

# Edge

**Nostalgia**



Welcome to Issue 16. In this edition, we invite you to step into the hazy, evocative landscape of **Nostalgia**.

Our contributors explore the delicate threads connecting memory, perception, and emotion. This issue examines the bridge between past and present, navigating the spaces between childhood and adulthood, absence and presence, the passing of time, a lost way of life, and the "rose-tinted glasses" through which we often view our history.

Our artists are investigating archives, post-memory, and the tension between real events and the stories we rewrite for ourselves. From personal grief to shared social stories, these works reflect our interconnected histories and the nature of self-discovery.

A vast array of media has been used. In this edition you will encounter **mixed media, video, and audio installations** alongside **collage, photography, printmaking, textiles, painting, drawing and writing**.

We hope this issue encourages you to look back, look within, and perhaps discover something new in the familiar.

To best experience the zine we've collated clusters of work together and they are followed by their accompanying text and statements from our contributors. Look at the work and read the information that follows a little further on in order 1 to 4.

Congratulations to everyone featured! Your comments and suggestions are very welcome, as well as your contributions for one of our next editions – stay tuned.

Your edge zine support team,  
Joanne & Hollie  
OCA

# Contributors

Alex le May - Foundation Painting

Anne Stenbom - BA (Hons) Painting

David Bell - BA (Hons) Fine Art

Gaëlle Vallée-Tourangeau - BA (Hons) Painting

Gillian Alborough - BA (Hons) Drawing

Helen Schofield - Foundations Creative Writing

Jasmine Wilkinson - BA (Hons) Photography

Johanna Tomczak - Foundations Painting

Juanita Ozamiz - BA (Hons) Creative Writing

Katherine Pilling - BA (Hons) Textiles

Lara Jobson - BA (Hons) Fine Art

Madalina Androne - BA (Hons) Photography

Nina Cruse-Vallard - Short Course

Paula Davies - BA (Hons) Photography

Shirry Insole - BA (Hons) Fine Art

Stella Prints - BA (Hons) Visual Communications

Tamara Petroff - BA (Hons) Music

Tina Dawn Marshall - BA (Hons) Painting

Vicky White - BA (Hons) Fine Art

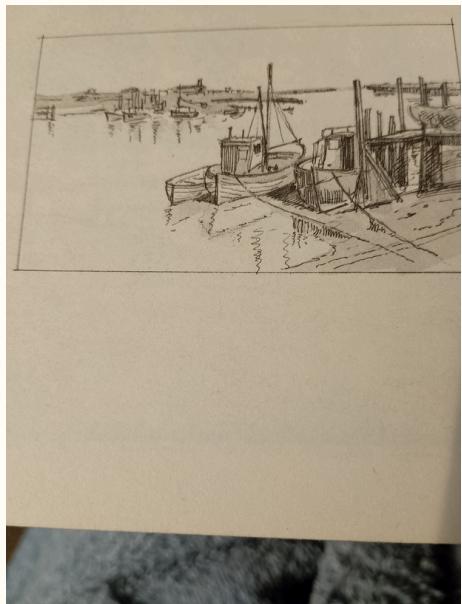
# Shirry Insole

## On Being, Remembering...

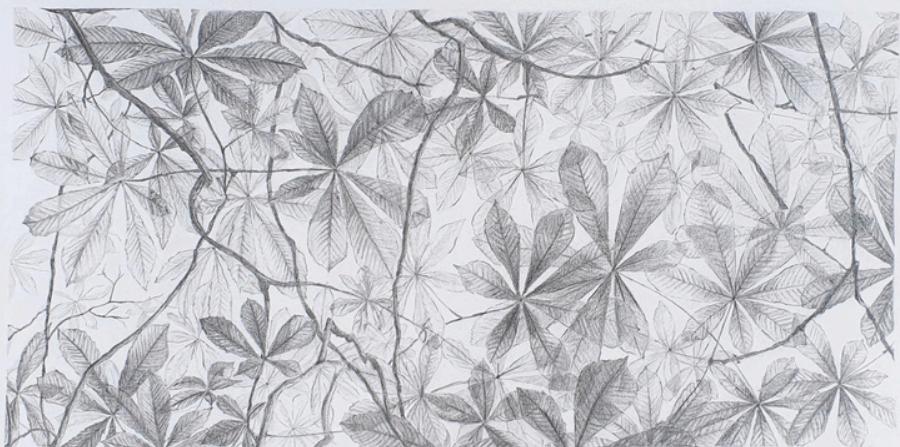


# Tina Marshall

## Owning a cat



**Lara Jobson**  
**Look Up**



**Instagram - @larajobsonart**

# Stella Prints

## Collecting Memories



Instagram - @Stella\_Prints\_

1 - My submission is part of a larger body of work titled On Being, Remembering..., which explores nostalgia through the lens of embodied memory and material presence. I use monotype and pastel to create four figurative works that evoke ephemerality, figures that are seen but not seeing, existing somewhere between presence and absence. These gestures reflect the fading traces of memory, where the past lingers like an afterimage. The other four pieces are created using natural pigments made from materials I collected on the grounds of the Italian heritage property where I recently completed an artist residency. This process becomes a way of letting the site itself participate in the act of remembering, allowing the soil, leaves, and stones to speak through the work. I'm inspired by the story of the women who once lived there in confinement for twenty-five years, and by the daughter's later transformation of herself through a self-rediscovery journey inspired by Dante's Divine Comedy. For me, nostalgia lives in these layered acts of recollection and transformation, how materials and memory hold the crucial witness to history.

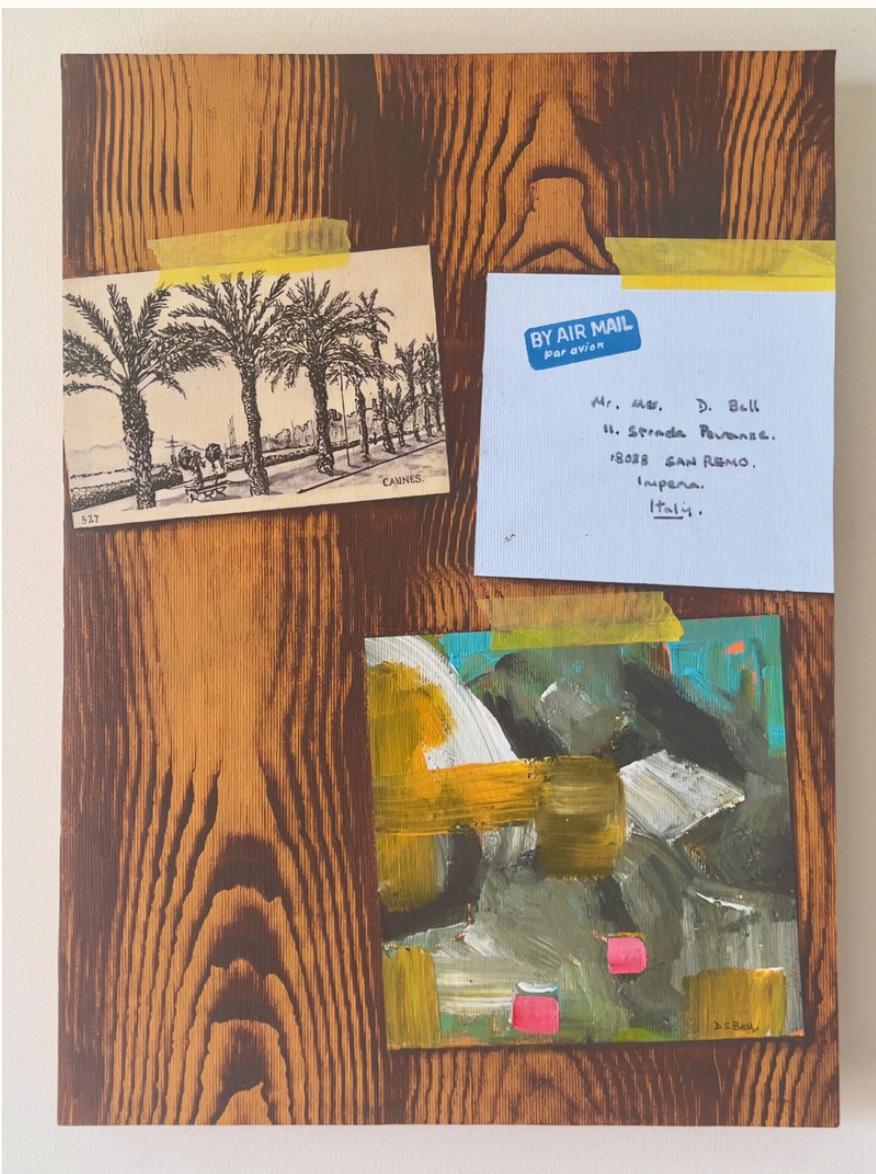
2- I mull over my days with cats in my youth, and again in Spain. Cats are precious and should be valued. They give you comfort and great memories.

3 - Memories are made lying in the hammock looking up at the Horse Chestnut tree's canopy, where dappled light and the spidery shadows of leaflets gently sway in the breeze. The occasional bird or squirrel hops along the branches, whilst bees buzz past the gently swinging hammock. There is an overwhelming scent of the tree and the damp earth providing a strong sense of peace and protection. No child can resist the lure of the conkers emerging over Autumn as the glossy red treasures fill bulging pockets. My work responds to my natural surroundings through direct sensory experience. I aim to respond to the connections and disconnections that we experience with the more than human world. I invite the audience to spend time with the natural world as a means to forge connections and/or evoke memories. This piece was completed over many weeks in graphite. Through the process of slow drawing and careful observations, the serene, gentle and meditative qualities of lying under the Horse Chestnut tree are reflected in the drawing.

4- I began this project by taking part in a 30-day minimalism challenge to declutter my home. Through this process, I realised I had been habitually collecting mementoes of places I'd visited, things I'd done, and people I'd met. This discovery inspired the title of my body of work, Collecting Memories. While sorting through my belongings, I unearthed a large amount of paper ephemera — tickets, postcards, and keepsakes — and decided to experiment by reusing them in my artwork. Rediscovering my long-held collection of art materials, I committed to creating this work entirely from what I already owned. The pieces that emerged explore why we collect, the meanings objects hold, and the balance between sentiment and excess. They invite viewers to reflect on their own attachments to things and the memories they carry. The final piece in a community space invited people to share their own stories by completing postcards that, when assembled, form a collective "quilt" of shared memories and experiences.

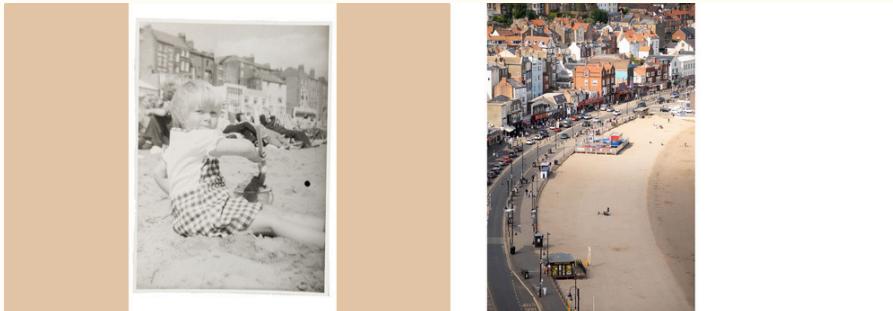
# David Bell

## Postcard from Cannes (2025)



# Jasmine Wilkinson

## Shifting Between the Recorded & Lived



[Listen to the audio piece 'Grandad' here](#)

[Listen to the audio piece 'mum' here](#)

Instagram -  
@jasmine\_wilkinson\_photography

# **Nina Cruse-Vallard Paddington**

Paddington, November 2000

All change. All change.  
I wait at the station  
For my connection.

My overstuffed duffel bag  
Weighs half as much  
As my next decision.

I have two options.  
The first leads me to Oxford  
Into, perhaps, his arms.

Or the neighbouring polytechnic  
With the publishing department.  
But I would need to be brave,

Prepared to lay bare  
My overstuffed heart

But I can't, I am sorry to announce.

The other option  
Is to turn around  
And return home.

Back to everything I have even known.

# **Helen Schofield**

## **The summer village**

### **The summer village**

The main road between Bridgwater and Street runs along a kind of ledge. Villages are clustered to either side, down steep twisting lanes.

Aunty Jackie and Uncle Ern lived in one of these. The air was always still, and warm, slightly damp. Birds chattered; a combine harvester whined, far away. The village was no more than a cluster of buildings along a lane; cottages fronting the road on one side, and an orchard on the other, with rows of low apple trees studded with red and gold.

The house sang with voices: squawks of laughter from Aunty Jackie, wheezy cackles from Uncle Ern, Mum's clipped, precise sentences, and Dad's soft burr. We children raced out of the blue stable door at the back of the kitchen, across the yard and into Grandad's room, smelling of soap, and Old Spice, and old greasy bald head, then clattered up the winding stairs to Carol's room, high and light and airy like the top of a tree. Out of earshot of the adults, we exchanged rude and silly jokes, played noisy card games, and once, with rib-aching joy, played and replayed our cousins' illicit tape-recording of Aunty Jackie bellowing, 'If they don't come down – stairs – now, Adam and Chloe will get their – bottoms – smacked!'

Last February, on my way back from seeing Mum and Dad in the care home, I detoured through the village. I mistook my way trying to get back to the main road, and found myself out on the Levels.

# **Helen Schofield**

## **The summer village**

I was in a strange, endless, grey country; narrow open lanes tracked the grass-banked rhynes, abruptly humped over metal sluices, then twisted sharply at right angles, set off again in another direction, again, another. Wetness seemed to seep up from the ground; there were streaks of steely water in the fields, and the dank smell of water-weed. A line of stumpy black willows, little brushes standing on end, delineated and bound together the spongy sky and the fields' rough winter coat, slate-dark. There was a single croak, a splash, then nothing, only the faintest whisper of wind ruffling the sedge.

I looked back towards the village, but it was hidden, tucked away safe in summer and warm memory.

5 – Nostalgia runs through Postcard from Cannes as both subject and method. The entire piece is painted, including the wooden support and yellow tape, creating the illusion of assembled fragments on a single surface. On the left, a hand-painted copy of a real Victorian postcard shows figures walking the Croisette in Cannes, France – an image from long before my time, yet one that resonates with the city where I once lived. Beside it, a painted envelope reproduces one sent to me in Sanremo, Italy, by a dear cousin who communicates only through handwritten letters; a reminder that connection can still persist beyond phone screens and immediacy. The painting reflects on how memory moves between image, place, and affection. The postcard holds both an imagined nostalgia for a vanished era and a personal nostalgia for my own time living there, while the envelope carries a familial nostalgia grounded in traditional correspondence. By painting both rather than assembling them, I explore how nostalgia is constructed, and how recollection becomes touch, pigment, and illusion. Everything is real and remade. The surface becomes a meditation on time, on what endures and what fades.

6– I have submitted two digital spreads and two audio pieces from my photobook 'Shifting Between The Recorded & Lived', created for my Photography 3.2 unit. The book is separated into two concertinas, one following my childhood archives in India alongside my mother's narration, the other following my mother's childhood archives in Scarborough alongside my grandfather's narration. I have provided a spread and audio piece from each. In incorporating newer images of these locations I explored my emotions in response to and in collaboration with my mum's childhood memories and the feeling of place in the present. The work meets the theme of Nostalgia as it relies on both me, my mother and grandfather to recall the past, but not as memory. As an emotion. How does the feeling of place take place in our memories? I revisited my childhood place of longing, India, and my mother revisited Scarborough. It started through feeling nostalgic, and ended with a new sense of place and a reconstructed identity. My creative process relied on audio recording my grandad and mother's narratives to childhood photographs to inspire visuals and fill in my lack of memory; in this way the work spread across three generations of nostalgia. The outcome allows the listener to recreate a memory, and fill in the gaps. The final form of the work, a photobook, directly relates to the human experience, specifically to organising and collecting memories as we do with photo albums.

7 – Recently I was invited to attend a conference in Oxford, twenty-five years after I first intended to go there, but never got on the train following a mental breakdown. For years the city has been associated with that time in my mind. I have often wanted to rewrite history, and get on the train. I didn't get on the train, but I managed to make peace with those memories. And perhaps that's the best I can do.

8 – This short piece grew out of one of the Foundation exercises, writing about a place I remembered well, and making the writing vivid by thinking about all of my sensory experiences. It's not about nostalgia in the sense of longing for another place or time, but I've tried to capture the contrast between the childhood past (warm, noisy, full of humour) with the recent adult past (feeling alone in a desolate winter landscape). My first draft contained my surprise at what was and wasn't in the village when I looked at it on Google Maps. The orchard is not there at all – there are five modern houses where it might have been, but in my mind it was at the other end of the village. That approach would have certainly been nostalgic, and rather like Orwell's Coming Up for Air. However, I really wanted to try and capture the strange landscape of the Somerset Levels, which seems so far from everywhere, and so confusing, with no real landmarks. It felt like the no-man's land my mother was in, in a care home with dementia. I don't think I have managed to develop this into a metaphor, but, hey ho, work in progress!

# Vicky White

## A Simpler Time



# Gillian Alborough

## By the lake



**Tamara Petroff**  
**Rose Coloured**



**Click here to listen to the audio 'Rose coloured'**

<https://soundcloud.com/user-298555424/rose-coloured>

# **Paula Davies**

## **Sandy Lane**



**Instagram - @pauladaviesphoto**

9 - Nostalgia can be defined as a personal reflection – a happy memory rooted in the past. Both these works, painted in acrylic on board 40 x 50cm, offer the viewer a moments reflection to activities that were once commonplace in childhood experiences. Our fast-paced society and intrusion of AI means somethings are taken for granted and we no longer recognise the simplicity of playing Mum and hanging out dolls' laundry or indeed the magic and strangeness of listening to audio from a portable device for the very first time.

10 - These collages are snapshots of memories of a time in my life more than 40 years ago. These are happy memories of time spent outdoors on picnics by the lake.

11 - One of the ways I exercise my creative muscles is by doing quick idea sketches within a 30-minute timebox. I choose a key, a chord progression, and a tempo, then make a short snippet of sound within those constraints, give it an impressionistic name, and save it into my idea library. When I saw that the theme for this issue of Edge zine was nostalgia, I immediately thought of one of these sketches, which I'd named Nostalgia. It featured a sweet clarinet tune supported by rhythmic piano and guitar, with a synth bass underneath. I began expanding the four-bar sketch into a fuller piece, adding a bass clarinet and a second theme along the way. For me, the sound of the clarinet and the echoes of klezmer music evoke happy times from the past. I named the finished piece Rose Coloured, a reference to the way we often look back through rose-coloured glasses, our memories softening and shifting with the perspective of time.

12 - The photographs I have submitted are taken around a small corner of North Devon, dominated by agriculture. These farms and farmers are a reminder to me that I am from here. My uncle was a farmer on the edge of Exmoor. These wizened men that continue to farm through generations are a link to my childhood. Their dialect and local mannerisms remind me of how my grandparents acted and spoke. I have complex relationship with animal agriculture however and am often critical of farming practices relating to loss of biodiversity and deforestation. As a strong anti- hunt supporter, I feel estranged from this farming community. However, I recognise the link I have with Devon and am nostalgic for the childhood I had growing up here. There has been a huge influx of people moving here from other parts of the country. It is comforting to then hear a Devonian accent which is not that often. I have been able to use my understanding of the farming industry with my own set of values to create a unique voice that I hope is present in my photographs. I may not agree with the countless subsidies farmers receive and the strain that farming has on the 'natural' landscape and wildlife. However, I am also aware of the struggles and the challenges that this community faces in trying to maintain a way of life that is slowly disappearing.

# Juanita Ozamiz

## The Christmas Card List

The Christmas Card List (1166 words)

‘I can’t believe it’s Christmas time again already, can you?’ exclaimed the girl at the till, as she blipped the price tag on the pack of gift cards.

‘Once you get past fifty, my dear, Christmas comes around every three months.’

It had been one of Mother’s sayings and I couldn’t believe I was using it myself now. I picked up my purchase and hobbled out of the shop. It had been a bad idea, coming into town. The cold weather always made my knee worse, but I thought the fresh air might do me some good.

That morning, I had woken with my face wet with tears and a dull ache in my chest. Memories I had shoved to the back of my mental wardrobe so many years ago, had started worming their way out again lately. It must be the time of year. Last night’s dream was so vivid I felt like I had been catapulted back in time, back to that dreadful afternoon at the nursing home.

It was a crisp, sunny autumn day. The leaves were changing to gold on the beech hedge round the perimeter of the grounds and the air smelled earthy after the previous day’s rain. Pigeons cooed contentedly on rooftops and blackbirds pecked at the lawn.

It was hard work pushing the wheelchair along the gravel path, but Mother insisted. She had her favourite spot, and nowhere else would do. Eventually, we made it to the old fir tree in the corner and its rustic wooden bench, weathered to a whitish grey. I parked the wheelchair facing it and then sat down carefully. The wood felt a bit damp through my trousers but it was better than standing. I slipped off my rucksack and fished about in it for the things I had been asked to bring.

Mother tutted and fussed.

# Juanita Ozamiz

## The Christmas Card List

I had to smile. This was a new rule, especially created for those who sent out standard printed family newsletters with their Christmas cards. Mother considered this to be unacceptably impersonal and the perpetrators of such correspondence would have their names scribbled out with much enthusiasm.

‘Right then, let’s start with the A’s!’ Mother exclaimed gleefully, keen to begin. ‘You look at the cards and I’ll go through the book.’

It was when we were starting on the letter F’s that I heard the scrunch of gravel, and was surprised to see the doctor coming up the path towards us.

Doctor Thompkins had a young face, but his hair had turned prematurely grey, something he liked to say he was grateful for as he considered it more suitable for a man in his profession. As he drew nearer, he assumed the earnest expression that I am sure it had taken him years to perfect. The one that said ‘Don’t worry, I’m listening, you can trust me’. He was the only doctor Mother would see. It was odd that he should come around on a Sunday, though. Was there something she hadn’t told me?

We invited him to join us and began a round of that idle chatter about the weather we English are so good at, until Mother suddenly cut the conversation short. She looked our visitor in the eye and spoke in a gruff voice quite unlike her own.

‘So, doctor. How long have I got?’

There was silence and I felt my blood run cold. Eventually, I became aware that the doctor was speaking again. He was rolling out bland meaningless sentences; that it was impossible to say, that it was different for everyone, that the main thing was to take each day as it comes. Mother stopped him again, with a hand on his arm.

# Juanita Ozamiz

## The Christmas Card List

‘Please, just give me some idea.’ she said in a softer, more normal voice. He hesitated, but seeing she was determined he added gently, ‘All I can say is, make the most of this Christmas. Now I must go - you have my number...’ And he was gone. I looked across at my mother and took her hand, silent tears running down my cheeks.

‘Mum-I...’ I mumbled, desperately searching for something to say, but Mother was surprisingly calm.

‘Go and see if you can find us a cup of tea, will you dear,’ she said, ‘and then we must get on. This year’s list is going to be a very special one.’

Johanna Tomczak

Canadian winter



Instagram - @johanna\_tomczak

# Alex le May

## Greenland



Instagram - @Alex\_le\_makes

# Katherine Pilling

## Knitted Nostalgia



13 – Christmas time is full of nostalgia! I live on the otherside of the world to where I grew up, and Christmas is the only time I ever feel homesick. One of my neighbours here in Chile likes to repeat the phrase 'Once you get to fifty, Christmas comes round every three months', and that was the original inspiration for this piece. I started thinking about the passing of time, and Christmas traditions in my family and my musings led me to many bittersweet memories. This is one of them.

14 – Exactly 10 years ago, after having completed my A-level equivalent in my home country Germany, I went to Canada for a year to work and travel. It was probably one of the most influential times of my life, as I met so many different people and saw so many new places. I discovered and confirmed my personality, who I wanted to be and what I wanted to do. Since spending that year in Canada, although I said I would, I've never actually returned, but Canada has been on my mind ever since. When I started painting professionally earlier this year, I realised that I had also never painted any of my Canadian memories and it was time to change that. Nostalgia is very much what I feel when thinking back of my time over there, especially regarding the Canadian winter. I did a ski instructor course, made several fires in the snow, survived a camping and 4-day hiking trip in January, saw the northern lights for the very first time in my life and managed to run with snow shoes at almost -30 degrees, where your eye lashes start to freeze. With my paintings, I wanted to capture all of these memories and recreate the wonderful winter light of the northern hemisphere I was able to witness.

15 – This work explores the contradiction of the modern view in which we pine for a 'state of nature'. I painted it after flying over Greenland on my way to New York. From the aircraft window, the ice appears pure and untouched—a romantic, nostalgic, "state of nature" that offers a sense of awe. Yet, this view is a paradox: I am observing the landscape from the very machine that contributes to its destruction. The painting is constructed from 25 individual panels. This grid breaks the organic landscape into rigid sections, mimicking how we map, measure, and claim territory. It references the absurdity of recent political talk regarding the "annexation" of the island. The clash of cold blues and bright oranges suggests the clash of industrial with natural and also the paradox of perceiving nature whilst simultaneously permeating its integral wilderness. We can no longer view nature passively; the act of witnessing the wilderness is now inseparable from the act of consuming it.

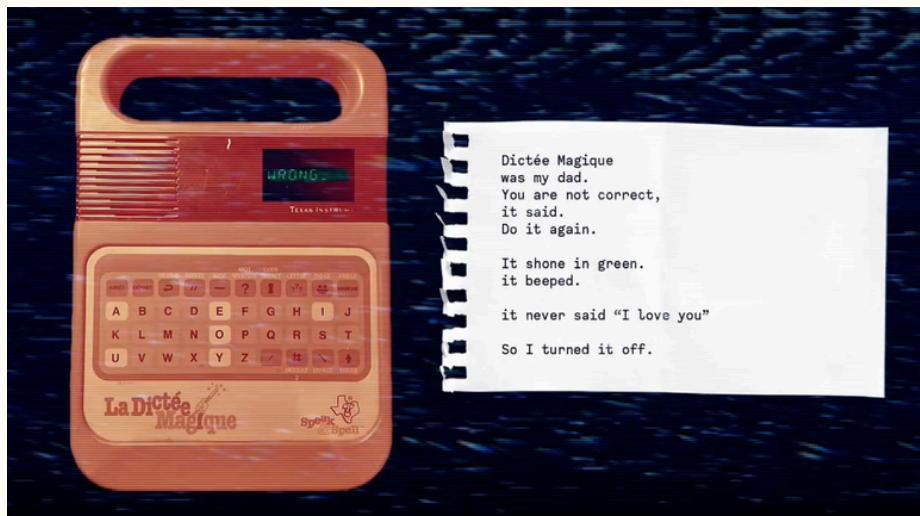
16 – This piece demonstrates how I began to explore the processes my Grandma taught me in the rhythm of two knitting needles and a crochet hook to create new materials and garments. This brought the nostalgia of my family history and a hand crafted technique passed on throughout generations, in my family and in families around the world. It makes me consider how this process is different today and I found that the application of unusual materials in new ways following this knit technique added even more to my feelings of nostalgia towards my knitting needles and my family's teachings. I look at this piece with a fondness for who my Grandma was and the history behind this knit. This is what nostalgia is to me, a feeling of now rooted in the history of my family. I wonder what my Grandma would say now about her technique reimagined in a new, contemporary way. For me this is nostalgia inspired craft today in 2025.

**Anne Stenbom  
Gran & Dandy**



Instagram - [@annestenbomart](https://www.instagram.com/annestenbomart)

**Gaëlle Vallée-Tourangeau**  
**Dictée Magique II (single-channel video,  
iPhone, colour, sound, 43 sec., 2025)**



[Click here to view 'Tourangeau  
Dictée Magique II'](#)

# Madalina Androne

## Pause



17 – Collage and gelli plate print from own photo materials on packing paper. The packing paper was chosen for its smooth surface. I used acrylics with system 3 printing medium. I wanted to try gelli plate printing to see what effects I could get with old photos. As a relative newcomer to the technique I find the results unpredictable – sometimes unsatisfactory but occasionally very effective! The image came as a result of a number of attempts to get a reasonably clear print from an old photo which was scanned and printed with a laser printer. The grainy quality aids the narrative I think. For this work I used an old print of my grandmother (from around 1908), whose memory is particularly dear to me since she encouraged me to paint from an early age. The reverse image of the dog next to her is Dandy, an Airedale terrier we heard much about as children since he had been her prize-winning show dog. I played with various formats and chose this simple juxtaposition of the two figures as my favourite. For me the absence and presence of the two subjects feels poignant. I recollect the warmth of my Gran's support tinged with the loss of carefree childhood days.

18 – In Dictée Magique II, I revisited a submission rooted in nostalgia I had created for the last assignment of my Foundation Painting course. I had decided use a treasured childhood toy, called "Dictée Magique" (a happy mistranslation of the English "Speak & Spell") as inspiration for a still life painting. I managed to source a replica and played with it with my daughter. After a couple of times hearing the male robotic voice telling her she was wrong, we both felt like turning it off: "it's creepy!" she said. "I totally agree!" I answered. That experience made me completely reconsider that nostalgic memory and my fascination with that same machine as a child in the mid-eighties. Looking at it through my adult parent mind's eye, I felt a little sorry for that little girl, considering she was raised by her single mother and there was no male voice at home! After that realisation I no longer felt like lingering in nostalgia and spending hours painting that toy but I also wanted to capture that sensation and somehow get closure. So I created that video piece as a response. I submitted it as an aside to explain why I had changed track. I was surprised by the feedback that it could "easily be shown and viewed as a painting." That really expanded my conception of what a painting is or can be!

19 – This piece is part of a personal project in which I explore memory, perception, and emotion as a dynamic experience. Through mixed media, I challenge the traditional photographic object and examine the idea of photography as a living structure. Nostalgia is closely tied to the personal threads of memory that link the past to the present. I see it as a form of mental support that strengthens our sense of connection to the world around us and enriches the meaning of our life experiences.