

PURE NOSTALGIA



PURE NOSTALGIA

JULY 1988 NINTH EDITION

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PURE NOSTALGIA

Designed and Edited by
David Pitt

Layout and Typography
Alex Grant

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In this first Editorial, what should I say to you, the eager several people out there? Well first perhaps, as the 'new boy' I should offer you an informal CV of my experience in this field.

It began many years ago when as an army person, I was recruited by colleagues in the 'other ranks' mess to be 'Art Editor' of an impressive new single sheet publication called 'The Bugle'. This title ran above a challenging sub heading which read 'Publish and be Charged'.

The Art Editors job was to draw the title, dream up a cartoon which would be known as 'Dave's Doodle', and, when no one was about, Roneo about 100 illegal copies.

I think it was the second issue that offended the Regimental Sergeant Major and our sub head very nearly became a reality. Sadly 'The Bugle' like 'Picture Post' ceased publication.

My second sortie into the publishing world was with a company called 'Associated Iliffe Press'. They were part of the Mirror Group and at the time were the second biggest technical publishers in the world. My job in their studio was advertising design and copywriting, and I was assured by my new boss, a silver haired gentleman called Mr. Carlton (fondly behind his back, Neddy) that he ran a very, very busy department. Neddy in days long past had been a racing driver at the old Brooklands circuit, but at normal day to day speeds he really had no idea of what 'was' busy. Consequently he actually ran a department of charming easy going lay-

abouts.

One of these was George, a large person of mid European origin, whom, at about four o'clock each afternoon (we finished at 5.15) could be relied on to leap to his feet and shout, "I GO HOM". Between times he would regale us with tales of his exploits as a tank commander before his country was invaded, and how his tank, for safety's sake was padded out with mattresses inside, this not leaving much room for ammunition. I'm not sure what happened when the Panzers arrived. Perhaps they pinched his idea and this was how Monty came to win at Alamein!

Enough. You see why "The Times" and the "Independant" are nashing their teeth for having failed to secure my services. I need now say only that I hope Nostalgia will prove a 'good read', will gather a wider audience, and will even speak, when right to do so, with a serious voice.

Finally I would like to note that Nostalgia exists today because of the hard work put in through eight editions by Ian Smith. His organisation and determination have kept us in touch with you, and but for him number nine would not now be in your hands. Thank you Ian. And finally finally, both Ian Anderson and Alex Grant should be mentioned for their hard, behind the scenes, grafting on all previous editions, and I know that I couldn't have possibly scabbled this one together without them.

Read on.....

then we had the POWER CUT!

JANE PEARSON

The first six weeks of my present job were fairly quiet and reasonably sane. We were shooting one or two days a week with no real problems or manic clients to deal with.

Then in the new year it all started. For the last two weeks we've been shooting every day and next week looks like following the same pattern.

As P.A. and stylist to Graham Young, still-life and advertising photographer with a studio in Covent Garden, my feet have hardly touched the ground.

I've had four styling jobs in the last fortnight, two of which I've done at weekends because they have to fit around or between my P.A. work.

I had to give a presentation of diaries for a Dunhill shoot to the Art Buyer at the Agency. It was a bit daunting as I had phoned the Art Buyer in the morning to make an appointment and had explained that diaries to the Art Directors specifications were not readily available, therefore I had a selection of leather-bound books which, with a bit of artwork could look just right.

"Good God girl, artwork? We're shooting this tomorrow. We haven't got time for artwork!". In retrospect I think maybe he'd just had a bad meeting because when I went to see him he was quite reasonable. The artwork was

done and the diary looked true to the layout.

Sod's Law being what it is, when the Art Director arrived for the shoot he was surprised at how similar to his layout the diary was. "Any diary would have done, the layout was just to give a general idea.". I smiled sweetly and made him a coffee. He didn't know I was the stylist.

Last Tuesday I had a phone-call at 12.30 to say that the Sainsburys meat shot for the next day needed a Home Economist. Not until 5.30 did I find a Home Economist with the following day free.

Wednesday morning the Home Economist arrived, three Sainsburys Butchers arrived (one for the Chicken, one for the Pork, and one for the Beef). The Art Director arrived and we then discovered that no-one really knew what was happening. A dozen phone calls and a few heated arguments later a Senior Sainsburys man arrived (I never did find out who he was). The shots were sorted out and the cooking began.

Unknown to us the thermostat had broken on the oven so half an hour later visibility in the studio was down to 10 feet and we all had streaming eyes. The chicken didn't look too good either. With that problem out of the way the Art Director decided that the plates I had bought for the shot were no good. That led to some last minute panic styling.

By lunchtime it was all running reasonably smoothly. Then we had the power cut. A workman in James Street had accidentally cut the power cable and businesses from Long Acre to the Market closed.

Luckily the restaurant next door to us still had some power so we ran a cable from them and shot the rest with one light. The Home Economist cooked with a blow-torch and I typed by torch-light.

When it was all over and everyone had left, Graham curled up on the sofa and screamed while his assistant opened a much needed bottle of champagne.

All things considered it had gone quite well.

Crosby and Hope before them had travelled the roads, and though Sid and Matthew are definitely not in the same league with song and moonlight (as far as I know!), they are sharp operators with both camera and persuasion. So much so that they obtained sponsorship from Kodak and organised the staff at Salisbury into wishing them a benevolent good-by.

Unfortunately Space makes it impossible to show even the beginnings of a reasonable selection from their folios. Watch out for them both in photo magazines.

Our plans to visit Portugal in the summer were interrupted by Matthew's urgent need to visit his sick father in Australia. He was gone a little over two months so the trip to Portugal had to be postponed. Nothing much was doing after half term and after three days we felt the need to get away.

This seemed the ideal time to fulfil our summertime dream, by gently persuading Dave Pitt into letting us out on parole for a couple of weeks.

We booked a one way ticket to Faro (in Portugal) then asked permission to go.

the ROAD to PORTUGAL



the ROAD to PORTUGAL

J.B. overwhelmed us with film, (2 rolls of TRI -X !!), and wished us a very happy holiday. After making sure we had packed our suntan oil, and filled our packs we found the surf boards and wet suits had left no room for camera gear! Oh dear what a dilemma! We considered our priorities and came to the sensible decision, after all were we going to surf or take photographs?..... Naturally we left the cameras behind.

Arriving at Faro, in Portugal, was like a breath of fresh air, sun, sand, surf, ... perfect. No, to be honest with you Faro was a

dump. We moved straight on up the coast to Lisbon. There we found a cheap Pension (doss house) and stayed a couple of days. The people made interesting portraits, not at all self conscious, quite willing to have their photographs taken. Though at first glance Lisbon appears to be a very sophisticated, glamorous city, you don't have to look too hard to see that there is quite a poor standard of living.

Moving on up to the North we found the quality of life much higher. Though there was no apparent wealth everyone seemed



the ROAD to PORTUGAL

quite content with their life style; a well sussed group of people.

We spent a week camping under the stars in the Minho region. We stayed in a small village, outside Chaves, for a few days. It was like stepping back in time a hundred years oxen driven through the main street, horse drawn carts etc.. On one occasion Matthew was pinned against a wall by a none-to-friendly bull who recognised him as a stranger; either that or he didn't like having his photo taken.

We travelled back south to the Mid-East near the Spanish border and stayed in an an-

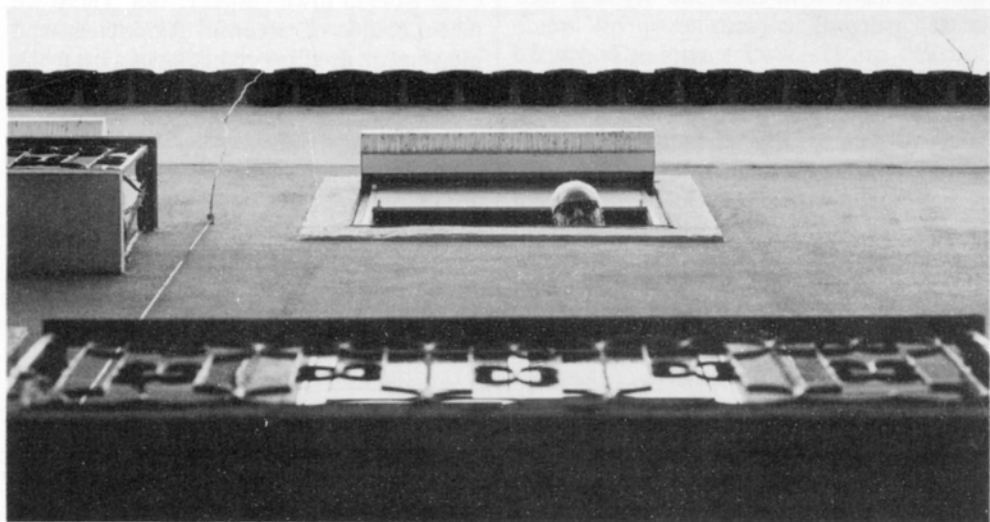
cient Roman town called Evora. There we met a couple of deceitful Americans who blew out on us after promising us a lift to the Algarve.... never trust the Yanks! Fortunately train travel was cheap, as were most things in Portugal, and we spent our last weekend on the beach a well deserved rest after two weeks hard travelling.

Words by Sid.

Pics. by Sid & Matthew



the ROAD to PORTUGAL



the ROAD to PORTUGAL



MATTHEW

TODAYS PHOTOGRAPHER BY TOMORROWS

Every year as part of their familiarisation with professional practise, HND students are sent out to observe, question, and report back on a professional photographer. These days, many of these photographers are ex-Salisbury inmates. Printed here, are extracts from one such report. It is hoped that 'Today's Photographer' will be a regular feature in 'Pure Nostalgia'. How about 'you' next year? Wait for the eager student on your doorstep!

A Typical Day at the Vernon Morgan Studio.

Vernon Morgan is an early riser; he has to be, because he often works a fifteen-hour day in his studio in Islington. This means that his assistant, Hugh, also has to arrive sometimes as early as 6am in order to prepare for the day's shoot.

Vernon is, and always has been, a food photographer. Staff who shared a reciprocal learning experience with him at Salisbury College in the '70s say he was not only a food photographer then but also a perfectionist and a workaholic. Little, apparently, has changed; Vernon is dedicated to his craft and will not compromise on quality, deadlines or client relations. He knows how much those things mean in such a competitive field of work as his.

On the day of my visit the shot was for a cookery book cover for *Womans Realm*, art directed by the magazine's Christine France. Thorough preparations had been made at previous meetings; Vernon had seen the brief and a layout, allowing him to brief his assistant, the stylist and the home economist, so that they could work individually within the team, towards the production of the final shot.

In his constant way, Vernon has stuck to the Bowens Flash system which was his

original choice; the range of units is greater now, of course, giving him greater flexibility in his lighting style. The camera, needless to say, was a Sinar, adapted for this shot to 10x8 format.

Eleven-thirty saw the set dressed and ready for the first Polaroid; most of us would have been satisfied with that picture as a final result, but it was only the start for Vernon. He modified the lighting slightly in terms of direction, power and balance, and added reflectors to fill in where necessary. More food was put in place and more Polaroid shot; lunchtime came and went, with Vernon amending this and adjusting that, while the rest of the team enjoyed the cold buffet and wine that Hugh and the home economist had prepared between them.

Not until about five o'clock was everything ready for the sorbet (which had a limited 'life' on the set) to be positioned for the penultimate Polaroid. Then, satisfied with everything, the set, the lighting, the exposure, the food, Vernon exposed ten sheets of film. This was the most exacting time. Nobody speak; nobody move; total concentration on properly exposing and labeling the darkslides. The culmination of twelve hours' work. The shots done, and 'end' Polaroid was exposed to ensure that nothing had moved, changed, drooped or melted during the shoot. Nothing had, and you could almost feel the tension relax as everyone busied themselves to clear away, clean up and leave the studio tidy for tomorrow's shoot.

I found the experience enjoyable, stimulating and very motivating; I was impressed with the professionalism of everyone involved, and with their dedication and commitment. I noticed particularly the tidiness of the studio, and observed that everything went back where it came from, so that it was easily found next time. This was photography for real; the business of photography, but still creative and immensely satisfying.

THE BYRD REPORT

A research project conducted by
Cathy Byrd a P.Q.E student in '87, '88.

This research was carried out in order to gain information as to the career prospects of photographic students who have attended Salisbury. The department of photography has been in operation for approaching thirty years. Bearing this in mind it should be possible to form a view of current students prospects through replies to a questionnaire sent out to past students. The questionnaire went out to 350 addresses. Over 50 were returned. (Thank you very much) 48 were in time to be included in this analysis. Thus a good response of approximately 14%.

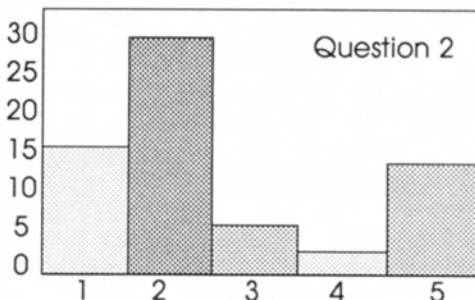
In order to give you a total picture of the information received it would make sense to reproduce a specimen questionnaire here, but unfortunately there isn't space available. However the most informative answers came from

2. What aspect of the course did you find most useful?
4. Have you spent much time unemployed since leaving college?
5. Are you presently employed in the photographic industry?
8. What do you consider the main body of your work?
11. How much do you earn?
12. I gauged job satisfaction from the question, have you considered alternative careers?

question 2. What aspect of the course was found most useful ?

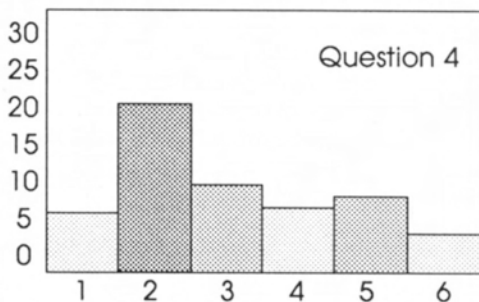
Discipline/ Self motivation = Column 1
Technical Knowledge = Column 2
Portfolio = Column 3
Contacts = Column 4
Paper Qualifications = Column 5

The 48 people that replied marked, on average 3 aspects.



Question 4. In all, have you spent much time unemployed since leaving college?

No time unemployed = Column 1
Less than one month = Column 2
One month to three months = Column 3
Three months to six months = Column 4
Six months to a year = Column 5
More than one year = Column 6



Question 5. Are you presently employed in the photographic industry?

Those that were employed full time in the photographic industry- 72.9%
Those that were not working in the photographic industry- 22.9%
Those that had part-time work in the photographic industry (libraries etc)- 4.1%

Question 8. What do you consider the main body of your work?

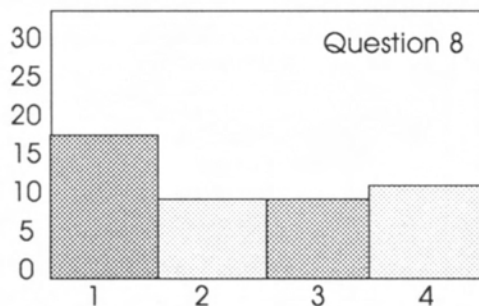
In order to manage the information so that it might be presented in a clear way, I sub divided those that were working in the photographic industry (37 replies) into areas .

1. 'Pure phtographers' i.e the advertising, industrial, editorial and fashion photographers. It might be interesting for you to know that 79% of these people are self employed. 2. 'Big company employees' This braket included the N.H.S medical photographers, those working for the police force.

3. 'Film, television and video' 33% of these people were self employed, 55% were in industry serving television, 11% were working for a television organisation, such as T.V.S, B.B.C. Also:

4. I included a representation of those whose main body of work was non photographic. i.e., 11 replies, this package was very varied, from housewives to a silicon chip designer, Also a farmer and 3 social workers.

Purely photographic and printers= Column 1.
Big Company, phtographic work= Column 2.
Film, television and video = Column 3.
Out of the photographic industry= Column 4.

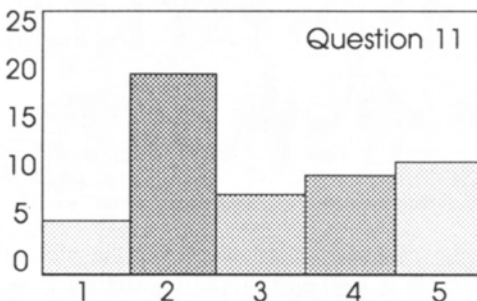


Question 11. How much were people earning?

Less than £5,000 p.a. = Column 1
£5,000-£10,000 p.a. = Column 2
£10,000-£15,000 p.a. = Column 3
£15,000-£20,000 p.a. = Column 4
More than £20,000 p.a. = Column 5

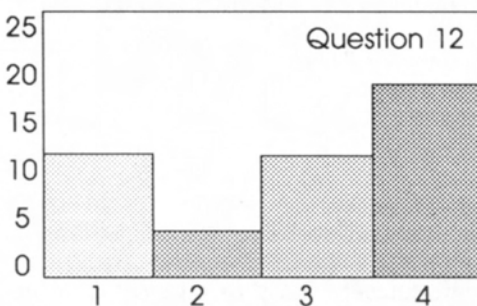
For the sake of accuracy, 2 people wouldn't say. One person claimed his income fluctuated

between these figures at such a rate he couldn't make a judgement.



Question 12. Have you considered alternative careers?

Yes, I am in one = Column 1.
Yes, but I feel unable to leave after training = Column 2.
Yes, but still working in photographic industry = Column 3.
No I wouldn't consider leaving the industry = Column 4.



I hope this information is of interest to readers, especially those that have been looking forward to seeing the results of this research. Thank you again to those that replied, and if there is anyone out there who wishes to know the analysis resulting from the more in depth questions, that will be included in a 2000 word essay for my finals, please feel free to contact me..

DEGREE OR DIPLOMA?

NICK DAWE

I started at Salisbury in 1982 at the very beginning of the B/TEC Higher National Diploma course and left after two years, transferring to a degree course at West Surrey College of Art and Design, as I was disillusioned with the course at Salisbury.

Although the courses are effectively three years in duration and concerned with essentially the still image, the similarities almost stop there

By its very definition a B/TEC course is primarily concerned with training for industry, regardless of what the lecturers say, with the simple conclusion that the industry is only as good as the intake of talent received and if in turn the industry is used as a rule for requirements on B/TEC courses we end up in a Catch-22 situation where repetition and imitation are the order of the day. Degree courses are, on the other hand, more about freedom and choice for the individual where vocational considerations are not of great importance. This is often where conflict exists between students and lecturers as photography enjoys both an artistic direction and a commercial application, and just like Salisbury my course also has trouble considering the two together as if art and commerce were mutually exclusive.

My course is by no means perfect, but fortunately the structure consists of only three full-time lecturers and a much larger part-time contingent of working photographers who we can use, as such is the freedom of the course we do not have to see any particular lecturers, it is our choice.

I hope this article does not sound like sour grapes, as I do appreciate my time at Salisbury and needed it to make full use of the degree course, but this is probably more a reflection of my interaction with my fellow students rather than any specific tutoring of

which, other than one lecturer, there was virtually none. I realise many ex-Salisbury students are very successful but this cannot always be measured in monetary terms and again much of our success is a result of the greatly underestimated (by the college) student interaction on a course, and the close personal links retained since leaving.

My one regret is that several of my colleagues at Salisbury seem to be really struggling in the industry, yet I know they would have excelled on a degree course such as mine and could have considered the commercial sector with a different sort of confidence which cannot be taught.

I would like to see this article provoke some reaction from both current and former Salisbury students as obviously it only represents my observations and photography desperately needs intelligent discussion if the standard of the Questionnaire recently sent out by a current Salisbury student is anything to go by.

D.P. This article raises again the old question of which is best. Perhaps the truth is to do with 'horses for courses'. However, reading the Feb. issue of the B.J. I discovered an article by Peter Lester which expresses a different point of view to Nicks.

A para or two appears below.

".. Recently severe criticism has been aimed at higher education establishments who have been accused of not preparing photographic students adequately for industry.... it is often the degree courses which are failing in this area.... I am glad that there are courses on which students can spend three years not worrying about commercial life.... but I think it should be made plain, that their job prospects are practically nil on graduation.."

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

DAVID COUSINS

"Have you noticed how young this load of first years are?"

A trio of my less aged colleagues eye me warily over their coffee mugs. One makes a manful effort to change the subject -

"Talking of young, have you seen the latest MSC Report - quite devastating—"

He falters, avoiding my eye and quickly finishes his drink, remembers a pressing engagement and exits left.

I suppose that they've put up with enough of my problems over the years. Although few of them are old enough to remember my seven year itch, 1970 that would have been. I wasn't actually unfaithful to the college you understand but I did flirt a bit with Her Majesty's Inspectorate. Shared their short

courses and sherry, that sort of thing. Applied for other jobs too, Resource Manager at Wrexham, Curriculum Developer in Carlisle. At the time it seemed like upward mobility, in retrospect it was merely slight lateral oscillation.

Life, they told me later, begins at forty. It found me in '78, my African tan reduced to a blotchy pastiness, the persistent rash from a tsetse fly bite on my inner thigh, mercifully healed.

It seemed that hardly had this mythical life begun, when the hot flushes started. Confusingly the first of these struck in the middle of one of my better lectures on the work of Swartzchild and after a satisfactory lunch in the Railway Inn. I put the whole thing down to alcoholic euphoria at the time. Confusion

beset me at times and a persistent loss of memory for names.

In mid lect I'd see looming the need to remember a name - maybe that fellow who discovered the shift in sensitivity of the eye - if I saw it coming soon enough a change of subject was contrived. If not I'd simply ask the class to research it for homework.

Remembering names is still a problem. After the summer break I have to relearn most of them. Perversely I can still recall whole classes of Africans. Strange thing that, since Africa, all whites look the same to me.

Over the years most of the other symptoms have faded, but I still have this deep need to talk about THE GOOD OLD DAYS; in New Street, Brown Street, St. Thomas's Square etc. I get the feeling that this is a source of annoyance to my colleagues, whenever I start on one of these tales they seem to thin out and dematerialise, some even excuse themselves to go and teach!

Surely someone must be interested in the day the ceiling fell in at St. Thomas's. Have they all heard about Pete Fredericks putting his foot through the floor into the Wessex Garage stores in the Hall. What about the time John Hewardine stopped the traffic to make a shake free enlargement. The day Mrs Evans refused me a stick of chalk, claiming to have issued Ron Graham with two sticks on Monday. The crazy student who planted a dummy bomb in the Cathedral Close. The lad who returned from the summer holiday smashed as a rat and made a grab for Miss Whossername. The buffoon who upset the cleaners by leaving a note about contraceptives. The... you've got to go already? It won't take a minute to finish.... oh well, if you must leave.

By the way, just one thing before you go, what was your name again?.

WHY ?

a Great Naming **COMPETITION**

Pure Nostalgia has run successfully for eight years, but it is thought that with effort from editorial staff and interest from subscribers it is possible that the magazine can take on a wider appeal, talking to its traditional audience but also informing and seeking information through the industry on which we all rely. It is hoped that it might become a lively sounding board which embraces more than fond but local memories of friends from Salisbury. That is not to say that feedback write-ins which have always been Nostalgia's strongest feature will disappear. Indeed it is hoped that these will continue and grow, and that they will always be the heart of the magazine. However, with a flush of extra input, we must now look at the title and decide what our magazine for the 90's might be called.

Basically the brief for the new name should be:

Probably one or two words, illustrative of Photography and the College, indicating our now strong links with you and the industry in which we all operate.

So, with the sporting words

"Here We Go!"

turn the page and read on!



biggest ever!! **the Great NOSTALGIA** *readers naming competition.*

Dear Reader,

Today is indeed your 'lucky day'. You will be delighted to hear that you have already come successfully through the first two stages of the 'Great Nostalgia' naming competition.

Stage one occurred when you were selected by our computer as a person likely to appreciate the fine literary selection of articles available to you in the pages of Pure Nostalgia!

Stage two was the issue of this absolutely no obligation copy of the 'New Revised' Nostalgia, to 0.0014% only of people in the United Kingdom.

In order to qualify for stage three of this biggest ever, 'most valuable' Nostalgia competition, all you have to do is enter your 'NEW' title for this revised, redesigned, revitalised magazine, on the line which reads:

My title for the Magazine is :, and post the coupon (don't forget your name and address) to

Nostalgia Naming Competition
 C/O David Pitt
 Dept. of Photography
 Salisbury College of Art
 Southampton road
 Salisbury
 Wiltshire SP1 2LW

There is no limitation on Title attempts and extra entries may be submitted on any sheet of paper including backs of envelopes, bus tickets, old Department of Photography Stores Cards, unreturned library books, etc.

COMPETITION RULES.

The competition is open to all ex-students of Salisbury College of Art, all ex-non students of Salisbury College of Art, Mums, Dads, Relatives, Staff, Friends, acquaintances, people you like, foreigners, Conservatives, David Steel, fascists, BUT definitely not anyone who has anything to do with those rotten competitions that none of us ever wins, run by Readers Digest.



Over 100 fabulous prizes

If you are the lucky 1st. prize winner you will receive:

1. A day in a lifetime opportunity to visit Salisbury College of Art - all expenses paid.
2. Lunch with Derek Stirling.
3. An opportunity to wander down memory lane.
4. The chance to speak to a captive audience on a photographic subject of your choice.
5. A chauffeured drive through

one of England's most historic market towns where you will be safely delivered to the Victorian splendor of the Station Vestibule in time to see your comfortable B.R. Express leaving for!!! +++++ Your own personalised copy of next years magazine, bearing YOUR winning title.

THE JUDGES DECISION WILL PROBABLY BE FINAL

Lots of consolation prizes!!



MY TITLE FOR THE MAGAZINE IS:-

NAME AND ADDRESS

the SWEDEN EXCHANGE

CAROLINE JONES
MARY-LOU GURDON

Having spent 26 hours on the ferry eating travel sickness tablets, Caroline eventually persuaded Mary-Lou it was going to be a calm crossing and although our luggage weighed as much as we did, Caroline still managed to give our trolley away at Gothenburg. These things apart, our journey went well and on our arrival we were greeted by our own lecturer Ian Smith and Gunilla, the head of the photographic department at Gothenburg University.

The following day we met Ian at the department and discussed the work we would be doing during the following weeks; whilst trying to avoid eating almond cakes which the Swedes are so fond of. One Swedish tutor

started chatting to us and asked "So you are the photographs from England are you?" to which Ian replied "No no, I assure you they are quite real!" That evening, Ian (or as the Swedes say, Iron) left us for adventures of his own in a snow drift!

It was now that *our* adventure really began. We were staying in separate houses; Caroline with Gunilla, and Mary-Lou with her sister-in-law. Both families were incredibly nice, and as an example of their hospitality; Gunilla and her family cooked, and usually ate, vegetarian meals for Caroline throughout the visit.

Since we had opted to do a landscape
CONTINUED ON PAGE 31



Please send all correspondence to:

David Pitt, Photography Department, Salisbury College of Art,
Southampton road, Salisbury, Wiltshire. SP1 2LW

Since we had opted to do a landscape type project, we decided to spend the next day visiting an island off the coast of Gothenburg, called Hono. Having quickly mastered the bus, tram and ferry system, we arrived on the island and spent a pleasant day taking photographs. We also found a bakery shop, but unfortunately all the rolls seemed to have prawns in them- and so Caroline resorted to cakes; a wise decision as there was a great range to choose from.

At the weekend we provided entertainment for the many Swedes who had taken to the slopes as the two of us made our first attempt at skiing. It was cross country skiing and regardless of whether we were meant to be going up or down, we always seemed to end up in a heap at the bottom.

The next week we attended college and spoke to the professor who had the discouraging habit of cropping a large portion from each edge of a photograph and assuring us that the square in the middle "was the start of a photograph"!

One morning (the one morning we had a snow blizzard) Caroline and Gunilla had the bright idea for us to go to the early morning fish auction, unfortunately, our early morning was not quite their early morning and by the time we found it, we had missed it. At 8:15 we set off for the zoo, it was a long walk, and Caroline's hair was by this time frozen. A man who was feeding some animals told us in rather stilted English, that the zoo was closed. We later discovered that we had been to the childrens zoo. It had been a disastrous morning, so we went shopping and thawed out in a cafe.

The chilly weather left us wanting a change of scenery and Gunilla kindly arranged a trip to Oslo for us.. We set off on the E6 express, with Gunilla assuring us that we wouldn't be processed on the way. It would be a long journey and we sat in front of a T.V. to watch a video which never happened. But instead we were graced with the

delightful company of two drunken Norwegian men who told us they and 26 friends were going to England in one car, for three days to drink in an English pub: After six and a half hours of this we were a trifle bored!

We stayed in a hotel in Oslo and as well as touring the city; we went walking in the mountains, which happened to be 15 minutes from the home of a Norwegian colleague back in England. We were quite stunned by the beauty of the surroundings we found ourselves in.

The next week we spent some time printing at the University: This was quite a different experience to that of Salisbury College of Art. The photographic department is open twenty-four hours a day, throughout the year, with computerised clocking in cards for students (quite a useful system as anybody could be deleted from the computer for appropriate reasons). The college contained a vast array of advanced equipment as well as space enough for every student. In addition to the basic print processors they had a Cibachrome processor, three lecture/projection rooms, one of which contained six Hassleblad projectors There was also a shower, kitchen and dining room in the department as well as a supermarket and a bank in the lower part of the building; so there was really no excuse for their students to go home. The only area in which our college was superior to theirs was in E6 and C41 processing; since their college made use of local professional processing lines.

Partly due to the prestige surrounding the college, and partly because of the age group of students most commonly admitted (most of them having had jobs and been married and often divorced), there was a completely different, far more serious attitude towards work at the department. Although we did not feel that their work was of a higher standard than that produced here.

Our final week provided a fitting end to our stay-we spent a day in Denmark, whose flat landscape provided a sharp contrast to the mountains of Sweden, as well as a two

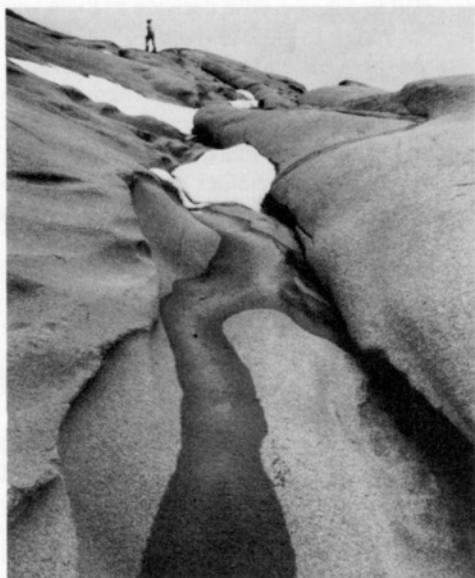
hour tour of the Hasselblad factory where we were treated as honoured guests, and showered with gifts on our departure.

On our last weekend, Caroline's family took us to their summerhouse in the mountains above a tiny fishing village called Hunnebostrand. We travelled back as a party of eight and somehow managed to pile into the family Volvo.

Our last few days were spent hurriedly printing photographs for the Swedes to see

and then it was time for sad farewells and our journey back.

It was an excellent trip, thoroughly enjoyed by the both of us. A great opportunity we would wish to recommend not to be missed by future generations of Salisbury students.



FRENCH ADVENTURES

PHIL PEEL

Film & Television Unit.

If this year is an indication, we will have to introduce new selection procedures when interviewing potential video students. We won't be able to accept anyone who suffers from sea or air sickness, and if they have a fluent second language, preferably French, they could well be in!

It all began with Neil Harvey shooting for five days on a tugboat working out of Southampton, often in very poor weather. The film the team brought back was fascinating and they assured me that the tug, at one point running out of control, ramming a tanker and demolishing half a bridge, was not something that they had set up.

Sea legs gained, this early project was good preparation for our crossing to France with two crews to cover the Le Touquet Enduro. This, for the few of you who are not enthusiasts, is the largest 'Motorcycle Beach Race' in the world, where fifteen hundred motor bikes thrash around an eighteen mile course, at speeds of up to 100 miles an hour. Like the 'Grand National', it's a great feat to complete it. Most don't!

Using video recorders and cameras in churning wind full of blown sand is no mean achievement either, but Chris Mallet eventually devised an ingenious system of sealed plastic bags, which worked very well, even though they did take two hours to fit.

On the day of the race one crew filmed the Pits and the Start, whilst the other covered the lower end of the course and the first turn off the straight, where all 1500 riders bid to make it through a 40 foot gap in the sand dunes. The riders had assured us that this was the most

exciting part of the race. They were right but what we had not realised was that with half a million spectators, it was impossible to drive anywhere so we were faced with a seven mile walk in soft sand! It would have been easier to walk on the flat area of the beach except that groups of leather jacketed riot Police on motor-bikes and in jeeps, in an attempt to keep the beach clear, drove suicidally at anyone on foot. What with this and being repeatedly buzzed by helicopters, we felt that we were in a cross between 'Mad Max' and 'Lawrence of Arabia'! We arrived at the turn exhausted, but the epic sight was well worth the effort. Unfortunately, after three hours filming, we had to walk all the way back.

Our next trip to France, making a house video for 'Air France' was in rather more comfort. We were covering the inaugural service from Paris to Southampton. One crew, with the Mayors of Southampton & Eastleigh and a Royal Marine Band, flew in from Paris on the Viceroy ATR42, whilst the second crew were in Southampton Control Tower, with an audio feed from Air Traffic Control. The plane was escorted by a World War II Spitfire (an unusual two seater), and on board this was Chris Mallet using an adapted camera to provide air to air shots. After landing in Southampton the Paris tapes were rushed to Keiran Boyle, who was operating an editing suite in the control tower. Within half an hour the assembled crowds were seeing the edited videos of the events in Paris and the incoming flight. The filming over the past five days had included 5 champagne receptions, innumerable lunches & dinners and a fashion show! Maybe future students will need a dinner jacket as well as their regulation jeans.

THE FAMOUS ON FILM

*We are the only college
supplying free materials.
(Alex Grant in picture)*

Holy Cousins, Batman!



The Good old days



Squadron Leader Mallet. (see 'French Adventures')

HND 1987 - PQE 1988



SINARS

JOHN DALGARNO

Well in 1970 I really did want to become another Cartier B. After a year of struggling with a 5" x 4" and being cooked under the lights in the studio, I emerged into the second year. This is where I met the Guru, Dave Cousins. He taught me, influenced me, stimulated my brain to THINK and created a learning environment in which I could thrive. Mike Fitton brought colour and electronics into my life along with a lot of support and encouragement.

Thank you both for the excellent start you gave me in a highly competitive world.

From college to:-

KING ALFRED'S COLLEGE
Photographic/AV Technician
(Paradise lost!) An excellent grounding thanks to Derek Hill.

FRENCHAY HOSPITAL
Medical Photographer

All because I liked the look of the senior medical photographer, we were married a year later.

BRISTOL SCHOOL
of NURSING

Senior Media Resources Officer

It was fun if you kept your eyes closed - I only fainted once, it was a film on scraping burns.

HEDGES WRIGHT

Assitant A.V. Producer

The commercial world

Customers with budgets

ONLY FOOLS &

WILBART BRANDON

A.V. Producer

HEDGES WRIGHT

Marketing/Management

Return of the prodigal son.....

Now living between Bristol and Bath, two children and a lot of support from my wife who appreciates that business can be very demanding.

I've also found it necessary to continue with further education in the areas of electronics, marketing and management studies. Strange that when I was at college, my world totally centred on photography, any business studies were not given much serious attention. Certainly the graphics and liberal components helped to make students more versatile.

There are gaps in the photographic industry for well trained and experienced people. These opportunities are also available for those in education to be more responsive in offering courses, distance learning and in-house training. Equally, people in business, should communicate more clearly their specific needs.

Best wishes,

John Dalgarno.

P.S. Any students/ex-students are invited to take advantage of a special discount on our range of photographic lab services.

Please give a call on :

Bristol (0272) 541921
or Swindon (0793) 37631

P.P.S. Professional Cibachrome prints available.



LETTER FROM AMERICA

PETER DOHERTY

My idea for an exchange with an American college began in March last year when Ian Smith took a party of us to Sweden. There we met an American Professor called Howard Levant. He was interested in forming a link with a British College so he could teach here. He has links with Sweden, Israel, Austria.

When I joined the 2nd year, last September, I asked Ian if it would be possible to go over and study in Howards college. Ian wrote to Mr. Levant and he was delighted to take me. The trip was arranged for the 1st of February, as the date got closer, I became more and more anxious. It was the fear of going to an unfamiliar Continent where I didn't know a soul. I was apprehensive in case the students I was going to live with, would find me a novelty at first and then totally ignore me. I needn't have worried, I found all the students very helpful and they always included me in their activities.

The College was called the Rochester Institute of Technology or R.I.T. It was situated in New York State just below Lake Ontario. The Campus was relatively small by American standards just 9,500 full-time students and 3,000 part-time, but it was overwhelming for someone used to Salisbury and the tiny college. R.I.T. has many different colleges on the same campus, there are Business Schools, Medical Schools, Engineering Departments and a special Institute for the deaf.

The Photography department has 900 students, 34 studios and a store room full of the latest gadgets worth millions. R.I.T. is

lucky in that it is situated next to the Headquarters of a small, insignificant firm called Eastman Kodak. They pour money into this college like there is no tomorrow. The Administrative centre was paid for by Kodak and is known as the George Eastman Building.

The courses are broken up into individual areas of specialization, such as Commercial, Phototech (preparing students to run Labs), Biomed and Journalism.

The course is a degree course of four years duration. During the 3rd year students are encouraged to visit foreign colleges, and this is where I came in. My brief was to experience the American view of photography and to convince the teachers and students that Salisbury was the place to go if they wanted to visit Britain.

I lived on the campus, in the halls of residence, in a special fraternity called Photohouse, this was a mixed floor containing about 43 photo-majors. They had some good parties there. The one I enjoyed the most was a sauna party; we all went into one of the bathrooms and turned on all the taps and showers. we all wore T shirts and shorts and drank copious amounts of any alcohol we could find. The students were very friendly, Americans on the whole, love the Brits and especially our accent. Their favourite TV show was of all things THE YOUNG ONES, and most people listened only to brit music such as U2, Genesis, Led Zepplin.

I found the lectures at the college very stimulating, practising Photographers and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

FEEDBACK

the column that
keeps us in touch

Richard Smith, 1968-1971.

47, Greystones Grange Road, Sheffield S11
7JH Tel: (0742) 660133

1988 is seeing changes for me and my little empire.

The staff situation has grown. James (4) and Emily (2) will soon be able to operate the machines, leaving me free to go to the bank and count my money.

A newer A4 press I bought last year from the firm who made me redundant works very hard. I decided to increase print capacity by buying an A3 machine, but made the mistake of getting a multilith 1850 - a big mistake. I have now sold this, and have just installed a Rotaprint, which should turn out some really good work, so I won't need to farm out as much. This, along with a new platemaker, makes work much more efficient. The curtains were really twitching, when a 35 ton crane pulled up outside our semi, and lifted the Old, then the new machines straight over the roof. I have a good spread of customers, few bad debts, a kind bank manager and sleep at night.

I still get called on for photography, mainly industrial, the freelance press jobs dried up when the papers folded, I don't think I would want to be a full time photographer again, as I quite enjoy being a jobbing printer. I still work from the basement of my house, which means I don't have far to travel to work, but it also means that customers can find me at all hours of the day and night.

I was a bit disappointed with the last issue of 'Nostalgia' as I didn't know any of

the contributors, it must be a sign of growing very old when the ex-students seem so young. This made me adamant that I would put ribbon to paper for this issue.

It is nice to hear that so many of the staff who taught me are still with the college, I'd have thought a few of them were nearing retirement though. Could be a good excuse for a drink or two when they go. Nice to hear that Mike Fitton is keeping abreast with new technology, we are Amstrad converted in this household but we all have our problems.

That's it - best wishes to those from my era, or error,

Yours printingly,

Richard Smith.

Sally Anne Greville-Heygate.



in which we teach the montessori method

Enclosed is a little something for the mag and a letter you may or may not want to print!

I'm now doing a little freelance photography but my main job is as a private school teacher, owner and headmistress! I bet you would never have guessed it, I certainly wouldn't have. It pays my way and I have just purchased an MGB GT so I suppose I must be doing OK! Do send my love to all

the lecturers still there.

As you can see my writing and spelling has not improved so I use my word processor instead, it makes life very easy especially for school letters, reports and bills.

Its only a Commodore but with a good daisy wheel printer the letter quality is great. I don't need a massive brain for my work (in both physical and computer sense!)

Much Love, Sally Anne.

The little something!

College life came as a shock to me 16 years ago. Straight from an all girls school into what appeared an all mens college. Two females to thirty men was the going rate.

I was teased rotten the first year and when I wrote something rather rude on the board before a lecture one Friday I was asked to see Mr Stirling on the Monday. That weekend was very uncomfortable. Monday morning duly arrived and I entered the staff room, expecting to be expelled. "I hear you have been expressing some of your feelings on the board," Mr. Stirling said. I nodded dumbly. "Well", he said supressing a smile, "Don't do it again." I was dismissed. Life had never looked better.

We all have those special memories of good times at college.

How many of you will remember Bob Riddle falling through the roof of the dark-room in the old Roberts room? Or having to hold up the traffic in New Street when doing a long timed enlargement? Or days when your Sinar had so many movements on it that it looked like the hump-back of Notre Dame. Or sitting at the back of the old lecture theatre in Brown Street? Evenings at Hengistbury head with Fred Ball at the guitar and David Sherry and his barbeque. Chaz Bazley and his converted funeral hearse. Andrew Denny replacing the engine of his car three times in one week.

Some people saw college as a cushion between school and work. Some people knew that they were there to learn how to be a professional photographer. What did I

learn at college? Well, that would be telling!!

Sally Anne Greville-Heygate.

Ken De Witt

Good luck with the Mag. Here's a few words of wisdom to get the ball rolling.

I remember in the distant mists of time being herded into an office somewhere along with a few other 'elect' disciples. Our Guru sat opposite us, lit by the diffuse glow of far-away safelights, stroking his long moustache, running a cobwebbed hand over weather worn craggy features. The smell of centuries-old fixer seeped from the very skeleton of the man. He awoke from a planet-distant daze and waggled a sepia'd forefinger at us while emitting the immortal words "Don't get married until you're twenty-seven, lads, twenty-seven, remember!". Possibly one of the few bits of advice to erupt from I.R.S. that I paid some heed to.

One always has an idea of the ideal moment to "pop the question!" on a sea shore, walking hand in hand into the sunset, the gentle ebb and flow of warm sea filling the footprints we leave behind us, palm trees wafting in the breeze, seagulls soaring high above the cliff.....

So I picked the time and the place. Unfortunately I overlooked one or two small details. The clocks went back the night before - so it was pitch black; the tide was out - 2 miles out; there was seaweed - lots of it. Everywhere. Rotting.

She still said yes.

Regards, Ken A. De Witt.

Chris Graham

Congratulations on your new position Mr Pitt! Editing Pure Nostalgia is an enviable job with great prospects. I am pleased to hear that Ian Smith has found himself able to

retire and can only assume that the 'Old Students Association' is doing better than any of us imagined!

I am sorry that this letter is late but in the magazine game one develops an uncanny knack for missing deadlines! I am still gainfully employed by Practical Classics & Car Restorer magazine but have recently added an extra string to my bow by starting a business. It has nothing to do with photography but a lot to do with SAUSAGES - German sausages. It is a franchise which I operate, with a partner, on a part time basis. We attend shows, carnivals, fetes and fun days during the summer months and can be found 'roughing it' at Beckenham Junction market on Sunday mornings during the winter. Its hard but satisfying work and, so far, the company account is looking very healthy. Fingers and sausages crossed for the future.

I hope all is well in dear old Salisbury, (I still miss it), and that the department is still struggling on despite the 763 students now in the first year! I look forward to seeing the next issue of Pure Nostalgia and hope that some of 'my lot' have taken the trouble to jot something down this time.

Best wishes to all my old friends from the 'glory days' and I hope to see some of you soon.

Please find enclosed a cheque for £160 to boost the Old Students Association (alias - The Dave Pitt Retirement Plan!).

Yours sincerely, Chris Graham

D.P. Thanks Chris - the cheque bounced, please send cash.

Ray Mowlam (1981-84)

I am writing this at the 'Studio' that I am based in, in Finchley, North London. When I say studio, I use the word lightly, as it is actually a converted bedroom in my bosses'

parents home. I am now, (having given up my medical photography job for professional and Mrs. Thatcher reasons!), a video cameraman and editor for a very small company called Video Assignments. We make videos mainly for industry. You know, all that Corporate stuff. Recently we've won a few good clients such as British Gas and an oil corporation called Conoco. Other large clients include Tesco and Dalgety, not bad for a company with five employees.

For all the large clients though, there are, of course, about fifteen small ones which do low budget, bread and butter work. These are usually short (five minute) videos which are no more than a glorified slide show on tape, made up with the clients own slides and shots from our stock library which is growing all the time.

It's quite a fun job and I think that what I like most about the whole thing is the incredible variety of work that I get. I may be up in a helicopter one day, in a voice over studio the next, setting up a stage set for a Corporate presentation or just editing in the studio. It really is quite amazing to be on a production right from its first draft on paper to seeing the finished presentation to the audience.

Getting back to the technology again, the equipment we use is of course rather expensive, with a lens costing over £5000 and a camera as much as a semi detached house in the country, you can't afford to drop it often. Mostly though we work with Low-band U-matic, just as the college has now I hear, which is much more affordable to our kind of client, and the quality of the image from CCD cameras is almost as good as broadcast. In fact we've recently had one of our programmes, which I edited, networked on about 30 channels in America.

I've been here for two years now and have still to find a day when I'm at a real loss for something to do. Though I do feel that the time is coming when I will move on to things new, (though still within camera/editing work), maybe ITV or BBC. I'm going to try

and get my A.C.T.T. (non-broadcast) 'ticket' this year.

Finally, life in London. Well, it's a great place to be. there is such a variety of things to do and so much going on around you, though all I end up doing is going to our 'Cinema Club' every monday. The pace of life is really on a another plane here, everything is needed yesterday, but being a country boy, I've never really felt that it will ever be my home, so I shall probably 'retire' to a more sedate place with my next job, if I can, that is.

Well I hope that has given you all a little insight into Video Assignment's world, and what the video 'biz' is all about, until next year, heres to all the old students, see you around.

Ray Mowlam.

Amanda Hogg

Just a quick note to let everyone know what I am up to. Well, I don't think it will come as a great surprise to anyone who knew me, on return from my travels in Asia & Australia I decided that photography really was not for me!

For the first seven months back in New-castle I worked in a project helping to teach, amongst other things, photography, drama, adult literacy and art. The project is designed to help ex-offenders resetttle into the community. That led to me taking a part time job as an assistant residential worker in a probation hostel (19 male offenders, 6 male staff and ME!). The training I received there was really good, and six months later I secured a full time job as a project worker.

The hostel I work in now, caters for 16 - 21 year old homeless young people. As I am sure you can imagine we have our own fair share of dramas. Working in residential work is always varied, often upsetting but always a challenge.

My most major piece of news for 1987

was that in December I became engaged. Patrick and I have just started the inevitable search for a house, so I guess with the house hunting and all our plans things are just beginning.

Well what started out as a quick note has grown somehow into an extensive letter. I will end by saying hello to everyone that knew me whilst I was at Salisbury, and to all current Photography students - good luck in finding somewhere to live! If the accomodation problem is still as horrific as when I was a student, you will need it. When I think about it, Salisbury was good training for working with homeless people!

Good luck to everyone in 1988.

Amanda Hogg.

Nigel Farrow

I'm now working for a freelance news agency called 'Cassidy and Leigh' based near Guildford, which deals with national newspapers, T.V. national magazines and syndicates stories from the agency abroad.

If I can help, do give me a call or get interested students to write. It is difficult inviting students up for industrial release. Many days I could be doing absolutely nothing, then I could end up chasing a murder story, pictures of the scene, photographing a press coinference and trying to borrow pictures of the victims (which is difficult to teach anyone else and very boring). Occasionally I get good jobs, a celebrity's birthday party or a passing out parade which requires continuous concentration to provide a good picture and to be rewarded with a by-line in the Daily Telegraph.

Wishing everybody all the best,

Nigel Farrow

Nigels phone number is available through Dave Pitt.

ODE TO SAN MARCO

by Stuart Wilson

San Marco, what will be, will be,
You've been with us now since '73.
37C, P81 & EP", enough to rot your tanks
right through.

With slipping clips and breaking chains,
Faulty pumps - just growing pains?
We've modded you to make you last,
But we've been living in the past.
You take too long for us, you bet,
and still the prints, they come out wet.
Alas the time for us is right -
We're going to buy a Kreonite.

Bye, bye, old friend, you won't be missed;
Just leave us now to reminisce.

Margold Doller

Do mums qualify for printing in Pure Nostalgia? As I am the one who has always had to pay for it, I thought I would bring you up to date with Rodney.

Rodney Doller was a student between 1974/77 and studied medical photography. With the course being very new the students at that time must have laid the foundations for the future courses. There was some very interesting work produced at that time. Some of Rodneys' work may still be at the college. Certainly a tape/slide of the heart was never returned and must still be somewhere between college and the hospital.

After leaving Salisbury Rodney obtained a post at Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children. There he obtained his associateship (AIMBI) and a wealth of experience both in the wards and theatres as well as the studio.

He married Rachael in 1982 and set up home in Walthamstow. However neither felt London was a good place for a family and he

obtained a post at Cardiff University Hospital in 1986. Rhianan their baby daughter arrived in Feb. 1987. He remains in Cardiff and is currently working with orthodontics. They would, however, like to move back to nearer home so he is beginning to look for another suitable post. Perhaps some of the readers may have some helpful ideas.

I hope this may be of interest and look forward to the new edition of Pure Nostalgia.

p.s. Rodney has been going to write this since the first edition so was quite happy for me to do this for him!!!!

Margold Doller.

A.G. Where would we be without a mother to look after all the little chores.

SEARCH COLUMN

Who was it you promised to keep in touch with..... it wasn't your fault you lost the phone number.... Well, here is another chance.

Adrian Thornton-Willis

1981 college leavers, sorry we haven't kept in touch. if you have a chance or inclination to get together to talk about old and new times, it would be great to hear from you. call Adrian Willis on 01 941 3856 or drop me a line, the college has my address.

The college has lost touch with, and would like to hear from :

Paul Ballam, Max Baker, Jonathan Cooke, Diana Dicker, George Gates, Elaine Grant, Bill Hammerton, Sylvia Jarvis, Tom Mulvee, Claire Orrin, Mark Owen, Debbie White, Donna Thyne, Tony Watts.

If anyone knows the whereabouts of any of these, please give them a nudge or drop us a line.

COMPETITION RESULTS

JOHN HUDSON/JAMES DOOLEY

Work exhibited at AFAEP Students Competition Exhibition.

WILL SHAW

AFAEP Editorial/Reportage Competition Merit Award.

CATHY BYRD/FRANCES TOUT

Gowar Award - £500 + Crystal Trophy.

PAUL O'CONNOR/JANE STOCKMAN

*Polaroid .**

DANIEL PEARSON (EX. STUDENT)

BIPP National Awards - Merit.

STUART CHORLEY (EX. STUDENT)

Kodak B/W Awards. Advertising & fashion £1000

CAROLINE JONES/WILL SHAW

Howson Algraphy/Ulimate Image Work to be exhibited.

PAUL O'CONNOR

Howson Algraphy/Ulimate Image first prize!! trip to America

FUJI/BIPP STUDENT AWARDS.*

BIPP AREA PRINT COMPETITION

1st. Christian Thompson. merits: Kate Dowlman & Darren Jenkins

* Wins achieved but details unknown on press date.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

picture editors were invited to give talks. One interesting lecture was given by a Picture Editor called John Durniak who used to be Picture Editor for Time magazine, he talked about his favourite photographers and why they were so good.

One was Rick Smallen who organised the 'Day in the Life' series of books. Mr. Durniak explained how the idea came about, through an unsuccessful article in Life magazine, the article wasn't well executed but the

photographer realized its potential and assembled 15 photographers who created the first book, 'A Day in the Life of America'. This sold so well, that two more books have been made since, - Japan and Russia, and this year he is planning one on Australia.

Most students got a short lecture at the beginning of every brief and was then left to their own devices. The professors kept well hidden in their offices, they would answer questions but would not come up and actually help anyone take a picture. Where the teachers came in, was during the crits, these were long and very in depth. Something I noticed immediately though, was that, unlike the British, the Americans don't like to criticise other peoples work. Everyone pats each other on the back even if the work is totally C**P. After talking to some students though, I found that they didn't like it either, because they couldn't tell if they were progressing or not. They longed for an honest opinion about their work, I wonder how they will take it though, when they come to Salisbury (as part of our link) and experience the English obsession with destructive criticism.

The standard of work at R.I.T. was very similar to Salisbury, but I think we have more freedom to experiment, we can try Photojournalism one day and Advertising the next. R.I.T students commit themselves at the beginning of their course to do one type of Photography and specialize in it. This, of course, creates problems if the student decides that the course is not for him (or her), it also creates administrative problems if he or she wants to change majors, so this is frowned upon.

The biggest lesson I learnt from my trip, was that even with all the money R.I.T had, and all the studio's that were available. Salisbury could turn out just as good, if not better results with 4 studios, a collection of primeval cameras and a team of dedicated resourceful Lecturers. (This secures my place in the 3rd. year.

OBITUARY

We are saddened to pass on the news of ANNE CORKETTS death on February 25th 1988.

Anne was a student at Salisbury in the early days, and worked as a lecturer at the Bournemouth College for the past twenty years.

She will be remembered with great affection by the many people in the two colleges who knew her.

ANTHONY BAILEY

Readers will remember the sad news of Anthony (David) Bailey's death in a car accident reported to you in the sixth edition of this magazine. Donations for a memorial to him were received by the college, and it was decided to buy a lecturn with a suitably inscribed plaque. A local furniture maker was instructed and the completed lecturn, a fine piece of individual design, now stands in the department lecture theatre.

The plaque reads :

Presented in memory of
DAVID BAILEY
Student of Photography at
Salisbury College of Art
1979-1982



PURE NOSTALGIA

JULY 1988

Cover picture by Philip Taylor. (see 'French Adventures')

