

# The Mountaineer



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# **President's Report**

Dave Kneen

Criminy! – at first I thought it was all my fault. You see, some work went on earlier this year at the MUMC Hut on Mt Feathertop, rebuilding the stairs. We were desperate to finish up for winter, leaving the hut as the premier Backcountry XCD accommodation in the Victorian Alps once again. Leaving work half finished at the end of a weekend, I taped a sign to the door – “This Hut is currently under repair – it WILL be ready by winter”. Ashamedly, the work was not completed until the calendar winter had already begun, yet the Big Guy upstairs had obviously seen the sign, smiled on us and provided fantastic weather for our work.

Now I assumed that when I removed the sign, the little bits of white stuff would fall like lemmings on a beach holiday. No such luck. Maybe He's got a lot of other signs to check at the moment; maybe He accidentally pressed the button marked **Warmish, Dryish Winter**, unfortunately located just under **Chest Deep Powder** and easily confused. I've heard others blaming little Spanish boys and girls, but I can't see what they've got to do with it, so personally I think I'll blame Nic. That's right, our Ski Convener. WHERE'S THE SNOW NIC???

Ah well, it hasn't all been bad – the Canoe Polo Finals were a blast, with three of the four MUMC teams competing, eventually winning one Premiership and two Runner-up Pennants. There's been plenty of other kayaking too, with tons of beginners joining in for Yarra, Thomson and good old Beach trips – some heavy rain even saw an unusual pre-winter Mitta Mitta trip, with associated epic stories and classic boating.

Back on the Competition front, the climbers did well at the AUC in Sydney, including excellent results for Jill, Paul and Alison. A team is being assembled for AUC Skiing at Thredbo in a month or two and further afield AUC Kayaking will be held in Penrith in September. I smell a rat here – Ze vinner is Sideny three times out of three – are they still trying to justify all those nice sporty buildings, or do they just have a few things we currently don't, like snow?

Not that I'm bitter about the snow thing – its simple really, just as a wee bit of advice to exchange students. When in Germany, don't mention ze war – in England, don't mention the Cricket. Here in Victoria, don't mention the snow.

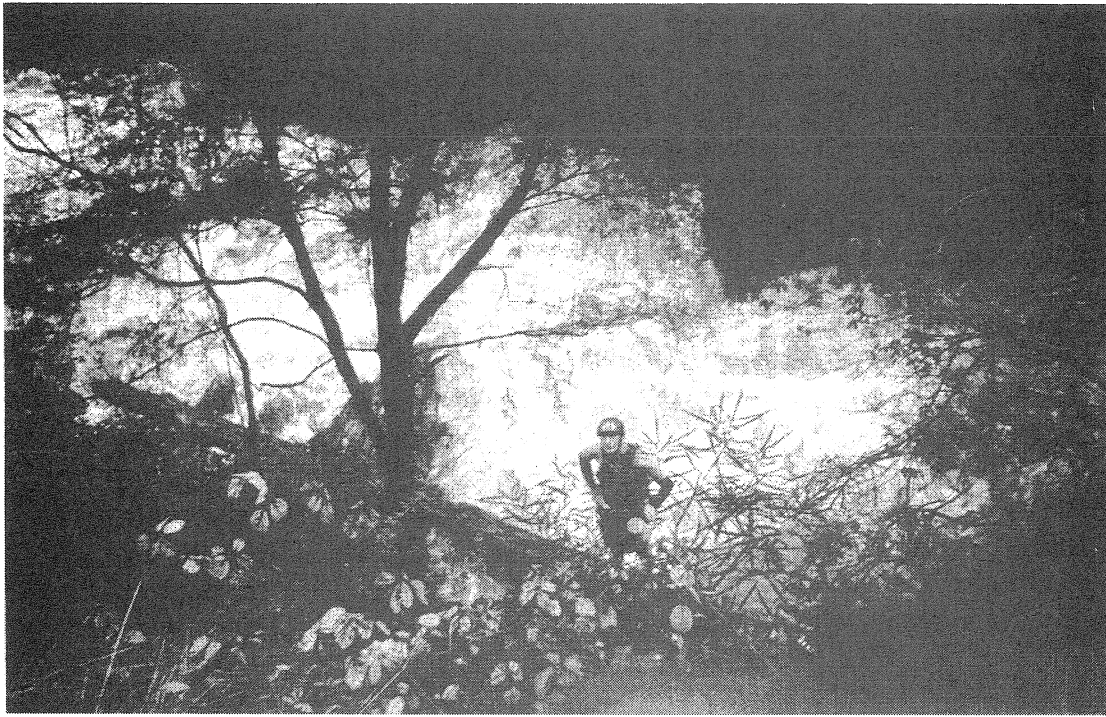
Of course, a winter like this does open many other doors – stunning bushwalks with crisp clear skies and cold nights in warm tents, slightly less muddy caves, rockclimbing without sweating so much you need to chalk up to elbows, and cheery nights at the Clyde where the Magic jug need only be spun three times to fill again.

A big thankyou to all those who helped on the hut – I believe about 40 people were involved in various ways and all were much appreciated. I have already had positive correspondence from the outdoors community about the fantastic quality and condition of our hut.

Enjoy the cold season,

Dave Kneen

President 2000/2001



*"Dave's death rapid"*

## **Kayaking Conveners report**

Cam Quinn

*High above stand too black clad figures - silhouettes against the moonlit sky. An invisible movement sends the rope earthwards...*

There has been lot's of kayaking this year with loads of new and enthusiastic people joining in. Plenty of teaching and beginner trips have been happening, unfortunately river levels have been down (usual complaint!!!), but that will all change in second semester.

*...unseen, they descend into the blackness.. The smooth wall at their feet towering above like at impenetrable fortress...*

We did manage to co-ordinate a Thomson river trip with a 10 year flood (I accept full credit for such a magnificent managerial masterpiece!) which made for fun and games on the river and a first decent of Happy Creek - lead by our intrepid, yet fleeting visitor "Donkey" Dan Oldfield. Some have tales to tell!!

*....a silent look and unspoken work. They each know their task...*

Canoe Polo has taken off this year with six teams entered for the spring season and training (yes, TRAINING!!!!) happening weekly. Everybody did really well last season with a nail-biting "all Oxo" Novice-grade grand final. Now we just have to sit back and wait for the paddling season to begin.

*"to the memory of William Hovell..."*

# **SNOW ! SNOW ! SNOW !**

Nic Hohn

As a member of the MUMC, you have the opportunity to discover the joys of telemarking in the pristine Australian snow. No matter what your level is (complete beginner, intermediate, advanced, downhill skier converted to telemark, alpine touring person in the wrong country or else), the Australian mountains have something to offer you in terms of skiing.

From my own experience, telemarking is all about getting the vibe right. Some people even recommend a psychological preparation before the first snowfall, so that you do not get completely overwhelmed by the extatic sensation induced by the first turn....

This is why, for some keen members (Enmoore, Stu, Marty and myself), the season started on the last Sunday of May with the viewing of some legendary telemark videos such as "Revenge of the Telemarkers", an absolute classic that I encourage everybody to watch. It features the legendary "Doctor Smooth" teaching people how to ski in the American Rockies in the early 80s. A very special moment indeed.... More recent videos seem to indicate that you need a bright Goretex jacket and a cool beanie to telemark properly. Yellow jackets and Peruvian style beanies seem to work best.

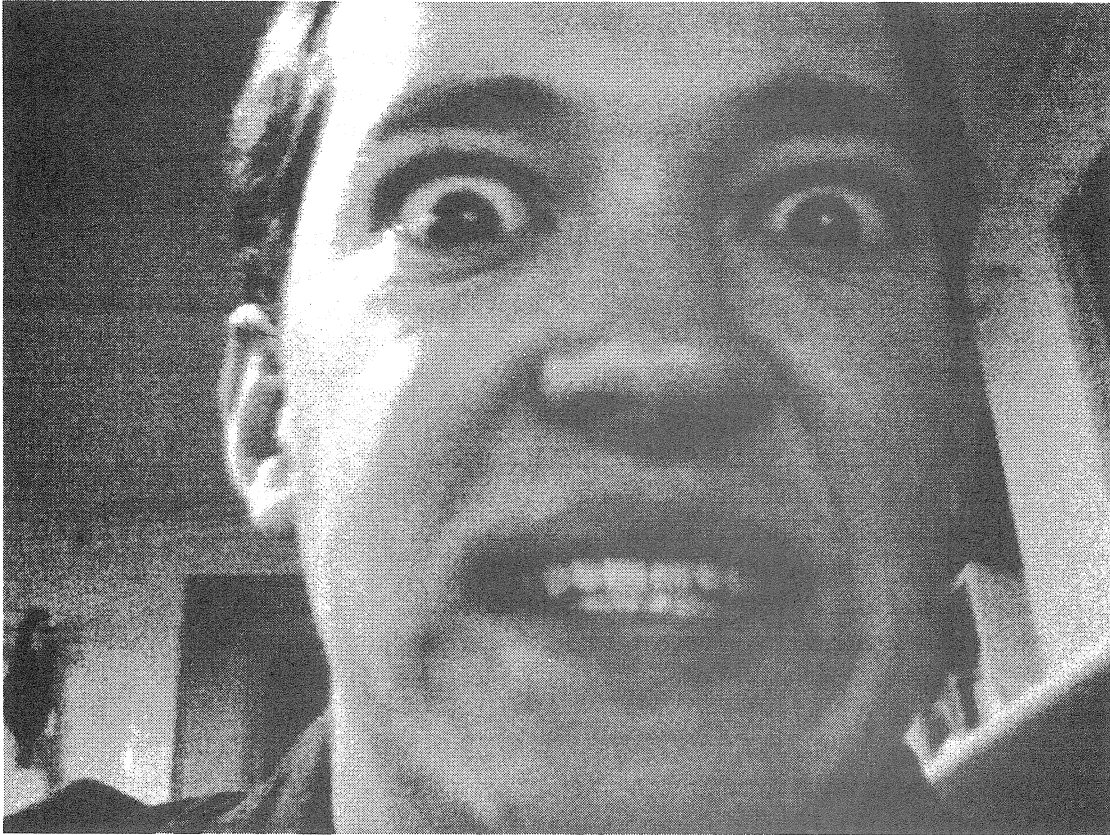
By the time you read these lines, the season will have hopefully kicked off already with some awesome skiing for the Queen's birthday weekend.

Have a look for upcoming trips in the skiing folder, get out there and carve your best turn ever.

*Nic, skiing convenor*

## ***All that Jazz***

Tennessee "the Invisible" Leeuwenburg



Hi everyone! This is my second and sadly final Mountaineer. I have found myself fading away into the distance, my finger no longer on the throbbing pulse of the outdoor life. The temptations of life, money and the city have proven too great a strain for a bear of little brain. So, this edition is dedicated to change – out with the old, in with the new. This is the send-out edition, and co-incides with the ushering in of the new committee.

So, I'd like to take the time (and space!) to thank everyone who went through the club with me. I'd also like to apologise for that photo.

-T



# 1001 Camels

Kath Hammond / Katrine Wilson

*Original Email, from Kath Hammond....*

Err hi guys,

I've got a slight problem;

I seem to have sold Katrine for 1001 camels.

What am I going to do with 1001 camels...

and the worse thing is I get another 1001 after the first child

*PLEASE SEND INTERESTING BUSINESS OPTIONS*

*The replies....*

*See if you can breed the camels & then buy yourself an upgrade model*

*girlfriend for the higher number....*

*Only kidding.*

*Go to the Australian consulate & see if you can bribe them with the camels to steal Katrine back for you. If they say no, you can sneak into Katrine's new home, under the cover of camels and rescue her yourself.*

*Rik*

*If that was an attempt to illicit responses from amongst your less forthcoming email recipients... you've got me!!!*

*WHAT'S THE REST OF THE STORY????*

*Don't do it! I'LL GIVE YOU 2000!*

*JP*

*Nothing like a good hump!*

*Andrea*

*Sounds like you've done a bad business deal; you should recieve at least twice the amount (2002 camels), and what about the probability of twins??? You are probably running low on money at the moment so 1001 camels will provide many drumsticks,  $1001 \times 4 = 4004$  drumsticks, that should be enough meals till the end of your travels, although I hear they're tough chewing! Maybe you should exchange Katrina's*

*second born for the fathers daughter to pleasure you in unconventional ways! Best of luck and maybe you should invest in a business course.*

*Jess and Kim!!*

*Trade them in for 1001 Arabs?*

*=')*

*Chee*

*In terms of what to do with the camels, have you ever had any conquesting, megalomaniac tendencies? If so, I suggest you wait until you have all 2002 camels (or even better 2503 - throwing in a 2nd child at discount rates), and then I think you have enough to start a small conquest of northern africa. I would suggest you*

give Libya a miss, though, could get a bit nasty there, but otherwise I think you should be fine. You could even teach your camels to swim, and strike northwards to Spain. You could then earn the undying loyalty of the Basks by liberating them, adding a fanatical extremist element to you conquering army.

Forget business options - why buy what you can sieze without paying??

Your aspiring general, Marty.

PS. To help you visualise this possibility, I have attached the photo "Kaths army at rest".

(Alas, this photo was lost for all time when a ravening band of terrorists wearing shorts and brandishing VB cans in a threatening manner caused the loss of much valuable data. At least they also took the beer... -ed )

Is 1001 camels a good price for Katrine?

Well, you could always run camel treks for all the tourists and charge exorbitant prices for your services. You just need to somehow wrangle an entry into Lonely Planet and then you'll be rich,

Enmoore :)

Clearly, in order to fully leverage the potential of the quadrapeds you should hire an Accenture consultant to investigate opportunities for their optimum utilisation. A value proposition could then be developed to manage the change journey from an unruly herd and a missing girlfriend to a fully realised manageable asset.

Ruth Paterson

I'll take the following number of camels:

2 for work

3 for pleasure

1 spare to keep around the house

They must come with free delivery, vet checks and leather harness & accessories. If I get to name the first child I'll take the same number again.

Cheers Joel

Use them for Midnight Ascent, as load carriers and then as dinner?

Just an idea

(Perhaps become an Arabian camel trader?)

Andy

bet them all on a rare endangered species. Bring it back to Melbourne as a test to Customs. Then sell your story to both a cheap and nasty magazine ("I sold my girlfriend for 1001 camels - what a hump") or to a special Age Inevstiagtive reporter("Crisis in Customs - tourists make Monkeys of Quarnatine laws")

Nige



*The "Centrefold Boys" looking hard*



*Someone could have a nasty fall down there...*



# ***Skiing in Norway – a different Approach***

Kath and Katrina

We had been preparing for this trip for the last few months. Finally, we had all our own hardcore gear – everything you would need to survive in the Norwegian mountains. We were excited, keen to know how everything would hold up, since this was a trip to test our gear more than ourselves. So off we set, gearfreaks with heavy packs, supplied for 6 days.

Our first night promised everything. We dug into our tent into the side of a secluded knoll just overlooking Peer Gynt Hut. As dinner cooked we watched the white and crisp mountains around us turn orange, pink, and then purple as night set in. It was a great night except for the 13 hours when the sun was down and the temperature was below -15.

The next morning we stiffly skied for hours (we were a new definition of "rock hard") and gradually thawed. Passing steep mountains with high avalanche danger, we had arrived at a hut, THANK GOD! These huts don't usually compare to anything I have seen in Australia or New Zealand. Usually there are several huts – the sleeping/living hut, the shed and the toilet. All have double glazed windows and good insulation. These Norwegians know how to make things comfortable.

Their idea of experiencing the outdoors seems very different to ours. We go off on an adventure looking for isolation, planning on being remote. In Australia we consider ourselves a special breed who pass through and leave little trace of our experience.

However, here most Norwegians have their own XC skis. There are well-used trails everywhere. It's hard to "get away". So there is a totally different emphasis. Norwegians look for a good day skiing and a comfortable safe night. Australians look for going to great places and skiing away from the trails. Try to ski tour and camp like we do, but in Norway, and it will seriously suck.

So off we went, being pissweak and staying in huts for the next three nights. When we left the huts at 10am, the temperature was -20. (a little less than the 36\* that Melbourne was experiencing) Lunch was painful. It became a race to stuff as much food into your belly before your whole body started shaking.

For the last three days we had had heavy packs for no reason. It seemed a waste not to use the tent, stove and excess clothing. "Okay, let's camp," we agreed.

After erecting the tent and building a sheltering wall, we went for a quick warm-up ski. Then we realised a few problems. One – Katrina has been stuck in her skis all day because the bindings are frozen. The only way out is boiling water. Great! Two – the MSR isn't working well. So after lots of hissing and pissing off fuel, and building a match bonfire to prime it, we nearly burnt down the tent! Katrina was getting cold. I had images of her sleeping in the tent with skis poking out of either side. (unfortunately neither of us thought of taking off her shoes).

It was getting dark and cold, but we survived this binding challenge. Next, to get

warm and full. Well, cooking was a touch cold. What should we wear to bed? How much can we wear before we don't fit in our sleeping bags? What do we need to keep warm? I went for the more is better approach, because I couldn't face taking clothes off. This was :

- 3 pairs wool socks
- 3 pairs thermal pants (1 woolen)
- 1 pair socks stuffed down thermals to warm bum
- 3 x thermal top
- 1 x neck warmer
- 100-weight fleece
- 1 wool jumper
- 1 windstopper
- 2 x beanie
- Gloves
- Inner sheet
- 900 g sleeping bag.

During the hours I was awake, I considered wearing by ski goggles. The air was too cold to breathe, so we sucked it through the inner sheets. Our water, which we kept between us, froze overnight. (that's two hot chicks!) (*right on!, -ed.*) There was heaps of condensation, which turned out to be a lovely snow lining for the inside of our tent.

Luckily, morning did arrive. Apparently I looked cured done up in my snowy sleeping bag. However, when Katrine tried to photograph me, the lens froze. (And no, you shouldn't try to scrape it off like on a car windscreen)

So we kept on, skiing in all our clothes – tired, manky and happy until we drew the last straw. LUNCH. Bikkies with frozen cheese, icy liverwurst, or peanut butter and jam that will not squeeze. It just didn't work. It was no longer fun.

So now I listen to the Norwegians. 15Kg maximum pack, stay in the huts and do good skiing. We shouldn't lose all enjoyment just to be hardcore.

Now we just have to convince Laurence, who'll be on our next trip.

### p.s. Funny Things about Norway

1. The huts have fully stocked pantries
2. You walk upstairs to the underground.
3. Norway is incredibly rich, however the schools don't have enough money to buy books.
4. Comedy is crap.
5. When they build a house they plant a tree in the roof.
6. Boiled potatoes are a speciality
7. They package caviar in toothpaste tubes (metal, with blue stripes as stars)

### p.p.s How to overtake in Norway

The roads have two lanes (2-way) with a wide shoulder. Overtake anytime and the

cars coming head-on will move over. Best to do after snow, because they don't clear the roads. Best to overtake wide oil tankers.

## Slander (*really, they mean it -ed*)

Slavik tourist officers have limited English, so they'll tell you what they can whether it's correct or not. Instead, they give you lovely homemade cakes in compensation for the information.

Poles are drunks.

Eastern Europe doesn't bother with advertising because no-one can choose to buy something more expensive.

## ***My Multiple Personalities***

Alison Thomson

*I'm a climber. Chalking up in excitement and anticipation. I've got a good stance in a corner, bridging on solid edges as I clip the rope into a quickdraw. Two moves later, both my calves are shaking, I can't see another hold, I'm getting pumped...*

**So I must be a caver. I'm jumaring up the second pitch of Hades, confident in the gear and awed by the eerie, echoing chamber. Up into the squeeze at the top of the pitch, weight on the croll, slide the jumar, stand up, no, too tight that way, I'll just move this arm a bit, no, that doesn't work either, oh no, I seem to be stuck...**

I'm definitely a paddler. Maybe not yet, but I will be. I'm no longer intimidated by the fearsome grade 2 rapids on the Yarra. I can see my target eddy, the boat's on a good angle, I'm paddling hard towards it, I've missed it, now I'm sideways in the rapid, paddling frantically, now I'm upside down in a boat...

*No, no, I'm really a climber. I've just clasped the jug that I overlooked until now. I step up gratefully onto a ledge, breathe deeply and shove a good cam into the crack. I trace the sequence with my eyes; they fall on enticing moves and reassuring stances.*

**Deep down, I'm a caver (get it!). Reaching behind me, I unhook my rack from the rock it is caught on and wriggle through to the anchor. I'm greeted by bizarre formations and I set off eagerly to explore a passage that I missed the first time.**

I thrust my paddle to the surface and before I know it I'm right way up again. I look to see who my kind rescuer is, but everyone is still at the top of the rapid. Slowly it dawns on me – I've just done my first river roll! I knew I was a paddler at heart!

**And it's not getting any easier, what with Canoe polo finals, Tassie bushwalks, (invisible) snow and a plane ticket for New Zealand mountaineering!**

# ***Capturing the Arthurs***

The mighty Andy Selby Smith

*"Shit, I've forgotten my Goretex!" he said.*

*"What do you mean?" Alison calmly retorted in an uncertain tone.*

*With a look of distress, Chee replied, "I've left my Goretex at home... my pants AND jacket." He stood in a silent quandary. The consequences were already materializing horrifically in his mind.*

*"Oh...", She stops packing her pack to ponder the thought. "Well, you'll need to borrow one."*

*Marty and Alison continued to pack away their dehydrated food while Andy quietly finished his breakfast of muesli. The sun had risen only a short while before and it's soft morning light, visible through the large paned kitchen windows, painted the Derwent river estuary. The rest of Hobart was rising to a lazy Saturday morning.*

*The clock hands silently passed 08:00. With little else to do, Chee decided to finish his breakfast too.*

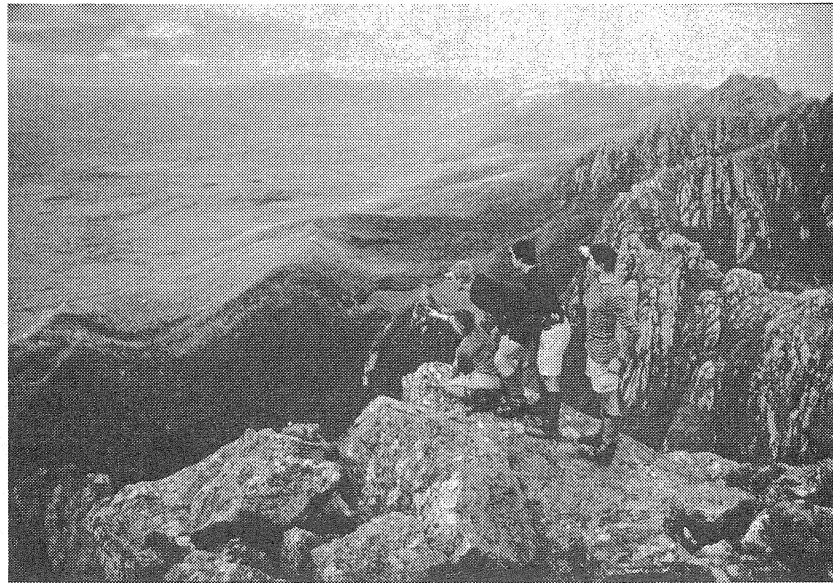
*"Andy..." Chee voiced in as calm a manner as he could, waving his hand to get Andy's attention, "...I've left my Goretex at home."*

*"Oh shit, really???" he responded. The room continued in silence... Then, staring hard at his fingers as he raised them one by one, Andy began sparing with ideas. Moments later he announced with some hope, "What about Pete Lockett?"*

That, memorably, was the prelude to our walk in Tasmania over the Arthur Ranges, SW National Park (World Heritage Site). The trip, despite anyone's potentially high expectations of Tasmania, had been nothing short of spectacular. In the thirteen days out there, we traversed a rugged skyline where despite the lack of snow was as dynamic as many higher mountains. This range was especially unusual, as many, many years ago, the last glaciation of the region moved many boulders and carved many lakes below towering cirques on their paths to the southern oceans. At altitudes between 400 - 1000 meters, these black still bodies, named after the symbols of Roman mythology, provided a calming serenity against their rocky mountain backdrops. I didn't know Andy very well, and it was the first time that the four of us would spend any time together. The gatherings beforehand – the initial trip meetings, further conversations over email, and an experimental dinner of dehydrated food at Andy's place – offered some chance for us to familiarize with one another, but were only fractional in providing the kind of insight gained only by living together. Nonetheless, in suitably high spirits, we set off on the first day to arrive at our camp a short three hours later. The ease at which we all felt that evening was a good indicator of the excellent dynamics our group possessed and would appreciate in the days approaching. I kept my camera in its waterproof waist bag – a precaution and convenience I planned upon its purchase. Where every ounce of weight counts, the decision to carry my new SLR and ¾ height aluminum framed tripod may have seemed a little preposterous. After all, I had the alternative to carry my lighter compact automatic. Though the decision to carry one camera between Alison and I would've saved us weight collectively, it was my own passion to capture the Arthurs that far outweighed any notions to carry anything less.



The next day started with a short walk before an ascent up moraine A, the entrance to the Western Arthurs. With packs in excess of 20kgs each, the journey at hand up the steep slopes seemed daunting. We stopped often in order to catch our breath, physically and metaphorically; the first views afforded by our relatively rapid ascent off the valley floor were spectacularly tantalizing to the



senses. The near infinite visibility, silent landscape, and clean damp air were an extreme contrast the bustling metropolis we'd left the night before.

That evening we came to rest at the appropriately named Square Lake. Like clockwork, we began the process of setting up camp, swiftly, and often concurrently while dinner was prepared. Time was essentially given the fading light and hungry souls. Both pairs had spent many hours in the months prior to our departure experimenting and dehydrating enough meals for the next two weeks. This trip was my first encounter with dehydrated food. Though the prospect of leathery strips with some semblance to cut up vegetables may have seemed uninspiring when compared to their fresh counterparts, preparations were clean, quick, and easy, and produced a highly nutritional result. All our prior work at home chopping, dehydrating, sorting, and allotting meals left us only to boil a pot of water and dump in each meal. Store bought freeze dried food paled in comparison to the nutritional contents of each night's economically prepared zip lock bag. Curry, black bean, and pasta sauces among many savoury others appeased our tastebuds, though Alison and I did underestimate the quantity of food I was able to consume. While the variety Andy and Marty enjoyed in their dinners, for which we were often offered a hearty spoonful, outdid our own, we were all very envious of Alison's idea for dried fruit. With a dessert of chocolate mousse, crème custard, or jelly to follow, the successes of our efforts impressed and reassured all of us.

By day three we came to Lake Oberon, one of the few well photographed scenes of the Western Arthurs. As I pushed my way through the *Richea scoparia* agonizingly slowly to prevent being shredded by its sharp rigid leaves, the view I looked upon and the photo Peter Dombrovskis had taken 30 years before began to coincide. Except for the tracks around the campsite by the lake below, the image was a testament to the ageless continuance of these mountains. Even the three *Richea pandanifolias*, or pandani pines seen in his photos continued their ceaseless vigil. The tracks up to this point were well beaten, marked and mostly planked to protect the slowly generative alpine scrub. Not as many continued past this relatively short three

day traverse to this scenic lake, and as such the track would not be as well developed further on. Nonetheless, we continued on after a short rest stop by the lake.

While circumventing the lake on the cirque several hundred metres above, the narrow trail edged us into an unusual pass, a gap amongst giant overhanging boulders wide enough only for a body or rucksack. Our elation, especially Alison's at the prospect of caving, focused upon the obstacle before us and through a coordinated effort hoisted owner and heavy pack through the gap (Later on in the journey Alison's elation would turn upon a passage that mimicked her canyoning experiences). Though this and many other obstacles were fun, bringing about a change to our pacing steps, I felt that each served to drive the unspoken union within our group ever closer together. In a fuzzy feel-good kind of way, I appreciated the last and looked forward to the next.

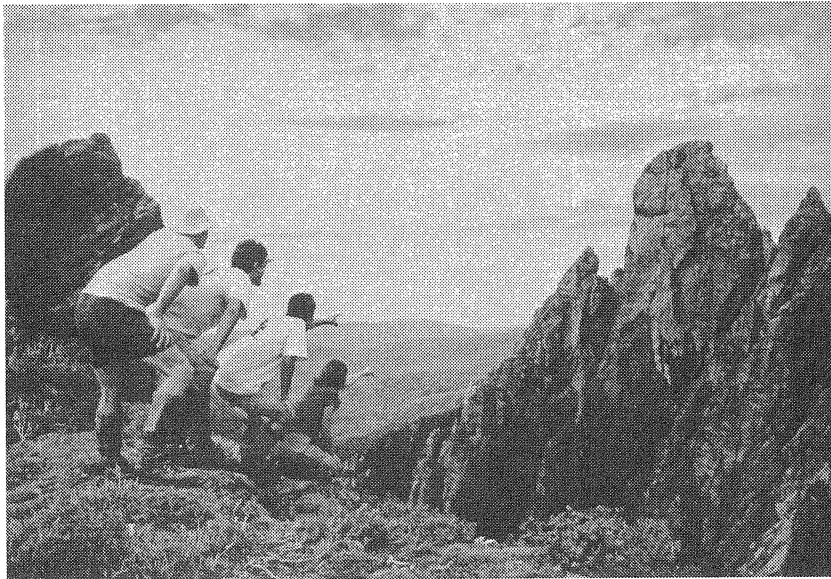


The first day of a bad weather system from the south rolled in the next day, buffeting unrelentingly against the mountains. After three prior days of walking we willingly decided to take the next day off at Haven Lake. Contented just to sit in our tents amidst the tapping rain drops, reading, playing cards, and chatting, we relaxed in each other's company. I even learned to play the game of 500, a traditional MUMC favourite (keep in mind I'm an exchange student). It was more complicated than most card games I knew (bridge excepted), relying on keen observation of the cards played, knowledge and planned implementation of known strategies (though once recognized, seem to become almost expected), a willingness to take risks and call one's bluff, and of course, a dash of luck. Even the ever cheerful Alison turned a poker-faced stone during each round - her expression was unrevealing about the *Flaming Molaky* she held. Furthermore, with books to read like 'The Evolution of the Idea of God', and 'Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance', we were never short of tasks at hand. I truly came to appreciate the simple nature of our current lifestyle; unlike living from a suitcase, living off of the contents of your pack was as liberating as it was confining.

After being well rested, we set off the next day into the cold rain and sleet holding hope that this weather could not persist indefinitely. It was not surprising my camera hid in its maroon carrying case for the next several days. Inukshuks, more commonly known as cairns, marked our path through the fog where we occasionally lost the ill defined track. Though one generally couldn't resent our surrounding environment, my mood also dipped with the foul weather. The lack of overpants left my exposed legs cold and tender in the wind, rain, and unrelenting scrub. And the lack of shelter along the exposed ridges afforded no solace for lunch; consequently, it was easy to decide to push on rather than stop to eat. Tired, cold, and very hungry, we arrived at camp for the next two nights content with the day's progress and the ensuing hot meal. Though I knew they'd be wet very quickly the next day, I still

attempted to dry my socks and underpants by sleeping with them in my bag each night. That of course wasn't facilitated by the fact that our tent's floor, a well used club Minaret, leaked like a fine net. However, though the winds raged with a fury, it was comforting to know that the tent stayed up with the guy wires pegged. Sleep, despite the noise, always came with ease.

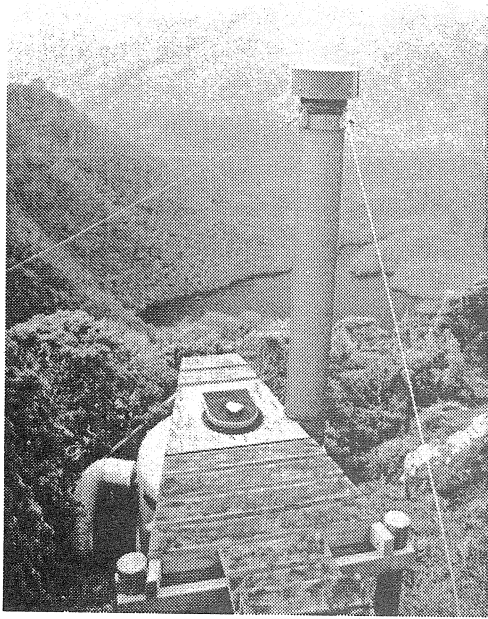
By day ten we were off the Western Arthurs and had ascended the moraine to rest at Stuart Saddle on the Eastern Arthurs. Not of course without a rest stop a Pass Creek where my pack, camera, and I all had a cool swim in the running water. I attempted rather successfully not to worry too much about my camera for the day was



hot, my gear managed to dry, and my camera still appeared to work. After four prior days of bad weather, which had cleared as suddenly as mountain air does, that evening marked a natural median to our trip. We'd all agreed that the rain was necessary in order to fully

appreciate the sunset we watched that evening as well as the good weather in the days that followed. The completion of the Western Arthurs was also a time of celebration and in spectacular fashion, we enjoyed a chocolate shaved, dehydrated fruit topped cheesecake. My respect for Andy's initial 34kg pack elevated when he also surprised us with a glass of Baileys to accompany our cheesecake, extracted from the bottle he had been concealing in his pack.

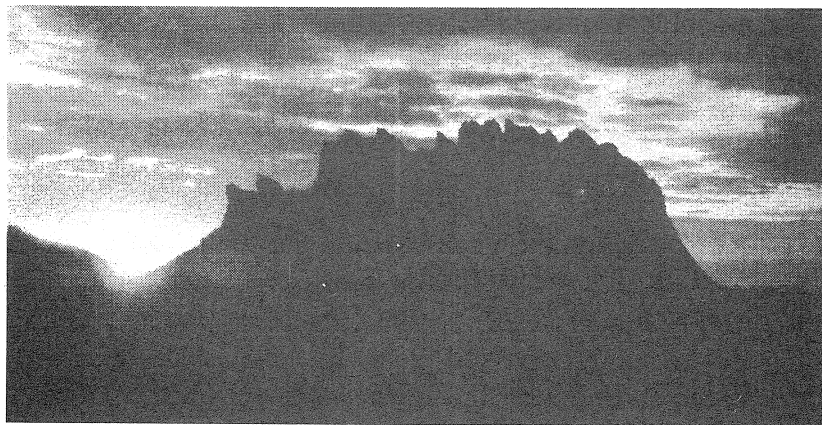
The climax of our trip was the small climb to the summit of Federation peak, first attempted successfully in 1949 and many times thereafter, which afforded us 360° views of the surrounding landscape. Reading the inscriptions in the log book at the summit reminded us of many other successful attempts at the summit; Andy was undemocratically appointed to make our own mark (OXO!). Other than the obviousness of the hydroelectric damming to form Lake Pedder, there was little sign of human influence. Edged on with the encouragement and the teasing demands of my fellow hikers, I deployed my tripod and mounted my camera to photograph the opportunity. By this point I was elevated to the position of trip photographer, owing to the fact that I held a bigger camera for Andy too had a keen eye within the frame of his automatic. After enjoying a creative photo shoot, we descended the mountain in high spirits, gratified by the views, and satisfied by our own accomplishments. The next two days were spent leisurely on a platform beside Hanging Lake, 1070m up in the mountains.



It is worth a mention that the dunny found at Hanging Lake was unlike any other I'd ever seen. Though views from our tent platform were fine, the dunny with a view, built off the sloped mountainside, commanded a better, unobstructed view of the surrounding landscape. Thus, it's rather unfortunate its designers elected the view of the mountainside while taking care of business when they designed the opening lid.

With the good weather holding, we even indulged in a scrub in the chilling waters of Hanging Lake. Despite my apprehension and low affinity for cold water, the plunge was still refreshing albeit short. Like the last rest day at Haven Lake, the two days were interspersed with cards, meals, conversation, and reading. However, unlike the last rest day, the cool wind and

surprisingly warm air, afforded an outdoor respite in the company of the sandflies and those of the blood sucking March variety. In those seemingly calm moments I recall a memory of our clothes hanging indifferently on the laundry line at which point I realized that most all my gear was either blue or red. The blue sky, visible through the passing high cloud, also afforded me more chances to take pictures, though mostly from the dunny platform; while it would aid in capturing the moment, I was glad that photographs did not yet reproduce smell. Knowing that our exit was merely a two days walk away, Alison and I also lifted our Draconian food rationing scheme and



enjoyed portions enough to satisfy even myself.

Sunset of day twelve brought us scrambling with urgency up Geeves bluff to catch the last fleeting moments of light. Though I'd seen this perpetual daily cycle in many other amazing places, my appreciation for its radiate beauty remained unrelenting. The blending of dark blue to scarlet purple and finally crimson red and gold in the distance reflected softly on our pink faces. With a newborn stare and wonder, we gazed affixed at the chariot of Apollo as it descended into the open seas. To our right, the shadows from the dying rays of light flanked the jagged mountain range we had just traversed. Eyes set distantly upon our first peak, I remembered



myself only ten days before staring towards where I now stood. The distance made the scene look like a well painted canvas, though infinite at its edges. As we strolled leisurely back to camp, the route out to Farmhouse Creek was clearly visible along the valley floor. With reminiscent reflection, I realize that that sunset was a marked end, a blazing finale, a fulfilling closure to our journey.

Due to good weather for most of the trip (of course sleet and rain for five of thirteen days was considered good for mountainous Tasmania) we came out early to spend the last two days in Hobart exploring its immediate vicinity and having a good shower as we reintegrated into civilization.

Though the radiance of everyone's bliss, clearly evident in our smiles, comes across in the photographs, I must admit that in the four rolls of film that I had shot, few, if any, could convey the incredibility of a walk only felt by its willing participants. Nonetheless, together with the well fostered friendships, shared experiences, and fond memories, I felt this walk, its isolation, serenity, and simplicity, was essential for me to realise that I truly loved photography.



With their packs in the boot and a bus to catch, the quartet whisked off to the home of Pete Lockett, whereby through the use of his bush green japara, the group was assured that Chee's oversight had been solved. They boarded the bus minutes before its departure for Scott's Peak Dam. An hour later, while careening around the windy roads of South West Tasmania, they caught their first glimpse of the Arthur Ranges through the bus's left windows.

