

TRAVEL LOG

The Journal
of the
RPS Travel Group
Issue 82 September 2019

THE **RPS**
ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

TRAVEL



Chair

John Riley
travel@rps.org

Secretary

John Speller
travelsecretary@rps.org

Treasurer

Robert Akester, LRPS
traveltreasurer@rps.org

Digital Communications

Kathryn Phillips ARPS
travelweb@rps.org

Tours Co-ordinator

Keith Pointon, LRPS
bagpoint@aol.com

Workshop Co-ordinator

Safeena Chaudhry
travelworkshops@rps.org

Exhibition & Competition Co-ordinator

Volunteer required

New Members Co-ordinator

Volunteer required

Members

Richard Lewis
rlewisuk1@aol.com

Steve Parris
steveparris45@gmail.com

Travel Log Editor

John Riley, LRPS
editortravel@rps.org

Proofreader: John Minter
travelsubeditor@rps.org

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The Journal of the RPS Travel Group

Some readers may know that I act as proofreader for Travel Log; a task which I thoroughly enjoy. I am not on the Travel Group committee, so anything which follows is purely down to me. I say this because I will probably send some readers into a frenzy of uncontrollable rage when they read my thoughts on the current state of the RPS in general and the Travel Group in particular.

So, hopefully, I have your undivided attention!

But first I wish to pay tribute to our former Chair, Liz. She was in post for a remarkable nine years and under her stewardship, the Group flourished. So very well done, Liz, and I hope you enjoy your retirement, no longer having to ponder what is, or what isn't, a travel image.....

Because that's what I want to get off my chest. Over the years there has been great controversy concerning the nature of travel photography. No-one seems able to provide a definition of what constitutes a travel image. 'A sense of place' is a requirement for those seeking to convince the RPS that they have put together a travel panel. This presumably prevents a set of random images taken in exotic parts being automatically classed as travel images and I see some justification in this. What is exotic to me is very mundane to the poor beggar in the backstreets of Mumbai whose image I am capturing, in all his misery of struggling to stay alive. So, just because an image is taken in foreign parts does not make it a travel image. We are also reassured that travel begins 'when we leave our front door' or words to that effect, conveniently allowing UK photographers to put together a panel taken a mere five minutes from the front door in, perhaps, downtown Swindon (sorry Swindon) which, while it may convey a sense of place, especially if images of the Magic Roundabout were to be included, can hardly constitute a record of travelling. Because there's the rub; consult any dictionary about the word 'travel', either as a noun or a verb. To travel is to move from A to B, so no matter how good your panel of the location B turns out to be, it is not a record of travel. Travel finished when you arrived at B.

My conclusion? There is no such thing as a travel genre and it is not needed among all the other genres accepted by the RPS for distinction qualification. Get rid of it. But..... Don't get rid of the Travel Group. It continues to flourish because it embodies the very finest ideals of companionship in the journeys it organises, as I can attest to, having travelled the world in the company of wonderful companions. (I have to admit that some of them were/are first-class photographers).

There, now. I've had a little rant, and it feels good. What I want now is for all of you 90% of inactive members of the Group to rise up as one body to shout me down. Flood the Editor's in-tray with cries of indignation at such an outrage. Prove me wrong. Show you care. Say something, if it's only 'Goodbye'.



Take care,
John Minter

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Ian Wright ARPS



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Liz Rhodes MBE



Kilimanjaro

Tony Spooner ARPS



Digital Forum Round 48

The results



Meeting South Africa For The First Time

Safeena Chaudhry



Many thanks to Park Cameras for the use of their studio in Rathbone Place, London for our Committee Meetings. They are also offering our members a discount of 15% off any of their School of Photography workshops / courses which are held in London, Burgess Hill and occasionally Brighton.

PARKCameras 

A View from the Bridge

It was an honour to be voted Chair at our AGM in Salford. Liz is going to be a difficult act to follow.

Liz Rhodes MBE was the first person in The RPS who I met after joining the society. Together with my wife Linda we sat in her beautiful cottage drinking tea and chatted about all things photographic within the world of travel.

A personal thank you Liz for all you have done. I have enjoyed our chats over a cup of coffee in various locations discussing what we as a group could do for the members.

It was difficult to get some of the ideas off the ground mainly due to being unable to recruit volunteers. The good news is that the committee gained three new members at the AGM following an appeal by our Secretary, John Speller.

Kath will be managing our on-line communications, with Safeena grasping the opportunity to organise a series of workshops, complemented by Steve with his skills of teaching photography.

They have very quickly settled into being part of the team, Keith with his exciting photoshoot tours in the Camargue and Richard organising a return trip to Helsinki. Bob is not only looking after our bank balance, he is also exploring new territories in Brazil. We look forward to a report in the next issue.

A real boost to the activities that we can offer is the addition of members who do not wish to serve on the committee, but who are organising one-off events: Gareth Hughes with a weekend in Wales and Liz Bug with friends Pam and Suzanne, who will be looking after us at our Spring Event. Thank you.

Competitions have proved to be popular so Keith will be looking after 'Projected Images' and John with his 'White Gloves' managing 'Bring a Print' at our annual Spring Event 2020 in our new HQ in Bristol.

We are also looking at holding exhibitions and to my delight we will be organising a 'Travel Advisory Day' next year.

Keep your eye on the Travel Group section of RPS Web and Facebook to see all that is happening.

Keep clicking!



John Riley LRPS

Cover Photo - Martin Reece MBE APRS

This image of the Oculus was taken in 2017 not long after the station opened. The Oculus transport hub was built to replace the PATH train station that was destroyed during the 9/11 terrorist attacks. The new train station also encompasses a shopping centre and has numerous levels. This structure was designed by Spanish architect Santiago Calatrava to look like a dove in flight. The central atrium has a look and feel of a modern cathedral and through the glass panels in the roof you can see the New World Trade Centre building. The station is sited in Manhattan next to the 9/11 memorial and the 9/11 museum.



Changpa Nomads

Ladakh



Ian Wright ARPS

'Journeys are the midwives of thought large thoughts at times requiring large views, new thoughts, new places.... isolated places offer us a setting for an alternative to the habits and confinement of the ordinary, rooted world.... The pleasure we derive from journeys is perhaps dependent more on the mindset with which we travel than on the destination we travel to.... A dominant impulse on encountering beauty is to wish to hold on to it, to possess it and give it weight in one's life. There is an urge to say, 'I was here, I saw this, and it mattered to me.'

Alain De Botton, 'The Art of Travel'





Late in May 2015, my wife Kitty and I flew into Leh, the capital of Ladakh, part of the northern Indian state of Kashmir and Jammu. Over the previous 6 months I had done a lot of research, 'fished' successfully for a local travel company on the internet and batted emails back-and-forth to work out a month's itinerary. With a driver and four-wheel drive vehicle, we

used Leh as a base, and mounted a series of expeditions in different directions, each lasting from 3 to 10 days.

Experience was to bear out the picture my sources painted: a land of stark, spectacular mountain ranges, deep valleys with oases of cultivation by the rivers, high passes and large lakes. Ladakh is approximately the size of

Scotland, with a population of around 275,000, mainly living in remote settlements (population density is just 3 per sq km) with just two substantial towns – the capital Leh (pop 30,000) and the Muslim town of Kargill (10,000). Geographically, it is a high-altitude desert, all above 2,600m, and one of the coldest and driest places (rainfall of 10cm a year) in south Asia.





We were to discover that travelling is always a lengthy and hazardous business as roads snake up and down the landscape, their surfaces suffering from the extremes of climate, rock falls or water run-off – and occasionally disappearing altogether. Even in June we experienced snowfalls and ‘white-outs’. The border areas with Pakistan and China have a heavy military presence

and permits are needed to get through the checkpoints. Outside of Leh, accommodation is extremely limited, and we spent many nights under canvas in the small tented camps that spring up in the summer. The landscape is vast, and, on many occasions, we travelled hours without seeing any human presence. Most of our journey was above 4,000m, a good deal above 5,000m. We

relied heavily on Targas, our resourceful driver - a bright young man, like many villagers, drawn into the growing tourist hub.

Several things had caught my imagination and offered up potential for exploration and photography, not least the isolation itself and the landscape, ‘Here’, one author has acutely observed,





'the bones of the earth not only protrude through the mantle which life has cast over them, as they do in all mountains anywhere; the covering is of the scantiest, and the structure shows through in all its purity. It is the beauty of line that predominates, rather than the purity of texture.'

The culture has extensive Tibetan characteristics. The landscape is adorned with its accompanying stupas or chortens, prayer flags, mani stones and Gompas - medieval Buddhist monasteries, often clinging to mountain sides or other improbable locations - with the communities of monks who live in them. If we were lucky, we might come upon one of the Buddhist religious festivals or nomadic herders on the Changtang plateau.

For me, the aspiration of travel photography is to portray a sense of time, as well as place, and the rapid pace of social and climate change, and the process of globalisation, is rapidly transforming even the remotest of communities. Ladakh - only 'opened up' to visitors 45 years ago - is a prime example.

De Botton's philosophy of travel - quoted at the top of the article - has relevance for image-making. Images matter because to the individual that makes them, they can become part of a 'visual diary' - a vivid memory bank; some become iconic, you remember everything about the time and place where you were. A narrative evolves; images hang on your wall and inside your mind. An open mind is enriched

by experiencing a different world. How we travel conditions the type of experiences we have. It's important to me that my images are part of a process of exploration and a quest for understanding - hence the desire to 'reveal, comment and evaluate.'

The images I've chosen to accompany the article come from our three-day round trip to visit Lake Tso-Moriri, 200 kms south-east of Leh, and our encounters with the Changpa. Tso-Moriri Lake covers 120 sq kms and, at an altitude of 4,500m, our journey meant a climb of 1,000 metres and a full day's travel from Leh. The lake has mountain ranges to its north and east, including two of Ladakh's highest peaks. We were fortunate to arrive in late afternoon in glorious light.



Villagers from Korzok have placed prayer flags, mani stones and stone stacks on the lake edge. Mani stones have painted or engraved Tibetan script 'om mani padme hum' (loosely, 'hail to the jewel in the lotus'). Writing the mantra is a form of prayer and placing them in the landscape a form of meditation. Placing stones by rivers or lakes is related to Buddhist beliefs about the spirits dwelling in certain locations. Stone stacks may indicate prayers for ancestors, or pleas for atonement.

On our return journey, we came across three small groups of Changpa. For over a thousand years, in the short summer months, extended family groups, living in yak hair tents, have taken their animals to the higher ground from their permanent settlements in the valleys below. Taking advantage of the pastures watered by the spring melt, they move from one of the ancient corrals to

another, following a traditional pattern, as the local grasses are exhausted. They herd chang-luk sheep for their coarse wool and meat, keep yaks for milk, butter and transportation and horses for herding. Their main 'cash-crop' are their changra goats, the source of pashmina fibre – the finest raw material of the textile known in the west as cashmere.

Only studied since the 1990s, the traditional practices of the Changpas are very sophisticated. Rotation of grazing areas and use of reserve pastures in case of natural calamities help manage the variability of the ecosystem and preserve pastures. Rearing together different animals maximised the use of vegetation in the pasture as different animals graze on different plants.

Academic sources point to a range of factors adversely impacting on nomadic practices. Road building in the area

for military bases has provided local employment and stimulated the rapid increase in the use of motor vehicles, reducing the need for yaks and horses. The yak is steadily being replaced by Jersey cows which can give up to 30 litres of milk a day; ten times more than the yak, but which are not adapted to high altitudes and need to be stall fed with new varieties of grain crops which demand summer harvest labour. The drift of young men to Leh from the countryside as government-promoted tourism increases to satisfy the rapidly expanding Indian middle classes is having a major impact on all rural areas.

An emphasis on education for children which follows a national curriculum neglects the traditional life-skills learnt through experience and encourages a more settled environment. The building of concrete houses in the villages together with more modern amenities



has followed, and exposure to a wider society and economy has led to a decline in the traditional bartering system. The community – perhaps 1500 strong – was hit hard by disastrously heavy snowfalls in 2013, killing 40,000 livestock as the winter pastures were packed with snow and inaccessible.

An ancient way of life in which people and their environment live in harmony is likely to disappear completely, and very quickly. Within 50 years a remote society has been drawn into a wider world, offering, it seems, a better, easier, more materially prosperous way of life – but at the loss of cultural identity and traditional skills. It's a story that could be re-told a thousand times over in many societies – including our own.

Observing the last days of these traditional practices against a magnificent natural backdrop at the top of the world – being a 'witness' – was a deeply moving and reflective experience. It also confronted us with a dilemma even the most responsible travellers must face. As we said goodbye to Targas at the end of our visit, our own role in this cultural transformation – and the ethical dilemmas travel often confronts us with more generally - was not lost upon us. My later research reveals that the well-earned (and modest by western standards) bonus we gave this remarkable young man was almost twice the annual Changpa family income from their pashmina herd.





PHOTOGRAPHY ON THE GO: SOME TIPS

SHAHID SHARAFUDDIN, EPSA



Sometimes people ask me about the type of photographer I am. Are you a photojournalist? A nature photographer? A travel photographer? What's your identity as a photographer? To be honest I don't know how to answer these questions. I am surely not a photojournalist, neither a nature photographer, nor a commercial photographer.

One thing I know for sure is that I love to travel. Besides photography, that's another one of my passions. When I travel, I always carry my camera with me, and I take a lot of photographs. Does that make me a travel photographer? Probably not. The definition of travel photography doesn't always tend to fit my photographs. According to the Photographic Society of America (PSA), travel photography is defined as a photo that "expresses the characteristic features or culture of a land as they are found naturally."

I just love to take pictures. Most of the time, the idea is to capture the moment, so that I can unwind and recollect the memories. In doing so, I take pictures from both still-life, and live action. Sometimes, these pictures fall into art photography, some in street photography, and others are just a personal memoir. Personally, I don't care which genre they belong to. Since most of my photographs are taken while I am traveling, I usually call it 'Photography On-The-Go.'

People often ask me how I equip myself for travel photography. I have no special preparations for photography other than carrying my photo gear. I do, however, follow some simple rules that make my life easier. These rules are completely from my past experience and may not apply to other photographers.



Do your homework. Before leaving for a new destination, always do some research about the place you are going to visit. It will give you a general idea about the location, culture, climate and weather, cuisine, etc. This will help you pack the right equipment for the style of photography you will be expecting, rain or shine. In New York City, for example, there is a parade that takes place on Fifth Avenue in the summertime. If you've done your research, you can choose to expect to pay a visit and get some pictures from the event. In today's Google era, information is just a few clicks away.





Inside St. Peter's Basilica, Vatican City, 2018

Choose your gear wisely. Now that you have an idea of what kind of pictures you will be taking, time to choose your gear. You may have a large collection of camera bodies and expensive, fancy lenses, but it may not be practical or feasible to carry all of your equipment with you. My suggestion would be travel light and take only what you need. Carry only one body, along with a few lenses. For example, if you are going to Rome, Italy, you might want to do lots of architectural photography, where a super wide-angle lens (14mm) will be very helpful. If you are going to St. John's, Newfoundland and Labrador, you might want to do some seascape or landscape photography, where a wide-angle lens (24mm) might be a better option. If you are travelling to a lion safari in Kenya, where there is a huge potential for wildlife photography, your best bet would be a 500mm telephoto lens. In general, my personal favourite is a 24mm wide angle lens along with an all-purpose 28-105mm lens.

Cyclists on the seawall, Vancouver, BC, Canada, 2018





The Grand Masters, Downtown, Toronto, ON, Canada, 2017

Communicate. Communication is the key to successful photography. Always try to talk to the locals. Get information about their culture, customs and etiquettes. Try to learn some local words and phrases to overcome the language barrier. Information centres or visitors' centres are a good place to start. Always talk to local people and be kind to them. As a gesture, you can purchase local handicrafts or souvenirs from a vendor.

Be aware of the local rules. It is important to be aware of the local rules regarding photography. Cuba, for example has a restriction on taking photos of any government buildings. Some parts of China do not welcome any foreigners, let alone photographers. Some airports in Asia do not allow travellers to take photos inside the terminal building. Do your research before you leave, and it will help prevent unpleasant situations.

Harvesting, Bali, Indonesia, 2018





Autumn on Signal Hill, St. John's NL, Canada 2017

Dress appropriately. Dress comfortably, it's very important. Other than climatic reasons, you may have to consider the cultural appropriateness of your attire. Certain places employ certain dress codes you should adhere to. For example, if you are visiting religious sites like churches, temples or mosques, wearing shorts or dresses with bare shoulder might be considered disrespectful.

Be safe, courteous and kind. Nothing is more important than your safety. Always be aware of your surroundings and be vigilant. Be curious, but don't cross the limit. Show respect to local traditions. In Asia, for example, it is always recommended to take off your shoes when entering a place of worship.

Hagia Sofia, Istanbul, Turkey 2018





Baiyun Intl. Airport, Guangzhou, China, 2015

The purpose of my photography while travelling is to capture the memories.

After I have returned home, when I have gathered all the pictures on my laptop and have finished post-processing, I might find a couple of photos that have artistic quality. I usually send them to international photo competitions, some of which have earned several awards. Other than having a sweet memory, if you are lucky enough to be in the right place, at the right time and have captured the right moment, you might send them to any international photo contest recognized by PSA, or any other international photographic associations for evaluation and recognition. You never know...you might end up finding interest and passion in travel photography, and eventually become a professional photographer.

Boats, Bali, Indonesia, 2018

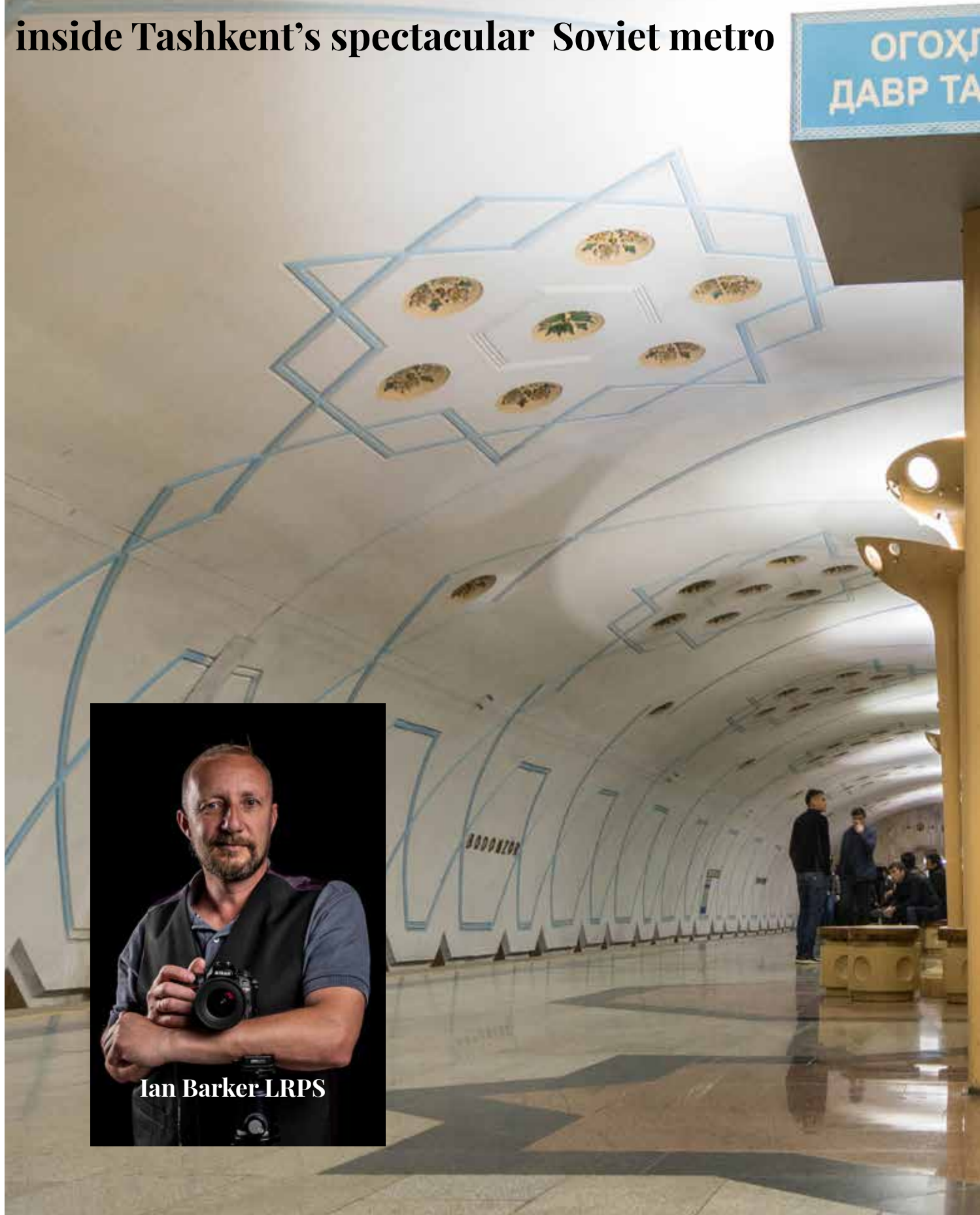


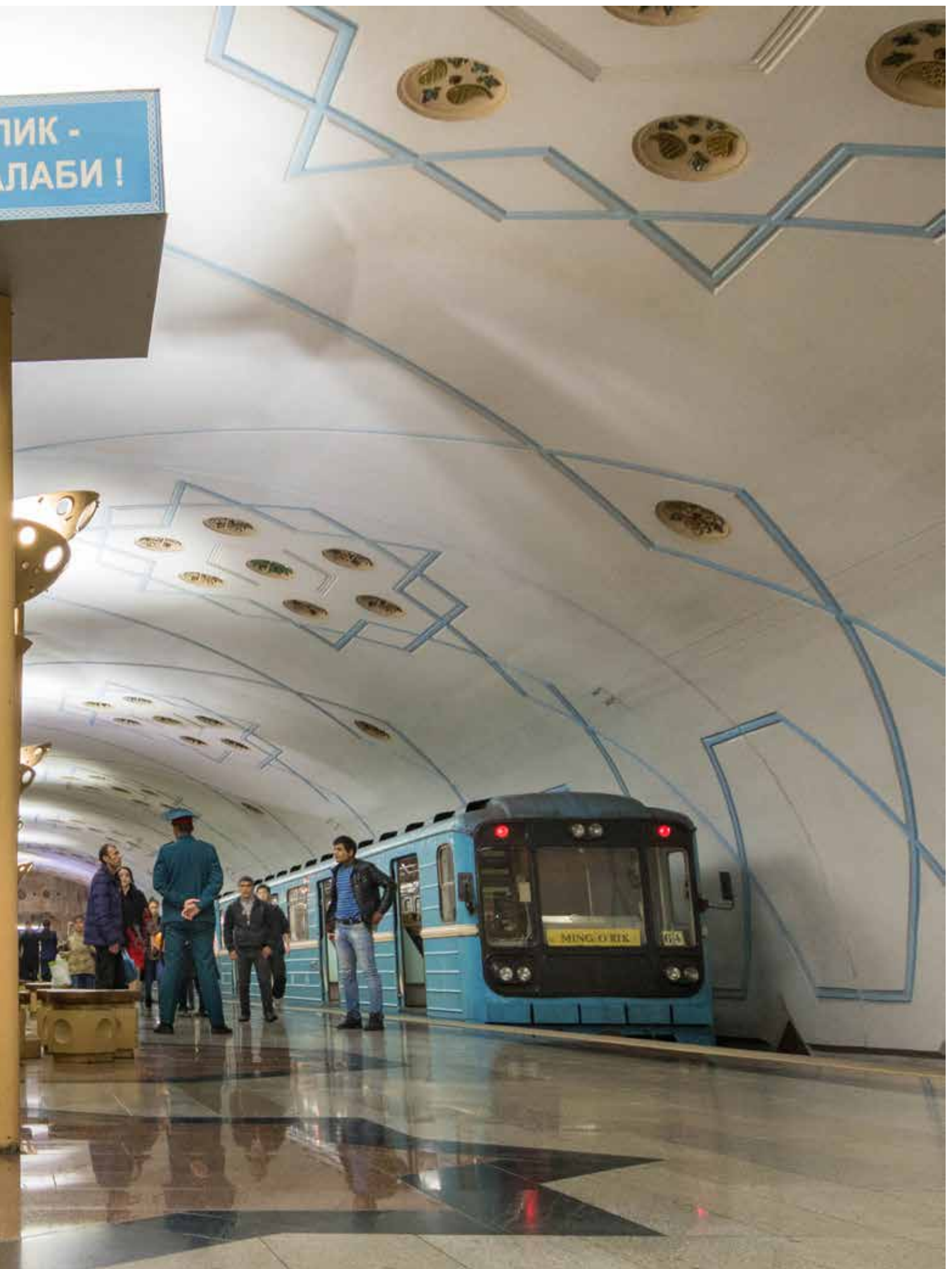
Underground Uzbekistan:

inside Tashkent's spectacular Soviet metro



Ian Barker LRPS

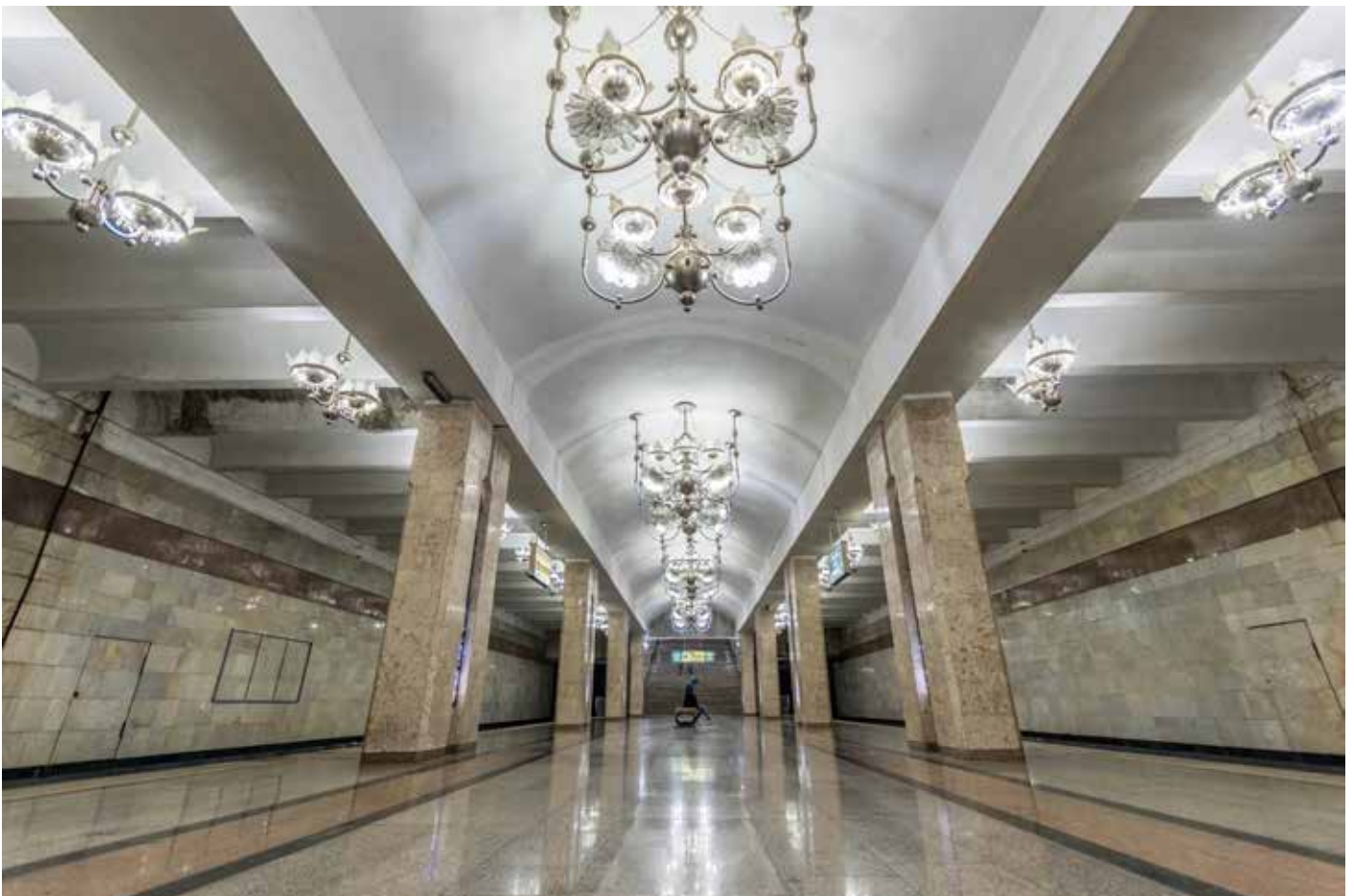






Noivza- one of many geometric designs resembling a honeycomb.

Abdulla Kodiri- named after an influential 20th century Uzbek and Soviet writer and poet.



If there was a quiz question to name five things you know about Uzbekistan you might firstly get that it was a former Soviet republic. Secondly, that its capital city is Tashkent or, for those with a bit of geographical know-how, that it is one of only two double-landlocked countries in the world. Some historians may also know that it lies along the ancient trade routes between the East and West, known as the Silk Road, but few would guess that Tashkent has one of the most ornate networks of metro stations in the world.

For decades, photography was strictly forbidden in the Uzbek capital's underground. It was considered for many years a military installation and of state national security – similar to bridges, railway lines and army bases – and imagery of it was banned. In June 2018, the restrictions were lifted, and photographers were finally allowed free rein inside what is thought of as one of the most beautiful Soviet metro systems ever constructed.

The conception of the Tashkent Metro started in 1968, two years after a major earthquake struck and destroyed the city in 1966. Construction on the first line opened on November 6, 1977 with nine stations. This line was extended in 1980, and a second line was added in 1984. The most recent line is the Yunusobod Line, the first section of which opened in 2001.

Completed in 1977, Tashkent's underground was the seventh built in the Soviet era. Each station is its own public work of art, featuring stylistic interpretations of Soviet and Uzbek history and culture that place the system among the most visually impressive undergrounds anywhere in the world.

Like the other Soviet-era metro systems of Moscow, St Petersburg, Kiev and Minsk, Tashkent's metro was designed not just to function, but to bring art and culture into the daily lives of Soviet citizens. Upon completion, and with the Cold War growing in concern, the stations also served a double purpose as fallout shelters in the event of a nuclear attack.

Where the different lines intersect, tunnels lead to the joining stations. Advertising boards are mostly for tea and English exams.

Only since June 2018 has the Tashkent metro lost its classification as a military installation, finally making it possible to photograph without the risk of detainment or arrest. Ever since, a steady stream of photographers – tourists and locals alike – have passed through, snapping selfies, not just traversing the Uzbek capital, but also capturing the journey itself.

Inside one of the original Soviet metro wagons from the 1970s.



Tashkent metro stations rarely have escalators as they typically lie only a few metres under the surface.



Buyuk Ipak Yuli lights ready to teleport you to another world.



Advertising boards - mostly for tea, snacks and English exams.





Kosmonavtlar metro station in celebration of the Soviet space program.

People passing through the majestic domed roof of Alisher Navoi.



Commuters getting on and off the metro watched by a guard.



Trains arriving and departing at Kosmonavtlar station.



Many stations, particularly those included in the initial 1977 construction, reflect aspects of Uzbek history or Soviet culture. Some have pictorial colourful mosaic historical scenes, while others show flourishes or geometric patterns. One of the most popular, Kosmonavtlar station with its deep blue colour space theme, pays tribute to the early pioneers of the Soviet space programme, most notably the world's first cosmonaut, Yuri Gagarin.

Alisher Navoi station (the most architecturally pleasing in the entire system?) resembles the interior of a mosque with its domed roof and arches. Its name bears testament to the enduring importance of the Silk Road writer and artist in Uzbek culture. The glitzy diamond ceiling of Dustlick and pillared tomb of Toshkent are also worthy of a visit as the diversity continues.

The stations' themes touch at times upon more modern topics, as well. The green and blue mosaics inside Pakhtakor station (which translates to 'cotton picker') point to the historical importance of cotton to the Uzbek economy, which continues to the modern day.

Yunas Rajabiy unique castle-like turrets and steps leading to the adjoining Amir Temur.



Tunnel linking stations where the different lines intersect.



Exquisite chandeliers of Chilonzor station, one of Taskent's busiest.



Named after another 20th century playwright and poet Hamid Alimjon.





Tashkent station: beautiful architecture with straight pillars and eight-pointed stars on the marbled floor.

Glitsy Dustlik- like diamonds in the sky.



Metro map on the wall at Pakhtakor.



Steps down to the platform level, common for most stations.



Yunus Rajabiy shows perfect symmetry with metal light fixtures and large marble pillars. The station is named after an Uzbek musician and is connected to Amir Timur station, so both can be seen in one visit.

With the cost of around 12p per trip on the underground, from which you could spend all day travelling the 29 stations without coming up for air, this has to be the best value historical day out you could spend in Tashkent. Don't forget to take a packed lunch - and of course your camera.

Marbled floor of Kosmonavtlar station



Mural depicting Uzbekistan's past cotton industry.



Passengers waiting for the train to depart the station.



Heavy glass swing doors at the entrance to each station.





Bullet Train

TOKYO TO TEL AVIV

Navin Kukadia



Navin is an independent tech-media consultant who has travelled across the globe auditing, inspecting and consulting many consumer electronic organisations. Tokyo & Tel Aviv were recent travels inspired to explore the creativity and innovation through the camera lens from off-beat tourist tours combined with conference delegate routes.



Tokyo Skyline

'Shalom – Konichiwa'



Tokyo Rickshaw Taxi



Shinjuku Night Time

Robot Reception at Diver City Shopping Mall

Two cities with two dimensions for leading innovation and creativity across the world. This year, both cities played host to major international events. Tokyo hosting the Rugby World Cup and Tel Aviv hosting the upcoming Eurovision Song Contest. Both cities are a treat for visitors, spectators and travellers.

My journey started in Tokyo to sample the far-east offering to a visiting photographer. To experience the highlights of the Japanese from a breath-taking ride on the bullet train, observing the traditional rickshaw ride and curiously approaching the Robotic Information Desk at the Driver City Shopping Mall in Odaiba.

Odaiba is built on a reclaimed island. Here, you can see the panoramic view of the Tokyo City Skyline overlooking the famous Harbour Bridge. The views can be spectacular during the sunset and sunrise times. Night time can be mesmerizing around the Shinjuku Railway Station area with LED and NEON signs everywhere, orderly crowds and cars across the road and footpaths.



Approximately 12 hours flight hop from Tokyo Narita Airport is Tel Aviv-Yafo Airport, that is after security screening. Although, the Ben Gurion Airport has designation TLV, short for Tel Aviv, the airport serves two cities, Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. When approaching the airport on an aeroplane, the window seat will mean that you would be able to view Tel Aviv Skyline and the pristine blue sea and coastline.

On arrival at Ben Gurion Airport, a short twentyfive-minute train ride into main city at Ha Shalom Station is the easiest, fastest and cheapest way. Accommodation is located within the main shopping mall and is walking distance from Ha Shalom Station. The room view is a panorama of the city's business district, skyline buildings and expressway. Like most major cities, the view from the room is that of headlights, cars bumper-to-bumper on the expressway. The trains run on tracks between the Ha Shalom Expressway and are the only way to beat the rush hour traffic at dusk.

Tel Aviv is easy to get around and the starting point is to walk on the seafront in the direction of Old Jaffa Port. The best time to walk on the beach is at sunset to experience colours and contrasts, scenic views, people walking their dogs and surfing. Heading into city, the hustling and bustling Carmel Market is where locals shop for grocery, fresh bread, snacks and traditional sweets.

Both cities are vibrant destinations for visitors and photojournalists to explore. Equally friendly to camera lens and tripods snapping up what both have to offer and summed up in two words, 'Shalom-Konichiwa'



Carmel Market



Jaffa Beach Walk



Beach Hut After Sunset



Ha Shalom Express Way

Tel Aviv Skyline



TRAVELS IN NORTH WEST ITALY



Pavia - Shrine to St. Augustine of Hippo

“The World is a Book and those who do not travel read only one page”

St. Augustine of Hippo

I had come across this quote some time ago, but was reminded of it on a recent trip in North West Italy following the pilgrimage route to Rome, known as the Via Francigena. At one stage I found myself in Pavia, and in one of the many churches there I came across his shrine, a large monument which draws the devout. Since I feel such a connection to this quote, coming across this shrine was one of the many surprises that I encountered during the three weeks I travelled by train from Aosta to Lucca, stopping off for two or three nights in various places along the way.

The Via Francigena runs from Canterbury to Rome and is classed as a European long-distance footpath. It is based on the route taken by a 10th century Archbishop of Canterbury who had to go to Rome to receive his badge of office, known as the pallium. Not nearly as well known as the route to Compostela it is now receiving more attention and for the past two years in the late Spring, I have travelled along it starting in Calais. I was now about to begin the first part of the Italian section.

My starting point was Aosta, splendidly surrounded by snow-capped Alps, and it soon became clear that I was encountering much more in the way of ecclesiastical connections than in the sections I travelled through in France and Switzerland. Not only were there many more churches in each place I stayed in, but the clerical connections with England started to emerge quickly and I found myself filling in gaps in my knowledge about medieval English history.



Pavia - University students



Gateway into a Courtyard - Vercelli



Vercelli - plastic bottle art display



Lucca - window reflection



Piacenza - Talking to God



Vercelli - Basilica di Sant' Andrea

Aosta is the birthplace of St. Anselmo, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in the 11th century. The longest street in the town is named after him. In Vercelli, I was surprised to see posters advertising an exhibition about the Magna Carta – yes, the one drawn up at Runnymede. It turned out that one of the signatories on the revised version drawn up under Henry III, when he was still a boy, was a cardinal and papal legate called Guala Bicchieri who was born in the town and had founded the cathedral. On display was the copy from Hereford Cathedral and the reason for it all was the 800th anniversary of the foundation of the Basilica di Sant' Andrea by the cardinal. They say things come along in threes and sure enough I discovered that yet another Archbishop of Canterbury, Lanfranc, had been born in Pavia, and who had been appointed to the post by William the Conqueror.

Most of the towns were founded by the Romans and still had some structures to prove it. The Centres maintain the original grid pattern of streets laid down by them so it is quite easy to find your way around.

All these facts were totally unexpected but they greatly enhanced my 'sense of place' as I found myself walking stretches of the pilgrimage route either into or out of town, imagining the hundreds and thousands of pilgrims, merchants, neer-to-do-wells and others, walking this route over the centuries.

Lucca, my final stop on this particular trip, was the biggest town I visited and by far the most touristy. Dating back to Roman times it had once had a thriving silk industry that even rivalled Byzantium and was the birthplace of the composers Boccherini and Puccini.

This part of Italy seemed virtually tourist free and as a result I felt I was seeing another side of the country, far from the tourist centres of Venice, Florence and Rome. I was fortunate to have wonderful hot, sunny, weather which made all the places I passed through a delight to meander about in, and where life seemed at a slower pace. Each town was different, full of family-run shops and full of character. I spent much of the time sitting out in Cafes watching the world go by or cooling off in churches when it got too hot!

I was entirely captivated by this part of Italy and can't wait to go back to explore more.



Liz Rhodes MBE

Kilimanjaro

The airfield was deserted, as usual these days, just the cool morning air, the blue/grey Canberra jet bomber, and me.

The air was exceptionally clear, helped by the location of the airfield just south of Nairobi at a height of around 5000ft on the High Tableland of Kenya.

I was servicing the navigational radar equipment, known as Rebecca 4, and from my vantage point, standing in the equipment hatch behind the cockpit, I noticed that the Aberdare Hills rising to over 13,000ft to the north were clear and sharp. There was also a faint grey smudge visible on the horizon to the south.



In mid 1955, more than 12 months previously, I had been given a six-week crash training course on a different type of navigation radar, Rebecca 7, which was just coming into service. The previous Reb 7 course had mostly requested UK postings, and without exception they had all been sent overseas. Having worked out how the military mind worked, I very craftily requested 'Overseas'.

It was a cold, wet November night in 1955 as the troopship Empire Clyde left Liverpool bound for Aden. One solitary mum with a child stood under a single light bulb on the storm-swept quay. She did not wave. We were all rather quiet. Most of us would not see this shore again for 18 months or more. Where was the bunting and the cheering crowds?

The Bay of Biscay did not help, but by the time we reached the Mediterranean, and then the Red Sea, with shoals of flying fish and spectacular sunsets it did not seem so bad. From Aden I flew on to Kenya.

The chap I was replacing, a career technician, was very pleased to see me and showed me the homing radar on a Canberra. I told him I had never seen it before. It was called Rebecca 4, and he had never heard of Reb 7.

When he recovered his composure, he took me to a small room full of electronics and incomprehensible manuals and began trying to cram an 18-month course into a couple of weeks. He was due to go home and there was no way that he was going to miss his flight.

As he was getting on the plane for the three day trip back to England, in an effort to cheer me up he said "Don't worry, nearly all the aircraft are just passing through, and after you've serviced one it's very unlikely that you will ever see it again." – my thoughts exactly! It was now late 1950: the Mau-Mau was something of a spent force and we could travel freely without the inconvenience of carrying guns.

I had recently bought a Braun Paxette 35mm camera and I had a good friend, Roger Downer, who was also interested in photography. The Paxette was my first 35mm camera. It had a fixed 50mm f2.8 lens and a top speed of 1/300th sec. Winding on the film also cocked the shutter, then you estimated how far away your subject was and set the focus.

One of the two resident Pembroke small twin-engine transport aircraft had its double side doors replaced by a simple open metal framework on which loudspeakers could be mounted, to urge Mau-Mau supporters to surrender. Getting flights was fairly easy, and the Pembroke without doors looked a good bet for a little landscape photography.

We found that by hooking a leg around the metal framework, and leaning out through the side, you could get a really good view of the ground. Although it only flew at about 200mph the engine noise and slipstream were a bit over the top, and in retrospect it might have been a good idea to use a restraining strap, but we didn't have one.

Our next idea was animal photography. There was one helicopter on the station, a Sycamore with a nice clear view at the front..... Unfortunately, all our photos showed only the animal's rear quarters, as they ran in terror whenever the pilot tried to get close enough for a decent photo. I felt that our approach to photography was perhaps not quite sophisticated enough.

It would soon be 1957. I would be 20 in February and going home in May. I thought it would be nice to do something exciting while still a teenager. Another member of our small group had celebrated Xmas by riding his pedal cycle off the high diving board into the Station swimming pool. Fortunately, he hit the water a couple of feet from his bike, and then offered to do it again in case anyone had missed it. I didn't fancy that.



That grey smudge was still visible on the horizon. I knew what it was: Mt. Kilimanjaro, the highest freestanding peak in the world and the highest peak in Africa, around 19,350ft high, and about 140 miles due south just inside Tanganyika (now Tanzania). Now that looked more interesting.



Roger was of a like mind. We had been told that Kilimanjaro was not a climber's mountain, more a brisk walk. I felt that there should be some good photos from the top, even better than Dartmoor!

The trip was arranged for Feb.1957, the end of the dry season. We contacted a German lady, Mrs. Annie Bruehl, who ran the Kibo Hotel, 5000ft up on the lower slopes of Kilimanjaro. She was able to book the three mountain huts with the Mountain Club of East Africa, and arrange a guide, porters and supplies.

We would be aiming for "Gillman's Point", on the crater rim. This was generally accepted as the top. (There is actually a higher point further round the rim but that would have meant a longer, more expensive expedition). Hardly any of the glacial ice remains now. This has opened more routes to the summit).

We had been warned to prepare for extreme cold. Arctic clothing is not very prevalent in shops around the Equator, even if we could have afforded it, so we simply threw everything we could think of into kit bags and set off.



I had bought some Kodachrome colour transparency film. With 36 shots on a roll, compared with the usual 8 or 12 on Black and White rolls, one roll would be enough. The film speed was shown as 8 ASA(ISO) – whatever that meant. Exposure in my case was set with a small cardboard wheel calculator. You chose a suitable little description, time of day and film speed, and then read off aperture and shutter speed on the reverse. Unfortunately, there was no description of a 19,000ft+ mountain in Africa.

The only practical way to get there was by train from Nairobi. The track ran south-east, skirting the Nyiri Desert to the small town of Voi, which is slightly south of Kilimanjaro and about 90 miles east. From there we would travel west to Moshi, a Wild West kind of town, and then Hotel car for the last leg of the journey. A total of some 300 miles.

The narrow-gauge steam locomotive, complete with cow (elephant?) catcher, burnt wood and anything else combustible. Arrival at Moshi was expected to be one or two days later, or perhaps the day after. We had the best accommodation the train could provide, which basically meant that we had a compartment with seats.

Air conditioning was fairly basic. You first opened a wooden shutter, then a mosquito screen, followed by a steel bulletproof shutter and finally you got to the glass window. Opening this may or may not let in air and smoke hotter than you already had.



Meal and refuelling stops were frequent as we made our leisurely progress. A typical stop would be in the middle of nowhere. A large dining table, (adequate for the handful of "First Class" passengers!) complete with tablecloth, would miraculously appear on a flat piece of ground near the track, followed by fruit, cooked meat and other food. It was best not to ask what variety of meat, but we didn't see any domestic animals anywhere.

Eventually we arrived at Moshi and waited for the Hotel car for the last 20 miles or so. The sky was clearing, and somebody said, "There's Kilimanjaro". I looked to the horizon and saw only grey mist. I looked higher at the band of cloud and still saw nothing. Raising my eyes further, there it was, high above the clouds. A vast and improbable celestial iceberg floating unsupported in the clear blue of the sky. The feeling of ice passing from the

pit of your stomach down to your knees is not pleasant. I said nothing. Neither did Roger. THAT is a 'brisk walk'?! The person who told us that had probably never been within 100 miles of it and had certainly never climbed it.

We had a couple of days at the Hotel before setting off. The weather was wet and misty. During that time Mrs Bruehl introduced us to another guest, J.W. (Sandy) Fraser-Tillett. He wanted to make the climb and asked if he could join our party. He was an enormous chap, a policeman in Uganda. He chased his criminals on foot because his horses caught sleeping sickness from the Tsetse Fly. He also spoke fluent Swahili, and as our guide spoke only very limited English, we felt that he would be a good man to have along.

Mrs.Bruehl had our supplies ready for inspection now. Raw meat, fruit, vegetables, porridge etc, cooking equipment, bedding, lamps, paraffin, wood for cooking and heat, together with everything for the guide and porters. Also, woollen gloves, balaclava helmets and long steel-pointed walking poles.

Our Guide would be Effata Jonathan, a man of considerable competence judging from comments in his personal logbook. Six porters would carry all the equipment, including their own and the Guide's. They achieve this by balancing enormous boxes and bags on their heads.

Our climb would take five days, three days up and two down.

Kilimanjaro has a second peak, Mawenzi, 16,890ft, separated from the higher Kibo peak by a saddle-shaped plain some five miles across. Our route would take us first to the base of Mawenzi peak, which was usually cloud-covered, then across the saddle to the third and last hut from where we would make our final ascent.



40's, had been successful; the other two, younger men, had been defeated by the cold – a sobering thought.

We reached the hut at about 3.15pm. The sky was dark and overcast. We washed in an icy stream and changed into warm clothes. The hut was surprisingly solid, with a corrugated iron roof and heavy cooking stove. Effata J. proved to be an excellent cook, producing large quantities of steak, vegetables, fruit and coffee. We threw our blankets onto wooden shelf bunks and slept well. Alongside the hut was another very much smaller one, for Effata J. and the six porters.



First Day.

We left the Hotel at 10.30am on 4/2/1957 in medium heavy rain, heading for Bismarck hut at 8670ft. The distance was about 10 miles, mostly through rain forest festooned with dripping moss. There was a stream running down the track which made walking rather slippery. We had a tea stop at midday and were passed by a group of four coming down. Two, older men in their

Second Day.

We woke at 6.30am and after a substantial breakfast set off in the rain for Peter's hut, some 8 miles away at about 12,500ft. The rain stopped after about thirty minutes when the landscape changed from forest to moorland, and we began to see mountain streams and strange flowers. The temperature was falling, and we made a lunch break by a stream with patches of hail. Visibility was less than 100yds and words painted on a rock indicated that one party had been trapped there by a blizzard for six days.

We could only feel sorry for the porters who were at times strung out over a mile or more with their huge head loads.

Peter's Hut was small but a welcome relief from a cold, wet and tiring day. Small 'striped mice' running around inside the hut gave an added interest.

Third Day.

We left at 9am for Kibo Hut, our last stop, about ten miles away at about 15,300ft. Temperature was just above freezing and falling as we climbed higher. The porters were carrying water, as there was no guarantee of accessible ice or snow. We saw the lower Mawenzi peak through sleet at about 11am. All vegetation was gone now. We rounded the base of the peak and stopped for a break before setting out across the 5-mile Saddle between the two peaks. It looked like the surface of the moon, strewn with glacial boulders and patches of ice. At that point the air cleared, and we had our first clear and close view of Kibo Peak, which we were to climb that night. Enormous, and shining with snow and glaciers.

Halfway across the saddle we stopped for lunch and were passed by another party going down. They had made their attempt the previous night and failed after being caught in a blizzard. We met no other people on the mountain.



We were already feeling less energetic at this height and the possibility of failure was suddenly very real. It had not been easy to save for this trip from our weekly pay of £4.50 and we could only make one attempt or we would all run out of supplies. As it was, after returning to Kibo Hut we would still need to trek the 10 miles back to Peter's Hut the same day, and then cover the 18 miles back to the hotel on our fifth day, missing out Bismarck.



We reached the very small Kibo Hut, at the base of the peak, at about 1.30pm, with a clear view back to Mawenzi Peak, very unusual as it was normally shrouded in mist. The porters' hut was no bigger than a small chicken coop and against all the odds all six plus guide were going to light a fire in it, cook and sleep.

Ours was luxury in comparison, although my diary entry reads- "4.15pm Must now choose between ice-cold air outside or smoke that can be cut with a knife as dinner is in preparation." At this point Roger's camera seized up and my winder knob had become very stiff, causing double exposures. We began to think that further photography was unlikely.



Fourth Day

We slept fully clothed and Effata J. woke us at 1am to make our attempt. By climbing at night, we avoided the highly dangerous slippery wet surface, which developed on the snow and ice in sunlight. On average we would climb at about a 45-degree slope.



The three of us, plus Effata J. set off at about 1.30am. I was wearing two pairs of pyjamas, Khaki drill and RAF serge trousers, several shirts, vests, and sweater, as many socks as I could get into my RAF boots, gloves and balaclava. The ensemble is completed with sunglasses, a tropics issue peaked cap perched decorously on the balaclava and several folded hankies stuffed into the sides as ear protection. It failed to make the best-dressed men guide.

As we passed 17,000ft, then 18,000ft, in the darkness, struggling up snow and ice slopes and passes, we began to feel steadily more exhausted and found ourselves gasping for breath. We also developed sharp headaches from the lack of air pressure, and these became worse as we climbed higher. At one point Roger announced that he felt very sick and proved it conclusively. I was pleased to join him in this activity, which added to our headaches, light-headed feeling and certainty that we were wearing lead filled boots. At this height oxygen is about half that at sea level, and air pressure is around one third.



However, the weather was clear and calm, and at about 6am, feeling very cold despite the exertion, we were around 100ft below our goal, although the effort to make each step made it seem more like 100miles. Then the sun came up, directly in line with Mawenzi Peak behind us. The sky turned brilliant colours of red, orange and even green, with violet/purple above us. This was perhaps the most amazing sight any of us had ever seen, with snow and glaciers below and far below that dark fields of cloud, showing that we alone, perhaps in all Africa, were seeing that sunrise at that time. I pulled my camera out from my clothing, set the shutter and prayed as I pressed the button. Roger's camera was still dead, so we took images of each other on mine, hoping that the film had not pulled off the spool.

The last 100ft took a further hour or so. With about 40ft to go Roger said "Tony, I can't make it, I'll wait for you here". Effata J. saw what was happening, came back to us, grabbed Roger's arm and physically hauled him the rest of the way.

Then we were at Gillman's Point, marked by a metal cross jammed between rocks, with a metal box containing a log book at its base, into which we duly entered our names. The weather was perfect. The sky was now violet, and in front of us was the crater, some one and a half miles across and 600ft deep, with wisps of steam and iceberg-like remnants of an ancient glacier in the base.

Half an hour later we started down again, still feeling elated and light-headed from lack of oxygen, which probably accounted for our realisation that we could get down the now slippery 45-degree snow-covered scree slope much easier by sitting down and sliding.

We found that after 5 or 10 seconds we invariably lost control and relied upon being able to ram our pole into the snow and hang on grimly to come to a halt. This activity stopped when one of us dropped his staff. Effata J. managed to catch up with us and pointed to a spot far below us where there was a sheer precipice. For a few seconds we saw nothing, and then we saw the staff, flying like an arrow over the edge of the drop. The implication was fairly clear. We proceeded in a more traditional manner until Roger and I realised that Sandy was trudging straight down the snow-covered scree slope at an unsafe speed, rather than sidestepping, and muttering to himself "Must get down, must get down" Effata J. was behind us so with Roger I somehow caught up with Sandy, we grabbed one arm each and tried desperately to slow him down before we all lost our footing completely. He appeared to be delirious, but as we got lower, he began to recover his composure. When we finally reached Kibo Hut, brandy from Effata J.'s supplies helped the process, before our 10mile trek down to Peter's Hut.

Fifth Day.

The final 18miles back to the hotel passed without incident and in fine weather. When we were within a couple of miles of the hotel, Effata and the porters made headbands of everlasting flowers which we were expected to wear as we trooped behind him in a procession to the hotel.

The train journey back was even more leisurely than the trip down, and we finally reached camp the day after our leave passes had expired. That resulted in both of us being automatically put on a charge – not that we really cared.

The next day, the officer concerned, whose aircraft we regularly serviced, found us and said – "Why didn't you tell me where you'd been? I would have dropped the charge". Well, he didn't ask, did he!



Tony Spooner ARPS, (Written from original notes).



Digital Forum Round 48

I am pleased to say that there were joint winners, Graham, with Santa Maria and Sitanath, Quest for Life. Second was Barbara with Windy morning in Iceland and third was Robert with Traffic Control

Hazel Mason FRPS

Joint Winner

Quest for Life.

Sitanath Paul

In the villages located in the Thar desert in Rajasthan, India, water is a scarce resource. Locals sometimes have to walk many miles to get just a potful of water. Mostly this is done by womenfolk of the society. Most of these villages are away from the major cities and as such very conservative. Life is no doubt tough in this sandy terrain. The image was shot in the deserts of Rajasthan, India.

Sony A350. F14 1/60 ISO 200



Joint Winner

Santa Maria della Pietà, Abruzzo

Graham Vulliamy LRPS

The church built in the 16th and 17th centuries at an elevation of 1400 metres is near the abandoned village of Rocca Calascio in the region of Abruzzo in Italy. I was lucky with the timing and the light because I could hear rumbles of thunder when I took the photo and within ten minutes it was pouring with rain.

Canon 80D with a Tamron 16-300 mm lens at 18mm; f9; 1/200th; iso 100



2nd Place

Windy morning in Iceland

Barbara Bogacka ARPS

This is a view from Breiðamerkurjökull, one of the outlets of the huge ice cap Vatnajökull in South-East Iceland. I visited this place in February this year and experienced a couple of storms. On this particular morning we had a very strong wind, a residue of one of the storms. It was rather difficult to stand still, but the experience was worth the effort!

Canon 6D II, Canon lens 70-300 at 300, ISO 100, f13, 1/320 s.



3rd Place

Traffic Control

Robert Morgan ARPS

I was in Aksu (population a mere 500,000) in western China. It was the afternoon peak period. As the traffic signals at this cross road went through each phase, this traffic police officer stood rigidly still. When the signals changed he quickly (and with style) changed position. I took this image from a footbridge that ringed the intersection, hand-held against the railing.

Canon 60D with Canon 24-105 lens @ 35 mm, 1/5 sec (shutter priority), ISO 100 at f6.3



Meeting South Africa for The First Time



Safeena Chaudhry

Safeena Chaudhry is a London based photographer, camerawoman and author. Her first solo exhibition 'Women Against Crimes' took place in the summer of 2018 at The Gower St. Gallery and featured a series of portraits of women from Nepal and South Africa who fight against human and wildlife trafficking. Here she showcases a few of her shots from a journey that reignited a childhood passion for pursuing wildlife photography.

I travelled to South Africa to volunteer at the Balule Conservation Project. Adrian, from Afreco Tours arranged everything from their office in England and even obtained permission for me to take portraits of the Black Mambas, South Africa's first female Anti-Poaching Unit.

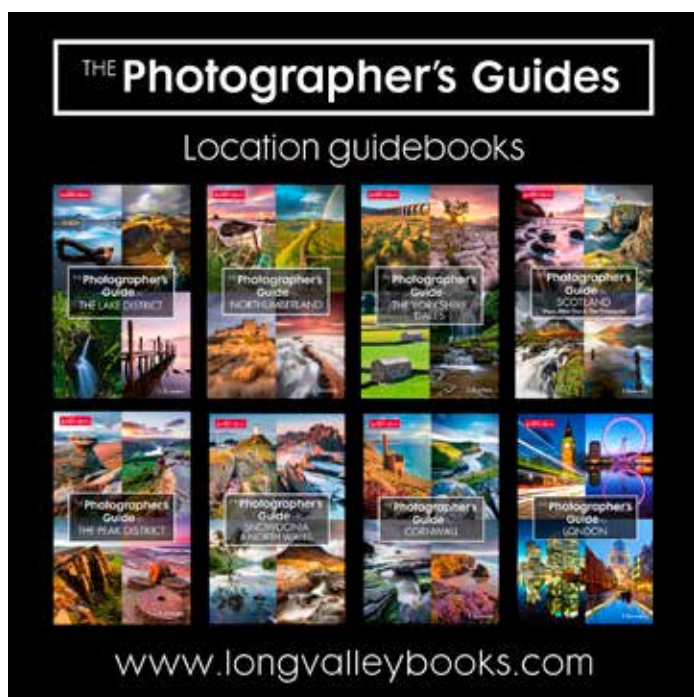
As a volunteer at the Transfrontier bush camp I had an incredible chance to be a part of their invaluable conservation program but I did not expect to receive so much in return. I met young students and potential conservationists as part of The Bush Babies program run by Lewyn Maefala. I saw families of zebras, walked close to a herd of elephants and watched giraffes fight each other using their necks. At the camp, the company was great and the food was freshly cooked on an open fire. The only things I lacked were not hot water or electricity (I had been told there would be none when I booked) but a longer lens and a solar charger.

I went to South Africa on a continued search for strength within women. With each day of taking photographs, I began to re-access my own. After the two weeks, I decided to hire a car and drive through Kruger National Park – alone. Just when I was about to give up on seeing a rhino, three came and had a bath beside the road. My desire had been fulfilled and I left with at least two shots that could be used in the exhibition to show what anti-poaching units like The Black Mambas are fighting for. The next day, I rose with the sun and drove through the park, stopping only to spend time with a grazing giraffe. After I left the Melalane gate, I continued my journey and drove over 420 km to Johannesburg airport where I returned the car to Avis and caught my flight home to Heathrow.

For further details on the conservation projects, please visit <https://www.transfrontierafrica.co.uk>



Discover the UK's top photography locations with



When you visit a new area for photography it's hard to know where to start. You probably know about the 'classic' locations already, but what's the easiest way to reach them? And what else does the area have to offer? Many photographers have discovered exciting new locations using The Photographer's Guides series of location guidebooks.

Each book contains 50 of the best locations in the area, including both the classics and the hidden gems. There are guides available for the Lake District, Peak District, Yorkshire Dales, Scotland (covering the spectacular areas of Skye, Glen Coe and The Trossachs), Northumberland, Snowdonia & North Wales, Cornwall and central London. There is a variety of location types in each book, from the iconic to the unusual. You can expect to find tranquil lakes, epic mountain views, picturesque waterfalls,

charming castles and dramatic coasts – something for every photographer, no matter what your guilty pleasure. Each location is illustrated with inspiring photography and contains useful information such as what time of day you get the best light and what time of year it's most attractive. There's also practical advice where relevant; for example, how to avoid the crowds at popular locations, when you'll need your wellies to get the best composition and places to avoid after snow or heavy rain. All this gives you the best chance of taking home some excellent photos from your trip.

For every location there are clear and detailed written directions, annotated location maps, OS grid references and the nearest postcode to use with your satnav (GPS coordinates for each location are also available online). At the start of each book there's an overview map of the area, so you can easily see at a glance where all the locations are. This is a great help for planning trips, whether you're just heading out with your camera for the day or exploring the area over a longer period.

There's also a reference section containing sunrise and sunset times for the area, along with a summary table for all the locations. This summary gives a star rating for photographic potential (perfect if you're short on time and just want to see the top locations), how long it takes to get to from the parking place and a difficulty grading for the walk, so you know exactly what to expect before you set off.

All the books are researched and written by Ellen Bowness, a passionate photographer and professional editor based in the beautiful Lake District. They're published by Long Valley Books Limited, which was founded by Ellen in 2013. The books are highly acclaimed by professionals and amateurs alike, with over 200 five-star reviews on Amazon.

The books are available direct from the publisher at Amazon or from Rigu (a small camera accessories website based just down the road from Long Valley Books). Please visit www.longvalleybooks.com for details.

Courtesy of the Birmingham Photo Show I was provided with a Press Pass. I took the opportunity, with my wife Linda, to explore what was on offer (Linda had to pay).

It provided a chance to meet the staff from Bristol on their annual holiday (they will not agree with 'holiday' but they all seemed to be enjoying it). Some of the stands were good whilst others were excellent but the one that impressed me most was Long Valley Books.

What impressed me was that they were one of the smallest stands there but their footfall per square metre must have been one of the highest.

As a Travel Group we always try to promote that Travel Photography does not mean having to visit exotic foreign locations. We have plenty on our own doorstep no matter what country we live in.

However, it did strike me that as a guide to locations in the UK these books looked extremely useful so I thought that I should make you aware of them.

John Riley



RPS Travel Group Spring 2020 Event



© Safeena Chaudhry 2019

Friday 17/Saturday 18/Sunday 19 April 2020

A weekend of

Meeting People - Talks - Photoshoots - Bring a Print Competition
Projected Images Competition - Members Soapbox

Keynote Speakers

Saturday

Travels Towards the Edge

Sue O'Connell

EFIAP/d1, ARPS, DPAGB, BPE 5*

&

Peter Brisley

ARPS, AFIAP, DPAGB, BPE 2*

Buffet Lunch



© Dr Michael Pritchard FRPS

RPS House Bristol

Sunday

'The World through my Lens'

Will Cheung FRPS

Lessons from History

Debbie Ireland FRGS

Buffet Lunch

Friday Afternoon

Photoshoot in Bristol

Saturday Evening

Travel Group Annual Dinner

Sunday Afternoon

Photoshoot in Bath

Hotel in Bristol at RPS rates