

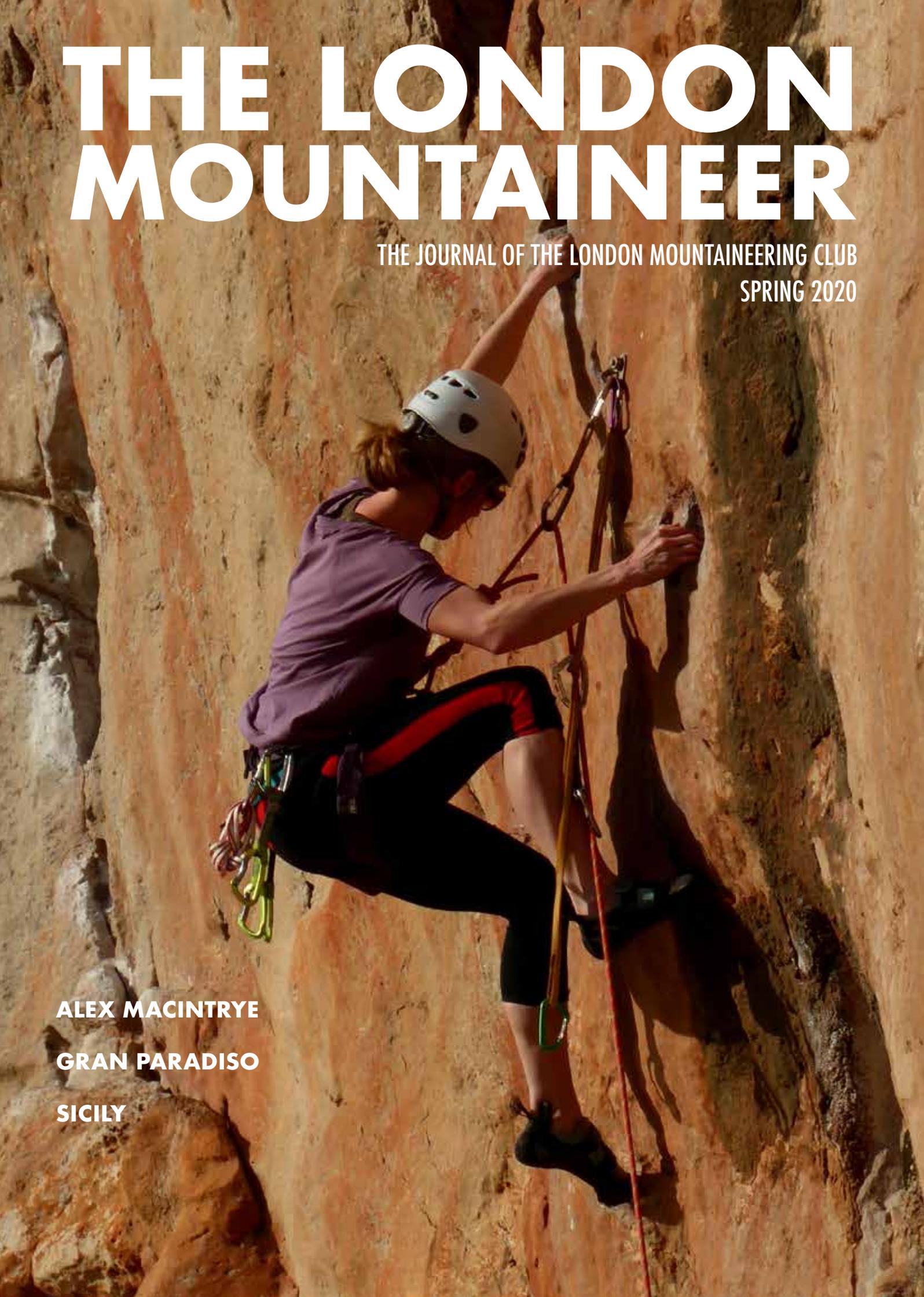
# THE LONDON MOUNTAINEER

THE JOURNAL OF THE LONDON MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
SPRING 2020

ALEX MACINTRYE

GRAN PARADISO

SICILY



# IN THIS ISSUE

## 3 UPDATES

President's remarks and committee news

## 4 CLUB NEWS

News involving members in the club

## 5 THE COMMITTEE

The volunteers behind much of the work that goes into the LMC

## 6 OUT THERE

Photos from LMC members doing what they do best

## 8 GRAN PARADISO

An introduction to Alpinism

## 15 MOUNTAINS OF THE WORLD

This issue we feature Alpacayo in Peru

## 16 LIGHT AND FAST

An excerpt from John Potter's *One Day As A Tiger* featuring former member Alex MacIntyre

## 22 SICILY MEET 2019

Climbing blended with art and culture

## 26 MOOR NAVIGATION

North Yorkshire Moors Navigation Meet 2019

## 29 INSPIRATION

Your hit of the finest armchair mountaineering options

## 30 MEETS HIGHLIGHTS

Details of upcoming club meets

## EDITOR'S NOTES

An escape to the mountains can happen without leaving your London flat. It's true! Anyone who has read Robert Macfarlane's *Mountains of the Mind* will know what I am driving at. The mountains exist just as much in our heads as they do in Lochaber, Nepal and Kyrgyzstan. Reading about the ascent of the Schrekhorn in your pyjamas does, in some small way, transport you to the Swiss Alps. Opening *Scottish Winter Mountains with One Axe* by Garry Smith, whilst basking in the London sun in July, imagining a perfectly white Liathach whilst studying the details of a winter traverse does send a tangible shiver of excitement down one's spine. There's even a specific name for this kind of activity: it is called *armchair mountaineering*.

With the ongoing Covid-19 crisis, armchair mountaineering has suddenly become somewhat more important to us self-isolating Londoners. Getting excited about future adventures is one way to stay positive in these challenging times. Fronwydyr is closed. The Alps are out of bounds. Everest is a no go. But is this totally true? In this issue, we hope to transport you all to the Italian Alps, the Indian Himalaya, Sicily and... the Yorkshire Moors. For me, reading about former LMC member Alex MacIntyre in John Potter's *One Day as a Tiger* was a revelation. Luckily for us, John has agreed for us to feature a dramatic excerpt from the book. So, slip into something comfortable, pop the kettle on, get a couple of chocolate hobnobs and lose yourself in the mountains.



# PRESIDENT'S REMARKS

For the last four weeks we have been receiving a steady stream of monolithic and dark news while being locked up in our houses. By the time you receive copy of this magazine, you will probably be a proficient armchair mountaineer.

The committee has been busy looking at ways to connect with the membership in this difficult time and provide support in any way we can.

The good old days of meeting at the Devereux for a drink and socials are over for now and we are looking at virtual talks, group film nights, quiz nights etc. to keep some level of normality. We also have a treasure of The London Mountaineer past issues and we are hoping to upload PDF versions on the website on a weekly basis.

A Youtube channel for LMC has been launched and we would welcome your contributions to share your climbing memories. Please send your videos via dropbox/wetransfer links to [movies@londonmountaineeringclub.com](mailto:movies@londonmountaineeringclub.com)

We are living in unprecedented times and we should make an effort to support those of us who may fall in the high risk category and decide to self-isolate. In this respect, anyone needing help or offering help, please get in touch with Christina Allen (by email [covid19@londonmountaineeringclub.com](mailto:covid19@londonmountaineeringclub.com)) who has very kindly offered to co-ordinate the effort to match those in need with the potential volunteers in their locality.

More than a thousand volunteer groups have been set up around the country to help those self-isolating and I would encourage our members to register their interest with their local groups & NHS. Details of your local group could be found under the umbrella organisation Covid-19 Mutual Aid UK. Age UK & British Red Cross are also calling for volunteers.

I very much hope that as a community we have the strength to rise and shine together in these dark times.

I wish you all good health.

Stay safe.

Zaheer Durrani

'When it is dark enough you can see the stars.'  
Persian proverb



Cover image: Danielle Huisman on Caldo Humido, 6b, at Grotto Cala Mancina, Sicily  
Back cover: Alex MacIntyre on the Changabang summit ridge, India



# CLUB NEWS

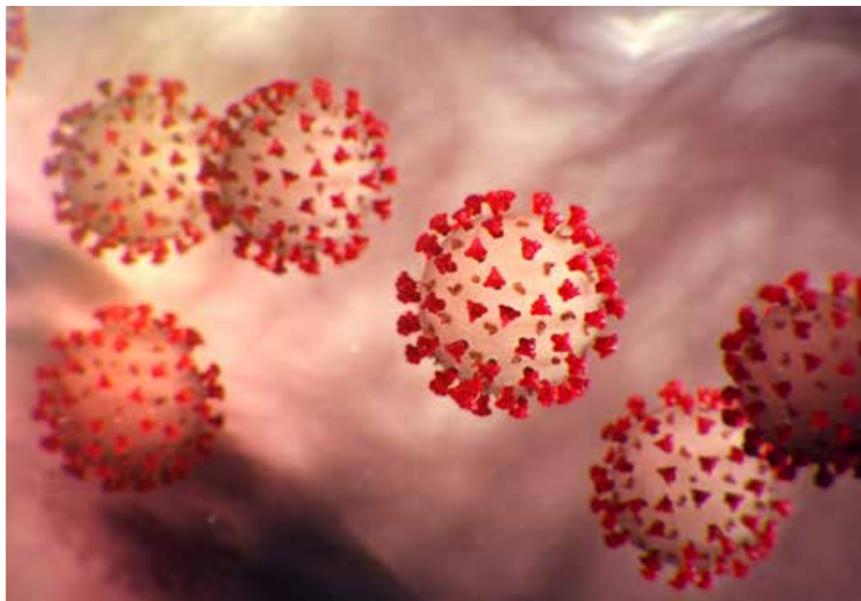
## COVID-19 HITS CLUB EVENTS

Socials and three months of meets cancelled - Fronwydyr closed

All meets until July 10th have been cancelled due to the ongoing Covid-19 situation. Following government guidelines and advice from the BMC, the LMC committee made the heavy-hearted decision. The risks of large groups convening and also travelling to disparate corners of the UK for non-essential reasons was not something the committee could justify. Meets beyond June will be reviewed during the May committee meeting.

In line with this, Fronwydyr has also been closed until further notice. This includes all member bookings, club meets, outside bookings and the working party meet, which will be rescheduled for a later date. The code on the door will be changed and the building put into lock down.

Following the closure of pubs, restaurants, cafes and bars across the nation, all socials being cancelled was also unavoidable. However, the committee are investigating ways to set up online socials. See back cover of the journal for details...



## COMMITTEE RESHUFFLE

We welcome new committee members and thank those departing

We have four new members of the LMC committee. Dinara Zapparova is taking over as secretary, Chris Watt is taking the reigns as hut warden, Liz Holley is our new communications officer and Nick Irons joins as an ordinary member. Tony Williams has become an ordinary member following his stint as hut warden. Despite not being voted in due to the cancelled AGM, the special circumstances gave the committee the remit to facilitate the changes. The roles will be confirmed once the AGM is rescheduled. We are still hoping to get everyone together at the Devereux for a delayed AGM later in the year.

The work that goes into the committee is voluntary. I am sure you will join all of us in thanking Eoin Brady, Sara Giles and Matt Harrison and Paul Griffin (pictured clockwise from top left) for their service in their respective roles. We should also thank Tony Williams for the sterling work he has put into Fronwydyr.



# THE COMMITTEE



**President**  
Zaheer Durrani



**Secretary**  
Dinara Zapparova



**Membership**  
Chris Bailey



**Meets**  
Paul Clarkson



**Socials**  
Kat Sizer



**Website**  
Guy Molyneux



**Editor**  
Alex Langfield



**Treasurer**  
Oleksandra Lobach



**Hut Bookings**  
Helen Coopland



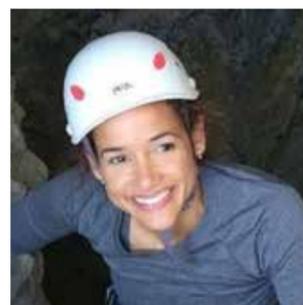
**Hut Warden**  
Chris Watt



**Communications**  
Liz Holley



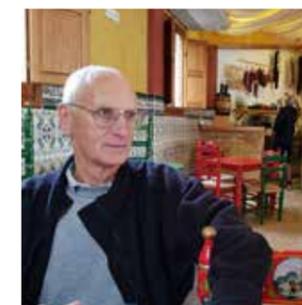
**Ordinary Member**  
Richard Bradford



**Ordinary Member**  
Christina Allen



**Ordinary Member**  
Nick Irons



**Ordinary Member**  
Tony Williams



# OUT THERE

LMC MEMBERS DOING WHAT THEY DO BEST



Samite Jankovska on Crib Y Daisyl in Snowdonia



Andrew Hoad and Volcan Lanin (3776m), Argentina



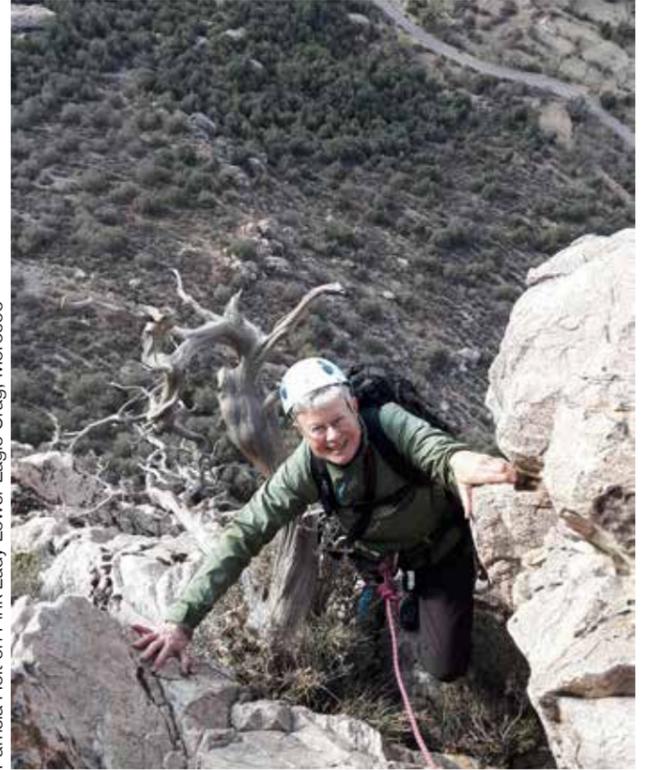
Jessica McGhie snowshoeing in the Swiss Alps



James McCormick on the Aonach Eagach, Glencoe



Pamela Holt on Pink Lady Lower Eagle Crag, Morocco



# GRAN PARADISO

An introduction to alpinism by Alex Langfield

I guess it all started in August, eight years ago...

The Olympic Games has just taken place in London. Two friends and I have trekked half of the Tour Du Mont Blanc and I find myself standing on one of the metallic viewing platforms in the rarefied air of the Aiguille Du Midi. One of Mont Blanc's many impossibly sharp aiguilles, the Aiguille Du Midi is the improbable site of a 3777m high cable car station. Built in 1955, it is a hugely impressive feat of engineering, connecting the mountain peak to the bustling hive of Chamonix almost 3000m below. It is the sort of place that would not look out of place as a villain's headquarters in a James Bond movie.

The vast majority of folk wandering the bizarre mixture of souvenir shops, museum exhibits and panoramic platforms are tourists taking in the sublime views of Mont Blanc and its satellites. As one of the massed tourists, I take pleasure in matching the names of the surrounding mountains to the topography diagrams at the edge of the platform. Aiguille Verte, Grandes Jorasses, Grand Combin, Cervin, Monte Rosa, Grivola: the names of the distant summits sound wonderfully exotic and full of adventure. The name of a snow-clad

mountain to the south stands out. Gran Paradiso! It does not take a native of Rome to work out the name's meaning.

But not all who take the cable cars up to the Aiguille Du Midi are tourists. Men and women laden with ropes and metallic jangly bits are fiddling with metal axes and spikes that attach to their huge fluorescent boots. Some of them are traversing the vast sea of ice that lies between the mountainous walls of the Mont Blanc massif, just tiny black specs against an overwhelmingly huge landscape of white. Some are heading towards the magisterial dome of Mont Blanc itself. For me, this moment, this vista of rock and ice, this vision of proper adventure has just kindled something in me. Within weeks of returning to the UK, I had started bagging Wainwrights, starting with Helvellyn via Striding Edge.

In truth, the ambition to climb an alpine mountain seemed a fanciful one. At the time it seemed as unrealistic as suddenly wanting to play football in the Premiership. I would never have the skill. It was not something someone like me did. But just like the simplicity of a kick about with mates on a five-a-side pitch, I *could* hike up the



Looking west from the summit ridge of Gran Paradiso

mountains in my native Cumbria. So I did. As I slowly discovered the sheer wealth of mountain adventure accessible in the UK, this became my passion, first the Wainwrights, then Munros with visits to Snowdonia in between. The idea of alpine adventure was on the back burner. I grew a great passion for winter in the mountains and acquired the tools I needed. First hill walker, then winter walker and summer scrambler. And then, upon returning to Striding Edge in full winter knick, I reckoned I was finally a mountaineer. By this point I had joined my local mountaineering club, making good friends and learning plenty of new skills. At the monthly socials, members would present and share their adventures of far flung ranges around the World. At one such social event, I suggested to my friend Mirek that we should do Triglav, the highest mountain in Slovenia. He laughed and said: "Why don't we do an alpine 4000er?" Suddenly, it was on. The Alps were no longer on the back burner.

There are 80-odd peaks in the Alps over 4000m and some mountaineers even tick them off like Munros. Each mountain route is graded. They range in difficulty from F (facile - easy) to ED (extrêmement difficile - extremely difficult). Mirek had some alpine experience gleaned from ascents of the Allalinhorn and Mont Blanc several years earlier. Grade-wise these were both towards the easier end of the scale. When graduating from mountains in the UK to an Alpine 4000er, it is advised to choose an "easy" route due to the new challenges that alpinism brings with it.

For a start, these are big, high mountains. At 4000m oxygen is more scarce, only about 60% of the amount at sea level, so proper acclimatisation is essential. Alpine routes are generally combined with a stay in a mountain refuge, in order to sleep high and summit early the next day. The reason for the need for a morning ascent is

due to the condition of the snow, which is more stable in the cool of the morning before the sun hits. Which brings me to the main factor that separates alpinism from UK hillwalking: glaciers. These beautiful rivers of snow and ice have many dangers. Crevasses, huge canyons of ice and snow which can be hidden under a thin crust, force alpinists to rope together as they are liable to collapse and swallow people whole. Then there are seracs, towering walls of ice, like great waves above the glacier's surface, that can collapse and trigger avalanches. These dangers are minimised during the stable morning conditions and also by equipping yourself with a few basic alpine skills.

There are plenty of videos and UK courses out there to educate yourself in techniques for glacier travel. But there really is no substitute for getting out there with someone who can teach you, be that an experienced friend or by paying an alpine guide. I was lucky enough to have Mirek to - literally - show me the ropes, and a week before flying out we met in a London park to practise roping up and rescuing ourselves from a glacier using slings and prusiks. We also had to pick our mountain carefully. It had to be over 4000m high, but it also had to be graded F for easy. One name stuck out on the list for me, the highest mountain completely within Italy: Gran Paradiso.

Set to the south of the Mont Blanc massif in a national park that bares its name, Gran Paradiso is a beautiful mountain reaching a noble 4061m. It remains unspoiled by ski developments, funicular railways and cable cars. The national park status protects it from such infrastructure and in turn protects the many ibex, marmots and eagles that call this peaceful area of the Alps home. There are two classic routes to the summit, both starting in the Valsavarenche Valley. One ascends via the Rifugio Victor Emmanuele, named after

the Italian king who was instrumental in the creation of the national park, and the other climbs via the Rifugio Chabod, named after local mountaineering hero Federico Chabod. After a bit of research, we decided to opt for Chabod and picked a campsite in the valley (suitably named Gran Paradiso Camping) near the start of the route. We also booked two nights in the refuge to ensure we had the maximum window of opportunity to summit.

Wednesday morning. In the heat of the Italian sun, we lay out our clothing and kit in front of our tents. The need for ropes and carabiners, axes and crampons mean that our packs are to be heavier than in the UK. We shoulder our packs and I wince, the pull up to the refuge is going to be hard work. As is often the case in the Alps, the trail is very well sign posted. A gigantic roadside sign informs us that we are at the bottom of the trail to the refuge 900 metres above. Up we go, through a charming forest providing blessed shade from the beating sun. The mountains across the valley grow in stature as we ascend, huge by British standards, diminutive by Alpine standards. We break above the tree line into lush alpine hillside. Grasshoppers bounce around all over the place, armies of ants periodically cross the path and the air is alive with the buzz of insects and the rush of a nearby stream. The place is full of life. All is green.

Then we crest a rise in the hillside and, as often happens in the mountains, we have one of those "woah" moments. A shock of rock and ice. A 4000er rises from the verdant pastures, all gnarly ridges and perfect white snow in the sunshine. Glaciers crash down from between the bastions of granite. It is Gran Paradiso and its family of subordinate peaks. Thrilling to think that we are going to be up there tomorrow morning. Thrilling and daunting.

After just over two hours of ascent, we arrive at Rifugio Chabod, perched on the hillside in a glorious location with fantastic views of the Gran Paradiso range. Alpine hut etiquette dictates that we remove our boots before checking in at reception. The refuge wardens are a great source of information for all things ascent related. As well as checking in, we ask about the weather and the conditions on the route ahead. Rain is forecast for the afternoon but the morning is clear, no problem. The route is well trodden and in good condition. All is well. Dinner is at seven and breakfast is at four.

After our ascent from the valley, it is tempting to sit, enjoy the sunshine and the views with a beer and the company of the other climbers. However, it is always a good idea to do a reccy of the route ahead, as the first hour tomorrow will be in total darkness. It is three o'clock so we set off and set a turn-around time of half past four in order to get back in plenty of time for food. Twenty minutes up and the terrain changes from lush green to lifeless grey. We have entered the domain of the mountain proper. Two rocky ridges are ascended, with some boulder hopping in between. Cairns mark the way, though at one point we come to a junction where there are two sets leading off in different directions. First we follow the upper course before realising that it is heading over an unstable boulder field and away from where we need to be. We turn back and retrace our steps to other set of cairns. With the importance of a reccy underlined, we descend to the glacier.

To begin with, we are on a dry glacier. A thin layer of crunchy ice and the occasional patch of snow coat the gravelly moraine. I get my first encounters with crevasses, easily visible on this kind of terrain. They are not wide but they are surprisingly deep, some with

"A 4000er rises from the green, all gnarly ridges and perfect white snow in the sunshine. Glaciers crash down from between the bastions of granite. It is Gran Paradiso and its family of subordinate peaks."



Groups ascending the final slopes



A mighty serac dwarves two climbers



Alex takes in the view above Rifugio Chabod

little streams cascading into them. The sound of running water is a constant. Ahead, where the dry glacier meets snow, we can see the route ahead in the form of ascending footprints. Upon reaching this point, we decide it is time to don crampons, ready axes and practice our rope techniques.

We are now on the wet glacier, its surface covered in snow. Here there is the possibility of crevasses hiding beneath a thin layer of the white stuff, waiting to snare the unwary. This is why being tied together on a rope is recommended for glacier travel, so that if one of us falls in, the other can arrest the fall before attempting rescue. We have a 50-metre rope, so we have to coil it around our torsos about fourteen times each to get a suitably short amount between us. We then practise moving up the slope whilst roped together. The snow underfoot is slushy in the afternoon heat and our crampons struggle to make much of a difference. It will be a different story in the morning I figure. Before long, it is time to head back and we descend back to the refuge. We figure the reccy was time well spent.

The time spent in an alpine refuge is just as big a part of the alpinism experience as the time spent on the mountain. Each refuge is unique with its own quirky character traits. Do not expect much of your sleeping quarters however. We are on a bunk bed, sharing a room with perhaps twenty others. Ear plugs are recommended. Leaving our boots and axes in the boot room, we sort our kit for the morning to ensure a quick getaway before making our way to the dining room for dinner. Arrabbiata pasta is for starters, with meat and mash for mains. We converse with some older German women about the route. "It's very steep, you will need to rope up," they say, having done it before. Part of the excitement of a climb is hearing different people describe what is to come, as everyone has their own thresholds of what is

comfortable, what is difficult, what is scary. Measuring yourself against this is all part of it. When back in the valley we had told a Dutch man, who had climbed it twice before, that we were not using a guide, he replied: "Ah you are tough guys!" It would be interesting to see how we fared against the mountain tomorrow morning.

After dinner we do some final checks and admire the sunset behind the ridge across the valley. A fitful sleep follows. The first night at altitude, the noise and fuss from other climbers and the excitement and apprehension of tomorrow's climb mean that deep sleep is hard to come by. Before you know it, it is three thirty and the alarm is going off. Few words are exchanged at this kind of time, though there are plenty of people milling about the refuge, preparing to head up the mountain. Hydration is key at altitude, so we make full use of the juices on offer with a simple breakfast of cornflakes. We step out into the dark at four, turn our head-torches on off we go. The first hour is basically head down, get going, on autopilot due to yesterday's reccy. We are at the front of the procession from the refuge and we continue to pull away, probably due to our prior knowledge of the correct route. Once back at the glacier, we strap our crampons on as planned. We decide not to rope up yet. We are efficient.

The dry glacier ends and then we are onto the snow slope. What was yesterday all slush in the afternoon sun is now a frozen crust and our crampons have much more purchase. We fall into a steady rhythm in the pre-dawn silence. Gradually, the distant ranges at our back begin to glow golden with the first rays of the morning sun. Fittingly, it is Mont Blanc that stands out, a golden crown for the king of the Alps. The colours are stunning. I once looked towards the likes of Great Gable and the Scafells with the same awe and feelings of thrilling possibility. Now, rather than the Lake District's, I am eyeing up Western Europe's highest summits. An exciting thought.

However, until Gran Paradiso is summited, I can not count myself as an alpinist, so I pull myself back to the present. As we ascend, we pass enormous crevasses with beautiful interiors of weird and wonderful ice sculptures, spikes and towers dropping into the abyss. We do not get close. Our path zig zags its way upwards, finding a route that avoids the dangers. As well as the magnificent rock scenery of Gran Paradiso's north face, towering seracs dwarf us and the other climbers making their way up the snow slope. Step. Step. Drive the spike of the ice axe into the snow. Step. Step. Spike. Upwards we ascend. Step. Step. Spike.

We reach the shoulder where our route meets the route from the other refuge. Views open out to the south, a part of the Alps I know little about. Forming the vista are countless mountainous valleys filling with fluffy clouds below a vivid blue sky. On the horizon, the prominent Monviso looks like an enticing pyramidal peak, whilst closer at hand the Ecrins region looks an attractive proposition. We stop to eat some flavoured bread and, improbably, a black bird lands on the snow in front of us. I sing the Beatles to it whilst giving it a good feed with a handful of scraps. We turn and take a moment to consider the summit, now in view. Crowning it is a life size statue of The Madonna, adorning a long rocky tor. From here, she has the look of a pale spectre standing guard. It is almost time to meet her.

The final pull is the steepest and I am aware of how cold it is becoming. Though I happily consider I am not feeling the effects of the altitude. We crest the rise before the final rocky scramble and a vista is unfurled that is so magnificent it almost slaps me in the face. "That's undoubtedly the Matterhorn," I announce to Mirek as he joins me on the platform. The Pennine Alps in all their glory stretch into the distance, whilst the brilliantly white glaciers of Gran Paradiso's east face plunge downwards, punctuated by razor sharp ridges. Beyond

this is a sea of cloud with the occasional cumulonimbus tower stretching up towards the heavens.

Up until now, Gran Paradiso had earned its status as a straightforward but spectacular Alpine 4000er, ideal for a first timer. However, there is a sting in the tail. A vertigo inducing grade two scramble once on the summit rocks will test the nerve of those with any sort of discomfort around heights. The Madonna is gained by scrambling up to a set of metal rungs fixed to the final rock step and climbing these to the summit platform. This is a new addition to the mountain, designed to enable a one-way system so that climbers do not have to pass each other on the airy section yet to come. Mirek and I take the obligatory summit selfies with the Madonna and take in the views for a score of moments. There are more climbers coming up behind, so we do not linger. We turn forward to face the crux of the whole route.

Ahead is a fairly narrow ridge across cube shaped boulders as big as trucks. With crampons now useless against naked rock and shouldering still heavy packs, we gingerly begin the traverse. After a short down-climb to the left, the most exposed section is crossed. It is only short, but it is more hair-raising than anything on a Crib Goch or an Aonach Eagach. To the right, the side of one of one of the giant boulders bounds us in but to the left is a horrible drop to the glacier hundreds of feet below. All there is to tread across is a ledge about a foot wide. I lean heavily into the safety of the boulder wall to my right as I step across, the void gaping hungrily to my left. Gratefully, I make the final step onto the next, much wider, platform. After this, it is simple scrambling back to the snow slopes.

"Gradually, the distant ranges at our back begin to glow golden with the first rays of the morning sun. Fittingly, it is Mont Blanc that stands out, a golden crown for the king of the Alps."

The distant Mont Blanc massif bathed in morning sunlight with the prominent nearby peak of Grivola (3969m) on the right.



“For an hour and a half, I sit basking in the sunlight and the glory of an ascent of my first alpine 4000er, the culmination of seven years of ambition.”

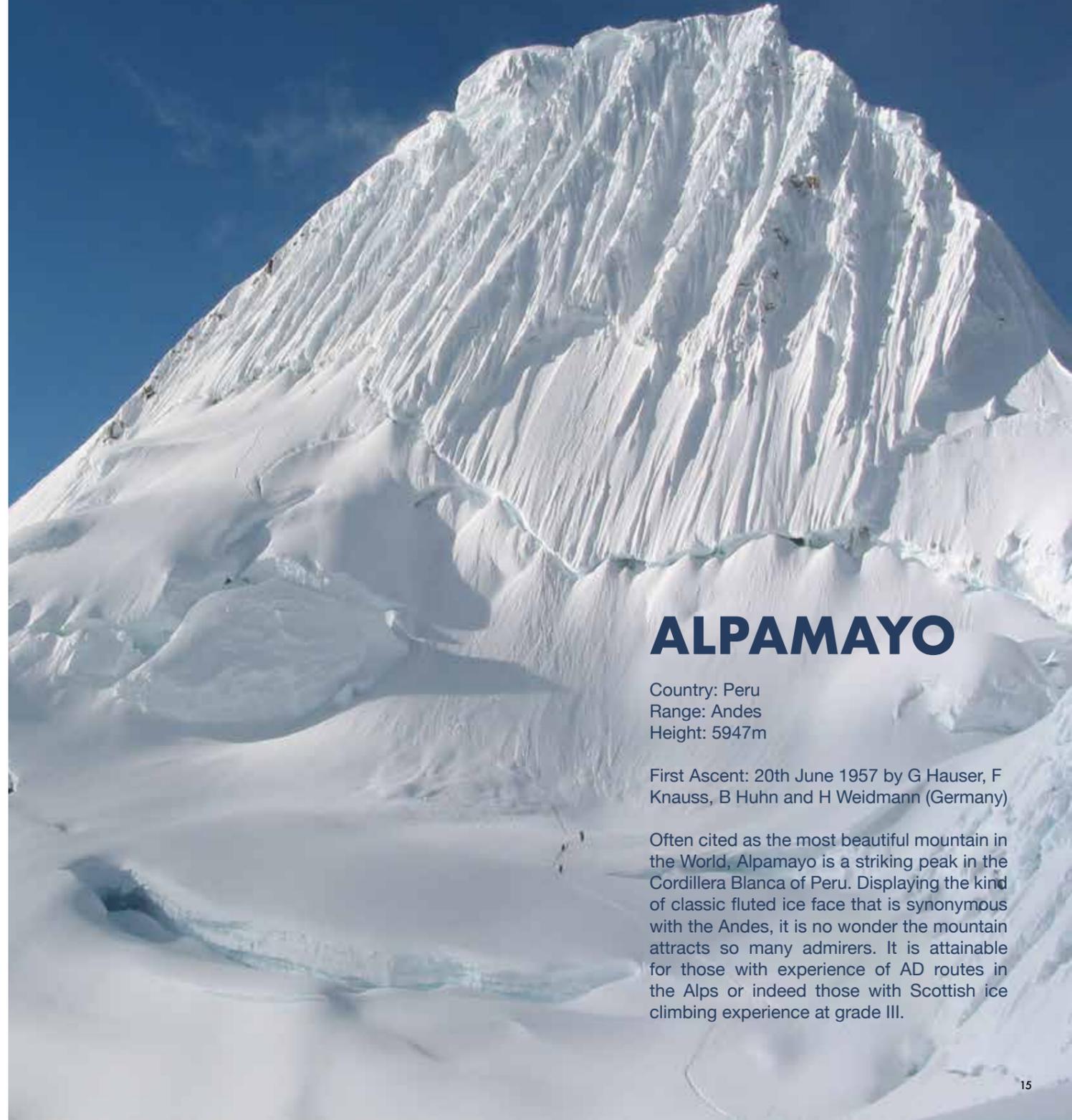
Pleased with our successful summit bid, we speedily descend past the parties trudging up the final pull. We take a breather back at the col where the two routes meet and once more admire the views over to the Mont Blanc massif. Then we speed off down the now sunlit slopes, already noticeably slushier. We make great pace, bounding down as the sky turns to brilliant blue and the morning deepens. Back at the dry glacier we remove our crampons, stash our axes, knowing it is less than an hour now back to Chabod. Just before 11am, seven hours after we had set off, we are greeted by the Italian staff at the refuge. We are delighted that the warden is impressed by our speed. It is as if we had just won something for Britain.

We tell the staff we won't be staying another night and with the realisation we can back at our campsite by 1pm, sipping an espresso in the sun, we set off once more. By the time we are on the zig-zags towards the bottom of the trail, our legs are heavy and weary. Gaining flat ground is luxurious, as is the heat down in the valley. The air is thicker, richer and warmer. At the campsite, we throw our packs down by our tents and head for that very well-earned coffee. For an hour and half, I sit basking in the sunlight and the glory of an ascent of my first alpine 4000er, the culmination of seven years of ambition. Then I pull out my guide book and start eyeing up the other eighty-odd 4000ers. Right... What next?



# MOUNTAINS OF THE WORLD

Every issue The London Mountaineer features an iconic peak.



## ALPAMAYO

Country: Peru  
Range: Andes  
Height: 5947m

First Ascent: 20th June 1957 by G Hauser, F Knauss, B Huhn and H Weidmann (Germany)

Often cited as the most beautiful mountain in the World, Alpamayo is a striking peak in the Cordillera Blanca of Peru. Displaying the kind of classic fluted ice face that is synonymous with the Andes, it is no wonder the mountain attracts so many admirers. It is attainable for those with experience of AD routes in the Alps or indeed those with Scottish ice climbing experience at grade III.

# LIGHT AND FAST

An excerpt from John Porter's internationally bestselling and critically acclaimed book *One Day As A Tiger*, which tells the incredible story of one-time LMC member Alex MacIntyre's life in mountaineering.

In the autumn of 1982, a single stone fell from high on the south face of Annapurna and struck Alex MacIntyre on the head, killing him instantly and robbing the climbing world of one of its greatest talents.

Although only twenty-eight years old, Alex was already one of the leading figures of British mountaineering's most successful era. His ascents included hard new routes on Himalayan giants like Dhaulagiri and Changabang and a glittering record of firsts in the Alps and Andes.

Yet how Alex climbed was as important as what he climbed. He was a mountaineering prophet, sharing with a handful of contemporaries - including his climbing partner Voytek Kurtyka - the vision of a purer form of alpinism on the world's highest peaks.

During his time in sixth form at Watford Grammar School, Alex was a member of our very own London Mountaineering Club. Like so many of us do today, he enjoyed regular weekend trips to Fronwydyr, our home in the mountains of Snowdonia. He moved to Leeds for university, where he joined the active climbing and mountaineering club and the rest, as they say, is history...

In 2014, his story was published in *One Day as a Tiger*, a fascinating book by John Porter, who was amongst Alex's closest friends and climbing partners. Winner of the grand prize at the Banff Mountain Book Festival 2014 and shortlisted for the 2015 Boardman Tasker Prize, the book has been translated into seven different languages and is an international bestseller. The following pages feature an excerpt from the chapter *Always The Sun*, which tells the story of Alex, John and Polish climbers Voytek and Krzysztof's climb of Changabang (see cover image) in the Garhwal Himalaya.

Changabang: descending the original route at dusk

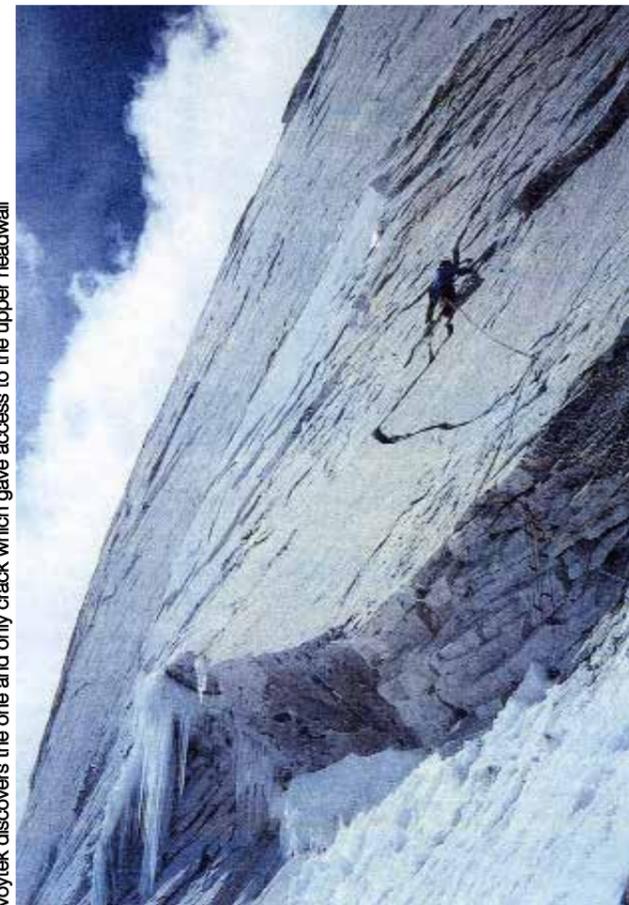


On 6 October, in one long haul up the glacier with Lech carrying some of the gear, we arrived at dusk at the base of the wall and settled in. I felt magnificently at home, our isolation complete. The face glistened in the icy starlight. At dawn, we started up in two teams: Voytek and I, and Krzysztof and Alex. The first day was a hauling day for us, having drawn the short straw. The five initial pitches we climbed before, plus seven new ones, were done twice, since we each had two rucksacks to carry. It was midnight before we had eaten and settled into our paths.

In the morning, a beautiful pink granite dihedral led up to the right. It was our turn to lead. While cleaning the first pitch, I dislodged a block that dropped fifty feet, clipping Krzysztof's shoulder on its way to the glacier. He screamed in pain. I shouted apologies. No way could he haul a sack, so I was relegated to the ropes again. That day we climbed only six pitches and weren't in bed until ten at night. I was miserable reflecting on the enormity of what might have happened. How many times could a big stone fall without it killing someone? I apologised again to Krzysztof. He was okay. Voytek told me to just calm down and concentrate on what we would have to do in the morning.

Day Four: Now the routine begins to take hold. Leading is best, and exciting; hauling offers only pain, hard work and the uncertainty of wondering if the lead pair are choosing the best line. Each day around noon clouds begin to form and by mid-afternoon a gentle snow falls, making every move tricky and the ropes icy. They become stiff, almost unmanageable and scary to jumar. But every morning brings clear blue skies and the sun breaking over the chaotic mass of peaks that ring the Nanda Devi Sanctuary. Alex and I sort gear, grateful to be packing without freezing our fingers. For a few glorious hours we can climb in comfort, before the noon wind blows in the clouds and the snow begins to fall.

Alex leads steep mixed ground to the top of the initial buttress and I add two hard pitches up the slabs above. The granite is incredible compact and gear placements marginal. Alex clears one of my belays, comprising three pegs, with two taps of his hammer. The third peg he pulls out with his fingers. We warn the other pair not to bounce on the ropes as they jumar. We get five hours sleep that night, the last decent sleep before the summit bivvy.



Voytek discovers the one and only crack which gave access to the upper headwall

“But every morning brings clear blue skies and the sun breaking over the chaotic mass of peaks that ring the Nanda Devi Sanctuary.”

We wake in stages, opening one eye, then the other. I reach with a thumb to pry open the icy hole in the hood of my sleeping bag. It is my breathing hole in the frozen ocean of the night, allowing in just enough air but not too much of the twenty-degree frost. The dawn light beckons. Like larvae knowing it is time to metamorphose, twisting and turning in our sleeping bags, we rustle into action, retrieving boots, gloves, water bottles, clothing, all our stuff shoved deep inside to dry. Through the widening hole in my cocoon, I can see an ice-caked wall looming 3,000 feet above us. Time to move.

From the top of the slabs, Voytek breaks out onto the headwall, a single, wide crack above the overhang showing the way, like a giant keyhole in a door of vertical stone. I jig for joy on the stance beside Krzysztof.

“This is the best climb ever,” I laugh.  
“You think? But maybe not yet, eh?”

Then I rappel for the next load. The hours pass as they do each day; we follow the routine, not making mistakes, dismissing moments



Changabang

of desperation. After the Poles have done four pitches, it begins to snow heavily. This makes things tricky. Alex and I struggle up the frozen ropes on jumars with the two purple rucksacks carrying the Poles' equipment. They wait in the early evening beneath an overhang, the obvious place for our first bivouac on the wall using the hammocks. We drop back down two rope lengths to fetch the remaining sacks and jumar back up by headtorch.

Snowflakes dance in the torch beam like moths. The jumars lose traction on the icy ropes and I fall, my heart leaping with fear. There is the sense of zero gravity for ten feet, then a jarring whipping snap as the clamps bite the rope again. It happens several times, each more alarming than the last. Finally I reach the bivvy site, fix the rucksack on a rope looping the breadth of the overhang and, standing in etriers, begin to boil water for Alex and me. Voytek and Krzysztof have already disappeared into their pod-like hammocks. The snow settles then slides off the outer covers with a hiss.

“How good are the anchors here?” I enquire nervously of the nearest pod.  
“The rock is very funny, no good cracks.” It was Voytek, speaking from inside his cosy pit.  
“Thanks for the reassurance.”

Far below, Alex's headtorch sways dimly in the blowing snow, like a distant freight train, shunting upwards. Three hours later, at midnight, I finish making soup with powdered potato and then make hot chocolate, passing a final drink to Alex in his hammock. Aching with cold, I place a single “Friend” in a flared slot in the rotten overlap above and hang my hammock from it, there being no possible piton placements. This is the first time I have ever placed a friend. It seems a miracle tool. It takes thirty minutes to arrange the hammock, set the flysheet and then carefully transfer all my hopes for comfort and survival – my sleeping mat, my bag, my spare clothes – from my sack into the canoe-like hull. Once I have manoeuvred inside, the hammock seems warm and secure, held open by hollow spacer-tubes. Over the next few nights, these tubes are sometimes dropped during assembly and go ping-ping-pinging down the face. Expletives, either in Polish or English, tell us which hammock occupant has lost a spacer. Fortunately, this is all we drop. A boot, a stove or crampon would spell disaster.



Alex on the Cyclop's Eye



Voytek leads difficult mixed ground before we reach the exit couloir

Day six: We emerge like misshapen storks from our eyrie. I have had a bad night of stomach pains, but Krzysztof is worse. Alex and I head up a chimney, the obvious route that we all agree on. Alex leads a pitch of very steep ice, graded Scottish V or VI, which takes him into a shattered hole. Voytek shouts up concern as plates of ice accelerate past the jumar rope like circular saw blades. As he is placing a peg, the sharp pick of his ice hammer unexpectedly shatters and like a bullet rebounds into his face just missing his eye. He is lucky. When I reach the belay, we look up at the overhanging brown dyke of shattered rock. It is a dead end. I remember the thin crack I had spied through binoculars a week or so before and teeter across the unsupported flakes to the right and break out onto a pocketed wall of perfect granite complete with just enough holds.

A thirty-foot traverse brings me to the crack, and we follow it upwards for 300 feet before it is absorbed into a confusion of overlaps on a near vertical wall. The next pitch is the critical one.

Wishing I had rock-climbing shoes rather than clumsy double boots, I manage to force the first hundred feet, a mixture of free climbing at around E1 and aid on RURPs, crack tacks and skyhooks. I fall off three times, held twice on the same tied-off small peg. The other pitons rip and slide into my lap when I stop. Much higher up the pitch, I have a final huge fall when I run out of strength trying to free climb up a very difficult scoop. A small angle piton tapped an inch into a crystal pocket somehow stays in place and holds me.

“John you must be very careful.” It is Voytek’s mantra, directed up at me from the assembled team watching my antics from below. One of my etriers snakes gently through space on its 5,000-foot descent to the darkening glacier. It has had enough. Alex lowers me in the semi-dark. I am chastened, my forearms are running with blood and my knuckles have been opened to the bone. Fortunately, there is enough snow on the small ledge to make dinner. We pass pots of food and tea from hammock to hammock in good spirits before closing off the world and the gentle snow that is falling.

Day seven: The sun drives us from our hammocks into a blistering blue sky. Mountains glisten above the sanctuary’s outer ring far to the east. Alex and I lounge in our hammocks, while Krzysztof fashions a belay forty feet above my high point. As he leans forward, the five belay pegs rip out and he tumbles through space. Pegs ping past as they accelerate and I foolishly try to catch one. “Ow!” “That’s less weight for us to carry then,” Alex drawls.

Cursing, Krzysztof has to repeat the crux, this time climbing higher still to find a safer stance. I cook as Voytek jumars up to Krzysztof and then leads on through the continuously steep rock above. We hang the sleeping bags out to dry before the cloud rolls in. It is slow progress today. This is the hardest climbing so far. There are no safe pegs to jumar to the next stance so Krzysztof carries on. At last, he finds a decent crack and two ropes are tied together and lowered for us to start up.

The nine-millimetre Polish ropes stretch alarmingly. I stay put on the ledge despite pulling twenty metres of rope through the jumars. When it is about the diameter of a pencil, I suddenly spring off the ledge into space, and yo-yo a bit before daring to start. The rope squeaks like chalk on a blackboard each time I push the jumar upwards. It is all very disconcerting.

“Polish special technology – it’s normal!” Krzysztof shouts down.

The daily afternoon storm wraps itself around the face by the time we have made the first carry up to the stance. The wind is blowing the abseil rope and it swings out of sight where it might snag. Alex and I haul up the rope, coil it and tie it to the peg. The Poles are out of sight above. We continue to the next stance where Krzysztof is belaying Voytek on the last pitch of the day.

Alex and I descend to fetch the remaining two Haston rucksacks, named after Dougal Haston who had been killed in a skiing accident the year before. We had known Dougal. His ascents of Eiger Direct, Annapurna’s south face and Everest’s south-west face had put him top of the British alpinist charts for several years. The purple rucksacks are state-of-the-art. Each is treated with great care at every stance handover point. To drop one would mean disaster. That is the reason we jumar with them on our backs rather than risk hauling them over overhangs of rough granite.

On the last rappel, Alex makes a terrible mistake. He gathers the coiled rope where we stored it, and clips on with his descending device, intending to unravel it on the way down to avoid the danger of the wind taking it off line. But he has clipped into the bottom end, and, before he realises his mistake, he steps back into the abyss. There is a high-pitched shriek and he is gone. The rope hisses off the edge. It is terrifying. For a few seconds, time is measured at a rate of thirty-two feet per second. The rope is taking a sounding of the void beneath.

## “A golden sunset saturates the clouds resting at the feet of Nanda Devi.”

Then it is gone from the edge completely and the impact of Alex’s fall hits the piton with an explosive snap and twang. It holds. I immediately shout like a madman into the empty cloud beneath, but realise even if Alex is okay the wind is too strong for him to hear. I try to lift the rope, but it carries Alex’s full weight and there is no chance of me pulling it up. I wait a minute and try again, wait and try again. The rope is still weighted. Ten minutes pass. I am attaching prusick strings to the rope to descend when the rope suddenly comes free. He has either fallen off the end or is there somewhere, probably badly hurt. I can do nothing but rappel down as fast as possible to find out.

There is no sign of Alex near the bottom of the rope, only the safety knot gently slapping the wall. But there he is, a short pendulum away, draped over the remaining two Haston sacks, as pale as the snowy mist that surrounds him.

“Christ Alex, are you alright?”

He looks up at me and whispers: “I don’t want to play this game just to have a rucksack named after me.”

Day eight: Proper granite cracks at last. I make good progress for three pitches at around HVS or E1 with a couple of nuts for aid to surmount bulges. At the end of my sequence of leads, I am pleased that the overhang above with a dodgy looking icicle on the lip has fallen to Alex in rotation. Staring up at the bottom of his crampons, I can tell the climbing is desperate. Alex hangs a sling for aid from his ice axe and steps into it. He swings alarmingly, but stretching up, hangs on long enough to get a secure placement with one Terrordactyl high on the icicle. He manages a one-arm pull-up and exits over the top. The icicle collapses and pummels me painfully. Now we are on the “Cyclops’ Eye,” a steep snowfield at 22,000 feet in the top centre of the face. We climb diagonally up to the left and exit via a pitch of awkward mixed ground before fixing the rope, and descending in the afternoon storm to the sitting bivvy Voytek has excavated in the hard snow.

“We have a problem,” he says. “Krzysztof is worse today – he thinks he’s in Poland.” The night is cold and starry. For the first time on the climb we are sat together in bivvy sacks and gain warmth and strength from that.

Day nine: Voytek leads five pitches of mixed ground to the summit ridge. It is some of the hardest technical climbing of the climb. I jumar up close behind Krzysztof, watching his every move and helping and encouraging him as best I can. We reach the summit ridge at around four and our horizon broadens into a wide vista of big mountains – so much space after so many days focussing primarily on the two dimensions of the vertical plane. Views of the high Himalaya open up to us in all directions: Trisul, Devistan, Dunagiri, Kalanka and the massive ever-present goddess, Nanda Devi. We traverse the summit and descend the steep soft snow on the ridge between Changabang and Kalanka. Krzysztof is behaving irrationally.

“Now we must glissade, faster, quick down.” He points toward the glacier 6,000 feet below. There are ice cliffs, rock buttresses and crevasses in which we would tumble like clothes in a drier before they swallowed us up, but in his pain and delirium, he sees only the hundred feet of fifty-five degree snow.

Voytek angrily reprimands Krzysztof in Polish. I notice that Alex has untied from the rope and retied with a screw-gate, not closed. If Krzysztof or any of us fall, he will quickly unclip. I follow suit. We descend safely to the col between Changabang and Kalanka and cut a comfortable platform under a rock overhang and relax for a bit for the first time in days. We are now running short of gas and food, so supper is minimal. This is the first day it hasn’t snowed. A golden sunset saturates the clouds resting quietly at the feet of Nanda Devi. It is our stunning reward.

Next day we descend the flanks between Changabang and Kalanka, the line more or less of the original ascent in 1974. In the late afternoon, we reach the glacier. Alex and I traverse across to the bottom of the route to collect food from the cache we have stashed, having run out of food on top. The glacier is heavily fractured and we both fall briefly into holes. Returning to Voytek and the semi-delirious Krzysztof we cook a big meal and enjoy our best sleep for the past ten days. We are released.



# CLIMBING BLENDED WITH ART AND CULTURE

## LMC SICILY MEET 2019

by Toktam Mahmoodi

Having heard a lot of legendary stories about climbing in San Vito Lo Capo, we headed to Sicily in March. We were a group of nine initially, which turned to ten with a late joiner, Michael Dinsdale.

Staying in San Vito meant lots of climbing crags are within walking distance, or 5-10 minutes drive. There are close to a thousand climbs in the area with well-protected slabs, vertical and overhanging routes and often sharp rock. A 70-meter rope and 15-18 quickdraws are sufficient for most of the climbs, and top of the climbs were often a pig tail or a carabiner. We climbed in different sectors of Scogliera Di Salinella (north, south and central), including some brilliant climbs in Ampheteatro, and Pipeline sectors.

A combination of mild weather, beautiful views, awesome crags, and great company created a remarkable trip.

On the rest day, a group of us headed to the other side of the island to go up Mount Etna and see the large crater from recent eruptions. We also planned some of the climbing days with an early start, and managed to squeeze in visits to spectacular Greek and Roman sites in Taormina, Segesta, and Erice.

A couple of highlights from the trip included night climbing in El-Bahira, and a fabulous social dinner with Khoresh Bademjan, followed by a remarkable classic British dessert.

In terms of logistics, San Vito is less than two hours drive from Palermo airport. There is a campsite, with cabins and a picnic area, right in the bottom of a climbing crag, in El-Bahira. Although it's in perfect location for climbing, the cabins are a little bit outdated and options for eating out will be very limited. We stayed in a villa in San Vito town centre, a very comfortable place with all the facilities you could need, reasonably priced and with easy access to town centre restaurants in the evening. Overall, March is not a peak tourist season for San Vito and very limited places are open, so staying in the centre has its own advantages.

---

### Meet Details

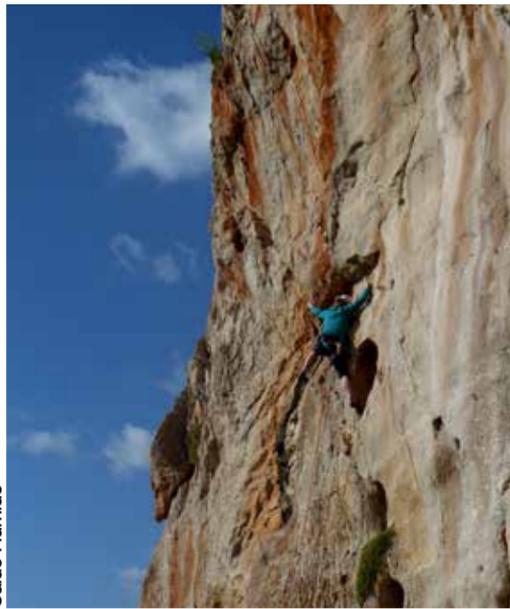
Sicily Meet - 9 - 16 March 2019

**Attendees:** Toktam Mahmoodi, Renata Sakhabutdinova, Yulia Biryaltseva, Nigel Bassam, Bryan Maloney, Peter Murphy, Patrick Hutchison, Ian Rickerby (guest), Michael Dinsdale, Danielle Huisman

---



Caido Humido



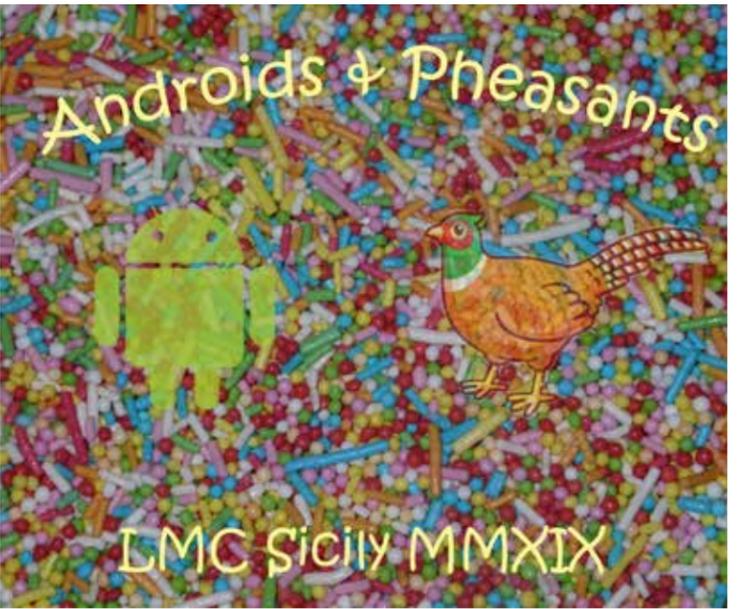
Typical climbing days



Great climbing days



Night climbing in El Bahira



# MOOR NAVIGATION

A weekend of learning to use maps and compass to get around the moors of Yorkshire by day and night - rather too much night in fact!

Svetlana takes a bearing towards distant Richard



## Lights spread across the black fell

*by Stephen Clarke*

Navigation meet.  
Eleven to Lowstern Cottage,  
Clapham, North Yorkshire, Friday

Map, compass and pace,  
Hundred metres: sixty steps,  
All to find our way

Studded with old cairns.  
Slope, ridge or triangulate?  
Read the land I say

No bright moon at night.  
Lights spread across the black fell.  
Ring contour foray.

But its too late now.  
Direct to road through bracken  
Partridges flash away

Were all back in snug.  
Chilli, rice and cake for all.  
Sunday. Easy day?

Julia studies the contours



Stephen and Dinara letting posing inhibit the nav






---

### Meet Details

Yorkshire Navigation Meet - 25 - 27  
October 2019

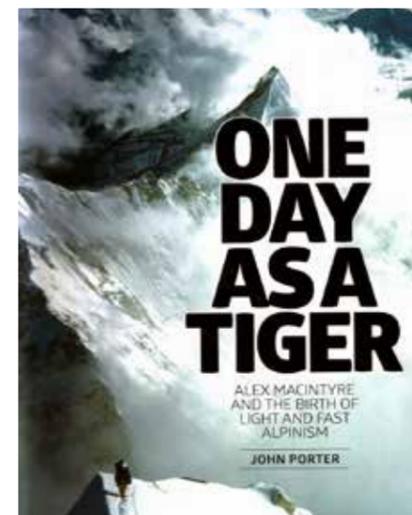
Attendees: Stephen Clark (Steward),  
John Evans (Expert #1), Jason  
Shuttleworth (Expert #2), Dinara  
Zapparova, Ieva Griauslyte, Julia  
Mateyka, Svetlana Vavulina, Lianne  
Oosterbaan, Saskia Scharnowski,  
Richard Harris, Zoe Gormezano

---

Jason navigates the moors

# INSPIRATION

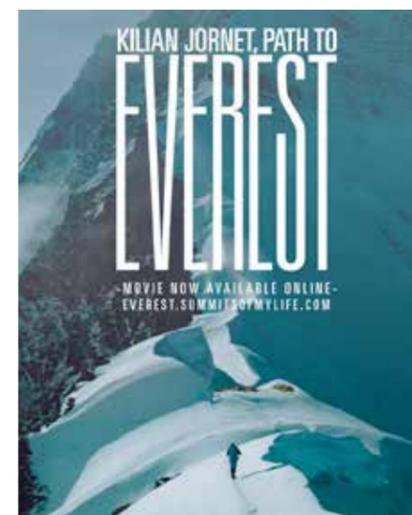
Your essential hit of the finest armchair mountaineering options



Book

### One Day As A Tiger - John Porter

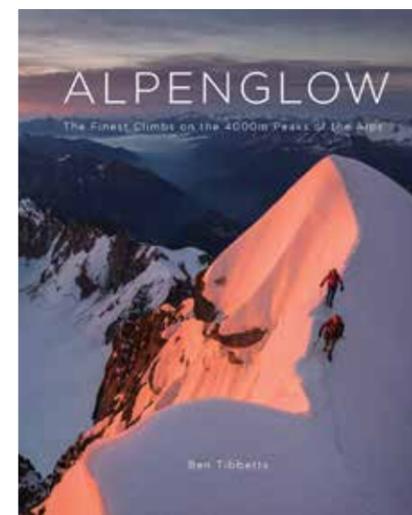
So you should be now have read the feature detailing Alex MacIntyre, John Porter, Voytek Kurtyka and Krzysztof Zurek's climb of the elegant Changabang in the Garhwal Himalaya. There's much more where that came from in John Porter's brilliantly written *One Day As A Tiger*, which follows the life and remarkable climbing career of Alex MacIntyre - one of the leading lights in British mountaineering's most prolific era. An early pioneer of applying a light and fast ethos to the peaks of the greater ranges, Alex MacIntyre was also a visionary when it came to modernising climbing approaches and he predicted much of what was to come in terms of how mountaineering has changed. His life was sadly taken by a single stone on Annapurna when he was just 28.



Film (Prime Video, YouTube)

### Kilian Jornet, Path to Everest

If you have not heard of Kilian Jornet by now, you must have been living on the Moon. The multi-talented Catalan has been redefining what is possible in the mountains for over a decade now. His double ascent of Everest in 2017 is just one achievement (or two - depending on how you look at it) amongst a ridiculous list of race victories and speed ascents. Path to Everest documents his rise as a childhood prodigy, his struggles with fame and mental health, the tragedies he has endured and the amazing life he has sculpted for himself. With contributions from mountaineering legends such as Reinhold Messner and Peter Habeler, as well as insights from those who know Kilian best such as film maker Seb Montaz and partner Emelie Forsberg, it is a very worthwhile watch.



Book

### Alpenglow - Ben Tibbetts

First things first, this is one coffee-table book and a half! It. Is. Massive! And, it has all the hallmarks of a great coffee-table book: stunning photography and a beautiful clean design. However, scratch further beneath the surface and you soon begin to realise what a remarkable achievement Ben Tibbetts' creation is. Each of his adventures on the 4000 metre peaks of the Alps is told in crystalline prose that inspires and excites. As the narrative of his climbs unfold, he weaves in material written by those who made the first ascents during the Golden Age of Alpinism. This adds a layer of historical interest and compliments his modern take on the routes perfectly. Add Tibbetts' illustrations into the mix and you wonder if there is anything he can't turn his hand to. Wonderful.

# MEETS HIGHLIGHTS

Participating in meets is what the club is all about. Meets are run by members for members.

Whether it's scrambling and rambling from our North Wales Fronwydyr base or galloping over gritstone edges in the Peak, along with annual Alpine excursion, winter missions to Scotland and expeditions to far-flung Himalayan giants, the LMC meet programme has it all.

But it's not all climbing and hardcore mountaineering, there is truly something for everyone here, from the Alfred Wainwrights amongst us to the Reinhold Messners. Most meets offer a range of activities for all tastes and abilities. Trad climbing, sport climbing, ice climbing hiking, scrambling, winter walking, winter mountaineering and trail running are all disciplines covered by the meet schedule.

The social element of our meets are just as important as the mountains themselves, be it tales of epics gone by whilst perched in an Alpine hut or just sharing the day's escapades in the local pub. You will meet people from all walks of life, share countless stories, learn new skills and forge friendships to last a lifetime. Meets are all about getting out there, out of your comfort zone, meeting incredible people and just doing it!

For more information or to sign up for a meet or three, head on over to the LMC website. The club thrives by having members take an active interest in the meets that are run. To volunteer to steward a meet, or to suggest a new meet, please contact our meets secretary through the website.

## ALL MEETS CANCELLED UNTIL JULY 2020 DUE TO COVID-19 MEET CALENDAR TO BE REVIEWED AT MAY COMMITTEE MEETING

### ROACHES



10th July - 12th July 2020

Western grit at its finest. Accommodation will be camping.

Awaiting Steward

### LAKE DISTRICT



17th July - 19th July 2020

Staying in the wonderful Lake District at the Agnes Spencer Hut in Patterdale. Nestled in the heart of the Eastern Fells of the Lakes, Patterdale gives easy access to the Helvellyn and Fairfield ranges, as well as being a great base for the rest of the national park.

There are twelve places in the hut and the cost will be £22 for accommodation for two nights. There are further dormitory places in the nearby Patterdale YHA, at £27 per person per night.

Steward: Robert Beattie  
t: 07780678437 e: robertbeattie63@gmail.com

### PORTLAND



31st July - 2nd August 2020

Annual sport climbing trip to one of the UK's best sport climbing venues.

Steward: Zaheer Durrani  
e: zadurrani@yahoo.com

### PEAK DISTRICT



14th August - 16th August 2020

More excellent grit. Accommodation will be camping.

Awaiting Steward

### FAMILY MEET



21st August - 23rd August 2020

A family friendly meet for those with little ones. Others also welcome.

Location to be decided. Probably Gower.

Awaiting Steward

### FRONWYDYR MEETS



3rd July - 5th July - Champagne Challenge  
7th August - 9th August - Summer BBQ Meet  
4th September - 6th September - Back-to-School Blues Meet  
2nd October - 4th October - Autumn Meet  
6th November to 8th November - Bonfire Meet

A range of activities from the club hut in Nant Peris, Snowdonia. See website for separate meet details.

### DOLOMITES



28th August - 31st August 2020

A long weekend in one of the most stunning parts of the Alps, the Italian Dolomites. Something for everyone from walking to via ferrata to epic multi-pitch climbing.

Steward: Guy Molyneux  
t: 07976895167 e: guy.molyneux@gmail.com

### CORSICA



30th August - 6th September 2020

Corsica is an ideal destination for various activities, both sports and trad climbing, single pitch and long multi-pitch climbs, as well as lots of walking trails all completed with the snowy view of mountains.

The weather should still be warm enough at the end of August for outdoor activities but with reduced intensity of sun.

We will be staying in the Monte Cinto area with close access to the climbing areas of Corti and Paglia Orba. Depending on numbers, we will book a villa or spaces in a mountain hut. The closest airport is Bastia.

Steward: Toktam Mahmoodi  
t: 07772251503 e: m.toktam@gmail.com

### SOUTH DEVON



18th September to 20th September 2020

Something for everyone on the beautiful South Devon coast.

Awaiting Steward

### PEAK DISTRICT



9th October - 11 October 2020

Even more excellent grit.

Awaiting Steward

### MOROCCO ANTI-ATLAS



21st November - 28 November 2020

A lifetime's worth of climbing at your fingertips. Staying at the magnificent Kasbah Tizourgane.

Steward: Zaheer Durrani  
e: zadurrani@yahoo.com

### WINTER MUNRO MEET



3rd December - 7th December 2020

Long weekend in Scotland walking up hills and enjoying stunning views or being wet, cold and hardy. Sign up and take a chance. Location to be confirmed.

Awaiting Steward



## VIRTUAL SOCIALS

With the ongoing Covid-19 situation, the LMC are planning to host a number of virtual socials. We are currently planning a virtual move night, a webinar with a pro climbing instructor and a virtual quiz night. More details will be published on the website and in the newsletter. However, our first virtual social has been confirmed...

### LIVE STREAM ROCK CLIMBING IN QUETTA, PAKISTAN

**Thursday 16th April**  
**Speaker Zaheer Durrani**

W. K. Marples and R. O. G. Thomson wrote an article in The Himalayan Journal published in 1940 describing a number of climbs setup around Quetta by 'Quetta Slabbers'.

Among their many finds was a classic 1,500ft high multi-pitch route up The Grand Arête of Takatu, a twin peaked mountain with an altitude of 3,400m located to the north east of the city. Zaheer visited Quetta in the Spring of 2019 with the aim to recreate the climb with local climbers. Was it a success? Join the live stream and find out yourself.

Pour yourself a glass, login and enjoy the talk at 7.30pm

Digital platform: Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us04web.zoom.us/j/618934119>  
Meeting ID: 618 934 119