I moved on to something really exciting – 'Mediaeval Earthworks, Glamorgan' – more grassy bumps on the ground. I am so good at grassy bumps that, already, I have nearly completed it. Today I was nine levels up on the scaffolding at Cardiff Castle, photographing the shell keep, or at least trying to; the shadow of the scaffolding was across the keep so I had to wait three hours, it was –6 degrees and the wind was strong enough to lift the scaffolding planks.

The next delight is 'Small Houses Glamorgan', dramatic things like roof beams, window frames, fire places, yawn! But of course life isn't always this exciting. There are boring and mundane things like the dangerous viewpoints for the Glamorgan Castle volume, "Oh, Iain can do those." Who, me? For some reason my boss thinks I have a death wish. The masonry is tied together with lime mortar and mud, so working seventy feet and more above the ground on a narrow wall is very unhealthy – but with a small bribe of a new 300ft rope and a new pair of Fine rock-climbing boots, how could I say no? The Welsh Office nearly died when I sent them the bill.

I went to one of the BIPP seminars last week on 'Photography for Reproduction' and it was very good. It

started well too, three out of fourteen of us talking rock climbing. We were outvoted for changing the subject of the seminar. Mark Berry of the Institute developed a glazed expression of disbelief, could grown people spend an entire lunch hour discussing individual holds on pieces of rock at a BIPP seminar???

Yes.

LOTTE COSENS (nee Eccles)

1968–1971

In case anybody is interested, since leaving college I worked very happily, but not efficiently, as a medical photographer for three years in Southampton, and then equally happily, and just as inefficiently, chucked it all up to get married and move to the wilds of Northumberland; where I never touch a camera (except for those scorned ‘happy snaps’ of my children when I think of it, which isn’t often).

We live in a complete muddle of animals and children in a still-unfinished house (it’s only been ten years, after all) and I would be delighted to see anybody who is passing this way – only nobody ever does as it doesn’t go anywhere in particular – as long as I’m not expected to make intelligent conversation about photography, which I could never do anyway!

Thus I think I have probably fulfilled all the expectations of those who had the misfortune to try and teach me in the three most enjoyable years I spent at Salisbury College of Art.



Leavers' Group, 1985

GUY HOBBS

1978–1981

I think it was the moment in time when the skinhead picked up the guitar and smashed it over the band leader's head, that my photographic career took a turn in direction. The GLC open air concert in aid of the Miners' strike had suddenly been attacked by rampaging skinheads, and I just happened to have my cameras with me. The next day the *Daily Mail* ran a picture on page 12, I became £150 richer, and I couldn't forget the adrenalin buzz I got as I'd fired the motordrive.

The whole London assisting scene was becoming very tiresome so I'd made the transition from starving assistant to starving photographer with comparative ease. There were a few portraits here and there, an unfinancially rewarding but free month in Morocco, and a two-week travel brochure in Israel... but the skinhead had shown the way, and several months later Guy Hobbs, photojournalist, arrived in South Africa to do an in-depth feature on ostrich farming.

Somehow I also got caught up in the first-ever hard boiled ostrich egg eating competition (equivalent to 24 hen eggs in size and 15 steaks in protein value) and hit the national papers when I amazingly won – definitely one of the longest 43 mins. of my life, and also a very humbling experience when for an encore I threw up in front of all 60 spectators. I believe the record has been shattered many times over since then, by various Afrikaaner farmers, which is fine as long as they remember it took an Englishman to do it first.

Anyway, the ostrich story eventually ran 14 odd pages and I moved down to Crossroads, a shanty town

of 100,000 people in Capetown. What started as a feature on the life of a squatter community changed rapidly when the first major riot of 1985 broke out in the very same place and 18 people were killed with 250 wounded. I narrowly missed getting a *Newsweek* cover, having to settle for a 1/2-page inside, but I stayed with the story for the another 3 months and the feature has so far run about 45 pages in 4 European magazines, including our very own *Sunday Observer*.

There followed two months covering the Zulus, including my initiation into the ranks of Royal photographers with a picture session with the Zulu king – even as I write I await the call summoning me to Buckingham Palace.

A few other stories followed, along with a major car accident, a spell in hospital with hepatitis, and finally a feature in Zimbabwe on elephants and, I'm afraid, yet more throwing up – this time in the back seat of a fragile Piper Cub while a crazy game ranger pilot called Barney repeatedly dive-bombed a herd of elephants as he tried to do some sort of aerial sheepdog trick – sometimes I can't help but wonder whether I've got the stomach for this job.

After 15 months away, I've now been back in the UK six weeks, the tan's already faded, London is depressingly cold, but on the bright side, I find I can now see Picture Editors within hours rather than the weeks it used to take. I've just signed up with a major agency, there's two months in Kenya lined up for the end of this year, maybe also a month in India, several book ideas are buzzing around in my head, and I think there's a good chance I'll be returning to S.A. in the near future if for no other reason than to say "Hi" to a young lady I met in Capetown at Christmas.

I finish with my quote of the year, which must go to the *Newsweek* photographer who, after a heavy week of rioting in Durban during which he went through four hired cars, was heard to say, "The Zulus are trying to kill the Indians, the Indians are trying to kill the Zulus, and everyone is trying to kill the Press!"

CHRIS GRAHAM

1980-1983

It gets progressively harder each year to conjure up a stimulating and interesting piece for *Pure Nostalgia*. When I step back and take a long, hard look at my present position in life, nothing much seems to have changed since I last wrote. Obviously I am not trying hard enough to better myself and uphold the honour and fine traditions of Salisbury College of Art. No doubt other people's contributions will contain fabulous tales of meteoric rises to fame and of large credit accounts with Pelling & Cross and CPL. Such stories are always impressive and, indeed, hard to match, and so the mere mortals among us are forced to resort to this sort of waffle as a last form of defence. I sometimes wonder if there is enough excitement in the world to gratify this magazine. The readers have an insatiable appetite for success, and nothing but the best will do.

I was greatly honoured last year as my submission appeared in pride of place at the front of this wonderful publication – this accolade all but puts the rest of my career in the shade.

However, my aspirations as a budding young author

certainly took an upward turn, and a virgin copy was slipped smartly into my rapidly emerging 'literary portfolio'. We were always told at college that there is no substitute for publication and I ask you, who could argue with a written extract from such a weighty and influential publication as *Pure Nostalgia*?

A year or two ago I began my first novel, which is to take the form of a zany but satirical look at the behind-scenes life at a typical Art College in the 80s – probably the only subject I know enough about to write a book on. It's strange how, when I throw my mind back to my college days, I rapidly leave the real world and find myself in that reassuring oasis that was SMT (Salisbury Mean Time), and this is the convenient excuse that I use for so far, only having completed 6½ pages. This may not sound very encouraging on the face of it, but when you remember the beginning is generally regarded as the hardest part, then it can only get easier from here on in.

The most exciting 'work' that I did last year was not for either *Practical Classics* or *The Automobile*, but for a company called Bricar. It involved reporting on a week's 'motorhoming' holiday in California.

Hollywood, Las Vegas, Malibu Beach and 'our' London Bridge were just some of the wonders to behold – it really is a tremendous place to visit. As I write, the results have just been published and greeted favourably by those who matter, so perhaps opportunity may once again be knocking on my door.

At work we subscribe to *Professional Photographer* magazine and one month recently, having drawn my usual blank from the 'situations vacant' column, I noticed a familiar name whilst flicking casually through the rest of the mag. I was pleasantly surprised to

discover the name of that well-loved and respected old tutor of ours, John Bigglestone, emblazoned beneath a banner headline. Well, “Ying-tong, ying-tong, ying-tong diddle-i-po” I thought to myself as I tucked eagerly into this intellectual feast. It appears that JB has become *PP*’s roving reporter on educational matters, and with startling success. I’m now a regular reader, Mr. B (so that makes two of us), and good stuff it is, too.

To sum up, I shall end with the following stirring conclusions. For me last year had its ups and downs, and quite a few bits in the middle, but I did enjoy it. This photography business knocks spots off a boring old 9–5 job with a horrible new company car, five baking weeks holiday a year, tedious free weekends and all that silly money in your pocket – no...photography is the life for me. There is however one grey cloud looming for 1986, and that is whether or not I shall be able to cope with Ian Southwood’s 2nd Cryptic Crossword!

JOHN MACKENZIE

1980–1983

I’m still a cameraman at HTV in Bristol, which is pretty enjoyable as far as I’m concerned and is infinitely better than working for a living. In fact I’m coming up to my fourth year now: I can’t believe it, why, it seems like only yesterday we were down the Star (blah, blah, boring, etc). Anyway, leaving aside the clichés for a second, I still see most of our year on a regular basis, mostly up in London – even Ian Kelsey has left sunny Bristol for pastures new (literally); only now the principal topic of conversation has changed from how legless we got last night to house prices, central heating, and how legless we got last week – old age takes its toll.



We're still watching you! DJC in '65