



# 52

A PHOTOGRAPHY JOURNAL

ISSUE TWO MARCH 2020

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# The Healing



# POWER OF PASTA

Not a day goes by that I don't think about Zia, the woman who wordlessly taught us how to make pasta in her 17th Century farmhouse last spring. Her nephew was there too, but to be completely honest, I don't even remember his name. His mark on my memory pales in comparison to that of Zia. She is a living breathing stereotype of the Italian grandmother—from her knobby knuckles down to her wobbly gait.

We signed up to learn traditional Italian cooking from her not knowing we would spend the days prior in one of those frustrating marital blocks where it's one argument after the next and no amount of wine or talking or not talking makes it stop.

Photographs and story by Angie Webb  
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Photographs and story by Angie Webb

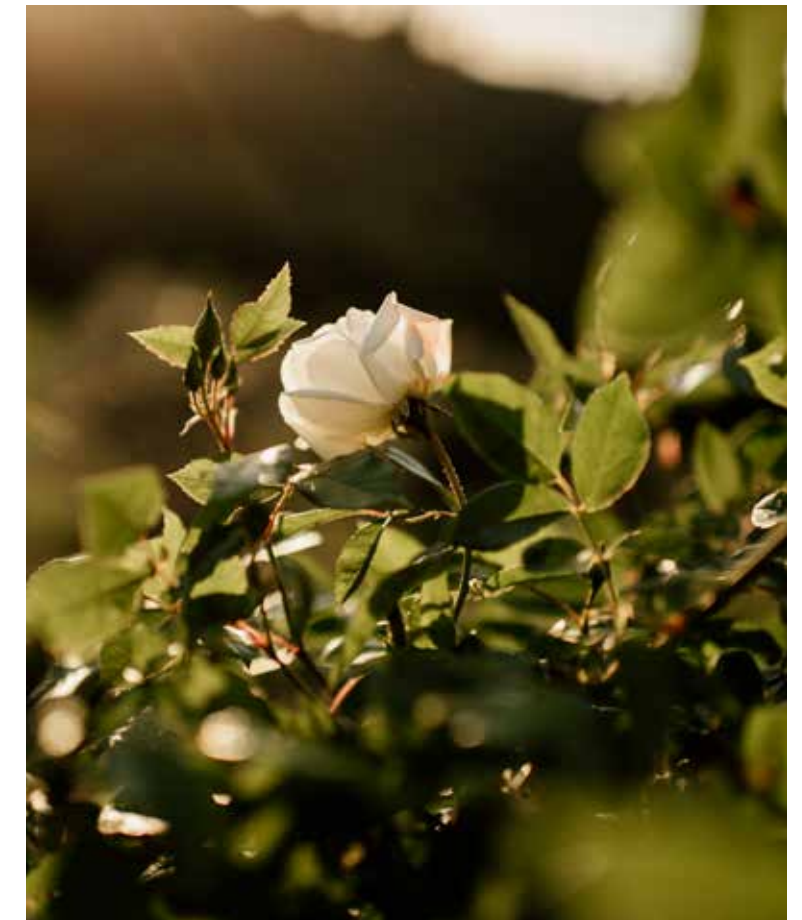






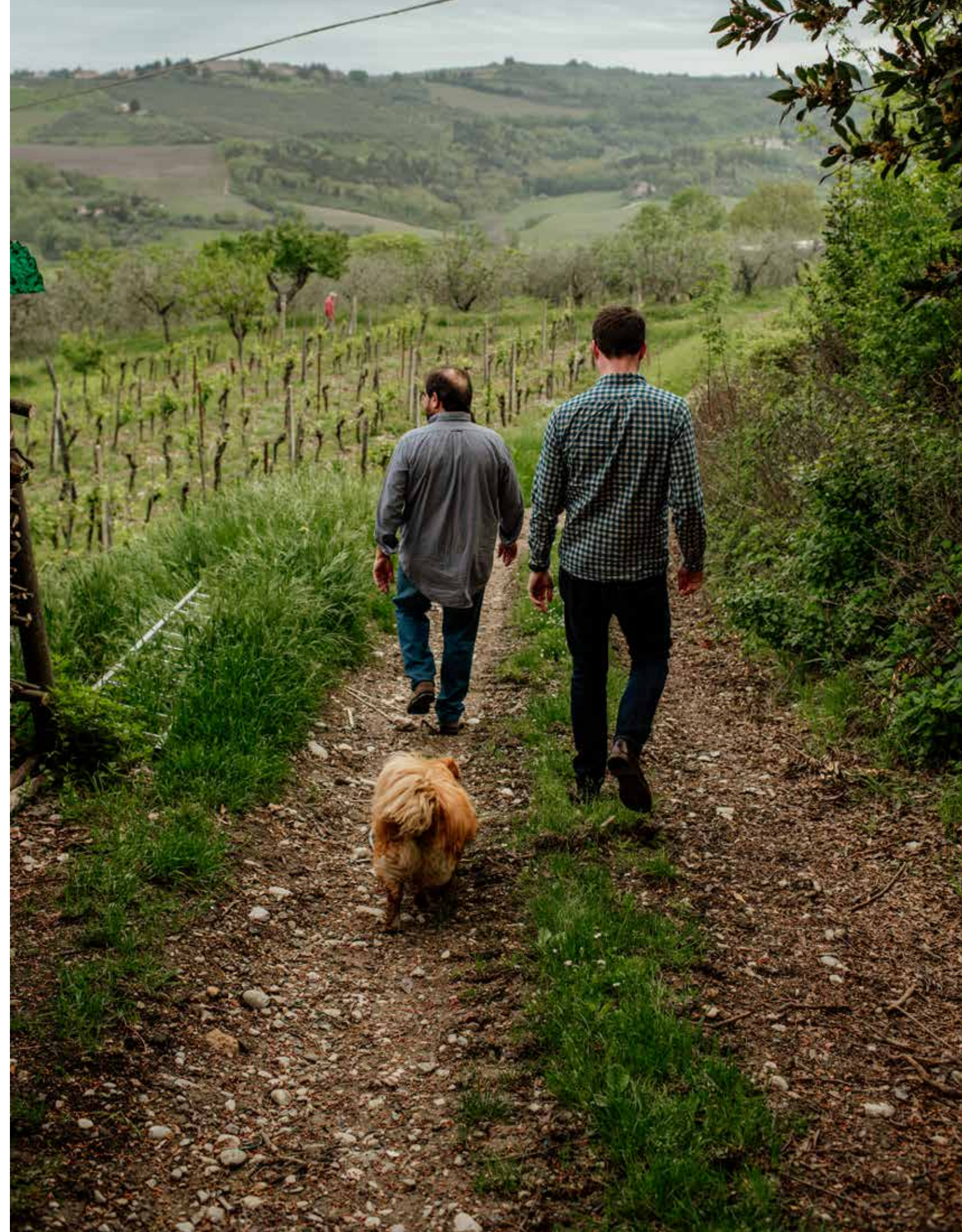
We arrived at Zia's edgy and spent. While the chicken simmered on the stove I stole away to the garden for a break, and through a bedroom window I saw a woman asleep in a hospital bed, clearly an ailing family member now under the umbrella of Zia's care. I thought about how strong Zia was, to live her life in the service to her family, to do a lot of really hard things for a really long time—a force to be reckoned with in an apron and saggy black sneakers.

Zia's life on the hillside full of olive trees is both simple and complicated, a beautiful illustration of feminine strength, of family, of relentless perspective. As we spent the afternoon chopping tomatoes and soaking ladyfingers in Vin Santo, I wanted to drink in every bit of this moment, this place and this woman, so I grabbed my camera. Zia doesn't speak English, and my Italian is marginal at best, but with every violent bang of the rolling pin and every dramatic wave of the hand, we began to understand each other more completely.





Maybe it was the power of Zia's presence—commanding a room without saying a word, gently yet firmly guiding our clumsy hands around the art of making pasta the way her family had for hundreds of years. Or maybe it was the healing capacity of food, that soulful feeling you get when you've finished a meal stuffed to the brim with both flavor and love. I'm not sure what it was, but something shifted for my husband and I that day. My logical brain tells me it was because the cooking class was a welcome distraction from our marital misery, but my heart knows there was more to the story. We quietly ended our war that day. I credit Zia for that.





# OUR PETS GREG KINDRED

I have worked in the animal health industry for more than 30 years. Most of that time I was an art director for a publishing company. I saw the art budgets decrease year after year due to the decline in advertising pages. Stock photography had filled the void allowing publishers to buy cheap quality images. It wasn't too long before the same images of pets started permeating the industry. I had learned to take my own shots of small items that the stock houses didn't have. As my abilities improved, I shot more and more for our publications and marketing pieces. Soon I was shooting headshots, product shots, roundtables, events and some pet images.

After years of publishing the same pet shots as our competitors, I decided that if I shot a library of images of pets, our marketing would stand apart. I engaged our employees to bring their pets in for a series of photoshoots. I decided the use of a white background would allow the most adaptability for marketing, yielding a clean appealing image. I photographed both dogs and cats, puppies and kittens as well as adults. The images turned out great and the employees loved them. We started using them as our branding in convention centers across the US. The fact that the images were not stock made an immediate impact. We also added names of the pet and staff member owner to signage, our audience of veterinarians loved how we made our own pets a part of our marketing efforts.

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# MILLERS BAKE HOUSE

I've always had a lot of respect for people who work with their hands. Yea, I know, we all work with our hands, but I mean in particular those who use their hands in the pursuit of their craft. I guess partly because I've been a carpenter for a lot of my life and thus understand the satisfaction derived from starting with just an idea and some raw material and ending up with a finished piece. I really enjoy watching other people using their hands to give life to an idea.

*Photography and story by James Kern*



So, when the assignment came to craft an image of “hands at work,” I was kinda jazzed because its right up my alley. I had a number of different people I could have worked with in my local area, but ultimately I chose Dave. Dave is the owner of Millers Bake House and a masterful baker who works by himself in a small shop connected to his house.

I used to see him Saturday morning at the Farmers Market in Chico CA where he always had the most amazing variety of beautiful looking and tasty bread. I always took my camera when I went and had captured images of Dave and his wares several times, so we already had a relationship of sorts. The next Saturday when I saw him I explained my project and asked if he would be interested in participating. He said “sure...” and I had my subject! Dave gave me his address and we arraigned for me to be there the following Thursday around 10 am.

I had no idea what Dave’s space was like or what my shooting conditions would be, but I knew I wanted to shoot with a bit more than “available” light, whatever that might turn out to be. I also knew I wanted to keep a small footprint with the gear so I could move around quickly and not get in the way, because the whole was idea to shoot him in his natural environment while he worked. I wanted it to be real, not staged, and I wanted the viewer to get the feel of actually being there.

In the end I went with my Nikon D810 paired with my 24-120 f/4 lens, one stand, two SB-910 flashes (one for a spare) Yongnuo remote and receiver to trigger the flash and a 43 inch Westcott deep white bounce umbrella with diffusion sock. Small, light, easy to move around. Drop the stand, adjust the light and shoot – pick up, move, repeat.

When the day arrived, I tossed my gear in my Tacoma and off I went. Finding Dave proved to be a bit of a challenge since in the country addresses on mailboxes are often optional and his house was at the end of what I swear was 10 miles of gravel driveway but I finally found him. When I arrived Dave was already well into his work day which, for him, usually starts around 5 am. He gave me a quick tour of the Bake House, showed me his equipment and we talked a bit more about his process. He asked me what I wanted him to do, and when I told him my idea for the shoot was for him to work while I just shot, I think he was quite relived that he could just go back to work!

Once I had things set up I started shooting, just capturing whatever was happening at the moment or whatever caught my eye. We chatted throughout the entire shoot – I learned a lot about bread, and he learned a bit about photography, and we both had a good time.















The plan was simple - a three generation road trip on the Australian east coast. Myself, my wife, our son, and my mother, and I would document it all as a first step in pushing my photography into a new way of storytelling. Of course, best laid plans often go awry, and such was the case here with my son being sick the first day, and then my mother getting sick and requiring a hospital stay from the fourth. She made a recovery but didn't get released until two days before our flight back to Taipei.

# THE BEST LAID PLANS

Photographs and story by Craig Ferguson











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As someone who got a start as a travel photographer I've been thinking of the way it's changed over the years. At least in my experiences with it that go back to travel in the 90's with film, it has moved from tourism icons and exotic locations to experiential travel with the beautiful younger crowd. For most actual people though, this is not particularly relevant as most of us aren't millennials with six-pack abs doing back flips off waterfalls. I wanted to show a more relatable type of travel, one of takeaway food and roadside coffee, local craft markets and views anyone can see.

Through two regions - Byron Bay on the north coast of New South Wales, and the Sunshine Coast in Queensland's south-east, we drove, looked, ate and explored. Photographically, things became very abbreviated. Most of the places we'd planned to visit we weren't able to make it to, but despite the setbacks, I'm classing it as a successful endeavor. It did show me a direction that deserves more exploration for me as a photographer, and opened a few doors and solidified a few decisions for us as a family.

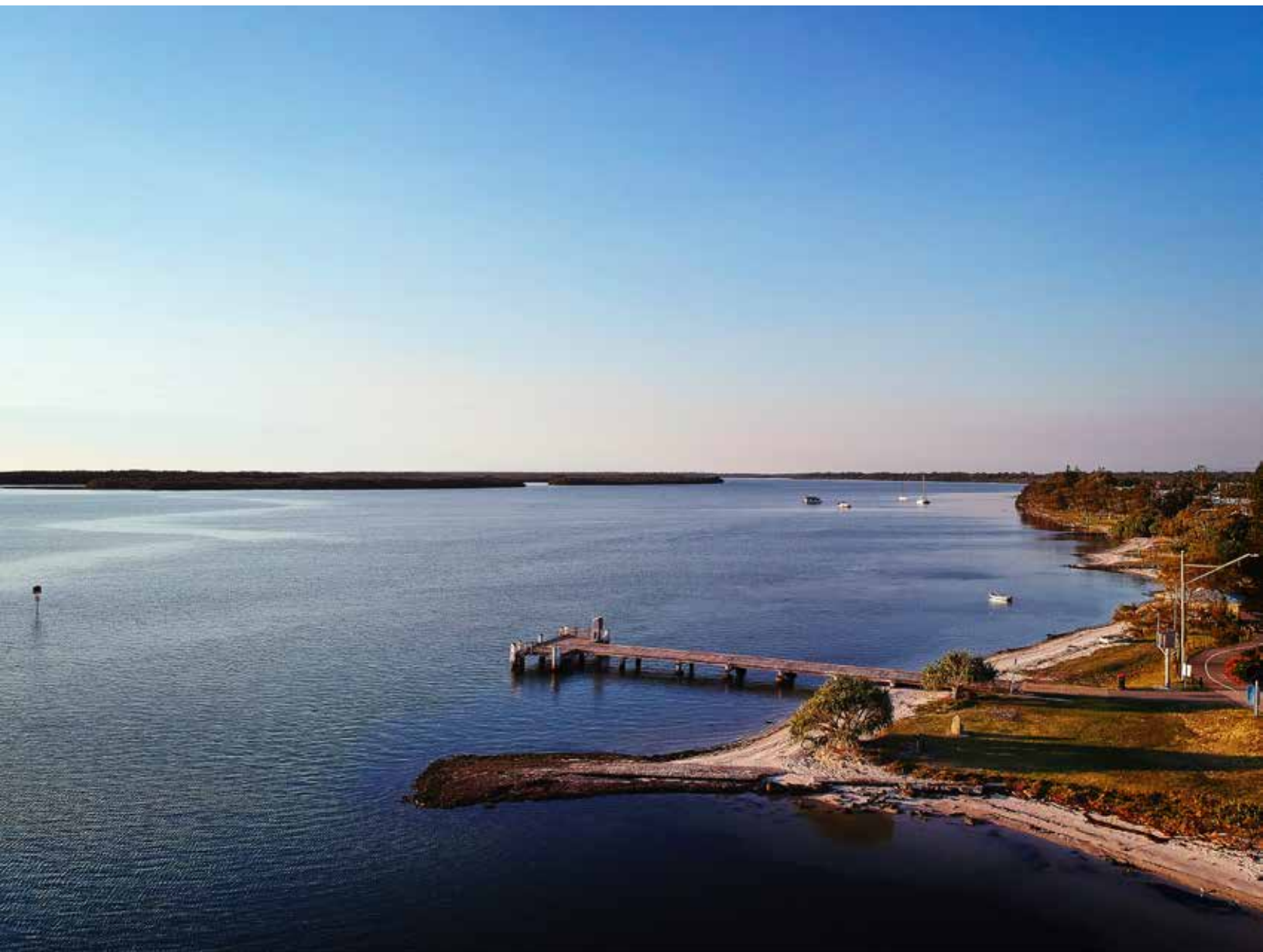
I'm an Australian photographer living as an expat based in Taipei, Taiwan. Working with a range of international clients mostly in the travel and editorial portraiture worlds, I'm always on the lookout for interesting new projects and challenges.

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A woman wearing a black cowboy hat, a blue plaid shirt, and dark jeans with a large silver belt buckle is leading a white horse through a stable aisle. The horse is wearing a black halter and a green and white striped lead rope. The stable has wooden walls and metal railings. In the background, another horse is visible. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting late afternoon or early morning.

# THE GREAT ARIZONA TRAIL RIDE

Experiencing the Beauty of the Sonoran Desert by Horseback

Photographs and story by Stefanie Spencer

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The day starts early, in the cool morning just after sunrise, as the wranglers gather the horses to be tacked up for the day's adventures. Each horse is called by their nickname, and the handlers bring out the specific saddle, bridle, and tack that is dedicated to each individual horse. Softly and quietly, they are brushed and readied, awaiting the first group of riders.

As the riders gather together, a specific horse is chosen as a good match for each rider. Lined up and ready to go, the horses eagerly head out in front of the stables, around the welcome center, and out into the desert.







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The unique beauty of the Sonoran Desert is breathtaking, and there is no better way to experience it than slowly and up close, with only the sounds of nature and a clatter of the horses' hooves across the rocky terrain. The wrangler leads the way up the hillside, passing Tanque Verde Wash, and into Saguaro National Park.

The narrow trail winds around saguaro, prickly pear, cholla, and other Sonoran Desert plants, so close you could reach out and touch them, if you dare. You may spot a red tailed hawk, cactus wren, or even a bobcat, while a few turkey buzzards circle above.







On the evening ride, the view of the distant valley below at sunset is stunning. While up close, the silver lining around the Ocotillo and Saguaros is something you'll only see in the Sonoran Desert landscape.

The dust from the horses' hooves hangs low and creates a warm glow in the setting sun. On your way back, the horses start to whinny to each other as they sense the nearness of the stable and their next meal. The riders each take their turn to dismount, and all of the horses are loosed from the tack needed for the day, as the day's adventure comes to a close.

A close-up, artistic photograph of a white horse's head. The focus is on the horse's dark, expressive eye, which is partially framed by long, flowing white mane strands. The background is softly blurred, showing a person's hand near the horse's head, suggesting a moment of connection or care. The overall mood is serene and intimate.

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