

SHUTTERBUG



Cape Raoul, Tasmania

Looking up, whether you're surrounded by buildings or nature, can result in unusual and effective shots, as Yoav Bar-Ness found.

The photo was taken of some eucalyptus crowns on the Cape Raoul track in the south-east corner of Tasmania. Isn't it great how discretely they divide the sky space? I was on a trip with the University of Tasmania bushwalking club. I like treetops and spend a fair bit of time looking upwards. Nice geometry up there.

Camera was a digital Canon IXUS 400.

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Compiled by Anne Crawford

striped sheet, which was covered with a striped blanket and then a striped quilt the size and consistency of Mount Everest. Every layer had to be crease-free and tight and the stripes had to match. I just couldn't get it. It was like trying to get the planets to align. After four weeks of stripe hell, it was time to go. I had done my best but I just wasn't going to make the daily miracles happen in the bed-making department.

So, on to boat No. 2, Alibea. When I met the departing stewardess for a coffee, she told me tales of hardship and woe, cried and said she was returning to live with her sect in India. Alarm bells should have been ringing, but after seeing the

up on deck to serve drinks and nibblies. Set table for crew lunch. 1pm: set table for client lunch. 1.30pm: serve four-course lunch. 3pm: clear table, wash up, clean deck area, restock bar fridges, clean crew area. Repolish glasses. 4pm: laundry, washing and ironing, vacuum crew bedroom. 6pm: Grab a bite (haven't eaten all day). 7pm: begin setting for dinner, set crew area. 8pm: serve four-course dinner. 10pm: clean up, stow all china, polish all cutlery. Run to put last load of washing on. 11pm: eat. Midnight: If guests have gone ashore, wait until they return. Whenever that may be. Polish

the captain and he assured me that I would have decent sleeping quarters and regular snacks. It was as pleasant an experience as one could have.

One guest, after dining onboard at Monte Carlo, looked at a map on the way to bed, yawned, stretched and said, "I want to wake up there tomorrow."

"There" was Sicily. Instead of sleeping, the crew readied the boat and set off on the 20-hour cruise, arriving in time for the lady to dine on croissants with a view of Etna. That's the sort of service you get for 75,000 euro (\$A125,000). This is the same lady who asked us to turn up the ocean

plied by the captain with as many cola cans as I could carry for my travels ahead, as well as razors, shampoo, a bottle of wine and sachets of clothes whitener.

He seemed touchingly concerned for my welfare as I headed back into the real world. But I assured him that as long as I kept away from stripes and snoring Italians, everything would be fine.

