

**ANNIVERSARY
EDITION**

PURE NOSTALGIA

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

PURE NOSTALGIA

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

**FOURTH EDITION
1983**

**EDITOR. IAN R SMITH
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Department Photograph, Summer 1982

EDITORIAL

Welcome to this very special anniversary edition of Pure Nostalgia. Twenty-one years ago last September the first small group of students of Photography embarked on a new course of study at the Salisbury College of Art in New Street. The fashions of the late 1950's were still in evidence and the Sixties had hardly started to swing. But swing they surely did. Hem lines, still safely below the knee were to rise to the dizzy heights of the mini skirt. Those early departmental photographs showing smartly dressed young men in sports jackets and cravattes were to give way to those illustrating blue denim, afghan coats and long hair. Music at College dances was to be dominated by the Beatles, Rolling Stones and the purveyors of Flower Power.

The Seventies dawned and with them the prospect of a new college. The move came and with new buildings, new equipment and even some new staff, the department took on a new impetus towards higher level qualifications.

Long hair and the folk clubs have gone and, with the search for jobs ever more arduous, many would detect a new level of motivation and attention to serious study amongst present day students. Although, thankfully, there is still much fun to be had.

Whatever the era, many hold the memories of their

days at Salisbury very dear and it is the goodwill and community spirit that has ensured the success and growth of this magazine.

Our circulation has increased substantially again this year with more and more old students being reached. If you keep in contact with colleagues, do please make sure they are on the mailing list. If not, let us know.

April 16th will see the first ever reunion of old students. At the time of compiling this editorial, ticket sales have been very encouraging with the minimum numbers for a successful evening having been passed long ago. A full report will be in next year's edition.

One of the most exciting projects for some time has been the production of a major exhibition of photographs by second year students showing life in Salisbury today. Entitled 'A Place in History', it has involved the close co-operation of some 26 local companies or organisations. The exhibition includes 24 double-page magazine spreads, each dealing with an aspect of local life ranging from Common Cold Research to the Army School of Flying, from sheep farming to the performing arts. Additionally over 20 companies have supplied locally made items providing the basis for real life assignments, the results of which will be on display. The exhibition will run for most of February 1983 at the City Library and will be staged again at the College to coincide with the Reunion. An exhibition newspaper has been produced and printed in full colour, thanks to the generosity of Tisbury Printing

Works. Team work has been the name of the game with so many diverse skills needed to stage such an event, but a major share of the credit must go to Bill Shepley who, as they say, has been making it all happen.

This year the magazine has been produced with the help of two second year students, Clare Garrard and Clare Capp, who have put in a lot of hard work writing, photographing and pasting up the results.

Very best wishes to you all

Ian Smith

TONY SHEARN

1978-81

"Last year I asked you to watch this space - and with good reason... After a long fruitless search for a job, I decided to go freelance and I haven't looked back since.

I've had such a good year that I've had to get an accountant (just to please Iain) and it's only now that I'm beginning to get quiet, which will give me time to sort out the things I've neglected over the year, like flat-hunting, chasing girls, etc.

After a slow start to the year, all my door-bashing began to pay off, gradually at first, then by word-of-mouth it began to elevate to full-time work, double bookings etc - even from people I'd never contacted.

I made an effort to work with people whom I'd heard were good (therefore I learn more) and am now 'semi-attached' to one of Britain's 'ACERS' - must hang in there.

Still having union problems, but BBC work isn't so bad- That's Life with my hero Frank Carson, Planet Earth with David Attenborough; have found a few loopholes so have done work other than BBC, but not in any great quantity.

Highlights of the Year:- 8 hours notice to jump on a plane and do 2½ weeks in Lebanon for Panorama. Whilst appealing to the machismo in me, it scared the out of me - but I'd do it again.

Then in September I got booked for 5 weeks on a film about wine - Madeira, Portugal, Italy, Wales (!) Germany, France. Yes folks, got ripped off again, pick-pocketed this time, on the Metro.

It's not all roses though, chaps. Filming in territory where you know you are in someone's gun-sights, being mortared and sitting knowingly near time-bombs tends to make you drink a lot in the evenings. And the media thrived on the tears of the Falklands; sometimes you're expected to have no emotions.

Note to Jeff Gorbeck - I was nearly on the crew I understand filmed you at work - however, much as I wanted to do it, I was double-booked and spent the day on a high-rise roof filming Lords cricket ground. Sorry I missed that.

I do get disappointments. I've now been in a helicopter twice and developed a taste for it - have missed a couple of flights since. Other non-events include doing the Stones in Nice and two weeks in California and, as if that wasn't bad enough, I then just failed to get 3 weeks in Kenya. (There's always next year.)

Anyway, regards to all, I'm tentatively phone-sitting as I may be doing a commercial tomorrow - probably will fall through though, weather is against us right now..."



Fog bound 2-camera crew in North London.
From left to right: Bruce Barraclough, Tony Shearn,
Richard Ganniccliffe, Merlyn Davis.



Photographed by Fiona Hanson

IN VIEW

DEREK STIRLING

Imagine what it must be like to see your whole life, or at least a large part of it, pass before your eyes in the course of one evening and you might get some idea of how Derek Stirling will feel at the Reunion in April.

He has devoted most of his working life to SCA, since 1958, when he took up a full-time post here. He originally became involved with the college a few years earlier at the request of the Principal, Mr Clements. Beginning by teaching two evenings a week, progressing to day-release, and then full-time classes in 1961.

Over the years he has introduced the various elements of the course, gradually building it up and refining it to the nationally respected organisation it is today. After gaining an Open University degree in Maths, it was he who cultivated the interest in computers, and ensured the purchase of the Apple in September.

To him, the advantages of teaching are that he can not only work with young people, but that he can enjoy the variety of photography. As the administration has become more time-consuming, he has been able to give less and less of his attention to teaching, which is something he deeply regrets.

Like many successful men, his involvement with his subject started in childhood, and was encouraged by his father, a photo-journalist. After completing his National Service in the RAF in Hong Kong, he took up a place at the Polytechnic of Central London to study general photography. Whilst training, he frequently assisted his father, thus gathering valuable experience which no doubt helped him gain a first class pass, and the Student of the Year Award.

He was employed in several jobs as varied as Fashion, GP and colour printing. Had it not been for a prolonged illness, he might still be working in the photo-finishing industry. Instead he applied to the

Civil Service, and was posted to Porton Down, where he met his wife Margaret. He formed a firm friendship with another young colleague, Dave Cousins, who was later to join him in the early days at the college. They have both seen many changes and many faces, and if you can catch them both together with a few pints of the local brew, those tall stories of 'Life in New Street' can entertain for hours.



GUY HOBBS

1978-81

"December 22, 1981 - Flew from Heathrow in mild frost, my destination Genoa, to join cruise ship as photographer. Sunny Med here I come.... 3 hours later arrived in blizzard, plane diverted to Pisa. Set sail next day on Christmas cruise - decks covered in 8 ins of snow!

So started my year on the ocean waves. The first 3 months were spent on a Russian cruise ship, Taras Shevchenko, with 300 Russian crew, a dozen cruise staff of the same nationality as the 800 passengers (French, German or Italians) and 3 Englishmen. The cruises were long and leisurely, taking in the Carribean, Brazil and West Africa. Very little work, consequently only enough earnings to cover expenses, but who cared when life was filled with Sun, Sea, Sand, exotic locations and beautiful food. The highlight of the year was spending 3 days in Rio for the Carnival - the most beautiful city in the world, and at carnival time it was an experience not to be missed.

The Russians were a great bunch. A couple of the company lads have married Russian girls in fact, and one has been making the national newspapers recently because after a year he still can't get her out of Russia.

April arrived and despite all my efforts I still hadn't found anything remotely suspicious hiding behind the telephone mouthpiece or ventilator grill. Never-the-less I decided to move on to the vessels dreaded by most self-respecting photographers at sea - the Greek ships.

The Atlantis carried only 300 passengers of usually about 20 different nationalities around the Greek islands on 3-and 4-day cruises (if it's Monday morning, it's Mykonos, if it's after lunch, it must be Rhodes). Every cruise was the same, we did 60 in a row with a 2-hour turnaround between them, I worked 16 hours a day, 7 days a week, the Greeks would rarely go out of their way to help you, meals were eaten with the crew and, even for me the human dustbin, it was hard going (Tuesday

night special was bones and chips in an oily puddle), but the money was incredible.

A 2-year veteran of these ships had advised me that the only way to survive was to be continuously stoned or pissed - I didn't consider the situation to be quite so drastic (but then again I only did it for one season!) and eventually made it to cruise 60. Looking back there are some great memories, good and bad - 1st cruise, dinner jacket on, looking good, Mr Cool wanders around dining room and takes 150 portraits and 50 group shots an hour later, sweat pouring off, a job well done. A moment's hesitation, our hero suppresses a scream, curses under his breath and repeats operation, this time with film in camera.

Another memorable occasion was when the King of Saudi Arabia's brother came up to me one evening, gave me £500 and purchased 200 piccys!

Mid season there was a bit of excitement when the Greek government coughed up £3/4 million to charter the ship for a week to bring a certain Y Arafat and a few of his heavies out of Beirut.

Around May our ship got into an argument with a hurricane force gale. It's a long story, but we ended up battling through the storm for 5 hours, going 'backwards' because we were dragging another ship's anchor tangled with ours. The ship was leaning like I've never known a ship lean before, the passengers and crew just lay in the main lounge, hanging onto pillars, throwing up on the carpet, moaning, crying and praying; everything that could move collapsed or fell to the ground, arm-chairs hurtled across the room, my darkroom was destroyed and the force of the water made a huge dent in the back of the ship. The next day the captain informed us it was his worst experience in 20 years at sea, and that he hadn't even been certain that we were going to make it.

The season finished in style on a rather unpleasant note when a 'friend' stole £3000 of company money from the darkroom.

Finally having photographed and printed 40,000 piccys,

mastered rewinding and changing film in the camera in 15 secs, and having got electrocuted 20 times (water, Greek electricians and swaying ships don't go together - ever stuck your hand into a live water bath?), it all came to an end. Made it home, the bank manager was happy, the company made me photographer of the year (most bonuses), offered me a world cruise and a new contract, but, although I wouldn't have minded another year, I declined, and now having spent several weeks recovering, I'm ready for a huge pay cut and heading London way.

I leave you with a little sea shanty I composed mid-Atlantic at 5 am whilst sitting in the darkroom developing the films from a rather hectic pyjama party.

Agitating Rock & Roll

Rocking and a Rolling on the open sea
Many miles from England, feeling kinda free
Sick of foreign money, wish I was back home
I guess I shouldn't worry, no need for me to moan
Cos I'm having so much fun, locked up in this hole
I'm agitating rock & roll

Let's all agitate, let's all agitate
It's good for the body, good for the soul
Agitating rock & roll

In a vicious swell, ain't feeling too well
Couped up in the dark just like a mole
The prints look kinda red
Cos I've thrown up in the dev
And my stomach's agitating rock & roll
C41, having so much fun
A little bit of fix and I'm getting all my kicks
Get those elbows moving, do it just like me
A-G-I-T-A-T-E

Agitating Rock & Roll

Ohhhh! Let's all agitate, let's all agitate
It's good for the body, good for the soul
Agitating rock & roll

Agitating rock & roll
Agitating, agitating, agitating, agitating,
agitating rock & roll
(fade out to sounds of throwing up)

© 1982 Dee Max and the Reciprocity Failures

Lots of luv."



CHARLIE WAITE



LANDSCAPES

"Landscapes" was Charlie's first major exhibition, staged at the Alpine Gallery, 74, South Audley Street, London, in December 1982.

Originally an actor, he moved gradually into photography, by taking promotional and personal portraits of his associates, coming to Salisbury College of Art in 1976.

He was approached by author Adam Nicholson to illustrate his book "The National Trust Book of Long Walks" which became a bestseller. It is from this work and a further result of the partnership - "Long Walks in France" - that the exhibition has been compiled.

It is a collection of subtle and original landscapes, in both black and white and colour, each expressing his devotion and personal involvement with every picture. An inspiring exhibition that was well worth visiting.

PHIL DEEL

1968-71

"I find this magazine confusing - I flip through looking for the contribution from people I know - Ah! Fred Macfearson - I remember a Fred Mac something or other in 1968. I read it and it's about someone who left last year and is now working in Alaska, after 6 months as a topless photographic assistant at Butlins, Minehead. Obviously not the Fred Macfearson I knew.

So please, a plea for dates on contributions. Here's mine..... 1968 to 1971.... God, I feel ancient. Talking of feeling ancient. Charlie Lyne (also '68 to '71) arrived on my doorstep yesterday, coinciding with Ian Smith's annual plea for a few lines, short novel or whatever.

Strange how our lives and lifestyles change, yet our paths still cross. I remember the two of us in a group of 15 students packing into a phonebox in the first

week of college in '68.... Yes, we used to do those things.

Where was I ? - Yes, well, Charlie arrived out of the blue (Exeter en route to Oxford actually) and I'd been running this Rock music TV Outside broadcast all week... (If you're in the West, watch RPM, Monday 6.50 for the next 6 months).

.... so Charlie came down resplendent in his 3-piece suit and long ginger hair and beard. We attempted to swap reminiscences over 4 kilowatt soundchecks and band rehearsals ("honest guv, it's not over 115 db - here").

And 14 years ago we were two tatty photographic students both with an interest in electronics.

We designed the first stereo in use in the College common room. Unfortunately Charlie made a mistake with the calculations and the L/S cabinets were made 6ft high instead of 2ft... I wonder what happened to those cabinets.

We both ran rock concerts for the SU. I had the band 'Free' booked for £60 once.

Now neither of us is in Photography.

Charlie is a successful electronics engineer, with a large and thriving family, and I went from unemployment to TV directing, also with a thrive and larging family. So, the moral of this tale for today's students: You think you're learning photography, but you're really learning (bet they don't print this).....

PS Many months later, having forgotten to post the last bit. Am now working in Southampton. Guess whose photos are plastered all over the walls - Ken Beken's - you can't get away from ruddy ex-Art College students.

Hello, Ken, how are you, mate ? - how's the Lamborghini? Yes, my mini's OK too."

PS Those speaker cabinets, their works removed, now mark "reserved" places in the college car park. They don't make them like that any more!! - Editor

KEN DE WITT

1971-74

"I never thought I would ever see the day when I would be invited to contribute to the old students' magazine. Like death, I suppose one must accept it as being inevitable. Woody Allen put it succinctly, "I'm not afraid of dying, I just don't want to be around when it happens."

I left college uncertain about the outcome of an interview I had attended a few weeks previously. Fortunately, I was offered the job, and being thoroughly unenamoured with the concept of unemployment, said 'yes please', (quickly). So here I am, doing my bit for the National Health as a Medical Photographer at the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital - incidentally Many Edlin's old job.

I would be understating in describing the workload as diverse. Because monotonous it ain't. You name it, sir, we do it (cash terms only). It's a three man department, using principally 35mm to cope with the volume of work. As well as the usual round of lecture slides, we do a fair amount of photography of internal prostheses (replacement knees, etc) - before insertion of course - exhibitions, video in the operating theatre, and generally providing an audio-visual service to the medical staff.

I share a flat in the hospital, which makes life quite easy as far as travelling and rent are concerned - twenty yards and very cheap, respectively.

I'd better not say how much I'm enjoying my job, hospital life etc, in case there might be a sudden influx into medical photography, so I'll finish off with a few pointers for the medical boffins at SCA on theatre photography:

1. On entry into the operating theatre, kneel in obeisance to the surgeon (at the same time see who's wearing your theatre wellies).

2. Always laugh at sister's humourisms (this is essential to avoid getting an osteotome through the foot).
3. Avoid dropping lenses, cameras, flash equipment into the wound as this causes an unsightly bulge when sewing-up time comes.

All the best."

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

FOR IAN SMITH

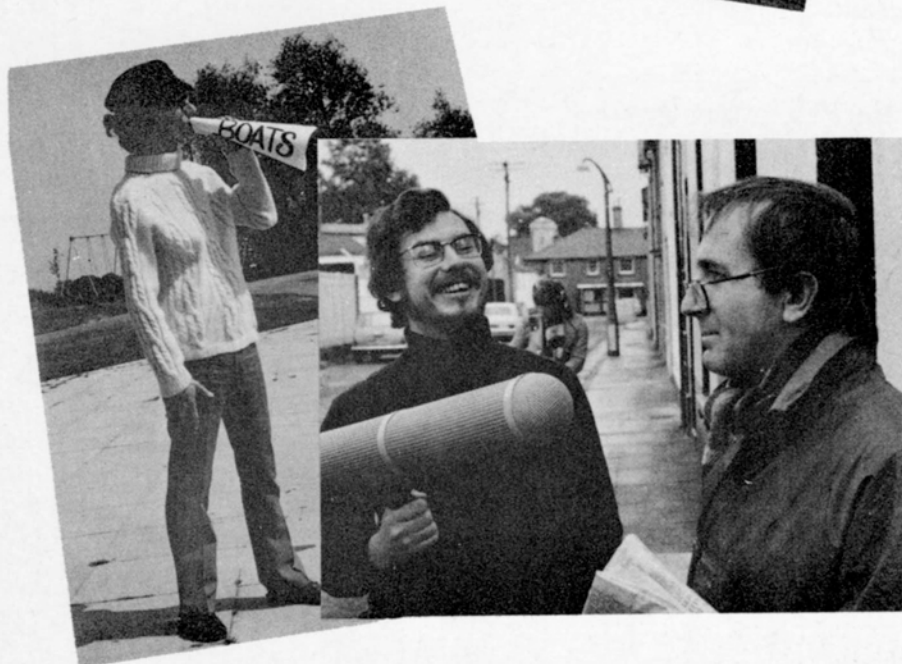
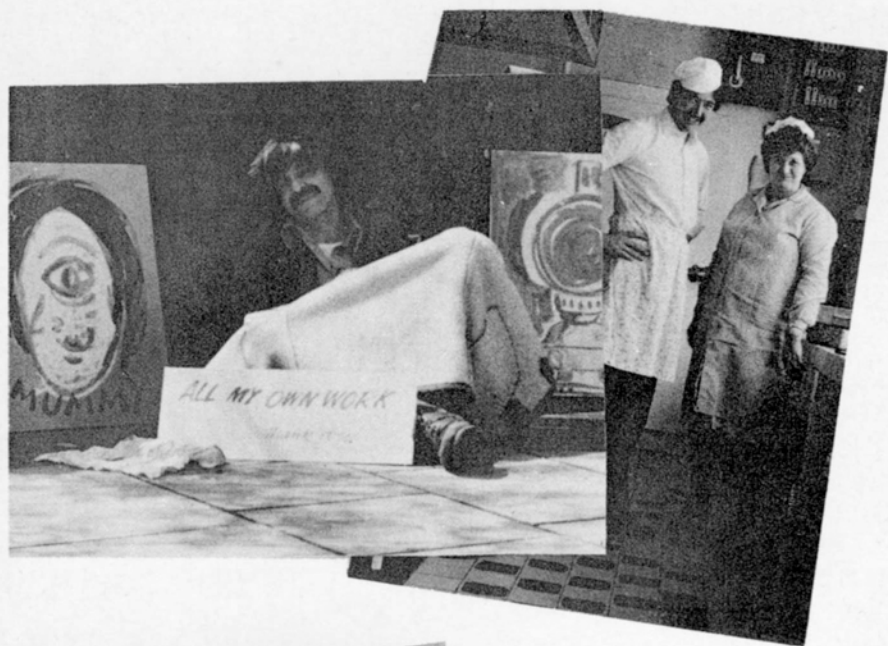
Now that the Reunion's only a few weeks away, the final stages of preparations are being completed. Ian has been responsible for organising the whole event, which has led to more than one terrifying experience.

The idea was dreamt up back in the Christmas Term of 1981 and in the light of the success of Pure Nostalgia, which shows the affection of ex-students for their SCA years, it has become reality.

The first step was to choose the location. Marsh Court seemed the obvious choice, being a beautiful and easily accessible setting and having the advantage of belonging to the family of an ex-student. Next came the quotes from various caterers, and arrangements were made for the music.

In September 1982, written invitations were circulated to test whether there was a sufficient number of people interested. Considerable detective work was involved to locate elusive ex-students.

Thanks to your rewarding response, the final arrangements have been confirmed, and we are all looking forward to meeting you on April 16.



Stills from the film "I was at S C A and look what happened to me!", circa 1973.

KEN YAP

1979-82

"Hello - greetings from sunny Malaysia! Yes, I'm back here for good now. Still, miss England and friends like mad, even though I'll be coming back for holidays often.

I'm in the process now of scouting around for possible studio locations - apparently there's a fortune to be made in Photography here. Quite promising, but nothing definite as yet. I might take a room at the top of my granny's Photography shop. When my grandfather opened it way back in the pioneering days of Photography, it was used as a studio. The entire ceiling was fashioned from glass for maximum natural light. That has since been covered over, but it would be great if it could be converted once again into a natural light studio. The room is certainly large enough, with ample space for a good-sized darkroom, model's room, kitchen, office and large studio. Only thing is - parking facilities in the area are appalling. Still, I'll keep you informed of my progress.

When I went back to England after the course (on a tourists visa, to pack my stuff and sell the house), I spent two months in London working for Robyn Beeche. We're firm and established friends now and are even thinking of a studio-swap once a year. She taught me everything there was to know, and even revealed her trade secrets to me! Covered quite a few shows for her (Zandra Rhodes - done in a back-stage studio this time, Carolyn Charles, Worlds End and Allan Soh), so have been getting quite good publicity in Time Out, GQ (leading American men's fashion mag), etc. Also helped Mike (Robyn's boyfriend) to organise a couple of fashion shows - one for Way In Boutique at Harrods, and one for Fendi Furs. As a result, met lots of interesting, and some important, people (including Lady Butlin and Lady Barnettson).

Well, that's all for now. Regards to everyone."

DEAR FATHER, DEAREST MOTHER

Here I am in Salisbury,
Just as I'd always dreamed.
I've been here nearly one whole week,
And it's not quite what it seemed.

For my digs I have a closet
Six foot four by four foot two.
I'm up the stairs and round the back
By the never-quite-flushing loo.

My landlady is elderly,
Mrs Winterbottom-Smythe,
And her consort, the Wing Commander,
Is technically alive.

The teaching staff are very strong
On punctuality,
But at half past nine most mornings
It's like a mortuary.

The studio's securely locked -
No sign of any key.
"Ah, Gerald, do you, would you?" "Not my
Responsibility."

But Salisbury's answer to Superman,
Alias D J C,
Sails in with a cheery, "Morning, chaps,"
And "Open Sesame."

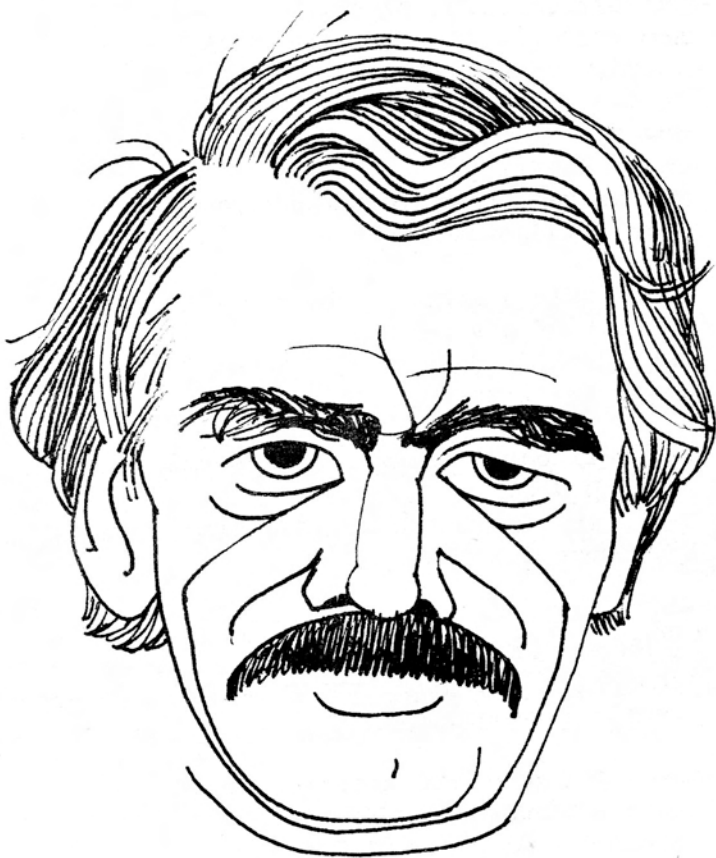
I'm armed with Nikon cameras,
An FM and FE;
And what's the first thing we're asked to do?
Pinhole photography!

But looking on the bright side,
There's romance for me in store:
It's not only Pan and Tri-X
That develop in Darkroom Four.

Mr Smith's a real gentleman-
He's always with the girls.
I don't know why they go for him,
Perhaps it's all his curls!

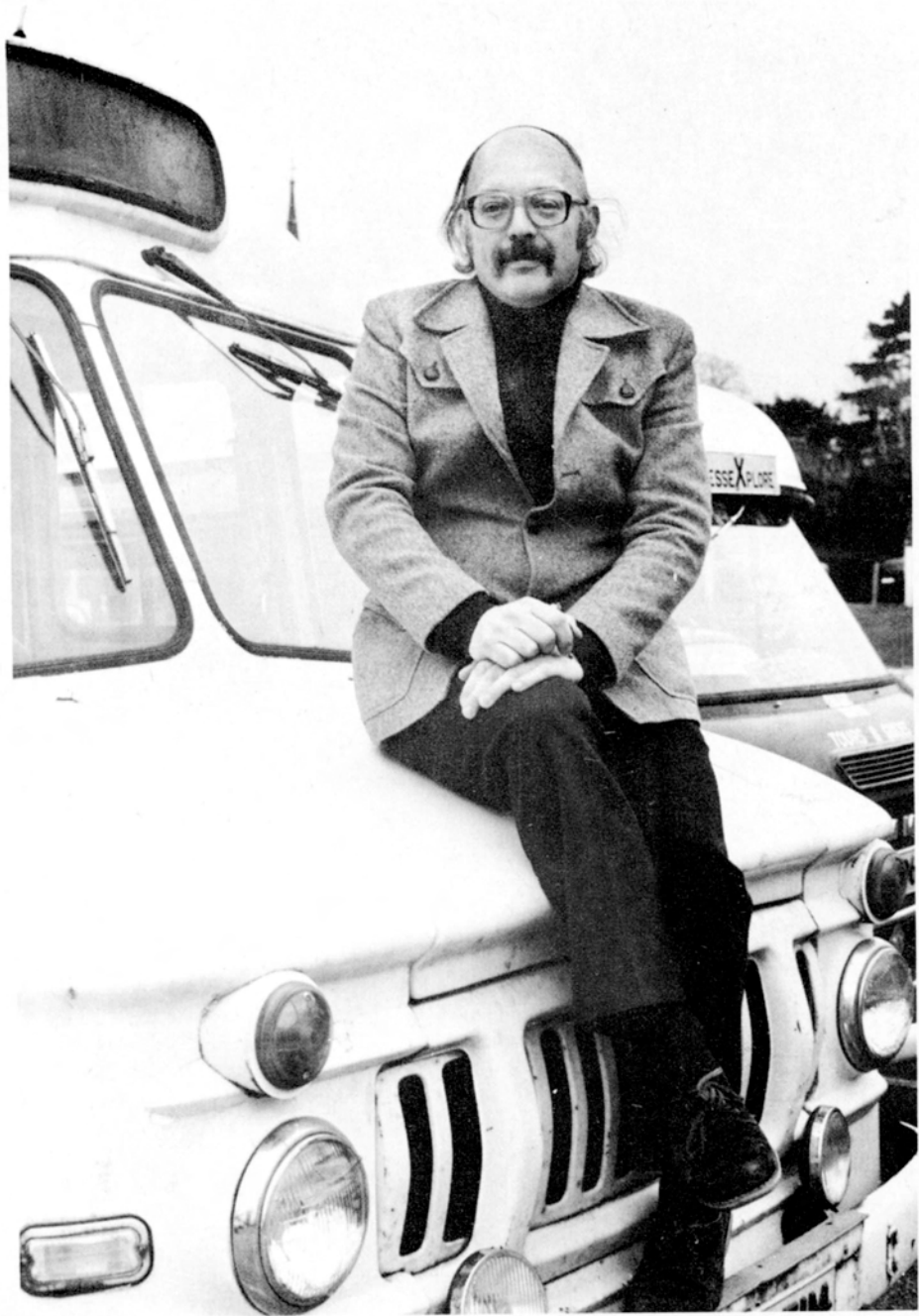
JB's our sergeant-major,
We receive him loud and clear.
Then twinkling eyes and knitted ties
Mr Pitt is such a dear.

Well, that's all for the moment,
I'll write again next week.
In the next enthralling lecture -
At least I won't be asleep.





Summer Leavers 1982



Photographed by Clare Garrard

IN VIEW

MIKE FITTON

Mike Fitton is SCA's equivalent to the absent-minded professor, and has been for the last 16 years. He has all the necessary qualities - forgetfulness, generosity with his time, enthusiasm for life in general, photography and computers in particular.

He has always been interested in the technical side of photography, which led him to take his first job in the research department of ICI. This enabled him to expand his knowledge through the testing of photographic materials.

Later he began to teach evening classes in scientific photography. He found this rewarding because he could meet people and share his skills with them. He applied for a full-time post at Blackpool College in 1965, and remained there for two years teaching general photography.

He then moved to SCA and returned to mainly scientific work. As the syllabus changed, he was required to instruct more general methods again although he retained his technical bias, now manifest in his interest in computers.

This is his main hobby, in and out of college, but he is also particularly fond of music. In his home town of Manchester, he played the trombone in several brass bands, sang in the church choir, and was a member of the operatic society.

To escape from the general pandemonium at SCA, he and his wife Maureen travel abroad as much as possible in their famous 3½ ton de-luxe ambulance. When this is not possible they walk away from it all - often up to 18 miles a day.

Mike has been very much involved with the development of the course in recent years, particularly with the change from College Diploma to PQE, and of late to Higher DATEC. His specialised knowledge ensures his value as a sought-after member of the staff - that is, if you can find him!

RUPERT CAKE

1977-80

"My life is still very much to do with animals - these days mostly of the woolly variety. Sheep have strange ways, they don't like being first or last, a bit like students going to a lecture, all of a rush five minutes after the start of the lecture. Mind you, who would be first into a deep tank of cold and very smelly water. Talking of deep tanks, can the college still be using those old deep tank heaters, or have they at last found some way round that old problem? For students who don't know what a deep tank heater is, then ask some old student to tell you what fun they were. Working outside with animals can have its good times and its bad. There can be some really fine moments to make up for the hard work. One such time was an afternoon when six of us fellow sheep breeders went out to a large farm high on a Dorset hill not far from the sea. At the farm there were 400 sheep to inject. As we set to work, the wind came up with an icy blast and the sun was nowhere to be seen, the sheep were still wet from a down-pour the day before, so heavy leggings were needed. By the end our hands were cold to the core, and our feet were blocks of ice. The job was done in two hours, I only stabbed myself once and I cleaned the needle after so all was well. With the job done the sheep had to be driven about 4 miles down a winding road. As the drive started, the wind dropped and the sun found a way through the clouds to catch their edges with a red sunset. I looked back to see the sky was a deep red, in the valley bottoms a mist was forming so only the high land could be seen. The warmth from the sheep was giving off a mist which was swirling around, a bit like a dust cloud behind a fast car. The people driving the sheep could only be seen in the mist. At the end of the drive the sheep went down into a valley, to 'work' on some fine late grass. After a good afternoon's job well done, we all clambered into cars to round off the day at the local pub."

JOHN FUCE

1978-81

"Life on the farm is really great. These 12-hour days are something else!! Anyway, I've managed to set up a small studio and specialise in - dare I say it - weddings (ugh!) and portraits of children or midgets as the headroom leaves nothing to be desired.

I've lashed out and bought a Bowers System of electronic studio flash, brollies etc and it is quite good fun setting up different effects. This escapade led to a small exhibition and hence as judge to the local camera club where the younger members are about 65! I think they're having difficulty in focussing! As JB always said 'It's a different world out there' and pointed towards the West. I've learnt a lot in the last few months, e.g. don't ask people not to squint at the camera - I did, and found out that the person squinted all the time!!

I also had to photograph some loony farmer spreading lime on a steep hill - he was the only contractor who would risk it in a field that had an incline of approx 80° - mind you, I got covered in white powdery lime.

I hear that Guy is back, so I'm locking up any breakables. If JD reads this, I would like to say that Don McCullin would not touch a Pentax with a canal full of barge-poles!!

Anyway, time to go and milk the cows. Congratulations on a wham, bang, fab magazine.

Lots of love to Mr Stirling, JB and the rest of the Salisbury globe-trotters.

PS What happened to Timbo Edgar??

AAEP COMPETITION

We've always done well in this national competition but this year we have been more successful than ever!

Students Reportage:

1st Prize - Peter Summerland SCA

Highly Commended - Kate Shemilt SCA

Students Still Life:

1st Prize - Gary Nash SCA

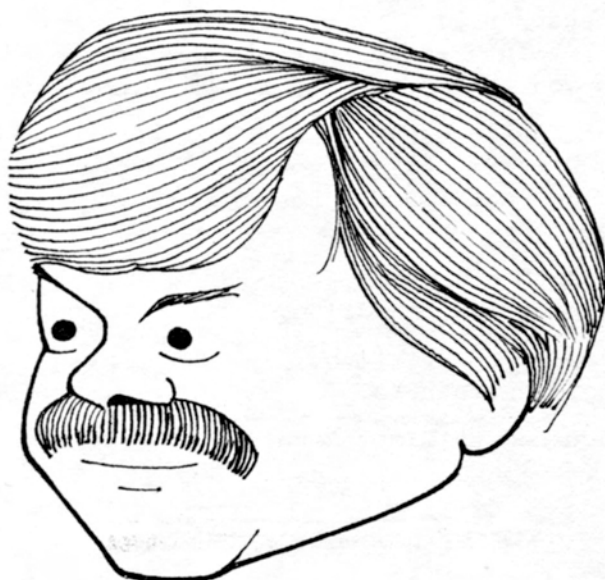
Highly Commended - Jennifer Hayward SCA

Andy Olney SCA

Jostein Bakke SCA

Assistants Still Life:

2nd Prize - Andy Hayward ex-SCA



ANDY HAYWARD

1979-82

"On leaving college last July, I began to suffer the illustrious illusion that life was either so completely uncomplicated, or that some inexplicable aura of fortune had settled above my complacent head. Within two weeks I had clicked my shutter at piles of ethnic grub - abley prepared by Keith Perry - for Macmillans, and then promptly moved to a newly acquired flat in London. With everything cascading into place, I began to think that grabbing an assistant's job would pose no problem.

The succeeding months, however, brought little to fruition except despondancy, increasing returns to British Rail and London Transport, and athletes foot.

John Wheldon and Penny were soon to move into a flat just down the road. This added fortitude to my redundant hours and halted the cost of treating athletes (or portfolios) foot!

It was through Penny, however, that both John and I managed to obtain some freelance work with Michael Joseph.

During mid October, however, that hovering aura partially returned in the guise of an ecliptical smile. Having been shortlisted on my previous four interviews, I was eventually offered gainful employment. In fact I was offered two jobs on the same day! I elected Charlie Stebbings as my employer - food, general advertising and playing darts! (AFAEP competition entrants from the Guy Hobbs era may recognise the name.)

Unfortunately after two weeks of solid work, nothing came in for three weeks. In fact, during this time I was consistently beaten at darts, to which my game probably improved much more than my knowledge of photography.

Since Christmas, however, work has been the great over-indulgence of my life - shooting every working day since the New Year except two, and some weekend work also.

It has been good to see so many old friends in London too. My regards to those I have not yet seen (Heather's regards also). See you all in April.

PS I am still awaiting JB to concede to my prowess at darts, perhaps he will admit defeat at the Reunion."

ROBERT JACKSON-MEE

1979-82

"Alison and I had a marvellous time in the Far East, seeing things and meeting people that resulted in a radical change in our line of thought.

I came back to debts of £ 900 and my appeal for a work permit in Kenya refused... no reason given! I then did a ten-week stint in a new London Safeway store in the Barbican Centre which proved really grim.

Debts cleared, I found a job as a photojournalist for 'Gothberg' a news coverage agency down Fleet Street. I was assigned to follow Di and Charles to the corner of the earth, which I did and got a single page spread in the Daily Mirror. However, I was given the sack because, after working for 5 days, I chose to go ski-ing with Alison in Austria without asking permission (I like my hols.)

During ski-ing, I went down with a genuine mild version of pneumonia! For the last month I have been pretty unfit but I am now coming out of it and am ready to start interviews again.

The only other news is that Alison, myself and some friends have moved into a house in Mitcham.

Best of luck to this year's lot in getting a job."

ANDY MARSHALL

1971-74

"For the first time since "Pure Nostalgia" began, I've actually managed to put aside the mince pies and the glass of sherry in favour of a pen and paper!

As my contemporaries will know, I am what would officially be described as a Drop Out, having left college part way through my second year in 1979. Since then I've been freelance photographer/reporter and British Telecom clerical worker, but always harbouring the desire to join the editorial staff of a motoring magazine. Well, now I've made it and can honestly say that perseverance pays. I always knew what I wanted and never let anyone - Ian Smith and Dave Cousins included - tell me otherwise.

Like most fellows, I've ended up in London, working in EC4 and living in Streatham. Wayne Forward and Andy Davies are in the neighbourhood, but I've only seen them once in the last couple of years - seems they mistook my failure to grasp the rules of cricket as disinterest in their company! Just a joke, boys!

Jeremy Irving's a funny bloke. Keeps sending me Christmas cards but when I reply, he never returns the call.... Anyway, I digress. Despite Streatham's close proximity to Brixton, the natives are rarely restless and the Empire (a two-bedroomed flat with bog and bathroom) has so far remained intact. The neighbours are fairly quiet, except for the ones in the flat below. I'm sure that if the girl knew she was sharing her pillow talk with three journalists and not just her boring boyfriend, she wouldn't smile so sweetly when we bump into each other on the landing!

See you on 16th of April ?"

RICHARD SMITH

1968-71

"No real news for "Pure Nostalgia" except that, since leaving the bliss of bachelorhood, I'm not in the Bulls Head at Ranmar quite so often, but I now own my own camera. No time to write a proper thing as I'm tied up being the lighting man for a panto that my hobby outfit, the Sheffield Junior Chamber of Commerce, is putting on.

I'm still taking a few photos, and running an offset press, and trying to get an ageing 21-year-old Land Rover going. As it's the same age as SCA, if it gets going, I'll call it 'Spirit of SCA' !

Has anyone done a salary review of photographers - I'm sure I'm underpaid, but often job adverts in the BJ don't give a good idea of salaries. Also, is being a member of the IIP or RPS of any use ?

Well, must get off now. Is there life other than me in Sheffield ? Does Phil Peel still go to Trafalgar Square on New Year's Eve ?"

ALAN CAVE

1976-79

"If you are sitting comfortably then I shall begin - in brief I am a practising medical photographer, in the metropolis of Swindon. I could if I wished write out some of the things I photograph all day long, but I'll only be accused of being boring, so here goes. Hemimandiblectomy ops., total hip replacements, cleft pallets, psoriasis, contact urticaria, NAL, BCG, BCC, Ca, RTA, PMs, mumps and bumps, chilblains and shingles and anything that tingles, you name it, if it is in you, on you, or even in a specimen jar, I'll photograph it.

Working in a hospital has a lot of advantages, in a word, Nurses, but in a few words it means no more waiting lists, a private room, and oh it's grand when you are sick and on the staff. Sympathetic nurses to look after you, that is when they are not running around after those horrid complaining things called patients. The first day was really exciting, I put on my white coat and said 'Hello world, here I am, a medical photographer'. After the infamous canteen lunch when I was comfortably in that post-prandial soporific state, the phone rang, BRIINNGGG, and I was off to take my first patient on the ward. I was introduced to this grey-haired old crone, in a wheelchair, cordoroy jacket splattered with three-day-old dinner, that was just the ward sister - they don't all look like the recruiting posters I can tell you....

Hope to see many of you at the Reunion."

IAIN WRIGHT

1968-71

"I've been racking my brain trying to remember what I have done this year - as far as I can remember it's been mainly prehistoric hillforts. Not very photogenic but you can waste hours, days, trying to prove otherwise.

I'm just back from a three-day expedition to darkest Swansea. A repeat of a 1980 trip to photograph a 1783 Canal tunnel. This time we raided the local art galleries and museums to find enough extension leads, nine in all, to run my floodlighting 200 feet into the very low filthy mud-and-water-filled tunnel. We wanted to find out where three internal bricked-up entrances went to - and photograph the end result. We spent an exciting two days tunnelling with sledge hammers, mattocks and ranging rods (real photography this!) trying to run unsuccessfully through the mud each

time the ground above came crashing down. At last on the evening of the second day, we broke thorough to the surface - nearly twelve feet of digging. I'm not sure whether to disbelieve the war-time escape stories or be very impressed.

The local planning officers were no doubt impressed the next day to see me wallowing around with a sinner in the mud at the bottom of our pit, more like a scene from 'Dante's Inferno', the 2Kw floodlights in the small tunnel sending up clouds of steam and my friend Brian and I adding to the effects with demented cries and laughter.

I hope to see some of you at the Reunion.

(Yes - for those of you who remember Iain "two pounds" Wright lives again!)



IAIN PHIPPS

1978-81

"I am still in exile in the colonies, but have been back to the homeland twice in the last year, on holiday. There is so much work in Canada I could be busy 24 hours a day, seven days a week. At present my hobby is sleeping which I find little time for. In November I got laid off when the Toronto office was closed. I was working again in three hours for another production house in Toronto called Corniche Corporate Communications Limited. At present I am an Audio-Visual Producer. Most of my work consists of programming multi-image shows. Between the 60 hours a week or more I do in my regular job, I free-lance program and produce. Best of success to all in the future. Wish I could be at the reunion."

NICK CARTER

1977-80

"During my last year at college I decided to enter the competitive field of advertising photography. By working for a trial period as an assistant for three members of AFAEP, I managed to establish contacts through which I got my first job as an assistant. It's very much a case of who you know as photographers are often unwilling to use someone they've never heard of, unless they seem extremely confident.

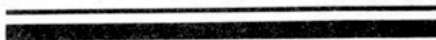
I have worked for a number of photographers whose work has varied from jewellery at Garrards of Regent Street to room sets. It's good to work for different people as you get a better picture of what the business is all about. The drawback is that as a freelance assistant it's financially uncertain and there is little opportunity to shoot your own work. I decided to work full-time for a general advertising photographer to give me time to find what area of photography I would like to specialise in. As the photographer's clients included a good cross-section of the various areas in the business, i.e. Marlboro cigarettes, General Foods, Avon cosmetics and TWA to name a few, this provided a broader choice to decide from. I also find it helpful to look at other photographers' work at exhibitions and in books, magazines and papers. It is particularly useful to see how one's rivals have completed a recent assignment - not only from a technical point of view, but also to get an idea of the style in vogue.

Now, after a couple of years "in the business", I have decided to specialise in food photography as there is greater room for your own creativity and more interesting work. Unfortunately, most advertising photographers are little more than technicians who carry out the art director's brief - generally you have to produce your more creative work in your own time, even though it is this type of work which attracts the better clients."

1982 LEAVERS

Job successes include:

Venetia Robertson-Campbell	- Nottingham Evening Post
Dave Bailey	- Assistant for Jeff Gorbeck
Robin Broadbent	- Assistant
Ken de Witt	- Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital
Toral Dixit	- British Airport Authority, Heathrow
Mark Ewart	- Film Cameraman
Andy Hayward	- Freelance Assistant
Tom Mulvee	- Assistant
Graham Parish	- Freelance Photo-journalist
Dave Timmis	- Assistant
Sally Trussler	- Assistant
John Wheldon	- Assistant
Ken Yap	- Establishing studio in Malaysia



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