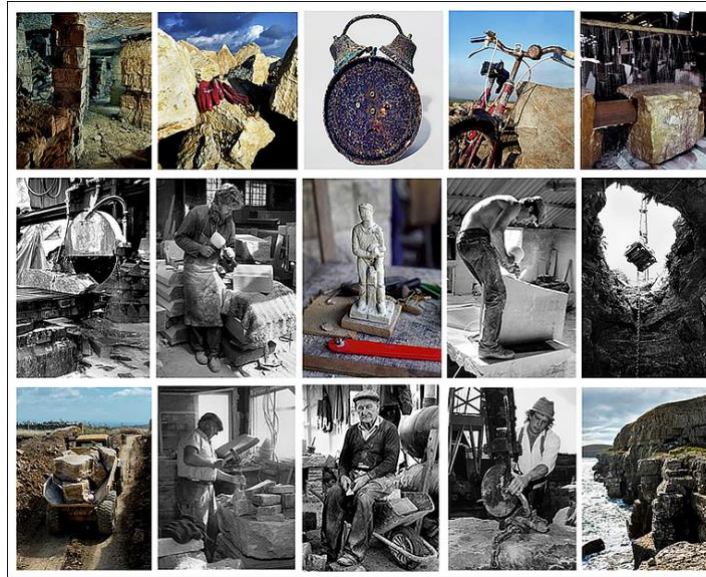


- 2021-** **Insects & Bugs**
 Photographs of insects and bugs from some of the UK's forests, woodlands, chalk and limestone downs, lowland heaths, waterways, moors, bogs, parks and gardens.
- 2016-18** **Ilay Cooper, My Village and My Homeland**
 Purbeck - 90 Minute film - You Tube
- 1990-18** **Marriage Celebrations**
 500 Colour & Black & White photographic records.
- 1980-18** **Purbeck's Limestone Plateau**
 Colour and B&W photography/video from the quarries.
- 1985-87** **Gwent College of Higher Education**
 BTEC in Documentary Photography at Newport
- 1983-85** **Joint Services Expedition to Brabant Island**
 First expedition to intentionally overwinter in tents in Antarctica.
 Photography/16mm Cameraman (Recipient of the Polar Medal)
- 1975-85** **Royal Navy**
82 - 85 Fleet Photographic Unit in Portsmouth
81 Joint Services School of Photography - RAF Cosford
- 1976-81** **Close-ups of Nature**
 Colour photographs of flora and fauna mostly in Purbeck on Kodachrome 25 & 64 (ARPS Nature Group)
- 1968-71** **Purbeck**
 A small collection of pinned butterflies and moths.

PURBECK'S

Limestone Plateau 1979-2018



Limestone quarries have been a feature of the landscape around Worth and Langton Matravers in the Isle of Purbeck for generations.

Thanks to Bill Norman and Fred Wellman, who I first photographed in '79, and the other quarrymen's acceptance over the years I was able to take many more photographs of the quarries and their characterful worksheds.

I remember in '82 the National Trust acquiring most of the land that is quarried from the Bankes Estate and soon after one of the quarry owners having to create a mound in order to screen his operation from the road and another having to clad his corrugated work sheds in stone. Seeing the mound appear or should I say the quarry disappear made me want to photograph them even more.

Gerald 'Jed' Corbett

For centuries Purbeck stone has been quarried and processed by local stonemasons using traditional methods with the help of modern machinery. Their story has been well documented by those who know best and most concisely by Trev Haysom.

Raised in Worth Matravers, it felt natural to be drawn to the quarries which are an intrinsic part of the local landscape. I became evermore fascinated in the old quarry sheds and Haysoms masonry workshop at St Aldhelms Head equipped with saws and polishing machinery for processing block.

The quarries and their workshops and sheds are rich in textures, tones, sculptural shapes and full of eye-catching details. Rusting scars on the paintwork of diggers, the wear and tear of the quarrymen's clothing or the worn features of a chisel or mallet and the hi-tech control panels of computerised machinery processing the latest orders.

Since the 1950s diggers have been used to get at the block having removed the top soil in quarries that will eventually be filled in, landscaped and returned to grazing.



The remains of the redundant cliff quarries have become monuments that speak volumes of the quarrymen's past endeavours.



Turnpike, Marigolds, Bower's Quarry, Boarded Window,
The hands of a quarrymen, Bowers Quarry Shed, A Pair of Blue Boots,,
Bowers Quarry Shed.

Gerald 'Jed' Corbett



Amie Stamp, Wilton Music Hall, 2001

After photographing several friends weddings I decided to advertise my services and remember thinking at the time the challenge was to try and offer something a little different to your run-of-the-mill packages that was the norm at the time. I began by simply combining a mixture of black and white and colour images having set-up a darkroom at home which gave me control over the printing.

Capturing the spirit of the day, naturally as it unfolded, I liaised with the newly weds. Agreeing which images to print before mounting their record in a traditional brown leather album with their names neatly embossed on the cover. Once established, I averaged around thirty weddings a year largely through recommendation.

Racing around the countryside in my car, navigating narrow lanes, avoiding cyclists and horse riders, getting from the house to church and reception on time using a road map was always a challenge. I remember one occasion, heading west along the M4 when a red light appeared on the dashboard. Under pressure not to slow down I eventually grinded to a halt. Grabbing my camera bags, I legged it across several fields before finding a phone box and ordering a taxi. This was in the days before mobile phones. When the taxi pulled up in the driveway the bride was literally stepping out of her front door, just about to leave for the church.

I leapt into action before leaping into an ushers car, only to discover later that my car had been towed-off the motorway for which I received a hefty fine. To make matters worse it was a write-off! On another occasion I remember the bride and groom's leaving car not turning up and playing chauffeur, only to find my car full of rice the following morning.



Vicky Hornsby, Lyme Regis 1996.

Capturing the final preparations before the ceremony begins and the celebrations that follow as unobtrusively as possible, if that's possible. With a 35mm camera and flash slung across one shoulder and a Plaubel 6x7 camera for the groups on the other. In all I documented around three hundred marriages with traditional film before reluctantly switching to digital cameras and capturing a further two hundred.

Receiving a complimentary letter was the measure of a job well done, samples of which helped secure the next commission. I imagine most of the couples whose 'special day' I had the privilege of photographing have grown-up children by now.

If someone has a Cartier-Bresson hanging on their sitting room wall and their house catches fire, most people would rush to grab their wedding album before their Cartier-Bresson - David Hurn

Gwent College of Further Education

BTEC in Documentary Photography 1985-87

The documentary photography course in Newport was established in 1973 by Magnum photographer David Hurn. Our tutors were Ron McCormick, Daniel Meadows, Clive Landen and Keith Arnatt. Cultural studies by Anne Baxter-Wright and historian Dr Ian Walker while John Benton Harris and Sue Packer lectured part-time and Paul Reas was the department's technician.

In our first year we were given a series of assignments based on the components of a photo essay consisting of an *Establishing shot*, *person at work*, *relationship* and *portrait*. Shooting purely black and white films which we processed and printed in the college darkrooms at Clarence Place.



During the second year we each worked on an assignment for the Newport Survey, a long-term project undertaken annually for which I photographed a Travelling Day Hospital for Alzheimer sufferers. Throughout most of college I lived on the road in a Bedford van. Photographing a number of Irish travellers sites' in South Wales and photographs of the 'Peace Convoy' in the New Forest for one of my final projects.

Visiting lecturers included Martin Parr and Fay Godwin and the department's library is also worth mentioning for it's shelves bowed under the weight of photographic history. Monumental monographs and classics like James Agee's 'Let us now praise famous men' with Walker Evans photographs and other books of his photographs for the FSA during the Great Depression. August Sander's 'Face of Our Time', full of typological portraits taken in Germany's Weimar Republic and I remember reading in Diane Arbus's compelling biography that she once remarked to Lisette Model "the more specific you are the more general it'll be".

Gerald 'Jed' Corbett

BRABANT ISLAND

Joint Services Expedition 1983-85



The first expedition to intentionally overwinter in the Antarctic in tents

First Summer and Winter Phases

Gerald 'Jed' Corbett

ROYAL NAVY 1975-85

Fleet Air-Arm Photographic Branch 1981-85

I signed-up for the Navy at sixteen and served as a Seaman Radar Operater on three warships - a Helicopter Cruiser, Type 21 Frigate and Type 42 Destroyer. On the latter, H.M.S. Birmingham I ran a camera club before transferring to the Photographic Branch.

Working at the Fleet Photographic Unit in Portsmouth I attended an interview at the Royal Geographic Society for a Joint Services Expedition led by Chris Furse too Brabant Island, situated off the west coast of the Antarctic Peninsula.

During eighteen months training and preparations I remember seeking the advice of Bryn Campbell, who had spent a period photographing the Transglobe Expediton, who mentioned that being an expedition photographer could at times be quite a lonely experience. During my year on the island there were moments when I felt a sense of detachment. Living in two man tents, obsessing as to whether or not my cameras were functioning correctly whilst capturing from day to day the different aspects of the expedition. My equipment included four winterized Nikons, 3 Rolleiflexes, two 8mm Bolexes two 16mm Beaulieu and two Uher sound recorders and several tripods.

It was an immensely challenging and interesting experience. Each team member had their individual roles whilst collectively working together to successfully achieve the expeditions wider goals.



By 1970 the need or justification for making personal collections of this nature had been replaced by colour photography.

I swapped my butterfly net for a camera and instantly became hooked on photography. A macro lens and Kodachrome film provided the perfect means of recording some of Purbeck's flora and fauna. Sending my exposed rolls of film off to Kodak for processing I remember the anticipation waiting the customary ten days for the postman to return with the results which I loved editing and projecting onto a large screen.



Self in Winspit Valley, Purbeck 1969

My half century relationship with photography, tweaking focusing rings, adjusting F-stops and shutter speeds, handling negatives and positives, raising and lowering tripods and staring endlessly at screens made up of tiny squares stems from a childhood hobby, rearing, collecting and arranging butterflies and moths. Fascinated by their scientific names, different characteristics, variety, life-cycles and habitats.

I remember putting tiny second instar caterpillars out to feed on the sprigs of an apple tree in our garden having first covered the branch with a leg or two of mum's old stockings. The excitement seeing Glanville Fritillaries for the first time with my brother on the Isle of Wight where Ribwort plantain grows profusely on the undercliffe at Niton. And attending an Open Day at Worldwide Butterflies in Compton House near Sherborne, celebrating its 10th anniversary, with school friend Simon Saville, the current Chair of Butterfly Conservation.