

ALLEN PRICE VERSUS HIS CAMERA

THE INTENSE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

As you can tell, I have a camera and it takes pictures. The one's you don't like are my camera's fault. And he says, "Take a hike!" He's not nice. We fight a lot (the camera and I). The battles are so epic that Peter Jackson is thinking about filming them to use in one of his new movies. They make Beowulf and Grendel's battles look like my grandmother's tea parties that I don't get invited to (she's not nice as well). Don't worry she's dead. Now that I've made you feel awkward, look at my stuff.

WHY PHOTOGRAPHY?

You didn't ask, but much like that creepy person at the party who saw you all alone, I'm going to tell you anyways. Photography is that space between reality and fiction. It is an interpretation of the perceived world. It belongs to the person behind the camera. The trick is teaching your camera to see what's in your mind. Sometimes the planets line up and you capture the perfect moment. Other times, you're sitting next to a rage broken tripod (not really—they're expensive).



OKAY, SOMETHING MORE SERIOUS ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY

What? Not satisfied. Do you want me to say some artsy-fartsy stuff about how the camera is like an extension of my soul or how I use the camera express my interpretation of the world? Okay, I just did. Fine I'll hit you with some emotional and meaningful stuff. Get the Kleenex out.

About five years ago, I picked up a camera for the sole purpose of improving the visual quality of Patuxent High School's newspaper of which I am advisor of. I ordered my little Canon Rebel camera body, a wide angle lens and telephoto lens. I packed them up and I took them on a trip to Yellowstone for a bit or practice. To step back for a moment, for years I thought I had no artistic ability. My mother is an illustrator and stain glass window maker, and none of that transferred to me. Or so I thought. A pencil never made much sense in my hands, even in math class. But a camera does. Sure I took over two thousand pictures in Yellowstone of which I only kept about one hundred. But through trial and error (or spray and pray), lots of reading and a natural inclination for the camera, I learned that patience is the biggest virtue of photography.

It's an addiction now. Photography has the thrill of the hunt without the blood. The endorphins are released when you capture the perfect shot. And once it's gone you want that feeling again. The camera allows you to explore and connect with an environment. I'm never passively walking. I'm always searching. The brain never turns off. Ultimately, at the end of my life, I will know that I was awake and I was alive. I can thank photography for allowing me to live without regret. Enough of that. I feel I should talk about poop or something to break this narcissistic rant. I hope you enjoy my work and it adds a little extra meaning to your life as it did mine. Crap! I keep going back to being cheesy. Sorry. Just look at my pictures. If they do something for you, great. If not, you are a heartless being. Don't worry, we can still be friends.



YELLOWSTONE REGRESSOR

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