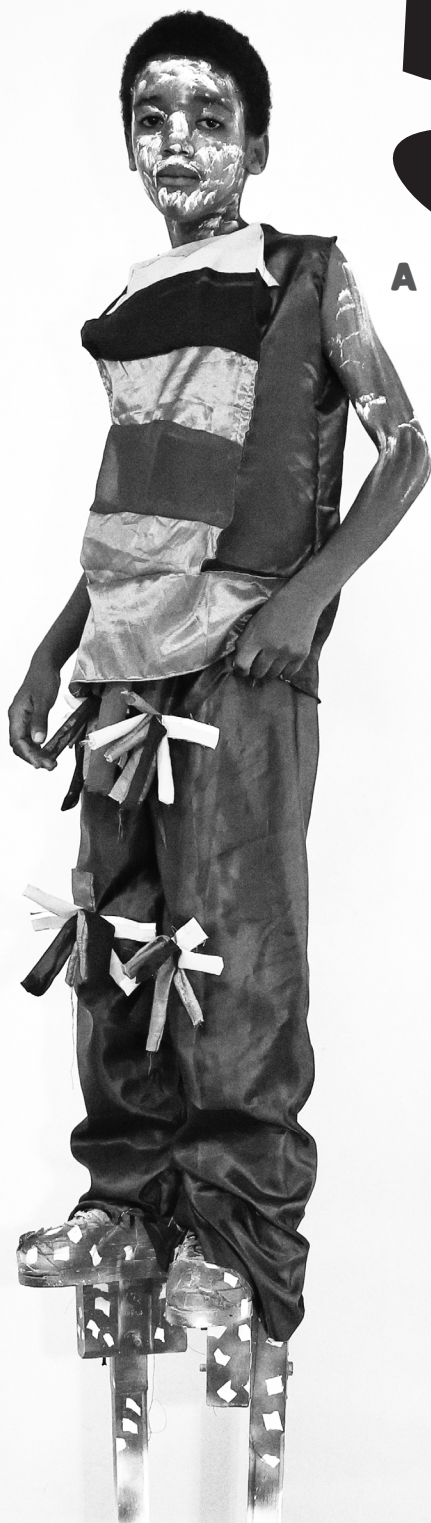


# 52

A PHOTOGRAPHY JOURNAL



# 52

A PHOTOGRAPHY JOURNAL

**ISSUE # FOUR:  
AUGUST 2021**



**SIVANI BOXALL**

**SIVANI.BOXALL@GMAIL.COM**

**CHAD LUE CHOY**

**CHAD@CHADLUECHOY.COM**

**SARITA RAMPERSAD**

**SARITA@SARITAPHOTOGRAPHY.COM**

**SOPHIE BENOIT**

**SOPHIESOMATO@GMAIL.COM**

**DENISE COLEMAN**

**COLEMAN.DE@COMCAST.NET**

UP UP





# AND AWAY



“Air travel has changed drastically over the years. I remember when we were able to walk straight up to the airstrip and only a hip-high fence separated us from the aeroplanes. These days nobody even calls them aeroplanes!”

Flying has turned into a high-security operation, we are interrogated, both our belongings and our bodies are scanned and once we arrive we have to go through it all over again.

This current pandemic has introduced new measures. I spent days researching them for my flight from Düsseldorf to London. I had decided to brave them all in order to visit my parents after 18 months of separation because I had run out of hope that things would “go back to normal”.

My parents had moved back to the UK in 2017 after 42 years in Switzerland to enjoy their retirement in a country which spoke their language, was flat enough to take long walks in and where take-out was both affordable and delicious. I settled in Germany for love, my brother remains in Switzerland. Travel was so affordable and easy that we'd never thought it could pose a problem. I'd often buy a return ticket for 19,20€ (approx. 23,50\$) and visit my parents spontaneously whenever I had a few days between assignments

**SIVANI BOXALL**



This trip however, required a lot of preparation. I needed:

A negative Covid test, no older than 72 hours, translated to English with my name, birthdate, type and accuracy of the test.

Although Germany offers its inhabitants weekly free tests, finding one with an English translation wasn't easy.

To quarantine for 10 full days.

Some countries were classified as more at risk and people coming from there would have to quarantine in a hotel at their own cost. I had checked and double checked the regulations to make sure I was allowed to do so at home.

Pre-ordered Covid tests.

During my quarantine I would have to take two Covid tests, one on Day 2 (arrival day was Day 0) and one on Day 8. The first to make sure I wasn't infected before travelling and potentially passing it on to everyone on the plane, the second to make sure I didn't get infected during the trip. The cheapest tests I could find were 116£ (approx. 170\$)

An approved Passenger Locator Form which requires information of where you're travelling from, which plane and even which seat you'll be on, which address you'll be quarantining at, a phone number and your covid-test order number.

At an eerily deserted Düsseldorf airport my documents and forms were meticulously checked before I received my boarding pass. We all kept our distance in the waiting area and most people had their masks on. On board a lady was told that the plane wouldn't take off unless she managed to cover her seemingly freshly broken nose and the tubes protruding from it. She managed to do so with a second mask and finally we were airborne. I had the whole row to myself and was free to relax and feel the excitement of travel for the duration of the short flight.

Once we landed however my anxiety returned.

Would they let me in? Would they force me to quarantine at a hotel? I stood in a queue with at least 200 passengers from all over the world waiting for four officials to let us access the electronic gates. Most of the people around me stared down at their cell phones, shuffling along like catatonic



Zombies, some not even keeping their distance, some coughing so hard I thought they might keel over any minute. I started to feel unsafe.

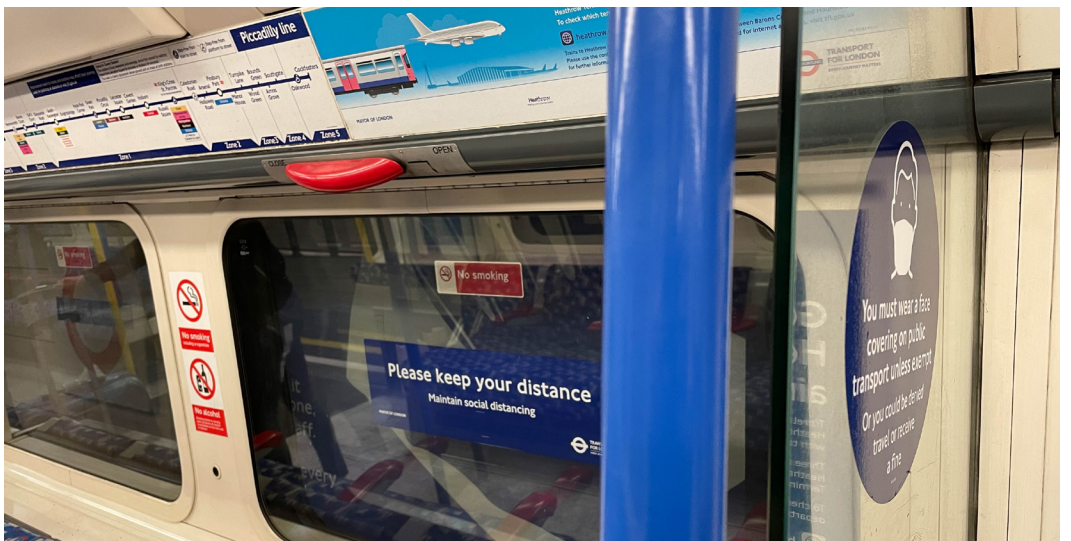








One man was arguing with an official, saying that as a manager there was no need for him to pre-order tests. One official was amazed that the woman at his desk had traveled to and from Turkey without a passport. Finally after 50 minutes, my preparation paid off and I was allowed to remove my mask for the photo, scan my passport and enter the UK.





Once with my parents, we all adhered to the safety precautions. It was only prudent after that long wait in the arrival hall. When my Day 8 test came back negative I was overjoyed and leapt into my mother's arms. It was the longest, best hug in years. Much to my father's relief, I immediately stopped airing every 30 minutes.

During my quarantine I received daily calls from the National Health Service (NHS) who reminded me to stay indoors and take my tests. They were kind and even attentive enough to learn how to pronounce my name correctly. During my last call, they thanked me for keeping Britain safe.





The day I arrived, Germany declared the UK a "new variant risk zone" which resulted in the airline cancelling my flight. I've now booked a later flight because honestly, who knows when I can see my parents again? The new classification means I'll have to quarantine when I get back as well. My clients are not amused but luckily are understanding.

Now that I'm out of quarantine I'm free to enjoy my time in the UK. It too has changed although luckily not too much.







All in all I can say that travel has once again become more complicated and way more expensive. I've spent over 500\$ more than usual. Being here with my parents is worth it but I won't be flying for pleasure anytime soon.

Sivani Boxall  
<https://inavisionphotography.com/>





# MOKI JUMBIES

by Chad Lue Choy

It's high noon on Carnival Monday in Trinidad. The unrelenting heat rises from the asphalt street now littered with flattened plastic water bottles as a music truck, a 40' low-boy trailer that's been outfitted with 16 massive outdoor concert speakers, on-board generators and a professional sound system, blares soca music at unapproved NIOSH levels. The throng of scantily clad masqueraders presses against the cars unwisely parked on the street that day, gyrating in unison to the sensual rhythm. When the gentle northeasterly breeze subsides, your nose fills with the smell of cigarette smoke and diesel fumes. Then they appear in the distance. Towering above the crowd of revelers, they pick their way through the melee with surgical dexterity as they make their approach. One by one the people detract from their debauchery and stare in awe and wonder. The Moko Jumbies have arrived.





The Moko Jumbies are the stilt walkers of the West Indian islands. Moko is the Orisha God of Retribution. According to folklore, Moko walked across the Atlantic Ocean from West Africa to arrive in Trinidad. Moko was seen as the protector, the deity who would watch over the people of the village; who because of his great height

could see evil and danger approaching from afar. The spirit of Moko endured the horrors of slavery, and after emancipation, was set free to walk the streets at Carnival. In true Caribbean style, somebody, somewhere mixed Moko together with jumbie, the local parlance for ghost, and so the Moko Jumbie was born.











Moko Jumbies have been part of the Trinidad carnival since the 1890's. Decorated with colourful pantaloons, skirts and jackets and always masked to protect their identity, they would roam the streets at Carnival on highly decorated stilts, sometimes as high as 15', accepting contributions from the spectators on the upper floor balconies and windows of buildings; literally elevating the art of busking. But as the carnival traditions and personas such as the Fancy Sailor, Bats, and Burrokeets gave way to the contemporary bikini, feathers and beads of the Rio/Mardi Gras styled parade in the 80's, the Moko Jumbies slowly faded into the background.

Fast forward to today and there is not only a revival, but a virtual renaissance of Moko Jumbie culture. Artist such as Adrian "Daddy Jumbie" Young and Alan Vaughn of "Touch d Sky" are exploring new ways to portray the character, new dances, collaborations and new costumes. In 2017, Junior Bisnath of Kaisokah Jumbies set out to establish a Guinness World Record with a gathering of over 500 Moko Jumbies. Joshua Lue Chee Kong and Kirston Chen's #1000Mokos gives free stilt walking lessons on weekends to both young and old, in camps and parks around the city. And in recent years, the coveted Queen of Carnival title has been won by Stephanie Kanhai and Shynel Brizan, both in Moko Jumbie portrayals.














And it's so much more than just a simple traditional carnival costume. Moko Jumbie culture, like sports or music, now provides a positive outlet for kids and young adults on which to focus their creativity, time and energy; even providing opportunities for the more proficient to appear in paid appearances at concerts, event openings and parades. There are the obvious physical aspects of stilt walking and stilt dancing, the psychological benefits of overcoming your fears, and the tight supportive community of everyone who has every strapped on and fallen from a pair of stilts. In a way, Moko Jumbie is a metaphor for facing life, rising above its many challenges and getting back up when we've fallen. As Tekel "Salti Lingo" Sylvan, king of the Moko Jumbie band Moko Somōkōw once told me "Stick is life".

Chad is a photographer based in the Caribbean who loves travel, food, and telling the unique stories of people who make stuff.

[www.chadluechoy.com/](http://www.chadluechoy.com/)









# Light/Shadow Punography

Sarita Rampersad





**I'm staying with an aunt, and while making coffee at an ungodly hour one morning, I noticed the light falling on to a countertop tile, through the window frames, in a very interesting way.**

**I decided to rummage around to find items in the kitchen that would fit on it, and in the course of shooting - every morning around the same time (there's nothing like a photography project to get you out of bed!) - I came to appreciate the very different characteristics between the objects themselves, and the shadows they created.**

**I love puns, so it became a personal challenge to not only shoot these items, but come up with catchy titles for them...the titles are as much a part of the series as the images themselves.**

**Not every item you'll see is a 'kitchen' item, but they were all found in hers - many were residents of the junk drawer that I'm sure exists in many kitchens around the world.**

**I hope you have some fun making the associations between the images and their names and that you enjoy both in the process:)**



"Clip Art"

Savita





"Delightful"

Santa  
😊



"Funnel Vision"

Santa  
👁️





"Hold Strain"

Savita  
::



"Pack Man"

Santa  
👁️





"Screwed"

Santa  
☺





"Shameless Plug"

Savita  
❧





"Stretch Marks"

Santa



"This Sucks"

Santa



"Shameless Plug"

Santa



"Thread Lightly"

Santa






"Unbeaten"

*Sarita*  
♡



**Movember**





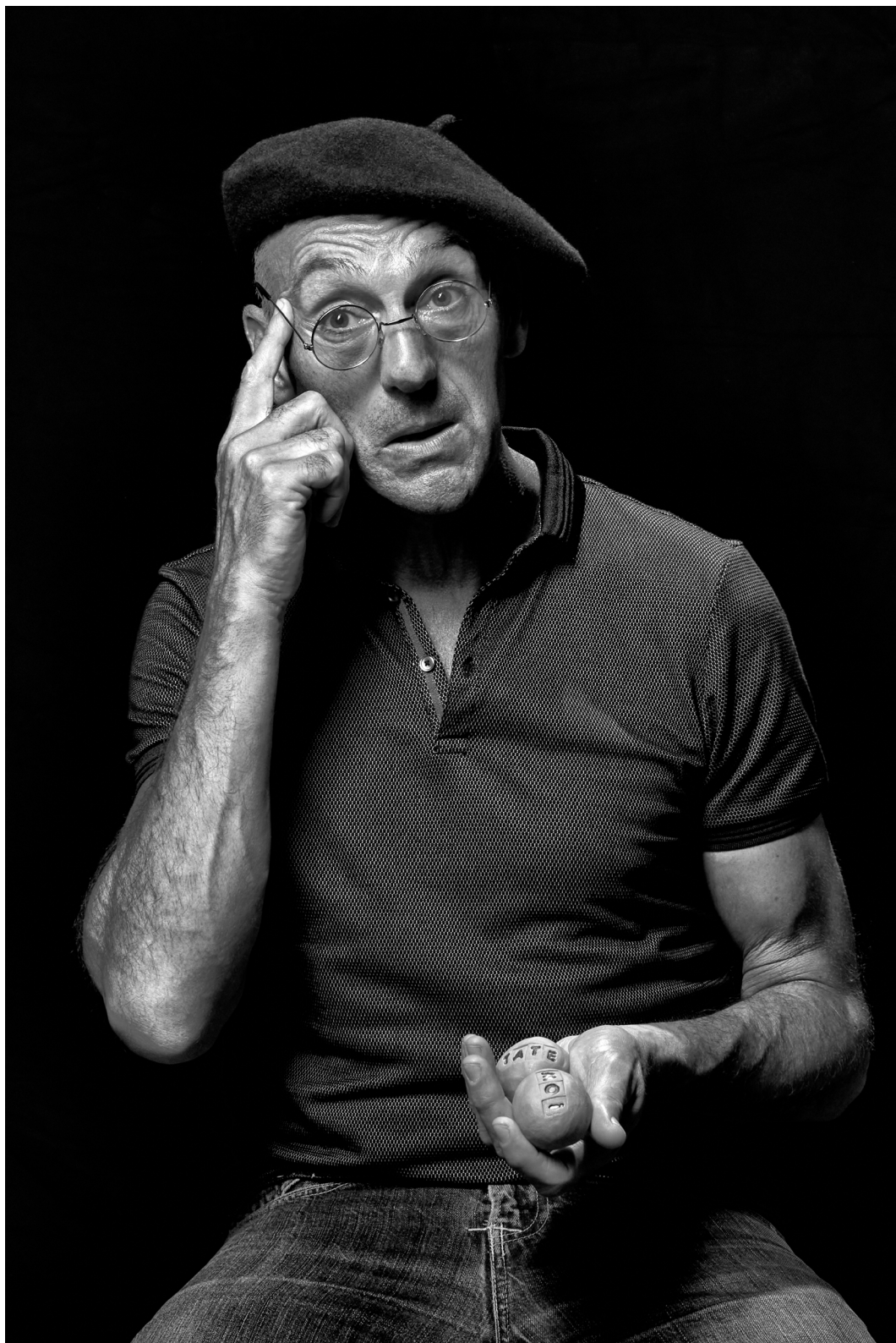
Through my work as a Body-psychotherapist I regularly observe that very few men are aware of the prevention that exists with regard to hormonal-dependent cancers, that is to say testicular and prostate cancer. How many young men know the testicular palpation technique when 70% of these cancers affect the 15-35 years old? 9 out of 10 testicular cancers, caught on time, will be cured. How many men know the eating and lifestyle habits that contribute to a healthy prostate? How many men have a habit of consulting their GP or urologist about this? How many run away at the mere mention of the subject?

So this is the goal of this series, to challenge with images that hopefully will make you want to read further. On the technical side, I created a framework within which the participants chose how they wanted to present themselves. I want to highlight everyday men, those that we often do not see but are attentive husbands, fathers, friends. I encouraged them to dare to test, to dare not to take themselves seriously despite the seriousness of the subject, to dare what is not their daily life. Joy is in everything, you have to know how to extract it. Daring to extract it can save our lives.

Sophie Benoit, Body-psychotherapist / Photographer based in Antibes, France. I spend my time trying to seize the magic that surrounds me.

[www.sophie-benoit.fr](http://www.sophie-benoit.fr)  
[sophiesomato@gmail.com](mailto:sophiesomato@gmail.com)  
instagram: [sophiembenoit](https://www.instagram.com/sophiembenoit)























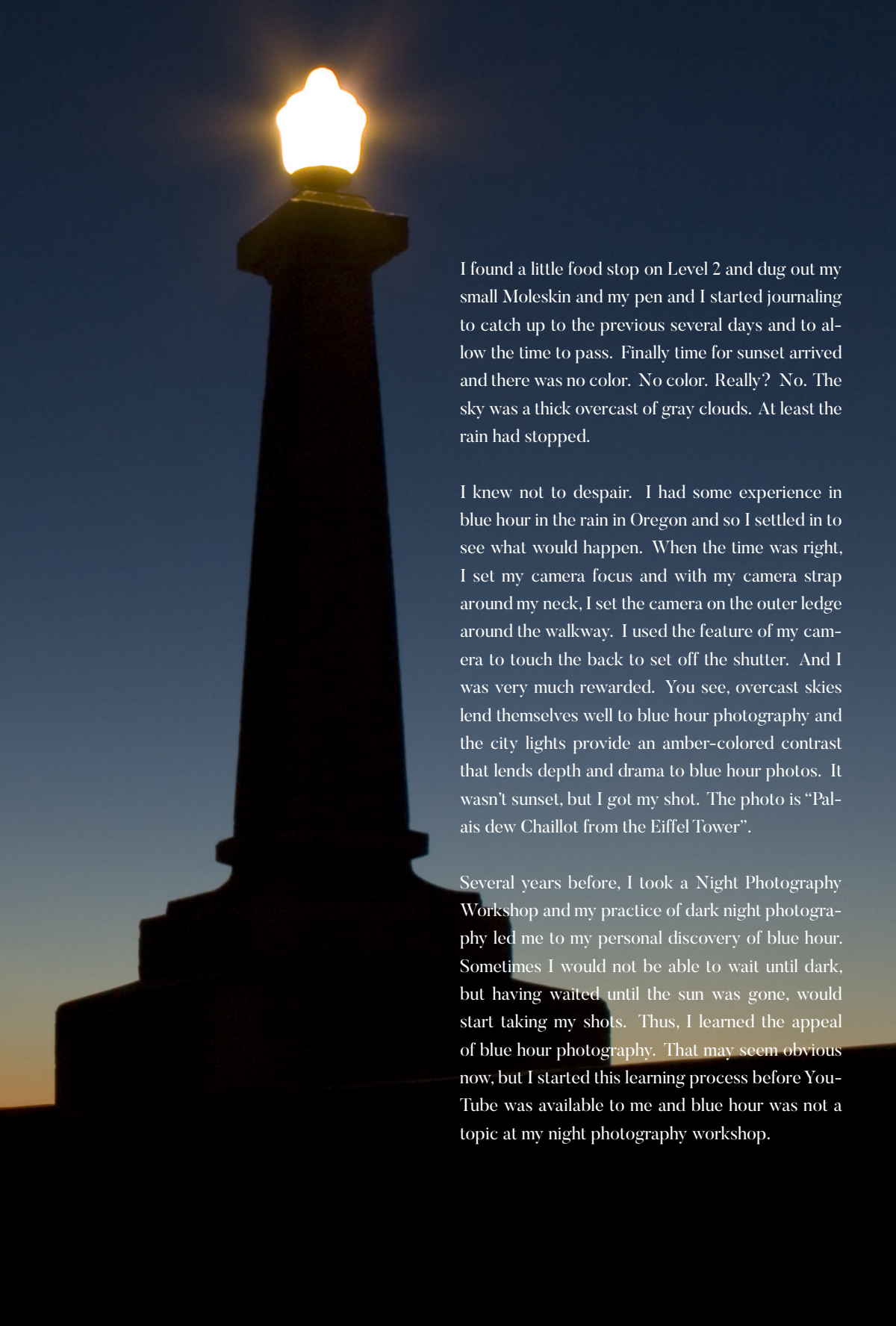




Blue hour - The time after the sun has set and before the sky has turned inky black.

I stepped out of the taxi at the Eiffel Tower two hours before sunset. I had carefully and conservatively estimated the time that would take me to go through the security check and stand in line at the elevators to be able to tour each of the 3 levels and select my vantage point for what I hoped would be the sunset shot of my life. This was in January and there were so few people that twenty-five minutes later I had seen each level and chosen my spot on level 2. I had also taken several shots with my Canon M5 and, of course, a selfie. So, the next question was what would I do for 1.5 hours at the Eiffel Tower, especially since it had started raining.





I found a little food stop on Level 2 and dug out my small Moleskin and my pen and I started journaling to catch up to the previous several days and to allow the time to pass. Finally time for sunset arrived and there was no color. No color. Really? No. The sky was a thick overcast of gray clouds. At least the rain had stopped.

I knew not to despair. I had some experience in blue hour in the rain in Oregon and so I settled in to see what would happen. When the time was right, I set my camera focus and with my camera strap around my neck, I set the camera on the outer ledge around the walkway. I used the feature of my camera to touch the back to set off the shutter. And I was very much rewarded. You see, overcast skies lend themselves well to blue hour photography and the city lights provide an amber-colored contrast that lends depth and drama to blue hour photos. It wasn't sunset, but I got my shot. The photo is "Palais de Chaillot from the Eiffel Tower".

Several years before, I took a Night Photography Workshop and my practice of dark night photography led me to my personal discovery of blue hour. Sometimes I would not be able to wait until dark, but having waited until the sun was gone, would start taking my shots. Thus, I learned the appeal of blue hour photography. That may seem obvious now, but I started this learning process before YouTube was available to me and blue hour was not a topic at my night photography workshop.



Many people make great efforts to be ready at an iconic location for a sunset photo, and there are amazing photos during golden hour and that brilliant time that the sun sets. Then when the color begins to disappear, they pack up their gear and leave. That's unfortunate for them, but it is a wonderful opportunity for those that know about the beguiling qualities of blue hour light.

As I mentioned, overcast skies can provide a soft-box kind of light for the foreground for your photos. See "Fishhouse on the Pier" which was taken near Tillamook, Oregon. It was actually spitting rain and I walked to the pier with my camera under an umbrella, set up my tripod, and used a cable release, and from under the umbrella took the shot. The bright light near the upper left power point is a boat coming into dock. The photo "Notre Dame at Blue Hour" was also taken with a heavy overcast.

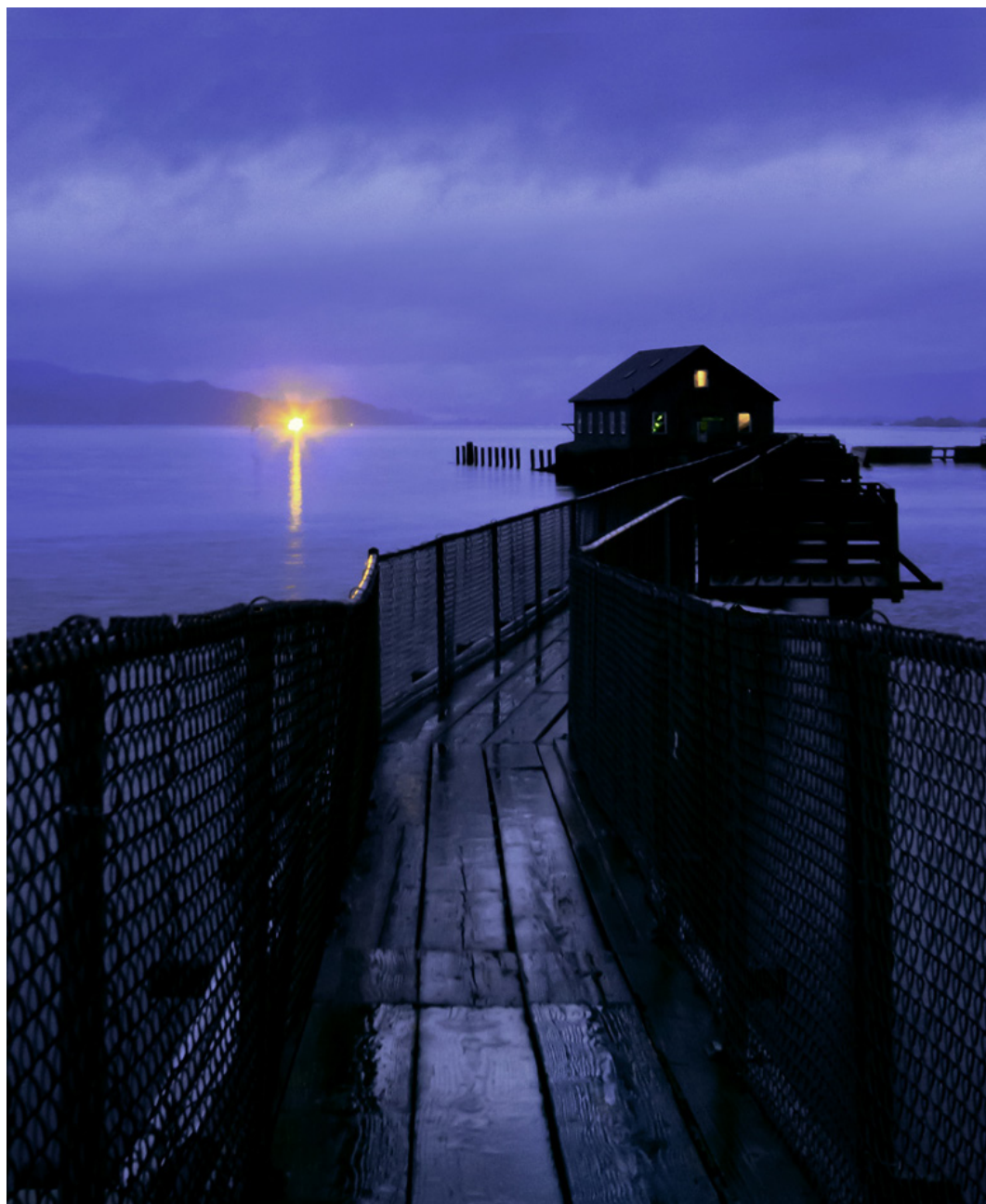
The two Paris shots that I've mentioned also illustrate the effect of city lights at blue hour. The lights are amber and reddish colored, which contrasts with the complementary color of the blue tones. The warm tones come forward while the cool tones appear to recede into the background. The result is a photo with more depth and perhaps a deeper story.

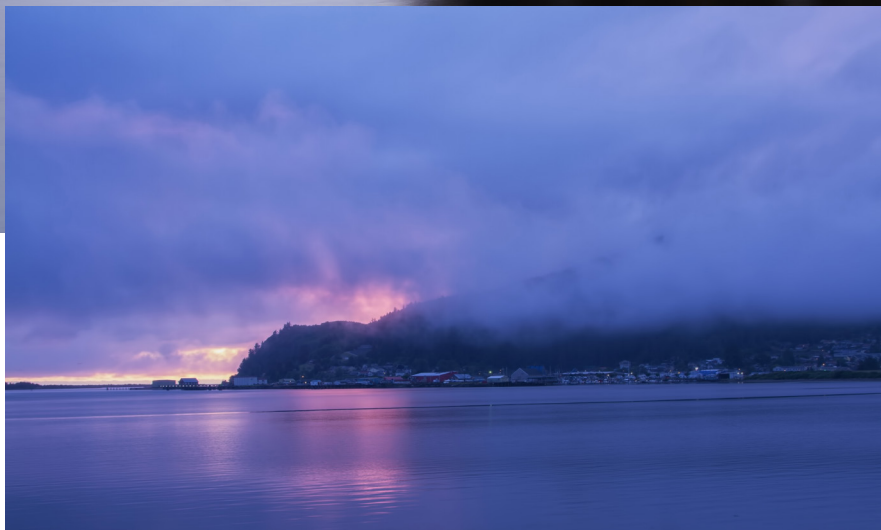
Two other wonderful effects at blue hour are to paint a foreground subject with light and to include the moon in the photo. "Yucca and the Full Moon" is an example of painting with light and including the slightly yellow colored full moon. Again we have the warm light of the moon and the effect of the complementary blue color of the sky.





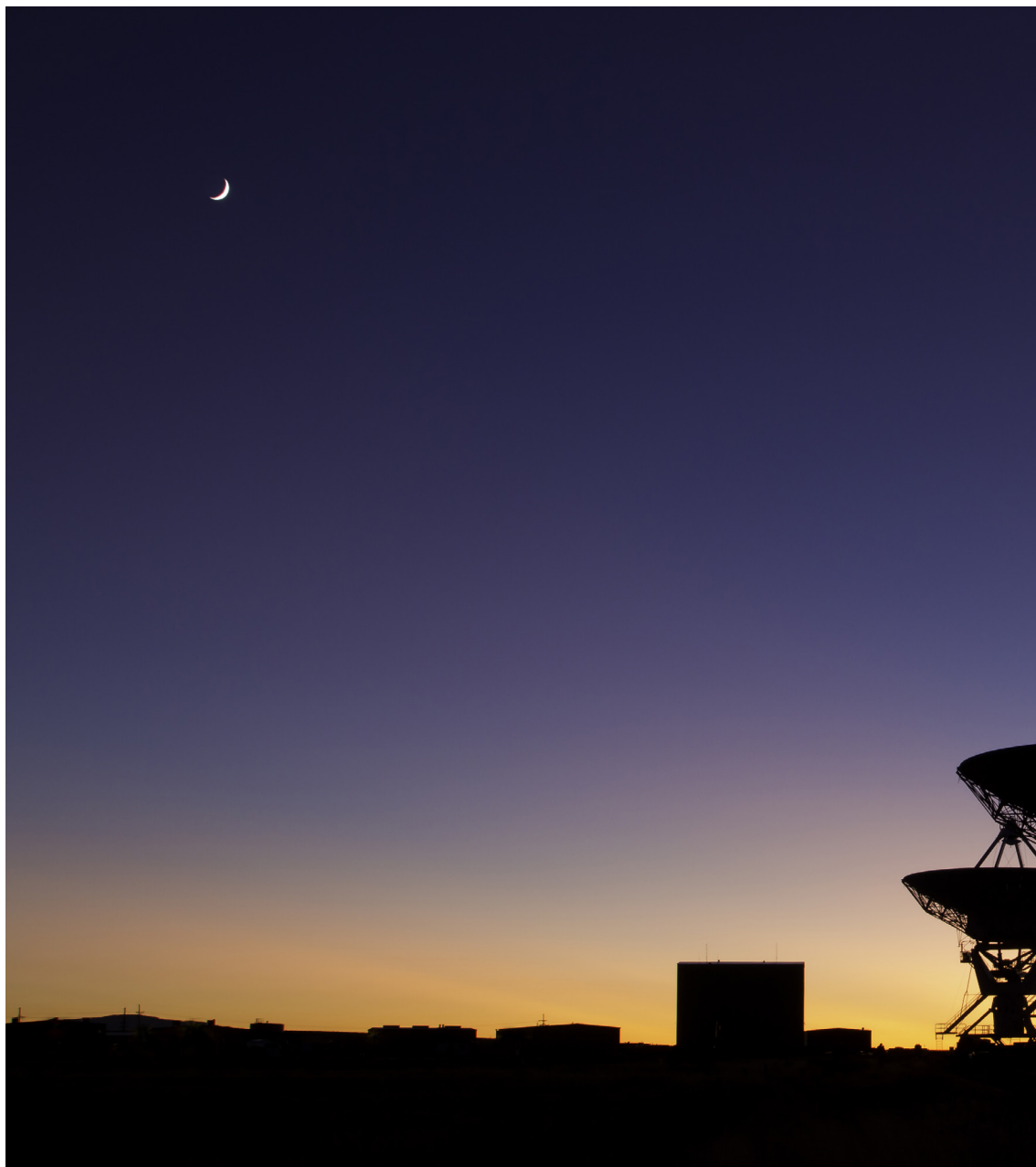






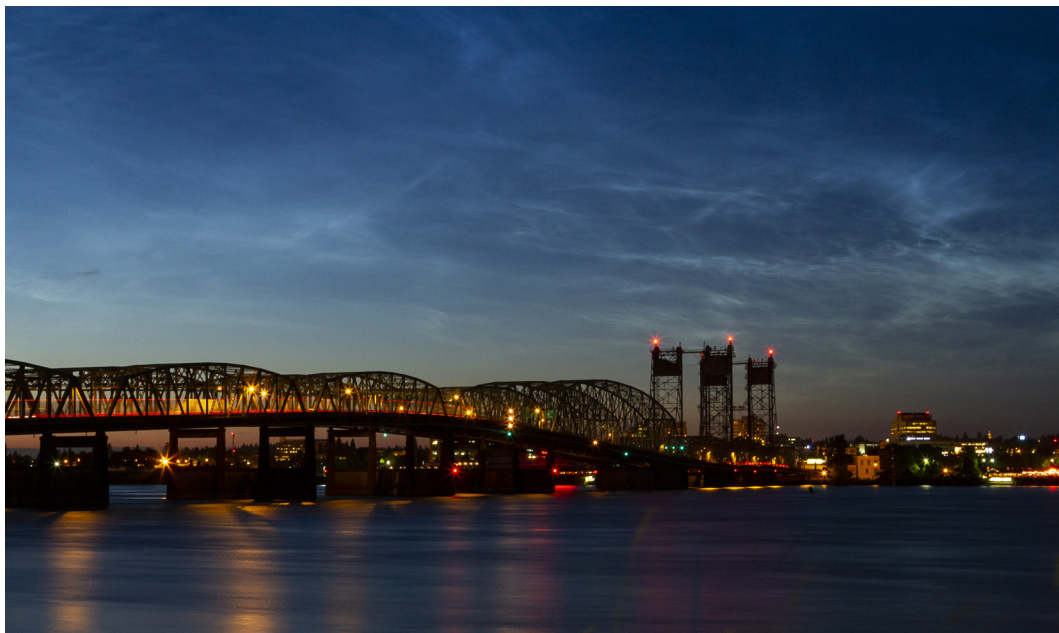


























# 52

**A PHOTOGRAPHY JOURNAL**

**A PUBLICATION OF PROJECT 52 MEMBERS.**

**DESIGN AND ART DIRECTION:**

**DON GIANNATTI**

**MORE INFORMATION:**

**[WWW.PROJECT52PROSYSTEM.COM](http://WWW.PROJECT52PROSYSTEM.COM)**

**ISSUE FOUR, AUGUST 2021**



