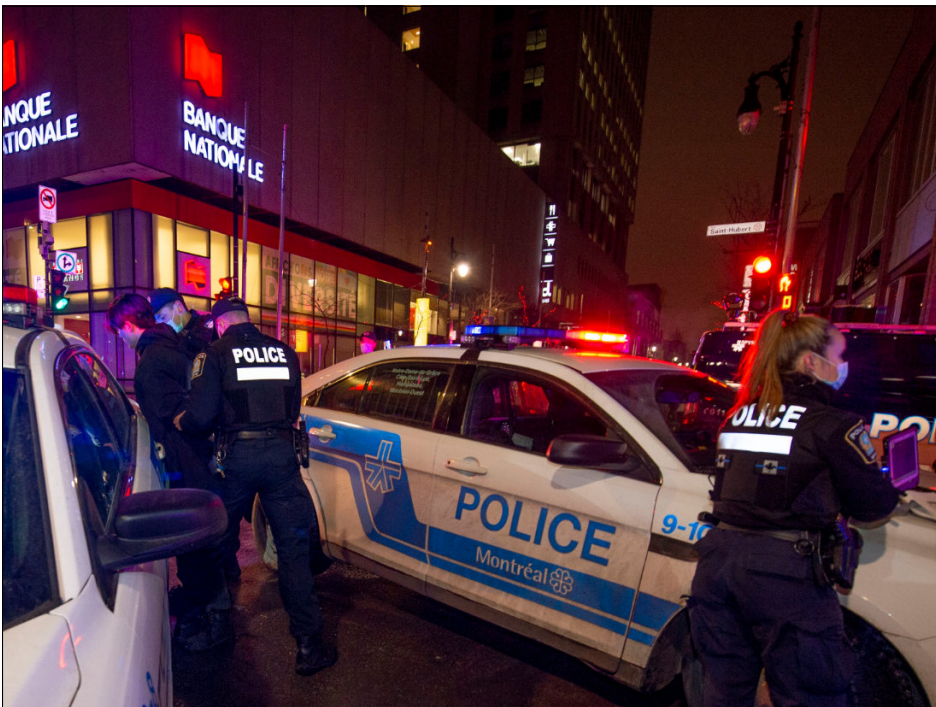




A DECISIVE TIME FOR MONTREAL



Montreal at night during curfew by Peter McCabe, Canadian Press.

Henri Cartier-Bresson maintained there was nothing in human experience that did not have a decisive moment: an instant which spoke volumes about an event's history, present dynamics and possible future. The concept became part of cultural consciousness and made Cartier-Bresson and his photographic images famous.

Quebec Premier Francois Legault recently arrived at a decisive moment of his own. Aware of the skyrocketing numbers of Omicron cases in his province, Legault pulled the plug on New Year's Eve festivities, declaring a continuous curfew to start at 10pm on December 31st, 2021. Knowing that revelry in bars and private functions would spike more infection, it was already understood that asking those fatigued by isolation not to party would have little effect. That night in Montreal, police enforced the curfew, handing out 57 tickets and making one arrest. Since then, the province's cities have been called upon to take a hard line with anti-vaccination advocates, curfew protestors and the unvaccinated.

Quebec went down the road of treating the COVID threat lightly and got nowhere. Had it and other provinces been committed to serious restrictions in earlier waves, we all may have been back to normal months, even years, before. We're all tired of the current situation so perhaps it's time to encourage more governments to revise policies of inadequate coronavirus half-measures.

IN THIS ISSUE

Montreal.....	1
PHSC Presents.....	2
Neo Photography.....	3
Streamables.....	4
Provincial Improv.....	5
Equipment.....	6
Web Links.....	7
Zooming.....	8
Ivy and Izzy.....	9
Classifieds.....	10


PHSC NEWS

Editor - Sonja Pushchak
Distribution - David Bridge
Contributors - John Morden,
Louise Freyburger, David Bridge
Views expressed in this publication solely
reflect the opinions of the authors.

news@phsc.ca

www.phsc.ca

 Find us on
Facebook

 Instagram



Pictured above: The 6.5 x 9cm Voigtlander Bergheil. Like Cartier-Bresson, Brassai, born Gyula Halasz, earned a living photographing French street life. Brassai was particularly taken with capturing scenes at night and the Voigtlander Bergheil was his favourite camera. He used it extensively to record a famous series of raucous and sensual Paris images taken at bars, nightclubs and brothels. As a large top-quality fixed-lens, double-extension, leather-bound camera, the Voigtlander Bergheil was manufactured from 1927 to 1932. We're unsure if Brassai or Cartier-Bresson ever had to photograph during an epidemic as prolonged as the one we face.

PHSC PRESENTS (VIRTUALLY)

The Story of the Amazing Antikythera Computer



The heavily-eroded Antikythera mechanism was found among ancient shipwrecked items at the bottom of the Mediterranean (left). Michael Wright took up the challenge of creating a working replica (right).

In October of 1900, divers found an underwater wreck off the Greek mainland near the island of Antikythera in the Mediterranean Sea. An overloaded Roman trade ship, which had sunk there over 2,000 years ago, had spilled its haul of Greek treasures, including bronze and marble statuary, all over the sea floor. Among these museum-worthy artifacts were what appeared to be fragments of a corroded geared machine. It wasn't until the year 2000 that a group of mathematicians, historians of science and astronomers unlocked the mystery of what came to be known as the Antikythera mechanism.

This BBC documentary is a fascinating look at what is described as a 2,000 year-old computer, designed to calculate the phases of the moon and the movements of the planets. The video traces the steps of an painstaking investigation which starts with dating the instrument from coins and amphorae salvaged by Jacques Cousteau in an exploration of the shipwreck in 1976. The team then turns its attention to radiographs of the machine executed by British physicist Derek De Solla Price in the 1950s. These revealed an astounding 27 internal interlocking gears while a special portable eight-ton prototype x-ray is called into service to determine the original mechanism actually contained more than 60. Photography is enlisted a third time to read the faded inscription on the device's surface, which perhaps calls for the most intriguing camera of all.

You'll want to catch the detailed replica of the original mechanism created by Michael Wright, a former expert on engineering at the Science Museum in London. Wright worked on a reproduction of the computer for 25 years, using hand tools that would have been available to the device's originator. And who might that have been? It could have been Hipparchus of Rhodes or, even more impressively, Archimedes. Archimedes, the Greek mathematician, scientist and astronomer, born around 287 BCE in Sicily, was responsible for giving the modern world the calculations for the area of a circle, and the surface area and volume of a sphere. He also gave us the concept of the centre of gravity. But what might have been his purpose in creating an extraordinary device of cosmic prediction? You'll have to watch the video to find out.

www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q124C7W0WYA

NEO PHOTOGRAPHY

A Post-Modernist Pre-Raphaelite Synthesis



Some historians say the Pre-Raphaelites, an artists' collective established in 1848 by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, rebelled against the by-rout, somber techniques of painting and military portraiture then being taught in art academies. Others will insist they obsessively pursued new subjects associated with an emerging medievalist revival: fairies, mythical nature, Arthurian legends and, above all, saintly, wicked and magical women from literature. While few will mention social conditions in Victorian England as motivators, it's hard to ignore the effect conditions had on

the visual arts of that century. The Industrial Revolution sprouted legions of factories: sites of dangerous work, low wages and slum accommodations. No wonder Rossetti and associates chose to look back to a time distant enough to be interpreted as beautifully innocent. If there are uncomfortable similarities between the nineteenth century and our own, it's not out of place to expect some Pre-Raphaelite motifs to materialize in postmodern practices. Italian photographer Alessio Albi's images ([here](#)) straddle the contemporary and the Victorian in a strangely intuitive way.



STREAMABLES

Dirty Harry Meets Sally in *Attack of the Hollywood Clichés!*



Clint Eastwood-ian toughness and Meg Ryan-ish cuteness aren't the only clichés Hollywood likes to regularly deploy.

I never thought I'd learn anything from a schlockumentary hosted by Rob Lowe. But, yes, there's something to be gained by watching *Attack of the Hollywood Clichés!* (2021) on Netflix, even if you hate the presenter. *Hollywood Clichés* reveals how much of what we stream or view on the big screen is formulaic, popular with audiences because it presents proven rather than unique plot devices. You think you're a stickler for a fresh story? Yeah, not really. You love what you watch because you've watched it before, and yes, you'll watch it again and again.

Lowe is unevenly adept at insert-one-here type jokes designed to disguise an analytic premise as your average fun time-waster. However, what info pops up between the low-grade laughs should be given a chance to sink into your viewer media consciousness. Early on, Lowe mentions that thousands of movies are released every year but there are, according to screenwriting theory, only seven basic plots. He doesn't tell you what they are, but I will: overcoming the monster; rags to riches; the quest; voyage and return; comedy; tragedy, and rebirth. Incidentally, this could be a party game for graduate students: throw out a category and have people come up with a movie title. Or vice versa. Knowing grads, they'd probably cram for a party.

What is there to learn about Hollywood's fulfilment of your entertainment fantasies? Say you're a fan of romantic comedies. Maybe you've enshrined a particular motion picture because the lead and the love interest meet in unusual circumstances. Well, they always do. Scriptwriters call it the meet cute. Yes, it's a cute meeting and it's requisite. It's the moment of the first spark but it lets you know that these two characters have been thrown together by fate which, in the viewer's mind, is the way soulmates find each other. There's a bit of psychology at work here because the average movie watcher doesn't want to think of themselves as average and won't identify with the character otherwise.

There are tons of meet cute meets: *Palm Springs* (2020), *Long Shot* (2019), *Trainwreck* (2015), *Bridesmaids* (2011), *You've Got Mail* (1998), *When Harry met Sally* (1989), *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961), *Roman Holiday* (1953), *Singing in the Rain* (1952), *It Happened One Night* (1934) and, golly, I could excavate titles all night.

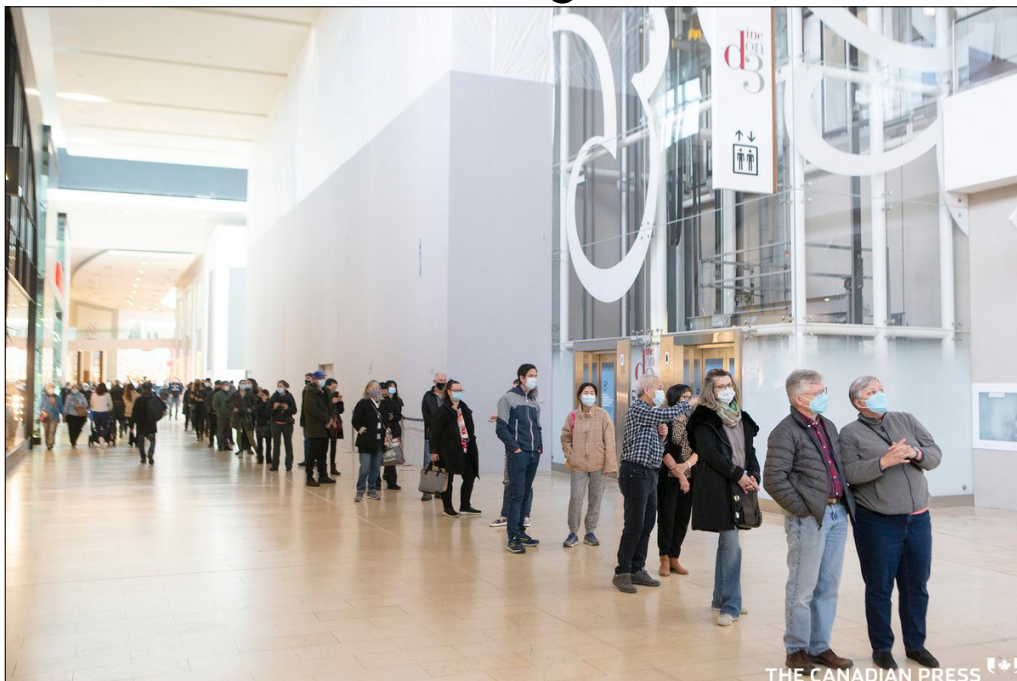
How about the maverick cop? The guy who's self-assured to the point of psychosis, shrewd, bullet-proof, but also uncooperative and a rule breaker. The archetypal example is *Dirty Harry* (1971) because before Clint Eastwood even read for the part, film cops played nice with partners, superiors and police force regulations, like TV's *The Untouchables* (1959-1963) or *Dragnet* (1967-1970). Interesting that the Dirty Harry trope proved so successful it became a Hollywood institution. But Lowe is inclined to note that this fictional construct has not been as successful as a model for enforcement in the real world. Police officers operating outside procedure have been responsible for numbers of innocent deaths. Lowe's flick suggests that Hollywood is rethinking the stereotype in light of a changing social landscape but, between you and me, isn't sure what other two-dimensional protagonist would generate as much box office.

Lowe peels through a bunch of cliché categories but my personal favourite is the segment entitled Animals With a 6th Sense. That's when your pooch tries to tell you about the bad-risk boyfriend, stalker or crazed killer by going certifiable. Hollywood constantly falls back on dogs as the psychics of the animal kingdom but aren't cats a better judge of character? Either way, you're beginning to get an idea of how many times you've seen versions of the same plot but thought each was brand spanking new. That's entertainment: emotional and cognitive manipulation at its finest. So get the popcorn, click on *Attack of the Hollywood Clichés!* and give yourself over to that warm cynical glow.

PROVINCIAL IMPROV

BY SONJA PUSHCHAK

We of the Ontario Hunger Games Healthcare Competition



People lining up for rapid antigen tests they're unlikely to get at Yorkdale Mall
by Chris Young, Canadian Press.

In case you're confused, the photograph at top is not from *The Hunger Games* (2012). It's from Yorkdale Mall in Toronto this past December. It depicts real events set in a post-apocalyptic province promising rapid antigen tests for all Ontarians. Were they delivered? The people in line scrambled for scant test numbers that ultimately saw a significant tally of losers. The scheduled December 20th provincial vaccine rollout for those 18 years of age and over pretty much repeated the same scenario, serving up dismal inoculation opportunities.

Speaking of *The Hunger Games*, I bet you missed the part in the movie explaining how Katniss's dysfunctional society got that way. You know, where the districts under the Capitol voted in a governing party whose entire policy platform was we're not telling you what our policy platform is? Those poor district slobs fell for it and look what happened. We here in Ontario did something equally self-defeating: we put our trust in a provincial government for which a mid-January campaign kickoff was more important than saving lives. They chose to ignore the virulence of the Omicron variant, the evidence of which had already come in from many parts of the world. And say what you like, you have to admire the dedication and energy with which the Province disregarded this more contagious form of the virus. It was oddly reminiscent of the guys who ignored people sliding into the ocean as they took seats in Titanic lifeboats.

Our chief decision maker, the 800 pound gorilla as the Premier likes to refer to himself ([here](#)), immediately got in a lifeboat and left town for his natural habitat, his cottage in

Muskoka. The rest of us? We've been sliding into the ocean. With the explosion of infections, the hospitals that were struggling before are now drowning. No wonder the Province suspended releasing case count data. It would have been hard to tell if they were talking about daily infections or seating capacity at Yankee Stadium.

In due course, Premier Ford felt it necessary to prove to voters that he could still find his reserved parking spot at the Ontario Legislature. He spoke at his January press conference as if a delivery from omicron.ca had hit his front porch just that morning. Mr. 800 looked decisive and spoke decisively about decisiveness. He then gave in to the siren call of a short attention

span, leaving virus-denier offspring Krista to fill the void as officious spokesperson. Krista is a perspiring fountain of misinformation for vaccines and sovereign citizen delusions online. Daddy's silence regarding her public remonstrations can't help but signal his approval and, for all we know, might express his relief at someone finally letting the family anti-vax feline out of the orchid-pink pebbled-leather shoulder bag. So if anybody feels the need for a medical intervention for COVID around here, they might be taking it up with someone who thinks postal codes and birth certificates are serious threats to freedom.

And now for the poorly-kept secret of Canadian Conservative ideology. The goal of the party has always been privatization. Allowing public health services to collapse through underfunding, understaffing and an overwhelming patient influx is a slam-dunk method of clearing the deck for private profit-driven business. We've seen some of that in Saskatchewan where Conservative Premier Scott Moe is allowing private companies to handle critical surgeries. We're seeing that in Ontario where private clinics have been given the nod to corner the market on PCRs (lab-processed COVID tests) at \$159 a pop, \$350 for one-hour results. Plus tax. If you think that for-profit care is a great idea, because it's pretty obvious how well it's worked for almost 825,000 deceased Americans, then you're going to love a once publicly-funded system asking you for \$10,000 before it books your cancer treatment.

Ontario: a place where, apparently, hunger is its own reward.

EQUIPMENT REVIEW BY DAVID BRIDGE

Otoscopography: No Gondola Needed for These Canals



The Wireless Smart Otoscope, Model T1, used to close in on the grooves of some still-groovy vinyl.



Tiny things to spy on (left to right): phono stylus, record grooves, a Timex and the interior of a ring.

Every once in a while, PHSC labs steps away from polishing its Daguerreotype plates to welcome a striking new technology. In this case, for reasons better left unaddressed, we were presented with a \$40 Amazon no-name instrument descended from the 1950s flashlight-like devices your GP surprised your auditory canals with.

We must state right off that PHSC never recommends sticking anything smaller than your elbow in your ears. And anyway, employing the Otoscope in this fashion would be like cleaning your shutter with a shop vac. Not to mention that the lab's ad hoc policy, in strict adherence to community values, proscribes publication of images of human orifices of any kind.

But there is more to this little device than canal cruising. The instrument is the size of a thick-ish pen, with the business end containing a tiny lens surrounded by six LED lights. A sensor relays images via WiFi to your iSomething or Android phone/tablet where you can admire your work on the helpfully provided app. We did not investigate the movie mode of this device, although were amused to think of the sort of low-budget *Fantastic Voyage* one might produce, hopefully starring a pre-

shrunk Raquel Welch and Donald Pleasance.

Of course, there are a few drawbacks. The WiFi function is not secure, so anyone could be viewing your favourite internal organs. The LED lights tend to reflect off anything shiny, causing burnt-out areas that are hard to avoid. Remarkably, there is some sort of built-in gyro thing that constantly wants to keep the top of the image up, resulting in some flipping around in the live image. And the 640 x 480 images produced are not for Burtynsky-sized prints. The makers forgot to include a tripod socket, so we lashed the thing to our microphone suspension boom. The only connector is for the USB charging cable. The manual suggests that focus is fixed at 1.3 to 1.8 cm.

We were impressed with the flashy mini-manual that came with it but wondered about the, "intelligent children lock to prevent children from misoperation" feature, plus the confusing "it is forbidden to soak in water or wash the whole body" warning. We might finally suggest that purchase of such a device may incur the suspicion of the microchips-in-vaccines crowd, since they feel images of what's inside their heads is hot stuff for the enemy!

WEB LINKS

COMPILED BY JOHN MORDEN

Ice Huts

Richard Johnson, Canadian architectural photographer, passed way last December. Richard's keen eye for architectural composition stemmed from his initial career as an interior designer, followed by 25 years of photographic experience. As might be guessed, he was profoundly influenced by mid-century German masters Bernd and Hilla Becher and their systematic documentation of Germany's industrial landscape of water towers, grain silos and mine heads.

Johnson was recognized by the National Geographic in 2019 and his awards include the Ontario Arts Council Grant for Emerging Visual Artists in 2010. His Ice Huts, a series that captures the flourishes of personal style inherent in small enclosures built to cover fishing holes, is currently on display in the connector tunnel at Toronto's Pearson International Airport, Terminal 3.

www.richardjohnson.ca/ice-huts



Ice Hut #159, Petrie Island, Orléans, Ontario by Richard Johnson, 2008.



Picnic at Sherman's Point, 1900 (detail). Theresa Babb is sitting on the rocks second from the left.

Theresa Babb's Photographs of Friendship (c 1898).

Photographing harbour and hills at the turn of the twentieth century, Theresa Babb (1868–1948) recorded both the intimacies of social life and her hometown's industrial and seafaring traditions. What stands out most about Babb's images is how they give us a glimpse into a personal world of female friendship, captured in such a way that seems both timeless and strikingly modern.

Link: publicdomainreview.org/collection/babb-photographs

Winter Wonderland on a Table

Have a look at a short film from multiple award-winning photographer Felix Hernandez, an artist who creates images with scaled-down models. The video takes you through the steps of making the model, building the set, lighting it, shooting it and enhancements added in post-production in Affinity Photo. (PHSC publishing uses Affinity Photo and we paid full price for it!)

www.youtube.com/watch?v=a1aSRBFRO7o

For more Hernandez table top photography, go to: fstoppers.com/bts/photographer-felix-hernandez-shoots-epic-scenes-using-miniature-cars-182314



Winter Wonderland by Felix Hernandez, 2021.



Asian Canadian Activism in the 1970s

Thesis Award Winner Brandon J. Leung

JANUARY 19, 2022 - 8:00 EST

Ryerson Thesis Award winner Brandon J. Leung explores the life and times of the late Asian Canadian photographer and activist Jim Wong-Chu. Wong-Chu's poetic album *Pender East* was seminal in establishing a visual record of change and conflict in mid-twentieth century West Coast Asian culture.

Register on Eventbrite for FREE tickets:

www.eventbrite.ca/e/brandon-leung-chinatown-forever-changing-jim-wong-chus-pender-east-tickets-165373256863?aff=ebdssbonlinesearch

Any questions? Email us at program@phsc.ca

This online Zoom event sponsored by the Photographic Historical Society of Canada



IVY & IZZY

Nancy Evans and the Good Side of the McMoon

Izzy: The Cold War.

Ivy: Are we now into post-holiday winter-themed puns?

Izzy: Actually, I'd like to talk about the weird role of photography in military surveillance and the Space Race of the twentieth century.

Ivy: As long as we're not doing anything on Khrushchev or his shoes.

Izzy: We avoid Russian footwear whenever we can. So, the US sent five Lunar Orbiter missions into space between 1966 and 1967. These circled the Moon and sent back pictures of the Moon's surface. The public was impressed with these frankly blurry images and couldn't get enough of them.

Ivy: Not surprising. The sixties was a period of imagining space travel that would lead to colonizing other planets. It was fuelled by a burgeoning crop of science fiction writers and novels. And, *The Jetsons*.

Izzy: Hey, I loved *The Jetsons*. However, funny thing, the moon photos weren't really blurry.

Ivy: What, no one cleaned off the Orbiter's lens before it left? Did we go thousands of miles into space to get pictures of smudgy fingerprints?

Izzy: This is where the story gets interesting. The images coming back were superb high-resolution photos.

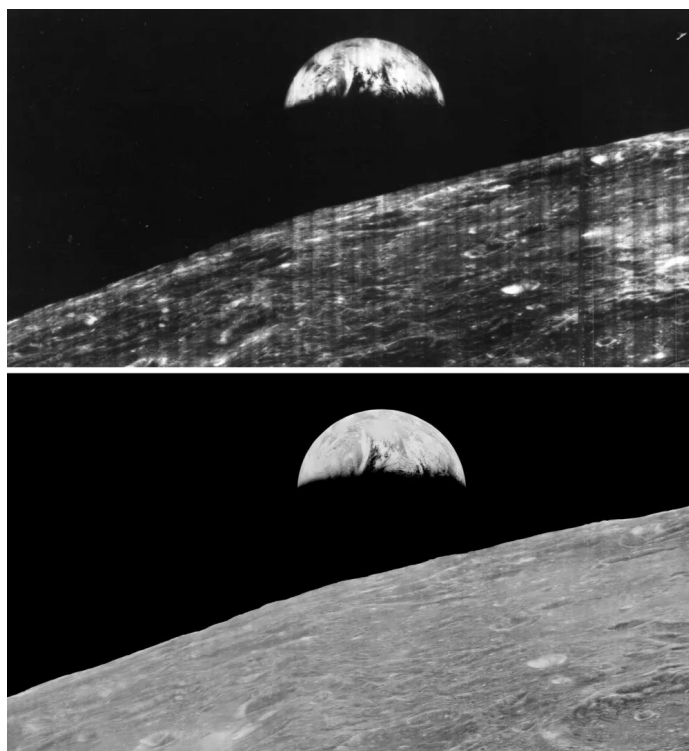
Ivy: Really? Okay, allow me to guess. The lunar orbits were a side gig. The real purpose of the satellite programme was to spy on the Russians. The era of the Space Race collided

with the era of James Bond.

Izzy: Pretty close. The Americans did not want the Russians to know they had the photographic capability to capture sharp images of things at a great distance, like Earth, from space. But hard to tell just what part was the side gig for the American government. Anyway, the shots of the moon were great, everyone was excited for a while, and then, as might be expected, NASA moved on to other stuff. The images, stored on magnetic tape, were shoved into some dusty corner in a warehouse.

Ivy: I can see it coming. Or maybe I'm seeing it going.

Izzy: Exactly. At some point, NASA cleans out the warehouse and is going to trash those magnetic tapes and drives. But instead of letting it all end up in landfill, former NASA employee Nancy Evans decides to save the stuff and haul it all home.



Photos of the moon's surface released to the public in 1967 were exciting, but grainy and low-resolution (top); the true Orbiter photos were actually sharp (bottom).

Ivy: And?

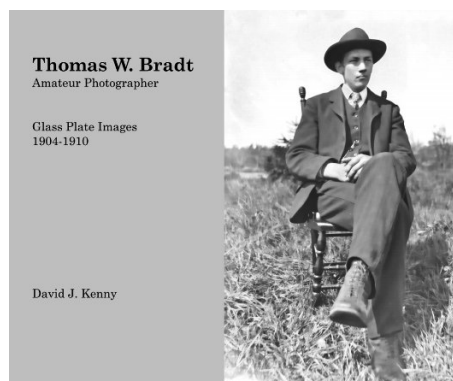
Izzy: It was 2005 before guys in the Lunar Orbiter Image Recovery Project tracked her down. They retrieved the tapes from her and, most importantly, the rare Ampex FR-900 drives needed to read them. They took over an abandoned McDonald's, renamed it the McMoon, and set about recovering the images. They are now available for viewing at the National Archives Catalog ([here](#)) and International Center of Photography ([here](#)). Think of it, Ivy, an important part of photographic history saved by the action of a single individual.

Ivy: Because it took a woman to recognize its value.

THE CLASSIFIEDS

COMPILED BY JOHN MORDEN

Books



Thomas W. Bradt: Amateur Photographer by David J. Kenny

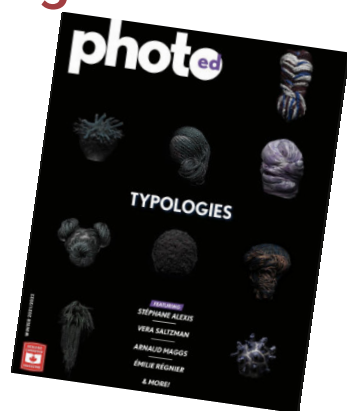
David Kenny has published a book on his collection of glass plate negatives shot by Thomas W. Bradt between 1904 and 1910. The pictures feature the Alymer, Springwater, Port Stanley, and St. Thomas areas and cover a wide range of rare rural subjects.

To order the book click [here](#).

To ask questions of the author, email: nitrate.film@icloud.com

Those with a current PHSC membership will be the recipients of a free e-copy of this publication in January of 2022.

Magazines



PhotoED MAGAZINE Typologies Issue

Winter 2021/2022 print edition

The fabulous print version of the Typologies issue has sold out! The only copies remaining must be hunted down on newsstands. Grab one if you can or catch the digital edition on the ISSUU platform. To see it, click here:

issuu.com/photoedmagazine

Outdoor & Online Exhibitions



AGO

Jorian Charlton

The above image is of a 70 foot high photo-print on display at 330 Bay Street so Torontonians can experience the work of Jamaican-Canadian photographer Jorian Charlton in epic proportions.

Charlton explores the fluidity of the immigration story and reimagines the family album through a contemporary lens at : www.joriancharlton.com



NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA

Geneviève Cadieux: *Barcelone*

Cadieux's *Barcelone* invites the viewer to reflect on how personal interactions affect us, especially during a global pandemic. The sequence is on display on the exterior of the NGC along the south façade until May 2022.

www.gallery.ca/whats-on/exhibitions-and-galleries/genevieve-cadieux-barcelone

Wanted



Frank Micklethwaite, c1887.

Micklethwaite Photos

My name's Bill Micklethwaite. My family were professional photographers for four generations. In summer, my great grandfather (Frank William Micklethwaite), grandfather (Fred William M.) and great uncles Percy and John photographed people and places in Muskoka between 1878 and 1941. In winter, they worked at their studio(s) in Toronto starting in 1877 and continuing into the 1960s. My uncle John (Jack) H. Micklethwaite continued working in Toronto until his death in 1985.

I'm compiling a database of all their works. I would be interested to know what, if any, photos by my family of photographers are in the hands of PHSC members. Please contact me by phone: 778-965-0078, or email: micklethwaite.photos@gmail.com. I would also like to learn the whereabouts and history of the Micklethwaite cameras, until recently in the hands of member Bill Belier. In return, I am willing to assist any member to locate any specific Micklethwaite photo of a particular subject (1878-1940) in Toronto, Niagara or Muskoka.

Congratulations

MICHIGAN PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY

We congratulate the MPHS on its remarkable history and contributions, celebrating its 50th anniversary in 2022!

For information on upcoming plans and events go to: miphs.org