

Silver

Here on the quiet page I am master  
just as I am master in the darkroom.  
Stirring my prints in the magic developing bath  
I shuffle like cards the lives I deal with.  
Their faces stare out at me,  
people who will become other people,  
people who will become old,  
betray their dreams,  
become ghosts.

Billy Kwan

January 1995

It was in 1963, in the summer, or some other season, that I first saw a photographic image appear in the developing tray. I recall every detail with that annoying accuracy that makes these moments live so vividly in my own latent image file.

Dad built the darkroom in a basement room that also served as the laundry facility. Considering a laundry room's propensity for lint and photography's allergy to it, it was a curious choice. Still, it has a cement floor, easily darkened windows, running water and enough already strung clothesline for the Associated Press. I say 'has' because after twenty-two years of service the darkroom is still there, fully operational and occasionally used. The clothes dryer and other inconsequential working surfaces bear the distinguished patina of chemical discoloration from developer and hypo. Anyway, lint never seemed to be a problem.

On that evening so long ago, before stop bath vapor had permanently impregnated the floor joists overhead, the adventure seemed to begin. The enlarger was an Argus, used, and it didn't even have a lens. Dad acquired a dead camera with a fixed 50mm (I suppose) lens, removed the back and screwed it to the light box. It worked. The trays are 5 x 7 hard rubber made by Ace. Are, mind you. Ace makes good trays. The paper was DuPont, and on our first attempt, Dad tried to develop the cardboard insert.

Photography was not new to Dad, and his skills in the darkroom quickly returned. The enlarger was short lived; a Zenith 35 replaced it. It had a lens. It was an f4.5 Elget. Who would remember such stuff? It was a dandy enlarger though; its only shortcoming was that it would only accept 35mm film. I convinced Dad to sell it to Steve Ashton in 1970. If Steve doesn't still have it, I know he treated it well.

The patriarch of my dad's darkroom is its current, and I suspect last, enlarger. It is a stately old Beseler M45, identical to one Ansel Adams used which of course is reason enough to own one. Dad and I had used a twin of this machine during the time I was a photographer on the yearbook staff in high school. In December of 1967, some six months before I would have to part with the school's Beseler, I found this one. *I* found it. At Lindahl's camera store.

I felt very grown up when I called Dad from the store. I feel grown up now recalling the phone call. The price was one hundred dollars; a very good price, even in 1967. Still, a hundred dollars was a tidy sum. I don't know if it was a stretch for Dad to buy it, but he did, that very evening. That enlarger knows me. I sense that when I visit home. It has many faces yet to print.

Film processing is less romantic, but this is where Dad taught me the science. Pressure regulators, he reasoned, would very accurately control the temperature of chemicals and water bath. This improves consistency and reduces grain and, well, you know all that. But for all this I am one of perhaps ten people on this planet who can approach a regulator to whom I have not been introduced and turn it the correct way to turn it on. I usually put this skill on my résumé. It does help control grain though and an early shot of the Maroon Bells is testament to Dad's technique and skill. He developed Panatomic-X in Microdol-X, and the 11 x 14 print shows practically no grain texture. Since you asked, a Yankee hard rubber film tank preceded the Nikor stainless invertible ones you'll find in the cupboard now. That Yankee tank was, I think, the one darkroom tool Dad brought with him from his former life.

We washed prints in various contraptions, but the basis for most was a yellow plastic dishpan with brass fittings near the top at the corners. Short lengths of latex tubing drained contaminated water from the bottom of the pan up through the el's and down the drain. With careful adjustment of the water, the level would stay below the lip and so keep prints inside the vessel. This is not polynomial calculus; however, Dad's design not only works to an archival level, but such simplicity evades even today the brain trust in Rochester.

There were more ambitious projects, too. The print rocker which cannibalized both my Erector set and my small blackboard and never seemed to spill a drop. Most elaborate was the nichrome wire-aluminum sheet-table top hot plate configuration that kept even processing temperatures for prints.

This last thing was for color of course, and Dad stepped into this adventure alone. Open tray processing of CP-5 is not for the faint of heart. I waited for nitrogen burst processors, digital color analyzers and dichroic color heads. I'm a wimp.

Please insert the Promenade from Pictures at an Exhibition here.

Along with the Renault, Dad brought a camera when he entered my life in 1961. It was a venerable Argus C3. It was soon traded in on the 'latest thing', a single lens reflex. Dad was excited about this not-exactly-new-in-1962 technology. In explaining the complexities and virtues of this system he taught me about aperture, depth of field, focal length and whatever those other numbers are on that little wheel thing. The camera was a Petri 5V or "PetriflexPenta".

When he got his Spotmatic, I got the Petri. It was a very good camera. The 55mm f2 lens it came with had some problem at one time. Dad disassembled it, fixed it and reassembled it without a second thought. I'm still impressed by that. I wonder if he does Nikons.

I took my first shots with that Petri and they became my portfolio for application to the yearbook staff. I got in. In part this was due to there being no other applicants. But I'll always believe Dad's 'bathroom glass' printing technique helped. He found several types of textured window glass intended for bathrooms or shower doors. Place in contact with the printing paper and poof! instant art. One of these ended up as a prestigious 'division page' in my first yearbook. I was published. Could I call him 'Ansel' now? Not.

I came to many understandings during my time on the yearbook staff. Some of them have to do with photography. There are for example, some people. I do not understand any of them, then or now, but their gifts to me are indelible. First, the photographers.

Bill Westbrook retired upon my arrival thereby leaving his senior year free for more profitable classes. Bill was a Rhodes scholar, a gymnast, a good friend and an accomplished photographer. Like my Dad, Bill is smart; neither made photography a career. His vote was key in naming me head photographer, and his letter to me following the announcement remains dear. I think I'll attach a copy to this essay.

My number one lieutenant was Kent Knight. He was a quiet friendly sort cursed only by his insistence on using the Durst 606 enlarger with that goddamn glass negative carrier - condenser apparatus. If not creative, Kent was totally reliable. Send Kent for photographs. Kent returns with photographs. Full coverage, in focus, good contrast, all those things so many of his associates found obscure in concept and contemptible in execution. I fear I leaned too hard on Kent those years. He never complained, he always produced. Two volumes of the JohnnyReb would be diminished were it not for his contributions.

Save for one, I'll not recall the others, the wanna-be photographers. The one is Jim Wilson. I passed the torch to Jim in 1968. Jim was a combination one

man disaster area, artist living on another planet and all around sad, misunderstood scientist.

Jim may well have become a photographer, he had great skill, no material desires and no awareness that acetic acid stinks. He is a gentle contemplative man, and I'd like to think he is still photographing. But not in my city.

The yearbook sponsor-teacher was Mary Margaret Ann Campbell. She is the only woman on my short list of mentors, and I love her. She reigned in room 121 and in there she taught me what little I know of English Literature and gave me to *understand* journalism. I studied journalism formally at the University of Colorado later, but it was there, with Ann, that I learned to read a layout sheet, write copy, not look into the gutter and why the root word in deadline is *dead*.

Kent used a Petri same as I, but we both soon learned the virtues of medium format. The school had several 6 x 6 cameras, and I jumped on the Rolleicord Vb right away. It has that wonderful f3.5 Xenar and that slick focusing knob on the right. These large negatives did wonders for the grain problem, and I have had great fondness for the format (and that Rollei) ever since. Although I provided PXP and Royal-X, too (on occasion), the film and soup de jour was Tri-X in UFG. This was initially Tri-X 400, and later we used Tri-X pro (320), as well.

Another understanding is that f4 @ 1/60 with Tri-X rated at 400 works just right in available light in the old wing classrooms at South High School. You can use a half stop less in the new wing. I hope this is useful.

Please promenade.

Tony Darnell is a professional photographer. He was, during my high school years, the publisher's advisor for Newsphoto Publishing Co., San Angelo TX, our publisher. When the yearbook was finally delivered in the spring, it was Tony that would drive the truck from Texas to Denver (or maybe he'd just pick the books up at the truck depot). We'd stay up all night and meet the truck at school at four A.M. on the big day. Very exciting stuff.

Well, Tony knew the Denver photography community too, and when Mr. Rorke died in 1965, his widow turned to Tony to help her sell the respected old photography studio that, only four blocks from South High, had photographed so many thousands of her students. He made the offer to his friend Dick Bettinger. Dick was a journalism graduate of D.U., a South High alum and lived exactly half way between the studio and South High. A natural. Dick was already an accomplished commercial photographer and was looking to add portraiture to his acumen.

When Dick needed an assistant, Tony suggested he call Ann Campbell to find a nerd that would develop film for peanuts. I moved in to 1053 So. Gaylord immediately. The ninety cents an hour quickly became a dollar fifteen; not peanuts. And from day one Dick turned me loose with it all. He gave me a key to the studio. Not nerd work.

We're talkin' printing weddings and portraits from day one. The enlargers were an Omega D2, an Omega E3 with a cold light head and an Elwood (as in Dan Akroyd), the latter two were 5 x 7 units. To this day, I don't know what value the Omega E3 has. It's picky and slow and grumpy. The Elwood had an amazing diffusion dome with an incandescent lamp the size of my head. It would make a soft contact print.

The science, I discovered, was in printing those weddings. The groom's black tuxedo and the brides white lace on Ektalure K in Selectol Soft is a cruel teacher and unforgiving discipline. The film was PXP in D-76 1:1 @68°, but with that Graflex 200 WS strobe the negatives were still quite hot. I learned to make it work. A different film developer might have been a better choice. Dad was using HC-100 with good results at that time.

Dick built a large new sink from plywood. The marine Epoxy paint sealed it well but stained easily. With Dick's permission, I used the darkroom for yearbook printing in the evenings. One spring night I cleaned up the sink with both  $\text{NaHCO}_3$  and Comet cleanser. The darkroom had little ventilation and the liberated chlorine gas began to paralyze my breathing. The one and only time Kent visited me happened to be that night. He helped me to the deserted street where the fresh air speeded my recovery. It is a lesson I've not forgotten.

The toy Kent had come to see was the Pako Superdrum. This four-foot monster would ferrotype sixteen inch prints. And I mean ferrotype. You could blind yourself with the gloss it would put on fiber base F paper.

With the purchase of the studio Dick acquired a Koni-Omega Rapid M. Since Dick usually used a Hasselblad for medium format stuff, I inherited the Koni. This is a wonderful camera. It is very easy to use and has all the controls in the right place. Its demise has been due I suppose to SLR infatuation. The Mamiya 6 may be a welcome return of that genre.

As college approached I needed my own medium format camera. A 500C/80/A12 was only seven hundred dollars in those days but that was still a great deal of money. I settled on a Rolleiflex 2.8F which was three hundred and eighty-five bucks. Imagine that! It even had a light meter, and the 2.8 Planar is everything good anyone has ever said about it. Years later I traded it to Dick in exchange for wedding photographs. And you thought mixing bleach and cleanser together was stupid!

Promenade.



In the summer of 1967 I began my love affair with Nikon. I have lost, one way or another, many of these wonderful machines along the way but I still have that first Photomic T. It lives quietly and ready for action on my bookshelf with a 43~86 f3.5 Nikkor. That lens is my first zoom. It is velvety smooth, razor sharp and in 1970 it put to rest any concerns about fixed focal length lenses being inherently superior. Today's critics are not so kind.

Dad warned me that the Nikon would be heavy, especially compared to his Spotmatic. He was right. I still think of his warning every time I hang an F4S around my neck. The price with a Nikkor-S f1.4/50 in 1967 was four hundred seventy-two dollars, less sixty for the Petri I traded in. Mom let me borrow from my college funds.

For many year's my favorite lens was the Nikkor-P 105. I can't recall using anything else although my negatives prove that I did. I'd still pick it, or the current f2/105-D without hesitation were I confined to one fixed focal length lens.

It must have been upon the arrival of a 4 x 5 enlarger that Dad pined for a view camera. Seems like there has always been one or two around. South High School had a Crown graphic, Dick had a Crown and Dad bought a genuine Speed Graphic and later a baby 3 x 4 Graphic. One cannot truly understand photography without doing time at the ground glass of a 4 x 5 Graphic with a f4.7 Xenar.

Most everything a press camera can do a monorail can do better. Whether it's the Calumet that Dad still has or my Sinar F2, it is an instrument of the contemplative master. The all-time greatest lens for these, I think, is the 210 Symmar. I've not used the APO Symmar or the new Super Symmar but just their mention makes my mouth water. Too, there is the 90mm Super Angulon, negatives from which are still breathtaking to my eye.

Remember, with the notch in the upper right hand corner the emulsion is facing you. Ortho 2556 and such doesn't have too much place in your film holders, but if you find the need, recall that it has no notches. Good luck.

I'd like to be at Half Dome right now with my Symmar, a box full of Tech Pan, a No.2 Yellow and all that quiet. Wouldn't mind that at all.

The beauty of large format photography is not dead or limited to situations that require independent film and lens planes. Nor has it died a natural death along with those great artists that brought it to life. Ansel is gone, and like Bach he'll never be replaced. Bob Dylan is going to die too, and while we ought exult in the gifts he has given us, so must we examine the photographs of John Sexton whose work could not be the same without his Linhoff brush. Treat yourself to five quiet minutes with a Sexton print. You'll not be the same afterwards.

Please walk to the next picture.

The yearbook staff at the University of Colorado was paying proposition. Jim Lee was editor of my second Coloradoan. He had the perspicacity to visualize such a work in two volumes bringing the best talents to bear on each component part. I'm still happy with the work I did for those books. Somehow photography was never easier than then.

I used a Hasselblad for anything that stood still, a Nikon FTn for anything that didn't. The film was TXP 400 or EHS (E-4). The CU darkroom was a cavernous pig pen in the University Memorial Center (student union) so I processed and printed at home. Had to go home from time to time anyway so Mom could wash my clothes.

I used D-76 1:1 and a bit of HC-110 to indulge Dad. I printed on Polycontrast F which seemed great at the time. The DuPont Varigam with which Dad and I had started in 1963 gave way to graded Luminos which I could acquire at the high school's contracted price. Dick showed me that Kodabromide really is an improvement over the Luminos (he hates Polycon) and, other than for portraits, the Kodabrom and Polycon have been de rigur for twenty years.

In 1970 on a Saturday afternoon I dropped a Nikon FTn with a 24mm Nikkor some two hundred feet from the top of the Third Flatiron to the boulder field on the back side. It slipped from my neck as I bent to begin my rappel. The innocent camera exploded on impact, and I was unable to make myself look at the pieces when we reached the bottom.

In 1971 I divested myself of photographic accouterments save for a couple of Nikons and a half dozen lenses and joined the Navy. Dad is more of a mathematician than photographer, and though he tried valiantly, he was unable to improve my dismal relationship with numbers. The Navy was about to change all that.

Promenade.

In the Medical Corps the answer is all that matters. That is, *not* the method by which you get the answer but the answer itself, the *correct* answer. The story problems are better too. So, not only did I learn how to calculate arterial blood pO<sub>2</sub> and pH with consistency and high accuracy, I also became friends with those other logarithms and equations of which Ansel Adams was so fond.

There is truly another world through The Zone System, and anyone who calls himself a photographer must know it. You don't have to use it mind you, but you must understand it. And if you've ever seen an Adams print, you will pray to it.

The System has undergone many evolutions and today it may be the likes of Phil Davis who understands it best. His Beyond the Zone System is required reading. "Expose for the shadows and develop for the highlights" is not a technique, it is a philosophy.

The Navy period photographs were entirely medical. Cardiac surgery to be specific. A few black and white prints and half a dozen R prints are all that remain. The Ektachrome I developed myself. I couldn't put off color any longer, nor, on my salary, could I afford to do otherwise. I used E-4 chemistry then, Ansco at first, Kodak later. Used my apartment kitchen sink, and a yellow plastic dishpan.

By the way, you cannot develop Ektachrome IR in E-6 chemistry; you must use E-4 which is only available in fifty-five gallon drums or something! Bad Kodak! Same people who just discontinued dye transfer chemicals. Bad Kodak! Green box begins to look prettier.

1975. That war is over and so is my time on the government payroll. Home to Colorado.

Next slide please.

I came to Seattle in 1979. I built a darkroom in the medical office where I worked and through the needs of five clinical professors of orthopedics I became intimate with E-6.

One wouldn't need to shoot and process six thousand rolls of Ektachrome to become at ease with the technique, but I needed to be sure of my skills and of course, it was my job. Rather than learning to embrace Ektachrome I became more and more color challenged during this time and inexorably drawn to Kodachrome. Kodachrome gives us those nice bright colors, it gives us the greens of summer; makes you think all the world's a sunny day. Heard that somewhere.

What I do know about color I learned through Kodachrome. One third stop under on PKL is something to exult over. This high intensity K-22 business was brought on, happily as it turns out, by my leaving that medical office and therefore losing my darkroom.

Someday I'm going to retire to a single camera, a Leica M-4, I think, a single lens, probably a 90mm Summicron, or maybe the 50mm  $f/2$  and my PKL. Mama, don't take my Kodachrome away. Attention Rochester! Are you listening to me? I mean it.

Move on please.

Against the better judgment of anyone who understands the implications, Maryl let me build a new darkroom in my garage in 1993. She loves me. It's a no holds barred affair and I'm very proud. The marriage and the darkroom.

In 1994 Dad gave me his Pentax 645 system. It's my medium format de jour now and I like this rig a great deal. Combined with T-grain emulsions, and religious attention to Zone System principles, I am rather pleased with myself.

Black and white returned to me, but in a different way than I expected. It's much more work now, but the rewards are much greater than I imagined. Turns out I really did have some good teachers. Dad is coming to visit for my forty fifth birthday. Think I'll invite him to print something.

So here is the current menu. Film is TMX or TMY (and sometimes Tech Pan) from small or medium format, rotary processed in T-Max. Enlarger is a Beseler with a Zone VI cold head. Paper is usually Oriental Seagull G developed in Polymax (until I find out Dektol really is better). Lens is an El-Nikkor or APO Schneider.

It's really just all about music you see.

Music is more of a pure art form than photography. I wanted to be a musician but lacked the skill. So did Ansel, but after hearing him play piano, skill was not his problem. Lucky us. "The negative is the composition", he said. "A print is but a performance of that composition". I've always liked that. I'll try to be a good poor-man's-musician. Thanks Ansel. Thanks Dad.

June 1995

Apparently, we'll have to wait a bit for The Great Gate of Kiev. It turns out that the friendly Pentax 645 has intractable reliability defects which I cannot abide. I have therefore returned to Victor Hasselblad's little square box. It feels good. It feels like home. I prefer the manual variety and, as such, it is identical to its siblings I have owned. At more than three times the price.

It turns out too that Selenium toning is worth the candle. Oriental Seagull VC FB may actually be an improvement upon graded Seagull although both eat fixer with the same enthusiasm I reserve for cashews and Corona. I think I need a CC30Y in the Zone VI head in order to put 'N' on a number 2 filter with the VC.

If I move the darkroom to Phoenix, my socks and family, it'll be bigger. Must have an additional sink thirty by seventy-two, more storage, elbow and finishing room. My socks and family will remain the same size. I gotta go.

Don't sit down. The music is still playing.

That CC30Y or whatever it was supposed to be turns out to be “Winter Green” as a gel from Rosco. It is in fact, green, not yellow. And, curious that it is necessary for a light source Zone VI claims perfect for VC paper, it does nonetheless seem to work quite well.

What does not work well is Oriental Photo, who is ‘reorganizing’ read ‘chapter eleven’. In any case, not shipping to the sleeping giant. I was growing fond of Seagull Select VC. Bother.

I read an account of W. Eugene Smith whereby the author discovered many instances of Smith modifying his ‘photojournalism’ negatives to better suit the audience. He used, for example, composite negatives to add details not present and extensive post printing chemistry to change points of eye contact. This author of Smith’s biography was a close friend as well, if a strange duck like Gene Smith actually had friends. He allowed as, however egregious this behavior, over the years Life magazine had published to lower standards than these, and that the end, in Smith’s case, he felt, justified the transgressions.

This does explain why Smith refused to let anyone print from his negatives after his death. Or does it? How would he know? He felt that the print is the photograph, the work. The negative merely notes to the photographer, as personal and private as “his bedroom”. Mathematically this can be expressed as  $A \cdot A^{-1}$ .

And speaking of A.A., I read a rather vivid account of his last days recently. I don't need to know these things. I think he is still playing his piano somewhere in Yosemite. We need fewer commentaries.

Other than mine of course.

And another thing. The Zone System has just nearly killed me. Or more likely it's T-Max film(s). In an effort to lower Zone I density to about .1 over B+F, I raised the EFS on TMX to 125. Not a bad plan, and when I do that to TMY I get an EFS of 530! Cool. Not. Very Not.

For the record, TMY does NOT tolerate over development. The underexposure is not as great as Kodak would have you think either. So, expose TMY at 400 at develop for 5 minutes and quit screwing around. I'd go so far as to say that overexposure and underdevelopment may work well together. What a dumb ass I am.

TMX and TMY (and TMZ I suspect) are not children of the same mother.



Zonal Factor One may well be a better developer than Dektol, and within restrictive contrast ranges, Forte Multigrade FB seems to fill a good portion of the Seagull void.

November, 1996.

Forte 'aint it after all. The *New* Seagull is now called Cachet, like the perfume. I'm giving it an audience. I think Cachet belongs to Omega/Arkay or Donald Trump or General Motors or something.

Two old negatives have insinuated themselves into a performance and into my portfolio. They are distinguished not only by their age, one fifteen and the other thirty years old, but rather that they are both 35mm format. This must mean something.

Keep walking.

August, 2011

Dad died in 2009. Before he moved to the retirement center he divested of more and more of his toys. I carefully disassembled, packed and personally drove the old Bessler M45 to Seattle. It has overseen the very best of my work. It still holds court in the darkroom and squints down at *f*/8 through the 80mm El-Nikkor at one of my digital printers sitting where the easel should be.

Dad would approve. The great enlarger is skeptical. Inspiro Lux doesn't notice. I remain the Janus.

So, that's it. One thing that digital image capture isn't is silver.

Consistent with Mr. Mussorgsky's tune this is the tenth, and last, movement.

You may leave the museum and get some fresh air.

digital

"You're gonna need a bigger boat." [Martin Brody]

We're going to need some new music for this.

Certain photographers, make that *digital artists* and (worse) *PhotoShoppers*, have created MAMA, the Movement of Aleatoric Modern Artists. I hope they have meetings, seminars and events. Anything that will keep them from the act of seeing, much less photographing, would no doubt be a public service.

Apparently, they allow musicians (minor artists) in their company as well. I presume Robert Adams is a member; perhaps the Movement's Sargent-At-Arms.

Aleatoric is not a poor descriptor for the digital medium however, especially in the context of digital photography. 'Determined in general, but dependent on chance for detail' preserves the idea and leaves open the execution to the current technology or the creator's sense of the appropriate. It has always been this way and certainly not foreign to Niépce. The concept, I mean. Niépce himself was of course, foreign. Too, whether he knew the word or not, Ansel himself was clearly a disciple on multiple levels.

The muse is very much in harmony with this too. So, speaking of harmony - aleatoric music then, something polyvalent? Perhaps, but I recall the distinguished old gentleman perennially penning his score at the Bahaus coffee house. He is writing in aleatoric notation and when I attempt to hear his work, John Cage and Arnold Schoenberg creep in. It puts me off the aesthetic of my latte.

I believe I'll choose Alan Hovhannes. His aleatroricism is more consistent with Mozart than the serial crowd. I shall leave Terry Riley to the MAMA organization. They deserve one another.

The bastards did in fact, take my Kodachrome away. MS Word just told me that Kodachrome is misspelled. Assholes. Chemical photography is still possible of course, but it is increasingly cumbersome and, to be fair, irresponsible.

"What then shall we do?" – Luke 3:10

Play Hovhannes' Symphony No. 2.

If Mysterious Mountain seems too diatonic and not inherently polyvalent, recall that it does begin in 10/4. I think he was setting the stage for that cattle ranchers' kid from Concord, California. Be patient.

My jump to digital has been as reliably successful as the Millennium Falcon's jump to light speed. When I stack prints, printer cartridges and memory sticks in my beautiful and very dry Arkay stainless steel sink under the disconnected Pako temperature controls, it is clearer to me why someone coined the word digitalis.

Inevitable.

In 2005, apparently, I stepped into the tron of zeros and ones deeply enough to announce the event. I said in the cover to my small first this-aint-goin'-nowhere album:

'Arbitrary arithmetic suggests this collection to be the beginning of *photographs v. 7.0*. The differentiator is my unsure, faltering and naïve self-introduction to the digital medium.

Any confidence I might burn as fuel comes, as always, as visitation from Inspiro Lux. She remains, as always, indifferent, even ignorant, of mere tools. Any obligation I feel is still to the magic quanta and the memory of their sacrificial reflections.'

It may already be time for Brubeck. Or Don Ellis. I thrive in non-sequitur.

2011

Now will be digital transfer of silver-gelatin negative images to a high resolution .jpg file. Should I be ashamed, disingenuous, embarrassed, opportunistic, or something more traitorous? I have not yet begun on August 25, and I am already ... weary.