

with the person, and the tools are the medium to produce the special products. Put me in a gourmet kitchen and the popcorn would still be burnt, the coffee cold, and beans without spice. Give a good photographer a poor camera and it is likely she will frame and compose an exceptional photo. Better equipment allows them to expand their talents.



Yes he has a good camera and she a good stove and the talents to use them!

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The Ink Zone

Ink Zone # 141

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It is five o'clock on a cold January morning as I trudge up the rocky trail poorly lit by my old head lamp. Slippery boulders sneak under my boots just when my balance is off center forcing me to strain even more. I leave early in hopes of a colorful sunrise framed by the ruin homes of ancient peoples. Clouds gain a pinkish hue as I switchback up the trail lugging cameras, a tripod, lenses and warm gear. As I get closer, I remember some of my precious vistas from this magical place, each time different. Always I have an objective and each time there is a pleasant surprise. This time I focused on the crimson clouds and the reflections on the distant lake. Moving with the light, the camera is the extension of my mind's eye. Working from the back of the ruins to the front as the golden light paints the textured walls, my CD card fills with pixels of color.

NICE STOVE !

After the sun raises high above good lighting, I make my way back to the truck. Easier to see on the way back, but harder on the aging legs I pick my way back downhill. While stowing my camera in the truck, a tourist family spills from a dusty SUV. Swinging my second camera to pan the flight of a Gary Hawk, the dad says, "wow that is some camera, you must get great pictures". "Yup" I said "it's a nice camera". After the pleasantries finished I wished them a splendid day and commented how lucky the kids are to travel to experience this wonderful country.

As I pointed the red truck toward the local diner in the next town I reflected a bit on what I just witnessed. Soon I was remembering a story featuring a well-published photographer at his first solo exhibition and the socialite that sponsored him. Encouraged by his friends and driven by his passion to share his work, the photographer set out to select his best shots and enlisted the assistance of a talented artist with an eye skilled on framing and presenting his work in the best context. He was lucky, it proved later, to be given the name of a woman, widowed, and excited with 'discovering' new artists with exceptional talents. One networking led to another and soon they were planning a gallery showing, an opening night and a reception to follow. They invited his artist / photographer friends, and she her social circle of wealthy people.

While his talents; stunning landscapes, moving portraits, and stop action wildlife images hanging on spotlight lit walls are well known to his connections, her talents were in the organization of events and in the kitchen providing the foods for the reception. Not many who knew her would miss that event.

The showing generated comments, commissions, news coverage, and rave reviews during and after the event. Glowing with joy, the socialite was so pleased that she took him aside to congratulate him on the show and his work. Nothing like it in years she explained and as they moved to the reception room, she looked him in the eye and said, "wow oh my, wow, you must have an exceptional camera". He nodded yes in reply.

The reception, food from her private recipes taken around the room by butlers with gleaming silver trays, proved once again the delicious success many expected from her. Good foods, Champaign in tall slim glasses and talk of the exceptional photographs fueled the rest of the evening. Excited with his success and delighted that he and his colleagues chanced to meet new potential buyers and clients; he too searched to find his sponsor and reception hostess. Among his many thanks, he exclaimed, with a bit of a wink in his eye "exceptional reception, thank you. You must have a good stove".

They both burst out laughing cementing their friendship forever.

As I chow a platter of eggs, bacon and hash browns with strong hot coffee, I reflect on my morning. Rural Arizona is not like the socialite capitals in the east, but it is an ok place with towns that have no chain stores and real folks living the good life. At first I was taken aback by the dad's compliment on my camera, and then I remembered that he too must have something that he is good at. Perhaps it is writing or crafting wood, or who knows. If he writes, it is not the pencil that makes it good. The talent is