

Jed Corbett (Photographer)

2022-24

British Butterflies & Dragonflies

2016-18

Ilay Cooper, My Village and My Homeland

Purbeck - 90 minute film

1990-2018

Five Hundred Marriage Celebrations

1980-2018

Purbeck's Limestone Plateau

1985-87

Gwent College of Further Education - Newport

HND in Documentary Photography

1983-85

Joint Services Expedition to Brabant Island

Antarctica - 1st Summer and Winter Phases.

Recipient of the Polar Medal

1975-85

Royal Navy

1981 Joint Services School of Photography - RAF Cosford

1981-85 Fleet Photographic Unit in Portsmouth

1963

Family moved to Worth Matravers in Dorset

1959

Born in Woking



High Brown Fritillary, Dartmoor 1979

Careful monitoring over the past century tells us about the gradual decline of butterflies in the UK which has most been dramatic since the 1970's largely due to the loss of their habitats. While pollution and climate change are also having an impact.

One example is the High Brown Fritillary, their numbers have dropped by 96%. Becoming our rarest butterfly, rather than being a claim to fame is actually a cry for help!

Seeing our least common specialist species is largely dependent on the work of **Butterfly Conservation** which I remember starting out as the British Butterfly Conservation Society in 1968.

The charity's aim '*to enhance the landscape for butterflies and moths*' is in all our interest and highlighted in it's campaigns and the thirty five reserves it has around Great Britain, managed with the help of thousands of dedicated volunteers.

Dragonflies are equally fascinating creatures. Threatened by the impact of droughts they rely on healthy ponds, streams and rivers with suitable vegetation to breed. The **British Dragonfly Society**, which formed a little later in 1983 has their interests at heart, while both charities are off shoots of The **Royal Entomological Society** with roots dating back to 1745 which focusses overall on the science of insects.



Adonis Blue



Scarce Chaser



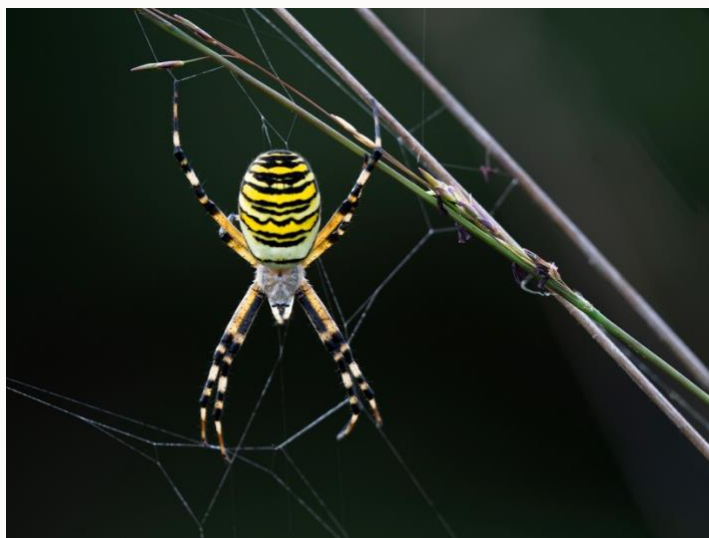
Scarce Blue-tailed Damselfly



Scotch Argus



Downy Emerald



Wasp Spider

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.

I first visited Bill Norman in his quarry in 1979 and thanks to his friendship and the quarrymen's acceptance over the years I was able to take these photographs.

I remember in 1982 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 quarry having to clad its corrugated sheds in stone. Seeing the mound appear or should I say the quarry disappear made me want to photograph them even more.

Learning about the different stages in the transformation of stone block is an education in itself but I was drawn more to the character of the work sheds and the masonry workshops which are rich in textures, tones and sculptural shapes and full of fascinating detail.

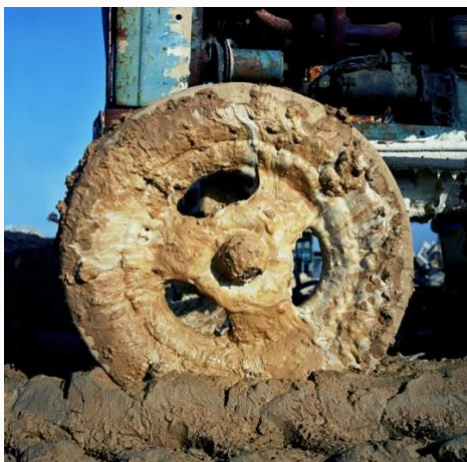
Rusting scars on the paintwork of monstrous diggers, the wear and tear of the quarrymen's clothing or the different features of a chisel, mallet or the sophisticated piece of machinery that is processing the job in hand.

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

Unlike the inland opencast quarries, where since the 1950s, mechanical diggers have reached the block by breaking through the top soil. In quarries that are eventually filled in and returned to grazing.



Self with an MP, Mk V111, 4x5 Technical Camera on a Classic Benbo Tripod. **Photo:** Barry Audley in 1992.



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



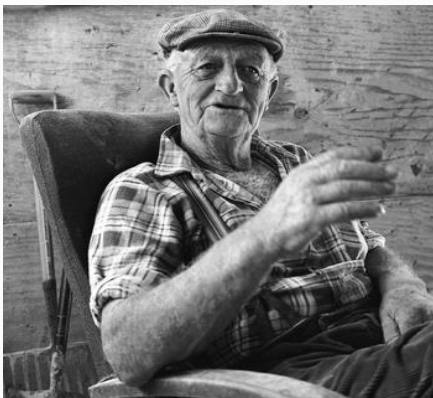
Ron Bower



Fred Wellman



Bill Norman



Harold Bonfield



Tom Bonfield



Fred Wellman - 1983

P u r b e c k Q u a r r y m a n

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Haysom's Masonry Workshop - 2013

P u r b e c k M a r b l e

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L O N D O N

Since moving to London for work in 1990 I have funded my personal photography projects mostly from the income from my 'photographic work' which has included providing regular personal/photographic assistance to several people.

My first part time job after college was managing a small portrait studio in Notting Hill for an American photographer with the unusual name of Koo, supported by Olympus Cameras. I remember pulling lots of polaroids but not the names of everyone who appeared on them between 1990 and 2002.

Each year I am reminded of one special event, thanks to a greetings card arriving around Christmas time from India. In 1993 a group of us organised a photography exhibition/auction titled Compassion. 130 photographers generously donated a total of 600 images which we hung in a day at Hamiltons Gallery in Mayfair for the two day event which raised sufficient funds for the building of the Rato Dratsang monastery.

Around the same time I regularly assisted Dudley Reed who also rented a studio in the same building as Koo in Bedford Gardens. Taking portraits for the Sunday colour supplements, mostly on location, Dudley often found away of injecting a subtle element of humor into his portraits which is very much in keeping with his character.

A year or so later I received an email from Robin Bell who was looking for someone to run his desk in Fulham. I leapt at the opportunity of working for such a respected black and white printer. Being Robin's right hand man for eight years, at times felt as if I was stoking an old boiler! Running on copious cups of tea, kippers and porridge in the company of Henry Blofeld and Jonathan Agnew. A selection of Robin's fine silver gelatin prints, which he produces for many well-known photographers past and present are featured in his monograph Silver Footprint which I helped get-off the ground by securing a publisher.



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.

Having captured 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 to reception on time with the help of a road map often proved a challenge. On one occasion, on the M4 my car broke down - 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 the front door, just about to leave for the church.

I leapt into action before leaping into an ushers car, later discovering 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 chauffer, only to find my car full of rice in the morning. I love the theatrical feel of an emotional wedding day, everyone dressed up relaxed in celebratory mood their eyes cast on the beautiful bride, a day with a happy ending.



Vicky Hornsby, Lyme Regis 1996.

As unobtrusively as possible, if that's possible, with a 35mm camera and flash slung across each shoulder and a Plaubel 67 for the groups I documented around three hundred celebrations with traditional film before reluctantly switching to digital cameras and photographing a further two hundred celebrations.

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 weddings 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

NEWPORT

Documentary Photography Course 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.



In 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' and the 'Convoy', portraits from which were included in one of my final projects.

Visiting lecturers included Martin Parr and Fay Godwin and the department's library is worth mentioning for it's shelves bowed under the weight of photographic history. Monumental monographs and classics included James Agee's 'Let us now praise famous men' with Walker Evans photographs and other books of his work 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 monograph and biography, that she once remarked to Lisette Model "the more specific you are the more general it'll be".

ROYAL NAVY 1975-85

Fleet Air-Arm Photographic Branch 1981-85

Whilst serving aboard H.M.S. Birmingham I set up and ran a camera club. The notice board exhibiting a selection of our photographs was a little bit different to the one displaying Russian aircraft and submarines.

I managed to get a branch change and after training at the Joint Services School of Photography in RAF Cosford I transferred to the Photographic Branch and worked at the Fleet Photographic Unit in Porstmouth for four years during which I documented a Joint Services Expedition to Antarctica.

Among the people whose advice I sort when preparing for Brabant Island, I think it was Bryn Campbell, who had spent some time photographing the Transglobe Expediton, who mentioned that being a photographer can at times be quite a lonely experience.

Living in two man tents for a year, along with twelve other men, there were times I felt a sense of detachment. Obsessing as to whether or not my cameras were functioning correctly. Working mostly from a rucksack and pulk whilst recording each aspect of the expedition with the aid of two winterised Nikons, Rolleiflexes, 8mm Bolexes, 16mm Beaulieus and Uher sound recorders. Not seeing any results for a year certainly got a bit depressing at times.



Self on Harvey Heights, Brabant Island
with two winterised Nikons FM2's.

BRABANT ISLAND

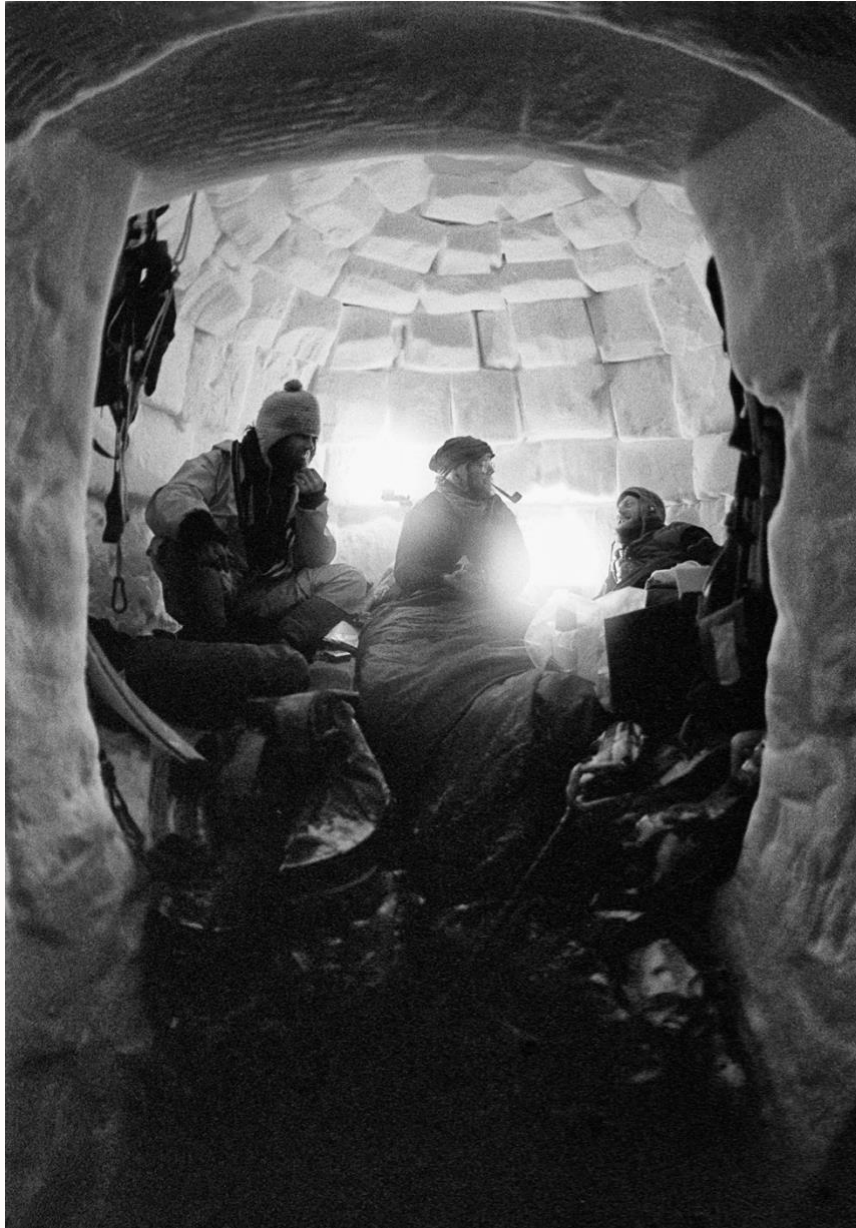
Joint Services Expedition 1983-85



The first expedition to intentionally overwinter in tents.

First Summer and Winter Phases.

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Ted Atkins, Jon Beattie and John Kimbrey - 1984

BRABANT ISLAND