

Martin Farquharson (C'68)

We were both in Connaught House in the mid-1960s when Rodney Dingle was housemaster. We wore shorts all year round in those days so must have been pretty tough.

Martin and I shared a dormitory, and an abiding memory is of a fellow pupil who used to make instant coffee sandwiches. Free time could be spent up in the roof where we made individual space for ourselves by roping off separate areas and dividing them with old blankets – it would be interesting to see today's risk assessments applied!

I left Bryanston in 1967 but we were reunited not long afterwards at Bournemouth Art College, when I began to study architecture in September 1969.

Martin was the archetypal sixties art college student with long hair, an Afghan jacket and a scruffy MGA whose white paintwork was nicely set off with little brown patches of rust. Our girlfriends were art college students too and in due course they became our first wives - we are all still friends to this day, and live within a couple of miles of the school.

Martin studied photography at college and, after leaving, set up his first studio in a spare bedroom in his flat, with fellow student Mike Murless. After a year or so they moved to a scruffy industrial building in Poole.

Professional photography is a very competitive world, especially if you don't do weddings, but he and Mike worked hard and were successful together for many years. Meanwhile I moved back to the Blandford area in the early '70s, when Martin, his wife Lizzie and their little son Jamie were living in a cottage in Durweston, notable for its proximity to the parish church and bell-ringing practice.

During this time we became closer friends with a similar sense of humour, although mine was rather more *Carry on Camping* compared to his *Monty Python*.

Over the years, Martin and I changed both women and houses. He had a very attractive personality and I was always bemused by the succession of beautiful women who were drawn to him. His last house in the area was an abandoned old chapel at Cheselborne which I converted into a home for him, but in the late 1980s he was lured to Australia where he set up Martin Farquharson Photography (have a look on the net) becoming an extremely successful and much respected pillar of the Australian photographic scene.

I visited him in Perth where he had finally settled with Debra, who he sadly leaves behind now. He loved Australia with its culture and scenery, and was always photographing the amazing landscapes around him.

Sixty-three is far too young for someone so full of life to die, with a great deal of promise still ahead. Only a few months before his death he'd been back to Britain to photograph his favourite cathedrals, which may be published as a book. And he

tragically died a month before his first grandson was born, whose arrival he'd been looking forward to so much.

Martin was very much a product of Bryanston of the 1960s – an absolute one-off character with a great sense of fun. He will be much missed by his family and his many friends.

Philip Easton (C '67)