



Vol 02, Issue 07

Summer Path 2013

Stone Path Review

AN ARTISTIC JOURNAL OF PATHS THROUGH IMAGES AND WORDS





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Stone Path Review

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Gun

by Peycho Kanev

When you go away,
always come back to me.

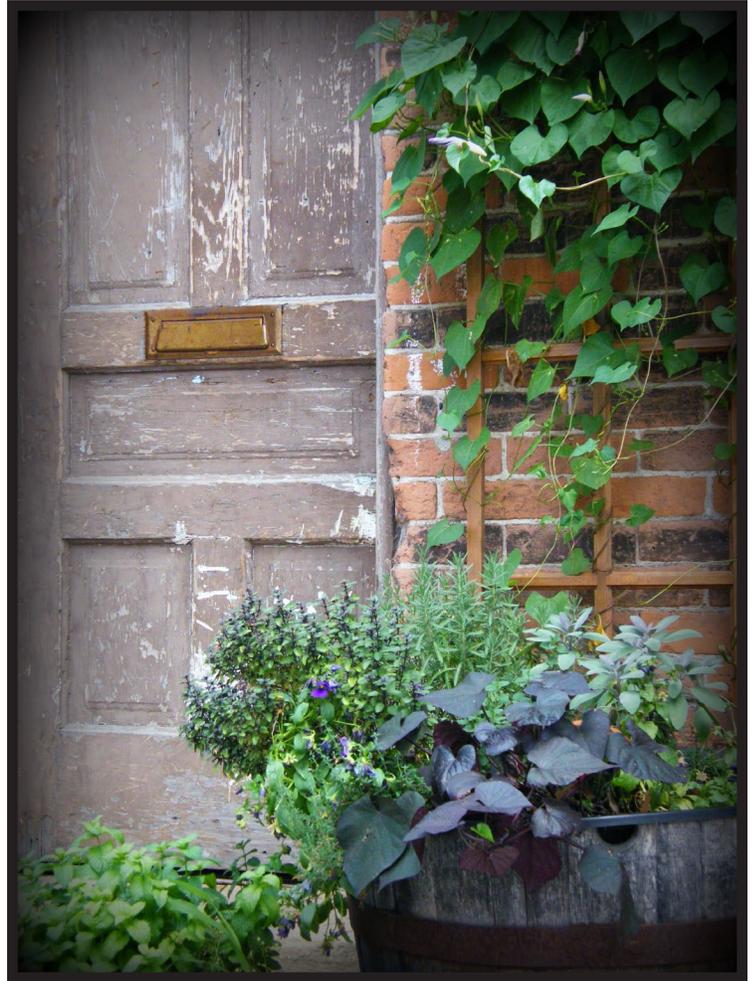
Leaving,
you leave yourself in the distance.

What is the meaning of the road,
when it is the wrong one, from the start?

So, come back,
and open the door.

Grab it.

Shut me
up.



Peycho Kanev is the author of four poetry collections and two chapbooks. His collection *Bone Silence* (2010) was published by Desperanto in NY. *Whiskey in a Tin Can* (2013), *American Notebooks* (2010), and *Walking Through Walls* (2009) were published in Bulgaria.

Peycho Kanev has won several European awards for his poetry and he has been nominated for the Pushcart Award. Translations of his books will be published soon in Italy, Poland, and Russia. His poems have appeared in more than 900 literary magazines, such as: *Poetry Quarterly*, *Evergreen Review*, *Hawaii Review*, and *Cordite Poetry Review*.

The Mass

by Psycho Kanev

There is some dignity in death,
but we prefer to turn our heads.

In the ancient times,
the Greeks used to put coins on
the closed eyes or in the mouths
of their dead.

This way they were able to pay
Charon for passage across the river Styx,
because those who could not pay the fee,
or those whose bodies were left unburied,
had to wander the shores for hundreds of years.

The eyes of the living
are different today.

The soul of the living is wandering
without direction.

So many paths,
so many forgotten roads
lost in eternity, with so many milestones
covered in mildew,
and I am the only traveler.

The fading smell of God
is still sticking to the grass,
and I am walking;
my eyes are open.



But the eyes I look out of
are the same eyes the sky is looking
into.

And we are contented,
our time is now and it is never-ending,
but remember,

when we close the eyes of the dead,
they open our souls.

Driftwood

by Tricia Knoll

A June storm wet the driftwood last night.
 Sand runnels texture the beach carpet
 beneath a gallery of leg bones and dragons
 summer bonfires have not yet blemished.

Tides, wind and waves
 sand down woods to equal relics.
 Wind-gnarled trunks and limbs
 thrown up silver in salt
 roll like slain dragons and griffons.

Imploring root wad fingers
 spike up, one skeleton clutches
 a boulder to the last touchdown.

I am small, untraveled, foot-bound
 where surf flings these forward,
 this feeble fence on a slumming dune
 which may last one season.

What is big now will be small or gone.
 Tourist tribes burn their fires.
 Wind carves. Sand blasts.
 Waves rearrange. The ocean knows
 its rules and its woods.



photographer Darrell Salk

Tricia Knoll is a Portland, Oregon poet with a home at the Oregon coast. Retired after communications work for the City of Portland, she has reopened her life to the poetry. She practices tai chi, maintains daily running, haiku writing, and dance disciplines, and nurtures butterfly and native plant gardens. Recent poems are included in anthologies from Red Claw Press, Western Press Books, and Dos Gatos Press. Other poems have appeared or will soon publish in online or print journals.



photographer Darrell Salk

Patterns on the Shore

by Tricia Knoll

A young mother in jeans bends
and runs to keep up.
Her toddling son lurches
across rippled sand
behind retreating tide.

“Look!” she says, “Patterns?
Nature is patterns.
Everywhere patterns.”
The child jogs, mooshing
wave lapped ridges.

There is stacked clouds --
god to the east,
fish-scales to the west,
and mist draping the mountain north.

Wave battalions advance.
We flee an assertive wave
marching against orderly ebb.
Brown pelicans skim the troughs.

Repetition
in clam dimples
ocean pines corkscrewing
from winter wind
bird blown off course
fragile migrations

What does he understand?

We breathe the same misted air,
walk the vast splattered sand,
measure the tide's withdrawal
in abandoned snakes of sea foam.

The boy's feet trudge
one after another,
head tucked low
over skeleton-studded sand.

Breakfast in Bed

by Brendan Sullivan

she awoke early
and sent him out
for bread and milk
and the morning glory
of larks just opening their eyes
on the evening star's retreat.
the bed would stay unmade
she said
let the cat forage
for sunshine under the pillows
and curl up
on the windowsill
marking time
with its tail till noon.
we'll sip earl grey tea



Brendan Sullivan:

"I am a lifelong beach bum who has turned from acting to poetry, as I find it a more remarkable muse. I also enjoy surfing, sailing and diving. My work has been published at Wordsmiths, The Missing Slate, Every Writer's Resource, Gutter Eloquence, A Sharp Piece of Awesome, After Tournier, Bareback Magazine and Bare Hands."



From a Spill at Broken Hill

by Les Wicks

It all made sense
when I discovered bombs have a use-by date.

The chorus line is twitchy
carpets lift to the promise of air
and we are sorry.

Rock is complex.
Queued grey, the sheets of lode. Goes its way
to ore, then ingots.
Each thing we touch has form, but demands more.
Hands embellish, then paint.
Metal will fly with the tossed certainty
of a ten-year old's gibber and
an enemy pretend, hiding
beneath the oleander, behind the Kmart
garden shed.

Mineral stone should sit
on the red, thirsty nest that birthed it.
This is the beginning, the end of our capacities.
Where the mowers momentarily whisper
while flowers refuse the pluck.
It takes more guts
the more you spend
to let your cars rust vacant
or put missiles to scrap.

For over 35 years, Les Wicks has performed at festivals, schools, prison etc. Published in over 250 different magazines, anthologies & newspapers across 15 countries in 9 languages. Conducts workshops & runs Meuse Press which focuses on poetry outreach projects like poetry on buses & poetry published on the surface of a river. His 10th book of poetry is Barking Wings (PressPress, 2012).

Website: <http://leswicks.tripod.com/lw.htm>



Thought Surfing

by Changming Yuan

as if on a huge herd
of water buffaloes
stampeding, surging
against the horizon, he
kept surfing towards
the rising sun, lightly
on a bluish idea
more naked
than his body and soul

Changming Yuan, 4-time Pushcart nominee and author of *Allen Qing Yuan*, holds a PhD in English, teaches independently, and edits *Poetry Pacific* in Vancouver. Yuan's poetry appears in 659 literary publications cross 25 countries, including *Asia Literary Review*, *Best Canadian Poetry*, *BestNewPoemsOnline*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *LiNQ* and *London Magazine*.



At the Edge of Everywhere

by Ben Coffman

This photo was taken at Oregon's Trillium Lake, with Mt Hood in the background. The lights on the mountain are from Timberline Lodge and a bunch of Sno-Cats that were grooming the ski slopes there. I was planning on shooting from this location anyway on the night in question, after three previous trips in the preceding month had resulted in no usable images.

We don't often get aurora borealis in Oregon, but it really went off this night. There were half a dozen other photographers at the lake that night, and the air was calm enough that I could hear the "ooohs" and "aaaahs" from clear on the other side of the lake. It was a fantastic night.

Canon 6D with Rokinon 14mm, aperture unrecorded, 30 sec, ISO 5000



Crater Lake Panorama, with Lyrids

by Ben Coffman

This photo was taken during my second winter camping trip to Crater Lake. My friends and fellow photographers Jack Crocker and Robyn Clipfell used snowshoes for the little over three miles to get to our camp spots. It was a little grueling.

The best Milky Way photos are taken with no moon in the sky, and the timing on this particular night meant that I had roughly an hour and a half between the moon setting and the first vestiges of the sun rising in the east, which happened to be the direction I was shooting. In night photography terms, at least for me, an hour and a half is nothing, especially when I was planning on shooting a giant panorama like this one, which is actually composed of about fifteen different photos stitched together.

The temperatures that night were in the mid-20s, but Crater Lake can be really windy, and the area where we were camped seemed to funnel wind from the north out over the lake. To make a long story short, I was freezing while taking this photo. To keep my already overstuffed pack less than sixty pounds I had only brought along glove liners. This had seemed prudent while I was packing, since I can't shoot photos with my gloves on anyway, but my hands were really cold by the time I was done.

Canon 6D with Canon 24mm f/1.4L, 15-image stitch



Our Nightly Fortune

by Ben Coffman

The title of this photo refers rather abstractly to the idea of stars (and, if you really stretch the metaphor, even flowers) being a kind of currency and that, like money or wealth, the appreciation of their beauty can be saved and handed down to future generations or squandered altogether.

This photo was taken at the Wooden Shoe Tulip Farm (in Woodburn, Oregon) at the tail end of their annual tulip festival, which is held for several weeks in the spring. They have about three acres of tulips there, and the place just crawls with photographers, especially during particularly cool sunsets. It's a beautiful scene, to be sure, but it can be downright frustrating to compose the shot you want without someone or their tripod in it.

I had vowed that I would wait until late in the festival to visit, after the other photographers had gotten their fill. To further make sure that nobody would be around, I planned to visit at night. Unfortunately, a particularly warm spring tortured the tulip crop, and only about three rows of a particularly hearty variety were still around and in good shape. The other two and a half acres of tulips were a wilted, dried-up mess, lying in heaps in the field. After the initial disappointment of pulling up and seeing how empty the fields were, I felt very fortunate to have gotten this image.

Canon 6D with Rokinon 14mm, f/2.8, 30 sec, ISO 3200.



Tempest O'er the Field

by Ben Coffman

I was out chasing aurora borealis in eastern Oregon and Washington the night I took this photo. The forecast had called for a better-than-normal chance of aurora and the skies had been incredibly clear, but the northern lights decided not to show. I was disappointed, but I decided to stop by some old high-desert homesteads that I'd photographed once before to try to salvage the evening.

For some reason, the valley with this house was completely cloud-covered, despite clear skies for dozens, maybe hundreds, of miles around the valley. I remember being pretty discouraged when I saw all of the clouds, but I ended up shooting photos anyway.

This area of Washington is really windy, and there are these huge, wind farms with one hundred windmills all through the area. Each windmill has its own bright red light that blinks intermittently. This photo is a result of those wind farms lighting the clouds overhead. I managed to take this photo right as the clouds parted, giving me a view of the stars above as well. This moment lasted for maybe a minute or two before the clouds re-covered the area. These atmospheric conditions, while not what I considered at the time to be "perfect," helped to create a really unique image--I'm not sure I could ever take the same photo again. In short, I thought what I was taking was a throwaway image, but it has turned out to be one of my favorites from this year. I learned a valuable lesson with this one: Don't overthink it. Take the photo anyway. You might surprise yourself.

Canon 6D with Rokinon 14mm, aperture unrecorded, 25 sec, ISO 3200



Untitled, Columbia River Gorge (Cover Image)

by Ben Coffman

The Columbia River Gorge is a never-ending landscape photography buffet. In addition to fantastic, expansive views from the top of the gorge, perspectives from down by the river can also be really grand, even lake-like in places. The dynamic between all of the moving water and clouds and fixed objects like interesting weathered rocks and pilings from old bridges make this a great place for long exposures.

Canon 6D with Canon 17-40L, 17mm, f/20, 165 sec, ISO 50



Sunrise with Birds

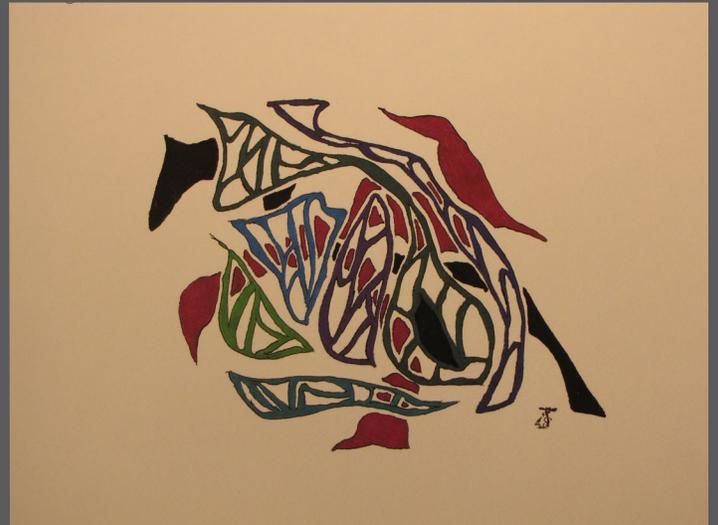
by A.J. Huffman

A.J. Huffman is a poet and freelance writer in Daytona Beach, Florida. She has published six collections of poetry, available on Amazon.com. She has published her work in numerous national and international literary journals. She is currently the editor for Kind of a Hurricane Press literary journals.

Website: <http://www.kindofahurricanepress.com>



Family at Rest



Bird in a Bush



Barbary

Family at Rest, Bird in a Bush, and Barbary by Walter Savage

W. Jack Savage is a retired educator and broadcaster who now writes and creates his art full time. "My drawing is spontaneous. I seldom work from sketches. I find the medium of today's colored pens very satisfying at the moment."

Jack and his wife Kathy live in Monrovia, California.



Phases of Spring 01



Phases of Spring 02



Phases of Spring 03

Phases of Spring 01, 02, 03, and 04

by Joezel Jang

Joezel Jang is an ESL teacher, an amateur poet and an aspiring artist. She resides in Changwon city, South Korea.



Phases of Spring 04

Ben Coffman

as interviewed

by William Ricci and Patricia Youker

SPR: When did you know you wanted to be a photographer?

BC: I never really wanted to be a photographer. I've always wanted to be a writer or an adventurer (I guess I'm attracted to careers with absent or irregular paychecks). At first, the camera was just a way to document my adventures, but little by little the documentation started to become more important to me than both the adventure itself and the writing afterward.

I had one or two toy-like film cameras as a kid, but my dad taught me the fundamentals of the SLR when I was in high school in the late 1980s and early 1990s. I joined the digital revolution in 2003 when I purchased the first-generation Canon Digital Rebel. But it wasn't until 2011 that I began to really work at becoming a better photographer.

SPR: What kind of adventures? What reasons or push is there in people to share our adventures with others?

BC: I'm really into exploring, hiking, mountain biking, and travelling. I think we've all done something crazy or seen something beautiful like an insane sunset or a particularly starry night sky and been totally incapable of capturing that moment outside of just living it and doing our best to remember it accurately. If you're lucky,

you shared it with one or two other people, and maybe a couple of times a year you can drink some beers and reminisce about the experience. If you're not lucky, those memories, even the treasured ones, warp and deteriorate over time, and they're eventually relegated to some part of your brain that doesn't see a lot of action. Go Pros (the little HD cameras) and camera phones have done some great things as far as preserving personal moments, but they can't come close to capturing the beauty of the night sky with high ISO and low noise like a digital SLR can. That's where the impetus came for learning night-sky photography - being able to actually show people what you're talking about when I tell them about the camping trip last weekend and the billions of stars in the sky.

SPR: Do you have any formal training? What were the most important lessons learned?

BC: I actually took a photography class on the way to an undergraduate degree in journalism, but I didn't learn much. I basically shot twenty or so rolls of film, turned in a handful of terrible pictures per week, and got a B+. I feel like I've done a lot of incremental learning from a number of sources over many years. Personally, the most important lesson I've learned in my photography journey is that there is always something new to learn and that the journey itself never ends. I take photos every day, and every day I strive to get better at my craft, even if it's the tiniest of improvements.

My most dramatic improvements in photography

came when I really got into night photography. It changed the way I looked at photographs, it energized my interest in photography as a means of artistic communication, and I had to actively deconstruct the photograph in order to understand how it was made. It was a puzzle, and I got kind of excited about solving the riddle and making those images myself.

SPR: Do you have or have you had a mentor?

BC: I've had friends that have offered me encouragement, advice, and a whole lot of technical knowledge. My good friend Buck Christensen (<http://www.buckstopphoto.com>) became very passionate about photography years ago, and his enthusiasm and his work ethic was infectious. He made me want to be a better photographer. He's been a great source of knowledge along the way. I also read a lot of books, websites, and articles, but just asking a question point-blank to someone more knowledgeable can be invaluable.

SPR: How beneficial has a mentor or peers been to your growth personally and as a photographer?

BC: As far as photography goes, I think it's important to have photographer friends whose opinions you value and who aren't motivated by insecurity or some other negative trait. All artists can probably benefit from a knowledgeable, brutally honest friend who doesn't mind pointing out areas where you can improve.

SPR: What equipment, cameras, lens, body, do you use?

BC: I currently use a Canon 6D body. My star photography is primarily done with a Rokinon 14mm, although I've used other focal lengths in the past. I always shoot with a tripod. For night photography, I have a huge number of flashlights, a flash, a portable reflector, and other gadgets and gear. Most of my long-exposure landscape work is done with a Canon 17-40L lens, and I'm a big fan of using 10-stop filters to create daytime long exposures. I've used and really like B+W's filters from Schneider Optics for this purpose.

SPR: Of all the places you have photographed, which is your favorite?

BC: I really enjoy shooting at Crater Lake National Park. It has these really old, dramatic trees around the shoreline and is known for some fantastic sunsets. It's a really beautiful national park, and I'm not sure that any of my photos have actually done it justice.

SPR: Can you please give a synopsis of your process of taking a photo, from the "snap" to the finished image?

BC: I'm often running late and travelling in the dark to a location I've never been to before. I'm sweating. My heart is palpitating because the night-sky conditions are good and I know that I have an opportunity to capture some great stuff. Either that or I'm just outright scared because some owl, deer, fox, or skunk just jumped out

of the brush a few feet away from me. Or I'm trespassing. Or freezing. I set up efficiently and quietly, using minimal flashlight and try hard to stay organized and focused on the task at hand. I look for stray lights or objects in the composition and I try to crop them in-camera. I check my settings and snap the photo with a remote.

I review the image on my LCD: Is it sharp? How's the composition? Is there anything I need to account for that I didn't see before? I then decide if I need to light the foreground. I recompose and try again. And again, and again. Two or three hours later, I'm usually ready to move on. My goal is for one good image.

Post-processing can take quite a while. I process most of the image quickly, but it's the lingering details that can take a long time. I've learned to really pore over the image, examine it at 100 percent, and clean it up so that hopefully someday I can make a really nice print with it. I'm constantly fighting noise and trying to decide how much to remove and how much to leave, and whether or not noise reduction renders the photo less sharp.

SPR: Do you plan to photograph other subjects in addition to landscapes? What would that be and why?

BC: My portrait photography skills are a work in progress, but that's an area in which I've been focusing recently. But, honestly, I love landscape photography, and I really like documenting places and times that may not occur again. When comet

PANSTARRS buzzed by the Earth in March 2013, I saw tons of beautiful photos from dozens of photographers worldwide who managed to artfully capture the comet's passing. I think that's just fantastic as it will be thousands of years before that comet returns to Earth.

The Milky Way itself is an endangered object in some parts of the world in which light pollution has obscured it from view as our cities are growing these giant domes of light pollution overhead because everyone feels safer with a halogen spotlight on all night in their driveway. There's a good chance that I and other night-sky photographers are capturing something that may not be able to be captured in the same way in ten years.

SPR: How has social media helped/hurt sharing of your work and marketing?

BC: I think most photographers would agree that the age of the Internet, including social media, has been both a curse and a blessing. On one hand, I'm able to reach an audience in a visual way that was impossible twenty years ago. On the other hand, we live in a world in which people steal photos and try to claim them as their own, or, more benignly, they spend eight hours a day staring at their computer monitor so that having a beautiful print hanging on the wall of their living room isn't nearly as important to them as a free beautiful image for their desktop wallpaper. With that said, I definitely fall more toward the "love" side of social media, and I engage in it quite frequently.

SPR: Which social media has been the most beneficial to you, besides having a website?

BC: From a visual arts standpoint, I think that Google+ is really nice. Photos look great on there, and it's easy to scroll through an artist's body of work. Unfortunately, it just hasn't caught on the way Facebook has. Facebook's been pretty beneficial as I've gotten a lot of traction on there and have made some really great contacts, whereas growth with other social media platforms has been slower.

SPR: Your take on the craft of photography is refreshing as your passion is always apparent and seems to drive everything you do, almost your entire existence. It's not about fame or fortune. It's about the image, the process, and sharing with others. Do you offer classes, or teach/mentor other aspiring photographers?

BC: I always talk about "my photography journey," because the learning never ends. The whole thing is a process. For me it will always be about improving, trying new things, and the rush I get when everything's going right when I'm taking photos. I can't discount that part of it—I actually get an adrenaline rush from photography. The first time I saw the aurora borealis while taking photos my heart pounded for hours. It's still very exciting to me.

As far as teaching goes, I just started offering small-group workshops in the Portland area. I'm really excited about doing these workshops, and

I've spent A LOT of time getting my curriculum put together. I haven't done a lot of mentoring—in general, I don't like to give unsolicited advice or criticism. But I've learned a lot on this journey so far, and I'm excited about blabbering on for hours about my workflow to photographers who actually want to hear me talk.

SPR: Any closing thoughts or advice for aspiring photographers?

BC: This is probably really generic advice, and it's basically advice I give myself every day - work according to your own vision. Try to communicate something with your art, let it speak for you. And do it for yourself first and foremost.

Whether I'm out in nature or setting up my tripod after midnight in an urban or industrial area, night photography is about exploration, adventure, and learning. It's a form of photography that I can indulge in after my two children have gone to bed. It's about working with variables beyond my control—things like street lights, moon phases, or even a car happening to drive through a scene while my camera's shutter is open. It's about letting a long exposure capture details that I, with my eyes, may have missed. It's about getting lost in that occasionally awe-inspiring moment when your shutter clicks closed and, with cold hands, you pick up your camera and hold your breath as a tiny LCD image appears, revealing something beautiful that you couldn't have planned. For me, that's the magic of night photography.

Website: <http://www.bencoffmanphotography.com>

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AN ARTISTIC JOURNAL OF PATHS THROUGH IMAGES AND WORDS

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