

Kathmandu, Photo phest 3, January 21, 2017

"Kathmandu" has a ring to it. It evokes images of adventure, risk, and discovery. It's a rich, rewarding ring.



I was sitting at Gate 6 in Delhi waiting for boarding to KTM and someone nearby said, to someone else, more as a question: "Kathmandu?" and the mystery and exoticism and wonder of the fabled city lit up in my mind and I realized: "I'm going to KATHMANDU!" - as if it were for the first time (which was actually fifty years ago, replete with mystery and exoticism and wonder, and all the other concomitants of hippie travel).



The Himalayas still exert their tug. No matter what I do in Kathmandu, which temple or other site I visit, which restaurant I find to savor a curry (or ravioli, or burger, or cheese cake), which hike I undertake to visit a shrine, or monastery, or monk, I could NOT do and still be claimed by the spirit of place. Same with all the photographic opportunities - I could see the perfect subject and not raise the camera to my eye (that's hyperbole, of course, it

could never happen) such is the immensity of openness in the shadow of the abode of snow.



Yet, I do get out; after breakfast I walk over to Durbar Square or another heritage site, dodging the bearers of good news ("Come my shop?", "Rickshaw?", and the loudly whispered "Hashish?"), perusing, along the way, shops and shoppers.



After a long day of labor, though, instead of walking, I'll sidle up to a row of pedal cabs and bargain for the short ride back to the hotel or else tackle one on the move.



It's not my intention to put myself in the picture, so to speak, in these "Photo phest" offerings. The scenes typically speak for themselves. Sometimes, though, it can't be helped.



Kathmandu, Photo phest 4, January 22, 2017 (that's all folks, thanks for coming along)

Everyone loves a parade...



with unique and defining uniforms,



a parade that seems to be going somewhere or a circumambulating parade.



A parade with chariot - and charioteer.



Everyone loves a party. Especially when there are balloons...



and colorful clothes...and both.



A wedding is a party, with priest and puja...



and proud family.



Everyone loves a picnic...



with food, and drink,



and fun,



and more food.



After the parade and the picnic, the party of one...



I was invited or invited myself to many events, public and private. The picnic was the most fun - I was invited by the organizer to a family picnic and introduced as the official photographer. Can't beat that!