

The 7x14 Project

This all started while I was framing prints for my recent show at the Federal Way Event Center. All of the prints were framed to 11x14 but I didn't have enough 11x14 acrylics — I needed 10 more. However, I have a box full of 14x18 acrylics — aha! If I cut 7" off of the long edge I get an 11x14 and a 7x14 cut-off. My inner cheapskate rebelled at throwing out these cutoffs so I went on the hunt for photographs or sequences of photographs that would fit in this long, skinny format. It turned out to be fun and this was the result.



The Photographer

I was photographing a garden wedding for the daughter of a friend. She was coming home from graduate study in England — the groom was, in fact, English and his cheerful family had come over for the festivities. This pretty young bridesmaid asked me if I minded if she took photographs too. Of course not and unpacking her trusty TLR was not at all shy about herding people into line.



Nude Descending a Staircase

This lovely young woman, a professional model, was one of the subjects for a weekend portrait/nude workshop. I confess that it took some Photoshop to transplant her from the studio to the woodland.



Family Portrait

These friends wanted a family portrait but, all being theater fans, wanted something a lot less boring than a group photograph. Here they are "dressed to the nines" for the opera, ready for the beach, ready for yard work, and ready for bed. They loved the result and so do I.

Front and Rear View

The Fremont Solstice celebration was a lot more fun before Fremont turned into a trendy urban high-tech neighborhood and the annual parade turned into a crowd scene so thick that photography is nearly impossible.

This was one of the fancier body-paint jobs that year.



Dean in His Kitchen

Before retiring to the quiet life of an innkeeper Dean was the advance logistics guy for national traveling companies of Broadway musicals. He rattled off the names of hit shows for which he made sure everything was ready by the time the company hit town. As soon as the show opened he was off to the next city to do it again.

We met him as the gregarious, cheerful innkeeper for his B&B, The Blue Moon, in Ashland Oregon.





These Pigs Don't Fly

The vintage photograph on the right was in a flyer for the National Photography Museum in Berlin that I picked up at the tourist kiosk near our hotel. The one on the left is, of course, the famous Rachel the Pig at Seattle's public market.



Lunch at the Bagel Oasis with Marvin

Marvin and I met through a highly improbable connection. He was writing a speech for some company big shot and needed basic information on technology that I happened to have. He had waded through several layers of company bafflegab to find somebody who would talk to him and wound up in my office. After 10 minutes we were old friends -- him "the least linear person I've ever known" according to a mutual friend and me the linear thinking engineer.

We both retired at the same time and, until the pandemic intervened, had lunch every couple of months to wave our arms and talk art. These, and 30-odd more, were taken at the Bagel Oasis in Seattle. The light was streaming in the window -- I had a camera...



Laughing Nancy

When I am doing a portrait for a subject who is “camera shy” I often ask them to relax and then think of some event — or place — or person that makes them very happy. Then I wait. It usually works and I managed to capture the train of thought this time.



Sacramento River in Flood

Not being a California person I had no idea that the Sacramento River was navigable as far up the river as the city of Sacramento -- although not on this lovely spring day since the river was too high for traffic to safely do so. The banks along the Old Sacramento waterfront were paved with people taking in the sunshine. I was "waiting for something interesting" to happen but it took two side-by-side negatives to photograph it.



Seattle Street, Rainy Day

Gustave Caillebotte's painting "Paris Street, Rainy Day" is perhaps my all time favorite painting. He used two vanishing points to emphasize the scale of his streets and give them an amazing sense of presence. This photograph uses two negatives — one looking down Prefontaine Place on the right and the other looking down 3rd Avenue on the left in this "tip of my hat" to M. Caillebotte.