



Camera Clips

August 2013 Bi monthly publication

From the Editor

James Allan

Welcome to the October edition of Camera clips. You will see that the banner comes from Steve Wallace who traveled to Alaska with his wife Judy to kayak on the inside passage. This month is a special edition. I have asked 4 of our members to take us on one of their holidays, showing some of their photos. (Actually I asked 7, but only got replies from 4.) Graham, Melinda and Steve are all writing for the first time in Camera clips. Mark Pedlar is a seasoned writer (and photographer). Chris Schultz our beloved past president has also traveled recently to Vietnam. If you want to see Chris's photos you will need to visit his flickr page. <http://www.flickr.com/photos/46878136@N02/> Each of these contributions is superb in it's own way. Read on to see what they have prepared.

This month has been quite busy. We have had a couple of critique nights, a competition, titled Emotions and a couple of excursions (orchid hunting and Theberton). In addition Eric Budworth and his wife Rhonda lead a small contingent to Broken Hill.

Frances and I accompanied this group along with Mark and Jenny Pedlar, Carolyn, her daughter Tamara and husband Patrick. You can see us all quite clearly in the photograph on the right, taken at the living desert sculpture park. We stayed in a luxurious settings at the old Catholic convent. Hopefully we



will see some of the photographs from this trip appearing in the next competition.

We have recently had our annual general meeting, where Chris Schultz stepped down as president in favour of Ashley Hoff. Julie and Ray Goulter will take on Secretary and Treasurer roles while the remainder of the committee will consist of Mark Pedlar, Richard Wormald, Helen Whitford, Melinda Hine, Chris Schultz, Graham Field and myself. There was appreciation for the contribution of retiring members, Matt, Yvonne, Carolyn and Adrian. The AGM saw a lively discussion with lots of good ideas for the next year of competition. Ashley reaffirmed his commitment to the critique nights and his vision for developing an alternative agenda to complement the competition nights. This has been a dynamic year for the club and I look forward to the input from the new president and the new committee.

The club recently celebrated it's 30th anniversary with High tea at the Micham cultural institute. This event was well attended by current and past members, thanks to the tireless efforts of Julie Goulter. There was a slide show, depicting past members participating in club events, as well as a display of representative works from the club competitions.

Take a look at the program for the end of the year. You will need to start work on preparing your images for the Annual exhibition. There is also one more competition, Urban landscapes. Don't forget to put in an order for the club calendar which will be available soon. So read on and I hope you enjoy these four very different, but interesting journeys in this months edition of Camera Clips.

Upcoming Events

October 24 Competition: Industrial/Urban Landscape

A landscape intensely affected by man and his culture.

November 7 Blackwood Photographic Club Presents: What's new in equipment?

A presentation by Photographic Wholesalers Ltd on what's new!

November 9 Annual Exhibition - Judging

Held off site with just the judges and committee

November 17- Last Excursion for 2013

1.30-5.30 a drive through the Adelaide Hills—meet at Millies in Nairne

November 21- Annual Exhibition and Awards

A display of all entries and the presentation of awards [Bring a Plate](#)

December 8 Sunday End-Of-Year Picnic.

The last Club event for the year. Always an enjoyable time.



Contacting a member from the club; This month Mark & Jenny Pedlar : mnpjpedlar@biqpond.com

Hi James

Thanks for the opportunity to submit some images for your scrutiny re the 'travel' focus of your next newsletter.

I've selected these for reasons that I hope I'll make plain.

It might be too many, just use what you want, but my 'story' will weave them all together.

I'd like the reader to be dropped in the midst of these images without too much introduction - as that's exactly how I came to be involved in a small group at the invitation of the 'people's church' - the United Church of Christ of the Philippines... to be led by them and their partner organisations, on an 'immersion' tour, of two weeks, through Luzon, starting in the capital Manila. That's enough of an introduction.



Picture 1 — Everyday, you and I sip from containers, use wallets and purses, ride on or in vehicles, handle electronic gear, even sit on toilet seats that the world's poor have helped bring into being. Their wages are miniscule by comparison with ours. We were on a journey to meet some of these people, and hear their stories. The first one I snapped through the glass window of our van as we crawled through steamy, oppressive Manilan heat. There they were, those 'workers' who carry our world on their shoulders, our privileges and even our aspirations perhaps, while we remain mostly in blissful ignorance of their struggle. Jammed into a Jeepney, ingeniously crafted 'home made' bus system of the Philippines (google it, it has a fascinating history!) - no air cons, not even windows, or seatbelts. It is cheap, reliable transport, but it comes at a terrible price. They breathe the disgusting smog of a city that's forgotten it's poor - day in day out.

Picture 2. — We had arrived at our final destination of this particular day. We were walked through the 'neighbourhood' to meet the locals and begin to learn of their stories. This 'delegation' that I was part of, was not there to 'take pictures', but we all did. I was under explicit instructions to take 'lots' for my church, Pilgrim UCA, in the city, as we were beginning to expand partnership with the Manila region, though it had had one for many years further north, where we were to head later... But I wanted to just 'blend in' - not be perceived as 'the photographer'... and I was pretty new to my shiny DSLR and very conscious I was on a huge and very rapid learning curve. So here we were - not 'sight seeing' but humbly being led by our Filipino hosts/guides, and beginning real dialogue about real people in real communities. And it was approaching dusk, very overcast - and there's no way I was going to use a flash unless I absolutely had to... So here was one of the 'village elders', proud and strong, but fragile. Something drew me toward her, we exchanged smiles for a few seconds as we walked on to try to keep up with the guide.... then I stepped back and tried to just acknowledge her status, wisdom, and grace. That was my aim anyway...



Picture 3. - Just on a bit, a normal, everyday, evening event - I imagined - so that struck me too... the richness of the sense of community between everyone, and the babies /everywhere the babies! (still birth control is rare and under catholic influence I think)... against the backdrop of the most humble dwelling I'd seen in a while... just a 'suburban' twilight scene of outer Manila. Getting together to exchange stories and keep up with events. Our equivalent of facebook perhaps... It turned out, this whole community had already been 'kicked out' of Manila, from what we would call 'shanty housing', obviously in the way of the Big End of Town's plans for development to satisfy the needs of the top 3% of Filipino society. that is going on everywhere... we were told.

Picture 4. - We'd got back in our vans and were taken a few k's to the 'other end' of this huge sprawling village/community on the fringes of Angeles City, and here was a serious pastime for the warm Filipino evenings... and here clearly was the heart of youth entertainment and technology - the pool table. I think it speaks for itself, but I'd be interested to hear what you, the readers, think it speaking... as we all have different perspectives. I was the only one who stopped to 'shoot' this scene - in fading light I did resort to a stopped down flash, nothing fancy - and I know little about flash photography anyway, so this one has had a bit more work on it in Light room to remove some blown highlights, and to bring up some shadows..





Picture 5.— No. We hadn't moved on. This is the same place. Same community. Same extraordinary, resilient, beautiful, battling people. The pool table was on the left side of the bridge. So that is the other 'centre' of this Angeles community, where we hope to keep building a meaningful relationship through our partner church leaders. **Picture 6.** Same place. Can you feel her joy in welcoming us to her playground? - under the bridge. I had to hold back tears many a time in the Philippines, I think this was one of them. **Picture 7.** One of our guides, who spoke several Filipino languages fluently as he'd been there a while...tho he is an Aussie too....had obviously had quite a chat with this chap. I was just relaxing, taking it all in, as the sun was sinking behind the river-bank next to the bridge. I have no idea how i captured this moment of 'see you later - thanks for coming - or 'let's start a new partnership beginning 'now' (which is what I imagined it was about)...I guess it was just lucky...



Picture 8. - Caught in the traffic. Later that week...this struck me as a powerful symbol of the nation. So much hope, aspiration and genuine goodwill for women in particular...but there it was. Stuck in the traffic. The traffic of greed. The traffic of rampant corruption. And above all, of leaders hell-bent on a path to lift the lives of the fragment few at the expense of the poorest of the poor.

Picture 9.— One of the most courageous people I have ever met or am ever likely to meet. She told us the raw, statistical facts. Then put names to the statistics...Horrifying, shocking, undeniably preventable patterns of a nation that must be brought to account. Every couple of days she updates their website with more stories of abductions, bombings, or disappearances. In graphic detail so they are impossible to refute. Nothing will silence her or her organisation. You can learn more at karapatan.org. We were just, well, gobsmacked. I tried to convey something of her irrepressible commitment to stand in solidarity with the politically 'unfavourable' to the Aquino



regime. I can send a report on this to anyone who is interested. But you will need a strong stomach. I wanted to finish with her, the CEO of the organisation, who so generously gave us her precious time - as she is but one voice trying to make a real difference for the people from Picture 1, and all others in between. We meet many many others, including one who's son had been mowed down, shot when protesting pathetic wages - and we heard stories of the worst even in the history of modern journalism when 34 local and international journalists were massacred to stop them reporting on a challenge to one of the warlord/mayor's rule in the Southern Philippines.

We came home, immensely grateful but very shaken. How could our Asian neighbourhood be so fraught, but more importantly, what can we do, to make a difference. That dialogue continues, guided by our wonderful hosts.

On a technical note, as i was quite 'raw' to the DSLR world, I shot in JPG - as I was fearful of bigger file sizes filling my 'cards' and not having enough to last two weeks. I also didn't always have the right setting as there was zero time for preparation for nearly every shot we took, and usually rather challenging light conditions... I have a few other images that i personally think are better photographically and I am hoping to sell them (at fundraiser on October 25 in the city) to support the Angeles community, so I'd be keen to talk to anyone who might be able to help me choose the best ones...but I thought it was more important to attempt to tell something of the narrative of image - the real purpose for being there, which was not to take pictures at all. That was just a by-product...Still, I hope some of them might help some voices be heard that otherwise would have remained silent. I'd be grateful for any 'travel' or photojournalist hints. It's been great to join the club just after i got back. Thanks for all your guidance and interest.

Since they were taken, in May this year, not only have their been more disappearances, etc...but there's been a massive flood that hit Manila and displaced the equivalent of 3/4 of Adelaide's population, and this 'bridge' community may have been in trouble. We are trying to find out more...but the organiser has been very unwell and we await further news...



According to National Geographic, the aim of travel photography is to capture the particular look, character and ambience of each place we visit. I am very fortunate to have had the opportunity to travel quite extensively since my childhood, and my interest in photography definitely started with taking ‘holiday snaps’ on various family trips overseas. Travel photography still remains a great source of interest and inspiration for me.

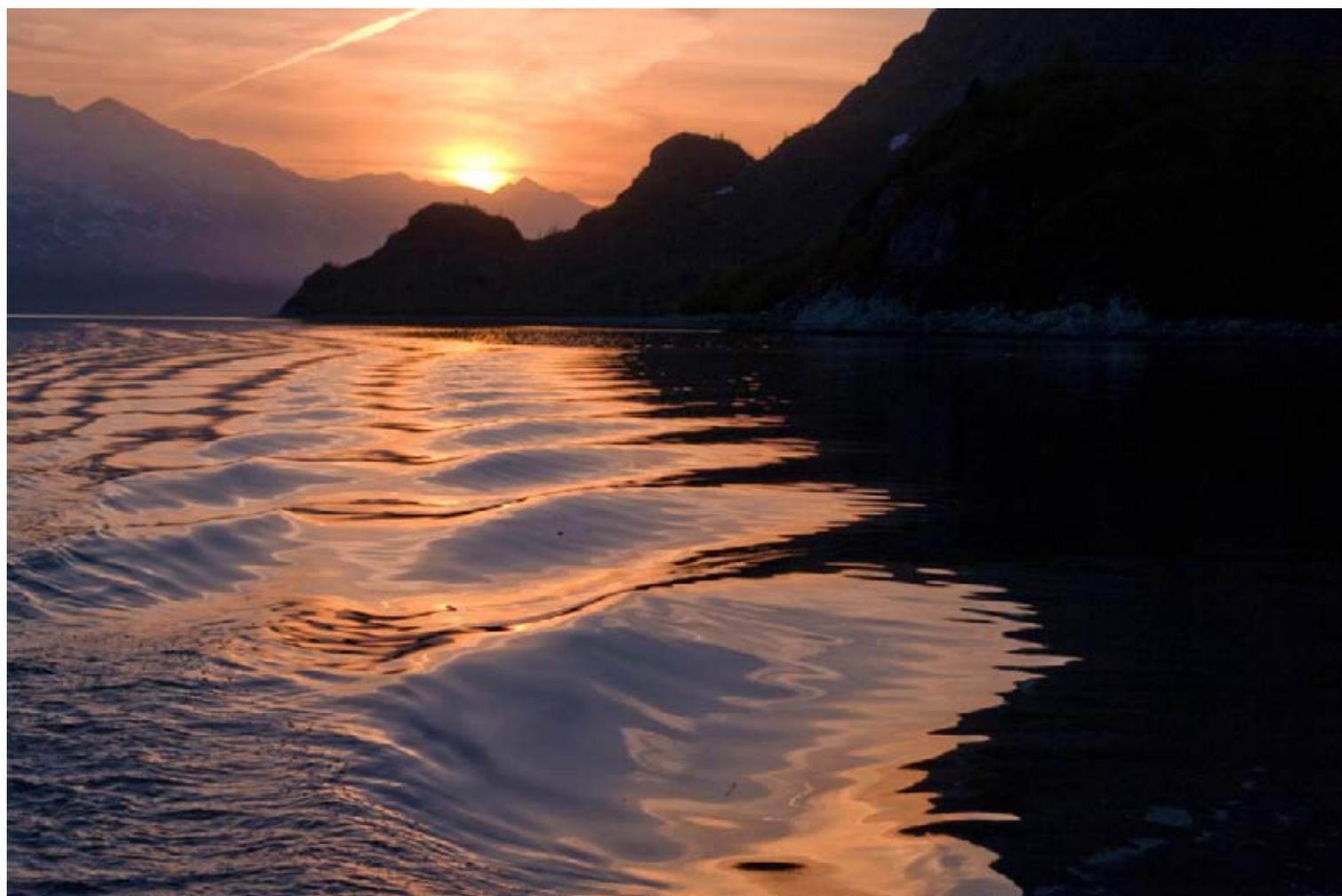


On my first trip to Scotland, a few years ago, I had many preconceived ideas about what I would find to photograph there. Of course I expected to see historical monuments on every corner – castles, churches, ancient villages and relics from hundreds, even thousands, of years ago. And I was not disappointed! You certainly don’t have to be an avid history buff to appreciate the enormity of what people achieved so long ago with so little machinery and even less technology. I also expected to see spectacular scenery – lochs, glens, rolling green hills dotted with sheep and impressive coastal views. The weather was kind for most of the trip and so this too did not disappoint.



I did not however, expect to be overwhelmed by a sea of yellow daffodils as far as the eye could see, almost everywhere I turned - fields of yellow, window boxes, pot plants and random clumps of golden flowers growing under every tree. Even the median strip on the main road into Dundee had been transformed into a giant carpet of daffodils that stretched for miles. And I certainly did not envisage the need for countless roadside stops (and mad dashes across muddy paddocks) in pursuit of the perfect photograph of the beautiful, long-haired highland cow! And how cute are the calves? If I could have bought one home in my suitcase I most certainly would have!





When James asked for some travel photos and a few words to go with them it did not take much thought to decide on our trip to the Alaskan Inside Passage in May 2008.

Although we spent three weeks in Alaska, without doubt the highlight was our week spent on board the Homeshore. We decided against a ship with thousands of passengers and opted for the Homeshore, a 60 foot fishing boat which, after a clean and some extra cabins, spends the summer cruising the Inside Passage. On board were six passengers and a crew of three. On six of the days we took the sea kayaks out for several hours, paddling into secluded inlets, through floating ice, past a wolf and a bear and out to an island covered with sea lions. We anchored each evening so we missed none of the sights we passed by moving after dark as the large ships, on tight schedules, are forced to do.



We were very lucky with the weather, May is the driest month in Alaska, so a spectacular scene was which ever way you looked. Possibly the only photographic "challenge" was ensuring every thing was dry but we were supplied with dry bags for our gear. These were carried in the kayak under the waterproof skirts worn at the waist and dipped around the cockpit of the kayak. For the most of the time we were in protected waters with very little swell so there was little problem in getting out the camera to capture one of those spectacular scenes.

I had bought my digital SLR just few months before the trip so was using the 18 - 55mm kit lens. This has since been replaced as my primary lens by a 17 - 70mm with a larger maximum aperture as the original lens proved to be a little short on quite few occasions. For this type of photography I use a polarising filter to get the full depth of colour possible, especially when there is mist



When migrants return to the land of their birth they run two risks. The first is being expected to spend the bulk of their time with relatives and friends who haven't spent the time to travel the 18000 k to see them in Oz. The second is visiting places of high emotional interest - maybe childhood haunts - they've changed!

So when Jenny and I planned our June/July trip to the UK these two caveats were at the top of our minds. Our itinerary included known places of interest where we could accept the changes, selected friends and relations and places we'd not seen before.



Dr. Johnson said that "He who is tired of London is tired of life." So, we started with a week there.

It's amazing how much more you see when you walk everywhere. From our studio apartment within a stone's throw of King's Cross we could walk past the British museum and through the Inns of Court to the Thames. Hidden in the Inns was Ede and Ravenscroft – wig and gown makers. Further south into Trafalgar square, you can go down to the river and Westminster along Whitehall and past the horse guards, or west along the Mall to Buckingham palace. If you're really enthusiastic you can climb the 500 or so stairs to the very top of St Pauls and view the capital's skyline.



Our week over, we picked up a Mini Cooper SD and set off to seek our fortune.

First south, to visit a friend in Sussex and a quick pass by Cowdrey Park with this grain store on saddle stones amongst its ancient buildings, and the timbered buildings in Godalming.

From here we headed into the midlands to the Stratford on Avon area. About half way between Stratford and Birmingham is Wootton Wawen, home of Warwickshire's oldest church where this old dog appeared to be patiently waiting for his master. A little further west near Worcester we

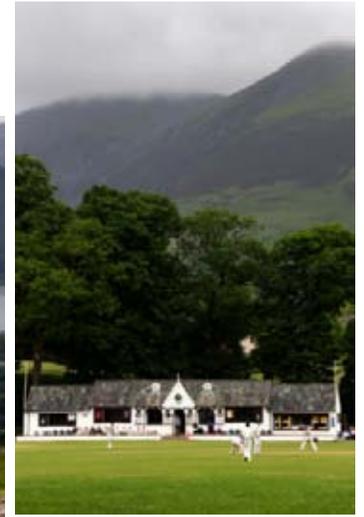


found this Bumble Bee. This insect, iconic to the UK is said to be a flying impossibility. Aerodynamic theory demands that the bee's design would prevent it flying but the bee being blissfully unaware of this continues to fly anyway.



Then north to Heysham on the west coast just at the southern end of Morecombe Bay. Here, near the ruins of a Saxon church are these coffins or ossuaries carved in the bedrock on a cliff top.

We were gradually heading north to the Isle of Skye for a week in a croft with my brother and sister in law. We decided to break the journey at Keswick in the Lake District and walk for a day. In fact we stayed three nights and got in two magnificent days walking on the fells. You can see Keswick and Derwentwater in the background.



Remember those "Lakeland" pencils you used at school. This is where they've been made for centuries. The locally mined graphite and available timber spawned an enduring industry. The weather wasn't all it could have been but it certainly didn't deter Cumberland's cricketers.

The other long term residents of the fells are the sheep. It is local custom/law that when you lease one of these farms the sheep come with it.



North again to Fort William to climb Ben Nevis. The UK's highest peak is no Himalaya at 1344m, but you do start the climb at 5m above sea level. The cloud base was 600m but we made the summit and back, 17km in 8 hours. At about 100m



we crossed a minor snowfield – a big change from the 25°C and sunshine down in Fort William.



Geary, at the northern end of Skye is another 4 hours north. The distance doesn't appear too great on the map but there is a significant distance on single track roads. However, before we get there we pass one of the best known castles in Scotland. Despite the fact that most of Eilean Donan, on the way to the Kyle of Lochailsh is largely a 1930s replica, it is recognisable worldwide.

Our croft with its view down over Loch Snizort was virtually at the end of the narrow metalled road. We spent the week making several of the beautiful walks on the

island and of course taking in the Talisker Distillery. There was a wealth of wildflowers in bloom in the local croft pastures. These included a range of orchids. On the western coast of the island is Hallin, a straggling small hamlet. The gravestones in the disused cemetery go back centuries.

We left the Cullins for a later trip.



After that we flew the Cooper south again to Heathrow visiting Hadrian's Wall, the Peak District and Chesterfield on the way. It was summer, real Summer with daytime temperatures around 30°C. So, England had its shirt off and was paddling, beer in hand in Buxton. Also in Derbyshire is one of the most outstanding of stately homes. Chatsworth is a magnificent marriage of house and grounds. Even the local river was re-routed to feed its ponds and fountains. This staircase in the main house is a work of art.

Finally, before we head for the plane there was Chesterfield with its twisted spire.

