

Small ads



SOLD! – Ikelite housing for a Canon 5D MKII

Ikelite housing for a Canon 5D MKII, Ikelite 8" dome port (no scratches) for a Canon fish eye lens, Ikelite ports Canon 17-40mm and a macro 100mm IS lens. I am based in Scarborough, U.K. £1100 ovnoroaminrobin@hotmail.com

Your advert could be [here](#) instead for just £5.00



For sale – extrem'vision(up to 100 m!!) and video camera sony vx 2000

I'm selling a fantastic underwater housing extrem'vision(up to 100 m!!) and video camera sony vx 2000 in really good condition!!!coming with a pelican case!!!!The underwater housing is coming with :- 2 lenses (1 macro and 1 wide angle) - 1 red filter. - 2 set of o'rings - Sillicon for the o'rings. - Digital screen.The sony camera vx 2000 is coming with :- A set of batteries (2 large, 1 medium, 1 small) - 5 new dv tapes. - 2 cleaning tapes.Extrem'vision is a French Brand known worldwide.it's strong, reliable and easy to repair if any problems.....REALLY GOOD CONDITION!!!!2000 euros!!!!!!fabien mouret

Email: maddox666@gmail.com [Ref:c147]



SOLD! – Subtronic Nova analog version no ttl converter

Subtronic Nova analog version no ttl converter

The strobe is 3-years-old in good condition

All sockets in S6

800-€

Rudolf Solböck

Ref C146

Your advert could be [here](#) instead for just £5.00



For sale – Aquatica housing 5D, 8 inch dome, dome shade and canon 5D body

Aquatica housing 5D, 8 inch dome, dome shade and canon 5D body including 2 spare batteries and spare charger for sale £1600 + p&p.Housing:Aquatica 5D housing - good to 90m, 8" optical acrylic dome port - some minor scratches but not visible in photos, 8" dome shade / guard, for wide angle lenses, Spare O ringCameraCanon 5D, 3 Batteries, 2 Chargers, StrapAll for £1600+ p&p, will accept paypal, or cashPlease feel free to ask any questionThe equipment has not been used for a while but I have just upgraded to a canon 5D mark II package so have this for sale.I am based in London and if you wish to come round and have a look/examine the equipment prior to parting with your money we can arrange that.

Email: martin.abela@hotmail.co.uk [Ref:c145]

Sell your stuff You'll be amazed at just how quickly your unwanted underwater photography kit could be converted into hard cash with a UwP small ad. You can have your own UwP small ad for just £5.00 and it can have one photo as well as up to 100 words.

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The Better of Two “Greats”

By Joanna Lentini

While on a recent trip to South Africa, I received a message from an old dive buddy in Singapore asking for some advice. He was planning his own trip to SA when he noticed my on-line post about cage diving with Great Whites, which I had just completed with a top operator in Simons Town. He was trying to decide between two highly touted locations for Great White action, and asked if I had any recommendations. Having just completed my trip at False Bay based on recommendations I had received, I thought some first-hand perspective would allow me to offer the most meaningful advice. Therefore, with some time to kill and an innate curiosity, I booked a second trip out of Gansbaai and set out to compare the two Great White hotspots in South Africa myself.

Every journey has a jumping-off point and for mine the day began early in scenic Cape Town. Up well before sunrise, I threw on my thermals and swallowed the dramamine on my bedside table. The night before my hotel reception had received a message from the tour operator strongly encouraging that I take motion-sickness medicine before

bed and again upon waking. This reminder had me a bit concerned about the sort of sea conditions to expect. In fact, I'd be lucky to get out to sea at all, as it turned out bookings for the two prior days had been cancelled due to unusually rough conditions.

Arriving in the hotel lobby, I was reassured to see my driver waiting, but quickly learned the decision to go out wouldn't be made until our arrival in Simons Town almost an hour later. By the time we reached the marina it was still dark and the mid-September air was quite crisp. As I hung around waiting for the gates to open, drifting back into the sleep I had cut short earlier that morning, I was suddenly awakened by an interesting aroma wafting through the air . . . the familiar stench of chum. The trip was on and off we sailed into the sunrise over the calm vista of False Bay.

Shortly after heading out, the crew explained that the final decision to put the cage in the water could only be made once we arrived at our destination beside the famous Seal Island. To prepare for the hopeful outcome, they organized the twelve of us into groups of three and began to



Seal Island

All underwater images were taken with a GoPro Hero 3+ with no filter and just natural lighting





match us up with equipment. It was then asked which group would like to get into the cage first. Due to either deference, fatigue, or indifference, no one stepped forward with a strong preference, so groups were selected at random. I was placed in Group 3. In hindsight, I should have fought for the first round, as the sharks clearly started off much more curious and energetic with the action slowly dropping off with each subsequent group. The crew confirmed this trend, which is why they allowed the latter groups to stay down slightly longer than the earlier ones, but this wasn't an even trade from my experience.

Twenty minutes in, we were safely anchored aside the fragrant and bustling island of 60,000 cape

fur seals. The scent of a fresh kill was in the air and everyone eagerly began scanning the open ocean for seals heading back to terra firma. I was awestruck by the spectacular mountain backdrop with the still rising sun shimmering across the waves. For me, this legendary locale had lived up to the wildness for which it is known.

About ten minutes after our arrival, the crew shouted "two o'clock!" Turning as fast as I could, I caught a quick glimpse of a massive predator breaching water as it chased a seal in the distance. Unfortunately, the three shots I got off were out of focus, but the viewfinder was sharp and I was excited just to have seen it. Sadly, that would be my boat's

last sighting of a full breach for the day. If these breaches are what you're after, then False Bay is clearly the top destination as such activity is uniquely common to the area around Seal Island, especially between the months of June and September. However, while the likelihood of witnessing this phenomenon here is very good, it's not guaranteed, and I was lucky to see just one even if I did crave more. Regardless, the regular topside action still remained exciting and worth the trip on its own.

With sharks in the vicinity, the crew decided to lower the cage into the water. When my turn came, I carefully slipped into the narrow cage with GoPro in hand. As I entered the cold water I became sandwiched

between two men. If you have the option, it would be wise to position yourself at one end of the cage, ideally closest to the chum line. Time after time the sharks would follow the chum line back to the boat, so try to make your way to whichever side the chum guy has positioned himself.

Once inside the cage, I focused on finding the best position to steady myself. Without gloves, it was difficult to get a firm grip on the smooth metal railing and the snorkel didn't quite cut it. After some time I managed to secure my feet under the bottom bar and switched from snorkel to breath holds. Trying to steady my GoPro was also a challenge as I was rocked back and forth inside the cage by a churning current. Generally,

I'd have it mounted to the top of my DSLR housing providing much more stability. However, I had decided to leave my preferred set-up at home due to strict weight restrictions I'd face later in my itinerary with light aircraft in Botswana. This turned out to be the right decision as the space and conditions would not have accommodated a large dome port. Regardless, I was thrilled and humbled by several close encounters over the course of 35 minutes.

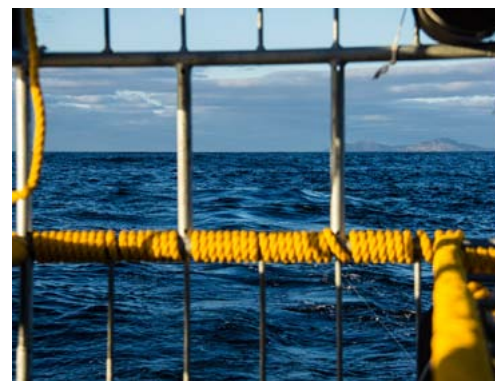
To end the adventure we took a spin around Seal Island, which was a worthwhile outing on its own. The aggregate of sights, sounds, and horrific stench rivaled the most memorable parts of the trip. It was great to see that the seals frolicking in the shallow pools were as curious about us as we were of them. Heading back to Simons Town I was saddened at the thought of leaving this magnificent place.

Fortunately, just three days later, I would be able to satiate these passions again.

After scrambling to find a last minute opening on a reputable boat I was on my way to the fisherman's village of Gansbaai. After a 9am pickup in Cape Town and a much longer drive in store, I sat back and marveled at the coastal road winding its way through the mountains. Due to protests blocking traffic on the



usual route our detour added a half hour to the two-hour journey. About a half hour before Gansbaai, I passed the town of Hermanus on the opposite side of Walker Bay, which is very well known for its Southern Right whales. If you're planning a cage diving trip in Gansbaai and want to avoid the long drive from Cape Town, staying in Hermanus a night or two is definitely a good option to break up the trip. Together, their collective coastline offers one of the only areas in the world where these whales can be viewed consistently just 5 meters from shore. About a hundred whales make



this bay their vacation home between June and December, thanks in part to the warmer water temperature for the calves.

After arriving in Gansbaai, we were served a tasty lunch accompanied by a shark conservation

video. While eating, I couldn't help but notice the stark contrast in numbers vs. Simons Town. This group was roughly triple in size, which contributed to the more tourist-y feel of the experience. To be sure, the well-rated operator was



professional and certainly knew their stuff. The food was a nice touch as well. However, the intimacy and more authentic expedition feel were diminished.

After lunch we were given a life vest and poncho and asked to make our way to the marina. All bundled up, the midday sun was quite warm as I boarded the huge vessel. Approaching our destination, the crew pointed out Shark Alley between

Dyer Island and Geyser Rock from a distance. I was disappointed to learn we wouldn't be diving there as visions of the climax to the Halle Berry direct-to-DVD flick, *Dark Tide*, flashed through my mind.

Upon arrival, we found a massive cage floating alone in the open ocean. The crew scrambled to get it attached to the boat while everyone else sorted through the cold, wet neoprene gear. With the False Bay experience fresh in

my mind, I was anxious to volunteer as soon as the crew solicited divers. I made it a point to try to be the first in the cage this time (closest to the chum line) and as no one else was lining up my chances were looking good. However, just as I was about to hop in, a couple seemed to come from nowhere to push their way past me. I guess they also got the memo.

With two to my left and nine to my right, this wasn't going to

be fun. Almost immediately the volatile surges began. There were moments half of my body was out of the water and others when I had five feet of water above my head and was struggling to come up for air. Swallowing large gulps of chum-filled, seawater did not enhance my experience. The nine people to my right tumbled through me like bowling pins as I struggled to understand why the crew would pack so many people into a cage in rough conditions.

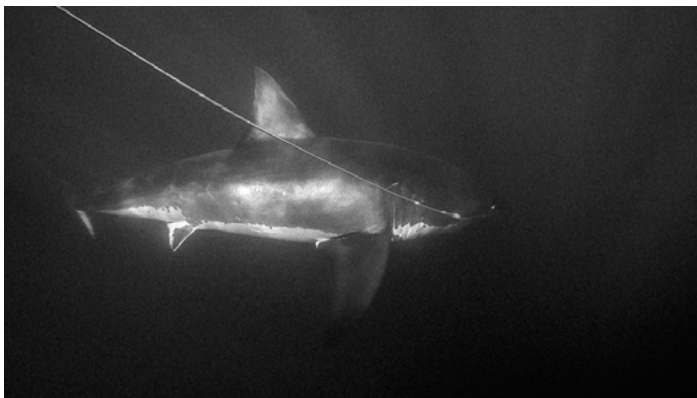
Tiring, I tried desperately to hold on for the ride and see the main attraction. This became nearly impossible as the visibility fell off tremendously. The cage seemed to have a life of its own and its eerie metal sounds were starting to creep me out (*Dark Tide* again played in my mind). I had just about reached my limits when out of nowhere an enormous Great White body slammed the metal bars in front of me. The viz was that bad.

This time around I far more enjoyed photographing the sharks topside as the midday sun made them much more visible from above. They also appeared noticeably bigger than their cousins over in False Bay but not quite as significantly as I had been foretold. I was offered another chance in the cage with the last group. I graciously declined. This was not

a difficult decision. Of course, I cannot hold the conditions against the tour operator or the location itself. It very well could have been the same way in False Bay. However, had this been my only cage dive experience (as it was for most on board), I would have been sorely disappointed.

After a hot shower (another nice amenity not offered in False Bay), I browsed the gift shop and picked up a shark tooth as a memento. On the drive back to Cape Town, I contemplated what advice to give to my friend. I was glad to have been afforded the landscape and adventure of both, yet my preference was clear. While the trip from Gansbaai offered a warm welcome and clean send-off, False Bay won on both intimacy and undersea experience. Time of day may have enhanced the topside lighting for me in Gansbaai, but the early morning breaching activity is a real allure for False Bay at Seal Island giving it an edge both above and below sea level. The massive colony of fur seals also enhanced my vote for False Bay, so perhaps a closer encounter with Dyer Island and Geyser Rock might have helped balance the scale. In the end, it

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largely came down to the benefits of eco-tourism vs mass-tourism, and my trip from Simons Town won hands down. Of course, the opportunity to see a Great White Shark in any circumstance or setting is nothing short of a privilege, so either venue ticks this “bucket list” item quite effectively.

Joanna Lentini

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