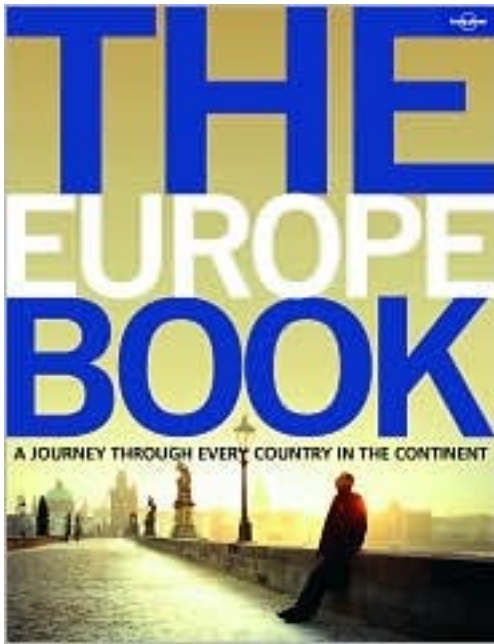


Heather Shaw  
**Travel Photography Books**

- 2008 (1/3)
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**The Europe Book:  
 A Journey Through Every Country  
 on the Continent**  
**Lonely Planet**  
 978-1-74104-733-2

This 256-page full-color coffee table books takes the viewer on a whirlwind tour of 52 European countries, including Russia and those countries the old USSR would rather keep for itself, as well as some others that the new leader of France opposes inviting into the EC for reasons of religion.

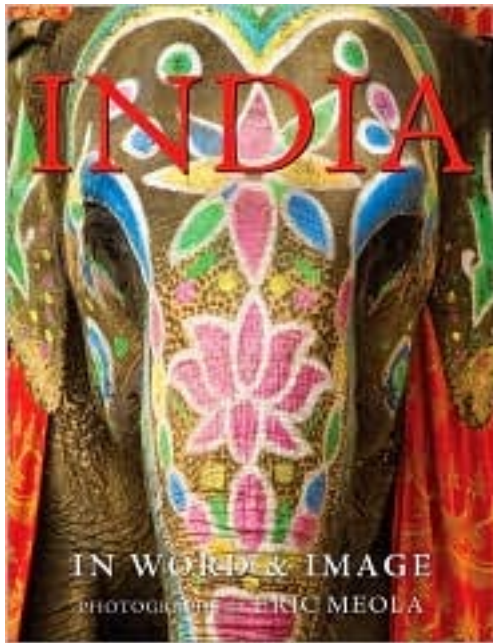
Each of the countries has its own section, and the sections are divided into regions. There are maps, itineraries, and hundreds of photos with witty captions. For armchair travelers, each country has its “Random Facts” and lists of music, traditions, and cuisine. For those who plan to visit, there are lists of topical books, or those by native authors. And, while there is a written

section on “Surprises,” surprises there are a-plenty just by gazing at the photos. How about how they rake barley for single malt scotch in Scotland? And, yes, there are a lot of castles in France, but some pretty nice skateparks as well. Salt is still harvested in rock pools in Malta, and Slovenia wins the contest for most outrageous spring costume. In Moldova, it’s possible to drive a car through the wine cellars, and in Iceland you can bathe in a thermal lagoon, drink cocktails served by a man in swimsuit and bowtie, and admire the industrial smokestacks all at the same time. Not necessarily “surprising”, but certainly of interest is the fact that no matter where we live, we enjoy the same things. Everywhere in Europe there are beaches and water slides, people swimming in seas, lakes, off piers, under power plant pipes, and among rusting steel. Just like home.



• 2008 (2/3)

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**India in Word and Image**

**Photographs by Eric Meola**

**Text by Bharati Mukherjee**

**Welcome Books**

**978-1-59962-049-7**

Photographer Meola was drawn by the light “filtered by the dust of millions on the move.” Bharati Mukherjee, a native of Kolkata (Calcutta), now a novelist and English professor at UC-Berkeley, illustrates the photos with excerpts lifted from traditional Indian texts and the work of contemporary authors like Kiran Desai, Salman Rushdie, and Amit Chaudhuri. If you live where the earth is gray and the people dully bundled against the cold, you’ll find this book as warming as a hearth fire. From the purple of the sky at dusk, to the orange of a river and a turban, to an old man’s ivory whiskers, a watery golden and aqua palace, the kohl around a pair of eyes, the green of a parakeet or a field of wheat, India in Word and Image is a rich and beautiful tribute of startling color.



**Serenissima**

**Photographs by Frank Van Riper and Judith Goodman**

**Text by Frank Van Riper**

**Hudson Hills Press**

**978-1-55595-293-8**

Nobel Prize winner Joseph Brodsky, who spent nearly twenty winters in Venice, said, “If some idea of order exists, then Venice is the most natural, well thought approximation of it.” Brodsky wrote a book on the subject—part memoir, part rumination—called Watermark. Van Riper, a former political correspondent for New York Daily News, and his photographer wife Goodman, tell a love story in prose and black and white images of their two-decade relationship with the city. There’s a bit of memoir, a bit of vignette, and quite a lot of interesting history. Although Van Riper assures us that Venice isn’t sinking—it’s settling into the silt—the water is most certainly rising in this city where ladies who do not remove their hats to drink coffee. A sometimes stark, sometimes eerie, sometimes luminous, always lovely portrait of collaboration of water, stone, memory, and people that is Venice.

• 2008 (3/3)

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**Of Woods and Water:  
A Photographic Journey Across Michigan**  
Ron Leonetti and Christopher Jordan  
University of Indiana  
978-0-253352767

During all the years I lived with my parents, a Sierra Club datebook sat open next to the telephone in the kitchen. I'm not sure that my dad ever wrote anything in it, but my mom certainly did, and so did we. At the end of the week, the white space was a mess of meetings and sporting events, birthdays and even the occasionally dinner party. It always seemed a shame that we were writing all over the back of what would become the next week's item interest: the super-saturated, hyper-detailed photograph of the natural world—a tiny window into an ancient, often inhospitable, deeply patterned place totally absent of the human. (These were the days of the Litter Bug campaign so we must have been sensitive to the issues of invasion and trash.)

I am strongly reminded of those photographs and that feeling of being touched without touching by Leonetti and Jordan's *Of Woods and Water*. The clarity and luminosity of the image is there, the patterns large and small of wind, wave, time, growth. And that inefable sense of the floating eye, quiet and reverent.

