

Friday, June 18. 2010

2010.05.18: Glendon leaves for Chile on a motorcycle

My parents have two sons. One is a son that no typical oriental parents would ever want. Being a photographer, large format digital print maker, and an entrepreneur he is, by definition, a professional artist without a steady income. He completed a four year business degree program in a school that in 2001 ranked below a school that doesn't even have a business program in the business school section of Maclean's Magazine's annual post secondary institution rankings. He felt it was a waste of almost a fifth of his life upon barely graduating in 2005. When many graduates can joke that all they are leaving with is this piece of paper worth about \$20,000 and four years of intensive study, this son has actually managed to lose this piece of paper. They constantly worry about this son not eating properly because he is the only member of the family with clearly visible ribs and protruding hip bones. He alienates people with a ruthless and non-sympathetic attitude valuing only results and never rewarding for fruitless but noble efforts. The other son is who many Asian parents would not only be pleased to have as a son but would eagerly and proudly tell other Asian parents about. He completed his co-op chemical engineering degree from one of the most revered universities for this field, has maintained outstanding academic scores, participated in structured extra curricular activities, is a crowd-charmer, just returned from a research placement in Norway studying carbon recapture and will likely lead a respectable and stable career in something related to his degree. He makes friends easily and is well-liked. On top of all of this, this son works out and is in excellent physical condition.

My brother, the son that many Asian parents would dream of having, leaves for what could be over half a year on a dual sport motorcycle to South America. I know that my mother is very worried for my brother's safety because of all of the accidents she has seen on the news in North America and some truly horrific incidences involving single track motor vehicles back in Malaysia. But I told my mom not to worry; I have instructed my brother that in case of a serious and crippling accident, make sure he dies instead. And since I have refrained from motorcycling for the past few years due to heavy construction on many of the roadways that I normally use, she only stands to lose one son to a motorcycle accident. I guess the math makes sense but I hope that they both know that I am just kidding.

He checks in whenever there is internet access and a chance to Skype back home. It helps keep our mother's worries under control. You can follow his journey on his new blog. I'm sure it'd be cool if you wanted to contact him to say hello but if there is a message you'd prefer for me to pass to him or you'd like to be informed right away of the latest patch of pavement or piece of debris he collides just ask. His blog may have a posting delay since our mother has finally started checking it.

I took a few photos of him before he geared up and left with his friend Jan. At time of writing, Glendon is in Mexico and I believe Jan is returning to Canada to begin his medical residence. If you read this, Glendon, understand that most of the aforementioned is written in jest. It isn't just mom and dad that are proud of you; I am very proud of having you as a brother and I am envious that you are taking this trip. I don't worry for you but still hope that you return safely.

As unbelievable as it may look, this really is his bike and he really does have a Class 6 license.

All shot on Fuji NPZ in the Leica M7 and with the 35/2 and pushed from the rated ISO 800 to about ISO 1600 or so. I had shot some other content on this roll thinking it was Delta 400 that I frequently push to ISO 1600 so everything was exposed for ISO 1600.

Jan is an experienced rider and I think the whole family is glad that he was traveling with Glendon.

The last frame I shoot of my brother for who knows how long. I hope you have a great trip.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 05:05

Sunday, February 28. 2010

2010.02.28: In Three Days . . .

. . . I promise to have my studio fit for a shoot with three mainstream specification female models, makeup artist, hairstylist/stylist, art director, two assistants, and tag-along.

Shot of my "war room" table on Delta 400 pushed to 3200 in XTOL stock solution. Processing [mis]handled by Rico Moran.

Both images in this entry shot with the Zeiss Biogon 35/2 and the Leica M7. Same film and processing as previous shot.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 19:21

Thursday, February 25, 2010

2010.02.25: Folding@Home Top 1000 out of 1,362,305 participants!

Well . . . more like top 900. If you're not familiar with the Folding@Home project you should check out their website. In short, the project co-ordinates the spare computing power of many computers interconnected by the Internet to act as one single, loosely-coupled distributed super computer to help scientists understand protein misfolding-related illnesses. The headline diseases are cancer and Alzheimer's of there are many other diseases the scientists using this system research. Less interestingly, there is little evidence to support the conspiracy theory that Folding@Home participants are helping Stanford University develop biological weapons. There are also some arguments against running Folding@Home if you care to read through them.

I have a few computers around the city running various Folding@Home clients. The one's in my studio are running on a few overclocked Intel Core 2 Quad Q9550's (3.4+ GHz), an overclocked Intel Core i7 920 (3.7GHz), two Nvidia GTX 275's and one Nvidia GTS 250. The machines are left online so that automated off-site backups and maintenance can complete uninterrupted and without interrupting work during the day. These other processes are not computationally intensive so I might as well put them to work.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 14:27

Friday, January 8, 2010

2010.01.05: [Almost] Last roll of T-max . . . ever!

I hate Kodak T-max. Even the new stuff. It has nothing to do with the imaging characteristics of the film . . . just that the film holds a bad curl and seems to attract dust and get scratched much more easily than Ilford's films. There is one more roll of T-max 400 film that I need to process and I am giving away the rest of my Kodak black and white film. Anyhow, a few frames from the roll. Just fun shots to test my chrome/vulcanite body/MP finder Leica M7. The chrome colour is very important! And for the record, I didn't want to buy this camera but my Zeiss Ikon is in Japan for repair and has been gone for a month or two now. I couldn't wait any longer to get a manual focus rangefinder back and I couldn't find a good deal on a silver Zeiss Ikon so I picked up the first good deal I found (or maybe Ethan found) for a Leica M7. That said, a good deal on an M7 is about twice as expensive as a Zeiss Ikon and brand new M7's are around triple the prices of brand new Zeiss Ikon. I kind of get it but not really.

And right after typing all of that above I realize that I am posting photos from a roll of Ilford HP5+ pushed to ISO 1600 in Kodak XTOL stock solution. Hahah . . . I was looking for dust and scratches and couldn't find them. But my assertions about T-max still stand. Anyhow, lots more stuff to post over the next few days. Check back after the weekend!

Leanna and her Vancouver Winter Olympics mitts. You'll just have to take my word that they are red. The disfigured humanoid form in the background is Ethan. Shot with a black Leica Elmarit 28/2.8 ASPH. I probably would have kept this lens if it was silver and if it had a full focusing ring instead of that silly thumb focuser that Leica keeps putting on their more recent lenses. I think this is my last shot of Ethan . . .

. . . unless I shot this or this. Sébastien Guillier-Sahuque stretching some of his own canvas prints. Recently he printed a set of 3:1 aspect panoramic images that got a lot of attention of several people who came through my studio as they were hanging on the wall to dry.

Sébastien looking through Ethan's Ikon and 90/2 Leica Pre-APO Summicron attached.

I haven't had a chance to process the film from the Technikardan yet. I was trying to shoot some abstract shots of snowdrifts.

Guess who are the people in this shot while I try to guess who shot this without first focusing the camera.

Leanna making a craaaazy person face just before supper at Il Pasticcio.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 23:58

Monday, October 12. 2009

2009.10.12: Other People's Shoots

One of my favourite parts of being a photographer is being on another photographer's set.

Prepping for one of Curtis Comeau's personal projects. Curtis' brother Trevor is beside me in this incriminating photo of me holding a Canon 1Ds Mark III. It's okay - I rinsed my hands off with gasoline afterwards.

Nikolas working on one of Curtis' models' makeup. Zeiss Ikon, 35/2 Biogon, Ilford HP5+ pushed to ISO 1600 in Kodak HC-110 dilution B.

Stephen Pilby switching from his usual role of supporting some of the world's top photographers and cinematographers with his innovative light shaping tools to doing some of the image capture himself. Stephen's on the right. He shot mostly 35mm HP5+ and some medium format XP2 on this day.

Christina Ignacio-Deines working with some notable Edmonton drag queens. While shooting with the D3 mostly Christina also managed to shoot several frames of Kodak Ektachrome EPP 4x5 sheet film and some of it turned out interestingly.

Christina working the Sinar X and the 210/5.6 Schneider Symmar-S shooting Binky.

Michael Shandro assisting with wardrobe while Nikolas works on Michael's subject's hair and makeup. Shot with the Contax G2 and Planar 35/2 on Fuji Pro Z rated at ISO 640.

Nikolas does some touch ups as Michael checks some of his images on the Canon 5D Mark II. Shot with the Zeiss Ikon and the Leica Elmarit 21/2.8 ASPH on Fuji Neopan 1600, pushed to ISO 3200 in Kodak Xtol, stock.

A poorly-exposed shot of Nikolas helping Sarah Chung hold up a California Sunbounce reflector at Michael shoots.

Not exactly on the set of the shoot but here we have Rico Moran unloading (or was it loading?) some 4x5 slide film in a dark bag. Ethan's in the background helping him out.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 20:45

Friday, July 17. 2009

2009.06.26: Peter and Shaun

My studio is located in the characteristic northern end of the Edmonton Gallery Walk. Between my studio and my apartment is an expansive parking lot. When I'm crossing this parking lot to go to my studio in the morning or when I'm returning late at night I often encounter some of the working poor of our city as they sort through the bins for anything of value. Most just look for recyclable containers with deposits. Some look for resalable goods. I came across Peter, Shaun, and a third companion, Colleen who refused to be photographed. Peter and Shaun have known each other for a few years and Peter's been living on the street for the past seven years. He was a construction worker, mostly doing cement work. However, he lost his job when arthritis rendered him unable to do his job. His employer told him to apply for government disability insurance but in his mind he equated this to welfare and he would prefer to live on the street than to collect a hand out from our government. I chatted with Peter and Shaun for about a half hour while preparing for an engagement shoot. Despite their humble living arrangements they seemed content with their station in life. Most of the police in the area seem to know Peter and don't hassle him when they find him. Strangely, Shaun and Peter may be more content with what they are doing than I am with what I do at times and between parking, speeding, business regulation, and tax filing concerns, they likely have fewer run ins with government officials than I do. Shaun (left) and Peter. I hope that I'm spelling Shaun's name correctly. I doubt that they were Cash Store customers but that didn't seem to bother anyone. This was one of the photos that I took with the Sinar X and the Schneider Symmar-S 210/5.6 after selling the Horseman LE and Calumet Caltar-S II 210/5.6. Velvia 100F, scanned on the Microtek M1 on the glass holder so that I could scan the film edges.

Peter's wrist.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 18:58

Wednesday, July 8, 2009

2009.07.08: Some thoughts

Dong and I shot a wedding over the weekend. The act of shooting a wedding isn't particularly out of the ordinary for us but the nature of this wedding was. I may have more details posted about this wedding later but as a result of this wedding I now have three new rolls of HP5+ shot at ISO 3200 that I am afraid to process. I am not afraid that they are out of focus or improperly exposed; I just don't feel ready to look at these photos. We shoot numerous weddings a year even though we don't advertise ourselves as wedding photographers and while all weddings are special and, speaking for myself, I still feel that I develop some sort of emotional connection with our couples and their friends and family. However, through this wedding I experienced something else. I think that I saw love and emotion that I have never seen before.

Dylan and Whitney just left with the Epson 9800. The printer served me almost flawlessly for almost two years and when I saw it for what could be the last time in Dylan's van, I wasn't expecting it but I did feel a bit sad to see the printer go. I know that it'll be cared for as well as Dylan and Whitney know how to and I hope that it will serve them as well as it has served me. I am looking forward to seeing some breathtaking prints that they may be making with this little printer.

Over the past few months I have shot a fair bit of large format film on a variety of cameras. Over the past several months I have also shot an innumerable number of rolls of 35mm film through the Zeiss Ikon and Leanna's father's Nikon F-301. During these past few months I have created some of my favourite images of my career as a photographer and I wanted to share the experience with as many other photographers as I can. However, I am finding that after having gotten used to the reassuring instant-confirmation capabilities and conveniences of digital capture, many photographers shy away from an opportunity to shoot film even though they know that it could have a profound impact on their work and, in the case of working pros, for their businesses. I am starting to think that my purpose is not merely to educate and to share but to help dispell other photographers' fear of certain pieces of equipment and workflow. One day I will be shooting formats even larger than 4x5 and one day I would like to try to make my own wet plate photographs but because that I have successfully shot 4x5 film as part of some of my commercial workflows in a world that expects digital capture and because I am not afraid to purchase and carry whatever equipment it takes to achieve a certain look, I feel that I can now say that I now live without fear of any medium or any piece of equipment related to photographic imaging.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 15:11

Monday, July 7, 2008

2008.07.07: I am the most bitter person you'll meet

Instead of complaining that my mail carrier pools our mail and brings it to the mailbox every two or three days as opposed to daily and that she'd rather put "you're not in" notices on my door without ringing the doorbell for parcels even though there are clearly people home because it means that she doesn't need to pack the boxes into her van, I should be grateful that she comes at all. Instead of fighting the parking ticket that a parking patrol officer claimed to have been issued at 3:10pm when I found it on my windshield at 2:58pm according to a radio-synchronized watch for parking in a peak hour (3pm to 6pm) parking zone, I should be grateful that my tax dollars are going to these upstanding members of society to help keep me honest and to open my eyes to imaginative new ways of telling time. My uh . . . trusted male makeup artist/hairstylist photographs better with my girlfriend than I do. (Cheers, Nikolas I should be grateful that there are people to borrow more photographic equipment from me than what most photographers will ever own in their entire lifetime. This way, if my studio gets broken into, I can call up these people and get my gear back. Come to think of it, it's time to collect. And who has my fog machine? Thanks for the Vistek Edmonton employees who took my "4600word essay", forwarded it to their sympathizers/friends and twisted my words in the face of others in an attempt to mislead them into believing that I am trying to get a whole store of workers fired. Your actions have put me in my place and I am now a much humbler, quieter, and happier customer of your store. Of course, inquisitive photographers will be interested in what this 4600 word e-mail contained along with some related correspondences with current and former employees of Vistek. You can CONTACT ME and get a SNEAK PEEK before I publish all of these words right here!! I'm surrounded by incompetent people. Photographers, printers, computer hardware people, graphic artists, web developers, and sales people. Not that all of these people do lousy work all of the time. Rather, most of these people will fail you whenever you give them something important to do. But I should be thankful for these people as well; competition is an efficient motivator for progress therefore I have lots of motivation if I ever decide to partake in a race to the bottom.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 02:25

Sunday, January 27, 2008

2008.01.25

I wander into a library for the first time in three years. I am kind of lost and I mosey about aimlessly for a few minutes. A librarian smiles at me and offers assistance which I respectfully decline. I settle into a muddy footprint-marked chair beside a middle-age homeless man sitting quietly with two backpacks and I eavesdrop upon a group of adolescents grouped in a nearby cluster of chairs who are quizzing each other on various academic topics. One young woman, accompanied by her friend, exits briefly for a cigarette. I've sat for five minutes. The homeless man stumbles back into his chair as he attempts to get up. He smiles at me coyly and this time he succeeds in freeing himself. At least three dozen people have passed by. Men in suits, fathers and daughters, more homeless people and numerous juvenile delinquents mill about without any obvious objective. A few people walk by briskly, purposefully gabbing on their cell phones. What am I doing here? I found my way to this library with plans to spend some time writing content for the relaunch of my printing website, PrintHuge.com which my neighbors and friends, 350 Designs, have been working on for the last little while. However, I find myself observing these alien surroundings and reminiscing of the years I spent in libraries from middle school through sentence to a post-secondary institution. In a sense little has changed - in junior high I spent a lot of time in the library reading materials unrelated to my coursework. In high school, I was often found by our librarian covertly eating my lunch in a library corner. And in university, most of my peers remembered following a stream of drool to my comatose body as I napped in a chair in the middle of the Winspear Library.

08.01.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 23:37

Monday, June 11. 2007

2007.06.11: Occam's Razor

entia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitate entities should not be multiplied beyond necessity the simplest explanation is usually the best
roda poi velcki cu so'eroi ke ganai saprai gi xagraia all somethings which-are explanations mostly-are (if superlatively-simple then superlatively-good)

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 05:23

Sunday, June 10, 2007

2007.06.01: Happy mail, sad mail

Most days I get junk mail and magazine subscriptions. Other days I get dental appoint reminders and bills. Today I get happy mail and sad mail. Happy mail. Cheques are usually happy items . . . except for one interesting cheque which I will write about later that was just funny. This cheque is West Edmonton Mall's payment for photography done for the Mall's fall Map and Directory. As of the time of this entry I've shot three of the four new West Edmonton Mall billboards and we are to shoot the forth soon. Sad mail. A letter from the Canada Revenue Agency formalizing my computer company's appointment to be audited for GST practices on June 11, 2007. On the bright side, at least over the phone, my auditor sounds friendly and cute.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 03:35

Saturday, June 2, 2007

2007.06.02: Happy Anniversary

Happy sixth-year anniversary, Leanna. Sorry that I couldn't be with you today. Cuz it's your favourite shot of the butterfly series for some reason

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 01:37

Tuesday, May 1. 2007

2007.01.27: Penang, Malaysia - missing Leanna

I wish you were here

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 06:19

2007.01.26: Penang, Malaysia: Butterflies

We took a break from my grand mother's burial proceedings and did some sightseeing. I was caught in Penang's famous butterfly conservatory without any lens but the 17-55/2.8 DX Nikkor. All images in this entry shot with the D2X and that zoom, wide open. A clump of butterflies just hanging out. With wings spread open each is about the size of my palm . . . and I have big hands. This butterfly's little brother (or sister) hitched a ride on my shoulder and followed me out of the sanctuary. I asked it if it wanted to get off and I lowered my shoulder down near a stem where it could hop off but it hung around. Once outside it flew away and left me with a puddle of wet butterfly poopie on my shirt. The red in this flower pushed the limitations of the gamut of my camera . . . and of every normal desktop monitor. The difference is dramatic. If you wish to see more of this photo's original colour you are welcome to drop by my studio to view it on my display or as a print.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 00:37

Sunday, February 25, 2007

2007.01.18: My Grandmother - Completing the Story

January 16th through 30th of 2007 was supposed to be a retreat from the daily rigors of being a fashion/glamour photographer . . . you know, things like shooting beautiful, barely-clothed women and other similar annoyances that would plague any heterosexual guy. While I did have some shoots and administrative stuff booked, this entry, along with the few that follow this entry, will discuss subject matter that varies greatly from what I normally write about and what I normally shoot. My father's mother passed away the end of last year. Apparently my father saw a psychic reader that told him that his late mother was "doing okay" and to take his time bringing her ashes back to Malaysia. She also suggested that I accompany my father thus the family mandate for me to leave work in Edmonton for two weeks. We depart Edmonton on January 16th and arrive about midnight, the start of January 18th in Penang via Kuala Lumpur and, before that, Narita/Tokyo, Japan. Upon our arrival, we visited my grandmother's (and father's) old home in Penang which, when it was their primary home, was a well-known boarding house. #27 Goddib Road is now Carlsberg Beer's distribution office for the region though the building is now owned by my uncle in Toronto. At 7am we would make a trip to Sangai Patani, crossing Penang Bridge which connects the island of Penang to mainland Malaysia to visit my grandmother's birth place. It was my grandmother's final wish to visit the place where she was born and grew up. We carried her ashes to her old home. As the story goes, my grandmother and her siblings found a black pearl on the banks of this river. The pearl would change hues with the tides. A trader had once offered 60,000 ringgits over fifty years ago for this pearl and my grandmother's father refused the offer. At this point, the story diverges and develops two different versions. The first version is that while on his death bed, my grandmother's father realized the risk to harmony between his children and took the pearl and swallowed it. The second version is that the siblings gave their father the pearl and requested that he put it in his mouth as such pearls are believed by the locals to have some sorts of healing powers. Shortly after giving their father the pearl, their father was believed to have accidentally swallowed it and it is also believed that traces of the pearl may be in his burial urn. This bridge spanned the banks of this river. My grandmother's two sisters reminisced about how they remembered the bridge being so big and grand. I doubt that the width of the bridge is much more than six feet. Many of the boards have rotted through and with some effort one may be able to find a way to fall through the bridge and into the river. Here's a better view of the river as it crosses under the bridge. Many of the trees along the banks of this river have been cut down for fuel allowing for erosion caused by the torrential rains of South East Asia to wash a lot of the soil from the banks into the river, making it very cloudy. There are now some Malays living in the old house. The house has been upgraded from wood to brick. We left Sunai Patani and after about an hour and a half of driving arrive at the Buddhist burial temple. Behind the temple we see Penang Hill. The hill is almost like a mini mountain range that divides the island of Penang. One of the temple's caretakers arranges some of the items within my grandfather's and grandmother's "plot". A soothing wind blew gently through the area the entire time we were there. The view when you look up from where my grandparents' ashes are kept. Light streams into the temple above the balcony across from my grandparents' burial plot. At the end of the day, the main burial process is complete but we revisit the temple some time after to complete a prayer ritual and to request a blessing.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 20:21

Sunday, January 7, 2007

2007.01.07

I woke up this morning and I could already tell that my day was going to be HILARIOUS. Shelley, I realize that you have a lot on your plate but if it isn't too much trouble to drop a different photo for my headshot onto that page I have just uploaded a new one. File is klyment_new_headshot.rar, similar file specifications as before. Aspect ratio is a bit different so crop as needed. =) I have included a web-sized file for reference. Thank you. Chat soon. - K
Considering the headshot is for a highly conservative bridal magazine I am absolutely sure that this photo will have no trouble getting published. Plume Wafer 140 w/ 50degree Lighttools Soft Egg Crate from front right of frame. Plume Wafer 140 w/ 40 degree Lighttools Soft Egg Crate from rear left of frame. Nikon D2X, 60mm Micro-Nikkor. Two soft boxes driven by Bowens QuadX 3000 system w/ Quad heads. You're probably as shocked to see this photo as I was to see what my client had chosen as the cover photo for the magazine. Considering the circumstances, the photo chosen for the cover of this magazine was also about as appropriate as it would be to publish this photo inside of the magazine. I thread the fine line between refusing to accept the futility of attempting to change someone's mind about the cover and telling the whole production to go and fuck themselves.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 03:18

Monday, November 27, 2006

Hahah . . . awesome

From: Leanna Tsang
Sent: November 25, 2006 2:11 AM
To: 'Klyment Tan'
Subject: Sexy boot reminder =)
Good morning, baby!
How's my snuggly-wuggly bear? =) Haha. Just a reminder to please bring my boot tops with you when you go out today so that I may use them with my outfit. I'll see you between 4:30 and 5:30 tonight! Have a great morning of shooting.
I love you!
Kisses and cuddles,
Leanna

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 03:42

Sunday, July 2, 2006

2006.07.02: Titling of some previously untitled entries

As per Jonathan's suggestion I have decided to make a semi-applied attempt to create meaningful titles for some previously untitled blog entries. The titles are uninspiring but at least now they are searchable and linkable. I have updated the extended bodies of the entries with some new comments including some background information about the photos and, sometimes, a bit of technical information. Jump Good Bye Grand ma

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 06:23

Friday, June 30, 2006

2006.06.30: Grandma's stroke

My paternal grandmother, my last surviving grandparent, suffered a stroke at about 2:30am. It was her second stroke. She ruptured a blood vessel deep within her brain and the damage was deemed unoperable by the intensivist who was handling her file. Last I heard she was unconscious and on life support at the University of Alberta Hospital. My uncle from Toronto arrived in Edmonton June 30th at 11pm. The other two siblings were in some way or another "uninterested" in visiting their mother. It would very likely be the last time they get to see her alive . . . in some form or another.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 20:35

Saturday, June 24. 2006

2006.06.24: Workflow

02:26 - The Chinese English teacher next door that doesn't speak English isn't in; I'm turning up my music.02:36 - Nice work, Klyment . . . plugged adapter into laptop . . . didn't plug adapter into mains and laptop batteries died mid-transfer.02:44 - C1 Pro preview generation is taking forever . . . I'm going to start from the bottom of the pile and batch images upwards.03:03 - Ahhh . . . that was the most satisfying dump I took today.03:15 - Some of these improvisors have the worst skin I have ever seen.03:33 - This is taking forever.03:46 - I wonder what Steven in Beveren-Leie, Belgium is up to.04:17 - Steven suggests that if I call the 17-55/2.8 my ugly lens, perhaps I should call the 10.5/2.8 fish eye my busty lens. Hmm . . .04:46 - The sun is coming up. Steven and I are talking about firearms in Belgium.04:48 - Photos for Improvaganza's Day 9 jam session are done and uploaded here. Hahah . . . normally it doesn't take so long to process under a hundred photos.05:09 - Shit . . . I didn't sort between full res and web-sized images from the queue . . . deleting all from Gallery and starting over.05:11 - Sent Bill Minsky something he's looking for.05:14 - Wooo . . . I'm getting dizzy . . . but now it's done. Going to bed - Chad's returning a Hasselblad 500C/M later this morning.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 03:33

Thursday, June 1, 2006

Wasting time

When monitoring print jobs or waiting waiting for photos to finish processing at the studio I try to find things to keep me occupied. Over the past two weeks, this artificially-created leisure time can be summarized into a few short statements: I spent three hours watching the movie Alexander and wondered why Brad Pitt had this dumb look on his face the entire time. Then I realized Alexander was played by Colin Farrel. After the first two days of storing fresh bananas in a plastic shopping bag on top of the studio refrigerator, an unblemished banana's peel will develop an average of fifteen black spots per day until moldy. I recently acquired cleavage-enhancing elite aeromancer armor for my female elemental in Guild Wars: Factions. And she's Jonathan's type - light skin, light eyes, black hair, long legs. After reading about a dozen broadsheets as I printed them for U of A Visual Communications Design students I have concluded that an individual's competence in graphic design is inversely proportional to this individual's grammar. I have a stockpile of nearly six gigabytes in MP3 players and flash memory drives from people bringing stuff to print and leaving them here. If you're missing one such device please schedule a time to drop by and claim them.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 04:41

Saturday, February 11, 2006

Shadow of a Daughter's Pain

My mother told me today that her mother had passed away in Malaysia some time ago. Her brother had attempted to contact my mother. He apparently tried to get our Canadian contact information through some extended family members connected through my father's side but was unable to do so. The situation is still under investigation. My mother is, understandably, very upset. I returned home from the studio around 3am the morning of Feb. 11 and decided to wash some dishes. They were mostly glasses I brought back from the studio. My mother was deprived of the opportunity to see off either of her parents. I've found a way to blame myself. I get blamed for most stuff that doesn't go well anyway. Continuation of this story.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 03:18

Wednesday, February 8, 2006

Duty of the Sons (in progress)

From: teik tan
Sent: February 8, 2006 2:44 AM
To: klyment tan
Subject: dad arrived in Tokyo
Klyment, please inform mom and glendon that I am in Tokyo. Currently staying at Rest House @ airport. My old Japanese Yens were quickly snacked up yen for yen by the air hostess. I guess, they must be collector items now! So now I really have 8,000 yens to spend. The trip from Vanc to Tokyo was quite pleasant. It took a total of 10 hours and the plane was not fully packed. In fact, I have the next seat to me vacant. My baggage apparently was possible to check in all the way to Penang even though I am staying overnight in Tokyo. If there is any messages for me, please email to me at teik[a]shaw.ca.
Dad, From: Klyment Tan
Sent: February 8, 2006 2:53 AM
To: 'teik tan'
Subject: RE: dad arrived in Tokyo
Dad, Sorry that I didn't get to say good bye to you before you left. I printed out two copies of your e-mail, one I'll push under Glendon's door before I leave Lorrick and the other I'll leave on the centre bay for mom. I set up an auction sniper for a CDRW/DVD-ROM drive for Glendon's little laptop. Current bid is \$26 with about two days left on the auction. Shipping was quoted at \$25 by the seller. Auction history shows that the price shouldn't go beyond about \$70US or so. Take care,- K

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 02:53

Monday, January 23. 2006

2006.01.17: Jonathan's and Keri's first Bubble Tea Experience

Yes, Jonathan. That's a mango. I'm speechless. This photo is so oriental that it's funny. Keri liked the big straws and wanted some. I "negotiated" the deal with the bubble tea shop's manager. Dong, Jonathan, and I all pitched in and bought her a box. She looks happy. Sorta. Jonathan can't stand the smell of Asian people. My hair is in this really awkward between-hair-cuts phase that makes me look a lot older than I normally do . . . which is probably closer to as old as I really am. Appreciating the blueberry green tea bubble drink is an involved process requiring a lot of concentration and, sometimes, prayer and meditation.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 04:19

2006.01.22: Familiar emptiness

Sunday night marked the first night that I entered anything resembling a night club in at six months and the first time I entered a night club without a purpose directly related to work. A force pulling me away from the front door, propelling me back out. Bouncers scanning ID's which I didn't want to give. The dark emptiness filled with familiar faces that I didn't know. Free drink tokens that I always give to other people before leaving. The isolation I feel even though I'm talking to somebody. Derks held their Bridal Fantasy after party thingie at The Bank and I was asked to come by a few people. I wasn't going to go but after delivering some photos to a wedding client, Maurice called and invited me to actor David Shark Fralick's (Young and the Restless . . . or something like that) party that was being held at the same time and at the same venue but on a different floor. I really didn't want to go back to photo processing and printing quite yet so I accepted his invitation. His friend Damien was with him when I arrived. He handed me a VIP ticket thingie. We wandered in. The night was actually eventful but I'm not going to write about anything that happened inside the venue. It was what happened outside that's worth talking about. Maurice picked up his cigarettes and walked outside. Being Maurice he couldn't go alone so Damien and I accompanied him. Outside, a stranger struggled with a pay phone. I half noticed. He approached us and asked to use a cell phone. I lent him mine. He made his call and upon returning my phone he told us of his pinch: his vehicle had run out of fuel and he needed to "rent a jerry can for \$20 and was \$11 short". I looked at him and try to sense if something was out of place . . . he wasn't dirty or intoxicated. He wasn't homeless. He had a speech impairment which was nothing I had seen before. I passed my judgement . . . told him that I'd give him what I could and fished out some change that was in my pocket. \$1.50. He pushed us to help him. Damien said all that he had on him was his debit card. The man in need became more pushy and told Damien to go to the bank machine which was probably in the next block to withdraw cash from him. At this point, the man sounded genuinely in need but there was no reason for me to believe that he wasn't sincere. However, his attitude prevented me from pulling \$10 out of my wallet to cover the difference. In the end, Damien returned to the lounge and I believe he withdrew enough money to help the man on his way. Left to right: Damien, "Hollywood", Brett, Maurice. First time I ever intentionally used the flash on the F10. I didn't really want to post this photo but I didn't want it to look like I attended a sausage party. Maurice and I spoke to this young woman because I haven't outgrown my elementary school fear of conversing with members of the opposite sex and I wished to photograph her. We will see what happens. Damien attended JH and SH with her.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 03:46

Thursday, January 12, 2006

2006.01.12: Jury Selection

Q4 2005 I received a court summons to appear for jury selection. I didn't have a legitimate excuse not to attend and I felt a sense of duty to appear and participate in the jury selection process. On the other hand, a month later, my father received a similar summons. His response? Book a flight to visit his ailing mother in southeast Asia and forward the itinerary to Jury Management. I guess that's kind of legitimate . . . but whatever. Jury selection took place today. The early procedure goes something like this: Names get drawn "randomly" from voter lists, phone directories and problem citizen lists (they probably found me here because I'm always at the courthouse for some reason) Basic eligibility: 18+, resident of Alberta, never been convicted of crime for which potential penalty is jail time of one year or more. Return a form . . . either with excuses or with your occupation and language proficiencies Appear on the designated day at the courthouse. In Edmonton, I believe that jury selection always happens in courtroom 317 in the Provincial Law Courts building, #1, Sir Winston Churchill Square Watch a corny video Then it gets a bit more interesting. Some intro, cases presented one at a time including scheduled time period for trial, the crime, the defendant and, sometimes, the lawyers involved. Drawing of twenty names at a time from a metal bin by the court clerk. Those drawn walk up to the front and have an opportunity to explain why they may be unfit for the job. Reasons include personal knowledge or involvement in the case or to witnesses, timing of case may adversely affect livelihood, medical condition, severe hearing impairment, or lack of proficiency in the language in which the proceedings will take place. Those remaining get called up one at a time and prosecution counsel and defense counsel each get a chance to accept ("content") or reject ("challenge") the juror candidate. Prosecution and defense each get one "challenge" veto per juror required (twelve plus two alternates for criminal trials, six plus one [I think] for civil trials). Counsels have access to each potential juror's stated occupations and can see the potential juror. Process repeats until each jury is filled. Today, five juries were being selected, all for criminal trials. Approximately three hundred fifteen potential jurors were present. The crimes, in order in which juries were filled and scheduled trial length in days, were first degree murder (15), manslaughter (10), sexual assault (5), sexual assault (4 . . . I guess this sexual assault wasn't as bad?), and aggravated assault causing bodily harm (4). My name was drawn for the first and second cases. As it turns out, a tenant of one of my family's buildings was prosecuting in the case of first degree murder and my friend was prosecuting in the case of manslaughter and I was excused from both for those reasons plus the fact that both trials would run right through Bridal Fantasy on January 22nd which I am doing a fair bit of large format printing for. The trials all commence on Monday, January 16, 2006 though for two of the trials, a jury was not required to convene until Tuesday. My name didn't get drawn again. I hope that I get an opportunity to serve on a jury in the future.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 21:22

2006.01.12: Michelle's New Life in Halifax

<http://myweb.dal.ca/mc782849/ohhalifax.jpg> Michelle just sent an e-mail with some photos accompanied by captions. She's studying architecture at Dalhousie University. She transferred there with about a year left on her visual communications design and industrial design degrees at the University of Alberta. I'll post a photo of her once I'm at the studio . . . this little note is temporary. Hahah . . . I think I see my old camera bag and possibly my old camera (Contax 139Q w/ Carl Zeiss 50/1.4 AE T*) on the table in the first photo. People from your VCD class say hi. We miss you. Sort of. I'm sure she e-mailed you already but Olya said thanks for your left over stationary.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 17:22

Sunday, January 8, 2006

2006.01.08: Good bye, Leanna

Closing my eyes, I still see you standing, smiling sweetly by your car door. Thinking back, still holding you tightly in my arms, I wish for times past. How did this happen, we were so close, we never saw this coming, guessed it wouldn't last. Just friends now, sharing your pain, wanting to try again, But we must move on. Updated: 2006.07.02 I created this entry about a week after our breakup of a few months. The photos were shot the autumn before using D2X and the 17-55/2.8. I'm holding the camera above us. Looking back at this time I felt that the away time has affected our relationship in ways which I am unable to describe. From what I've seen, they have all been for the better. But it was still a very rough time for both of us . . . perhaps more so for Leanna than me.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 22:08

Sunday, January 1, 2006

2006.01.01

Update: 2006.07.02 This entry originally had no title. In fact, it still doesn't. I will, however, give some information about the shoot. The photos were taken on the rooftop. All photos were shot with the Nikon D2X with the 10.5/2.8 Nikon DX fish eye lens. The camera was mounted on a Manfrotto tripod flattened to the ground to give the shot its dramatic angle. The D2X was set on intervalometer and wired to a Balcar AQ Pack with a single Iris head with a bare FX60 7" reflector on a boom stand. The light was positioned about ten feet away from me a little above my head. I did several test jumps to ensure that I had everything set up before I really made a jump and it appears that I may have jumped out of the area of illumination but I still achieved the look I sought to give these photographs. Thinking back, this concept came to me at a rather low point in my life. I broke up with Leanna (temporarily) on the original date of this entry and I was a bit frustrated. I felt as though I had spoken to everyone that I could about my situation and failed to find resolution and clarity in my ordeal through discussion.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 23:31

Saturday, December 31, 2005

2005.12.26: My past finds me

I ran into an old schoolmate while boxing day shopping. Matthew had been in my grade six class. He remembered me after I told him my name and when he told me his full name I certainly remembered him. It seems like his most vivid memory of me was me kicking him in the back at a schoolmate's birthday party. In retrospect, I was probably invited because the host felt bad for leaving me out as the only grade six student in the class that wouldn't be invited. It was the first full year of schooling which I had attended since returning to Edmonton from Tripoli, Libya. It was a new school and there weren't enough grade sixers so that we could have our own class and we shared our class with some grade fives. Matthew and I were two of three grade six boys in this class, the third being Roger whom I ended up kicking in the stomach in grade seven for a reason which I am sure was "good" at the time but I can now no longer recall. The birthday party was one of a very limited number of social events hosted by people my age for which I was invited. I think that I had trouble fitting in with my peers most of my life but this lack of social temperament became most apparently after my years overseas in grades three through five, inclusive. Up until grade seven I never spent more than two years at a time in the same school. In Edmonton, we live on an acreage where there were no children to interact with. In Libya, I attended an international school for grade three which educated students from an almost limitless list of countries. For grade four, I was enrolled in a British private school. For almost all of grade five I was homeschooled. Upon my return to Canada I felt that my peers had lived in a fish bowl and, for the most part, I refused to fit in and associate with these people. And when I finally did want to fit in, I never could. Until recently, almost all of my friends were double my age. Anyhow, on this topic, it's fun to note that I actually met Leanna in grade six end of year camp. We went to different schools but both of these schools had grade six classes so small that they were combined for the purposes of this camp. At this camp, the majority of boys from her school were obsessed with girls from my school and were constantly sneaking into this tipi to make out. I never understood the appeal of this act and I think that it wasn't until grade seven when I began to understand the appeal of female members of our species. My past always seems to catch up to me . . . not as it would in a romantic epic but as it would in a sad tale of guilt and embarrassment. I'm not speaking of these events literally. Even as others have almost completely forgotten, I remind myself of what I've done and I writhe in the pain cast by the dark glow of these unwanted memories. And I never learn from them.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 11:26

2005.12.24: Hating what I do

So many things to say to someone in so many ways the wrong person any day but this. No one is right to accept what I might say without a fight any other day. Knowing what is true but unsure of what to do I'm being torn in two so may we fight. A song plays in my mind my heart it can't leave behind it may never find only way is through

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 11:16

2005.12.31: Loving what I do

"So, what do you do for work," asks the tall man in an overcoat and fedora as I wait with him to cross the street. "I shoot people," I reply, realizing the ambiguity of the remark but failing to elaborate as I was curious to see the inquirer's response. "So do I," says the tall man, "so do I. And what do you do for fun?" "I shoot people," I reply again, not satisfied with the tall man's response. "You're a photographer," the tall man accuses. Then he offers, "I enjoy spending time with my family. I have a wife, a son, and a daughter all of whom I love dearly. I never see enough of them." "A loaded reply," I observe. "Few have the opportunity of doing only what they want to do for both work and play and I am one of those who were blessed with the privilege. Yet I envy you for I have no one whom to love more than my work." Another man beckons and the tall man crosses. I stall and do not follow. Soon after, I begin walking back to the studio from which I had emerged not fifteen minutes ago.

Posted by Klyment Tan in Personal at 03:40