



Ammonites from Chapman's pool. (J10 + J110)

I shared a bedroom with one of my brothers. Pat's half definitely had more of an academic feel to it. A poster of Tolkien and piles of books along with flared jeans and the hair to go with it. Before heading to Exeter to read Geology he was in to fossiling. Equipped with rock hammers and chisels for plucking the fragments of prehistoric creatures from the lower sections of cliffs at places like Chapman's pool, Seatown and Lyme Regis. Collecting sharks teeth, belemnites, echinoids, trilobites and ammonites as well as urchins from the chalk beds.

I liked the way he organised his finds, giving each of his larger fossils a tiny blob of white paint and a reference number whilst placing the smallest remnants neatly in cotton wool lined compartments of a mahogany cabinet that sat on the table at the foot of his bed.



Clouded Yellow (*Colias croceus*)

My half of the room was a different affair - plastered with pictures of Bowie and neatly organised with hunting gear of a different nature.

Nets, wide and folding for chasing butterflies and setting-boards that sat alongside a cage housing some impressive looking hawk-moth caterpillars chomping their way through young sprigs of privet.

The paraphernalia and odours associated with rearing and collecting butterflies and moths.

Colour photography had all but replaced any justification for making personal collections of this kind. Preserving and displaying beautiful creatures in this way had become totally unnecessary and out-dated. My dabbling proved little more than having sowed the seeds of my love of photography.