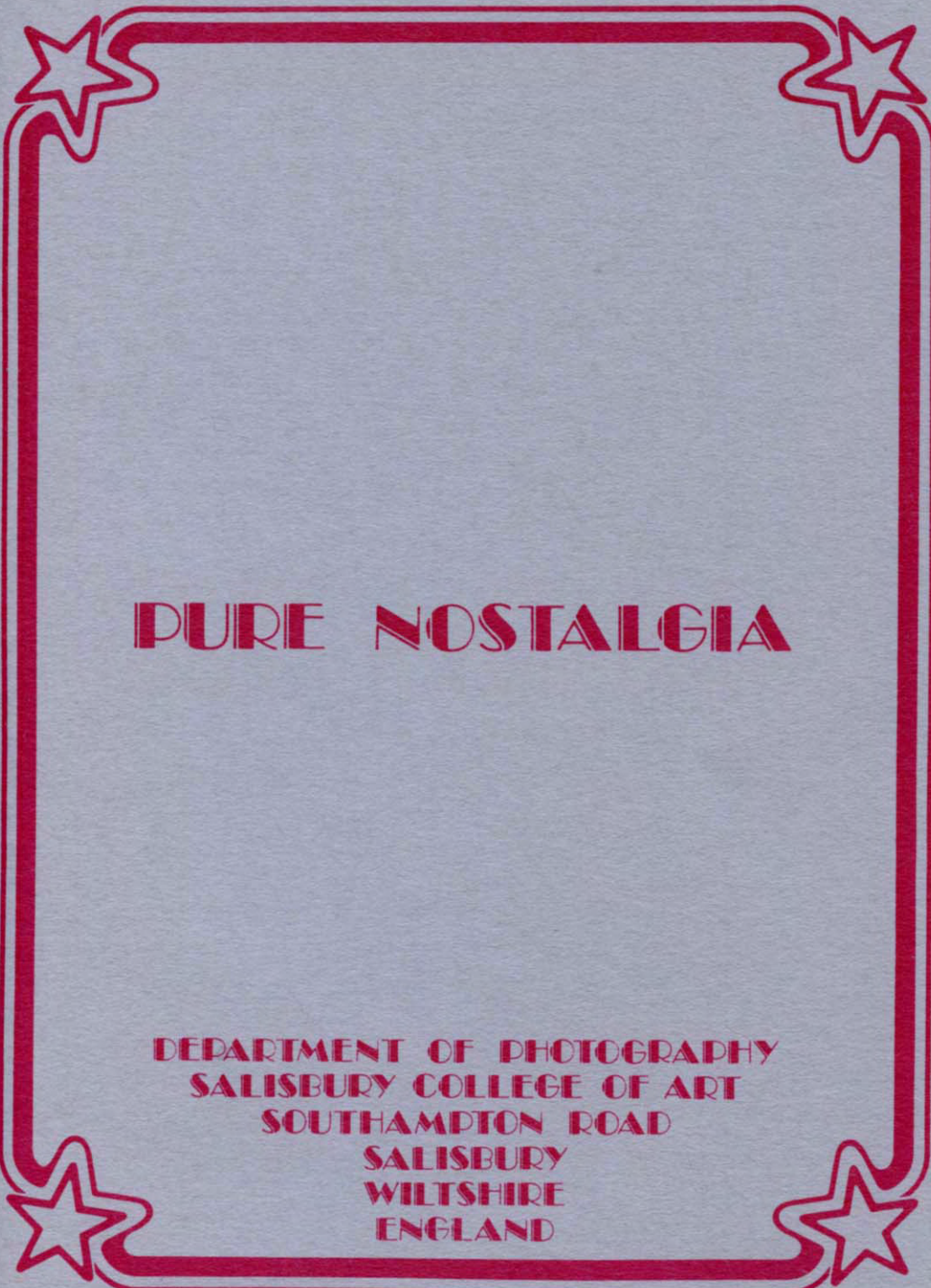




PURE NOSTALGIA

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

PURE NOSTALGIA

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

EIGHTH EDITION

1987



Department Group photograph, 1987

Editorial

The strange thing about doing something just once a year is how momentarily the time in between seems to dissolve away and is cast back to the previous occasions and their circumstances. I refer of course to the compiling of Pure Nostalgia. The process of putting it all together has changed considerably over the years. Once it was all done at College. Tables were set aside and the letters, articles and photographs spread out during production. Now its all edited at home, phototypeset during the evenings and its the summer holidays before we can find a 'slot' to print it. Such is the pace in education these days.

Speaking of such things we are gradually having to take on board more of the actual costs of production and we are therefore increasingly reliant on your support. The finances of the Old Students Association can be kept buoyant only if enough people subscribe each year. So do please reply promptly to the letter each Spring and if you are in touch with other past students give them a jog.

A special plea to overseas students too. It is always rewarding to receive letters from past students but especially interesting to hear how things are going in other countries. We now have 'our people' in Australia, Canada, Malaysia, China, America, Barbados, Kenya and Denmark so if you are one of them please write in.

I did manage to track down Alan Knowles, by phone of course to receive his anual message to the homeland. "Hi my bo', what's happening?" to the clink of rum-filled

glasses was the gist of it. U.K. time was 10.00 pm so it was late afternoon down in Barbados with people just making for the beach after a hard day in the sun! Just warming up nicely into the upper 70's apparently. Alan's concentrating on his beach boat and restaurant business with a little sailing and marine work thrown in.

This March saw the second visit by our students to Sweden accompanied this year by myself and Derek Stirling. It was a most worthwhile trip providing a continuing link with our 'twin' department at Gothenburg and a valuable insight in to the photographic profession in Sweden for our students. As before we held joint exhibitions in both our countries.

The third year had their first London exhibition too this summer at the AFAEP gallery which was much admired.

So, as we keep ahead, as long as you keep on writing we will keep on producing your favourite magazine.

Best wishes to you all.

Ian Smith

Nick Gibbon

1982-1985

Just thought I'd write and let you know how an ex-student is getting on. Although I never made it onto the jobfit training scheme I was one of 150 selected out of 3,000 applicants for interview in London. It was a useful experience though, as Verity Lambert (Euston Films and Thorn EMI Screen Entertainment producer) was a member of the interviewing panel. Luckily I finally found a job in May, 11 months after leaving College on an M.S.C. funded project in the Rhondda Valley.

My official designation is Video Unit Leader, but it seems that I am having to do everything as my 'assistants' are people with an interest in Still photography. A few months ago one of my assistants was a motor mechanic and the other a drug hippy! Luckily they've both left now, the scheme can only employ people for one year, myself included.

I am involved in the production of a video news magazine, specially for old age pensioners living in the Rhondda Valley and as I am responsible for everything so it should be good for future projects in the media business.

The only drawbacks so far are the commuting to the Rhondda, a forty minute drive in the morning and evening. Because we have no equipment of our own we have to hire it all from a local environmental centre or go down to Cardiff, (we use low band U-matic). It's funny to think at College the problem with video productions was the

lack of transport and now I've got the transport, I lack the equipment.

We've filmed a variety of subjects; local carnivals, the meals on wheels service and an interview with George Thomas, the ex-speaker of the House of Parliament, now Viscount Tonypandy.

Its all good experience and I've taken a few stills as well. Best wishes to all.

Rupert Cake

1977-1980

As the farming representative for 'Pure Nostalgia', may I say that life rolls slow, the pace seemly to be linked to the length of the grass. Firstly for the sheep/cows to eat and secondly to be collected and stored for the winter. In comparison the pace of photography goes in spurts, load film, shoot and then wait for the processing.

I keep my hand in by selling some of my work locally and joining the RPS and using the letters LRPS on my cards; maybe that is why I am the new Chairman of the Frome Valley Camera Club.

The other day when the speed of life was like a snail eating the grass I was watching a yellow sports car racing up and down near my farm , "He's lost in deepest Dor-

set", I thought. The driver slowed up and called 'Hello'. It was none other than Jon Delorme who came to the photographic department the year after me. Life suddenly speeded up, has it been that long ago that I left the Art College?

Tony Shearn

1979-1981

I was recently reminded of my time as a student because I had a student watching me work so he could learn from me. HAH! He was impressed with the extensive knowledge of the industry that I have accumulated over the years, — for example, I now know where the fuel filler cap on my car is, how to adjust the back brake on my bike and how simple it is to knock the extension eyepiece off a Panaflex camera.

I'm now a Focus-Puller or 'sharpener' as it's known in some circles, which means I've moved on a bit. It means a bigger challenge, better jobs, better money and bigger gaps between said jobs. It also gives the opportunity to interfere more with famous people. Thus the great Tony Shearn/Sir John Gielgud repartee.

On treading on his foot the following in-depth conversation took place.....

T.S. (Apologetically), "Sorry Sir John".

J.G. (looking down nose), "That's alright".

I also operated on video, but its a dreadful medium best left to ITN. There's years of mileage for Mr. Eastman although every now and again they let it do damage. Look what they did to "Blott on the Landscape".

I also seem to fly around less. Even on bigger budget stuff, it's always in the interest to keep costs down by staying local. I worked for five weeks in Atlanta, Georgia at the turn of the century, (just off the A38 in Gloucestershire) and a pop video in Denmark (Greenwich Gas works).

Anyway, still trucking along, though god forbid lenses are getting faster and faster.....

Love to all of the '79 to '81 shower.

TANIS HUTCHINSON

1982-1985

I came to London in July 1985 after leaving College. I was full of hope and sure that a job would appear quickly. For three and a half months I visited what seemed to be every photographer in London. I learned to accept disappointment but, it made me determined to find more work. At the end of October I obtained eight weeks work as 2nd Assistant to Frank Herholdt. This job ended just before Christmas and I managed to find



H N D Group Year 2, 1987

a couple of days freelance work to carry me over the festive season.

One of the photographers I worked with for a day was David Burch. He gave me quite a few days work during January and took me on full time in February as his assistant. This lasted until June when he went to America for four months. Back to freelancing again after a full year in London. Work was very hard to find during the summer months, almost non-existent in fact. David returned in October and I re-joined him again somewhat thankfully. This time the work lasted until February when David could no longer afford to keep me on.

By this time I had become known to a number of photographers and I decided to freelance for a while to broaden my experience with a number of photographers rather than work with just one. Luckily for me it has worked out well and I have been fortunate enough to obtain plenty of work.

There have been times when I felt despondent but perseverance has paid off, and while I am not rich I am earning enough to keep body and soul together doing something I really enjoy. To anyone leaving Salisbury this year I can only say - don't give up, it will work out if you persevere.

Jayne Pearce

1982-1985

Since leaving Salisbury I have: lived in a bedsit in Hammersmith, spent all my emergency money in the Harrods sale, visited dozens of photographers begging for work, visited D.H.S.S. dozens of times begging for money, worked as a freelance assistant for four months, moved into a flat in Acton and worked for a year as a full-time assistant.

In all this time I have only really worked, freelance and full-time with one photographer. I have been this photographer's film loader, floor sweeper, tea lady, confident, nurse, lunch companion, provider of hangover cures, taxi driver to court, chauffeur then after, morale booster and audience for his guitar practice.

Recently I have left the job, moved out of the flat, left London, moved back to my home town of Bournemouth and taken a job as a filing clerk.

In the near future I hope to stop working as a filing clerk, gain broader office experience, move back to London, work as a photographer's secretary with view to being a Studio Manager and make my fortune.

Louise Fry

1983-1986

As I came back into the College for the 4th time in September Derek Stirling stopped me and said, "Your attendance this term, Louise, is better than last."

My visits in fact reflect the amount of help the College gave me, as I tried to get a course in photography going for handicapped youngsters. I baled out in fact after a term, from my two hourly sessions, but pleased with the fact that the subject still continues. The youngsters, between the ages of 15-17 years, had a wide range of disabilities from severe retardation, to behaviour problems.

Having spent 3 years learning a highly technical subject like photography, I thought I had at last found my level! The problems were interesting - poor sight, clumsiness and poor speech. Problems, one would say, that were not compatible with the subject. However, with a point and click camera these youngsters, I feel, got out into town meeting people, and began to look carefully for the first time at their environment, and tried to capture it on film. They had to summon all their courage to allow themselves to be photographed and had to direct each other. I was particularly thrilled when one difficult lad of 17 (the square peg in a round hole variety) spent 5 minutes looking at the sun reflecting in the dew on a cabbage plant and then photographed it. His expression "Cor, Miss its great", perhaps said it all!

While I was freelancing for the magazine *Gloucester and Avon Life* I had some challenging work. One job, for a front cover, was to photograph a glider from the air. With a great deal of undisguised anxiety I climbed into a minute cockpit of the motorised glider. The engine sounded a little like my lawnmower but I hoped had more control. Every time I wanted to take a photograph the pilot had to dip the wings. I didn't know whether to hold onto my camera or my stomach.

Another job comes painfully to mind, when I accepted to photograph Lord Shelburne's children for his Christmas card. Egged on by my son and daughter, who thought this dishy divorcee of mature years might be a suitable match for their mother I set out for Bowood House.

Have you ever tried photographing 4 reluctant teenagers in a boat full of water with two dogs obviously spoiling for a fight? Well don't! I was getting desperate by the end of my fourth roll of film and pleaded to their better nature. However, the threat of another session next week did it and his Lordship had his Christmas card for 1986. They were kind enough to tell me that when Daddy took the photographs they all ended up in tears!

All that is behind me now as I have been let loose to head the photographic department at Odstock Hospital. The work is varied and challenging and there is a great deal to learn. However, more of Odstock in the next issue!



Third Year Leavers, 1987

Mark Ewart

1979-1982

Well here I am. Year 6 with Swanlind and still no closer to Hollywood (but who cares!). It's been a funny old year; join Swanlind and see the world (well... England), visit interesting places, hang out of helicopters, be stimulated by steam engines, get sunburn on shoot in Wales!, even getting told to Bugger Off by Des O'Connor for shooting 12 seconds of his so called act! Well it only confirmed my thought about him.

The highlight of the year had to be "Hidden Attractions" a drama on collusion which was shot in a Tesco store at Shrewsbury. We won the ITVA Award of Merit for the best communication film. Even though I say "film", it was shot in 1" C format video. But I do prefer shooting film whenever I can. It has that definable quality that makes things look "real", you know what I mean. Talking about Tesco (we do rather a lot of work for them), I was fine framing a shot at the salami counter at a Tesco store in Baldock when, blow me down, strike a light, well I never Andy Hayward suddenly appeared over my shoulder.

"What the are you doing here?" quoth he.

"Filming" I replied, "What are you doing here?"

"Standing in a supermarket watching you", he said.

"Small world ain't it?".

"Yes", I said.

"Turn over" yelled the Director. Oops, back to work. Best of luck mate!

The next week I did get to shoot some film; you know that funny plasticky stuff with the holes in, that stuff those fuddy duddies at College used to preach to you about! It was a TV commercial about Drayton Manor Park and Zoo. Well, the animals were O.K. (the big cats). Hurling rump steaks at the lions to get them to smile! But the fun came when the white knuckle ride had to be shot! Boy I'm glad I missed breakfast, but my camera assistant didn't. We both went on the ride to check framing, exposure, and steadiness, (not that there's a fat lot you can do if your arri suddenly flies off sideways at 40 mph, except pick up a P45). Isn't it funny that what ever you eat, it always comes out diced carrots. Anyway must go, Steve Rider has just walked into Studio 1 and my autocue is on the blink.

Regards to everyone!

Robert Jackson-Mee

1979-1982

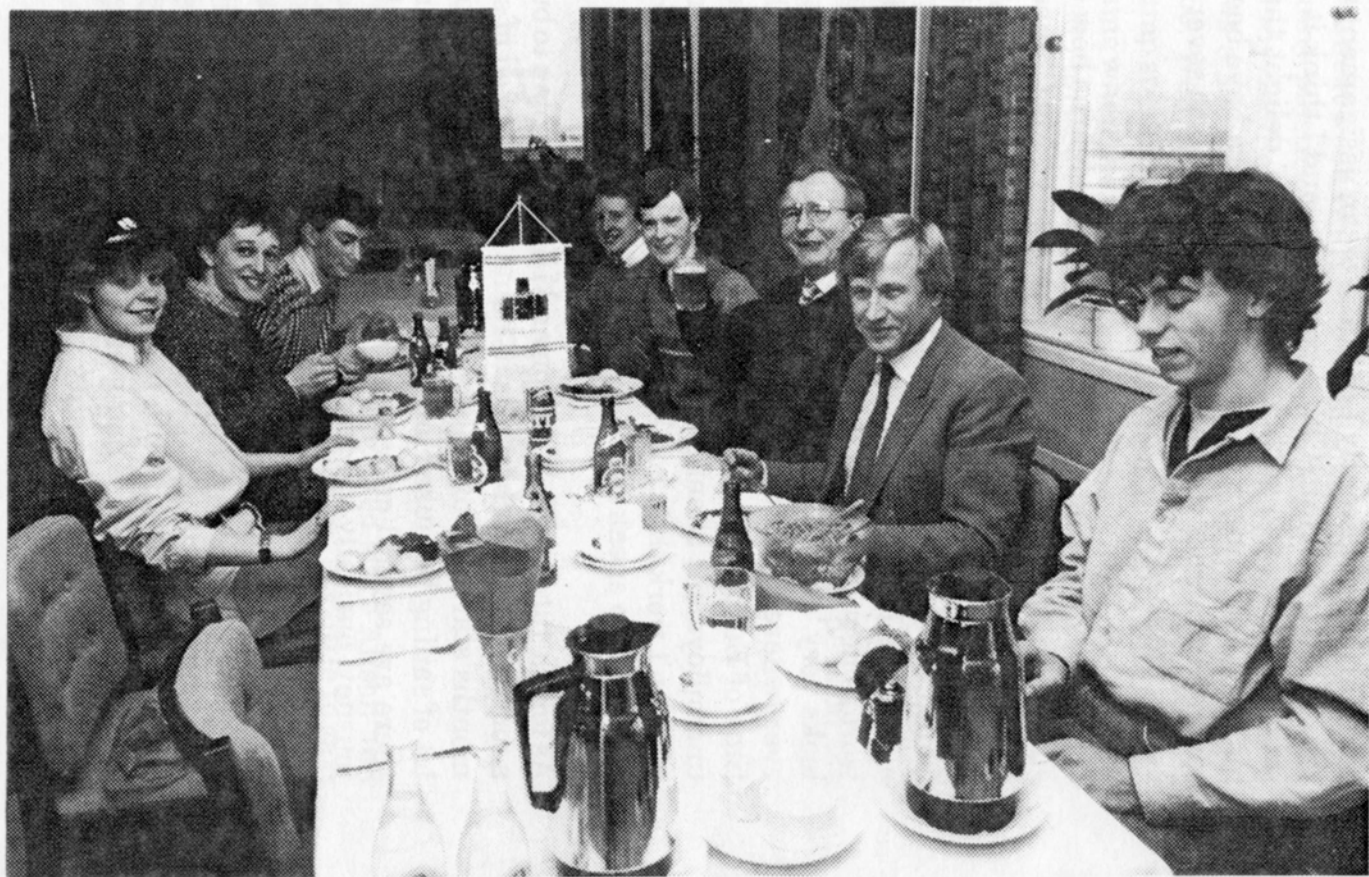
Well, it seems like a lot has happened since Alison and I arrived in Hong Kong and yet there is very little to say. We have both worked extremely hard, and as a result have set up quite a large advertising studio in the centre of the city. The client list is impressive but most of the jobs lack that beautiful London subtlety. The money and the quality are about the same as if the jobs were done in London, you can get up to £800 to £1,000 a day. I work in pure advertising and very rarely get any editorial

work, although recently I did take on an assignment to Tibet. We travel into China regularly, and I think it is this easy access to such a vast travellers' delight that makes Hong Kong a pleasure for us. There have been seven trips across the border just last year with several others planned.

Life is very fast and very furious and one learns how to survive in an incredibly enthusiastic city. My Chinese language has reached a basic level and I find it quite easy to understand what is being said around me in Cantonese. Most people don't realise how Western and advanced Hong Kong actually is; they employ the world's best designers and architects so the whole city looks very 'space-like' now with lots of glass and metal everywhere. They build things here in one third of the time of Europe due to the lack of unions. There is no unemployment benefit so if you are in good health and you don't work then you have had it, – there is no unemployment to speak of.

As for the future? Well, Alison and I have this plan to buy a forty two foot yacht and sail home over a period of six months starting out in July of next year. We both do a lot of sailing because Hong Kong is so perfect for it and there are several crew members who are right for the journey, basically it's down to money. If we can't afford to do it then we will definitely have six months off to travel home overland before settling down in the good old U.K. One thing is for sure, we shall be leaving Hong Kong next year in July, if one doesn't have these deadlines then I find that life is so short that nothing gets done. Talking of life being short, your Pure Nostalgia letter arrived on my twenty seventh birthday!

See you.....



Lunch at Hasselblad



Educational visit to Sweden 1987

Paul D. Swift

1982-1985

I finished my three year sentence at Salisbury in June 1985. Upon hitting the hard outside world, I looked around and decided very quickly that I needed a holiday. So, I managed to get a job as a photographer on board a cruise ship in the Bahamas. Sounds good to you too - it did to me at the interview! However let's say I stayed long enough to advise anyone else not to do it! The hours were long, even longer than John Locke/Assistants put in! Looking back - it was an experience.

Having returned to our sceptred Isle I took a subscription to the BJP, saw a job I liked, went for the interview, got the job and I've been there ever since. Simple as that. I work for the Metropolitan Police Photographic Department. Over the past 12 months I have done aerial photography, surveillance, AV, Video, photography using lasers, photographed politician's houses and attended the odd post mortem or two. Variety is the spice of life as they say.

The Metropolitan Police Photographic building is the single largest operational photographic building in the world. It opened in June of last year and will soon be offically opened by Lord Snowdon. It houses under one roof everything that is required - a car studio, several smaller studios, darkrooms, C41 and E6 lines (about 600 films a week), video cine and sound suites, film theatre etc..... There are about 80 employees, most of whom are photographers of one specialisation or another. Having spoken to most of them I find Salisbury very well thought

of. The photographers I have spoken to have been to photographic colleges, literally all over the country and they speak of many, many problems. So, we who have experienced Salisbury - the shortage of materials - the college library shut half the week - just remember it was probably the best all round education we could have had and got us where we are today.

Wendy Carrig

1982 - 1985

The burglars broke into our studio,
Not easy, we're on the top floor.
They scaled the five storeys like Batman,
Without any care for the law.

They stole our most treasured possession,
Unaware of their priceless gain.
The old Norma Sinar and Imagon lens were
The property of Angus McBean.

The lens "is unique, irreplaceable",
Said Angus, shocked at his loss
Which over its fifty years service had
Snapped Hepburn, Leigh and Callas.

Ground specially for Dame Edith Evans,
Who would, without fail,
"Never stick down her wig joins - it was like
photographing through a white metering veil."

So a proclamation was issued
To photographers throughout the land
To help us to find our Imagon,
Or a replacement - Second hand.

And then I did remember
A lecture by J.B.
And a dusty box in Gerald's store,
So I telephoned Salisbury.

And "yes" we could loan it,
And "yes" it was the same,
And "yes" it had the rings and things
And "What did you say was your name?"

Angus is delighted, now he's back
In the studio snapping.
And with clients like Jarman, Paul and Linda
It sets his feet a tapping.
And to our studio in the sky
He sprints up five floors with glee.
Old Angus is in fine shape these days
For a young man of Eighty Three!

By Wendy Carrig

Assistant to Mike Owen (Assistant to Angus McBean)

John Wyatt

1979-1982

Not very much to report I'm afraid. I'm trying not to lose my fighting spirit; still trying to organise personal film projects; but I can hear the slipping noise (I've heard it all my life!) and I'm getting so old now whenever I come across someone who is still trying to do something, I latch onto them immediately because there are so few of that kind about who are in the industry and yet haven't got the dream of making films knocked out of them.

I've found that there are no rules in the film industry. At the Company I work for I'm the Casting Director's Assistant but I've never done any casting. I've been involved in English versions of foreign Soap Operas(!) like 'Dancing Days' and 'The Black Forest Clinic' (not broadcast yet) for Channel Four. Recently I lost my cutting room because it was turned into a cassette store room - everyone is going over to video it seems.

There is quite a good showing of ex-college students in town - Andy Hayward, Dave Timmis, Tony Shearn and Tony Buckley were very beer-supportive to me during the Wilderness years (1984-1985) when I was looking for work. If anyone's passing World Wide Pictures (in St. Anne's Court, which is between Wardour Street and Dean Street) at lunch-time, pop in and we'll have a few beers and a chat.

P.S. Rebella Von Rosenhers wishes all her old fans to know that she survived and is alive and well and living near Regents Park.

Guy Hobbs

1978-1981

For days my sanity had been going. My guides were ripping me off at every opportunity and like everyone else in this remote town in the dusty bush of N. Kenya, they were more interested in getting stoned on 'Miraa' than helping me get photographs of the Samburu tribesman. This was only a small part of my 3 months E. African assignment but it was just not working out as I'd planned.

The Tusker beer slipped down my dry throat as I sought sanctuary at a nearby Safari lodge. A family of warthogs rolled in the dust around the nearby waterhole. I picked up a TIME magazine lying nearby, 'Images 86' the final edition of the year, and browsed through it. My problems suddenly vanished - I'd become immortal. Not only had they used one of my South African photos but they were placed in a time capsule to be stored in the Statue of Liberty for the folk of 2086 to open up. Must remember to tell my grandchildren to watch out for the exhibition.

The next day I visited an old witch doctor 100 kms away on a hired motorbike with no brakes. We had 7 punctures on the way. I gave him a few presents - a spear, box of chewing tobacco, and 2 bottles of beer. After he'd drunk the beer under the shade of a thorn tree, it started to talk to him. 'Someone in this area is going to die tonight' - this was getting a little too serious for my liking. I spent the night in his mud hut, my head resting against the soft walls of fresh cow dung. I awoke next morning

relieved to be still alive and was rewarded with a cup of 'chai' - the water had been collected by digging a hole in a dry riverbed, the milk stolen from one of the camels, and the rim of the the tin mug holding this brew was black with flies. It was Christmas Day but I don't think anyone else knew or cared. I was quite glad to leave. I remembered the witch doctor's prophecy and made sure I drove very carefully.

Not long after I spent a fascinating day photographing a flying doctor in a remote Kilimanjaro hospital. He did 17 operations in 10 hours - amputations, caesarian sections, hamorrhoids, cancer, skin grafts - interesting stuff. I never realised how simple it is to chop someone's leg off.

For a couple of weeks I lived on board a wooden cargo sailing boat with the 14 crew transporting 1 000 sacks of tea up the African coast. At night we slept on deck whilst cockroaches crawled over our faces, our loo was 2 planks of wood suspended over the side, and we survived off mealie meal and shark steaks. It was like living in a time warp from hundreds of years ago.

Somalia was strange. Got arrested for taking photographs by some dude in dark glasses. Photography by anyone for any reason is apparently illegal. State security or something. A trifle paranoid I thought. Mind you, even Kenya has it's share of strange photographic laws. For example, no pictures allowed of the State President. You may not be aware of this in which case one of his heavies will gladly rip your film out of the camera for you. I was over 200 yards away and was using my 200 mm lens merely to 'look' at the guy when this cop with

walkie talkie came over and tells me - "You've been spotted."

I've discovered a new dimension to the feeling of fear. Getting caught short whilst on Safari. I crept out of my tent into the pitch blacknight, dropped my trousers behind a convenient bush and had just crouched down when I heard a lion cough nearby. I mean, what is one meant to do? This sort of thing certainly never happened in 'Out of Africa'. My journalist colleague found his own way to reduce the risks - his body just ceased to function. He told me in confidence one night in our tent that he hadn't 'been' for six days!

In Zanzibar I somehow managed to walk off a sea wall and drop 10 feet into the rising tide below. Not the sort of thing you should do with a grand's worth of Nikons round your neck. Like most other areas of photography, photojournalism is 10% taking pictures and 90% sorting out problems. At the time it often seems like hell but when you get to the end and look back, you realise it's been a lot of fun. If you're realistic you know you are not going to get rich doing it, but then when you're sitting on a pile of tea sacks watching schools of dolphins diving and leaping alongside your boat or listening to stories around a campfire as the wild animals call out to each other in the bush around you, somehow, it doesn't really seem to matter.

Glen Brearley

1983-1986

I felt honoured to be asked to write an article for Pure Nostalgia. Of all the people who left College in June 1986, how wonderful for me alone to be chosen.

Alas, it appears everyone else that could write also got asked. Still that only covers about half of us. Three and a half months of living off the State as an unemployment statistic came to an end in October, and I transferred to living off the State as a photographer with the MOD (no, not those that ride around on Lambrettas).

I've discovered that inplant photography is basically long periods of boredom interspaced with short bursts of intense excitement (so you were right J.B., and I was wrong - I'll let you buy me a pint one day). It doesn't help when the boss would rather spend his time telling people we can't do a job rather than just letting us get on and do it.

If I had £5 for every time I'd heard the phrases "I'm sorry but we're rushed off our feet at the moment" or "we must have ten days notice to do a job", I could afford to retire and buy myself a small company such as Kodak. Busy doing what? I hear you ask. Crosswords, drinking tea, hiding finished jobs from the customer, occasionally colour printing - our motto being, "any colour you like so long as it's not neutral".

Occasionally we actually go out and take photos on site. If it's a tough job in lousy weather me and another basic

grade photographer gets sent, but if it's a cushy job and sunny weather two Senior photographers will go. I'm not allowed to say what we actually photograph, but that doesn't matter because most of the time I haven't a clue anyway.

Also, to make life easier (if that's possible) every scientist and engineer is also an expert photographer and proceeds to tell us how to do our job. But they can soon be put in their place when we tell them that they've put the tail fin on their missile back to front.

Of course money is no object in a government department, so whatever we want, we get it. Talk about extravagance, I've found myself copying with a motor-driven Nikon F3 before today - a bit different to a Spotmatic held together with masking tape at college eh?

As a result of this relatively unchallenging job linked with living in the most boring town in Britain, Basingstoke (it's such a boring town that even the drunks are sober), my weekly pastime is fervently searching the Sits Vac column in the BJP.

All it leaves for me to do is say hello to everyone who knows me, both at College and out in the big wide world, and wish you all the best for the future.

Ken

Since I wrote last, quite a lot of water has passed under the dip-and dunk. After working at the hospital at Stanmore I departed to an A-V company. which didn't work out, so I left to discover the delights of being part of the 3 million. Wonderful stuff. You really do find your friends when the chips are down. Still, the time did give me a chance to form with a few of those friends of mine, a band playing all sorts of music, most of it original stuff. That project came to fruition last Easter with a few days in a recording studio and an album coming out shortly. (Yes, Dave Pitt's tuition on the graphics front came in handy for the cover design. Bauhaus rules O.K., eh Dave?)

The light then shone out from the Clinical Research Centre at Harrow, where I've been working ever since. They even made me class prefect. Still, you've got to have some reward for running the coffee fund. Even if you can't account for the vast profits you make at the punter's expense - I ease my conscience by throwing in the occasional free week. Keeps the art section happy. Gives the milkman the willies.

Old-fashioned name.
Probably wears trousers
with knee-level crotch

About as much chance
of going public as the
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They cost less

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we'll pay assistant
rates

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shed

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and Typhoo tea)

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De Witts Guide to Sits. Vac in B.J.P.

P.S. Who really does take those awful,
out of focus pics on the cover, anyway?

P.P.S. Well done Robin!