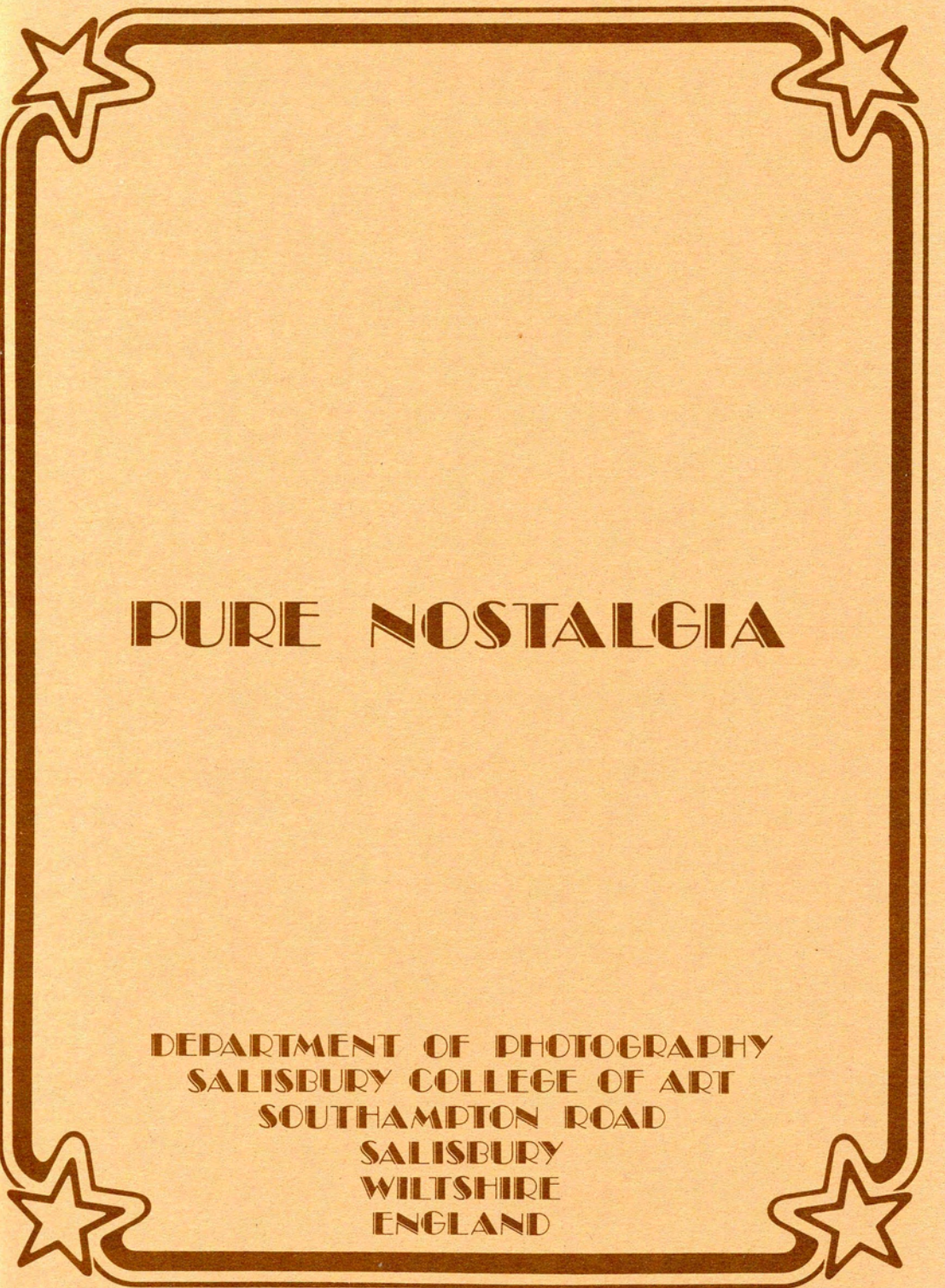




PURE NOSTALGIA

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

PURE NOSTALGIA

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

**FIRST EDITION
1980**

EDITOR. IAN R SMITH



Department Photograph Summer 1979

EDITORIAL

Welcome to Pure Nostalgia. The very first edition of a magazine to keep you in touch. In touch with the college and in touch with each other. I hope that you will find it fun to read, but more than that I hope it will develop as a means of a regular exchange of news, views and information useful to us all.

Literally hundreds of students have passed through Salisbury College. Some part-time and some full-time. Many regard them as valuable, happy years when they made new friends, had some good times and maybe learnt something about photography!!

The department at Salisbury has always prided itself on being in close touch with the profession, with photographers earning their living with their professional skills. It has an enviable record of students' success in obtaining jobs in photography, and good jobs at that! Competition is now more intense than ever, and we are doing better than ever. Last summer's leavers mopped up an impressive range of jobs. The B B C, Southern Television, Great Ormond Street Hospital, Radio Times, The British Museum, The Islander magazine and the London Museum are among the new employers.

There have been some changes at the college in the last few years. The course is still three years long but now leads to a Diploma in Professional Photography recognised by the Institute of Incorporated Photographers for their Professional Qualifying Examination. Medical photography is now offered at the college. Studies are arranged within the new course unit system with the help of local hospitals. Student/job success rate in this area is so far 100%.

Staff too have changed. Ron Graham is researching and teaching in Holland. Dave Cousins spent two years in Zambia. Bob Riddle has left. Alan Knowles was here for two years. Ian Kent-Robinson and myself have been here for four years and Geoff Gorbeck for just over a year. Mike Campbell left at Christmas 1978 and is now in America and married.

So, there we are, changing with the times and looking forward to many more editions of 'Pure Nostalgia'. I hope you like this one. Write and let me know.

TORLA EVANS

"I have now been working at the Museum of London in the Barbican for just over six months.

There are three of us in the Photographic Department and we undertake quite a wide range of work. One current project is to photograph Billingsgate Market before it closes in eighteen months time. I do lots of printing and flat copy work of original material, i.e. Bill Brandt photos for record purposes.

We have very good equipment - Nikons, Sinars and some smart Minolta meters.

I went to photograph a Masonic Temple a short while ago but the Freemasons wouldn't allow photography at all.

At the moment I am doing a set of photographs on what people wear everyday, concentrating on the young."

TIM RONEY

"The best thing about working for the Radio Times is the interesting people you have to photograph.

I work from Chris Ridley's studio in Covent Garden, so often have the chance of assisting him with his studio work.

I am finding it quite an eye-opener, seeing how a small studio is run, and am having great fun doing my own accounts."

RICK CHILDS

"After leaving college armed with C & G and College Diploma, I sought a job as assistant film cameraman in the television industry. I applied to all the ITV stations and the BBC, but the replies were less than encouraging:

'...do not require a person such as yourself...without experience...we regret...have no vacancies...no training scheme...do not keep files...please get stuffed...etc...!

I was in a triangle - no experience, no job, no Union card...

Eventually I took a job as an assistant photographer in a local (Southampton) studio which specialised in industrial and commercial photography. Salary £20.00p.w. - not unusual in the "assisting" world but I was up-graded to photographer within four days (but kept on the same wages). It was a start and I did have a company car to use (an Escort van which later blew up on the M3 one cold wet Sunday night). After eighteen months of photographing refrigeration units, boat-building, micrometers (a C & G chestnut) and the like, I left. My wages had risen to £35.00 p.w.. I ran the studio two days a week and supervised two printers! I was being Ripped Off!

While working on a building site (£60.00 p.w.), I wrote over a hundred letters to film production companies and landed a job with Visnews working in the lab. Not a glam job at all - lugging film cans around as "film stock-keeper/ultrasonic cleaner" but it did mean a Union card. Before long I transferred to the film production division as a cutting room assistant and was later offered a job as an assistant film editor in the newsroom. I turned this job down in favour of a greater variety of work with Southern TV, working on news magazine, documentary and drama programmes. There is also a variety of editors to work with and here I picked up a wealth of experience. After a year of working in the cutting rooms in Southampton, an assistant cameraman was wanted for a new unit working out at Brighton, and, as from the end of the recent ITV

dispute, I have been working in Sussex.

I recommend to any student - past or present who wants a job in the film and TV industry - to try the labs (if all else fails) as many people, editors and cameramen, first started with labs like Ranks, Kays, Humphries, Movietone, etc....."

JAMES ROSSITER

"Glad you managed to get Pure Nostalgia off the ground and hopefully off the press.

I've just been to an interview in London at the British Museum as a photographer - not too good, had to suffer ten minutes of quick-fire technical questions and then half an hour printing test. Oh well, better luck next time...

I'm working for Bowyers (the pie people) at the moment, most enjoyable if you like hard work, but if any ex-students are looking for a job, they should come here: I've just been promoted to a meat cooker, I'm in charge of a half a ton pressure cooker. I'm also laughing all the way to the bank!"

Jim got the job at the British Museum against some stiff competition and started work there in January -

Editor

CHARLES LYNE

"Thank you for the invitation to contribute to 'Pure Nostalgia'. I wish the venture success. Many other institutions trying to instigate such a publication would, I'm sure, meet with waves of apathy. I hope this will not be so with 'Pure Nostalgia'; I feel not, since we old photographers seem to be rather unique in keeping in touch with old college friends.

On leaving college I found a nice little job as the photographer for a research department in Oxford University. It was an ideal first job (except that I wasn't learning anything new) and after six years found that, having reached the top of the salary scale and with no promotion prospects within the University, it was time to move on. However, as a scientific photographer, there didn't seem at the time much in the way of interesting jobs that could offer any increase in salary. Having though a background in electronics, I found that even unqualified and inexperienced, I was able to get a job in electronics paying more than a responsible position in photography (AIIP and all). So I left photography and am now the electronic engineer for a small firm in Bicester making sampling equipment. I have to admit that, apart from significant financial benefits, I am getting far more job satisfaction than when in photography, thanks to more variety of work. Many photographic jobs tend to be somewhat repetitive and the really interesting scientific photography jobs, using the camera as a research tool, are hard to find. However, I would not want to put anyone off what can be a very rewarding career, so wish all current students success in finding their niches. Regards to all my old friends and acquaintances."

MARK STOCKWELL

"I left college realising that I did not yet know it all: I did not realise, however, just how little I knew.

I went to work with a small firm of Industrial and Commercial photographers, namely Southern Photographic Studios. I joined at a time of movement for the company which meant, unfortunately, that we were forced to work out of the boss's garage, as we had to leave the old premises a few weeks before we could move into the new. The enlarger was at the end of a narrow corridor through the garage packed with studio equipment, and the print washer was under the rabbit hutch outside!

I found, and still find after six months, that the most important thing that college did not teach me was the pressure of getting the job right the first time: being basically S & T trained, projects could be re-done if wrong first time. In my job, however, 95% of the jobs are unrepeatable and this can put a pressure on the photographer which causes him to make stupid mistakes. This, I suppose, comes under the heading of experience, but I must say I am glad I've got an understanding boss!"

KEN FORD

"You have shamed me into writing. I am afraid that life is so hectic these days that unless I reply to a letter straight away it gets filed into oblivion. Hence, no reply to the first letter and an immediate response to the second.

As to my career - I think that most of my contemporaries know that I left the MOD in about 1965, then spent the next 10-12 years in the Home Office as a Forensic Scientist. During that time I was still using photography and optics, but change was taking place and the expertise of the individual was giving way to sophisticated hardware. This meant that the job was becoming less creative so that eventually, having reached the dizzy heights of Senior Scientific Officer, I decided to call it a day...

My first love - painting - had been occupying more and more of my spare time (I had first gone into photography as a more financially secure art form than painting). I had achieved some reputation as an artist. This coupled with a reasonable ability to lecture decided me on my new career.

I started the Downland Art Centre just less than two years ago. After a shaky start, we now have about 150 part-time students, most of them painters but we also run pottery, sculpture, jewellery, and ballet and Yoga classes.

Strangely enough the early years of theory in the hands of Messrs Stirling, Graham, Cousins, etc have proved more useful than I might have expected. I find that I have a considerable edge over other 'art' teachers where theory is concerned. I have also found that, having been cross-examined in court by some of the country's most belligerent barristers, I can flannel my way through the bits that I am not so hot on.

I would like to take this opportunity of inviting any old colleagues/tutors to drop in and look around if they are passing this way. I look forward to the first edition.

ALAN CAVE

" Just a quickie to let you know that I have at last found a job, as a Medical Photographer at the Princess Margaret Hospital. It's a small department, just the two of us. It has been a long wait, but eventually I got a job.

So now you can all reflect that I wasn't that bad, and at last was able to turn my studies into a career..."

KAREN SHENTON

"I write this having been working as a PHOTOGRAPHER for two months!! Everyone collapses! I am the staff photographer for the Islander magazine which is described as a mixture of 'Harpers and Queen' and 'Country Life' - not my description but that of the advertising director whose favourite phrase seems to be 'upmarket'.

The job is exciting but nerve wracking because the magazine is a new venture and they had never before employed a photographer and I am meant to know everything. Most work is on 6 x 7 Ektachrome and is laboratory processed but all the black and white work I do myself (95% of the time in the evening or weekends as there isn't enough time in the day). This morning I had to photograph Gerald Durrell and seem to spend vast amounts of time at the zoo.

There are about ten permanent staff on the magazine and they really are a fun team to work with."

GILL WALKER

"Some notes on the progress of one of Salisbury College of Art's very old students:-

Since leaving Salisbury in 1974, my photographic career has been unspectacular, unremunerative and decidedly unglamorous.... I joined the Ministry of Defence!

However, the work (apart from a long tedious spell of graphic arts) has been varied and interesting. At present I work at the Institute of Aviation Medicine which generates a wide range of work in stills, cine, high speed cine and video. The locations range from aircraft cockpits to climatic chambers, and the subject matter from pilots in long-johns to monkeys' intestines.

Being of medium ability and low ambition, I don't expect to ever see my name in lights but this really isn't a bad rut."

OUR MAN IN THE WEST INDIES

A REPORT BY IAN SMITH

It was just a year after Alan Knowles, known to some as a fellow student and to others as lecturer, left Salisbury to make a permanent home with his family in Barbados that we set out from Coombe Bissett at 4.00a.m. one summer's morning to investigate those claims of sun-drenched beaches, palm trees and the best rum in the Caribbean.

The island was at first sight nothing like we imagined. As the 707 banked steeply around over the Atlantic side of the island to line up for its final approach after nine hours of knee-crushing flight, the landscape was one of neat green fields and lush vegetation rather than the sandy and palm tree vista we somehow expected. As we drew up to the one-storey concrete air terminal, such a contrast from Gatwick, a hundred black faces on the roof gathered to see the latest arrivals from afar. Only a tall ginger-haired man stood out from the crowd - thank God he had remembered we were coming!!

The first sensation as we stepped out of the plane, the circulation slowly returning to our legs, can be compared with that experienced when standing by the extractor fan of a laundry. Hot, breezy and very humid. Boy, was it humid! Something it took us the whole trip to get used to.

Immigration - one chap who kept disappearing every few passengers and examined every passport as if he had never seen one before - was followed by the Customs who insisted on searching every case. The chap in front of us had three apples quarantined for six weeks!

Soon however we were aboard Alan's blue Suzuki jeep 600 cc (unbelievably) with four-wheel drive and were speeding along the (very) bumpy road towards Long Beach - our home for two weeks.

So, this was it, after all those stories told of a winter's evening over coffee in the First Year office while what was left of the evening class struggled

away in the darkrooms and studios - we were finally here.

Although it was only 6.00 p.m., dusk was falling fast. "Guess you're feeling like crashing out" said Alan, his accent having slipped back to almost pure Bajan. "Yes, rather," I said, sticking to my best English. Well, that was tough because plans had been made. Quick introductions to his parents at Long Beach were followed by our first bottles of 'BANKS' beer - THE BEER OF BARBADOS - and with time only for a quick change, we were off again. This time heading for the capital, Bridgetown, and Alan's home.

Twenty minutes and it was dark as we drove through Oistins (once Austins), past the notorious 'Harry's' bar, sprayed by a burst water main which appeared in the local paper before being repaired, and into the yard of Visual Arts and Knowles Marine. Alan shares an old colonial style house with his brother and they are both working hard on its renovation. Their workshop and office are adjacent and lead down to the sea. Clear, warm and blue. At weekends the area near the sea is cleared of debris and is turned into a bar and barbeque - and we had arrived at a weekend!

More introductions, lots more beers, lots more rums and we had been broken into Barbados night life. It was a mere 1 a.m. local time by the time we eventually got back to bed at Long Beach but, as only our bodies knew, it was 6 a.m. at home and we had been travelling and drinking for over 26 hours....

Barbados is about the size of the Isle of Wight and is the most easterly of the Windward Islands with the Southern Atlantic on one side and the Caribbean Sea on the other. This gives the two sides of the island quite different characters: one with calm seas and long coral beaches, with the Atlantic side producing breakers ideal for surfing with a hilly, rocky coastline.

We hired a Mini Moke and were able to tour around the usual tourist haunts visiting sugar plantations, the site of the first British landing and finding the best beaches.

Many a splendid evening was spent at the 'Ship', a traditional pub frequented by all the best people with, of course, BANKS BEER in plentiful supply. As we were introduced to Vince Champion, now a native whose parents live in Devizes Road, Salisbury, and Diana Dicker, once of Salisbury College, it was difficult to believe somehow that we were so far from home.

Action went on late - closing time was when the last customer was carried out - but when it did slow down, the GARAGE was the place to move on to. An open-air pub/club decorated with cut up old cars.

No breath tests here - the Moke just took us home all by itself!

Alas, it was all too soon time to pack our bags, change around the luggage labels and make for the Grantley Adams airport and home.

Alan and his parents were really great hosts and we hope to be able to return the hospitality over here before too long.

P.S. It was the best rum!!

WILL PAYNE

"'Pure Nostalgia' is a bit strong, don't you think? I mean, with only one of the fairer sex in our 3rd year photographers, it's not possible to remember the course with PURE nostalgia. Perhaps I feel a little nostalgic for the Guinness down the 'Cathedral' at lunch time and for coming in to college first thing in the morning, opening the drying cabinet to collect some film clips, and being confronted with a strip of nicely cooked meaty negs (must be J.B's!!) - but alas, no film clips.

Now I think of it, I also miss the fascinating magic of the time and motion phenomenon, some days were like walking up the down escalator when it came to finding things and getting a job together!

Anyway this isn't all just idle criticism as you may think. Oh no - it's what I call a back handed compliment. I mean, where else could you get training to match it? I am most impressed with the quality of jobs that the majority of old students have acquired. It obviously reflects the efforts of D.S. and his Merry Men (and Woman!)

There is no doubt that I could not have created my own business without the year at College behind me. The Marine Photography is all going better than I originally expected. The owrk, mostly on location, is Industrial, Advertising and Picture Library outlet. I also do a small amount of private stuff as well.

I use an 18 foot Avon Searider (Rigid-hull-inflatable like the RNLI use)which has incredible sea-going qualities, and good for a bit of water-skiing for perks! Have to keep the staff happy, you know!

All my work is done from my office/workroom and darkroom at home. Small studio sets are possible, but really I am becoming more of a sports photographer as far as the marine work goes, so I hire a lot of the gear for studio work.

Talking of pure nostalgia, I look forward to the day when I can stop working all waking hours of the day, and I can look back on my small thriving business that I created from nothing. I am going to Antigua soon to do some Sailing Photography, so I suppose things could be worse!!

I hope you all have every success that you wish for, and if anyone has more than they can handle, please put it on a postcard and donate it to William Payne, 98 Gosport Street, Lympington, Hants!! "

NEIL SKELTON

By the time the first edition of 'Nostalgia' is published, I will be settling down to an entirely new working environment.

I have accepted the post of Field Officer with the Redundant Churches Fund, an organisation set up in 1969 to preserve, in the interests of the nation and the Church of England, redundant churches of historic interest and architectural importance. The main reason for a church becoming redundant is through depopulation of rural and inner city areas, thus leaving churches of architectural merit without congregation and financial support.

As a Field Officer, I will be responsible for visiting, on a regular basis, a number of churches in various locations around the country. The main purpose of these visits will be to report on the state of the building and to arrange for the repair of minor defects, i.e. leaking roofs, windows, etc. Contacts with local people are essential in order to maintain at least two key holders for intending visitors and to recruit willing persons prepared to maintain a reasonable level of cleanliness in and around the church. Other duties will include compiling and checking inventories of property and the collection of material for guide books and notes for the annual report.

Although not part of my contract, photography will, no doubt, feature in my work from time to time. This will, of course, be of an architectural nature and used in guide books and the annual report of the Fund's work. Any such photographic work will be paid for over and above my normal salary.

As I leave Salisbury College of Art, I wish it success for the future. Much has changed since the New Street/Brown Street days and I often think of the fun we had in the Roberts Room, particularly when I fell through the office ceiling, landing on top of Bob Riddle who was quietly drinking his cup of coffee. Then there was John Bigglestone and the record of Beethoven's 5th Symphony, somehow the students did not appreciate our

liking for the works of this great composer. Philistines!
We had our problems too but I remember Derek Stirling
saying "It will be different in the new building". Well,
it certainly was but we have not had the same degree of
fun. Ah well, that's progress.

STEVE HARDCASTLE

Ex Art Student:-

Neat-haired and

Low-heeled

You live without passion

Hold down

A dull job

In the world of low fashion

Ambition

Once prickly

Is limpid and static

Portfolioed

Your dreams

Lie now in the attic

Roger McGough

ALEX BUCKINGHAM

"I'm not doing too badly since leaving. I got married in the August I left college, and now we are buying a house in good old Tottenham.

How did I get as far as I have?

On leaving college all I really had was my portfolio, the diploma and City & Guilds were useless; I think at the back of my mind I knew that as I wasn't too hot on the theory side, I should concentrate on my folio, especially in the field I wanted to follow, which was advertising the still life side. I'm not saying that qualifications are bad news or anything, but you must appreciate that in my field all people are interested in is not what you are qualified in but can you get on with the job in hand, using the equipment, i.e. 10 x 8's, 5 x 4's, flash units, etc., etc., and most of all can you make a good cup of tea!! Qualifications are a necessity for government jobs, hospitals and things like that, so don't be put off by them, all the theory comes into its own in many instances.

I carried my portfolio around for about four weeks before getting a job, which is amazingly quick anyway. I went to two sources for jobs - firstly Photostaff, where I had an interview with one of the chaps there, and he said (after looking at my folio) he would be in touch!! Needless to say, I didn't leave it at that - I phoned the poor chap every day until he suddenly came up with an interview with the photographic section of the National Gallery - NICE! I accordingly went for the interview, whereupon hundreds of old ladies jumped on me. EH!

I hasten to add my idea of going into a job in advertising soon went after the first week or so, you tend to go for anything you can - this is reality, I'm afraid. Something which is not too forthcoming at college.

I didn't just sit on my ass waiting for a phone call from Photostaff to tell me that the job was, or more likely wasn't, mine - I answered ads in papers, and most important I joined AFAEP (The Association of

Fashion Advertising and Editorial Photographers). They were my only hope for a job in my field and I joined as an assistant photographer. (I would recommend this to anyone who wants to go into advertising). They then put me on to their books as a freelance assistant, but more important they gave me a list of photographers wanting full-time assistants.

So I walked around studio after studio, until an extraordinary thing happened. I received a phone call one morning from Photostaff - just before going to two interviews at two studios through AFAEP - they said that the job at the National Gallery was mine if I wanted it, and could I start on the following Monday... Naturally, I said 'yes', but for some reason I went to the two interviews I had left both in the advertising part as an assistant, both with still life photographers and both in the Kings Road. To cut a long story short, I was offered both jobs. LUCK wasn't the word, three jobs in the space of two days!!

A decision had to be made, either the National Gallery, which sounds great, or working in a studio in the field I wanted. I chose one of the studios, where incidentally I'm still working. I think I chose the right job for my purposes - he's a very busy bloke, working on some very nice stuff, and the atmosphere in the studio couldn't be better.

Obviously, being an assistant, the money is not as good as being the photographer himself but it's a start - a very good start. It is unfortunately quite difficult getting a job as a full-time assistant now, but you can become a freelance assistant and work on a daily basis. But, as I've said, AFAEP is the place to go to get a job with a photographer in advertising or, for that matter, any field where an assistant is required. Anyway, I must go as the wife has made a pot of rosy lea. I hope that if any part of this letter gets printed, it might help someone - joke!"

MIKE SOUTON

"Since leaving college at the end of my second year (18 months ago), I have been working in the High Street photographers of our local town: a town with four professional photographic firms. Ours is probably the best known, as we are also the largest and oldest established retailer in the area. There are two of us on the professional side, myself and the grandson of the man who started the business 60 years ago. His brother runs the retail side of the business.

Probably the hardest thing to adjust to, after leaving college and starting a job, is the change of pace: for example, in black & white printing - at college I may have taken a couple of days to produce a couple of dozen prints for a project, each one carefully shaded and printed in, and perhaps reprinted a few times to get it just right. At work for the same number of prints produced of course to an equally good standard, you have just an hour or even less. The reason being, of course, someone is actually paying for your time and expecting the job to be completed by a deadline at a competitive price.

Another problem I found was that I didn't know how to take a passport photograph, or do the more practical and less glamorous jobs that all High Street photographers have and need to do.

I realised that a greater part of the skill involved in the photography of people is knowing how to handle the people you are working on: whether it be a child having its portrait taken for the first time, a crowd of 200 people at a rich farmer's daughter's wedding, or a bustling crowd of people at a meeting or whatever for the local paper. The technical aspects of exposure, composition and so on must become instinctive so that you can concentrate on what the subjects and surrounding people are doing, where they are, whether they are relaxed or nervous (and, if so, what are you going to do about it..) and so it goes on....

Basically what I am trying to say is that I have real-

ised that it's a different world working as a photographer, compared to strolling around college (as I usually did) learning the technical aspects and the basic principles of photography. In college you are working towards an end result: the Diploma and, more hopefully, a job. It's all too easy to get so involved in the present and short-term aims, and forget what you are really there for - which is to start learning to be a photographer. Something that takes years of experience to achieve. (I'm only on the first rung of the ladder).

If I could have my two years at college again, I would certainly make a lot more use of the facilities to do practical work, photographing people, and handling people in a working situation. I would also try and think about how much time can reasonably be allowed on a particular job; how much I would have to charge the customer for the time the job has taken, allowing for all the overheads that are incurred in a real working situation: rent, rates, insurance, darkroom staff, equipment (purchase and maintenance), materials, and, most of all, profit....

As it is, I have had to learn hell of a lot since I left....."

IAIN WRIGHT

"When I left Salisbury College of Art in July 1971, Lotte Eccles, Mike Row and I spent the next three months working on spec. in Sweden, Finland and Norway for several London agencies, financially not a success but an experience not to be missed and good practice for carrying heavy cameras.

For the next 18 months, I tried to avoid working in London, labouring on the Salisbury Ring Road, working as a porter in a Mental Hospital, instructing rock-climbing in North Wales and the Lake District, and to relieve the boredom, starting 11 months' work illustrating a book on English mountains (unpaid - my father was the author)

Eventually I surrendered and accepted a job with the Imperial Cancer Research Fund in London. The work was varied, photographing equipment, laboratories, some PR but a great deal of tedious slide production and printing.

I was married in 1974 and shortly afterwards we moved to Wales for a post as Photographic Technician at the Geography Department, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

The work entailed the complete production of books - photography, screening and offset litho, ortho photo map production and large quantities of visual aids production. It also included (at a University you do anything for promotion) designing and building lighting equipment for speleological photography (cave). The equipment was test run 400 feet underground in Yorkshire though the goal (never achieved) was photographing virgin mud banks in Otter Hole near Chepstow. Despite such efforts, my professor informed me that, according to the rules, unless I carried out processing for X-ray crystallography or undertook high-speed cine, I couldn't be promoted.

Unfortunately, they nearly had me 'over a barrel' since with a house to sell, a non-working wife (due to her being very busy working as a housewife looking after three young children) I was financially in no position to move anywhere to improve my job prospects. Bearing in mind that your professional worth is judged by present salary!

By pure chance (I didn't see the advert., simply word of mouth), I applied for a job with the Royal Commission for Historical Monuments in Wales - as luck would have it, based in Aberystwyth. The job turned out to have 8 days less holiday, longer working hours and paid slightly less - but it sounded more promising.

I have been with the Commission now since last April. There are three of us in the Photographic section - my immediate superior being Chris Parrot also ex-

Salisbury College of Art.

The work is fascinating and could very rarely ever be called boring. Our printing is done on a Veribrom which, if you will excuse the plug for Kodak, makes life worth living. My own work is almost exclusively on Sinar P. Nice to use but doesn't stand up too well to the sort of hammering it gets (looks more like mechanno and the screws keep falling out) and is heavy-there again to be fair it is not really designed for field use. Gitzo tripods, apart from generally being excellent, are a damn nuisance when they get full of water as the legs tend to stick - when you are standing waist-deep in a strongly flowing river, this can prove downright embarrassing as the Sinar is too expensive to drop in the water.

At present I am doing all the photography for the Commission's books on the South Wales Canals:Penclawdd, Tennant, Swansea, Glamorgan and Neath - I'm writing this on location, having had one of my best aqueducts on the Neath Canal irreparably damaged by the recent flooding. Today has been spent more in the River Neath than on dry land.

The cave photography, started at Salisbury, is also not amiss, as they built canal tunnels into the old mines right up to the coal faces. One tunnel I visited on the Smiths Canal (now nearly completely lost) had only 3'6" head room, the floor being a thin mud crust on top of seven feet of liquid mud. At first, I confess, a little disquieting working 300 feet inside with a petrol generator, but with experience on all these sites, one eventually forgets how dangerous they potentially can be.

As a finishing thought, I feel that, as a profession, our skills are very seriously under-rated, fully automatic cameras have done much to destroy our credibility, but the latest delight I have come across was in the details of occupations for registration with the Open University. No, we are not listed under "The Professions and Arts", nor in with "Technical Personnel".

Surprise, surprise!! We are included with hairdressers, barmen, laundries, cleaners, cooks, maids, and undertakers - is this what we all worked so hard for??! "

JOHN GATWARD

"Dear All

I have finally gone into business on my own and have as one of my accounts the largest retail department store in Western Australia. I don't do the fashion but I do just about everything else. I also do about 80% of the photography on a free magazine called Girl about Town and also several other small accounts. I have taken so long to go on my own because I wanted to have enough equipment and not to have to lease it - at present I only lease an Agfaprint C66 colour processor and a Chromega D5XL. I have three Hasselblads including one ELM with 40mm, 50mm, 60mm and 150mm lenses: fantastic cameras. I also have a Bowens Quad 2000 with the Big Top which is excellent and two Bowens 200 J monolights and three Elinchrom 200J monolights. I also have Nikon equipment which I very rarely use and for B&W printing I use an Omega D2. I have a studio in the heart of the business area of Perth - the studio is in an old stables which works very well. My next venture I hope is into frontal projection which is not used here and up until about three years ago was not even heard of. It is very difficult to get hold of the screen, I will probably have to get it straight from Germany. I have not returned to England since I left so I could be a little out-of-date.

However, this really is the lucky country. They are opening up the North-West of Western Australia for the production of natural gas - there is so much mineral wealth there, it is unbelievable. They have just found diamonds in greater concentrations than in South Africa - although it is early days on that one -, gold has had

a big boost and people have been out with metal detectors and found large nuggets.

We went over to Brisbane in August 1978 to see Roger Phillips who also is doing well in his own business in Brisbane. He and his wife have bought a house, etc -no kids yet. Anyway we went up to Fraser Island up the coast from Brisbane - driving along the beach (all through the golden sands runs black material which is mineral sands and they yield zircon, rutile for titanium - fantastically rich.

One of my keen opponents in the photographic field in Perth is Mike Hemmings who was at Salisbury just before me but, of course, I reckon I have the better name and the better accounts!!

Our son Geoffrey is now 4½ and he now has a sister Jennifer at nine months.

The price of everything keeps going up - petrol has just gone up here to 33 cents per litre or about £1.80 per gallon (about 90p per gallon), and the price of film has gone up from between 20-34%.

The magazines and brochures that I do are quite interesting - I would never have believed I would be doing what I am now when I was at college, and in retrospect I am very glad I made the decision to leave the Royal Aircraft Establishment to come over here."

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Impromptu photograph including some of Summer 1978 leavers

IAN KENT-ROBINSON

"I studied Photography in the old college buildings, split between the main building and the Hall in New Street, and Brown Street. You really learned there, so they told me. Yes, I really learned - I learned how to stand still in the Roberts Room studio while someone else made an exposure, because the wooden floor bounced. I learned how to load film very quickly in the Brown Street building because the Dexion walls leaked light. I learned how to process colour prints in the Hall half-dressed, because of the sub-tropical temperatures required for the hand processing line. I learned how to fall asleep in the process camera room in front of the gas fire. But I think the thing I learned most quickly and efficiently, along with most other photographic students, was how to lose my way from one building to the next.

How we all envied the students of the future who would inhabit the "new building". We all say now how much character and charm the old college had. We didn't say that at the time.

In 1972 I started my first job as a "Film Cameraman/Photographer" at Dundee College of Education. I was part of a team set up with pretty lavish facilities to produce "learning packages" and "self-instructional programmes" for "individualised learning". We made 16mm films on subjects ranging from basic instructional units to historical dramas. We made outside broadcast video productions in schools. And we made tape/slide programmes by the dozen.

I moved back to Salisbury in 1976 to the College of Art to join those envied students in the "new building", teaching on the Photography Course. There are still a fair number of my tutors here, and still the same old shortage of money for equipment and materials. Character and charm? They are still here - they must have moved from the old building!

Where to next? Sssh - you never know who might be reading this... !



"Trev" by Kitty Kilsby

~ IN VIEW ~

'TREV'

When 'Trev' retires from the college this summer, he will look back over many years of close association with student photographers in Salisbury. 'Trev' has worked at the college for over ten years but his connections with the Photographic Department go back to its early days. As long ago as 1950 he supplied the needs of both staff and students from his position with T T Johnsons, a photographic shop in Catherine Street.

'Trev's interest in photography began during his school days in Streatham. He printed his own negatives and those of his chums on Ilford Seltona P O P. This paper needed no development. Negatives were contact printed using sunlight and the prints fixed and washed. Ideal for the young experimenter: it sold in those days for just twopence a packet.

After the war in 1947 'Trev' did not resume his early career in engineering but returned to his primary interest - photography, and having a special affinity for equipment joined the optical and photographic firm of Dolland and Aitchison at their Bond Street branch. The company soon was to take over a number of photographic shops in the country and 'Trev' was offered a position at the branch in Salisbury. An opportunity he readily accepted.

'Trev' has many fascinating memories of supplying the photographers of Salisbury. One customer, a wealthy local turkey farmer, always insisted on all his new equipment being supplied in brand new, unopened boxes. Anything that had been opened for display wouldn't do. After thoroughly testing a new camera or lens, he would arrive in the shop, place a case full of cash on the counter and announce he had come to 'brass up'. On one occasion, his visit to 'Trev's' house, arriving in

his chauffeur-driven Rolls with a gift of two dozen turkey eggs as a get-well gesture during illness, caused a few raised eyebrows amongst the neighbours.

In those days dedication to the job could be expected and indeed was put to the test when one Saturday evening at 10.00 o'clock the telephone rang at home. It was a message from the Ministry of War. No, not 'Trev' being called up, but Sir Anthony who, while entertaining some people for the weekend at his home near Salisbury, decided to show some films and found the projector bulb had failed. After explaining that bulbs were only kept at the shop, a car was arranged and within a short while the shop was opened and replacement bulbs on their way.

It was in 1970 that the shop of T T Johnson became an optician's only under the parent company name of Dolland and Aitchison, and 'Trev' moved to the college.

Based first at Brown Street and later moving up to the new college, 'Trev' manages the photographic store. This job is not always easy. Often, on one hand, eager students try to squeeze "just a few more neg bags" from the store whilst staff issue strict instructions to try and make small supplies of materials last out until the end of term. Financial restrictions make it necessary to stretch resources to the full and it is often the stores which have to say 'No' if we are to make the books balance.

Managing the day-to-day budget of the department is another of 'Trev's' responsibilities. Placing orders, chasing late deliveries, organising repairs and allocating materials are all done during 'Stores Closed' periods.

We shall certainly miss 'Trev' when he leaves in July, and on behalf of all students past and present we wish him well on his retirement.

BOB BARTHOLOMEW

" The story so far:-

After leaving college, I started a fruitless search for a job. I worked for a week at Odstock as a medical photographer, but I didn't like the blood. The rest of the time between unsuccessful interviews was spent driving vans. Whilst this was going on, I became more interested in and more involved in music, and in the summer of '75 my 'group' (Marvo the Magician) performed at the Cambridge Folk Festival. In September of the same year I was lucky enough to get a place on a TOPS course in Musical Instrument Technology at Merton Technical College where I learnt how to repair brass, woodwind and stringed instruments. On completion of the course, I moved back to Andover and took a job as part-time theatre technician at Cricklade Theatre. Here I look after the sound and lighting equipment and have wild drunken orgies with the multitude of stars who visit Andover. In between orgies I set up a small workshop in a spare room at home and started repairing instruments, mainly for local schools. At the beginning of 1979 I got together with a friend of mine with the idea of opening a music shop. With the aid of threats we managed to persuade someone to put up some money and we eventually opened 'Marvo Music' in June. There is a workshop for my repairs, and when I don't have any repairs to do I use the time making instruments (but very slowly). I am still working part-time at the theatre while the shop gets going properly."

HUW EVANS

"It is difficult to imagine working for a living whilst still in full-time education - however, it happens to us all sooner or later!

My turn came on September 24, 1979 when I strolled into Academy Studios in Wallington (Surrey) as a Junior Photographer. The first job I had was a three-day session as an assistant to Don Fraser, my boss. I learned a LOT and nearly committed suicide twice!

Since then work has been very varied. Last week, for instance, I was hanging over the edge of a skyscraper to get 'the shot', on location in Portsmouth, shooting half-plate transparencies for an advertising campaign, at a presentation in a hotel and photographing the interior of a boiler on an industrial plant.

Enough of this big-headed stuff, and on to wish all past and present students the best of luck in their exams and/or jobs."

KEVIN REDPATH

"My three year sojourn at Salisbury (1975-78) enabled me to grasp the meaning of such abstruse terminology as 'Fogged again', 'A touch of the over-exposures and curtailed development' and 'Sorry, we're right out of dark slides'. Despite such minor trivialities as jammed mags, hairy gates and eternally flat batteries, I completed the course and returned to Wales wielding a Weston Master with an almost enviable dexterity.

I began to set up an Educational Audio Visual business and with the aid of a somewhat diffident Bank Manager ('Are you sure you know what you are doing, boyo?') have increased my stock from one Pentax Spotmatic and a few packets of partially fogged Veribrom to two SAV2000 projectors, an SX2500 Imatronic dissolve unit and much needed darkroom equipment. My first programme, in conjunction with the Wool Board, is one about the complete cycle of woollen manufacture from shearing to woven garment. Future projects include work with the Oil Refineries at Milford Haven and a programme for the Pembrokeshire Coast National Park. "



Summer leavers 1979

FORBES STEPHENSON

"Since I left college I've been helping out with the family business (The Boot Inn near Andover) and will do until we sell up this spring. Photographically, I have been doing freelance work, most of it has been for an American magazine called British Heritage. This was originally a magazine called British History Illustrated but has recently been re-launched by the Historical Times on a bi-monthly basis to appeal to a wider circulation.

The work I've been doing has been covering events like Henley Royal Regatta and the London to Brighton Veteran Car Rally and also English pubs and hotels of interest. All the work has been done in colour, but having seen the first issue, I was somewhat disappointed with the reproduction.

The biggest problem I encountered was trying to work out how much I was worth for a day's work excluding expenses, and then working out the expenses realistically, like charging a decent rate per mile for travelling by car. Another problem has been paying out money on a job and not getting the money back until six or seven weeks later which has left me in a pretty precarious state at times.

Anyway the editor likes what I've been doing and wants to keep me on as their photographer even when I get a full-time job (which I hope will be soon), so I will have to cross that bridge when it comes."



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