



## **AN INCREDIBLE EPIC**

Memoir of A Multi-Image Maestro

The “Incredible” History of Slide Shows

Together With

A Confabulation Based on The Author’s Autobiography

For Audiovisual Aficionados

By Douglas Mesney — As Told to Himself

File Under: Geriatric Narcissism

# **An Incredible Epic**

Continued from Volume Two

Scene from 1988 show, *Got to Be, S-AV*.



# An Incredible Epic

## Memoir of A Multi-Image Maestro

### Volume Three

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douglas@mesney.com

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The author has researched the information contained in this book to check accuracy.

The opinions expressed in this book are solely based upon the author's own experience.

The author assumes no responsibility for errors and inaccuracies.

Resemblances to persons living or dead may be coincidental.

Some names may not be real.

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<sup>1</sup> In *The Trip to Echo Spring* by Olivia Laing, confabulation is described as "so-called 'honest lying' or false memories." I would add that, we remember (and edit) selectively what we like and repress what we don't. Wikipedia defines the term as: "... a memory error defined as the production of fabricated, distorted, or misinterpreted memories about oneself or the world, without the conscious intention to deceive."

## Notes to Reader

- *An Incredible Epic* is a work in progress; being expanded and upgraded as new articles and pictures become available. New versions are periodically published. You can see your Edition Number on the title page (iii).
- Volumes Nine and is filled with pictures that relate to the first six volumes. Volume Eleven has even more, woven into a 1982 treatise; a precursor to *An Incredible Epic* about how to produce multi-image shows, called "Confessions of a Multi-Image Maniac."
- As the Epic has evolved materially, so too has the refinement of its style(s). Please excuse the small inconsistencies you will encounter. And please don't fret about any spelling errors; they are elusive little buggers; let me know about them, please.
- The Epic was split into seven parts when the size of the single-volume files overwhelmed Microsoft Word (I should have used Adobe InDesign). The index (Volume Eight) could not be split and ceased being updated. Thus, it is of limited usefulness, covering only the content in the original manuscript – about 80% of Volumes One through Seven.
- Although unable to contact every person or publisher about the reproduction of their likeness or work, this book is a non-profit treatise written for historical and educational purposes. I hope nobody is unduly offended for their contribution(s) to this confabulation.<sup>1</sup> Please notify me of discrepancies, inaccuracies, omissions.

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<sup>1</sup> Confabulation has been variously described as so-called 'honest lying' or false memories fabricated, distorted, or misinterpreted about oneself or the world, without the conscious intention to deceive. I would add that, we remember (and edit) selectively what we like and repress what we don't.



In memory of these mentors, colleagues, and friends, who departed during the production of *An Incredible Epic*:

Phillip Augustin  
Carl Beckman  
Kirk Beeler  
Max Bjurhem  
Gene Butera  
John Connolly  
Wiley "Crash" Crockett  
Jane Dauber  
John Guild  
Peter Grunert  
Nils Gunnebro  
Lars "Tummen" Haldenberg  
Kurt Hjelte  
Burt Holmes  
Brad Hood  
Doreen Jacklin  
Ed Just  
Chuck Kappenman  
Bryan King  
Tony Korody  
Alan Kozlowski  
Stas Kudla  
Craig "Buddha" Law

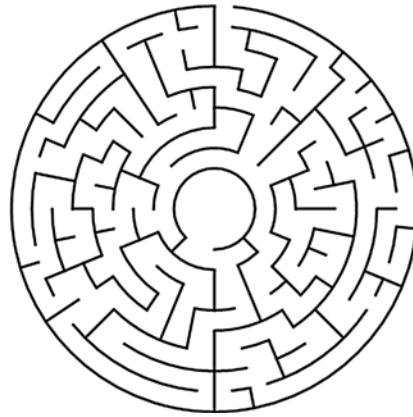
Thomas Leong  
Tom Lorentzen  
Jimmy McCann  
Chris McDevitt  
Art Milanese  
Don O'Neill  
Geoff Nightingale  
David Nolte  
Bob Peterson  
Lindsay Rodda  
John Sacrenty  
Jim Sant'Andrea  
Rick Sorgel  
Larry Spasic  
Charlie Spataro  
John Stapsy  
Christine Ströman  
Donald Sutherland  
Randolf Taylor  
Glen Tracy  
Duffie White  
Randy Will  
Constantine Zacharious

With appreciation for their contributions  
to my life and well-being.





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*"You have to go where the story leads you."*

Stephen King (PBS interview)

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  - 40A Encoder for 40-channel expansion of ShowPro I and II
  - 20A Encoder for 20-channel expansion of ShowPro I and II
  - Power control box – programmable switch with 110-volt, AC outlet
  - ShowPro VB digital, memory programmer
  - ShowPro V Memory Test
  - PD-3 programmable dissolve
  - QD2 & QD3 computerized playback modules (dissolvers)
  - Enhanced Procall
  - Pocket Procall – cue guide for Procall Version 5
  - Reliance Audiovisual (New York) rental catalogue



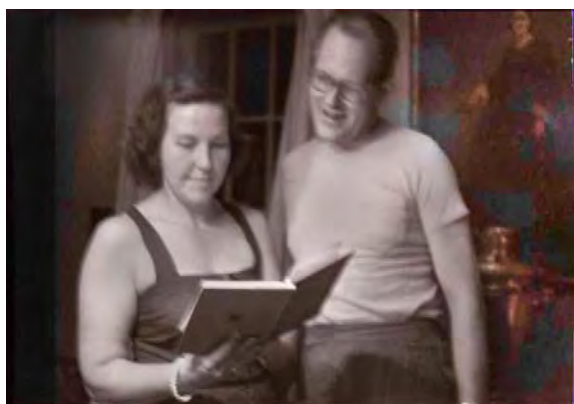
## Backstory

Volume One traced my life up to 1969, the fateful year I opened Mesney's Mad Medicine Show and committed myself to a career as a commercial photographer.

I was born in Brooklyn, New York, on January 28, 1945. I'm an Aquarian with Scorpio rising, Moon in Leo and Venus in Pisces. That should tell you all you need to know. But there is more....

Dorothy Mesney, my mom, was the daughter of a prominent New York judge, Franklin Taylor and Kathrine Munro, a socialite from Montréal, Canada. My dad, Peter Mesney, was the offspring of Roger James Mesney, the British chief engineer of the Anglo-Dutch Mining Corporation, and London actress Marjorie Unett.

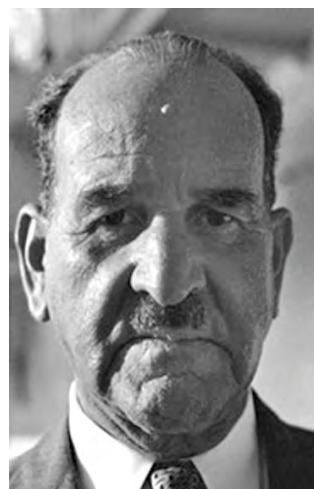
I grew up in the affluent neighborhood of Douglaston, New York. Grandpa Taylor died when I was five; he had been supporting the family and after that they struggled. Dad couldn't keep-up with mom's spending. From the age of eight, I worked at various jobs to earn my own money, starting with door-to-door selling of pot-holders and jewelry that I made myself, then greeting cards and eventually pictures.



I was brought up by theatrical parents (left). Dad went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts [London] and Mom was a piano teacher and singer of gospel, spiritual and folk music. I had piano lessons in grade school but switched to a trombone in junior-high and as a *Froshman* (cross between Freshman and Sophomore—I was in an accelerated junior high school program and did high school in three years instead of four) I was a member of the band and orchestra at Bayside High School until my trombone got stolen.

Six weeks after that, Grandpa Mesney (right) visited America from England and gave me a professional-grade Minolta SR-2 camera. I got hooked on taking pictures. My science class term project was a series of two dozen slides illustrating the growth of a bean plant from seed to sprout, including shots taken with a microscope adapter.

Then a neighbor, Glen Peterson, gave me a summer job at his photo laboratory in New York (Peterson Color Laboratory, favorite among New York's advertising agencies). I learned about the advertising business delivering work to *Mad Men*. I used the money to build my own darkroom in the basement of the family house.

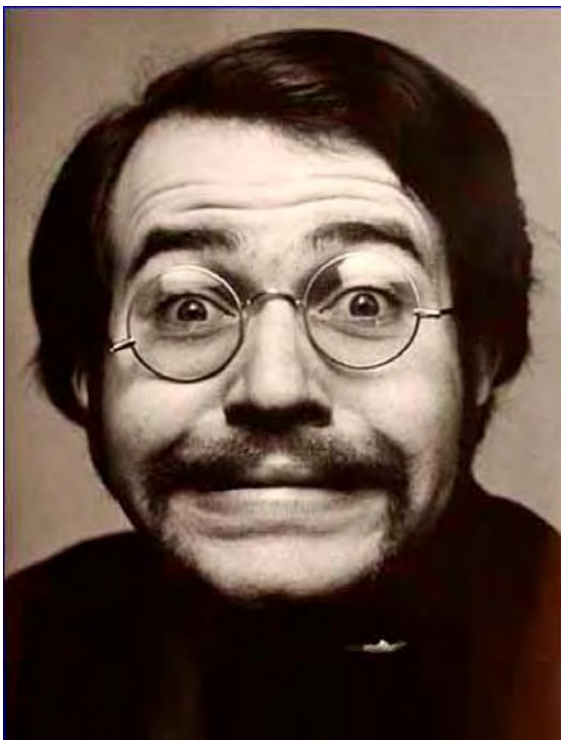


I was mentored by my alternate father, Bob Banning and Life magazine photographer, Ted Russell. In my sophomore year at Bayside High School, I teamed up with David Nolte, a fellow student. Mesney-Nolte Photographers shot portraits, weddings, bar mitzvahs and whatever other jobs we could land.

I spent my first year of college at St. Lawrence University. I had a scholarship but had to borrow most of the tuition money (~\$15,000) because my folks were going broke. I learned all about the ravages of debt watching my parents flounder and quit St. Lawrence in favor of more affordable Queens College [City College of New York (CCNY)]. Tuition was only ~\$2,000 and I could live at home in Douglaston. I attended classes at night and worked days to pay off my student loan.

My first jobs were in the advertising business. I learned the ropes of the PR business from Louise Friscia first, then at J. DeBow and Partners. After that I worked as a board man for Seymour Levy at a little ad agency called J. Charles David, Inc. I enjoyed doing layout and paste-up work and Seymour let me take pictures for a few of his ads—a huge motivator. Seymour also loved to take pictures; he understood my passion for pictures.

Next, I worked for an industrial advertising agency called Basford, Inc. where I re-learned how to write (think) under the tutelage of Burt Holmes, one of my top three mentors. Holmes also allowed me to photograph my own projects (fact sheets for the American Iron and Steel Institute). Throughout this period, my photo kit and expertise ramped up. I continued to do private assignments outside of the office and began selling pictures to magazines; Car and Driver became a steady customer.



As the Viet Nam War dragged on and the Beatles started dropping acid, so did I. Starting in high school, in 1959, I smoked weed on a regular basis. I led a double life; most people thought I was a drinker (I was that, too). My hair got longer and I grew a Fu Manchu mustache. That irritated Burt Holmes' boss, department head John Paluszek, who subsequently fired my ultra-efficient secretary because he was a black man (in a world where secretaries were normally female and frequently hired for their looks and other benefits). That was cause for my resignation.

By that time (1967), I was ready to move on. Paluszek had been getting on my case ever since Burt allowed me to shoot my own jobs; in his opinion, photography interfered with my work as an assistant account executive and copy writer. Then, stodgy old industrial Basford got bought by a dynamic young consumer agency called Creamer-Colarossi. *Vive la difference.*

Other account execs asked me to shoot for their projects, and that really pissed off Paluszek. But I was sleeping with Don Creamer's secretary (so was Don) and she arranged for her boss to put Paluszek in his place.

I did more and more photography and those assignments, plus time spent with other Basford colleagues in the art department, particularly Kurt Boehnstedt, reinforced my desire to be a photographer.

After Paluszek fired me, the agency's other partner, Ben Colarossi, arranged to get me an office space at small film-production company run by Bob Gurvitz at 346 East 50<sup>th</sup> Street—a prestigious address. I worked out of there for the first year. My wife, the former Leslie Shirk, supported me. We married in 1966. She had a cushy job as a systems analyst for a burgeoning young enterprise-computer-software company called Management Assistance Incorporated [MAI].

Along the way I met Justine Reynolds in 1969. She was opening a school for aspiring models called Justine Model Consultants. She offered me the opportunity to share a large loft space on 23<sup>rd</sup> Street and Madison—it was the heart of New York's so-called Photo District at the time, a perfect location and a great opportunity to expand into fashion photography, where there were big bucks to be made (and beautiful girls to be laid).

However, I couldn't do it without Leslie's financial support—and my relationship with her was dicey; she caught me cheating and subsequently ran off with a surfer for half a year. I convinced her to return and try again; she did and helped me build the new studio. On the night we finished, after the champagne toasts, she announced that she was leaving me and moving to Virginia with her boss, who two years earlier bought my Corvette. (!)

By then I was on my feet, generating enough income to support my newly expanded operation; but I was working my ass off to do it, days at my profession and nights screwing models.

As Volume One ended, I had just thrown a studio-opening party for Mesney's Mad Medicine Show called the Mad Ball. It was the kind of event you might see in a movie. Justine and I collaborated; the guests included a bevy of her beauties. The darkroom was set-up as a sangria bar; red, white and rosé sangria were mixed in and served from the 3½-gallon [~16-liter] stainless steel film-processing tanks. Slide projections, color lights and a mirror ball illuminated my half of the loft; the shooting stage became a dance floor; Justine's space was the chill zone. Business doubled shortly after the Mad Ball, and that's where the story picked up in Volume Two.



Volume Two covered three transformative years: 1970-1972

The decade began with an influx of new business generated by my promotional efforts; those included the *Exposure* newsletter, Pixies, and most recently the Mad Ball. The work was dominated by automotive assignments. Working with Tom Ridinger (right) and Gene Butera, some of my best pictures were made for *Car and Driver* magazine and *Cycle*.



Ridinger and I collaborated with Art Guererro to produce an award-winning ecological ad campaign for the Motorcycle Industries Council.

Left: One of five MCI ads.



As my reputation spread, I got hired by bigger magazines like *Penthouse* and *True*. The editorial assignments generated interest from some of the heavyweights. I was hired by Ogilvy & Mather to shoot a Mercedes Benz ad campaign (above, right) and for Burson-Marsteller I photographed a Rolls Royce Camargue.



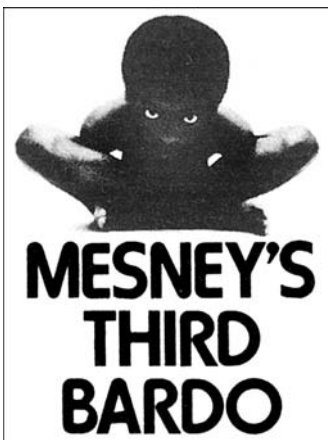
Following the same path, I launched my career into the boating business. When my pictures appeared in *Boating* and *Rudder* magazines, Nikon used my work for a promotional display at the New York International Boat Show and a spread in *Nikon World* magazine. That led to my first slide show, for the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers [NAEBM], sponsors of the New York Show.



Burson Marsteller became a new client. Geoff Nightingale hired me to build a model city for Armco Steel's Student Design Program (left). That led to a widening stream of business from Owens-Corning Fiberglas and others.

Although business was good, it wasn't generating enough income to support both my apartment in Queens and the studio in Manhattan. I rolled the dice, ditched both of those and moved into a smaller space at a much classier address on Embassy Row: 23 East 73<sup>rd</sup> Street, the former Wanamaker mansion.

*John Hanamaker*



That was the smartest move I ever made. Business boomed after that.

I took over another floor in the building and convinced Tom Ridinger to leave Car and Driver and work with me.

The business was renamed Mesney's Third Bardo.

By the end of 1972, work from the Burson-Marsteller agency began to dominate our order book.

As Volume Three begins, I am on the cusp of an entirely new career, as a producer of multi-image slide shows and aviation photographer.



Executive Jet Aviation [EJA] ad, 1973

## 1972 – Dog Days – Tunnel of Love



At the time, I was dating my rep Susie Keeton's friend and model wannabe, Josette Elley.

I invited her down to Philadelphia for a weekend trip; I had business there with kennel owner Doug Fisher. This trip was about buying a dog, an Afghan hound (Bandit—later nicknamed Mister Moose).

Getting a dog was part of my new image—and a way to meet girls. Lots of people in the neighborhood had classy canines; the gal next door had a Standard Poodle and the gal up the street had a Fox Terrier.

(My choice of an Afghan was ego driven; the long-haired hound complimented my own long locks. Plus, I thought their personality was a good match to my own: Afghans can run like hell—in the wild, they hunt large animals by out-running them—but they are also very reserved, even aloof, like cats.)

I rented a convertible, to make it a fun drive; we took off on a glorious morning, top down. Josette started squirming as we approached the Lincoln Tunnel; no, she didn't need the loo; the problem was her claustrophobia; she didn't like being in tunnels. Well, wouldn't you know if the traffic didn't come to a grinding halt right when we were deep in the tunnel. Josette did her best to maintain control, but when a few drops of water fell on her she freaked; her screaming was so loud you'd think there'd been a murder. It was tense; but the traffic cooperated and soon we were on the Jersey Turnpike heading south, laughing all the way. Ha!

Fisher lived at the edge of the city, where there was plenty of land for his dogs to run, and where the skies were dark enough to see the Milky Way. He was a magnanimous host; after installing us in a guest room he took us for dinner at Bookbinder's seafood restaurant. We returned to his sprawling country house for after dinner drinks on the patio. I kept a lid on my drinking, anticipating the night ahead with Josette.

We retired early-ish with some lame excuse. Our room was super comfy; there were deep pile carpets and an enormous bed with fluffy comforters, flannel sheets and lots of pillows. As the lights were lowered and the mood music began, Josette jerked when I snuggled closer, her knee landed square in my crotch. Ouch!

Then she threw off the covers and grabbed for her foot. What?

It was a tick bite between her toes. The tick hadn't really grabbed yet, so it plucked off easily. Then we realized the gravity of the situation and went over the bed with a fine-tooth comb, finding three more. God knows how many were lurking in the deep-pile shaggy carpet. It probably goes without saying that we didn't sleep (or frolic) much that night.



The next day, neither of us had the chutzpah to tell Fisher. We left right after breakfast, with Bandit on board and the convertible top up. Back in New York, Josette and I finished the business we started at Fisher's; I must have flunked the test because she kind of evaporated from my life right after that, leaving a vacuum filled later in the year by Dona Lakin Plink.

## 1972 – Dynamic Duo – Triumphant Triumvirate

Burson-Marsteller was the secret to my success. Their story began when Geoff Nightingale hired me for the Armco City job, described earlier.

Nightingale was so creatively prolific that the agency spun him off from Creative Services Group and made him an international consultant on matters requiring unique, brilliant solutions. He was eventually named World Creative Director of Burson-Marsteller and spent his life flying all over the world consulting with the likes of Henry Kissinger and his ilk. All this to say that Geoff Nightingale was a hot property. Luckily, I had the opportunity to hitch my wagon to his rising star. Soon, I was flying high.

While he was still heading Creative Services Group, Geoff hired me to photograph the Piper Aircraft factory at their headquarters in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania; my job was to document the process of building Piper airplanes. At the pre-shoot production meeting, I was introduced to Don O'Neill, Geoff's new associate who would be going to Lock Haven with me. Don was technically Geoff's assistant, but co-conspirator is a better description of their relationship.



O'Neill was every bit as brilliant as Nightingale, and perhaps even more Machiavellian. He and I hit it off on that first assignment together, shooting all the steps involved in building Piper airplanes. It was a giant factory, a huge job. Don and I worked as a team. First, we walked through the assembly plant and made a shot list. Then, he went one step ahead of me, getting things set up for the next shot.

Don was impressed with how I was able to blast through the shoot list. That was because photographing airplanes was akin to shooting cars—I knew which angles were best and how to handle myself in the factory. Geoff gave us both gold stars when he saw the pictures; the entire Creative Services Group took note; what concerned them was that O'Neill (and I) had done so well without their help.

Right after that, O'Neill put me to work on an automobile tire promotion for Owens Corning Fiberglas; I had so many Car and Driver spreads in my portfolio that Don had no trouble selling me to the client.

We went down to the Good Year test track in Laredo, Texas, and spent two long days under a blazing sun shooting theme pictures for a brochure about Fiberglas®-belted radial tires (pictured below).

The parched, barren surroundings made it a trying experience. Everything near the track was coated with the dust kicked up by test cars driving thousands of laps around the two-mile dirt road cut through the sandy desert soil.



The backgrounds were so ugly, I didn't want to show them. That meant shooting the tires up close and using techniques that obscured the backgrounds.

I used long lenses (for selective focus) until our guide warned me that the scrub-brush I was standing in was prime snake country.

After that warning, I didn't go off the track; I kept to the edges and worked with wider lenses and used slow-shutter speeds to blur the backgrounds by panning the camera.<sup>3</sup>

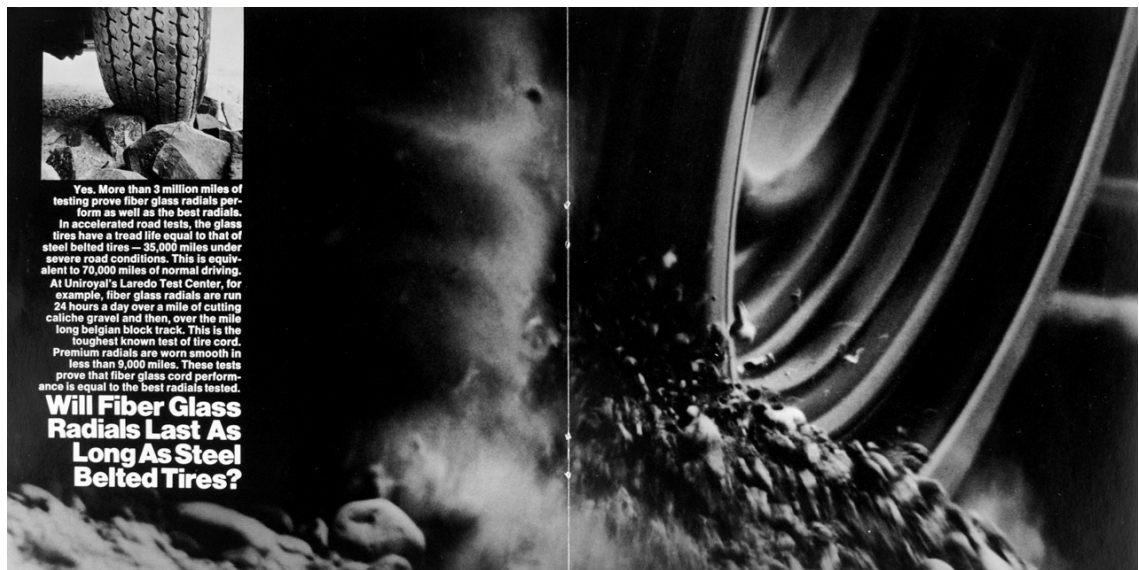


Panning the camera with slow shutter speeds [ $\frac{1}{4}$ -second or  $\frac{1}{2}$ -second] was tricky business; I was never *sure* that I got a shot with the car nice and sharp; so, I would shoot a lot of film and use the best of many shots. I had an 80% success rate for nailing the perfect pan shot, with a sharp subject standing out from smeared surroundings.

After that, I rigged the car for extreme close-ups of the tires in action— “Where the rubber meets the road,” to quote Firestone.

<sup>3</sup> Panning is the technique of following a moving object. While the object remains in the same position in the frame, i.e., stationary, the background does not—it moves through the frame and blurs if the shutter speed is not fast enough to freeze the motion.

I attached a motorized Nikon rigged with a super-wide, 21 mm lens, onto an extendable monopod. While lying on the hood of the car I poked the camera around the tires.



In the end, I got enough “abstract” material to maintain a visual red-thread through the 16-page brochure that O’Neill commissioned me to produce (bypassing the agency’s Creative Services Group). It was an obvious advantage being able to design with my own photographs. Meetings of the mind are rare among creatives, particularly designers and photographers; theirs is a world full of egos.

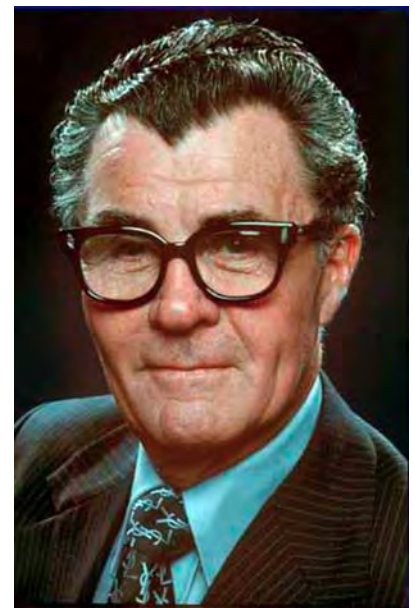
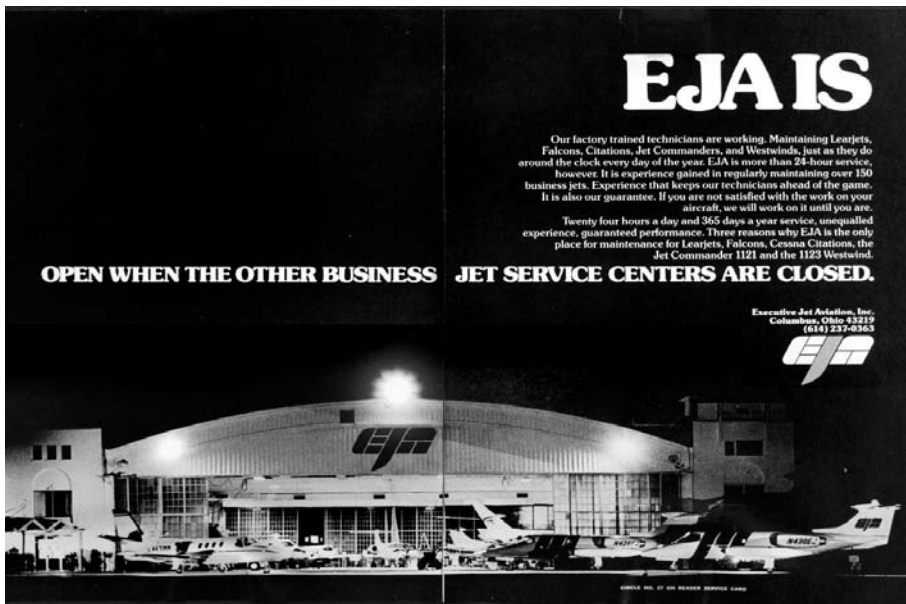
Don—unlike Geoff—visited the studio on more than one occasion; the mansion environment impressed him; it suited his Britishness. He enjoyed my hospitality and we found ourselves on the same wave length; we thought alike and got along as brothers.

Don would bring the agency’s clients over to my studio after work, for cocktails and slide shows. A lot of business resulted from that socializing. However, most of my Burson-Marsteller business was snagged at Brew Burger, in the lobby of Burson-Marsteller’s offices, at 866 Third Avenue [52<sup>nd</sup> Street]. Geoff Nightingale held court in a booth there every evening after work; he’d have a couple drinks with selected colleagues before leaving at 6:30 pm [18:30] to catch the train home. Big ideas and deals were formulated during those daily de-briefings in Nightingale’s booth. When Geoff went home, Don and I went back to work, with new marching orders.

Nightingale and O’Neill were born pitch-men; together they were an unbeatable team. But it wasn’t long before that dynamic duo turned into a trio. During the next year, I became part of that team; we became a triumphant triumvirate.

Based on the stuff we did for Piper, Don & Geoff won a chunk of business from Executive Jet Aviation [now called NetJets], the world’s first business-jet-charter and management company. Our first project for EJA was a corporate brochure.

Don and I got picked up at LaGuardia Airport by an EJA Learjet that took us to EJA’s base at Columbus International Airport in Ohio; it was my first time flying in anything like a Lear; the little jet was the Corvette of airplanes.



While I photographed the hangar, maintenance and dispatch operations, Don schmoozed about strategy with company president Bruce Sundlun—who became Governor of Rhode Island—and his VP, Paul Tibbetts (above) Jr. Yes, *that* Paul Tibbetts, pilot of the Enola Gay; the same Tibbetts who dropped the first atom bomb on Hiroshima. They were two tough customers, stiff as boards; it was almost impossible to get decent shots of them.



One of Don's ideas was a family picture of the entire EJA staff in front of the hangar; when we described the plan to Sundlun, he complained that the picture would cost a fortune in staff downtime and said he'd give us just three minutes. True to his word, he kept checking his watch and walked off the set after precisely three minutes.

## 1970s | Portfolio | Executive Jet Aviation | Plates N<sup>os</sup> 1-52

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 1-4: A collection of 72 pictures culled from several hundred shot during my first photo foray to EJA's base of operations, in Columbus, Ohio. One day was spent in the hangar, operations center and executive offices (where I was allowed to take pictures of EJA's management at a Board meeting). A second day was spent doing air-to-air work. I shot on Ektachrome film (64 and 200) with a kit that included 20, 28, 55, and 105 mm Nikkor lenses on Nikon FTn cameras.*

*Plate N<sup>o</sup> 5: This seemingly near-perfect shot of a Gates Learjet 25 over Mansfield, Ohio, was never used; Chairman Sundlun complained that the clouds behind the jet looked like exhaust. Ha! It was shot on Ektachrome-64 using a motorized Nikon FTn camera with an 105mm Nikkor fitted with a Tiffen polarizing filter. I shot from the open rear door of a twin-engine Piper Seneca, leaning way out to keep the camera plane out of the frame. The winds were ferocious; I was being buffeted so badly that I had to use a short-shutter speed of 1/500<sup>th</sup>-second to freeze the Learjet and background.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 6-7: This Atomicolor shot of a Gates Learjet 28 over Mansfield, Ohio, became one of Bruce Sundlun's favorite pictures. Besides being used for the cover of EJA's 1972 Annual Report, fifty framed, dye-transfer prints (made at Peterson Color Lab) were given to the company's best customers, members of the Fourth Estate and other VIPs. On Plates N<sup>os</sup> 51-52 you can see one of those fifty gift-pictures hanging on the office walls of Harry Combs, President of Gates Learjet. The model airplane that Sundlun is holding was later "loaned" to me, for photographic purposes, to shoot the company's Christmas-card picture. I still have that model; it's hanging from my kitchen ceiling, here in Vancouver. The picture was made with Infrared Aero Ektachrome, shot with a 720 (Orange-Brown) filter. I shot from another Learjet, through a window, using a 28 mm Nikkor lens.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 8-9: The 1972 EJA Annual Report was the first big graphic design job done for Don O'Neill at Burson-Marsteller. To save mucho dinero, O'Neill decided to produce most of the multi-page publication in black and white. The 70s were a cross-over period; by the end of the decade, nobody shot B&W anymore, except for art photography. However, EJA shoots included both B&W and color; and because I couldn't second-guess which would be needed for what, it meant shooting everything twice. The look of EJA's corporate communications—a pictorial approach using Souvenir and Souvenir Bold typefaces—was designed by Tom Ridinger.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 10-11: Jumbo postcards, printed on letter-sized [~A4] Chrome-Coat cover stock and mailed to EJA's customers and prospects as well as aviation journalists and VIPs. They were pictorial news releases; the stories were printed on the reverse side. The shots were made using a Nikon FTn camera (motorized) with a 28 mm Nikkor, shooting through the passenger window of another Learjet. The left shot was heavily retouched by Thad McGar at Wellbeck Studio, to beef-up the colors. [See, 2018 – Photographic Memory – Restoration & Prepress.] Shooting through a Lear Jet's windows hampered my style; I couldn't use polarizing filters because rainbow bands would appear in the Plexiglas-plastic windows.*

*Plate N<sup>o</sup> 12: Eclipse Jet was another jumbo postcard, about red-eye rates, at night.*

*Plate N<sup>os</sup> 13: Remember the model airplane, given to Bruce Sundlun by Harry Combs? I borrowed it to make Jet Bubble for EJA's 1973 Christmas card, which was printed as a blue-black duotone with spot red and blue for the stripes and tail logo. The model was shot right-side up and upside-down. A large-sized print was made of the plane's undersides, and that was re-photographed with an 8 mm Fisheye Nikkor, to get a bubble-like perspective. The fisheye view was printed on 16 X 20-inch [~40 X 50-cm] double-weight Kodabromide F2 paper, and a bubble airbrushed around it. A negative of that master bubble was printed in a variety of sizes on single-weight Kodabromide, as was the right-side-up shot of the model airplane. All those bits and pieces were cut-out (using single-edge razor blades) and assembled on a sheet of glossy-black Flint paper, mounted on a 20 X 24-inch double-weight Bainbridge illustration board. Finally, a 4 X 5-inch [~10 X 15 cm] negative was made of the over-sized master art, from which an 11 X 14-inch [~27 X 35-cm] print was made. The stripes and logo were separated using a Rubylith overlay, for the spot color printing plates. All that for a little 4 X 6-inch [10 X 15-cm] card.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 14-15: Another jumbo postcard was used as a press-kit insert, identifying EJA's management team and announcing the acquisition of several more Gates Learjet 28s. The executive's photos were taken at a Board meeting during my first shoot for the charter airline. They were shot on High-Speed Ektachrome [200] using a Nikon FTn (motorized) and 105 mm Nikkor fitted with a CC30M (magenta) filter to neutralize the green fluorescent lighting. The aircraft was shot on Infrared Aero Ektachrome with no filter, using a motorized Nikon FTn with a 28 mm Nikkor.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 16-17: After investing a small fortune to have Thad McGar beef-up the colors in the photo announcing EJA's acquisition of an 1123 Westwind jet (as described above), the shot was also used for the cover of their 1973 Annual Report. By this time, Tom Ridinger was no longer working with me; however, I carried on designing EJA corporate communications following the look he established a year earlier; but I took it a step further, adding the bold red and blue stripes—EJA's mark of identity—made with pen-and-ink using a French curve.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 18-23: Inside the 1973 EJA Annual Report, each two-page spread featured a full-bleed [to the edges of the pages] background illustration. The horizontal, letter-sized format opened out to 22 X 8.5-inch [~55 X 21 cm] panoramic spreads for which I made a series of "imaginary" pictures cutting out aircraft and pasting them on 16 X 20-inch [~40 X 50-cm] prints of dramatic skies photographed from a Piper Seneca on the way back from an air-to-air shoot of their aircraft, in Vero Beach, Florida.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 24-25: EJA's family shot was made on an overcast afternoon at EJA's base of operations in Columbus, Ohio. The shot features their new 1123 Westwind jet. I shot from a lift normally used to work on the tail sections of aircraft, using a Hasselblad with a wide-angle, 50mm Zeiss lens [equal to 28 mm on a Nikon], on Ektachrome film. The company's CEO, Bruce Sundlun (second from left) gave me exactly three minutes to get the shot. That was after he kept everyone else waiting in the freezing cold for a half hour.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 26-31: In keeping with the look established by EJA's Annual Reports, two capabilities brochures were produced in the horizontal (aka landscape) format. For the first of the pair, more panoramic backgrounds were made using cut-out jets on sky BGs. Plates N<sup>o</sup> 26: The original illustration (inset) was summarily rejected by CEO Bruce Sundlun who said: "If any of my pilots flew that way, they'd be fired!"*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 32-33: For the second EJA Capabilities brochure, I got more creative. For the cover, I made an illustration pasting a Learjet onto a BG shot of streaked airport lights; that shot was a total fluke, a start-of-roll shot made while I was winding to the first frame. I hadn't set the exposure yet, and the shutter speed was set for ¼-second. The movement of the camera during that quarter-second produced streaks that resembled the shape of aircraft. When I saw the resulting effect, the idea for this illustration popped into my head. Assembling the art was easy-peasy; I made a 20 X 24-inch print [~50 X 60 cm] of the streaked-light shot and a 6-inch [~15 cm] cut-out of the Learjet. The join-up was a snap because the BG was black. By darkening the edges of the cut-out with a black felt marker, before pasting it onto the BG print, the cut marks were all but invisible.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 34-35: Inside the second EJA Capabilities brochure, I used panoramic backgrounds made from shots taken in the Operations and Training Departments. The look was a direct copy of the style initiated in 1972 by Tom Ridinger, using narrow columns and Souvenir type.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 36-37: Using info pockets on the inside back cover [cover 3] of EJA brochures and press kits was another Don O'Neill innovation. In that way, additional and/or updated info and fact sheets could be included, extending the useful life of the publications.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 38-52: Don O'Neill swung deals with the several top aviation magazines—among them were Aviation Week & Space Technology and Flying—trading EJA flight time for advertising space. It was a sweet deal that Sundlun approved after the fact (Don had his complete confidence). As a result, Yours Truly had the opportunity to design nearly a dozen ads for a campaign that lasted almost two years, by which time O'Neill and I parted ways. Following my fancy, all the ads were illustrated with photo compositions. The more of those I made, the more I fell in love with the feeling of liberation—making scenes that didn't actually exist; painters and illustrators must, I'm sure, feel the excitement of making your own version of Reality. Anyway, I sure felt it. O'Neill and Sundlun loved the stuff; the stark look of black and white combined with my illustrations gave EJA a unique and easily recognizable look; a look that was—pardon my ego—way more sophisticated than one would normally see in aviation magazines.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 40-41: Night Flight combined a night shot of Manhattan Island taken on the approach to LaGuardia Airport [LGA]. It was made with Tri-X film at ASA (ISO) 800, using a Nikon FTn with a 28 mm Nikkor lens. The ride was smooth that night; I was able to get a reasonably sharp shot using just 1/15<sup>th</sup>-second exposure. It was printed on Kodabromide F2; extra sky was added in the darkroom. The jet was shot on the ground using a 28 mm Nikkor; the undercarriage was printed out (darkened) in the darkroom. It was cut-out and pasted onto the BG of Manhattan. The stars were hand-painted on the 16 X 20-inch [~40 X 50-cm] assembly.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 40-41: Sailing Sooner was another assembly job, this one way more complicated than any I had done before. The 1123 Westwind jet was photographed from the roof of EJA's hangar, in Columbus, Ohio. The sky BG was shot over the ocean east of Vero Beach, Florida, while shooting for Piper Aircraft. The sailboats were repeated cut-outs of a model shot at the Boat Pond in New York's Central Park. The seven little boats were a mere half inch [~1.25 cm] high; working that small was tedious; they were pasted onto a 16 X 20 print of the sky, together the Westwind cut-out.*

*Plate Nº 44: The ad about EJA training broke rank by using documentary pictures instead of photo-illustrations. It was the first of a new look that was less creative; but Don O'Neill was getting more and more dictatorial. [That said, our collaboration was at its zenith; we were a dynamic duo; we fed off each other's creativity; we were "in synch."] The collage was assembled from shots made during the original, 1972 shoot.*

*Plate Nº 45: The Thoroughbred ad happened because Bruce Sundlun was an equestrian aficionado; that is, he like to hang with the well heeled... his best customers. Thus, he ordered-up this ad for the program of a horse show. (!) I was flown to the private estate of one of Sundlun's pals, who bred racing stock and had a runway built for his own, private Learjet. [The plane in the picture is the one I rode.] The estate was enormous—as far as the eye could see. It was (still is) hard to imagine such wealth. That comment aside, the picture was shot on a hot-and-humid August afternoon, in Ohio. The air was so thick that the sky was washed out and with it all the rest of the colors. The resulting pictures, shot on Kodachrome 25, with a 55 mm Nikkor on a tripodded Nikon F2, sucked. Don O'Neill nearly had a heart attack when I showed him the take; but what could be said? That's why God invented photo retouchers, like Wellbeck Studios, who did their best to save the day. My usual retoucher, Thad McGar was fully booked and ours was a rush job; we couldn't wait for him. So, his associate, a talented woman, easy on the eye, did the work. It sure is colorful!*

*Plates Nºs 46-47: This was also the end of the line for the Streak Jet BG used as a kind of sign-off for the EJA Is... communications campaign, and for the slogan itself. That idea had run its course. The end of the line was a two-page-spread advertisement for EJA charter services. Such extravagances were seldom seen in aviation magazines. Who knew that the upstart "airline" paid for that ad space bartering flight time (on dead-head flights—going or returning from revenue flights)? In the three-going-on-four years that O'Neill and I created EJA's image, their identity—and business—skyrocketed.*

*Plates Nºs 48-49: This shot of EJA's hangar looks so simple; but it was a nightmare to shoot. The problem was lighting—balancing the foreground with the background. The hangar was naturally lit, inside and out; but the aircraft in the FG were not. A battery of cars was assembled with their headlights aimed at those dark aircraft, to light them. The cars were moved around until the light hitting the foreground aircraft was the same as the brightness of the BG. The scene was shot with a Hasselblad, on Tri-X Pan film at ASA (ISO) 800, using a wide-angle, 50 mm Zeiss lens.*

*Plates Nºs 50-52: This scene was a nightmare come true, in terms of complexity. Just positioning the aircraft and ground vehicles, to be able to see each, unobstructed, took most of the afternoon, on a cloudy summer day, in front of EJA's hangar, in Columbus, Ohio. Forget the fact that nobody would ever park aircraft that way. Lighting was the real challenge. I lit the scene with eight Honeywell Strobonars interconnected with nearly 500-foot [~152 meters] of flimsy flash cords—twenty 25-foot [~7.5 meter] extension cords. It was a real Rube Goldberg lighting contraption. The people were another challenge; getting them to stay on their marks through a range of exposures was the issue. A nervous Nellie, I shot without the strobes as the models' positions were blocked. That shot was used in another version of the Gates Learjet tie-in ad, seen in Plate Nº52.*





1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 1

*Highlights of EJA photo library.*



1970S | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 2

*Highlights of EJA photo library.*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 3

*Highlights of EJA photo library.*



1970S | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 4

*Highlights of EJA photo library.*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 5

*Gates Learjet 25 over Mansfield, Ohio | 1972*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 6  
1972 Annual Report | Learjet 28 over Mansfield, Ohio | First EJA graphic design job. | 1973



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 7  
*1972 Annual Report | Learjet 28 over Mansfield, Ohio | First EJA graphic design job | 1973*



## Operations Report

The major efforts begun last year to utilize more effectively the resources of Executive Jet Aviation's three operating groups continued throughout 1972. The results are encouraging. Jet charter revenues rose 12 per cent. Maintenance income increased 26 per cent. Training revenues leaped a spectacular 370 per cent during the year. And, the three operating groups continue to be strengthened — to take advantage of the considerable opportunities for growth and profit that remain. Much of this growth will be obtained by expanding EJA's traditional services into new markets.

### Jet Charter

Again in 1972, EJA flew more miles than in the previous year — 4,396,177 miles in 1972 vs. 3,251,379 miles in 1971 — for a cumulative total of 34,000,000 miles, more than

any other business jet charter service. Meanwhile, this transportation began to take on a new look. In July, at Transpo '72, EJA unveiled a dramatically new aircraft paint scheme and corporate insignia. During the year, most planes in EJA's fleet were repainted and fitted with refurbished interiors.

Minimum-mile contracts banked during 1972 totaled 1,399,871 miles, a 35 per cent increase over the previous year. Jet charter sales were further strengthened with the addition of an experienced salesman based in New York, and the transfers of an experienced dispatcher to generate FBO single-trip charter business and an experienced maintenance supervisor to specialize in maintenance sales.

To increase aircraft utilization and generate additional income, EJA





became the first company to carry the United States mail on a Falcon. At the end of each business day, a Falcon is converted to cargo operation and flown on a Columbus/Philadelphia round trip.

This mail operation has proved so successful that the company contracted to purchase three Quick Change 1123 Westwind aircraft.

The eight-passenger 1123 Westwind, with its big wide-oval cabin, offers charter customers additional comfort. Like the larger Fan Jet Falcon, the 1123 Westwind has a totally enclosed washroom and toilet and a convenience center for hot meals aloft.

In less than an hour, however, the aircraft can be converted to cargo configuration and will carry up to 4000 lb of freight or mail. The 1123 will give EJA new freedom to expand passenger and cargo operations.

To assure that the company's operations continue to develop in a controlled manner, EJA commissioned a special audit by a team of consultants from Trans World Airlines. The audit, which pointed up several areas for future attention, was especially praiseworthy of EJA flight personnel.

For the third consecutive year, EJA and its pilots received the largest number of flying safety awards—29—presented to a single company by the National Business Aircraft



#### Association.

EJA pilots remain among the most qualified in the jet charter industry. They have logged, on average, 10,000 hours of flying time, 6000 hours in jets. All EJA Captains are, of course, Airline Transport Rated—the highest FAA rating.

#### Maintenance

Maintenance performed by EJA on aircraft owned by other corporations continued to increase. There were 988 separate visits by aircraft for maintenance during 1972, 87 per cent more than in 1971. By year's end, EJA was regularly maintaining nearly 130 Learjets and Falcons owned by other corporations.

Increased maintenance activity, in turn, generates charter revenues. Even though EJA maintenance is open 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year, the complexity of maintenance

tasks often means an aircraft is down when it should be flying. Frequently, corporate pilots use the EJA charter fleet as back-up. In fact, today, one in three EJA contract customers has its own flight department.

The superiority of the company's maintenance capabilities is demonstrated clearly by its Learjet Demate program. In the Demate sequence, the Learjet is completely disassembled, with wings and tail components removed. The aircraft is then inspected, completely refurbished and reassembled. This procedure, performed as part of the 5000-hour inspection, restores the aircraft to essentially 'as-new' condition. It is expected that increasing numbers of corporate owners will undertake these inspections as their aircraft reach the 5000-hour mark. Other than Gates-Learjet, only EJA performs Demate inspections.

As a first step in the planned expansion of EJA maintenance capabilities, the company was appointed an authorized factory service center for Cessna Citation, the Jet Commander and 1123



Westwind aircraft.

The Columbus, Ohio, maintenance facility is being expanded to accommodate the increased workload. Supply, purchasing, and other material service departments have been moved into a building adjacent to the hangar, freeing hangar floor space for maintenance.

Westwind are being prepared.

#### Training

Eighty-two Learjet and Falcon pilots received initial and recurrency training at EJA's FAA certified training school in 1972. This almost doubles the number of pilots trained last year. Training



1973 will witness increased regulatory emphasis on maintenance as most aircraft are required to operate under approved maintenance programs. EJA has begun adapting to this new force in the marketplace. The company has prepared and is marketing an Approved Aircraft Inspection Program and Manual for Learjets. Twenty-seven customers have already signed up for EJA's program. Additional manuals on the Falcon, Cessna and 1123

revenues rose by over three hundred per cent.

EJA also won and completed two Federal Aviation Administration contracts to train FAA Learjet and Falcon check pilots.

Many of the student pilots were service personnel undertaking training using Veteran's Administration benefits under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

In 1973, EJA will also offer training on the 1123 Westwind aircraft.



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 10  
*Jumbo postcard announcement | 1123 Westwind Joins Learjet Fleet | 1973*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 11

*Jumbo postcard announcement | Gates Learjet 25 | 1972*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 12  
*"Eclipse Jet" | Jumbo postcard announcement | "Red-Eye" Rates | 1973*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 13

*"Jet Bubble" | Christmas card | 1973*



JOSEPH S. SINCLAIR



JOHN H. McCONNELL



JAMES HOPKINS SMITH, JR.



TILSON PEABODY



BARDYL R. TIRANA



BRUCE G. SUNDLUN

**Directors**

JOHN H. McCONNELL  
President,  
Worthington Industries, Inc.  
Worthington, Ohio

TILSON PEABODY  
Former Director,  
Air Transport Section,  
General Motors Corporation

JOSEPH S. SINCLAIR  
Chairman,  
The Outlet Company  
Providence, Rhode Island

JAMES HOPKINS SMITH, JR.  
Aspen, Colorado

BRUCE G. SUNDLUN  
President,  
Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.

BARDYL R. TIRANA  
Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.  
Partner, Sundlun, Tirana, &  
Scher.

**Officers**

BRUCE G. SUNDLUN  
President

FRANK CONACE  
Vice President, Administration

RICHARD E. ENGLES  
Vice President, Sales

MICHAEL J. MANDISH  
Vice President, Treasurer

PAUL W. TIBBETS  
Vice President,  
Operations and Maintenance

BARDYL R. TIRANA  
Secretary

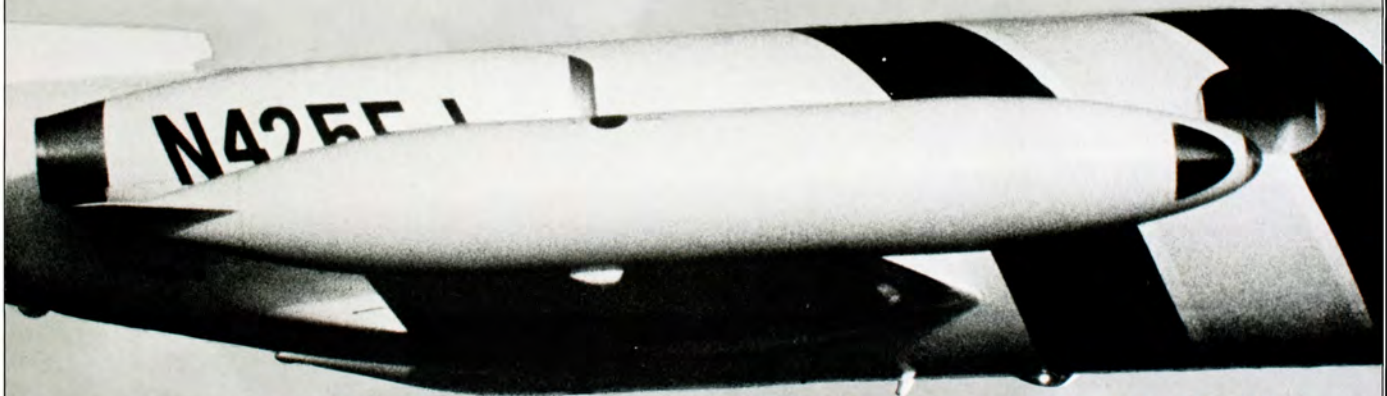
DAVID R. O'REILLY  
Assistant Treasurer

**Auditors**

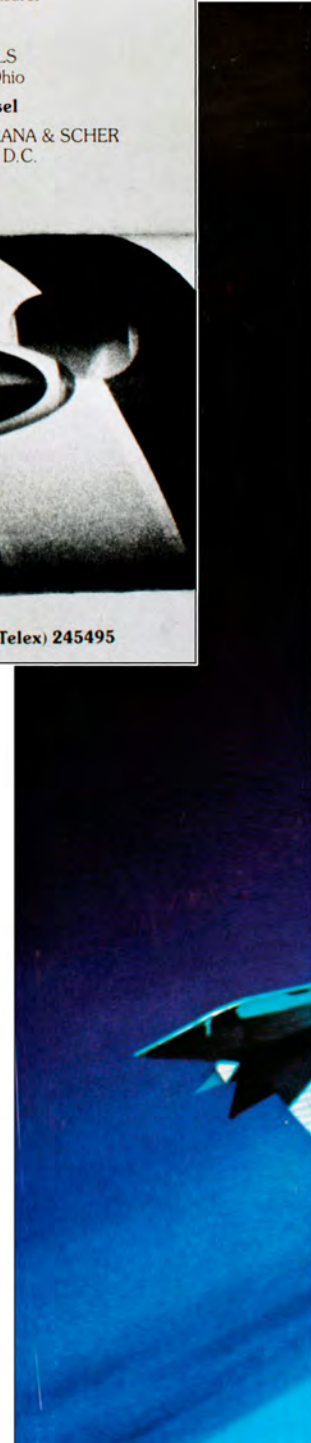
HASKIN & SELLS  
Columbus, Ohio

**General Counsel**

SUNDLUN, TIRANA & SCHER  
Washington, D. C.



Executive Jet Aviation, Inc. / Port Columbus International Airport / Columbus, Ohio 43219 / (614) 237-0363 / (Telex) 245495





1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 15

*Press kit insert | Management announcement (obverse) | 1972*



Design and Photography: Mesney

**Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.**  
**Columbus International Airport**  
**Columbus, Ohio 43219**  
**(614) 237-0363**  
**(Telex) 245495**





# Annual Report 1973



## Operations Report

Exhibiting continued and sustained vitality, each of Executive Jet Aviation's three operating groups set new records in 1973. Jet charter revenues rose 20 per cent. Maintenance income increased 11 per cent. Training revenues, topping last year's increase, advanced 24 per cent.

In addition to more effectively utilizing inherent resources, each operating group expanded into new markets. In the past year, EJA began flying a new type of aircraft and opened a new maintenance facility.



**Jet Charter**—For the third consecutive year, EJA flew more miles than in the previous year—6,161,061 miles in 1973 vs 4,396,177 miles in 1972. This is a new record high in the nine-year history of the company. EJA has now flown over 40 million miles, substantially more than any other business jet charter service.



Not only did EJA fly more miles in 1973 but a record number of minimum mile contracts were also banked. A restructured and strengthened sales force sold over 2,003,066 miles, 43 per cent more than during the previous 12-month period. Maintenance sales also increased.

During the latter part of the year, EJA's first three 1123 Westwinds were placed in service almost without a hitch. The addition of the 1123 Westwinds to the EJA fleet offers charter customers the choice of three aircraft to satisfy their ever changing flight requirements. EJA now operates the six-passenger Learjet, the workhorse of the fleet; the eight-passenger 1123 Westwind; and the larger ten-passenger Fan Jet Falcon. The company's fleet now totals 20 aircraft.

The addition of the Westwinds allowed the company to expand not only its passenger but also its cargo operations. The Westwinds were built to EJA specifications to allow conversion from passenger to cargo operation in less than one hour at almost any airport. In cargo configuration, the aircraft will carry up to 4000 lb of freight or mail. In fact, two Westwinds are already carrying the United States mail each weeknight.



EJA pioneered the use of quick-change business jets to carry the mail under contract to the U.S. Postal Service. The company currently services two two-city pairs each week night using two Falcons and two 1123 Westwinds. A fourth 1123 Westwind will enter service in 1974 allowing a third two-city pair to be serviced. The use of aircraft for transporting cargo and mail during the night raises aircraft utilization to higher levels.

With the expansion of its fleet, EJA increased its pilot work force to 58. EJA pilots remain among the most qualified in the jet charter industry. They have logged, on average, 10,000 hours of flying time, 6000 hours in jets. All EJA captains are Airline Transport Rated—the highest FAA rating. For the fourth consecutive year, the National Business Aircraft Association presented EJA and its pilots the largest number of flying safety awards awarded to a single company—35 in 1973.

**Maintenance**—EJA's Columbus facility is the only business jet maintenance center that is open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. The ability of business jet operators to obtain the highest quality maintenance whenever they require it is a major factor contributing to the growth of maintenance performed by EJA on aircraft owned by other corporations.

In 1973, there were 1,026 separate visits by aircraft for maintenance, four per cent more than in 1972. Today, EJA maintains over 150 business jets owned by other corporations.

Much of this maintenance is conducted under an Approved Aircraft Inspection Program which EJA developed and marketed to aircraft operators to meet new FAA regulations.

The appointment of EJA as factory authorized service center for the Cessna Citation, Jet Commander, and 1123 Westwind was matched by the expansion of the existing Columbus maintenance facility. EJA's expertise in many areas was also strengthened.

The company's avionics capability, for instance, is now second to none. Repair and test capabilities extend beyond the black box to the smallest discrete component.

Supply and Materials Services was established as a separate department and fully stocked with all parts necessary to service the new aircraft now being maintained. Computerized inventory controls were installed to assure that components and tools are available when required.

The Learjet demate program continued during 1973. 7 aircraft were completely disassembled, inspected, completely refurbished, and reassembled. EJA has now performed more 6000-hour demate inspections than any other maintenance facility. During the coming year, several aircraft owned by other corporations will become due for this inspection.

As a distributor for General Electric's CJ610 and CF700 engines, the Columbus maintenance facility routinely handles engine hot-section and mid-point inspections.

To provide airframe and avionics maintenance on aircraft undergoing engine maintenance at the main General Electric engine overhaul center at Strother Field, Kansas, EJA opened a maintenance facility on the field. A growing number of aircraft operators are taking advantage of this one-stop maintenance service.

Expansion of the Columbus facility is also planned.



**Training**—EJA's FAA certified training school graduated its 500th pilot in 1973. EJA has now trained more Learjet pilots than any other single company.

Eighty-eight Learjet and Falcon pilots received initial and recurrency training during the year.

For the third consecutive year, EJA won and completed Federal Aviation Administration contracts to train FAA Falcon check pilots.

During the final quarter of the year, EJA began type-rating 1123 Westwind pilots.



## Finance

Dear Shareholder:

1973 was a good year for Executive Jet Aviation. Earnings exceeded one million dollars for the first time in the second consecutive profitable year since management changed in 1970.

Not only did revenues and profits from EJA's traditional operating groups, jet charter, maintenance, and training increase, but the company made gains in its long range growth program. A new maintenance facility was opened at Strother Field, Kansas; five new aircraft were placed in service, and EJA's management of aircraft owned by

other companies was enlarged.

The company's 1973 operating profit was \$1,002,848. This is an 86.7 per cent advance over the 1972 profit of \$537,263. Net income, after provision for income taxes, which are not paid due to tax loss carry-forwards, was \$812,848.

Revenues rose by 25 per cent from \$6,593,001 in 1972 to \$8,199,960 in 1973.

It is clear that once the company crosses the profit line and covers its substantial fixed costs, an increasingly large share of each additional revenue dollar can be accrued as profit.

Cash reserves at year end were \$1,061,121. Shareholder's equity rose by 45 per cent to \$3,281,732.

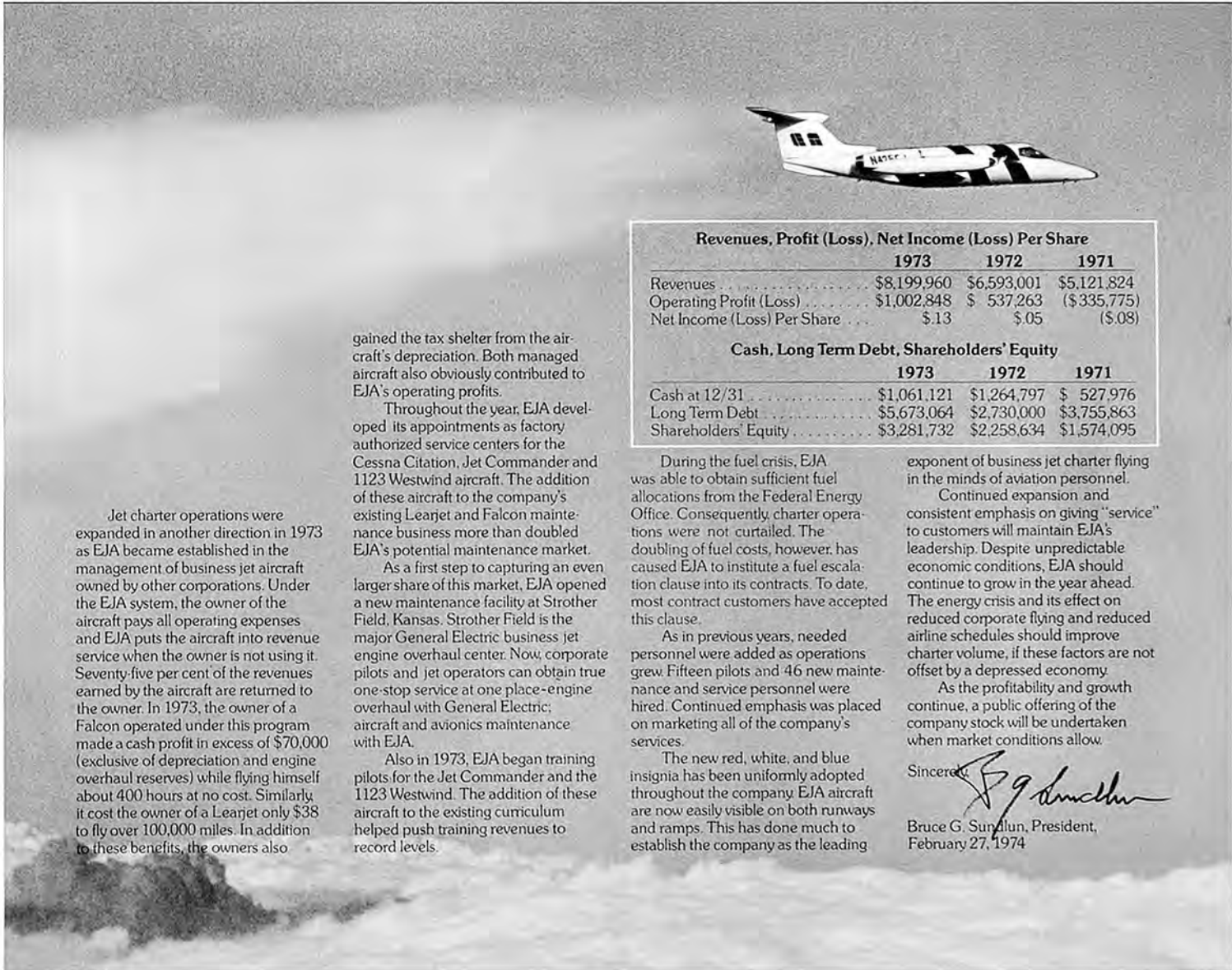
The company's growth in 1973

was more than controlled expansion of its jet charter, maintenance, and training groups. The first steps in the expansion of EJA's basic services into new markets began contributing to the company's operating revenues.

Three of a new class of EJA aircraft, the 1123 Westwind, entered service during the latter part of the year. The aircraft which have a large wide oval cabin, ample head and shoulder room, and a totally enclosed washroom won unstinting praise from passengers and crews alike. The Westwinds increase the versatility of the EJA fleet, allowing flights between such points as New York and Dallas and Houston and San Francisco to be made non-stop.

The Westwinds contribute to the company's revenues even when not in passenger service. Aply named "the all-business jet," each of the aircraft was built to EJA specifications to allow conversion from passenger to cargo operation in less than one hour. Thus, the Westwinds have been transporting the United States mail each weeknight since they entered service. A fourth quick-change Westwind has been ordered to facilitate transporting mail between two city pairs nightly. The new aircraft is to be delivered in May.

EJA also added a fourteenth Learjet and a third Fan Jet Falcon bringing the fleet to a total of 20 aircraft by year end.



Revenues, Profit (Loss), Net Income (Loss) Per Share			
	1973	1972	1971
Revenues	\$8,199,960	\$6,593,001	\$5,121,824
Operating Profit (Loss)	\$1,002,848	\$ 537,263	(\$335,775)
Net Income (Loss) Per Share	\$ .13	\$ .05	(\$ .08)

Cash, Long Term Debt, Shareholders' Equity			
	1973	1972	1971
Cash at 12/31	\$1,061,121	\$1,264,797	\$ 527,976
Long Term Debt	\$5,673,064	\$2,730,000	\$3,755,863
Shareholders' Equity	\$3,281,732	\$2,258,634	\$1,574,095

Jet charter operations were expanded in another direction in 1973 as EJA became established in the management of business jet aircraft owned by other corporations. Under the EJA system, the owner of the aircraft pays all operating expenses and EJA puts the aircraft into revenue service when the owner is not using it. Seventy-five per cent of the revenues earned by the aircraft are returned to the owner. In 1973, the owner of a Falcon operated under this program made a cash profit in excess of \$70,000 (exclusive of depreciation and engine overhaul reserves) while flying himself about 400 hours at no cost. Similarly, it cost the owner of a Learjet only \$38 to fly over 100,000 miles. In addition to these benefits, the owners also

gained the tax shelter from the aircraft's depreciation. Both managed aircraft also obviously contributed to EJA's operating profits.

Throughout the year, EJA developed its appointments as factory authorized service centers for the Cessna Citation, Jet Commander and 1123 Westwind aircraft. The addition of these aircraft to the company's existing Learjet and Falcon maintenance business more than doubled EJA's potential maintenance market.

As a first step to capturing an even larger share of this market, EJA opened a new maintenance facility at Strother Field, Kansas. Strother Field is the major General Electric business jet engine overhaul center. Now, corporate pilots and jet operators can obtain true one-stop service at one place-engine overhaul with General Electric; aircraft and avionics maintenance with EJA.

Also in 1973, EJA began training pilots for the Jet Commander and the 1123 Westwind. The addition of these aircraft to the existing curriculum helped push training revenues to record levels.

During the fuel crisis, EJA was able to obtain sufficient fuel allocations from the Federal Energy Office. Consequently, charter operations were not curtailed. The doubling of fuel costs, however, has caused EJA to institute a fuel escalation clause into its contracts. To date, most contract customers have accepted this clause.

As in previous years, needed personnel were added as operations grew. Fifteen pilots and 46 new maintenance and service personnel were hired. Continued emphasis was placed on marketing all of the company's services.

The new red, white, and blue insignia has been uniformly adopted throughout the company. EJA aircraft are now easily visible on both runways and ramps. This has done much to establish the company as the leading

exponent of business jet charter flying in the minds of aviation personnel.

Continued expansion and consistent emphasis on giving "service" to customers will maintain EJA's leadership. Despite unpredictable economic conditions, EJA should continue to grow in the year ahead. The energy crisis and its effect on reduced corporate flying and reduced airline schedules should improve charter volume, if these factors are not offset by a depressed economy.

As the profitability and growth continue, a public offering of the company stock will be undertaken when market conditions allow.

Sincerely,  
  
 Bruce G. Sundlun, President,  
 February 27, 1974

## Consolidated Statement Of Shareholders' Equity For The Years Ended December 31, 1973 And 1972



	Common Stock	...Capital Stock... Class A    Class B	Additional Capital	Retained Earnings	Total
<b>Balance, January 1, 1972</b> .....		\$ 577,996    \$ 53,863	\$ 942,236		\$1,574,095
<b>Changes During The Year Ended December 31, 1972:</b>					
Conversion of 107,725 shares of Class B to Class A .....		10,773    (53,863)	43,090		
Acquisition of 240,900 shares of Class A for Treasury .....		(24,090)	(62,634)		(86,724)
Authorization of new class of common stock .....	\$564,679	(564,679)			
Sale of common stock (650,000 shares, 240,900 from Treasury) .....	65,000		169,000		234,000
Utilization of tax loss carryforwards from periods prior to recapitalization (Note 2) .....			258,000		258,000
Net income for year .....				\$ 279,263	279,263
<b>Balance, December 31, 1972</b> .....	629,679		1,349,692	279,263	2,258,634
<b>Changes During The Year Ended December 31, 1973:</b>					
Sale of common stock (50,000 shares) .....	5,000		15,250		20,250
Utilization of tax loss carryforwards from periods prior to recapitalization (Note 2) .....			190,000		190,000
Net income for year .....				812,848	812,848
<b>Balance, December 31, 1973</b> .....	\$634,679		\$1,554,942	\$1,092,111	\$3,281,732

See Notes to Financial Statements



## Notes To Financial Statements For The Years Ended December 31, 1973 And 1972

**1. Accounting Policies—Principles of Consolidation—**The accompanying consolidated financial statements include the accounts of the company and its wholly-owned subsidiaries.

**Operating Property and Equipment—**The company provides for depreciation on the straight-line basis in amounts adequate to amortize cost over the estimated useful lives of the assets. It is the policy of the company to provide an air worthiness reserve, with a corresponding charge to operating expense for engine and airframe overhaul on the basis of hours flown.

**Insurance Coverage—**The company has insurance for aircraft hull, passenger liability, hangarkeeper's liability, and various other coverages in amounts which in the opinion of management are adequate.

**Inventories—**Inventories of aircraft equipment, parts, and supplies are carried at the lower of cost or market, on a first-in, first-out basis.

**Investments—**Investments are carried at cost and principally represent a minority interest in a large eastern fixed based operator.

**2. Recapitalization and Federal Income Tax—**On December 23, 1971 the Board of Directors adopted a plan of recapitalization (quasi-reorganization) whereby the accumulated deficit

at December 31, 1971 of \$22,015,472 was eliminated (with a corresponding charge to additional capital).

At December 31, 1973, the company had tax operating loss carryforwards available of approximately \$13,741,000. These loss carryforwards will expire as follows: \$2,020,000 in 1974, \$6,842,000 in 1975, and \$4,879,000 in 1976. Investment tax credit carryforwards at December 31, 1973 totaled \$893,000, and expire as follows: 1975—\$365,000; 1976—\$217,000; 1977—\$5,000; 1978—\$8,000; 1979—\$7,000; 1980—\$291,000.

The availability of the above-mentioned carryforwards is contingent on the taxable income and related tax liabilities over subsequent periods being sufficient to permit their utilization. The benefits of these carryforward losses relate to periods prior to the recapitalization and are accordingly credited to additional capital rather than to retained earnings. The amount credited to additional capital in 1973 and 1972 was \$190,000 and \$258,000, respectively.

Federal income tax provision for 1973 and 1972 (\$190,000 and \$258,000, respectively) is provided in accordance with generally accepted accounting principles, however, no tax

will be paid in these years because of available tax loss carryforwards.

**3. Long-Term Debt—**In August 1973, as a result of the purchase of additional aircraft, the company refinanced its debt obligation into a new one-hundred month bank loan. The related loan agreement contains certain restrictive provisions, including, among others, a restriction on the payment of cash dividends. The agreement allows payment of up to \$191,000 in 1974 and, thereafter, up to 20% of net income if a 1 to 1 net current ratio is attained. The debt (\$6,444,040 at December 31, 1973) is payable in consecutive monthly payments of \$64,248 plus interest to 1982. Interest is payable at a rate of 1% in excess of the current prime rate, as defined (10.75% at December 31, 1973). In addition if a 15% compensating balance is not maintained a higher rate of interest will be charged. The debt is collateralized by flight equipment having a book value at December 31, 1973 of \$7,468,000.

**4. Capital Stock—**Under the provisions of a stock option plan adopted June 17, 1966, the Board of Directors can issue stock options to officers and employees. At December 31, 1973, 62,310 shares were reserved for options (18,050 shares for options

previously granted at \$5.00 per share expiring in 1974 and 44,260 shares available for future grants). No options were granted or exercised during 1973.

**5. Leased Aircraft—**The company leases a Learjet at an annual rental of \$110,000 to 1982. As security for the lease, the company has pledged one of its Learjets.

The company is contingently liable on a lease of a Boeing 707 which has been sublet to Britannia Airways, Ltd. through December 31, 1976. The sublease is guaranteed by The Thompson Organization, Ltd., Britannia's parent company. Britannia has subleased the aircraft to British Caledonian Airways Ltd. effective April 1, 1973.

**6. Profit Sharing Retirement Plan—**The company has a retirement plan covering substantially all employees. The annual contribution to the Trust, payable at the discretion of the Board of Directors, is equal to 5% of the company's pre-tax income. The total payment under the plan in 1973 and 1972 was \$54,101 and \$31,921, respectively.

**7. Litigation—**In the opinion of counsel, there are no legal actions pending which would have a material effect on EJA's financial position.



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 24

*Family Portrait | 1974*





1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 25

*Family Portrait | 1974*



**Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.**  
**Port Columbus International Airport**  
**Columbus, Ohio 43219**  
**(614) 237-0363**  
**(Telex) 245495**

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Printed in U.S.A.



## EJA: A Management Tool

Executive Jet Aviation is more than the world's largest business jet charter service. To the executives at 300 of the nation's leading companies and the many other individuals who fly with the company, EJA is a business tool. EJA does more than merely save them time, it generates profits by expanding their management capabilities. Flying expands their face-to-face contact and communications with customers and employees—the communications that are the key to sales and decision making.

### Like Your Own Aircraft Fleet

EJA's ability to schedule large numbers of business jets to a single location at the same time can make even the toughest management meeting work. White Consolidated Industries used seven EJA aircraft to transport directors from various cities to an inplant meeting of the board in Fort Dodge, Iowa.

EJA proved to be the simplest and quickest way of getting to and from Fort Dodge, a town of 31,000 people. Fort Dodge has only three flights a day. And the airport does not

have any jet fuel or aircraft service facilities.

Opinions are best changed in face-to-face meetings and business jets can assure these meetings happen.



Consumer activists, and federal and state regulatory agencies are a very important audience for William T. Branham. Branham is Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of Field Enterprises Educational Corporation, the publisher of the World Book Encyclopedia. His sales force lives with consumer legislation day after day. So when Branham decided to tell the regulatory agency personnel the good things about the direct selling industry, at a Direct Selling Association Meeting, he relied on EJA to get him there.

Branham chose EJA because scheduled airlines couldn't do the job. To get from Los Angeles to Richmond, Va., required several airline flights spread over two days. EJA got him there the night before. And, the privacy of the Learjet allowed him to rehearse his speech. "It makes you understand why they call it a business jet," he said.

Increasingly, corporations are putting EJA aircraft to work to increase sales and achieve other corporate goals.

Management Horizons Data Systems, Inc. used five EJA aircraft to mount a sales meeting that resulted in \$2,000,000 sales. Management Horizons knew from past experience that sales resulted if prospective customers could view the data processing center in person.

Using five EJA aircraft, 23 sales prospects from 12 different states were transferred to and from the center in a 48-hour period. And, no one had a travel time of over 4 hours.

Besides assuring 100 per cent attendance at the meeting, EJA's aircraft provided additional benefits not possible with scheduled airlines. For instance, the meeting was scheduled at the company's convenience, rather than at the dictates of the airlines' widely diversified and often conflicting schedules. More important, the business jets also provided a closed environment where potential customers were given a low-keyed sales presentation en route to the meeting by company salesmen and by satisfied customers who were on board the aircraft.



Whenever feasible, satisfied customers were placed in each travel group. When potential customers raised questions, they often turned to satisfied subscribers for the answers.

EJA's quick, comfortable, and convenient business jet travel was a major factor in the sales meeting's success.

Using business jets as a sales tool also effectively demonstrated to potential customers Management Horizon's organizational skills. To many executives, first impressions count, and when the first impression is a business jet, that must be favorable.

#### **EJA Meets Any Schedule**

Smaller companies benefit just as much as the large. Diversified Mountaineer Corporation of Charleston, W. Va. used EJA to eliminate the time delays the executives of the company's subsidiaries would experience in traveling to a company meeting. Four EJA Learjets picked up all Diversified Mountaineer executives in five different states at nine different points in less than three hours.

Departing at 1:00 p.m., the four



Learjets gathered passengers in widely scattered areas of Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia and Tennessee, touching down in Savannah (the nearest jet qualified airport to Hilton Head) at 4:00 p.m. in time for an evening of useful work.

This was not the first time that

Diversified Mountaineer used EJA to save the company days in terms of executive travel time.

A relatively small automotive supplier makes itself a bigger fish in a very large pond by using EJA aircraft to transport automobile company executives to its manufacturing plants.

As the plants are located away from major urban areas, the EJA aircraft save the executives time and reduce the inconvenience. The EJA aircraft turn a potential problem for the supplier, the relative inaccessibility of his plants, into the plus of superior service.

EJA jets are also playing a larger role in corporate relations. Burson Marsteller used EJA to transport newspaper and business magazine writers to a manufacturing plant for a press conference. Not only was the editors' task expedited, which editors appreciate, but the writers formed a go-ahead opinion of the company.

Another company used several aircraft to take senior security analysts on a whirlwind tour of all their major facilities. The trip provided dynamic proof that the company had a forward looking management with nothing but pride for its facilities.

So, EJA has helped reshape the question, "Why fly?" Today, our customers ask: "How can EJA aircraft help management achieve its corporate goals?"





## EJA is People...

People are the lifeblood of many companies. Nowhere is this more true than at EJA. For, as a leader in the highly competitive jet charter industry, EJA is judged solely on the performance of its employees.

The contribution made by EJA employees to profits and growth was recognized this year with the institution of a combination profit sharing/retirement plan. This plan, retroactive to January, 1972, disburses 10 per cent of pre-tax profits as a cash bonus every six months to full-time employees. A further five per cent is accumulated in a disability retirement trust fund.

Since its inception, EJA has sought to assemble the best qualified team of pilots, mechanics and flight controllers and support them with the ultimate in administrative and marketing personnel. The talent and esprit of all EJA employees have been demonstrated repeatedly to the benefit of the company.

EJA's front line is its pilots. They are mature, responsible individuals who must do a great deal more

than simply guide a million dollar Learjet from point to point. They often spend up to six days away from their home base taking action and making decisions that materially affect customers and corporate profitability.

**Virgil Armstrong** is an EJA pilot. During seven years with EJA, Virgil has added 3,200 hours in Learjets and Falcons to his lifetime log of 12,000 flying hours. A former B-52 pilot, he joined EJA as a first

officer. Though today he is Chief Pilot/Learjet, he devotes most of his time to flight instruction. However, he keeps in touch with business flying by piloting revenue charters whenever possible. The care and skills learned in seven years with the EJA fleet stand Virgil in good stead in his training work. Says one trainee: "I can't put into words my appreciation for the job Virgil Armstrong did for me. He is the most knowledgeable and dedicated in-

structor it has been my good fortune to train with."

Neither Virgil nor any of the other EJA pilots would go very far without **John Ernest**, the company's Chief Flight Controller. EJA's flight manual prohibits pilots from moving an aircraft without specific clearance from the EJA Flight Control Center in Columbus. And that's where John comes in. The Flight Control Center provides all crews with weather information, take-off and landing instructions, charter reservations and traffic information. Relieved of these administrative details, flight crews are free to concentrate on piloting the aircraft. The Flight Control Center also arranges for special customer requests, such as ground transportation, in-flight food and beverage service.

Because of their sensitive position, Flight Control people are central to EJA's profitability. John and his fellow controllers have been influential in reducing non-revenue ferry mileage to a minimum. More important, Flight Control has a





direct effect on customer service. Too close scheduling of flights can lead to possible customer delays and dissatisfaction. Too many planes on the ground is money lost.

Running EJA Flight Control takes immense patience and dedication. . . John has both.

Keeping the aircraft flying is the responsibility of the professionals who comprise EJA's maintenance staff. **Dick Strite** is one such professional. A licensed airframe and powerplant mechanic, Dick has spent four years in the hangar honing the skills he learned as an engine mechanic in the U.S. Navy and, later, in two years of aviation

school. Experience—that's Dick's strength as a key player on the EJA team.

Increasingly, maintenance expertise means electronics expertise. EJA has assembled a team of avionics specialists who are recognized as "tops in the trade." This recognition is based on the talents of technicians like **Paul Westenkirchner**, Avionics Supervisor. Paul specializes in Learjet and Falcon auto pilots and has modified and built special test instrumentation that is compatible with all the varying types of auto pilots which EJA services. Innovation is this man's middle name. And he's making it pay off in terms of profits.

Not all EJA talent is home-grown. **Jon Sumrall**, who heads EJA's expanding Supply and Materials Services Department, was recruited from Eastern Airlines where he was Eastern Region Administrator to Logistics. A member of the Society of Logistics Engineers, Jon heads EJA efforts to implement improved inventory control

and parts marketing.

It is men like Dick, Paul and Jon who have built EJA's leadership in maintenance.

But even the best of services cannot sell itself. It takes salesmen to move a product. And **Bill Wilson**, who in six and a half years in the company has sold 2,215,000 guaranteed contract miles, is a salesman's salesman. Bill also has established a strong track record in selling existing customers on annually renewing their contracts. His secret: Bill knows and appreciates his customers' changing needs. He is more than a salesman, he is the customer's representative within EJA.

If there is one outstanding quality which sets EJA employees apart from others in this business it is loyalty—loyalty to the concept of business jet charter, and loyalty to the company and the people who make up the company. It is this brand of loyalty that is so clearly exemplified by **Gus Rathgeber**. Gus came to the company when it was founded. He has served both

early management and present management as Administrative Secretary. Gus has never doubted the inherent strength of the EJA concept and has always believed in the growth and profitability that the company is now experiencing. A tireless worker, a constant "achiever," Gus is certainly one of the reasons EJA is where it is today.





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Photography/Mesney  
Printed in U.S.A.

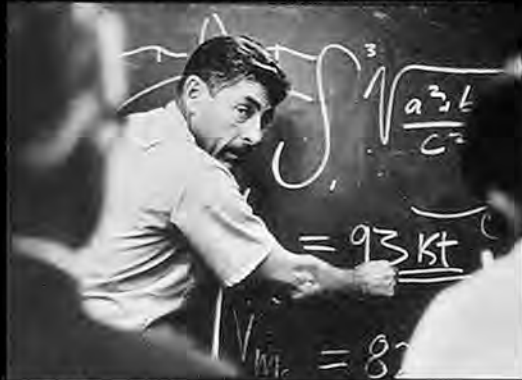




1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 33

*"EJA Is..."* campaign | *Capabilities brochure #2* | 1974

## What Does EJA Offer You?



EJA is a superior FAA certified training school providing pilot-in-command and first officer training leading to ATR flight qualifications. At EJA you can get training on:

- Learjet 23/24/25 – Initial and Recurrent
- Learjet 23/24 to 25 transition
- Fan Jet Falcon – Initial and Recurrent
- Fan Jet Falcon – Initial for Part 135.2 operations
- Cessna Citation – Recurrent
- Jet Commander 1121 – Initial and Recurrent
- 1123 Westwind – Initial and Recurrent

### EJA Training Is Proven

EJA training has already proven its effectiveness. We've trained hundreds of business jet pilots including probably more Learjet pilots than any other company. They include private owners and veterans, as well as pilots flying for leading U.S. and foreign corporations. For four consecutive

years, EJA has won contracts to train FAA Falcon and Learjet flight examiners.



The training manuals and flight techniques you will use were developed primarily for use by EJA's own pilots. They have been proven in our 40,000,000 miles of business jet flying.

Among those who have recognized EJA's superior performance is the National

Business Aircraft Association, which for three consecutive years has awarded more Million-Mile and Half-Million Mile Flying Safety Awards to EJA



pilots than to any other single company. If our training works that well for our pilots, it can work as well for you.

### You Get in Touch

At EJA, you are in constant touch with corporate aviation. You train at our headquarters in Columbus, Ohio, operations base for the largest fleet of charter business jets in the world and perhaps, the busiest Learjet and Falcon maintenance center in the nation.

If you've a question about an aircraft or a system, you examine the aircraft in our maintenance hangar. That's a reality no text book or simulator can give.

Getting in touch is more than training on real aircraft. It is gaining an unrivalled exposure to the general aviation business. It is meeting pilots and first officers who are already working for a variety of the

nation's leading corporations.

At EJA, you get a feel for the business that puts you ahead of the competition.

### You Train With The Best

EJA's ground and flight instructors are not mere academics. They never lose touch with the realities of business flying. On the average, they've chalked up 12,000 flying hours, 6,000 in jets. They fly regularly with the EJA charter fleet and mingle daily with pilots from all over the

nation who come to Columbus for their aircraft maintenance and recurrency training.

EJA instructors know pilots. They know flying. And as you, yourself, will see, they know from their own experience what it takes to succeed as a corporate pilot.

### You Enjoy Discounts

EJA has arranged discounts for you at a variety of first-class motels on and near the airport. Rental cars are also available at EJA's budget rates. For your





relaxation, there is a sauna and an exercise room on the premises, and a golf course just across the street. Military BOQ,

mess and club facilities are also available to eligible military personnel.

**There Is a Flight Examiner On The Spot**

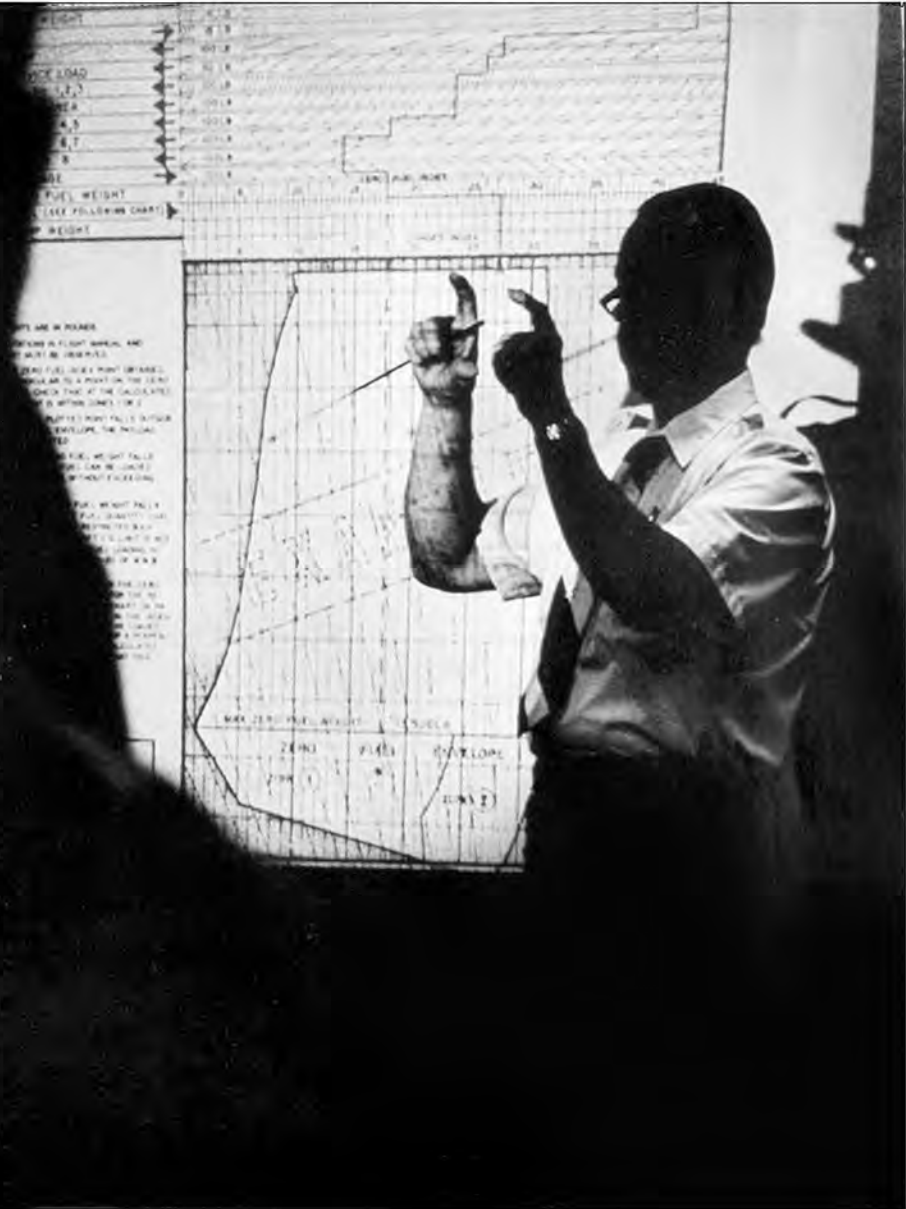
You won't have to wait around for your flight examination to be scheduled. The FAA flight examiner is based at Columbus International Airport and he works with EJA on an almost daily basis conducting flight checks for EJA flight crews and students.

**There's Always An Aircraft Available**

No one has to wait for an aircraft for an EJA training flight. EJA has made a business of cutting down time in its charter and maintenance operations. Careful scheduling of training flights assure delays are minimized.

**V.A. Benefits Available**

If you are a qualified veteran seeking a type rating in the Learjet, Fan Jet Falcon, 1123 Westwind or the Jet Commander 1121, you are eligible for financial assistance from the Veteran's Administration under the G. I. Bill. The VA will pay up to 90% of the training costs in some cases.



## EJA Is 40,000,000 Miles Of Experience.



To EJA's total capabilities for scheduled and unscheduled maintenance is added a unique ingredient



...experience — unequalled experience in maintaining Learjets and Fan Jet Falcons. It is this experience that helps set EJA ahead of other maintenance services.

All of our mechanics are fully trained in the use of latest maintenance techniques and equipment. They receive continuing training to keep abreast of developing technology. And because they maintain our fleet of charter business jets — the world's largest — they gain from

a unique system of maintenance feedback. After one of our aircraft undergoes maintenance our pilots file a report on the work that was done. If there is a problem, the pilot and mechanic can discuss it face to face. You, too, can always talk to the mechanic working on your aircraft.

It is maintaining our own fleet of aircraft that keeps EJA maintenance ahead of the game. Our fleet has flown more than 40,000,000 miles. With average aircraft utilization exceeding 100 hours a month, our aircraft develop maintenance problems ahead of yours and that teaches us things that aren't in the book... yet. In fact, EJA helps put things in the book by publishing a monthly Aircraft Operations Newsletter... that is free for the asking.

Pioneering new maintenance techniques expands our facilities and skill ahead of your needs. No maintenance task is more fearsome than an aircraft demate in which the



wing is separated from the fuselage and all aircraft systems refurbished. EJA was the first, other than the



factory, to demate Learjets as they reached the 5000-hour mark. The demate procedure is among the most extraordinary maintenance tasks. The aircraft's wings are separated from the fuselage, all moving parts disassembled, critical areas x-rayed and most plumbing and wiring replaced. The whole demate procedure takes a team of EJA personnel more than five weeks of almost constant work. But when the plane flies again with a new coat of paint it is almost new.

The knowledge and skills we gained in demating these aircraft are already being applied in maintaining lower hour aircraft. You can benefit from EJA's unique experience too. And, because we are writing the book on maintenance, we guarantee you complete satisfaction on all maintenance and repairs.



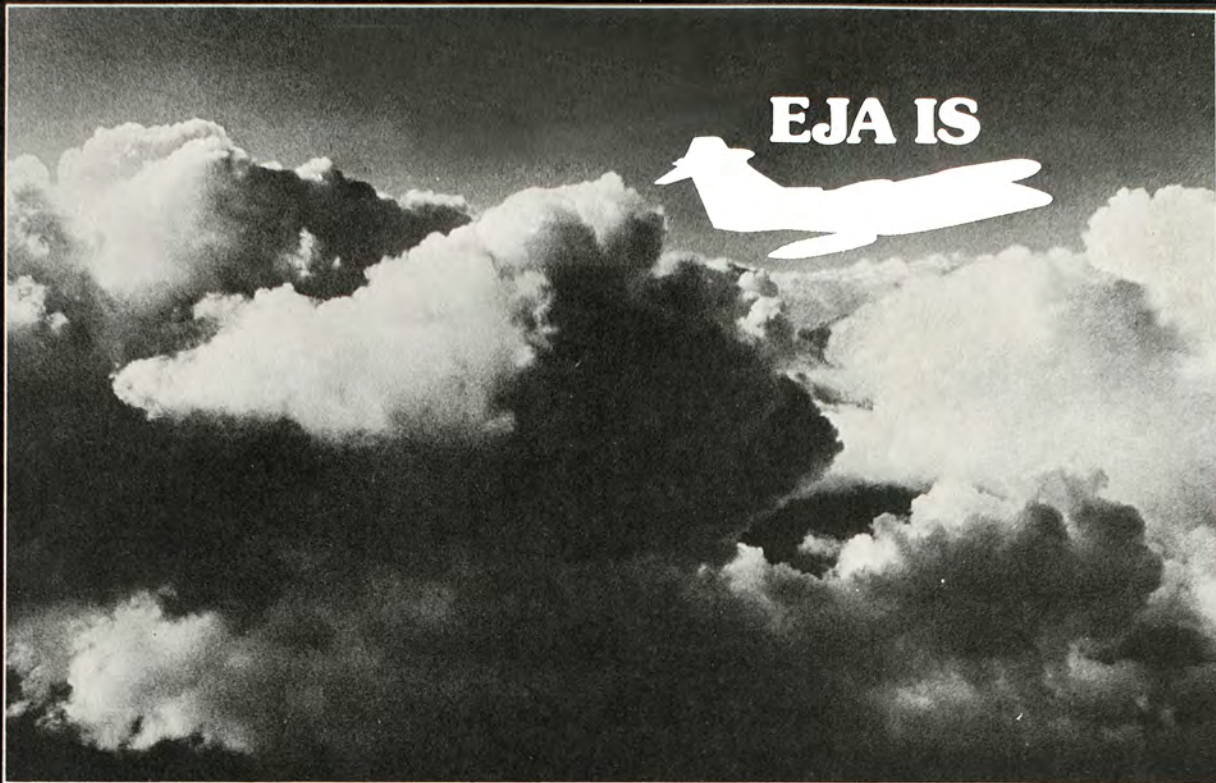
Executive Jet Aviation, Inc./Port Columbus International Airport/Columbus, Ohio 43219/ (614) 237-0363/(Telex) 245495



Executive Jet Aviation, Inc./Port Columbus International Airport/Columbus, Ohio 43219/ (614) 237-0363/(Telex) 245495

1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 37

*“EJA Is...” campaign | Brochure, Info- and Press-kits | 1975 | Inset: alternate back-cover info pocket design.*



## NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU ARE SORRY

Apologizing when your aircraft is unavailable is perhaps the toughest task a pilot faces. More than one hundred corporate pilots never have to say they are sorry. They rely on EJA to satisfy their flight requirements when their aircraft are down for maintenance or are caught in a scheduling conflict.

They know that as contract customers one of EJA's 20 business jets will be available whenever and wherever they are going, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. EJA guarantees to have your management in the air from any point east of Denver in as little as four hours of a flight request. Usually we are available within two hours.

**EJA Operations Are Proven.**  
You and your management can

have confidence in EJA's operations. Our captains are ATR rated with 12,000 hours average flying time, 6000 hours in jets. Our 14 Learjets, four 1123 Westwinds and two Falcons are maintained to the highest standards in EJA's own maintenance facility. All EJA trips are totally confidential, and, EJA is fully insured.

**EJA Will Be There.** So, the next time your aircraft are unavailable, call EJA and we will be there. You won't have to say you are sorry.

**Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.**  
Columbus, Ohio 43219  
(614) 237-0363



CIRCLE NO. 19 ON READER SERVICE CARD



**EJA IS**

**FORMING ANOTHER  
FLIGHT DEPARTMENT WHILE  
YOU'RE READING THIS**

In the last eight years more than  
forty Corporations have bought  
jet aircraft after first flying with EJA  
Among them are...

- Anaconda Co.
- Robert C. Lanier
- Pabst Brewing Co.
- Northwestern Bell Telephone Co.
- Commonwealth Oil & Refining Co.
- Dow Chemical Co.
- Shaheen Natural Resources
- Wheelabrator Corp.
- JOC Oil
- Playboy Enterprises, Inc.
- First National City Bank, N.Y.
- Walter Kidde & Co., Inc.

- Mohawk Rubber Co.
- Norfolk & Western Railway
- Parsons & Whitmore, Inc.
- Austin E. Knowlton
- Pepsico, Inc.
- Prestolite, Co.
- Sea-Land Service, Inc.
- American Realty
- White Motor Corp.
- Permian Enterprises, Inc.
- Arthur Knapp
- Mayfram Company
- Zollner Corporation
- American Financial Corporation  
(Linder Brothers/American  
Computer Leasing)

- Mid-continent Telephone Corp.
- Mack Trucks, Inc.
- SCOA Industries, Inc.
- Consumers Power Co.
- Kraftco Corp.
- Great Northern Railroad
- C. A. Norgren Co.
- DMH Co.
- Roger Penske
- Swift & Company
- Bristol Myers Co.
- American Express Co.
- Borden, Inc.
- Kinney National Corp.
- Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.**  
Columbus, Ohio 43219  
(614) 237-0363





## LEAVING THEM SPEECHLESS

Consumer activists, and federal and state regulatory agencies are a very important audience for William T. Branham. Branham is Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of Field Enterprises Educational Corporation, the publishers of the World Book Encyclopedia. His sales force lives with consumer legislation day after day. So when Bill decided to tell the regulatory agency personnel the good things about the direct selling industry, he relied on EJA to get him there.

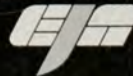
Branham chose EJA, the world's largest business jet charter service, because scheduled airlines couldn't do the job. To get from Los Angeles to Richmond, Va., required several airline flights spread over two days. EJA got him there the night before. And, the privacy of the Learjet allowed him to rehearse his speech. "It makes you understand why they call it a business jet," Bill said.

You, too, can put EJA jets to work. Use EJA's jets to attract "name" keynote speakers or to transport your top management to that vital out of town meeting. EJA is used to getting people wherever they need to go, whenever they need to go, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.

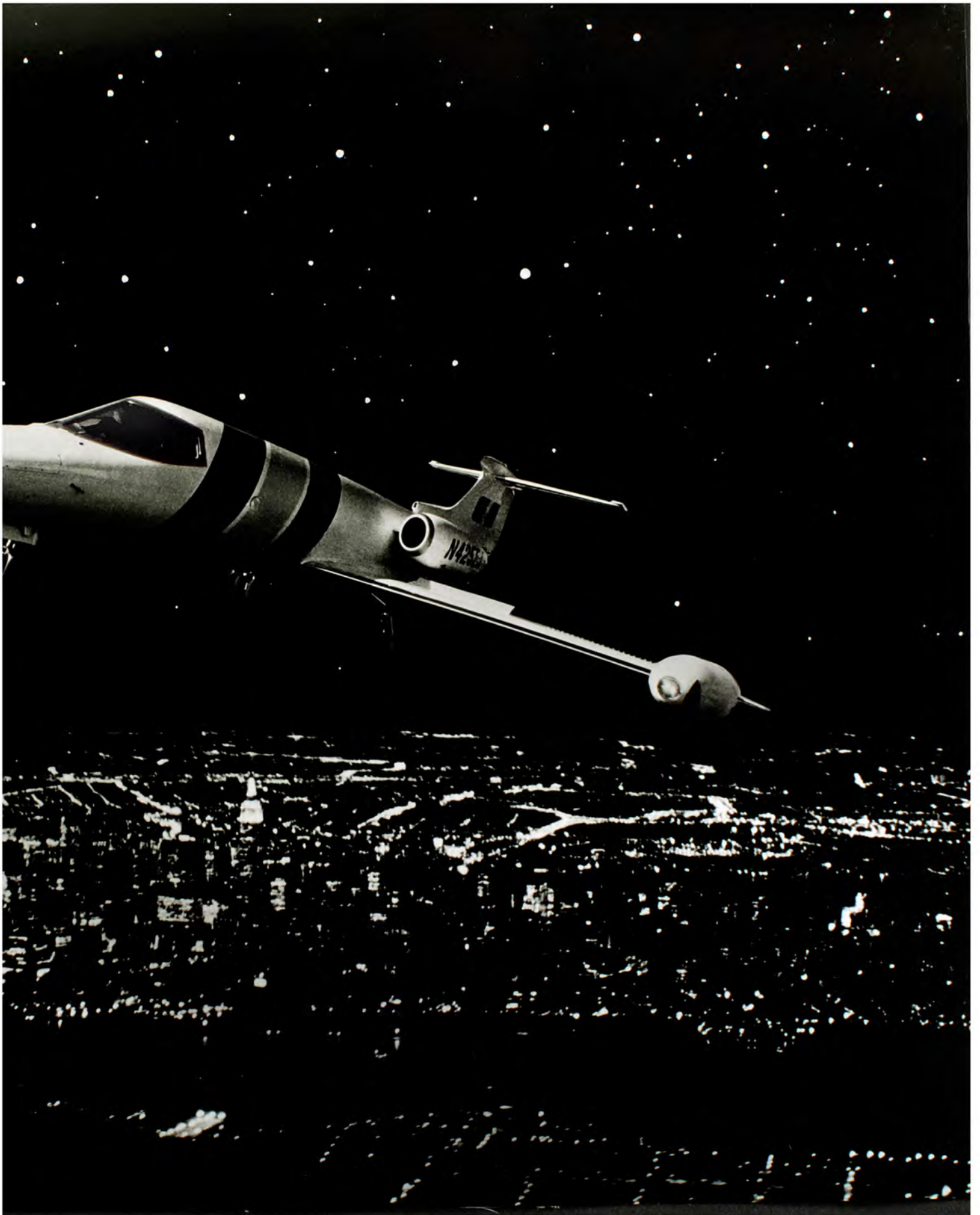
Our trips are confidential, fully insured, and there is always a fully qualified two man crew.

The next time you have a time problem, write or call Richard E. Engles. He will be happy to explain why EJA is the profitable way to fly.

**Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.**  
Columbus, Ohio 43219  
(614) 237-0363







1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 41

*"EJA Is..." ad campaign | 24/7 Service | 1975*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 42

*“EJA Is...” ad campaign | 4-hour call response | 1975*



## SAILING SOONER

Casting off from home or office is often the most difficult part of a sailor's lot. Getting away with as much time for the winds and waves as you would like requires resourcefulness. For many people, this means a private jet – the go anywhere, anytime machine. But not all jet charter services are equal. EJA operates the world's largest fleet of six-passenger Learjets, seven-passenger 1123 Westwinds and ten-passenger Falcons...and that makes a difference.

We guarantee to have contract customers in the air in as short a time as four hours of your call from any point east of Denver. Contract customers pay only for the miles flown. And we have flown more miles – 42 million – than any other jet charter service.

**We get you closer to your destination.** EJA's Learjets can operate from airports with runways as short as 4,000 feet. This means EJA can fly you to more than 3,000 airports scheduled airlines don't serve.

Our trips are confidential. No one will ever know that you are flying with EJA. Your in-flight privacy is also assured.

**EJA is fully insured.** We constantly maintain insurance in amounts of \$20,000,000 total liability coverage per aircraft; \$100,000 per passenger voluntary

settlement coverage; and \$5,000 medical payments coverage per passenger.

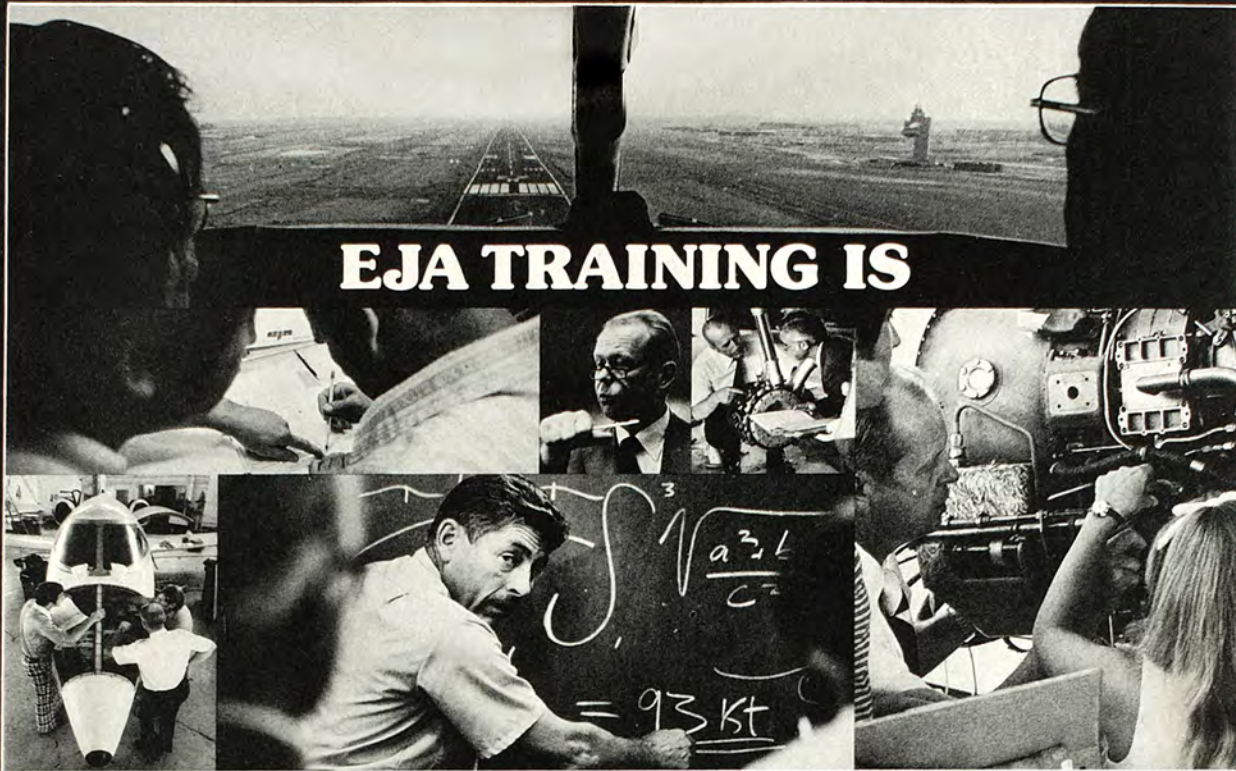
All EJA aircraft have a professional two man crew, captain and first officer, at all times and they are among the most qualified in the jet charter industry. Also, stewardess service is standard for Fan Jet Falcon flights and available on 1123 Westwinds.

EJA...We know you want more than the best. For a low introductory charter rate, call Richard Engles at 800-848-6478 (East of Mississippi), 614-237-0363 (Ohio and all other states).

**Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.**  
Columbus, Ohio 43219  
(614) 237-0363



WRITE IN NO. 48 ON READER SERVICE CARD



## EJA TRAINING IS

# WORKING!

Because at EJA we know there is more to learning to fly a business jet, than the textbook and classroom. To succeed in corporate aviation, you have to get in touch. And, when you train at EJA, you are learning at the busiest business jet operations and maintenance center in the world.

If you have a question you can examine an aircraft in our hangar. That's a reality no textbook or simulator can give.

**You Train With The Best.** EJA's ground and flight instructors are not mere academics. On average, they have chalked up 12,000 flying hours, 6000 in jets. They know what it takes to succeed as a corporate pilot.

**EJA Training is Proven.** EJA has trained hundreds of business jet pilots including more Learjet pilots than any other company. And, for four consecutive years, EJA has won contracts to train FAA Falcon and Learjet flight examiners.

**EJA Offers Benefits Others Don't.** One of our 20 business jets is always available for training. And, the FAA flight examiner is on the spot.

So, if you are seeking pilot-in-command or first-officer training, initial or recurrent, in Learjets, Fan Jet Falcons, Cessna Citations, the Jet Commander 1121 or the 1123 Westwind, let EJA give you a feel for the business that puts you ahead of the competition. Call or write John McLaughlin.

**Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.**  
Columbus, Ohio 43219  
(614) 237-0363



CIRCLE NO. 13 ON READER SERVICE CARD

# EJA IS

Beauty, stamina, and speed, above all, speed, set the thoroughbred apart. To get to the thoroughbreds or wherever else they wish to go many people choose a private charter jet from EJA—the go anywhere, anytime machine. To these people EJA is the thoroughbred of jet charter services. EJA operates the world's largest fleet of six-passenger Learjets, seven-passenger 1123 Westwinds, and ten-passenger Falcons... and that makes a difference. We guarantee to have major contract

customers in the air within four hours of their call from any point east of Denver. Contract customers pay only for the miles flown. And, EJA has flown more miles—45 million—than any other jet charter service. Our pilots have a special way with people and planes. They are among the most qualified and experienced in the industry. EJA...We know you know how to select a thoroughbred. For a low introductory charter rate, call Richard E. Engles, vice-president, sales at 614-237-0363.

## THOROUGHBRED



Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.  
Columbus, Ohio 43219





**C**harter is three quarters of EJA's business. And we are advertising to expand its scope. In the last eight years, at least 40 corporations\* have formed corporate flight departments after first flying with EJA. This may seem unusual for the world's

largest business jet charter service but starting businesses flying is good for EJA and good for corporate aviation.

EJA makes it easy to start flying. Corporations simply pay for the miles they fly. Once flying, they rapidly realize the benefits of

business aviation. They value their ability to get closer to where they are going anytime, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.

**S**ome companies who first flew with EJA have the largest

flight departments in the industry. And, in all the years of its existence, EJA has never eliminated a single flight department or cost one pilot his job. More important, we have a major stake in the continued growth of corporate aviation. Over one

third of our contract customers are corporate flight departments. These chief pilots use EJA as backup to satisfy their flight requirements when their aircraft are down for maintenance or caught in scheduling conflicts. When they are flying we are flying.

**T**oday, only a relatively small percentage of U.S. businessmen use corporate aviation. We would like to introduce more of them to the benefits of business flying... that's why EJA is advertising for charter.

**EJA IS  
ADVERTISING FOR CHARTER.  
WE WOULD LIKE TO  
TELL YOU WHY.**

Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.  
Port Columbus International Airport  
Columbus, Ohio 43219  
(614) 237-0363



CIRCLE NO. 12 ON READER SERVICE CARD



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 47

*“EJA Is...” ad campaign | Charter services | 1975*

**OPEN WHEN THE OTHER BUSINESS**



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 48

*"EJA Is..." ad campaign | Open 24/7/365 | 1975*



# EJA IS

Our factory trained technicians are working. Maintaining Learjets, Falcons, Citations, Jet Commanders, and Westwinds, just as they do around the clock every day of the year. EJA is more than 24-hour service, however. It is experience gained in regularly maintaining over 150 business jets. Experience that keeps our technicians ahead of the game. It is also our guarantee. If you are not satisfied with the work on your aircraft, we will work on it until you are.

Twenty four hours a day and 365 days a year service, unequalled experience, guaranteed performance. Three reasons why EJA is the only place for maintenance for Learjets, Falcons, Cessna Citations, the Jet Commander 1121 and the 1123 Westwind.

## JET SERVICE CENTERS ARE CLOSED.

Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.  
Columbus, Ohio 43219  
(614) 237-0363



CIRCLE NO. 27 ON READER SERVICE CARD

# How do you improve a successful operation of 13 Learjets?



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 50

*Tie-in ad produced by EJA, paid for by Gates Learjet | 1975*

# You buy 12 more. Ask Bruce Sundlun of EJA.



Harry B. Combs, President  
Gates Learjet Corporation

Bruce G. Sundlun, President  
Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.

A great many claims continue to be made about business jet performance and economy of operations. We'd prefer to let our customers do the talking. Executive Jet Aviation, Inc., of Columbus, Ohio, the world's largest business jet charter service, will soon begin taking delivery of an additional 12 new Learjets, nearly doubling its fleet.

EJA has operated Learjets since 1965, logging more than 36 million miles. While providing excellent service for its clients, EJA has also been recording profits for its shareholders, thanks to good management and the Learjet's unmatched package of high performance at low cost. We know of no better testimony than that of Bruce Sundlun, EJA president, who has stated, "This purchase clearly reaffirms our dedication to the Learjet as the workhorse in our fleet."

EJA is only one of many examples of the Learjet's providing true jet performance—comfortably, reliably, safely and economically. Learjets have earned the

confidence, appreciation and enthusiasm of more than 450 additional owners the world over. Bob Wolin, our vice president—domestic marketing, will be glad to provide all the information you'd like to have. His number is (316) 722-1100.

Harry Combs,  
President

**GATES LEARJET**



Gates Learjet Corp./Box 1280/Wichita, Kansas 67201/  
New York/Chicago/Dallas/Denver/Geneva



# How do you improve a successful operation of 13 Learjets? You buy 12 more.



Harry B. Combs, President  
Gates Learjet Corporation

Bruce G. Sundlun, President  
Executive Jet Aviation, Inc.

## Ask Bruce Sundlun of EJA.

A great many claims continue to be made about business jet performance and economy of operations. We'd prefer to let our customers do the talking. Executive Jet Aviation, Inc., of Columbus, Ohio, the world's largest business jet charter service, will soon begin taking delivery of an additional 12 new learjets, nearly doubling its fleet.

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Harry Combs, President

**GATES LEARJET**



Gates Learjet Corp./Box 1280/Wichita, Kansas 67201/  
New York/Chicago/Dallas/Denver/Geneva

 Member of GAMA



1970s | PORTFOLIO | EXECUTIVE JET AVIATION | PLATE N° 52

*Tie-in ad produced by EJA, paid for by Gates Learjet | 1975*

EJA became a steady client. Sundlun liked the modern look of the ads, brochures and annual reports I designed for EJA and the fanciful pictures of his fleet. His enthusiasm for my pictures enabled O'Neill to sell him a direct-mail promotion using jumbo-sized post cards that were mailed to EJA's clients and prospects, as well as to the trade press and Fourth Estate.

Although doing the air-to-air photos was the most fun, I also thoroughly enjoyed taking pictures of EJA's ground operations; those included aircraft service and maintenance. EJA was one of only a handful of companies certified by Learjet<sup>4</sup> to perform *de-mate* inspections and service on its aircraft. For a de-mate examination, an aircraft was completely taken apart; the exterior and interior skin was removed so that the frame of the airplane could be X-rayed, to reveal stress fractures and/or other defects. I found that whole process fascinating.



## 1972 – Piper Redux – Sins of Excess

When Geoff Nightingale came up with a plan, his eyes would light up and he would grin like the Cheshire Cat.

That's how I knew Geoff was onto something big the afternoon when he and Don were strategizing a new promotion for Piper Aircraft over beers at Brew Burger. The idea was for Piper to *take off the gloves* with an aggressive advertising and PR campaign aimed at the disadvantages of their competitor's (Cessna's) aircraft.

Airplane sales never do well in bear markets or in periods of high inflation and low wage growth, called *stagflation*. Amidst the turbulence and head winds of a stagflationary economy,<sup>5</sup> Piper sales were stalling while Cessna's were climbing.

Geoff went on to explain his idea: that the most credible way to position Piper aircraft as better value-for-money was to point out Cessna's shortcomings and, by inference, imply that Cessnas were inferior aircraft. The plan was to produce a documentary "Piper vs Cessna" product comparison along the lines of a Consumer Reports article. That kind of project was right up Don O'Neill's alley. Don could have been an ace reporter if he hadn't gone into journalism (and his partner, Geoff Nightingale, would have made an unbeatable politician). The job was right up my alley, too. As an industrial, *process* photographer, I was well versed in documenting how things were made.

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<sup>4</sup> Wikipedia: Learjet is a Canadian owned, American aerospace manufacturer of business jets for civilian and military use based in Wichita, Kansas. Founded in the late 1950s by William Powell Lear as Swiss American Aviation Corporation, it has been a subsidiary of Canadian Bombardier Aerospace since 1990, which markets it as the "Bombardier Learjet Family". The 3,000<sup>th</sup> Learjet was delivered in June 2017.

<sup>5</sup> Wikipedia: In economics, stagflation, a portmanteau of stagnation and inflation, is a situation in which the inflation rate is high, the economic growth rate slows, and unemployment remains steadily high.

Don and I flew to Piper’s main headquarters in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. With the help of Piper engineers and sales people, we developed a shoot list covering every salient detail about how Piper planes were built that they considered to be beneficial. Then we flew to Piper’s regional headquarters at Vero Beach Regional Airport [in Florida]. There, at the end of a taxiway, in a remote corner of the airport, we secretly took delivery of a Cessna 172 Skyhawk; Don didn’t want our suspicious-looking activities to be seen—especially by the Cessna dealer. For the better part of a week we pored over the Skyhawk, comparing it to a Piper Arrow. We measured and photographed ergonomic details like leg room, headroom, instrument layout and ease of entry.

The job was deceptively simple. Working under the hot Florida sun was problematic. It was like an oven inside the aircraft; outside was no better. It was lovebug season and millions of them filled the air, landing on everything. They appeared as little black dots all over the white airplanes and looked like huge aliens when they landed on my lens. When O’Neill brushed them away I had just a few seconds to get the shot before more swarmed in. After three days of such misery the fun began—doing air-to-air photography.



Photos of Yours Truly by Pat Billings

Photographing flying airplanes is like filming a ballet; the two hardest parts are getting the subject plane into a good position and dealing with the cold. Most of our air-to-air work was done using a Piper Seneca as the *camera platform*. The rear door would be removed so I could get clear shots. (Shooting through an aircraft's plastic windows degraded the focus, resulting in "soft" pictures.) I would hang out the door with my back to the wind, attached to the camera plane by a short rope. To keep my long hair under control, I wore a leather aviator's hat that made me look like the Red Baron. The wind was ferocious, blasting me at well more than 100 miles per hour. I'd fire-off as many shots as I could before I froze to death. On one occasion, it got so cold that the film would snap as my assistant, Pat Billings, tried to load the cameras; she'd go through three or four rolls before successfully re-loading the cameras. We were using a pair of motor-driven Nikon FTN cameras that time. The FTN model had a removable back. Pat had to be careful that she put the camera-back down in a safe place, where the howling wind whistling through the cabin wouldn't blow it away.

Florida was the perfect place to photograph aircraft; besides its natural beauty—blue oceans, coral-sand beaches and lush greenery—the skies were perpetually changing. Most days started with clear, calm skies; in the afternoons, fluffy white cumulous clouds rose high into the sky, casting dramatic shadows on the land and sea beneath; in the evening their dark silhouettes parading across the horizon added drama to spectacular sunsets.



After finishing our work in Vero Beach, we flew to northern Florida, to the so-called Panhandle, where we shot scenes at a cattle ranch. That shoot involved a bunch of models, all equestrian friends of the local Piper dealer.

Simultaneously, photographer Jim Garrison photographed a Seneca II and a Warrior in northly locations, including a fishing pier in New England, and mountainous backgrounds northwest of Seattle.

Returning to New York, I spent a month editing the mountains of material generated from all that photography for a twenty-minute-long slide show that was used at regional Piper dealer meetings. The slide show was accompanied by a brochure that was put together by Marsteller's Creative Services Group, not me.



For my portfolio and for a Pixie promotion, I made an illustration of a paper plane made from a five-dollar bill. I reckoned that it was a statement about the country's financial situation that symbolized the times. However, Don and Geoff saw it as a promotional vehicle for Piper.

The idea was to drum up new customers by letting people test-fly a Piper for just five bucks. When Don and Geoff presented their plan to Piper's marketing manager, it flew.

The low-cost test-flight program was launched in the Piper *Pro Motion* newsletter. Piper also sent their dealers framed prints of the *\$5 Ride* illustration. I made a bundle on those.

For another *Pro Motion* article, I spent a week with Creative Services Group's new technical writer, Bill Flanagan, flying around Lock Haven [Pennsylvania] in the dead of winter, freezing my ass photographing the dozens of details involved in flying an airplane. That assignment was one of the most uncomfortable jobs I ever had—and the scariest. One afternoon, while I was packing up my gear in the back of the plane during the final approach to William Piper Memorial Airport, loud alarms sounded in the cockpit and the commanding voice of an air-traffic controller could be heard ordering the pilot not to land; our landing gear had failed to drop into position. Yikes! The pilot told me to tie-down my gear extra securely, that he was going to try a "bounce- and-go" (that's like a touch-and-go, except the plane hits the runway harder) in an attempt to free-up the landing gear. It was white-knuckle stuff. I could see the airport fire truck and ambulance assembling at the edge of the airfield. The pilot crossed himself as the plane glided a few feet over the runway. When he flared the flaps, the Piper hit the pavement hard and—true to the maneuver's name—it bounced off the pavement and climbed back into the sky as the pilot gunned the throttle. The controller radioed that he still couldn't see the gear. Two more bounce-and-goes were needed to jostle the landing gear enough to get it functional. Flanagan and I got to know each other much better that afternoon.



To reminisce for a moment: I am appreciative that Don gave me the opportunity to learn aviation photography. He could have gone to any number of name photographers, the ones shooting for publications like *Flying* magazine and *Air Progress*. Thanks to Don, I got skilled in air-to-air work, a specialty that would have been too expensive to learn on my own dime. I loved shooting aircraft, even more than cars and boats; but the party was soon over. The *Pro Motion* newsletter ultimately sparked controversy within Burson-Marsteller's Creative Services Group when it became known that the dynamic duo had outsourced another graphic-design project to me.





**Are men really better pilots than women?**

Not according to the figures. And not according to the facts. In 1979, only 117 women were licensed pilots. Today, there are over 37,000. Including 5,000 who are flight instructors. Some women pilots are even flying for the Navy and the airlines. So the figures alone are enough to show that women can do at least as good a job as men.

But the facts are also on the women's side. In the first place, you don't have to be muscular to fly an airplane. What it really takes is a spirit of independence, some native intelligence, common sense and the desire to meet and conquer a creative challenge.

On any one of these points, a woman is equal to a man — if not superior. So when you come right down to it, there's no reason in the world why a woman can't be equally adept at flying an airplane. Maybe even better.

If learning a creative skill that can stand you in good stead both for business and pleasure appeals to you, maybe you're one of the women who could make a superb pilot.

If you are, we're ready to teach you. In Piper Cherokee airplanes (the only trainers with air conditioning) that provide you with good stability, responsiveness and easy handling. With a curriculum that lets you proceed at your own pace. With an exclusive audio-visual program that lets you see and study on the ground what you'll be practicing in the air. And with professional instructors who want to communicate with you and demonstrate the rewards of piloting your own plane.

There's no better time to start than now. And no better place than a Piper Flye Center. Send us the coupon and we'll send you our special Women's Learn-to-Fly Kit. Or look in the Yellow

Pages for the Piper Flye Center nearest you. And find out why women everywhere have found it one of the most personally satisfying experiences of their lives.

Women's Program  
Piper Center Dept.  
Piper Aircraft Corp.  
Lock Haven, Pa. 17345

**PIPER**  
A Member of Gates

Please send me your Women's Learn-to-Fly Kit.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City: \_\_\_\_\_  
State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

48073-2175

Don O'Neill crossed the line when he produced this ad and farmed out its production to the Bardo. His group (Creative Services) was under Harold Burson's auspices and only supposed to do PR and sales-promotion work. Burson-Marsteller had another department to handle advertising; that was Bill Marsteller's domain.

When Burson-Marsteller business produced by my studio grew to rival that being done by the agency's in-house department, Creative Services Group, that's when I appeared on WAM's radar [agency co-owner William A. Marsteller]. Marsteller invited me to lunch with his partner, Harold Burson; they wanted to meet the man who was draining the agency's coffers. Although I passed muster, Nightingale and O'Neill were read the riot act. Thenceforth, before sending work my way, they had to show cause why that work couldn't be produced by CSG.

That didn't stop Don and Geoff; they kept hiring me for another year, upgrading my assignments and paying me more (photos used in advertisements generated more income than those used in editorial articles).

Bill Marsteller and Harold Burson were none the wiser because the financial hemorrhaging stopped.

How?

O'Neill got away with it by not paying my bills.

That's how.

## 1972-73 | Piper Aircraft Collage | Plates N<sup>os</sup> 1-24

*By the time I photographed Piper Aircraft's assembly plant, in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, I was a seasoned industrial photographer; I knew by instinct which lenses and filters to use to get the shots I wanted; so, little time and film were wasted. Don O'Neill and I blew through the plant in one day, capturing several hundred images, shot primarily for print. That is to say, I didn't shoot any of the kinds of camera-move sequences used in slide shows.*

*Plate N<sup>os</sup>1: Lock Haven interiors were shot with High Speed Ektachrome using a CC30M (magenta) filter to compensate for the green fluorescent lighting. I shot with a motorized Nikon FTn and three Nikkor lenses: 20 and 28 mm for wide shots, and a 55 mm Micro-Nikkor for close-ups.*

*Outdoors, I shot with Ektachrome-64 and the same lenses. Schlepping around so little gack (gear) contributed to my speed and efficiency. In later years, the amount of equipment slowed down my shooting speed (but improved image quality).*

*Plate N<sup>os</sup>2: All the aerial work was done with Kodachrome film, both 25 and 64. I shot from the back door of a stripped Seneca, using motorized Nikon FTn cameras with Nikkor 28, 55, and 105 mm lenses, fitted with Tiffen polarizing filters. The cockpit interior shot is an exception, shot with a 20 mm Nikkor. Jim Garrison's impressive shot of the Alaska Range looks like it was made with a 105 mm lens.*

*Plate N<sup>os</sup>3-7: The Piper Aircraft Florida job was shot on Kodachrome, which became my film of choice until they stopped making it in 2009, after 74 iconic years. The only exceptions were a few rolls of Infrared Aero Ektachrome used for some Atomicolor aerials, like N<sup>os</sup>6-7.*

*I've already commented about the aerial work. On the ground, the 55 mm Micro- and 105 mm Nikkor lenses were used except for the very wide scenes (bottom of page and the wing shot above it), shot with a 28 mm. Aircraft didn't take well to wide-angle lenses; "normal" and short-telephoto lenses worked best.*

*Plate N<sup>os</sup>4: I'm especially proud of the cockpit shot (center, right) made during a night landing at Vero Beach Regional Airport [VRB].*

*Unstable air made the aircraft bounce and vibrate as it approached the runway. In order to get a short-enough shutter speed to overcome the bouncing, I used a 50 mm f1.8 Nikkor (the so-called normal lens); it wasn't as sharp as the 55 mm Micro-Nikkor, but was two stops faster which, in this case, meant the difference between exposure times of ½-second and 1/8<sup>th</sup>-second—the difference between getting a shot, or not.*

*A full 36-exposure roll was blasted through, using a motorized Nikon FTn, at 3-frames per second, the highest speed possible using an exposure time of 1/8<sup>th</sup>-second; out of 36 frames, only two were free of motion blur. Shooting with the f1.8 lens wide open provided a nice "bokeh"<sup>6</sup> for the out-of-focus background lights.*

---

<sup>6</sup> Wikipedia: In photography, bokeh is the aesthetic quality of the blur produced in the out-of-focus parts of an image produced by a lens. Bokeh has been defined as "the way the lens renders out-of-focus points of light".

*The topographical map (center) was shot at Piper's control tower using a 55 Micro-Nikkor. That lens was also used to shoot close-ups of the cockpit's flight instruments.*

*I'm told that Jim Garrison hired a bucket-crane for his overhead shot (lower right). The guy was a formidable competitor; or maybe I should reverse that; he was shooting airplanes way before I even got my first camera; I was the newbie to the world of flight. I used Garrison's as the bar to measure the quality of my own work.*

*Plate N° 5: Don O'Neill had a Jones for Christine Leach; she was one of Justine's models. One couldn't find a better butt for blondie jokes, than Chris; there wasn't much behind her vacuous blue eyes; but she was easy on the eye and easy to direct. Instead of hiring a local, Floridian model (and there were plenty), Don chose to fly Leach down to Vero Beach and put her up at our swank, waterfront motel in a room next to his. He didn't get much farther than I did, the time I made a pass at her. In fact, I know of no man who got to first base with her.*

*Lining up the camera and subject planes for the shot at the bottom of the page was easier said than done. Nearly every afternoon, huge clouds would billow from thin air; they looked spectacular but the air around them was turbulent. Around sunset the turbulence dissipated but not entirely. Locking the two planes on the same speed was easy; keeping them at the same altitude was not.*

*Shooting into the sun, I had enough light to use a high shutter speed of 1/125<sup>th</sup>-second, enough to get a sharp picture without stopping the propeller (which always looks weird, at least to me). The sun's lens flare is natural; I didn't use any filters for that, but did shoot through a filter combo of CC30Y (yellow) and CC20R (red), to enhance the sunset colors. Although Kodachrome produced the most saturated colors of any color film (Fuji's Velvia was a runner-up), pastel hues of CC filters made them pop even more.*

*In later years, I invested in a set of Tiffen's coral filters, which were a range of colors that I formerly achieved with various combinations of CCY and CCR filters. The advantage of the coral range was that only one filter was needed for the color boost, not two; the result was sharper resolution.*

*Front filters (mounted on the front of lenses) degraded the focusing accuracy of lenses. In later years, I spent a small fortune having my telephoto and very-wide-angle lenses modified for rear filters, which cut focus degradation by more than 90%, because light beams emitting from the rear lens element are uni-directional and pass straight through the glass (or gelatin) filter; whereas, light hits a front filter from all angles, some of it getting separated, as what happens when light passes through a prism. If one looks closely around the edges of subjects shot with a cheap lens, you'll see the color-fringing, a kind of focus degradation.*

*Plates N°s6-7: This Atomicolor super-sunset was shot on Infrared Aero Ektachrome using a 720 (orange) filter and a Tiffen 2 mm star gradient over a 55 mm Micro-Nikkor lens.*

*Plates N°s8-9: Don O'Neill had an uncanny ability to come up with story ideas that appealed to magazine editors. For example, using a Penthouse model named Cheyenne for a photo spread about Piper's latest version of their aircraft of the same name.*

*We shot at William T. Piper Memorial Airport [LVH] at the company's headquarters in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. For the lead, I shot Kodachrome with a 28 mm Nikkor fitted with a 95 mm Tiffen polarizer over an 81B (pink) filter. Inside the plane I shot with a 20 mm Nikkor fitted with an 81D (pink) filter.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 10-11: The so-called Blueprint Cheyenne was one of Don O'Neill's most successful ploys; the shot garnered more publication space than any other. It was shot on Kodachrome from the back door of another Seneca, using a 35 mm Nikkor and CC20B.*

*Plates N<sup>o</sup> 12: This day-for-night shot was made on Kodachrome using an 80B (blue) filter over a 105 mm Nikkor lens, to simulate the night sky. The stars strobes were added later.*

*Plates N<sup>o</sup> 13-24: To the chagrin of Harold Burson, Don O'Neill awarded me the design of Piper's Pro Motion newsletter. The house organ was put together with a combination of pictures and art supplied by Piper, dressed up with a few theme pictures made by Yours Truly, including the cover shots, Five Dollar Ride (Plates N<sup>os</sup> 16-17) and the lead shot for The Warrior's A Winner feature (Plates N<sup>os</sup> 18-19. All those illustrations were made by applying cut-out airplanes to sky backgrounds; the appliques were printed on single weight paper (Kodabromide) and cut-out with single-edge razor blades; the paste-ups were re-photographed and prints of those negs were touched up with Spot Tone.*



1974 | PIPER AIRCRAFT COLLAGE | PLATE N° 1  
*Piper assembly plant, Lockhaven, Pennsylvania.*

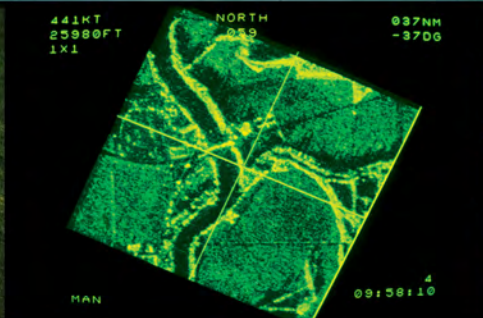


1974 | PIPER AIRCRAFT COLLAGE | PLATE N° 2

*Photography of N15774 by Jim Garrison.*



1974 | PIPER AIRCRAFT COLLAGE | PLATE N<sup>o</sup> 3  
*Photography of N42671 by Jim Garrison.*



1974 | PIPER AIRCRAFT COLLAGE | PLATE N° 4  
*Photography of N15774 (from overhead) by Jim Garrison.*





1974 | PIPER AIRCRAFT COLLAGE | PLATE N° 5  
*Model Christine Leach | Justine Model Consultants.*



1974 | PIPER AIRCRAFT COLLAGE | PLATE N° 6

*Shot with Kodak Infrared Aero Ektachome using a N° 73 (dark-brown) filter.*



1974 | PIPER AIRCRAFT COLLAGE | PLATE N° 7

*Shot with Kodak Infrared Aero Ektachome using a N° 73 (dark-brown) filter.*



1974 | PIPER AIRCRAFT COLLAGE | PLATE N° 8  
*Model "Cheyenne" courtesy of Penthouse magazine.*



1974 | PIPER AIRCRAFT COLLAGE | PLATE N° 9  
*Model "Cheyenne" courtesy of Penthouse magazine.*



1974 | PIPER AIRCRAFT COLLAGE | PLATE N° 10

*Piper's "Blueprint Cheyenne" was one of Don O'Neill's cleverest PR ploys.*



1974 | PIPER AIRCRAFT COLLAGE | PLATE N° 11

*Piper's "Blueprint Cheyenne" was one of Don O'Neill's cleverest PR ploys.*



1974 | PIPER AIRCRAFT COLLAGE | PLATE N° 12

*Lucky shot? Nah... a little help from Thad McGar.*



# PRO MOTION

VOLUME NO. 1/ISSUE NO. 1/PIPER PUBLIC RELATIONS/LOCKHAVEN PA. 17745



**PIPER GRASS  
ROOTS CAMPAIGN  
LEADS INDUSTRY ACTION  
TO AVERT 50 PER CENT CUT  
IN AVGAS.**

**STORY ON PAGE 7.**

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## Cheyenne Means a Lot to every Piper Outlet

By Thomas W. Gillespie, Vice President for Marketing & Sales — A pilot report on the newly introduced Cheyenne was concluded with these remarks, "Appearance-wise the Cheyenne is a beauty. It has a sleekness that no competitor can match. It truly is a beautiful airplane. It (Cheyenne) is an airplane that is to be reckoned with. It should garner more than its fair share of the market during the coming year." The Piper Cheyenne will benefit our distributors, dealers, flight centers, and the Piper factory, in several ways. First of

all, the Cheyenne's unique design will impress your prospects and customers with Piper's technical capability and high standards of excellence. These qualities are transplanted into an aircraft that carries more useful load per pound of airframe weight than any other twin prop jet or piston powered corporate aircraft produced in the world today. Secondly, Piper has developed the finest technical training program in the industry today, the purpose of which is to educate our service people as well as our customers in the maintenance and operation of the Cheyenne. Thirdly, we have developed a support program for supplying parts that will react as quickly as possible to the customer's requirements. Fourthly, Piper has designed a distribution system for the Piper Cheyenne that utilized the total talents of the Piper field sales organization that has been developed over the last 30 years. This organization has been dili-

gently developed and has represented Piper well in all the major markets throughout the world.

As you all know, Piper had dedicated its entire capabilities to the design, development, and manufacturing of aircraft for the general aviation market from the trainer to the turboprop. You can be assured that Piper management and its technical staff are not involved in aerospace work, sub-contracting, or any other field of endeavor that dilutes its efforts in its main pursuit, i.e., building good general aviation aircraft.

A shoemaker, they say, should stick to his last—that's what Piper has done in the past and that's what we will continue to do in the future. We are as interested in aircraft for the flight centers as we are aircraft for the corporate market. The Cheyenne will enhance our reputation in the general aviation field because it will continue to follow in the Piper tradition of offering exceptional performance at a minimum price. The same high level of reliability found in all previous models of Piper aircraft will still be the Hallmark at Piper. □

2 PROMOTION

# Cheyenne Bows at an Open House



**T**o make an impression, first make sure you have everyone's attention. That's the function of the "big idea." The impression Piper wanted to make was that the Cheyenne has advanced the state of the art in this class of twin jet-prop corporate aircraft. The "big idea" that grabbed attention was the blueprint plane, painted a base blue then striped in white to reveal the outstanding engineering features concealed beneath the skin.

It worked. The flying blueprint attracts crowds wherever it stops. When first rolled out at the introduction in Manassas, Va. on March 27 the aviation press actually applauded. The presentation had started, in the showroom, without the plane. A roll-up hangar door between the showroom and the adjacent hanger rose, revealing the plane. It was then pushed into position (as shown in the photographs) in front of the stands where the editors were seated.

With the spectators' attention fully on the plane, the speaker proceeded with demonstrations of the Cheyenne's selling points. Science House, the group that was so effective for Piper at the NBAA Show in Dallas last year, repeated their success at Manassas.

- An ultrasonic leak detector found the very small blow hole in a fabricated whale to demonstrate Piper's care in sealing the pressure hull and fuel tanks.

- Live, closed circuit television showed close ups of interior details on six

monitors placed around the audience.

- A live skunk, smelling of Chanel No. 5, was used to bring out the advantages of recirculating cabin air.

- Weighing features against cost, blocks representing the slight advantages of a competitor in four areas were balanced against \$40,000 (in real cash) to show what they'd cost. And there were many other demonstrations of the same type.

Gathering stage properties and rehearsing a show of this size demanded the utmost in preparation and planning. But the effort paid off; the press conference was successful in conveying information to the people there. The same kind of thoroughness—even though not applied to so large a program—will favorably impress the people who attend an open house at a Flite Center.

A thoroughly prepared show or demonstration is pointless if there's nobody to watch it—invitations must be handled as thoroughly as the event itself.

For the Manassas introduction, intended mainly for national magazines published monthly or weekly, letters of invitation went out two weeks ahead of the scheduled date. Two weeks is enough time to receive some replies, then follow up the others by phone.

In several cases, where a person was reluctant to attend, the offer of a ride—by air, of course—was enough to ensure attendance. But finding out who was

coming, who was undecided, and who could be decided by furnished transportation required extensive follow-up. People really desirable to have present—whether prospect or journalist—are worth two or three phone calls each.

So people have come, seen a good demonstration, and returned home. Then what? It depends on how well they remember.

To jog memories of the Cheyenne, each press representative at Manassas received a kit of information and photographs, including a large color print. That shot was appealing enough to earn a spot on the front cover of General Aviation News (15 April issue).

Since the occasion warranted something special, each journalist also received a pocket electronic calculator. The calculator fit a theme: "Add it all up." A sheet in the kit listed performance and capacity specifications for Cheyenne and its competitors, plus a score. The calculator was for adding up the scores (Cheyenne won).

People who received those calculators should remember Cheyenne every time they make a computation for years to come.

*Individual Flite or Sales Centers won't stage an extravaganza like this each year, but they can be as thorough on their own scale. The commemorative hand out could be as simple as a pen or flight jacket. Press kits for local events would most often be a single news release stating the facts plainly.* □

PROMOTION 3

**T**he \$5 demonstration ride, the classic promotion for generating new student pilots, is still one of your most effective tools. In the face of fuel shortages, however, it's better to promote the demo ride more selectively. By concentrating on travelling business men, the fuel shortage can help sell flying. These are the people who suffer most from high fuel costs for automobiles and less-frequent airline flights.

You can promote not only your private pilot's course, but also your business and name to the community with some well-directed effort. Here are some directions.


**DEMO RIDES FOR QUALIFIED GROUPS** Why settle for one prospect when you can take out a group for the same time and effort? Just pick your group carefully. Possible candidates for group invitation: medical associations, country clubs, service clubs, and so on.

**AIRPLANES ON THE AIR** Several dealers now tie in with a local radio station, offering weather or traffic reporting services. Sometimes the station will rent a plane for its rush-hour reports, making partial payment in advertising time. You receive your out-of-pocket expenses and publicity. And commuters are some of your best prospects.

You can do almost as well, better in some localities, without leaving the ground—offer weather reports by phone. You have the best weather information near at hand: the pilot briefing data. It may not be significantly different from the reports the radio station gets from the wire services, but it sounds different. You give the station the "exclusive" that broadcasters hunger for in exchange for a mention of your name, location, and phone number. It will cost you five minutes.

If the syndicated "Auction Man" show appears in your area, try offering one hour of dual instruction for auction. The radio station will describe it on the air and give its list price, say \$22. Each listener calling in a bid leaves name and phone number in case he has made the best bid. One person gets the hour of instruction, usually for \$17, which is yours. Apply it to advertising time on the same station to increase your exposure. Best of all, you get the list of names and phone numbers so you can call the unsuccessful bidders and invite them for a regular demonstration ride.

While not exactly "on the air," cable TV is another form of broadcasting you can use. Many cable networks have public access channels open to anyone who wants to produce a program. As long as you stress education, you can also mention your name. One Piper dealer has offered an abbreviated



## Use The Five Dollar Demo Ride To Bring In LTF Prospects

ground school, adapted for TV, with very good results.

Wouldn't it be great if your favorite local radio personality talked about flying all the time? Sure it would. And how could he not talk flying if he were learning to fly? So sell him a course. It might even pay you to give him the lessons free, say through solo.

**WORD OF MOUTH, AMPLIFIED**  
Piper "Flite Checks" work very well, several dealers report. One way to use them is have your instructors distribute them to student pilots. Most students talk about their lessons to friends and are happy to offer interested friends a free demonstration ride.

If you code the checks to indicate the flight instructor who distributes them, you can offer an incentive or assign new students accordingly. After a few hours of dual, the new students will be eager to distribute more Checks. □

**WHAT TO DO UNTIL THE INSTRUCTOR COMES** Or how to greet the prospective customer; that is, anyone who walks into your office. First, don't ignore him. "Don't," as one dealer bluntly stated, "leave him standing there picking his nose."

Greet him. Ask if you can help him, which should cause him to state his reason for being there. If he wants to learn to fly, have him see the chief instructor.

Who does the greeting in your facility? Everybody should. If you have a receptionist, fine; but make sure every employee notices customers.

Any waiting the prospect must endure should be as comfortable for him and as useful to you as possible. Show him the PIP machine, explain how it works, what material it covers; let him watch the demonstration program.

As part of your general business

practice, you should have refreshments like coffee, soft drinks, tea, and so forth available. Offer the prospect some. If his wait runs long, make him comfortable in your lounge area where he can look through *recent* aviation magazines and Piper literature. Talk to him occasionally, reporting on the expected time to wait, so he won't feel ignored and walk out.

Now's a good time to get a future pilot excited about what he can do with a plane. Show him a display (of most value to your regular flyers) of a map with the resort and camping areas marked. Indicated distances in flight time will stress the convenience of flying over driving.

Though we've used the male pronoun here, the customer could easily be a woman. And male customers sometimes bring female companions. So be prepared. □



### Albany Journal

"The cutest little Cherokee you ever saw—and not so little, either. Four place, 150 hp, and a marvelous new tapered wing, 35 foot span, that gives you tremendous maneuverability and great landing characteristics. The thing glides like a . . . sail-plane, but has the desirable factors of the low wing airplane. Lots of room, too. I thoroughly enjoyed demonstrating her . . . she's a truly efficient, maneuverable, delightful airplane." —Betty W. McNabb

### Air Facts

" . . . the Warrior is quite a revelation in what up-to-date engineering can do in the way of a big, good handling, good performing 150 hp 4-placer.

"Flight Characteristics? They are remarkable good, which they had to be in order to be competitive. They reflect some important advances in the art, and especially as they relate to safety.

"The inertia reel shoulder straps in the Warrior for instance, its "bentwood" seat legs for greater protection in mush type incidents, and now some real research and development in what happens when the airplane is stalled . . . the Warrior doesn't really stall in the old sense. The center portion of the wing may get close to the edge but the outer panels keep flying with the wheel full back." —Leighton Collins

### General Aviation News

" . . . the first most noticeable feature of the Warrior was the leg room. With the "stretched" cabin, the two larger-than-average passengers in the back had room to spare between their knees and the front seats. . .

"From start up to touchdown, the next most obvious feature of the Warrior was its quietness . . . It is, without a doubt, one of the quietest aircraft we have had the pleasure of flying.

" . . . the Warrior's performance was also notable . . . although the initial take off roll seemed slow . . . the airspeed picked up quickly and we were airborne within a surprisingly short distance. Landing was a breeze, as we did two touch-and-goes, just to be sure that our first smooth landing had not been accidental." —Gene Dow

### Southern Wings

" . . . the all new Piper Warrior, the first of the next generation of 4-place family aircraft, gains maximum performance from a revolutionary tapered wing.

"The pilot had excellent roll control throughout the stall without significant adverse yaw permitting straight and level recovery."

### Middleton Sunday Record

"We shot a couple of landings and I was surprised that the Warrior didn't sink as most of the Cherokees do when you reduce power on final.

" . . . I lined up on final holding 80 mph as we went across the overrun area. Still thinking I was flying a Cherokee, I added just a touch of power to get over the threshold, then closed the throttle and came in with back pressure to hold the wheels off. And we floated into the softest touchdown I've ever been able to make in a Cherokee.

" . . . the Cessna 1972 has a worthy competitor . . . and its name is Warrior." —Charles Atwell

### Aviation/Airmotive News

"The Warrior is a good looking airplane. The new wing adds something to the appearance. The airplane is attractively finished inside.

"The overall layout of the panel is good.

"Lazy eights can be performed with no problem, but we did notice that we ran out of rudder before we ran out of aileron!

"We believe Piper has a winner in the Warrior." —Harry Maryan

### Airport Services Management

"It is quiet. And it doesn't vibrate the fillings in your teeth.

" . . . handle it like a Cherokee 140 for takeoff and climb, with the exception of two notches of flaps to put some extra lift in the laminar flow wing. We did, and the plane got off handily in about 800 ft. of runway.

"We think Piper has come up with a great "family" airplane." —Joseph G. Mason



**Aviation writers agree that the Piper Warrior is armed to the teeth with outstanding features for the battle of the "family" planes.**

6 PROMOTION

## AOPA Pilot

"It is a comfortable, smooth-flying, fixed-gear airplane—which also happens to be reasonably inexpensive to operate.

"Redesigning the wing has given the Cherokee Warrior, in effect, more lift. With the same engine as in the 140, the new model claims almost 200 pounds more carrying capability, slightly better speeds, and generally more responsive flying.

"In stalls and slow flight the new wing also scores points. At 8500 feet a gentle stall without flaps comes at an indicated 45 mph.

"The front seats are . . . 5 inches farther forward in relation to the wings than in earlier Cherokees, allowing better visibility below.

" . . . a very nice airplane, of good size and reasonable cost."

—Beri Brechner

## Flying

"What's a Warrior? It's what may turn out to be the most significant new single in years.

"This is a handsome, eminently useful four-place machine with adequate performance, a roomy interior, and a usable baggage area.

"Below the cowl is a nosewheel smaller than the mains . . . The Arrow-size tire reduces drag enough that it probably has more of an effect on climb performance than you'd expect . . . but its most obvious benefit seems to be in adding further to the Warrior's big-airplane appearance.

"Slow flight is gentle and undemanding; there's none of the feeling of being balanced on the head of a pin, and the ailerons are almost forceless yet surprisingly effective.

"This airplane is a joy to land, once you come to terms with its tendency to float . . . The floating occurs if you try to land at . . . 80 or 85 mph, say. Approach at 75 . . . and you'll find the speed perfect for normal landings without undue float; bring it back to 65 and you'll get . . . into the shortest field you'll ever get out of again without a flatbed trailer . . ." —Stephen Wilkinson

## Private Pilot

"The Warrior . . . undoubtedly will be voted the sexiest plane on the ramp this year.

"But the Warrior's claim to fame is more than a pretty face, it's a whole passel of good solid engineering features.

"The ailerons are huge and aerodynamically balanced for low control effort, and are very effective.

"The new cowl is a lot flatter than the older types and visibility over the nose is much better . . .

"Piper has worked out the control harmonization perfectly. The Warrior has to be one of the best handling planes in the domestic inventory today.

"This new combination of wing, rudder, and stabilator has put the Warrior in a class by itself for response and ease of handling." —Bill Rice

## Plane & Pilot

" . . . The flight was proof that the Warrior is indeed a winner! The Warrior quietly sells itself.

"Visibility is superior through the big windows, although at first I was afraid the nose would hinder forward vision as we slowed to 80 on downwind. Working in one notch of flaps . . . dropped the nose to an acceptable angle and by the time we added another notch on base and the third notch on final, visibility was greenhouse good.

"I used to maintain that there were few if any really quiet airplanes, just some that were less noisy than others, but the Warrior is unbelievably less loud.

" . . . the Warrior is a joy to fly."

—Guy Draughton

## Interavia AirLetter

"The Warrior has a stretched Cherokee Archer 180 fuselage and incorporates a new design tapered wing which improves all-around performance, in particular, the handling in cross winds and at slow speeds."

## Observer

" . . . This airplane was made up of several planes, it appears. The thing that is important is that Piper got the right combination together." —Horace Stone



**Y**our friend will find he can save 10 to 20% of his fuel. You'll find exhaust gas temperature gages profitably popular right now, in singles as well as twins. To clinch the sale, explain both theory and practice of EGT measurement to the prospective pilot so he'll feel confident he can save gas in his own plane.

**THEORY** The leaning chart (right) shows how mixture affects temperatures, power, and fuel consumption for a given power setting (engine rpm and manifold pressure). The same chart applies to all power settings, normally aspirated or turbocharged, and to carbureted only slightly less accurately than to fuel injected engines.

At "best power," fuel flow matches air flow (stoichiometric ratio) so that it takes all the air to burn all the fuel. A richer mixture runs out of oxygen before burning all the gasoline, so power drops off as the extra fuel "gets in the way." Leaner mixtures produce less power simply because there's less fuel available.

Leaner mixtures burn faster, and so produce higher temperatures until the effect of less fuel dominates at the leanest end. When too lean, the air/fuel mixture burns so fast it detonates, producing the "bark" in an airplane engine or a "knock" in an auto. Detonation generates high forces that can quickly damage an engine.

An EGT gage lets a pilot lean the mixture for power and economy without the danger of engine "bark."

**PRACTICE** Exact operating procedures vary from engine to engine and even from plane to plane using the same engine. Thus it's necessary to refer to the manufacturer's recommendations for a specific installation.

In some cases, for instance, the cylinder head temperature may reach its upper limit before the EGT peak. The rich mixture may be used to cool a hot engine. In other cases, a manufacturer may impose restrictions on leaning below a certain altitude, above 75% power, etc.

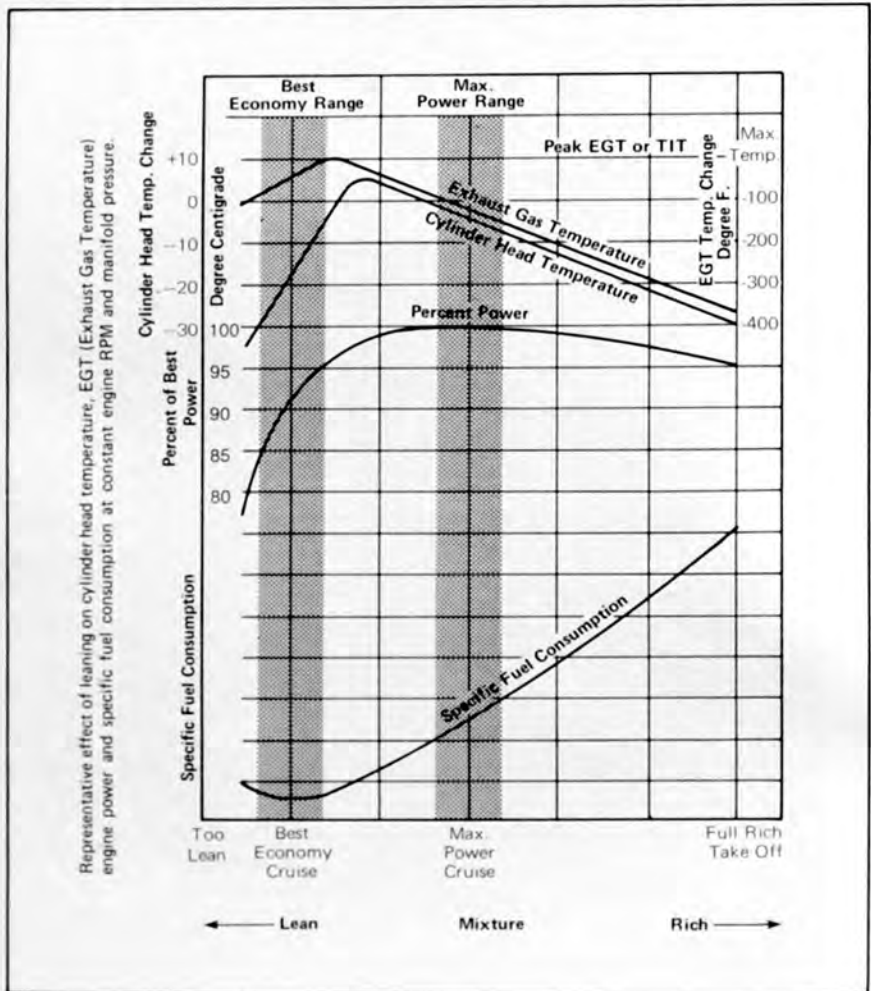
**THE PAYOFF** One of the strongest selling points for the mixture indicator is the money to be saved. Reducing fuel flow by 1.5 gal/hr—a reasonable figure—multiplies quickly at today's price for avgas.

For 300 flying hours a year, 450 gal. at \$.70 per gallon equals a savings of \$315. In only five years that adds up to \$1575.

Monitoring exhaust gas temperature to indicate mixture control protects a pilot's wallet as well as his engine. □



## Make a Friend... Sell Somebody A Piper Mixture Control Indicator





## Warrior Wins Fiesta Bowl!

**W**ARRIOR' ON PARADE! *The "Fiesta Bowl Parade" has become an institution in Phoenix. An annual event during the football season, the colorful parade attracts thousands of Phoenixians and winter visitors to view the colorful floats and marching bands. The 1973 event included something new! Phoenix Aviation, local Piper Dealers at Sky Harbor Airport entered a unique float which consisted of a brand new Cherokee "Warrior"—Piper's newest addition to the four-place market—surrounded by a bevy of Phoenix beauties dressed like Indian maidens. The Phoenix Aviation Float drew applause all along the parade route—and ended up winning the handsome Governor's Trophy! Altho airplanes in parades are not exactly new, the Phoenix Aviation win in the 1973 Fiesta Bowl parade may kick off a 1974 trend!*

You may have seen that first long paragraph—it appeared in the January 1974 issue of *Aviation/Airmotive News*—and wondered what it takes to build a float like that. Here's how Phoenix Aviation did it.

The parade entry was neither easy nor cheap. Three weeks of work and \$1500 direct expense went into it. But it garnered lots of publicity, won the top prizes, and helped sell a Warrior.



Three weeks before the parade, Warrior N55151 flew in from Vero Beach. This plane is the prototype, the one that appears in Piper's brochures, and was made available by Intermountain Piper, the distributor in Salt Lake City.

Design of the float was worked out at Phoenix with the help of a sign company whose owner flies and keeps his plane at Phoenix Aviation. Basic construction, visible in the photograph, is quite simple: a flat trailer with a transverse plank to carry the Warrior's main wheels.

In the best tradition of floats, the shape was built up from chicken wire and tissue paper, including a complete

cover for the line tug that pulled the trailer.

All the work to finish the float was done outside of regular working hours by volunteers. Everybody pitched in, according to Bob McClellan, president of Phoenix Aviation. Mechanics welded up a skeleton around the tug; the office gals stuffed tissue into chicken wire.

The float moved from the hanger to the parade site at night, to avoid traffic. City police provided an escort and did not require a permit.

Mr. McClellan reports an abundance of pretty girls in Phoenix, and lots of volunteers to ride the float. He had no trouble arranging that phase. □

## Trimless Landing: Great Warrior Demo

**D**on Peterson was flying the first Warrior delivered to Thunderbird Aviation, Minneapolis. He noticed that he first put in trim on landing approach, then took it out as he added flaps. Would the trims in and out cancel? Don tried, and they did.

In a report on the Warrior in the December 1973 *Airport Services Management*, editor Joe Mason described the system this way:

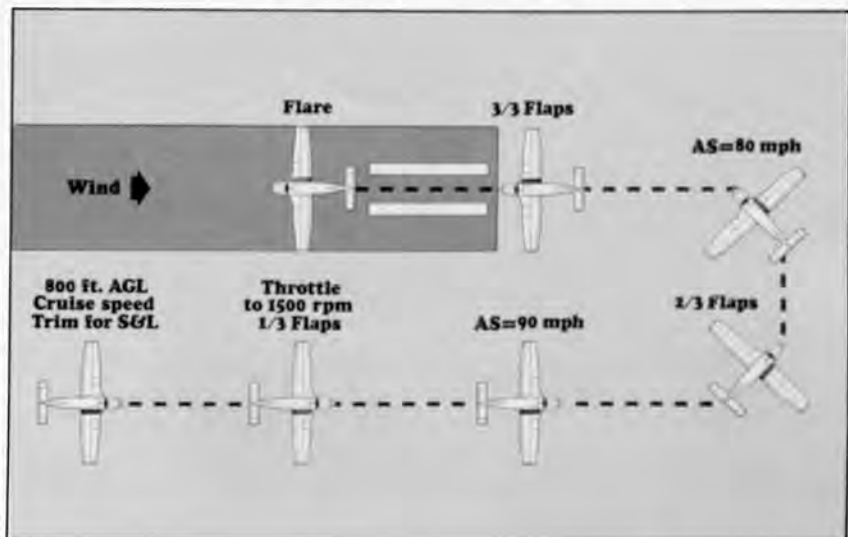
"In the pattern, on the downwind, at 800 ft. AGL (pattern altitude), the Warrior is trimmed for straight and level flight and cruise speed. Opposite the approach end of the runway, pull the power back to 1500 rpm, pull in one notch of flaps (those great, manual Piper flaps!), and hold the nose up until the airspeed hits 90, then hang it on the flaps for descent. It will hold 90. Turn base, and put in the second notch of flaps. The airspeed will drop to 80. Turn final, and if you have judged your base right, you will be descending at 80, right for the numbers. Coming over the fence, go to full flaps. But nothing happens to the airspeed—it stays right there at 80 until you start your flare. And the last time you touched the trim was when

you set it for straight and level at cruise power!

"The only time we missed with this 'trimless' landing was when we were still skeptical, and while watching the gauges, overextended the downwind. We had to put a little more than 1500 rpm

in to get back to the glidepath."

This procedure works only with the Warrior, not with other Cherokees. At least five pilots in as many different Warriors have used the technique successfully, but practice is recommended before an actual landing. □



PROMOTION 9

## FIRST CHEYENNE OWNER IS BALL CORP.



**B**all Corporation, of Muncie, Ind., a leading multinational manufacturer, has made corporate aviation history by becoming the first company in the world to own a Piper Cheyenne. The Cheyenne is Piper Aircraft Corporation's bid for a major slice of the corporate twin turboprop market. Powered by two PT6a turboprop engines, Piper's new Cheyenne is designed to provide more useful load per pound of air-frame weight than any conventional twin prop jet or piston-powered aircraft available today.

The Cheyenne cruises at an average of 266 knots (305 mph) and has a range of 1270 nautical miles (1460 statute miles) with six occupants. Cruising altitude is 22,000 ft.

John W. Fisher, president and chief executive officer of Ball, was present at Piper's Manassas introduction to take possession of the Cheyenne. According to Mr. Fisher: "We selected the Piper Cheyenne because it is an ideal choice from the standpoint of our corporate needs. It combines all the right ingredients for this times—speed, range, performance, reliability and, of primary importance, economy."

Ball's Cheyenne, No. N10BC, is a completely standard aircraft as produced and outfitted by the factory. It will be used primarily for administrative duties and sales support activities for the \$225 million a year company. Ball has offices and plants in 17 towns in 10 states, and in Singapore, Japan, Indonesia, Yugoslavia, France, Germany and Northern Ireland.

The aircraft was flown back to Muncie by Ball's senior pilot, Henry Heiner and Mr. Fisher, who, in addition to his position with Ball Corporation, is a director of Muncie Aviation Corporation and the Muncie Airport. Mr. Heiner has been flying since 1936. He has been with Ball since 1958 and has logged over 20,000 hours of flight time. He is a commercial pilot with single, multi-engine, land and instrument ratings.

*"First," "new"—that's news. Both in the same story make for sure-fire coverage in your local papers. This article about the first purchaser of the new Cheyenne received wide publication in March and April. Your own stories can do the same if they feature something "new" or "first."* □

## SALES ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS FOR PARTS, ACCESSORIES



**S**ix distributors who attained the highest achievement in parts sales quota in their regions have received the Piper Parts and Accessories Sales Achievement Award. These awards were made for performance during fiscal year 1973.

The distributors cited, by region, are:  
I. Braden's Flying Service; pictured with the award plaque are Tom

- Knarr, DSA, and Heidi Bailek, secretary in the parts department.
- II. ATCO Airframe
- III. A.C.E.S., Inc.
- IV. Gregory Aviation Company
- V. Glenair Distributors Ltd., Hans Grob, DSA, is shown with the award plaque while picking up a new Pressurized Navajo at Lock Haven.
- VI. Louisiana Aircraft, Inc. □

## CHEYENNE SHOW

[1] Theme for the Cheyenne presentation was "add it all up." Major specifications for the six competing jet-props were assigned scores from 6 for the best to 1 for the worst. Cheyenne won.  
[2] TV monitors around the seating area carried images from a roving cam-



## "THANKS, CONG"

**T**he Hon. Fred B. Rooney, of the U.S. House of Representatives, received a commemorative plaque of thanks from Piper Corp. for his personal help in alerting Congress to the potential damage of a 50% cut in fuel allocations to general aviation. Thomas Gillespie, executive vice president of Piper for Marketing and Sales, made the presentation at Manassas, Va. during the introduction of the new Piper Cheyenne.

*Political figures enjoy publicity as much as anyone, and can often generate it just by being present. You can do the mayor or commissioner some good, as well as yourself, by inviting him to your next public affair.* □

## SHOTS

era that picked out details inside as well as outside the plane. [3] A competitor offers an extra seat and cubic foot of baggage space, plus two other advantages. The balance shows what they cost: \$40,000, and that's real cash. The armed guard (right) was also for real. □



## RESSMAN!"



The head in the race car belongs to Mario Andretti, known worldwide for his winning performance as a racing driver. The plane he chose as his personal transportation is the Piper Navajo Chieftain, another form of winner. Reading Aviation Service, Reading, Pa., sold the plane for delivery from the Piper factory in Lock Haven, Pa.

Mario flies from his home base in Nazareth, Pa. to major race tracks all over the country. His pilot is Jerry Staiger, seated here on the running board.

The Navajo Chieftain won a close race against some stiff competition in winning this very knowledgeable customer, but the plane's outstanding features made it first choice for both pilot and passenger.

*If a well-known personality in your area purchases a Piper, you can have a story like this printed in local newspapers simply by taking an appropriate photograph and submitting it, with a simple story, to the editors.* □

## CHIEFTAIN N500MA: THAT'S MARIO ANDRETTI, THE RACE CAR DRIVER



## THREE NAMED AT FACTORY TO SERVICE CORPACS

A factory team of product specialists devoted exclusively to the new Corporate Aircraft Center (Corpac) distribution network for pressurized aircraft, is now in the field demonstrating the new jet-prop Cheyenne. Horace E. Wood, Calvin J. Arter, and Johathan Wetzel each represents the factory in two domestic Corpac regions as Corpac Market Manager and acts as contact for the Corpacs.

For the first year, they will spend much of their time flying demonstrator missions, training retail salesmen, and monitoring the Corpac system's activity in locating and qualifying prospects.

The jet-prop Cheyenne and the pressurized Navajo demand a sophisticated marketing approach to reach corporate buyers with a cabin class aircraft. Piper factory management recognized its responsibility to help its distributors operate in this market, and so established the Corpac marketing team.

Each of the three regional managers brings his own special experience to the Corpac team. Each man individually, and especially the team as a whole, brings to this assignment experience in aircraft sales, high time in cabin class planes, and jet-prop experience.

Horace E. "Woody" Wood contributes the corporate pilot's view to the Corpac team. For 15 years he was with Gillette Co. as aviation manager and pilot. During that time, 1954 to 1969, he won the Million Mile Safety Award and the 1968 Meritorious Award from the National Business Aircraft Association. He was president of NBAA in 1966-1967. Just before joining Piper, he spent a year as general manager of Page Airways in Washington, D.C.

Mr. Wood has prime responsibility for Corpac regions I and V, northeast and north-central.

Johathan "Jack" Wetzel probably knows as much about the production Cheyenne as anyone—he was an experimental test pilot attached to Piper Engineering for five years before joining the Corpac team, and flew many flight test profiles for both the PA-31P and the new PA-31T Cheyenne.

Mr. Wetzel has prime responsibility for Corpac regions II and IV, far west and midwest.

Calvin J. Arter, besides having high time in turboprops, knows first hand what the corporate officer thinks about aircraft as a business tool. He spent seven years as vice president and secretary/treasurer of two midwestern oil companies.

Mr. Arter originally joined Piper in 1961 as a test pilot. Later he transferred to the position of sales pilot before becoming an oil executive.

Mr. Arter has prime responsibility for Corpac regions III and VI, southwest and southeast. □



Horace E. Wood



Johathan Wetzel



Calvin J. Arter

# PRO MOTION

VOLUME NO. 1/ISSUE NO. 2/PIPER PUBLIC RELATIONS/LOCK HAVEN, PA. 17745

## The Warrior's A **WINNER**

**In The Aviation Press [Page 6]  
In Fiesta Bowl Parade [Page 9]**



1974 | PIPER AIRCRAFT COLLAGE | PLATE N° 24

*Two-color cover treatment for second and last edition of Piper's Pro Motion newsletter.*

O'Neill's non-payment ploy worked for a while because I was able to borrow against the value of my invoices. However, after nearly a year of living on Bank of Commerce's credit, Ken Nordt pulled the plug. With my financial situation imperiled, I implored O'Neill to process the payments I was due; but he didn't. O'Neill was so far behind on office work that he would never catch up. The problem was his love affair with cocaine. Although the stimulant energized his brilliant ideas and hyperactivated him, his office turned into a disaster zone. Don's secretary, Mercedes Christ, did her best to organize Don, but she didn't have the authority to OK my invoices.

With the wolf at my door, I went to WAM (William A. Marsteller) in desperation and complained about Don (without mentioning a word about the snow); he was appalled to learn that I was owed a six-figure amount.

The agency settled my past due account; but that was the end of Don & Doug. Shortly after that, Nightingale and O'Neill left Burson-Marsteller to form their own agency. But I have gotten way ahead of myself....

## 1972 – Boat Show – Splashy Graphics

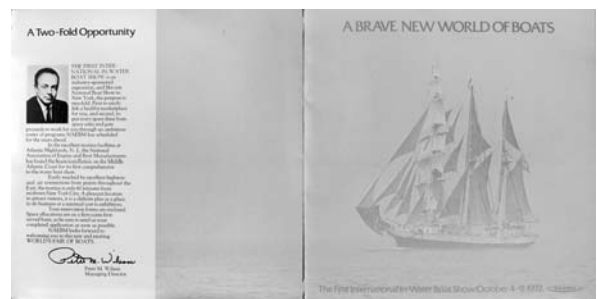
As the summer of 1971 waned, George Rounds [NAEBM] came back for more.

The new work included a promotional poster for the 63rd Annual National Boat Show (held in January at the New York Coliseum) and a press kit cover for their first International In-water Boat Show (held in October at the Atlantic Highlands Municipal Marina, in New Jersey).

Those were a prestige jobs—the poster was splashed all over town and the entire yachting Press Corps received the press kits. Mesney's Third Bardo was credited on both for design and graphics; that reinforced my identity in the boating business.



The press kit cover, art-directed by Tom Ridinger, was an elaborate fold-out that became a map of the boat display slips at the marina.



The folder covers, front and back, featured *Ghost Ship Albatross* printed with silver ink on high-gloss, chrome-coat paper.

That printing technique was expensive and very subtle, maybe too subtle—at certain angles the image disappeared or looked like a negative.<sup>7</sup> On spec [speculation], Truth told; I was disappointed at the way the cover turned out. Instead of the soft, pearlescent effect, I thought the silver ink would produce a shimmering effect that was more like polished sterling.<sup>8</sup> However, I kept my disappointment to myself and the client loved the look, or so they said.



Tom and I used the press kit cover as a trial balloon for a new Boat Show logo. We both hated the existing NAEBM logo; we thought it was lackluster and looked old fashioned. George Rounds agreed; so, Tom came up with the logo that appeared on the press kit.

It was a neat logo symbolizing the wake (waves) that a boat makes as it moves through water.

However, there was a problem: Tom's design looked like another well-known company's logotype. As a result, instead of replacing the archaic NAEBM logo, Ridinger's artwork became an emblem, used once and then forgotten.

Oh well, the logo would have probably become obsolete a few years later, anyway. In 1979, the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers [New York] merged with the Boating Industry Association [Chicago] to become the National Marine Manufacturers Association [NMMA] and their logo was simply a type treatment of the organization's initials. Anyway....



For the poster, we merged two scenes from the GQ shoot—a moonlit sailboat and a sunset speedboat. I called the image *Sail Power*—a play on words representing the two classes of boats made by NAEBM members.

Thad Magar (Wellbeck Studios ) did the merge work on an 11 X 14-inch [28 X 35.5 cm] sheet of film.

The image was also used for the cover of the National Boat Show program/guide in which George Rounds was kind enough to give us a prominent write-up that described my bold-colored images as stylized reality.

Geez, were we proud of the Boat Show poster! I ordered a few hundred copies for my own promotional purposes; they were sent by direct mail to clients and prospects.

<sup>7</sup> Both the poster and press kit cover were printed by Newport Graphics; they were originally discovered by Lou Magnani, the production manager at Burson-Marsteller. Newport did great printing at a fair price. O'Neill and Nightingale used them for EJA, Piper Aircraft and other clients. I used them to print the Bardo's promotional poster.

<sup>8</sup> To get the shiny effect I was looking for would have involved stamping silver foil onto the paper; however, only "line art" can be used for foil stamping and embossing. Photographs are what is called "continuous tone art." Photographs are "screened" to render the images in a matrix of dots. For example, the pictures in this book at printed at 300 dots per inch; if you examine the pictures with a magnifier, you can see them. The dots are made by using a screen—a cross-hatch, like a window screen—to make the printing plates; light passing through the screen breaks-up into a grid of round dots. The brighter the light, the bigger the dot.

One hundred more were set aside for posterity on the presumption that over time they would become more valuable. That big roll of posters was re-discovered when I packed out of Vashon in 2012. That was the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary year of the 1972 Boat Show. How providential, I thought. Just when I need money, the Universe arranged for me to find the 100 forty-year-old Boat Show posters. I put one out for sale on eBay, to test the price. Even with a low price of just five dollars, nobody was interested. In the end, I sent the posters to a very surprised Tom Ridinger. He did not take kindly to my generosity. He said the UPS driver sprained his back and, besides that, he had zero room in his small Connecticut condo. I suggested that the posters might fetch something at a New York poster store and left it at that. God knows what happened to those posters.

Here's the irony; about a month after I shipped the posters to Ridinger, I got an email from the guy who owned the sailboat featured in the poster—Ted Irwin; he wanted to get "a bunch of them." Oh well....

## 1972 – Dodge Editions – Wrong Number

With Kay Epstein out of the picture, Estelle Dodge wanted me to work for her.

She and Kay had been competitors; they both sold monumental art to architects and developers of major metropolitan buildings, malls and shopping plazas.

Estelle had a gallery—Dodge Editions—in the fashionable Rose Hill neighborhood, near the UN, at 301 East 47<sup>th</sup> Street. Her reputation got kick started in 1972 when she clinched a deal for sculptor William Crovello's *Cubed Curve* to adorn the plaza of the Time-Life Building on ~~Sixth Avenue~~ Avenue of The Americas, at 50<sup>th</sup> Street.

Estelle asked me to design and produce a prestige brochure about his work and her gallery.

It was a big job involving photography of two dozen sculptures; some of them were miniatures that needed to be photographed *in situ* with trick lensing to make the little models look like finished installations of full-sized sculptures.

Tom Ridinger were getting closer to making the deal we eventually made, to work together. Dodge Editions' was the job that energized that deal.

Together, we designed a combination portfolio and press kit; it featured a panoramic, 27 X 12-inch [68.58 X 30.48 centimeter] three-fold cover with a fourth-fold flap.

On the outside there was a black and white vertical shot of Crovello's Time-Life Building installation, taken with the 21 mm Nikkor lens, on Plus-X film.





The inside spread featured a trick shot of a proposed Crovello installation on prestigious Park Avenue; shot using a mini model of the sculpture.

When folded, the cover contained fact sheets and color portfolio pictures.

The Park Avenue panorama was made by combining a studio shot of a foot-high (30 cm-high) mini-model with a location shot.

Getting the street shot was a trip. Theoretically, I was supposed to have a permit to put a 12-foot ladder in the middle of Park Avenue's boulevard plantings; and I should have had at least one cop there, to assist with potential traffic issues. Instead, I winged it.

With the help of Terry Anderson, Estelle's foxy secretary, I schlepped a 12-foot ladder down to 50<sup>th</sup> street and brazenly set-it up early on a Sunday morning. Terry stayed over the night before; she didn't want to be late (hahaha). Sure enough, there were no cops; and the traffic was light enough to capture a decent pattern after only 15 minutes.

Straight away, I fell hard for Terry. Her astrological birth sign was Libra, an air sign, like Aquarius; that made us a temperamental match. Our tryst began when I took her to a won ton lunch at an expensive Chinese place near Estelle's office. After lunch we went back to my place and she ended up staying for a "wanton" dinner (hahaha).

Terry like to frolic, sex with her was great fun. However, Estelle was not pleased; she read us the riot act and that put the kibosh on our fast and furious affair. Estelle was right, my dating Terry created conflicts of interest that put everyone in a compromising situation.

As it turned out, the situation became fatally compromised when the brochure got printed with an incorrect phone number. Estelle wanted the expensive fold-out piece reprinted, but that would have bankrupted me. We compromised on printing little labels that were affixed by hand to 5,000 brochures; Estelle wasn't entirely satisfied and we never heard from her again.

That episode made me understand why Burt Holmes made such a big deal out of proof reading. He had two secretaries proof all his copy; one would read the copy to the other; then they would trade places and do it again. That seemed like overkill to me. But that was then. Now, I wished that I had done the same thing before committing the Dodge Editions folders to ink.

The loss of Estelle's graphics business held up Ridinger's departure from Car and Driver to join the Bardo.



## 1972 – Transpo '72 – *E Pluribus Unum*

Ridinger (or was it Gene Butera?) assigned me to cover the US International Transportation Exposition [Transpo '72]<sup>9</sup> for Car and Driver.

Transpo '72 was a huge trade exposition held on a 300-acre site outside of Dulles Airport in Washington, DC.; a vast collection of concepts and creations, from trains and planes to mass and personal transit. I got sent there for the grand opening ceremonies, to get shots of Transportation Secretary John A. Volpe cutting the ribbon. That never happened—the picture, that is.

I was one of a hundred photographers pressing for photo ops; I couldn't get near the Secretary, nor was it easy to get "clean" shots of exhibits without gawkers milling around. I ran around the huge fair grounds, machine-gunning everything, getting coverage. While I was shooting, I had no idea of what I was going to do with the pictures, or how to present them; Gene didn't send me to Washington to shoot a bunch of snapshots; he was expecting a strong, graphic theme picture.

Things got worse back at the studio when I started going through the contact sheets of the Transpo take; there was no lead picture, no killer shot, nothing that would make you stop flipping pages. I was despairing when it occurred to me that I had been in a similar situation a few years earlier when Geoff Nightingale hired me to cover the Armco Steel Student Design Program. That, too, was a collection of disparate elements and the solution was building a model city that tied them all together. Aha!

For the Transpo piece I borrowed the Armco City idea and made a fanciful photo-illustration of the trade fair. It featured John Volpe riding across the sky in a mono-rail. It was the most elaborate strip-in piece I had ever done, involving more than a dozen elements against an airbrushed background.

When I presented it at the magazine, everyone's eye bugged out; none of them had ever seen a "photo" like that. The collage went on to win placement in one of the big European graphics yearbooks, and a third prize in the NY Art Director's Club competition.



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<sup>9</sup> Wikipedia: "Transpo hosted the world's largest air show, all of the new widebody airliners, high-speed trains and demonstrations of the latest automated guideway transit systems. In addition to featuring futuristic technology "Flying trains, square dancing helicopters and the fantasy of a wonderland," according to a news release, Transpo '72 covered all current modes of transportation as well. General Manager William J. Bird explained, "We want to emphasize totally integrated systems in our future transportation."

## 1972 – OCF – Role Playing

As you know, one of my specialties was *process* photography—picture stories explaining manufacturing processes, like the television show *How It's Made*.

Thanks to Marty Evans at Owens Corning Fiberglas [OCF], 1972 was the pinnacle of my career as a process photographer. She put me on retainer for twelve one-day jobs to be assigned at her discretion. The work was basic but the money was good and it gave me the opportunity to polish my act. About once a month, I would “commute” to points all over the country, filming case histories, including the manufacture of commercial-fishing boats in Seattle; bathtubs and shower stalls in Arkansas; auto-engine distributor caps in Illinois; silos at dairy farms in Wisconsin; and the use of insulation for mobile homes built in Gary, Indiana.

Assignments like that became a regular routine; I would catch the first flight out from LaGuardia Airport, shoot all day, and catch the last plane back in the evening. Discounting the travel time, I had about 6 hours to shoot the job; that is not a whole lot of time to photograph the workings of a large factory. Normally, I would spend the first hour doing a walk-through of the entire process, to get an idea of what lay around the next corner and be able to divide my time to not miss anything important. The biggest challenges were dealing with strange lighting situations and temperamental factory workers.

To solve lighting problems, I carried a set of about 100 filters to adjust colors [by the late '80s that increased to 900+]. I always shot available light and never used fill lights because they simply took too much time to work with.

To gain the sympathy and cooperation of the factory workers I developed an act that worked like a charm. Although you might think that everyone loves to have their pictures taken, I found the opposite was true. Worse, if one of the workers refused to be in pictures, all his colleagues would likewise shy away—herd mentality. On a few unfortunate occasions, some workers even tried to sabotage my efforts by walking away from their work stations on unscheduled breaks and other things like that.

In some factories—more than you'd think—there was an *us-versus-them* mentality. [Donald Trump capitalized on that.] Workers begrudged me working for “the Man.” I didn't look like a worker, either; I looked like what I was—a long hair, a hippie.

The solution was wearing *industrial clothes* and (especially) groveling, to show that I didn't mind getting dirty, like them. For my opening shots, I would find a particularly dirty place on the floor and crawl around in the yuck ostensibly to get a low-angle shot. Once I was filthier than they were, the workers usually started cooperating.

If that didn't work, I had a gag that would do the trick: a prop camera that I would “accidentally” drop and break; that was virtually guaranteed to win everyone's sympathy.

A third technique was to let them fool me and come back with a smile.

For example, at a steel mill, when I asked to take a close-up of glowing ingots in a tempering oven,<sup>10</sup> the workers (and I) knew that when the doors to the holding ovens were opened the radiant heat would be overwhelming (possibly fatal); but they said: “Sure... have at it!” When the doors opened, I had to run like a bat out of hell, provoking riotous laughter from the gang in the control room.



After that, they accepted me into their ranks and I was given full cooperation.

Later, I refined my act with *uniforms*—all-black outfits that I bought at Army-Navy stores. When dressed for a shoot, I appeared to be wearing some kind of a uniform and looked a bit like a guerilla warrior. That was a good thing.

The SWAT-style duds set me apart. Although people might not know what my uniform meant, I was clearly a man on a mission—and that I certainly was. My uniform gave me an aura of authority that I wouldn't have had wearing the striped pants and beaded shirts that were my favorites.

Actually, I started wearing all-black clothes to shoot cars, to avoid seeing my reflection. Then I discovered the transformative effect those dark outfits had on people's perception of my persona. As Gene Butera said, dress for the part you want to play. If you want to ~~control~~ direct people, look authoritative.

Winning over the trust of workers—converting their shyness and resistance into willingness—was not only important for getting good shots, but for getting signatures on model releases.

Although many clients would tell me that model releases weren't necessary because the subjects were contract employees, I wanted to cover my ass. Who knew where my pictures would be published? A worker might leave a client company holding a grudge and initiate a lawsuit over an unauthorized use of his or her picture; those kinds of things happen to photographers all the time, especially to successful photographers who earn (or seem to earn) a lot of money.

Then there was the issue of who owned the copyrights to the photographs; was it the client, the photographer, or a third party to whom the copyright was assigned. Without copyright protection my pictures could become *orphan works* in the public domain.

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<sup>10</sup> After they are cast from molten steel, ingots and I-beams are “tempered” in underground ovens that lower their temperature slowly.

The American Society of Magazine Photographers [ASMP] recommended using their licensing model whereby photographers owned the copyright to their works and sold clients the rights to publish or otherwise use them. Use fees were on a sliding scale based on the total number of eyes that saw the pictures.

According to the ASMP scheme, I owned the copyright to my pictures and would therefore be the defendant in any lawsuit arising from a model's issues and claims against me. I didn't want to get mixed up in any of those kinds of legal hassles, so I insisted on getting releases whenever and wherever possible. That wasn't as easy as it may seem.

Have you ever read a model release? If you did, and if it was a bullet-proof release, you'd never sign it because a good release would deny you of any rights; you'd have no control over how your pictures were used; you might even appear in some perverted magazine or website, with no recourse.

Approaching people with *anything* for them to sign makes them nervous. I found that I was wasting too much valuable time explaining the lengthy bullet-proof releases to reluctant subjects; so, I switched to so-called "pocket releases;" they were short-form; printed on 3 X 5 cards [7.6 X 10.7 cm]; they fit in my pocket, hence their name.

At best, pocket releases were less than bulletproof; my lawyer would never agree to my using them; but they were better than nothing. As far as I was concerned, pocket releases showed the intent of the subject; that was good enough for me; it was like a gentlemen's agreement or a handshake. More importantly, pocket releases made it faster and easier to get signed agreements from models and get on with the job.

Of course, for some situations I would use long-form model releases; especially for pictures involving nudity and/or those that I knew might appear in publications of questionable taste. I also required that any talents being paid full fees sign full releases.

Having said all that...

OCF was one of my more lucrative clients. Marty ordered four sets of originals (and I kept two others). Thus, I shot eighteen frames of every picture—six each of three bracketed exposures;<sup>11</sup> that gave me two shots per 36-exposure roll [of 35 mm film]. Any given job involved fifty rolls or more.

Pat Billings no doubt remembers that when she came to work for me, I quickly delegated to her the laborious tasks of editing through thousands of slides, separating those with best exposures, inserting them into plastic Vis Sheets, twenty slides to a page, and dividing the sheets into six sets: four for Marty and two for me—one for my archive and the other for my stock-picture agent Leo DeWys. [I didn't make much with him; was he pocketing my percentages? Later, I switched to The Stock Market picture agency.]

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<sup>11</sup> Bracketing means shooting additional exposures that are lighter and/or darker than the first exposure. Bracketing one half f-stop up and one-half down is a common procedure.

## 1972 – Hot Stuff – Cooling Market

While many photographers and graphic arts studios were sinking, the Third Bardo kept afloat, buoyed by new business.

Shortly after Labor Day we landed a major new client: Bee Line Books. Actually, our new client was Pat Reshen and Bee Line was her client. Reshen sub-contracted the production of magazines and books for soft-porn publishers, like Bee Line Books.

While Burson-Marsteller's business paid more, their assignments were erratic. Reshen's work, on the other hand, was stable.

It was my esoteric photographic nude studies that brought Mesney's Third Bardo to Reshen's attention. She originally came to the studio on a shopping trip for some of those photos and to offer me work shooting new pictures. However, when she learned that we also offered design and graphics-arts production services, she asked us to redesign Bee Line's ~~pornographic~~ naughty pocket books.

Bee Line was experiencing an identity crisis in reverse; they didn't want their books to stand out. When we took on Bee Line, all their books looked the same, save for the title—they were glossy black with gold type; the look-alikes were easily-identified as a series, a brand. That tactic worked well—Bee Line Books were the country's top selling line of soft porn pocket books—until the US Supreme Court put the definition of pornography in the jurisdiction of local sheriffs. Thereafter, sheriffs in conservative jurisdictions started raiding book shops and confiscating Bee Line books.

Our job was to ditch the series concept and make Bee Line books look like other paperbacks. For about a year, Tom Ridinger and I produced two magazines and thirty-two book covers per month for Pat Reshen; it was like book-cover boot camp.

The next project Pat brought us was *Escapade* magazine, a cheap imitation of *Playboy* (and a raunchier one, too). That job also involved a redesign; earlier editions looked kind of sleazy and Pat wanted to give the magazine a facelift to gain rack space on more newsstands in respectable neighborhoods. The job taught me an important lesson: design with your client in mind.

Unlike the situation at Bee Line, where Pat approved everything, the publisher of *Escapade* was an opinionated, hands-on guy.

Tom worked hard on the redesign. As mentioned earlier, Ridinger was an avid follower of *nouveau Bauhaus* design; for inspiration he flipped through the pages of *Twen* magazine. Tom's redesign of *Escapade* was slick and sophisticated; he made a beautifully-rendered comp of his cover design that I was proud to present to Pat's client. However, when he scrutinized it, the publisher put down his cigar, looked up and said: "What is this?" It was the way he said it and the confused look on his face that made me realize we were lost.

I was speechless. Pat responded: "Excuse me?" By then I recovered and explained the cover's design strategy.

But he just leaned forward until his head was about to hit mine and said, his eyes penetrating mine: "Listen sonny, I don't need a sophisticated design; I need big tits!" Was that a lesson, or what?

To digress for a moment: If you have ever done work for a periodical, like a magazine, you know that it is grueling, relentless work. Every month you have about two weeks to crank out dozens of pages. Each issue of *Escapade* averaged about 72 pages. If you do the math, that turns out to be five or six pages per day.

While that's easy now, with computers, in those days we were doing paste-ups (aka "mechanicals") manually, using razor blades and rubber cement to make the camera-ready art from which printing plates were produced. Making mechanicals was pain staking work; producing six pages a day for a fortnight was a haul. But we met plenty of amusing characters. One of them was a fellow named Dave Jampell.

Jampell ran a one-man business called Imperial Press. Dave was like a Fuller-Brush man; he peddled porn pictures from overseas photographers. Jampell actually looked the part of a porn salesman; he was a paunchy little balding man dressed in a rumpled trench coat carrying a bulging briefcase stuffed with hot pictures. Tom and I looked forward to Dave's visit every month, to the chance to go through his latest selections. Talk about eye candy.... Ha!

On our watch, *Escapade* got into trouble with *Playboy* magazine and Reshen got fired after just a couple of issues. She reimbursed us for our work, but I don't think she got paid.

## 1972 – Escapade – Happy Hooker

Huntington Hartford (yes, that one—the flamboyant playboy heir to the Hartford Insurance fortune) saw what we were doing for *Escapade* and hired us to overhaul the design of his *Playboy* imitation, *Show* magazine.

Tom pulled out his original *Escapade* mock-ups—the ones that were rejected—and reworked them for Hartford. The aging philanderer appreciated Tom's European design flair and hired us. While *Escapade* was clearly not a gentleman's choice, *Show* magazine was and Hartford wanted his baby to be even more mainstream.

The Hartfords were an aristocratic American family [think Hartford Insurance Company]; Huntington's goal was to have a magazine that ranked up there with *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. He fashioned himself as a Hugh Hefner of sorts.

Like his idol, Hartford lounged around his mansion dressed in silk pajamas and a bathrobe, accompanied by a young babe (or two or three) similarly attired. Huntington's insatiable predilection for sexy girls tarnished his reputation in high society. He hoped that

Tom's classy design work would transform his image. For Tom and I, it was nice to have some samples we could actually show to our family and friends without blushing.

One of the more interesting articles we produced for Show was an interview with Xaviera Hollander, aka *The Happy Hooker*. The interview was a cover story that involved two photo sessions.

The first was a portrait sitting in my studio. The second was an at-home session shot at Xaviera's penthouse apartment. Though Tom and I considered ourselves liberated in most ways of life, we felt like prudes in the presence of the notorious porn star.

Social acceptance of porn was just gathering momentum; in fact, it was the former call-girl's shockingly informative book, *The Happy Hooker: My Own Story*, that helped bring porn into the mainstream.



Xaviera's frankness and forwardness intimidated me; but I also found her intriguing. At the studio shoot, Xaviera posed with wild abandon; although Show magazine would never put a nude on the cover, Xaviera insisted on shooting some nudes, "just in case." It was the same at her apartment. How amusing, that Tom and I had to talk her *into* clothes, not out of them.

## 1970s | Portfolio | Part Four | Plates N<sup>os</sup> 32-54

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 32-39: Contrasting my legitimate work was an enormous volume of soft porn produced for Pat Reshen, the free-lance producer of Escapade magazine and Bee Line Books. While I worked for low wages, Pat gave me creative control; she delivered the manuscripts, I illustrated them; most of the time, she agreed with my concepts.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 32-33: The first assignments were photographic, like this photo-illustration, for Escapade magazine, of a nudie college chic getting on the New York subway, surprising a passenger played by Ed Just. Of course, the shot was a strip-in job. (Ha!) Of note, most girls had not started shaving their pussies yet; that soon changed.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 34-35: For Escapade magazine's book review of Susan Quilliam's The Joy of Sex, Dona and I made this set-up shot, in the third-floor bedroom of the 73<sup>rd</sup> Street studio, using a 20mm Nikkor lens and Tri-X film.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 36-39: A bevvvy of Bee Line Books, produced for Pat Reshen. As Reshen spent more time at the Bardo, she became aware of our graphic-arts business. When Bee Line hired her to redesign their books, she sub'd to me and, in the beginning, I sub'd to Tom Ridinger. But when I let Tom go, over an incident involving his drinking, I took over the design and production of 128 book covers. What a creative carnival that was! Although I used my own pictures as much as possible (for bonus bucks), most of the cover photos were supplied by Dave Jampell, Imperial Press, who made annual trips around the world, returning to America with the best of international smut and pornography.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 40-49: Perhaps because of our work, Pat Reshen's clientele improved dramatically when the decadent playboy, Huntington Hartford, heir to the Hartford Insurance fortune, tried give Hugh Hefner's Playboy magazine a run for the money with his pulpier, raunchier rag, Show. Reshen was hired to package the publication and she sub'd it to the Third Bardo.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 40-41: The cover story for the first issue, was about "The Happy Hooker," Xaviera Hollander. The cover was shot with a Hasselblad camera and 150 mm Zeiss lens; the scene was lit with three 500-watt photo-flood lamps; that was Yousuf Karsh's favorite lighting technique. The reportage in Xaviera's condo was shot with the Nikkor 28 mm f2 lens on Tri-X Pan film.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 42-43: Although it was a second-class magazine, Show nonetheless attracted the likes of major talents, like Tennessee Williams. The theme of Craig Zadan's article was about the rebirth of the old alcoholic's career; hence, the hatching egg. The color portrait was done with a Hasselblad and 150 mm Zeiss lens. The full-body shot was with a 50 mm Zeiss lens. The egg was shot 35 mm with a Nikon FTn and a 55 mm Micro-Nikkor lens, on Plus-X film.*

*Plate N<sup>o</sup> 44: A frivolous fashion piece produced for Grand Marnier. Reshen got bonus bucks for selling advertorial space... and so did I. This ridiculous fluff was photographed in the 73<sup>rd</sup> street studio. Pat Smith and Scoopy Gutterman modelled; the second gal is anonymous. The camera was a Hasselblad 500C camera with an 80 mm Zeiss lens.*



*Plate Nº 45: Two of the best pieces produced by the Ridinger-Mesney collaboration. The Sophia Loren illustration was a composite made with an original shot of the slums, made on the Lower East Side; with a 35 mm PC-Nikkor and Plus-X film; sepia-toned during printing. A cut-out color print, of a stock shot of Sophia supplied by Reshen, was pasted onto a sepia-toned, 16 X 20-inch [~41 X 51-cm] B&W print of the BG. For the Jean Stapleton feature, Ridinger put together a still-life set-up in the studio. Like the Sophia Loren illustration, it was a strip-in job. The TV screen shot was pasted onto a BG shot of the TV with beer and cigar. The blue tint was created in the magazine printing process, using a "separation" for blue ink created by making a reversed print of Jean Stapleton, and printing that at 75% density, to fill the highlights with blue ink in inverse proportion to their density.*

*Plates Nºs 46-47. It was an honor to have the likes of famous actors habiting my studio. Eileen Heckart came to the studio ready for action, dressed for the part with and adjusted her own make-up and hair, in a jiffy. Fortunately, she liked my idea, to let a butterfly out of a glass box. The oversized, tropical butterfly came from the Museum of Natural History, for nearly a hundred bucks. I shot the butterfly box "upside down" to get the image needed for the flying shot on Plate Nº47, which was printed into position in the darkroom.*

*Plate Nº 48: Lilly Tomlin blew through the studio like a tornado; she was a powerful personality with an attitude problem. "Let's get this over with," she said.*

*"OK, just give he a big smile," I replied. Done. She was out'a there in one roll, of Plus-X, shot with the Hasselblad 500C camera and 150 mm Zeiss lens.*

*Plate Nº 49: When Rod Serling showed up at the studio, he must have wondered. Little did he know that I only needed a mug shot. The illustration was a "print in." I shot Serling against a black BG; then it was easy to superimpose him into the print of the 1950s Ford Estate Wagon, in Levittown, New York. I'm not proud of this job; it was a crude merge; it was 1968; I was just beginning.*

*Plates Nºs50-53: Ooh la la! This photo-feature about massage, in Penthouse magazine, was possibly the most awkward shoot of my career; after it, I knew I could never shoot porn, even though one could make a fortune doing so. But I felt like an intruder, a voyeur (I was!). Michael Parish, free-lance art director for Penthouse magazine, organized the shoot and directed it. He hired the (anonymous) models. I reckon the guy must have been gay; his dick never rose an inch; I left the shoot with blue balls. It was also one of the most challenging; I dragged a four-head Balcar strobe system up five stories, to the penthouse of an East 50s townhouse; the strobes were bounced off the ceiling. The camera was a Hasselblad with an 80 mm Zeiss lens. Parish shot the picture of my silhouette, shooting.*

*Plate Nº54: Mona Banning's voluptuous body closes the sexiest section of my 1970s portfolio. She and Anna Raus were my favorite playmates. This picture was made in my bedroom, on the fourth floor (front) of the 73<sup>rd</sup> Street studio. One of Chris McDevitt's paintings is behind her. The Jordanian lamp in the window is just behind me, in Vancouver, as I write these words. I might have gotten more serious with Mona if she had not been such a pessimist. Whatever we talked about; she found a reason not to like it. The last I heard from her was, maybe 12 years ago? It was an Internet reunion; she was fat and happy, living in California. She invited me for a visit; I thought the better of it. The picture was a shot, at Mona's request, with a 28 mm Nikkor lens on Tri-X film.*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 32

*Escapade | 1972*

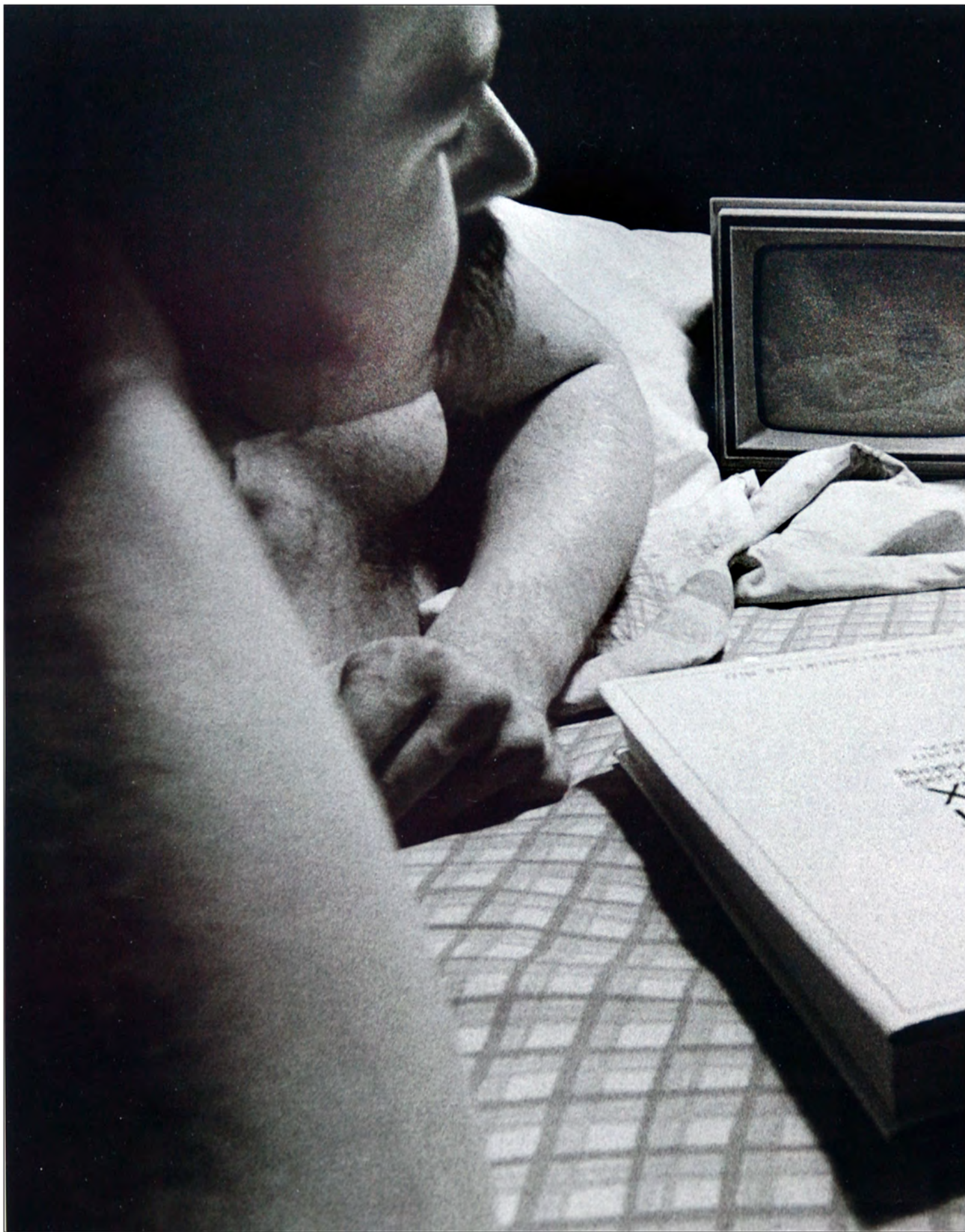


## THE OPENING

It was very hot. A gentle gust of wind made her pale yellow voile skirt swirl softly. The hem of the light material tickled her thighs. She was waiting for the train to take her, as it had every morning for the past three weeks, into the city, along with the dozens of other commuters now impatiently waiting on the platform. She was going to summer school to make up a few missing credits for her degree.

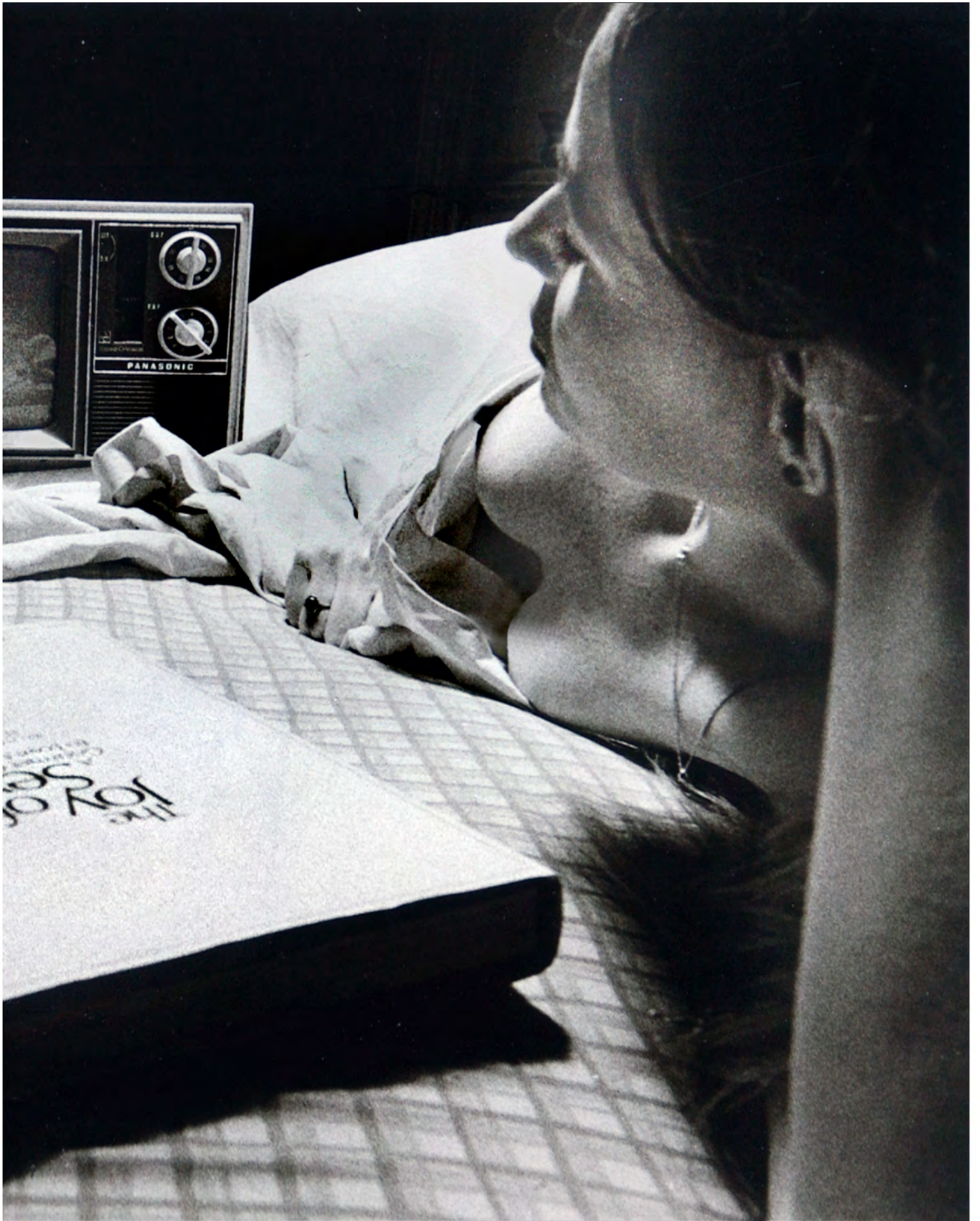
Most of the others waiting on the long expanse of yellowish-grayish-white concrete were men. They looked almost frighteningly alike with their summerweight pin striped suits, briefcases, and newspapers tucked neatly under their arms. She looked down at them—she at the very front of the platform. It was a hazy day and the glare of the sun through the clouds almost obliterated the commuters; they seemed to fade colorlessly into the concrete. Only the deep browns and blacks of their leather briefcases stood out.

Her books were heavy, and she had put her book bag down on the concrete—the canvas satchel leaning against her calf. She stooped to lift it, then walked to the edge of the platform. She leaned over the edge, craning her neck as she looked down the tracks. Straining her eyes for the sight of the train; straining her ears for any sound of the approaching locomotive. Nothing. She heard only the rush of traffic, cars hurrying and scurrying, horns, and faintly, the sounds of birds chirping. She stepped back away from the edge and resumed her wait, putting the book bag down again to rest against her leg.



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 34

*Escapade* | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 35

*Escapade | 1972*

Toby gave up teaching Ancient History in college to learn modern sex ed. at home! And her very favorite instructors were strong young teenage boys.

# CRADLE SNATCHER!



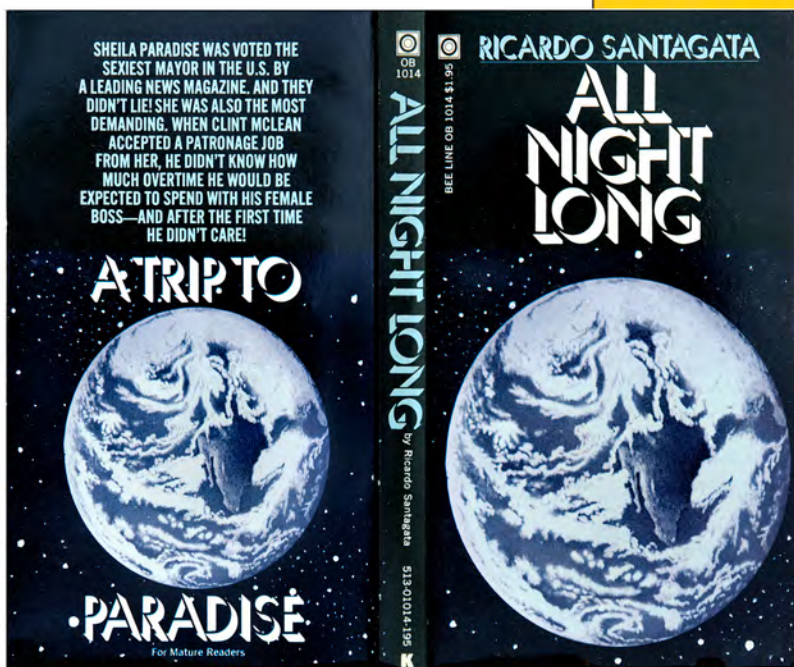
## KID STUFF!

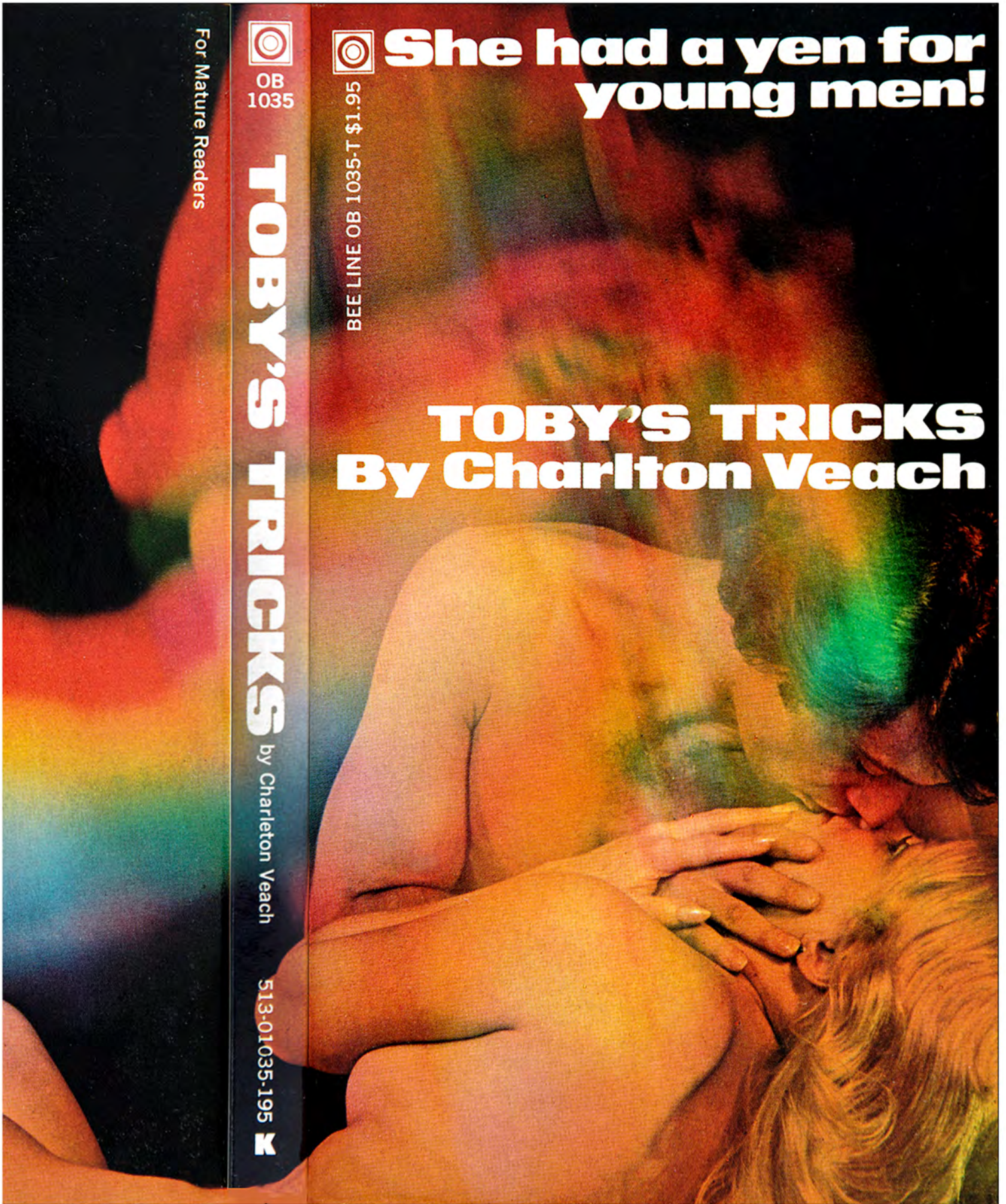
LISA WAS STILL IN HER TEENS WHEN SHE BECAME THE MOST SOUGHT-AFTER NUDE MODEL IN PROVINCETOWN, A VACATION RESORT NOTED FOR ITS LIBERATED SEXUAL ATTITUDES. EVEN HER OWN FATHER COULDN'T RESIST THE LURE OF HER RIPE, YOUNG BODY!

OB 999R

BEE LINE OB999R \$2.25

THE MODEL  
by Jonathan Quist 513-00999-225





**She had a yen for young men!**



BEE LINE OB 1035-T \$1.95



OB 1035

**TOBY'S TRICKS**

by Charlton Veach

513-01035-195



For Mature Readers

# BJ IN ROOM 9!

Lisa and Toni have the whole place wired for sight and sound. So they can just sit back in their room and watch the whole show—the incest, the group balling—and let it excite them to a lather of Lesbo passion!

OB  
1070

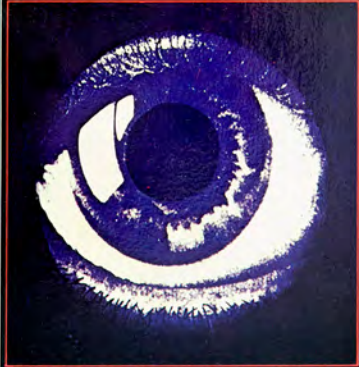
**VOYEUR'S HOTEL**

by Lisa and Toni 513-01070-225

For Mature Readers  
BEE LINE OB1070R \$2.25

HIDDEN CAMERAS FOCUS ON THE  
HOT SEX SCENES IN EVERY ROOM OF THIS  
NEVADA SHACK-UP SPOT!

# VOYEUR'S HOTEL



BY LISA AND TONI

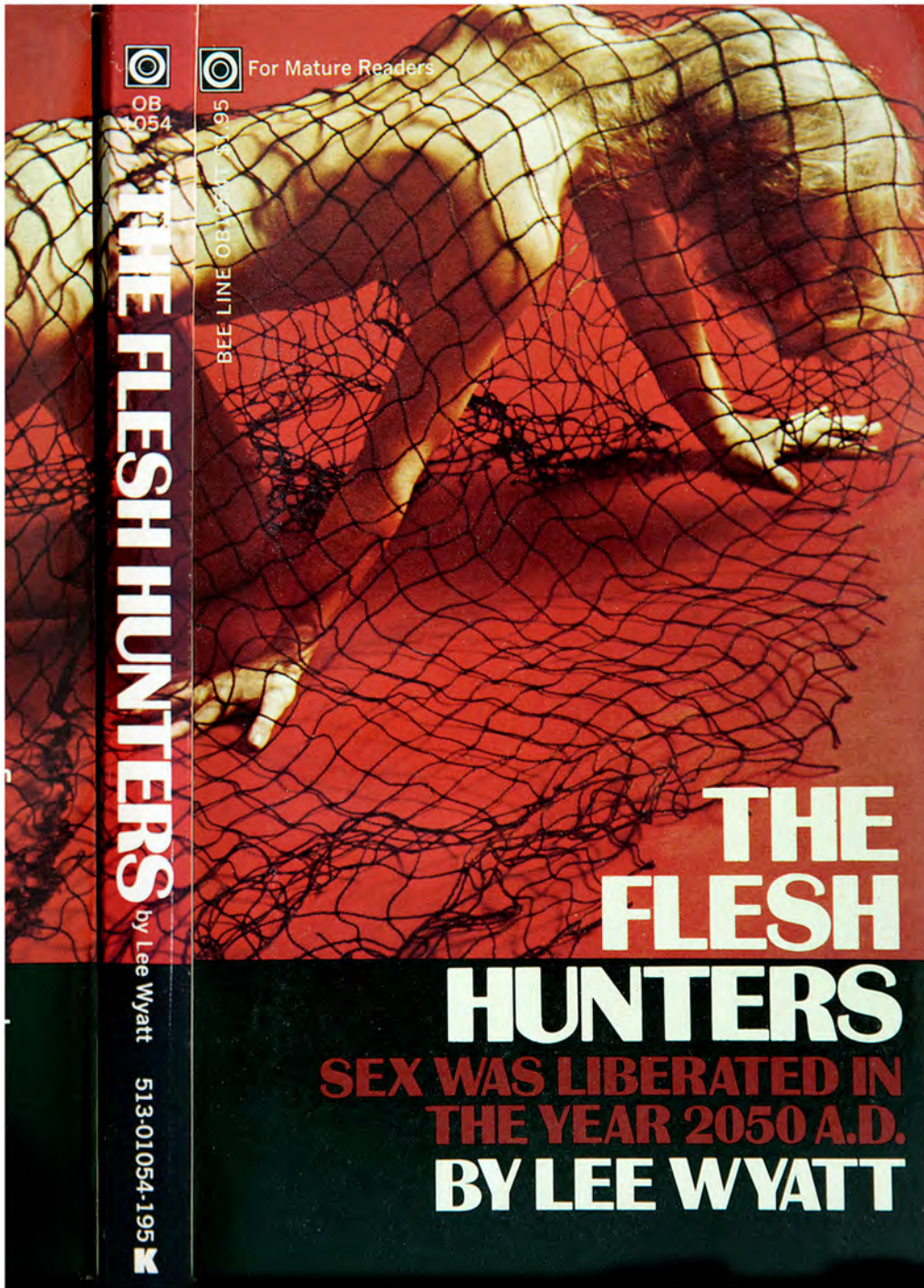


Janis and her lover had just finished mating when a band of Scavengers came across them. Although sex was open and liberated, there were

# Wedding Feast

still groups of mal-adjusted men who roamed the earth searching for young, juicy women to steal and hold as sex slaves.





Xaviera Reveals Why She Wrote "The Happy Hooker"

# SHOW

the  
magazine  
of films  
and the  
arts

May  
1972  
75 cents  
Great Britain  
25 pence

"All in the  
Family's"  
Jean Stapleton

Tennessee  
Williams Says,  
"I Want to  
Work With the  
Young and  
on the  
Experimental"

Robin Moore:  
From  
"The French  
Connection"  
to "The Happy  
Hooker"

Xaviera Hollander

# Xaviera Hollander: From Call Girl to Madam to Best Selling Novelist

by A. & R. Simmons



"The brothel is a dying institution at present," says Xaviera Hollander standing behind the bar in her penthouse apartment, "because there is a Madam gap."

Photography: Menny

lunch and then to bed afterwards and then paid me (much to my surprise) \$150.00 for it all. I love sex, I love men and suddenly I realized to perform an act of sex and get paid for it was an even better combination."

Once again the phone rang. Xaviera settled back in her chair and reached for a container of orange juice. The caller was Roger Straus Jr. of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, one of the publishing fields' elite houses.

"The *Happy Hooker* trend? Well, I think it's all part of a temporary mania. Call it a reaction to the new permissiveness. I think it's part of a passing trend. It has more or less come in three phases. The first phase saw the barriers tumble and everything went. That French house and Grove Press broke through with hard core product and it sold. The second phase has settled in what you might say was boredom with the excess. The third phase (today's market) offers sex books that are written by doctors and educators and more light-hearted efforts like *The Sensuous Woman* and *The Happy Hooker*—not so hard core feeling ashamed. They're selling alright! I see a change coming though. We can feel it. The publishing fraternity, the bookstore are somewhat embarrassed by it all. They actually want literature again and are starving to list it more and more. They want more books they can display with pride."

After finishing her orange juice, Xaviera said, "Where am I going—well I may be deported by the time this is printed—but if you mean where am I going as a person—let me see. I have lectures planned on 'The Myth and Reality of Prostitution.' The bookings are set and I think I will enjoy them very much. I plan another book, of course, and secretary I've

"The title *The Happy Hooker* was not exactly my first choice. I would much rather have called it *Come And Go*," Xaviera Hollander.

As accurately as any author today, Robin Moore can be described as the master of trends—sometimes he is even ahead of them. In an unpopular Vietnam conflict he felt there was at least one best seller. He was right, and *The Green Berets* made his point. From the narcotics traffic, which had many a hair-raising factual thriller in it, he extracted *The French Connection*. In a stunning, young Dutch girl he found a remarkable reflection of the commercial side of today's freer sexual climate. Here was no hard-bitten madam left over from prohibition. Xaviera is a well educated well turned-out "swinger" who has made sex a part of her business career. Three whirlwind years as a prostitute found her ending on page one—badly entangled in a confrontation between New York City police and the vigorous investigating body—the Keapp Commission. Notoriety had destroyed her earning ability and deportation seemed imminent. Once in Europe she will be able to draw on the million-plus books that Dell Publishing Company has marketed. The police and the commission have already moved on to other matters.

Robin Moore saw that this was not another story of the "oldest profession" but the saga of an extraordinary girl with new boldness, new frankness and a stunning fate to boot. *The Happy Hooker*, their story is sex—311 shock-ridden pages of it. One group remains troubled by her acceptance as a best selling authoress. The more sober and conservative book publishers are faced with the cold hard fact that dismissing Xaviera

Hollander's success is simply not as easy as they would like it to be. When she moved Lyle Stuart moved Albert Ellis into a strong commercial position, eyebrows were raised. When Jacqueline Susann and her husband Irving blitzed the media with promotion built around a sales-crafted book, they were puzzled by the immense impact. In a second swing around, Lyle Stuart proved that *The Sensuous Woman* was a major trend-setter. The sheer number of dollars spent on these books changed the thinking of the buyers of the major book stores and department stores throughout the country. The older "establishment" publishers could do little after sex-oriented books with the signature of accredited doctors and psychologists. They did—and successfully. What of the economics of producing X number of fine novels and books to establish a new publisher's credibility and integrity? The days ahead are not going to be easy. Sex is sex—it sells—but for how long and in what form? Sensationalism and "trends" books are as suspect as a Howard Hughes epic and can produce more headaches than sales. How can publishers nurture young writing talent through the early years by publishing efforts that just break even in today's market?

The Robin Moore-Xaviera Hollander book (at \$1.50 in paperback) sold 100,000 copies in six days. One million were in print just a few weeks later. In a ten city tour Xaviera consistently stole the valuable promotional spotlight away from other authors with more traditional books to sell. Publishing's top sales aid—TV and radio time—was captured easily by Xaviera and the Dell Publishing promotion team. They came and they conquered—in one area after another! Xaviera visited the

SHOW editorial offices to supply her side of the inside story of how *The Happy Hooker* came to be written. Questioned about the triple credits on the book's cover, she smiled and launched into an unbridled discourse. "Robin Moore and I met," said Xaviera, "you might say in the telephone. I was calling a friend to tell him of my new business. You see, after working for two of New York's top madams, I bought my own business for several thousand dollars. I had to introduce my new location to everyone I had met. In calling one of them—Robin picked up the phone by accident. He soon realized what my business was. He came over to see me and became very intrigued by the whole subject. He thought it would make a book and so we went to work. Should I say he did some penetrating research into my establishment? It's my story transcribed on tape. Robin, once we started, gave me great freedom; he was, shall we say, the conductor of the story. Yvonne Dunbovy should get a great deal of credit for editing and adding a very professional journalistic touch to the finished manuscript. It's easy to read—not long lengthy "literature" language.

"It's not what I would call hard core pornography. A journalist told me on a TV show, however, that as long as I say it's a dirty book or a filthy book—people will buy it—because such is the mind of the people!" The phone rang. It was Lyle Stuart—*The Happy Hooker*! I was talked in at the very beginning on that book. I don't think it's known but our firm was approached to publish the bare cover version. What Putnam and Dell were both trying to decide was what course to pursue. I decided it was too much of a gamble in that form. At

you know we were the first to break through with Albert Ellis' early works and I don't have to tell you about *The Sensuous Woman*. Though I said no to publishing *The Happy Hooker* in "chick"—I'll say it will do well over a million in paperback. The last shots are being heard in the totally frank hardcore sex field. What's ahead? I think we're in for a return to good old healthy muckraking. I'll be coming out with *The Washington Boycott*, a dynamic book (thoroughly documented)—tracing a Washington lobbyist's dealings with the senators and congressmen that name every name and backs it up. As far as Xaviera's *Happy Hooker* book—I'll report—well over a million!"

While Stuart was talking, Xaviera's intense green eyes were gazing out of the editorial office window at the U.N. "It was only three years ago that I worked over in that area as a straight secretary," she said. "You know I speak seven languages—and I worked for the South African Consulate, the Dutch and the Belgian mission to the U.S. At that time I had no idea I would later turn to prostitution and become a madam. My whole life has been a series of turns in the road. I was born of a Dutch father and a French-German mother in Indonesia. I lived in South Africa for two and a half years and wound up here. All this began when a Dutch friend of mine took me out to

## "The way I write is maybe not to be compared with Dostoevsky or Nabokov."

always wanted to tell. I guess basically like to communicate with people? This book has taught me a lot about people—and I thought my business showed me everything. I was surprised that some of my customers called up (when they heard I was writing a book) and told me not to leave them out (without names of course). I had to add three incidents just to satisfy them after I had finished the manuscript. I wasn't surprised in the East Coast book shops when married women, walking through, would grab their husbands and read them past the spot where I was autographing copies. The books would sell and all that was missing was a spit in the eye! But I was surprised when so many groovy housewives in the West Coast would drive as much as an hour to see me and greet me with smiles. There's an entirely different attitude in California. Sometimes I would see the book displayed on the same shelf as *The Sensuous Woman*. Now that book was thought to open the eyes of a plain woman so she could learn to be sexy. My book tells a woman what her husband is doing! I read *The Sensuous*

Woman—I found it funny. And they funny when she talks on TV about stuffed cream and cherries in her navel. Xaviera chuckled and shifted in her chair when a secretary brought in a feature article from *The Sunday Times* entitled "Publishing: What has happened for the standards." Writer Henry Raymond noted in the issue: "In retrospect (the apostrophe) also provide some general criticism about the character and direction of a book industry, faced by pressure for broader margins of profits as one house after another goes public in mergers with a conglomerate and a state of foreign publishers for more economical paperback. Under such economic standards of excellence have increasingly pointed to the thousands of square columns on the *bestselling* of the 'swain's salutes'."

While we read Raymond's article, Xaviera was asked if the "Swain" had destroyed romance for her. "No, my honey! I was only in the business for three years. A hard core hooker really built her book several years after five or six years in the profession. There is nothing more pathetic than an aging prostitute—her looks go down and her price goes down. I do not just the *Happy Hooker*—come in the Lady (Dunbovy) but I think it's a million-dollar question in that she's right and has a take. I'm glad to be an authoress—now she's in the dying institution—there's a madam! In another form it was different—I would have loved to be a Madam. Prostitution is prostitution. In the French past and go to all the talk. I really think that whole epoch, there was much more commercial in it. May be I find in being a brothel that comes into my house. I found this some of the same pain to me as a prostitute—not now but then."

As the press sits at the Dell Publishing people say, show next to Xaviera and Dunbovy's previous report on how it was. *The Happy Hooker* had just been mentioned in her magazine. Xaviera eyes it up, she grins. "You see—the way to be is not to be compared with Dostoevsky or Nabokov—Right? She shrugged her shoulders and pointed to the figures."



At right, Xaviera talks on the telephone in her living-room. In general my business is not the kind of business where you handle men. They call me for my services. It's like an employment agency. Stretched out on her bed (below) Xaviera flips through her calendar.





1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 42

*Show | Tennessee Williams | 1972*

# The Revitalization of a Great Dramatist

by Craig Zadan

My need for success is different now," says Tennessee Williams in one of his rare moments of seriousness. "It's really more of a case of acceptance than success. I don't even think anything I do is a masterpiece anymore. You either get by with it or you don't."

Being briefly at the Plaza Hotel's Green Tulip, the man responsible for bringing American theatrical writing into its own champs on asparagus-fleshed-in-hollandaise sauce. At age 61, Tennessee Williams looks very fit. It has been a long career of triumph and heartbreak. A lifetime of creativity that has left such characters in American drama as Blanche DuBois, Stanley Kowalski, Buck and Maggie and Alma Winemiller. A long line of trophies accompanied critical praise and public adoration: Drama Critics Awards for *The Glass Menagerie*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, and *Night of the Iguana*, as well as the 1947 Pulitzer Prize for *Streetcar* and the 1954 Pulitzer Prize for *Cat*. But with the glory, there followed a period of psychological traumas, pills, liquor and near-death. Today, however, that is all left to history for Tennessee Williams has started anew.

"I must write. I need to be active again," he states in his deep Southern drawl. "The writing I did in the

Sixties is not as bad as people say. I think that *Bar in a Tokyo Hotel* failed because the reviewers were intolerant. But during the Sixties my writing changed a great deal. I began to work in a freer way."

This freer way finds Williams immersed in a new flock of professionals—new producers, director, lawyer, agent and most of all a new heavy writing schedule. Due April 2 at off-Broadway's Truck and Warehouse Theater a production of his new play, *Small Craft Warnings* (themselves titled *Confessionals*) was set to open. "It's about all these people gathered together in this southern California bar," he explains. "They reveal themselves in the course of the play. It really shows us what to guard against. And there are more important characters—every character in this play is of equal importance where in my other plays there were usually two or three major characters."

Prior to *Small Craft Warnings*'s opening in New York, the opera version of Williams' *Summer and Smoke* was due to premiere in March at the State Opera at Lincoln Center.

Currently in preparation for the

fall, Williams has planned to present his *Two Character Play* (successfully tried out in Chicago last year), a bizarre full-length play about a brother-sister relationship which Williams feels may be his "most beautiful play since *Streetcar*. Then I'm going to produce *Milktrain* to total comedy—I just don't want it heavy and I think it could be a fine comedy. But I'm also developing other plays. I'm planning one that will be way, way out on the famous whore of Babylon and her insatiable appetite. Plus I'm going to write a play in the Japanese No-style which I'd love Tom O'Horgan to direct. O'Horgan incidentally is also talking about doing *Rose Tattoo* as a musical, so you see I've not only returned to full-time writing but I'm looking to a more presentational approach.

"I always want to hold the audience every minute and you can only hold them by entertaining them. You can hold them with serious material too, if you do it in an interesting fashion."

"In my plays I guess I have included every kind of sexuality but bestiality," Williams laughs raucously. "But that's because I like animals too much."

His sense of humor is uncanny. He loves to tease, laugh and joke. "You must not take me seriously always," he warns.



Photo: Elizabeth M. Williams

## "I identify with every character I write—that is my gift."

"Would I like to conduct an interview?" he hoots. "I'd like to interview Rex Reed. I think that Rex is a real gossip. He stalked me like a bloodhound to get that interview with me for *Esquire*. But I don't mind Rex because he's a very funny man and he's amusing. And there were certain inaccuracies in his article. In it he said I had pinched the ass of a black waiter and I tell you I've never committed a familiarity like that. I've got too much respect for the blacks. He also claimed that I told him I had breast cancer when in fact I had a slight swelling of the mammary gland." He beats a swift fist into his chest. "No cancer there."

Williams orders a cup of tea with a touch of rum. "Theater now is becoming very presentational. In England the theater is an actor's medium, here it's mostly a playwright's. But presentational theater can be great if it's done by someone like Tom O'Horgan. I thought *Jesus Christ Superstar* was great high camp. I particularly liked *Lenny*. I also recently saw *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. I loved the entertainers but I didn't think the book was very interesting. *Sixty* was a good tour de force for an actor, but I think it would crumble to the ground like a wet paper lantern without Keith Baxter. He's a brilliant actor. The playwright, Tony Shaffer, is very skillful—but skillful is not my highest praise."

"You know the relationship in the theater between the director and the playwright is more difficult than a marriage relationship. You have to walk a tightrope all the time not to offend a director and still retain the truth of the play."

"If you want to know one of my great dislikes it's women directors. They're the bane of my existence. I really love women. They are my favorite people. But a woman director—watch out. For some reason a man can command a play. I didn't consider Margaret Webster a good director. She directed my first play. We flew her down to Mississippi for three days so that she would know what the South was like."

"I had a wonderful relationship with Kazan. There are gentlemen in the theater as well as ladies and Kazan was a gentleman. He changed the last act of *Cat* and because of that it was more successful than *Streetcar*. He helped make it a success."

Williams stops. He arches his eye-

brows and smiles. "Innovation? Yes, I've brought innovation to the theater. I think I gave it more freedom of subject matter, freedom of presentational style. My old agent Audrey Wood once told me, 'Well, you've opened the door for a lot of playwrights.' And I said, 'Dear, I don't want to be a door jamb.'" He laughs hysterically.

"It's really sad. Most writers are struggling and I think there's not much interest in writing here now. People can't learn to write in school. I took a creative writing course and it was totally nowhere. Everybody feels that there's so little time left and they don't want to embark upon long projects like writing well. It's a natural necessity for some people. At the age of 12 I wanted to be a writer. It was in my blood to write. I'm an Arnie you know. Arnie people need to do things that are energetic and writing demands a great deal of energy. There are certain writers who really clean up but aren't the best writers as a rule."

"I think Edna Ferber must have made millions and millions. But she was one of my least favorite writers because of an incident I had with her. The Theater Guild gave a party in the early Forties and some wild woman came over and grabbed me and said, 'You must meet Edna Ferber,' and she literally dragged me across the room. She said, 'Miss Ferber, Miss Ferber, I want you to meet Tennessee Williams.' And Miss Ferber just looked up and said, 'The best I can manage is a mild sippee.' And I said, 'Honey, I can't manage that!'"

"Do you know what I've read recently? Mart Crowley's play, *The Boys in the Band*. I think it's a beautifully written and very, very funny play but I do think it's a rather false picture of our times. There are wonderful one liners—but I'm not mad about one liners. I like it better to give them the zip and then the zap. Neil Simon? I saw *Plaza Suite* and it gave me indigestion. I'm not really being fair, I'm being funny. But you can't really be both."

"Mart Crowley is very, very talented and I guess there are groups of homosexuals that live like that but I do think that homosexuals are the most sensitive people around. I am not a typical homosexual. I've got too great an interest in women for that and a writer should be able to identify with either sex. I can identify

completely with Blanche, Alma and even Stanley, although I did have a little trouble with some of the bitch types."

"You see, I identify with every character I write—that is my gift. Being pegged as a homosexual is absolutely irrelevant. I love people. I also think that these gay liberationist demonstrations are pathetic. When you see some drag queens going around in Cadillac convertibles blowing kisses, they make it worse. Unfortunately, homosexuals are trained by society to make a travesty of themselves. When you are tortured you feel a need for expression. About ten years ago there was a whole ruckus about the homosexual conspiracy in the theater. The simple fact of the matter is that homosexuals were driven to expression more than the so-called heterosexuals. I think that the cliché terms have to be reevaluated."

Williams orders another cup of tea. "There's a lot of nudity around today, isn't there? I like the nudity as long as it's good looking. I hate close-ups of genitals, of copulation. It's just not erotic. I think that Michael York and Angela Lansbury in bed in Harold Prince's movie *Something For Everyone* is one of the most erotic things I've ever seen."

Tennessee Williams has finished his lunch and is all set to go to a screening of the film *Cabaret*. Before he rises, a man comes gushing over for an autograph.

"Did you notice that films are more staged now? I still like live actors better though. I like to watch them. What's good about films is that nobody's afraid of anything any more. And we've got some great actresses, too. Miss Jane Fonda, Shirley MacLaine. Bette Davis is now a break-out—oh, well, I guess she's always been a break-out."

"Do you know what I would like to do soon?" he whispers. "I want to do a cameo role in a film. Can you see me now as an actor?" Loud laughter.

"Baby, we all get into things now. My brother Dakin. He's now in politics. He has a big campaign button that reads 'PEACE-DAKIN-LOVE.' He lets out a laugh so loud it quiets the room. "He just tickles me. He's truly one of the great eccentrics of our time." Tennessee Williams, the actor mugs and smiles. "I guess there's no other way. I think he'll have to end up in the White House."

SHOW 39





62 SHOW

## fashion show



### A Toast to a New Season

When it's springtime in New York, it's time to celebrate. And all that is needed for a party, be it a formal bash or a picnic in the park, is two fair ladies, a gallant gentleman and a

sterling brew. Saul Krieg, author of *The Spirit of Grand Cuisine*, a book on cooking with Grand Marnier published by MacMillan, knows the way to welcome the season. At left, he's off for an evening of dancing with Allison Atwood and Nancee Carpenter. A sparkling sophisticate, Allison (left) is dashing in a multi-colored plaid rayon crepe backless dress and stole. \$80.00 at Off Broadway in New York. A demure belle, Nancee (right) is winning in an imported nylon-sheer halter neck dress with a ruffled stole.

\$92.00 at J.W. Robinson in California. Above, the threesome reunite for a daytime spree and share a wee drop of Cherry Marnier. Allison tops a red, white and blue plaid cotton skirt (\$40.00) with a banion jersey pullover (\$10.00) and a liberation jacket (\$22.00). All at A&S in Brooklyn. Nancee sports a plaid seersucker vest (\$22.00) over a long-sleeved jersey turtle neck blouse (\$14.00) and matching wide leg trousers. All at She's Boutique in Long Island.

Photography: Menley

SHOW 63



64 SHOW

All Fashions by John Weston of 910 Broadway, New York

## fashion show

A Lens On The Modeling Industry By Justine

Every year hundreds of young people come to me to find out if they are qualified to model in New York. During the interviews, an aspiring model frequently turns out to be an aspiring actor. Can modeling lead to an acting career or support a model who wishes to act? I have often discussed these questions with actor/model Richard Roundtree, a friend who I met five years ago when he was just beginning to establish himself as a model. Today he is the star of MGM's film series *SHUFFLE*. I have watched his dual career take form and in the last two years seen him make the transition from a successful fashion model to a tremendous box office draw. On recent public appearance tours, one of the questions he is usually asked is, "How do I get started in modeling so that I can become an actor like you?" I decided to interview Richard in February while he was shooting the second film in the series.

Smiling broadly with his strong sensitive mouth and adding a touch of booming laughter, Richard greeted me and my writer Gail at the door of his cozily spacious West Side apartment. Shafts of fire reflected on the brick walls, thawing our frost from the snowstorm raging outside. His house guests and business associates received us warmly. Although he works long hours, friends are always welcome.

We were invited to join him in cheese, crackers and orange juice. From the vantage point of the kitchen a poster was clearly visible which read, "Jesus Christ: Wanted—for vagrancy... associates with common working people... the unemployed... alias Prince of Peace... wounds on hands afflicted by angry mob led by respectable citizens." Artists choose their art with care. Richard's own comment was "He was an outcast who preached love and people all too often don't want to hear about that."

He had obviously been turned on by our first question. There was little privacy anywhere in the house. It was off to the peace and quiet of his bedroom. To Richard his home is everything and in every inch of it he is completely relaxed.

Modeling was the key to an acting career for Richard more by chance than by design. After his first few

sparse months of jobs, he qualified for the Ebony Fashion Fair—a fashion extravaganza, focusing on fun and showmanship, rather than hard selling. It tours 79 cities in 90 days. The show changed Richard from a stage struck kid into a man with a meaningful goal. "The first time I went out on the runway I didn't know what to do with myself. All these chicks had gone before me. I was the first guy. I knew I couldn't do exactly what they were doing especially with my hands. My body felt so numb and heavy I was sure I had gained 50 pounds in those few minutes before



Richard Roundtree

I went on. Then I was out there. My eyes fell on one face in that huge room and she smiled at me. I could feel the vibrations. I picked out another face and extended whatever I was doing and the vibrations spread. By the time I reached L.A. I had mastered the whole technique and I knew I needed something more. I needed dialogue. Acting seemed the answer. One of the models in the show introduced me to Bill Cosby whose advice was to go back to New York and prepare myself.

"My acting career was born during this first successful experience of my modeling career. When I returned to New York I began to see modeling as a way of feeding my stomach and acting as a way of feeding my soul. I started taking acting lessons between modeling jobs and joined the Negro Ensemble Company. Here I began to explore the meaning of my culture, my childhood and adult experiences as a member of a minority group. It was important to work with black actors, black writers and black di-

rectors like Robert Hooks, Denise Nicholas, Rosalind Cash and Michael Schultz. You have to establish your own identity before you can portray anyone else's."

Modeling opportunities are more limited for men than for women. Unable to sustain himself on live showings alone, he was forced into more print jobs. "I was immediately type cast in modeling as the 'All American Boy.' I was a natural at it and yet I resented not being allowed to express any of my real emotions before the camera. Perpetually smiling was too limiting and superficial to satisfy my inner needs."

"Wagner, the best men's fashion print agency in 1967. (See this column March Issue) when I began my modeling career, initially rejected me because we already have our black model. The next time I approached them, I had an important client ready to book me. People hiring claimed I was part of 11% of the population at that time—I said, well damn I'm going to do 11% of the work." And he did!

Having gone to college on a football scholarship, he was accustomed to press coverage. Modeling at first seemed to fill that gap. But the public attention modeling gave him, made him long for a meaningful message to convey. Therefore he continued to model only in order to pay his way while he studied acting. He had a tough transitional period when both careers began to demand his full attention, but finally he was able to make the difficult decision between following a comfortable well paid modeling career and going completely with the much more chance acting one.

Can modeling lead to an acting career? Richard's answer is that he did not make it as an actor because he started in modeling. Contacts are the key in both fields, but the contacts you make in modeling do not necessarily lead to people and jobs in the acting world. It takes your whole heart and life for at least two years to establish yourself in either field. And then there is a period in which you must work at both professions simultaneously. As Bill Cherry, Richard Roundtree's manager said, "Wanting to, wanting to, wanting to is not enough. You have to get your equipment together."

as told to Gail Greenbaum

SHOW 65



SHOW 49

## “All in the Family’s Success Proves That We’ve Been Underestimating the Sophistication of the TV Audience,” says Jean Stapleton.



By Richard Cuskelly

Shame on you, Archie. Shame, Shame, Shame is your name,” Edith Bunker (via Jean Stapleton), by some complicated plot twist, had become the judge in an *All in the Family* court trial in which Archie Bunker (Carroll O’Connor) was the defendant. Gloria and Mike (Sally Struthers and Rob Reiner) were the jury and Jack Weston was the plaintiff—an operator of a laundromat where Archie supposedly damaged a washing machine.

So like a lady whose notions of bad and good haven’t been developed beyond the “that’s a no-no” stage, an overgrown Shirley Temple to whom contempt of court is naughty, Edith ribbed one forefinger over the other and let out with her nursery school epithet.

Somehow—despite the fact that this was camera rehearsal day on the *Family* set which meant the show was stopped every minute or so for a new set-up, and despite that bit of business not being particularly hilarious—Jean Stapleton made it sound like the wittiest line in the show and had cast and crew laughing uproariously at her antics.

“You know, by this point I’ve real-

ly got a lot of empathy for Edith Bunker.” Miss Stapleton would tell me a few minutes later in her dressing room around the corner from the Bunker’s soundstage home at CBS Studios in West Hollywood.

“I know when she can get away with something stupid and when she can’t. My biggest problem is to keep a wary ear out for something the writers have come up with for Edith to say is just too dumb. Edith is not dumb. Like the kids say, she just marches to the beat of a different drummer from everyone around her.

“I’m excited by some of the ideas for future scripts I hear from upstairs. Each week we get to learn something a little new about the characters. I’m as interested as anyone else in finding out what’s going to happen next to the Bunkers. But it is my watch-out to make sure nobody distorts Edith out of proportion to what she is, to what she’s become through my playing of her.

“As actors we have tremendous freedom on this show. Every Wednesday we meet with the writers and read the script for the next week’s show. Each of us has a chance to complain about a line, add a bit of business or

suggest something new. The writers just can’t be possessive about their dialogue. I wouldn’t hesitate to say, ‘Edith wouldn’t talk that way,’ or ‘I don’t think that’s a funny line.’ I’ve been with Edith long enough now to know her pretty well.”

Jean Stapleton has been Edith Bunker for well over a year—*All in the Family* made its debut as a mid-season replacement in early 1971. “None of us ever thought it would be a hit,” she says. “I was prepared to go onto something else, to chalk it up as a good experience and find something in the theater or in movies after our 13 weeks were up. I couldn’t believe some of the scripts we were being given could ever make it past the censors. I thought it would be one of those shows that critics liked but audiences didn’t.”

Much to everybody’s surprise and to ABC’s chagrin since that network turned the show down as “too controversial,” giving CBS a chance to buy it and see it rise to the top of the ratings within a few months of its first airing.

“It was a rare case in which the critics followed the masses,” says Miss Stapleton. “It was only after the

SHOW 47

## Sophia Loren The Last of the Love Goddesses

NEW YORK, JULY, 1971. To get to the *Lady Liberty* film location and Sophia Loren, take the Westside Highway downtown to Canal Street, get off at Canal, head straight till you hit Franklin, turn left and then proceed two blocks. “You can’t miss it,” I was told, “it’s at 300 Greenwich Street, the only condemned building left standing on the block. Be there at 2 p.m., Sophia will see you there.”

At 1:45 P.M. we are still on the Westside Highway, crawling along bumper to bumper at a nifty ten miles per hour. Our progress is hampered largely by the New York City temperature: 90 degrees, with humidity and air pollution to match. A mournful string of overheated cars are piled up along both sides of the highway and while horns are honking and men, women and children are sweating and steaming, this hilarious air-conditioned disc jockey keeps purring over the car radio. “Is it hot enough for you folks?” With a speedy thrust of a finger, the joker is silenced, and miraculously the traffic in our lane starts to move.

At the entrance to 300 Greenwich Street a young eager policeman, clenching a black whistle between his teeth, is stopping and diverting all traffic. He raises and lowers his arms—up, down, up—like an over-sound toy soldier with a bad case of jungle fever. His blue regulation uniform is three damp shades darker under his arms and it’s stuck to his back like wet tissue. Yet he seems to be enjoying his role as traffic controller and chief sentinel of Sophia’s realm. After stating our destination and intentions, he gives us a wink and a half-baked grin, blows on his whistle, and with an exaggerated flourish of arms, allows us to pass.

Across the street from the only condemned building on the block, a group of truck drivers and construction workers—wearing T-shirts, cut-off Levis and army green fatigues, with red and navy kerchiefs tied apacahic-style around their foreheads—stand together in the shade throwing back their afternoon beers, keeping their eyes riveted on that fifth floor walkup where Sophia is reportedly taking a nap. Their sunburnt heads and tight Brooklyn bodies are getting all wiped-out inside just thinking about her. Imagine Sophia actually sleeping in that dump? One of the guys spotted her arriving for work this morning. He whistled between his teeth and called out to her, and she actually smiled and waved back to him. In turn the poor guy fell out of the cab of his truck. **SOPHIA LOREN!** *JeezUS!* Just the thought of her was enough to make them storm the building *en masse*.

*Lady Liberty* is Sophia’s 45th or 50th movie. She can’t remember the exact total. In the beginning, as Sofia Lazar-

26 SHOW





1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 46

*Show* | Eileen Heckart | 1972





1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 47

*Show* | Eileen Heckart | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 48

*Show | Lily Tomlin | 1972*

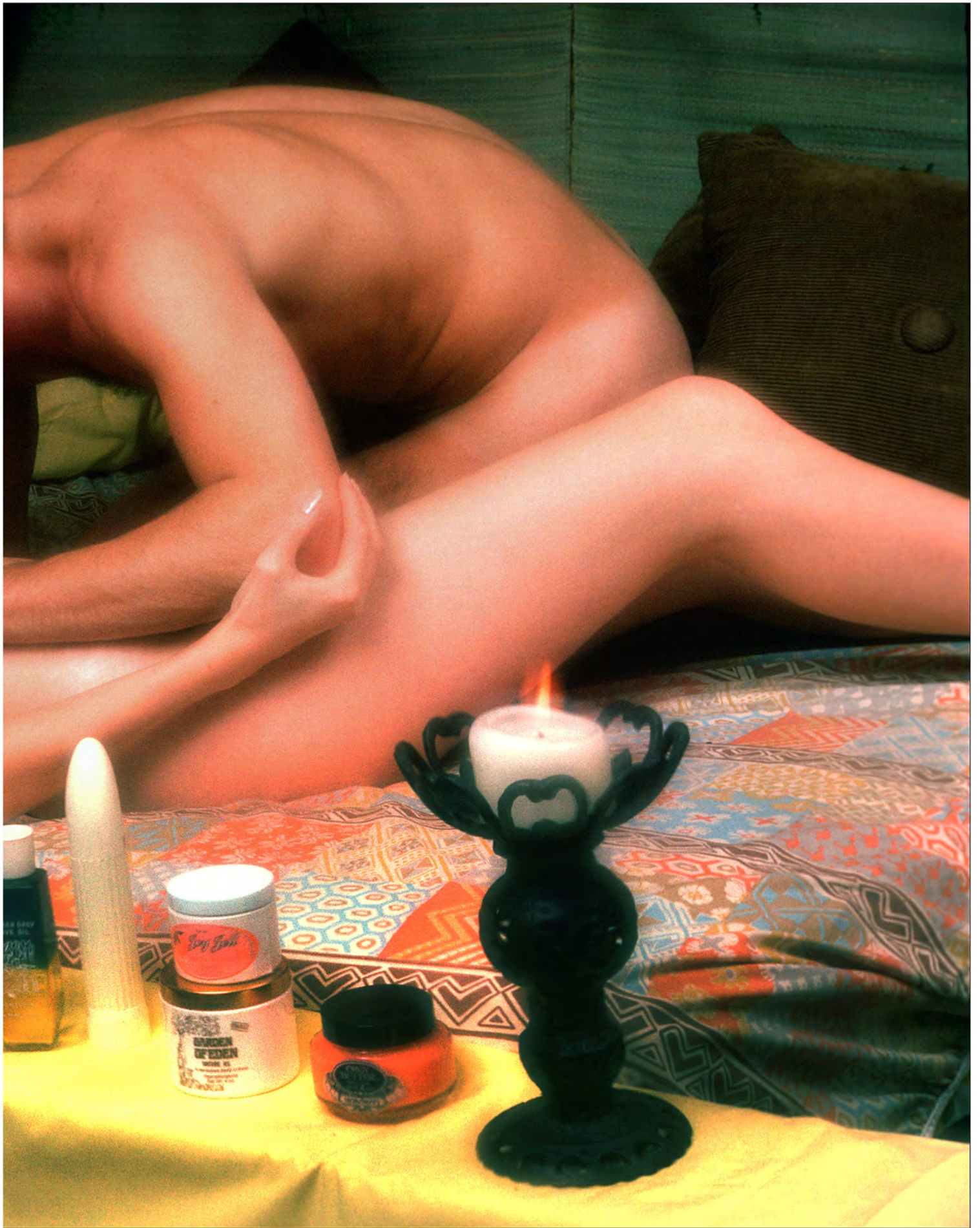


1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 49

*"Twilight Zone" | Ford Estate Wagon | Rod Serling | Show Magazine | Levittown, New York | 1968*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 50  
*Penthouse | Massage therapy | 1972*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 51

*Penthouse | Massage therapy | 1972*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 52

*Penthouse | Massage therapy | 1972*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 53

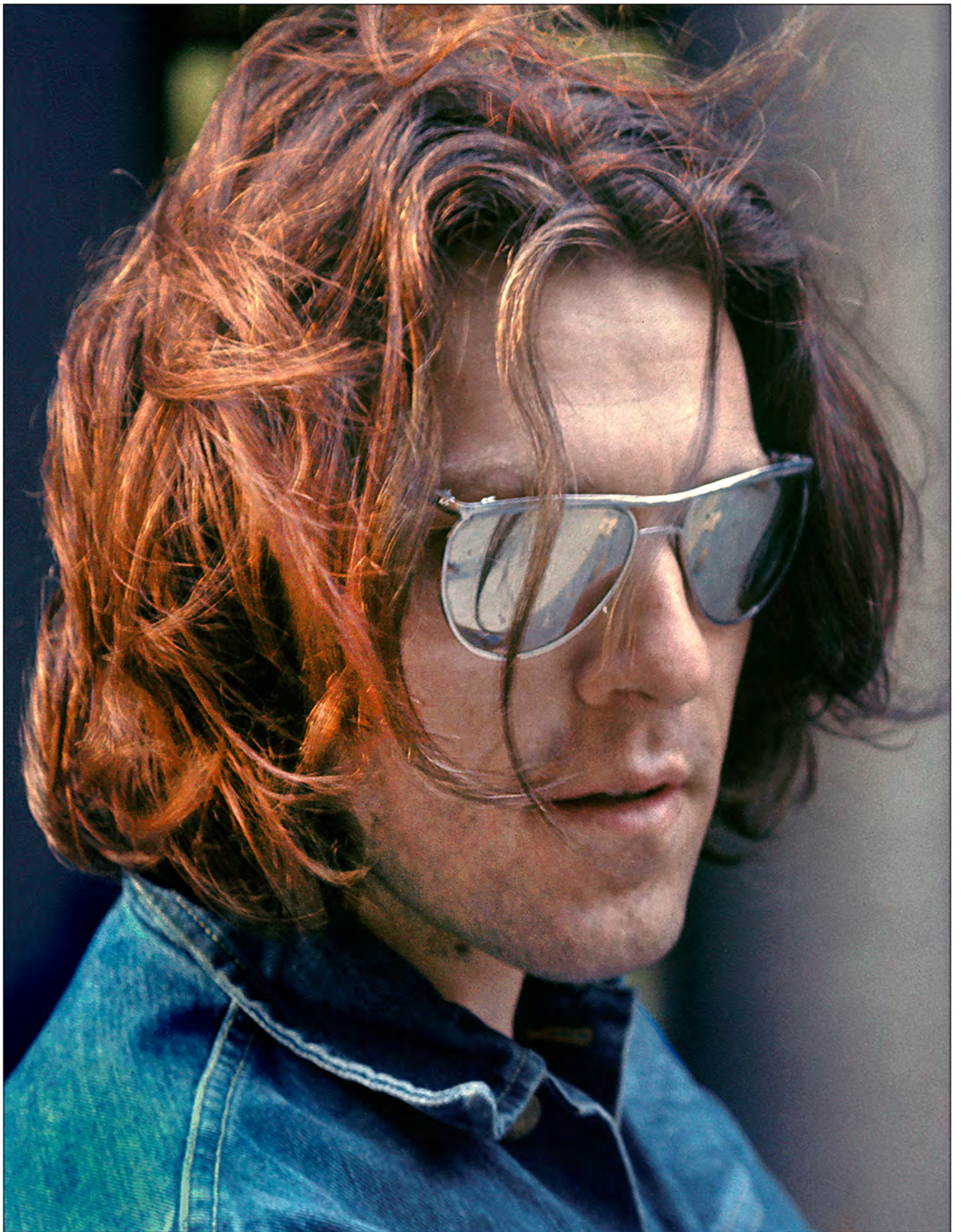
*Penthouse | Massage therapy | 1972*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 54

*Mona Banning* | 1976





1970S | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 55

*The Bardo's art director, Tom Ridinger, in a 1972 photo made during the Park Avenue shoot for Dodge Editions.*

## 1972 – Complications – Change of Heart

When Dona Plink called there were a lot of women in my life; it was complicated. When not on the road, I was testing an on-going parade of wannabe models.

Dona wanted me to teach her photography. I didn't know her well, although I photographed Dona's wedding half a decade earlier. Dona married my friend, Michael Plink (he was one of the Douglaston car gang—he drove his parents' red Avanti).



Their wedding ceremony was held at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.<sup>12</sup> The Gothic cathedral—which overlooked the Hudson River and the Jersey Palisades—lived up to its name.

Inside it was truly divine and made for some dramatic pictures. It was those images that drew Dona to me. This one was shot with the 21 mm Nikkor, using Panatomic-X film. The light effect was made with a Tiffen 2 mm cross-star filter. The job was delivered as sepia-tinted prints. This one was in all my early portfolios.

By this time, I had been out of touch with the whole Douglaston crowd for a couple of years. Dona's call came as a surprise. I said, sure, I'd love to teach you and I meant it. It was my first autumn at 73<sup>rd</sup> Street; I was settled into the swanky digs and had enough business to support my new, uptown way of life: walking my Afghan in Central Park, listening to Rachmaninoff, drinking Bombay gin and smoking blonde Lebanese hash.

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<sup>12</sup> Wikipedia: The cathedral is located at 1047 Amsterdam Avenue (between West 110th Street, also known as Cathedral Parkway, and 113th Street) in Manhattan's Morningside Heights. The cathedral's West Front entrance is in line with West 112th St. The New York Mount Sinai St. Luke's hospital and the campus of Columbia University are nearby.

Designed in 1888 and begun in 1892, the cathedral has undergone radical stylistic changes and interruption of construction by the two World Wars. Originally designed in the Byzantine Revival-Romanesque Revival styles, the plan was changed after 1909 to a Gothic Revival design. After a large fire destroyed part of the North Transept and the organ on December 18, 2001, the Cathedral was formally rededicated in November 2008 after the completion of extensive renovations to the Cathedral and its organ. It remains unfinished, with construction and restoration a continuing process. As a result, it is often nicknamed *St. John the Unfinished*.

Dona was gobsmacked by the studio; I was living a lifestyle almost unimaginable to a suburban housewife with two kids; it was a lifestyle she wanted.

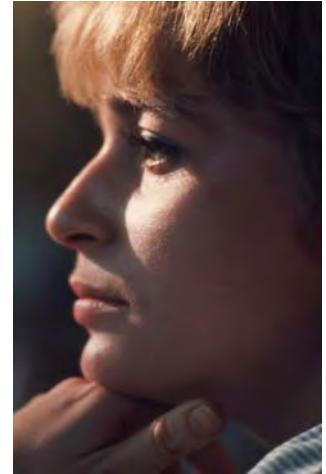
Dona had a creative side and the desire to express it.

She was dissatisfied with her husband's conventional, Greek-Orthodox-Catholic lifestyle; tired of living in middle-class suburbia.

She wanted more culture... and more sex.

I understood where she was coming from, having recently escaped myself from that mundane world.

Her husband, Mike, was a nice guy, but not very exciting. He worked in his father's butcher business, supplying restaurants (and his friends) with top quality New York steaks at wholesale prices.



Plink was good friends with John Blaha, who was a friend of Wiley Crockett; that's how I met him; but I never knew him very well and didn't feel remorse for making him a cuckold. The Douglaston crowd was sympathetic to Michael's plight and blackballed me; I never saw any of them ever again, with one exception (when I had dinner with Wiley and Barbara in Boston, in 2002).

At first, Dona and I took photo walks in Central Park, then came back to the studio and developed the pictures. I'm sure you can see where this is going, and you are right: the darkroom was a very seductive place, intimate quarters bathed in red light. It was impossible to avoid body contact, but Dona didn't seem to mind; while discreet, her body language spoke in tongues. That made me wonder.

The next weekend, I couldn't help noticing that Dona's bra-less outfit—low-rise cotton twill slacks with a silk-wool pullover—was more sensual. I was also dressed for the occasion, in terrycloth short-shorts and an oversized tee-shirt; I left off my underwear, just in case. It was clear to me what was going to—and did—happen; but I let Dona make all the advances and was willingly seduced.

After a frantic fuck on Ed Just's bunk bed (Ed was still crashing at my pad on weekday nights, but not for much longer as things turned out) we finished the prints started earlier. It was already late afternoon, but Dona needed to bring home evidence that made our get-togethers seem platonic.

It wasn't surprising that Michael got a bit suspicious after a few months, with Dona gone every Saturday. By then it was too late for him. Dona found more and more faults in her marriage to Michael. I got sucked-in (hahaha) to her sob stories and offered her a place in my bed life, which she accepted. To everyone's disbelief (including mine) Dona left her kids with Michael and moved in with me. For her Greek Orthodox family and Catholic friends, that was sacrilege, Dona was a heretic.

Michael put up a noble fight for a while. He would park in front of the studio, stand under the windows, and yell out pleas to Dona, to come down and talk. Geez, was that embarrassing. My neighbors called the police; after the second time Michael gave up, more or less.

But the calls and letters never let up until Dona's aunt (and surrogate mother) got a lawyer for her. A separation was arranged; mine became Dona's forwarding address and suddenly, I was hitched again. Although she was taking a lot of shit from everyone who knew her, Dona was kind (and smart) enough not to mix me up in the complexities of her new life. The world frowns on mothers who abandon their kids; but Dona made it look easy, maybe too easy.



When her kids came to visit—which wasn't very often (Michael had custody of them and, with cruel schadenfreude, got back at Dona by depriving her of visitations with her kids)—we had some great times together.

It was clear that the kids missed their mom. They cried when Michael picked them up, but Dona shed nary a tear. She managed the dichotomy of her life well.

Angela, Dona and Damien Plink in a studio shot taken for the World Book show.



My friends and colleagues took to Dona right away, and why not?

Dona (right), wearing my stereo headphones, was a social magnet; she loved to schmooze and took a real interest in people. Empathy could have been Dona's middle name.

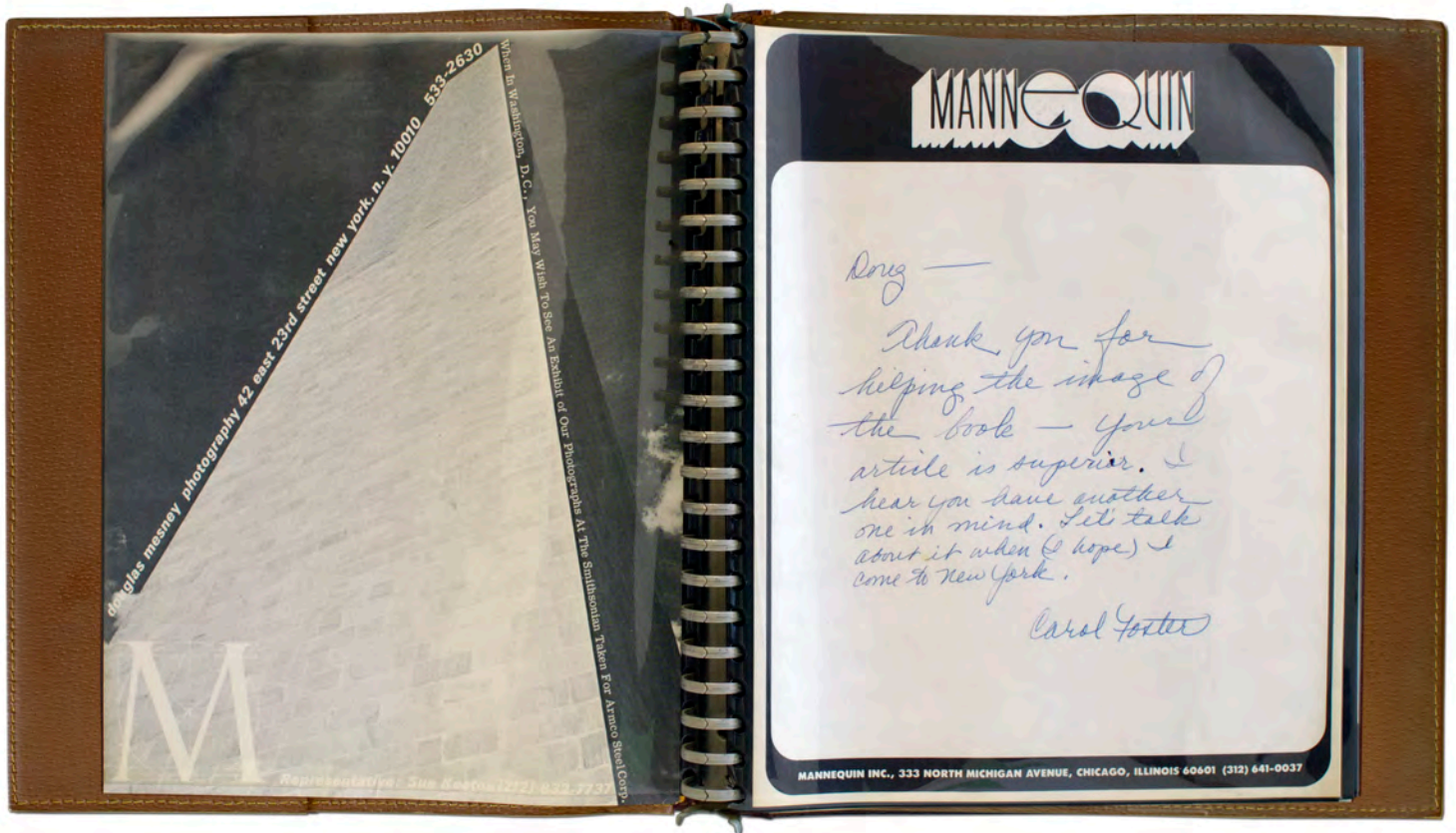
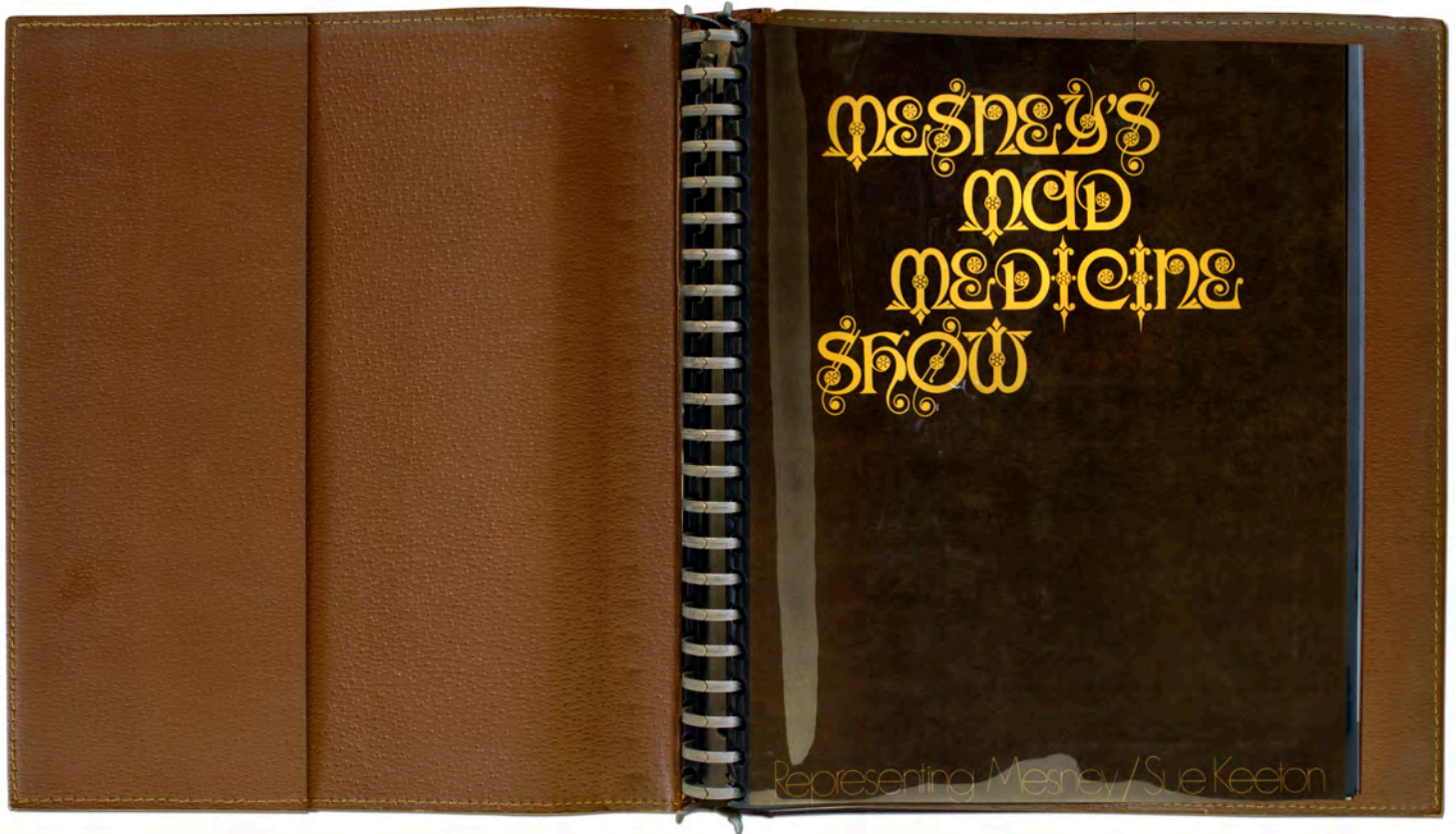
(In later years, she went on to altruistically fund and run a rescue center for injured raptors [e.g., hawks falcons, owls and eagles.]

Dona quickly adapted to studio life. Her interest in photography blossomed and she mastered the art of darkroom printing (she had a good teacher).

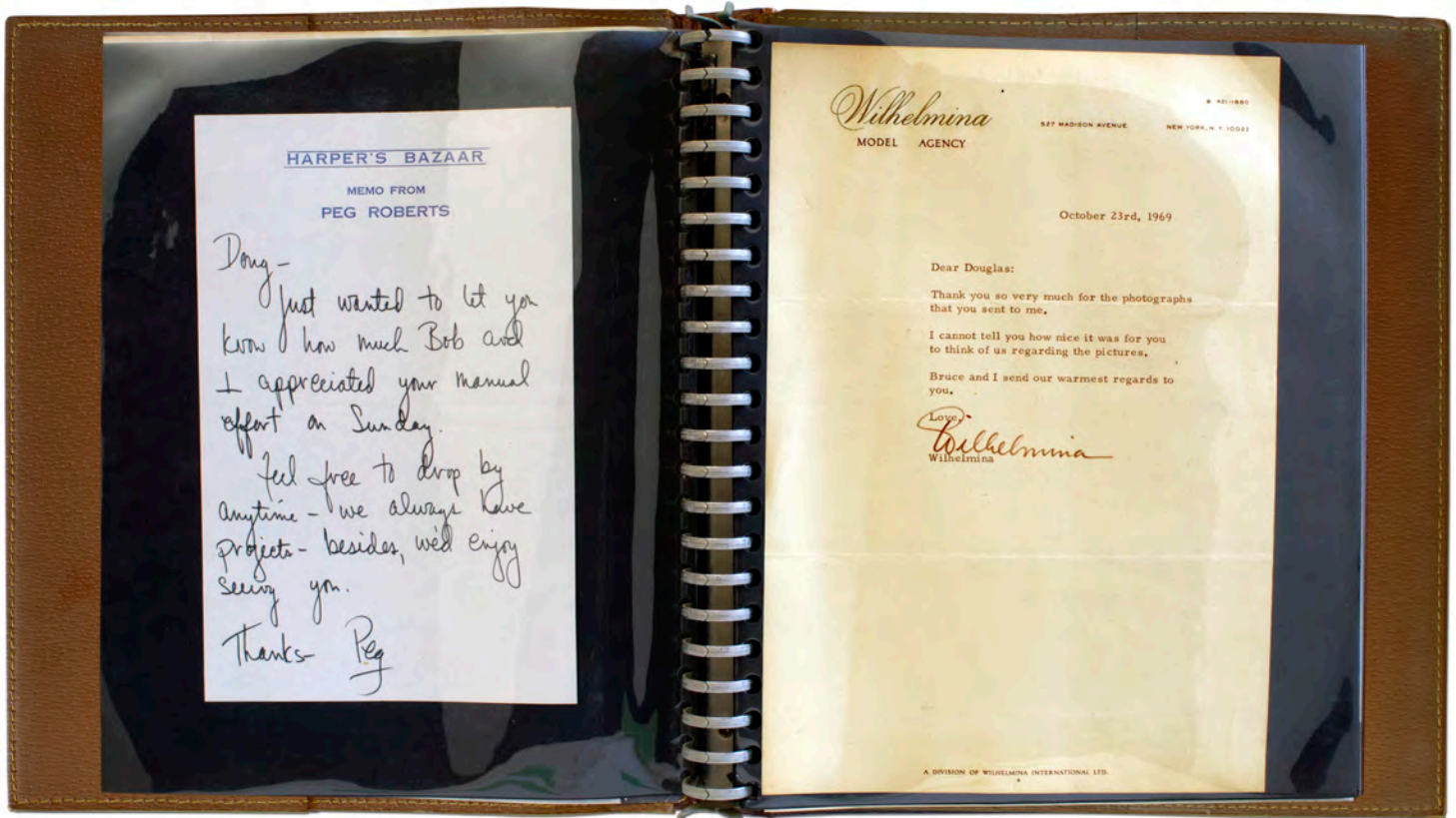
In no time at all, I was letting her print my pictures; she loved doing it; I was happy to let that work go.

My life was moving towards AV.

**1972 | Mesney Brag Book | Plates N<sup>os</sup> 1-14**



1972 | MESNEY BRAG BOOK | PLATE N° 1  
Fan mail from clients and colleagues.



**HARPER'S BAZAAR**

MEMO FROM  
PEG ROBERTS

Doug -  
Just wanted to let you know how much Bob and I appreciated your manual effort on Sunday.  
Feel free to drop by anytime - we always have projects - besides, we'd enjoy seeing you.  
Thanks - Peg

*Wilhelmina*  
MODEL AGENCY

827 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

October 23rd, 1969

Dear Douglas:

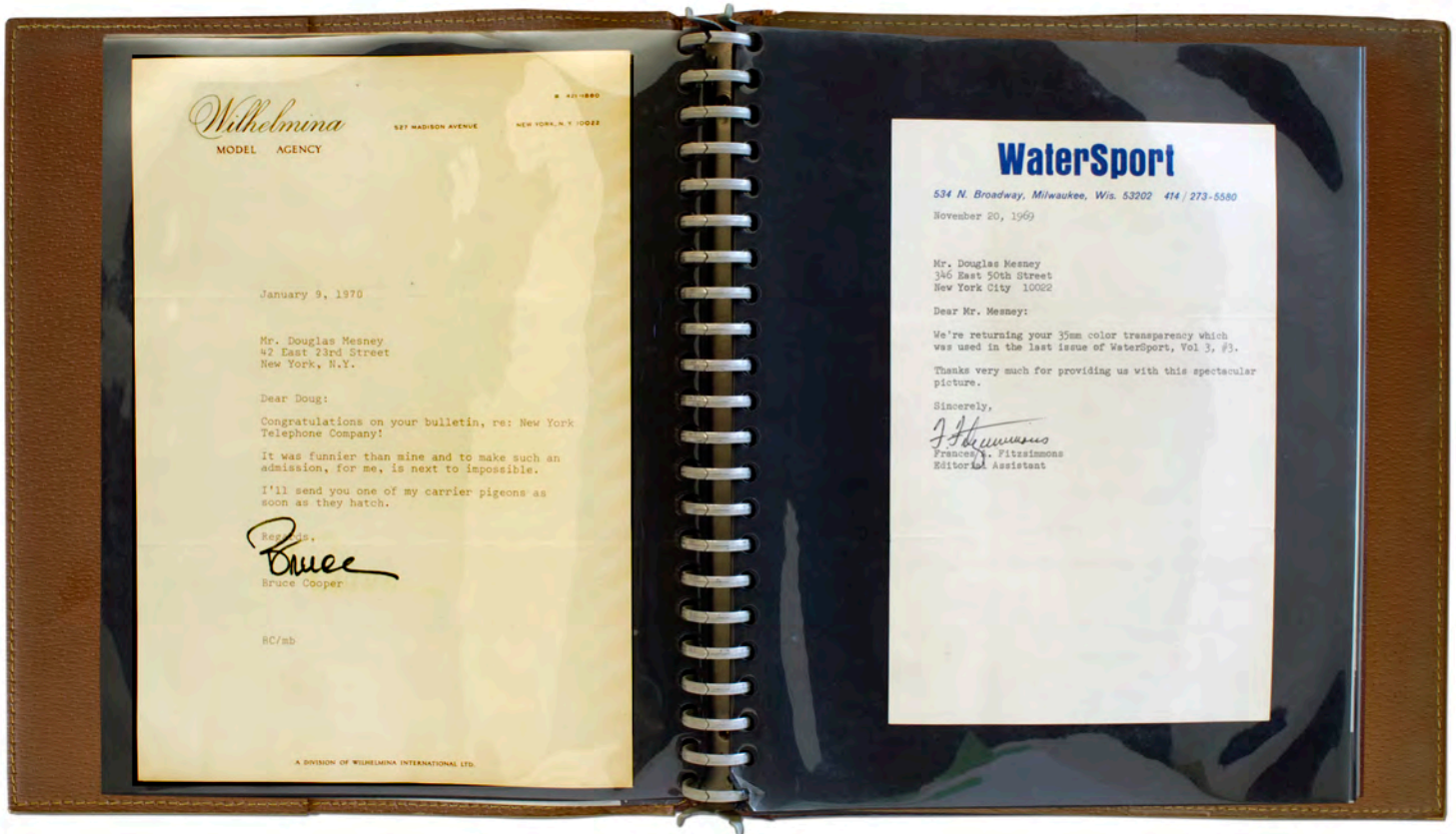
Thank you so very much for the photographs that you sent to me.

I cannot tell you how nice it was for you to think of us regarding the pictures.

Bruce and I send our warmest regards to you.

Love,  
*Wilhelmina*  
Wilhelmina

A DIVISION OF WILHELMINA INTERNATIONAL LTD.



*Wilhelmina*  
MODEL AGENCY

827 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

January 9, 1970

Mr. Douglas Mesney  
42 East 23rd Street  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Doug:

Congratulations on your bulletin, re: New York Telephone Company!

It was funnier than mine and to make such an admission, for me, is next to impossible.

I'll send you one of my carrier pigeons as soon as they hatch.

Respectfully,  
*Bruce*  
Bruce Cooper

RC/mb

A DIVISION OF WILHELMINA INTERNATIONAL LTD.

**WaterSport**

534 N. Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis. 53202 414 / 273-5580

November 20, 1969

Mr. Douglas Mesney  
346 East 50th Street  
New York City 10022

Dear Mr. Mesney:

We're returning your 35mm color transparency which was used in the last issue of WaterSport, Vol 3, #3.

Thanks very much for providing us with this spectacular picture.

Sincerely,

*Francesca Fitzsimmons*  
Francesca Fitzsimmons  
Editorial Assistant

1972 | MESNEY BRAG BOOK | PLATE N° 2

Fan mail from clients and colleagues.

  
**Peterson** COLOR LABORATORY, INC.  
10 EAST 39TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016 • AREA CODE 212 OREGON 9 - 7360

Feb 26, 1978

Dear Douglas,

What a surprise! Your "Exposure" came in today's mail and I wish to thank you very much for the boost.

I hope the mailing proves to be a help to you and all best regards. Thank you again,

Respectfully  
Glen Peterson

From the desk of  
Willa Percival

Oct 2/1969

Exposure

Douglas Mesney  
346 E. 50th St.  
N.Y. N.Y. 10022

Dear Sir:

I would appreciate being put on your mailing list. Thank you very much.

Willa Percival  
Instructor  
Famous Photographers School  
Westport Conn.  
06880

Insford pr-promotion, inc. (div.)  
1001 Ave. of the Americas  
New York, N.Y. 10018  
Tel: 212/1001-2000

September 19, 1969

Mr. Douglas Mesney  
Photography  
346 East 50th Street  
New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Doug:

Received your first issue of "Exposure" today and was greatly disappointed to find that it's not another one of those "media" publications, as the title would indicate. However, I did read it, but I don't think many others will, for this reason: it's too technical and therefore dull. While your overall conception of it is good, you should write more subjective type material—more about your own experiences and what you've found to work best because essentially you're selling your services.

If you want to go into the publishing business, fine, but I think you'll find that once you've done a few issues like this you'll find it too time consuming to handle, and too costly.

One suggestion: Keep it to one page and improve the layout.

Sincerely,

  
Alan Kravath  
Account Executive

AK:and

insford pr-promotion, inc. (div.)  
1001 Ave. of the Americas  
New York, N.Y. 10018  
Tel: 212/1001-2000

Your newsletter  
is a damn fuckin'  
good idea -  
I liked it  
send me one or two of a series.

*Doing fine issues*  
*off*

# EXPOSURE

[PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THOSE CONCERNED WITH THE PUBLIC EYE]

Second In A Series

## HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR PHOTOGRAPHER

Getting the most out of your photographer is not necessarily a product of how hard you squeeze. Rather, it is similar in some respects to operating a computer -- assuming the program is correct, you must feed it the correct input to get a correct readout.

Photographers, as a rule, are not computers, but they too require certain definitive information if they are to accomplish what you need for a successful communications program. Basically, they need to know what you will require, and what they will have to work with.

### Know Beforehand What You Need

The photographs you will be purchasing must accomplish a certain number of initial goals for you. Do you know what they are? Realizing the full range of photographic goals well beforehand will help you define your requirements to your photographer. For example:

How will these photographs fit into the context of your overall promotion? Does your entire promotion have a set theme, or are new perspectives what you're after? Has your campaign a continuing visual viewpoint that the photographer must lend his abilities to? If not, do you need one? Could your photographer assist you in developing an effective one?

Who are your audiences and what are their tastes? What kind of photography do you think would create the best image for your product in their eyes? You want them to read your copy -- you also want your photographs to attract and hold their attention, leading them into your copy. Flipping through your target publications will provide you with many insights; it will show you what others are doing, for one; but as you flip through you will no doubt find yourself being "stopped" by certain visuals. What was it about them that stopped you -- is it that element that you need for your promotion? If so, flag them and show them to your photographer.

*The result*  
*do any photographs*  
*computer*  
*Doing that is BS*  
*get off it!*  
*not goals but*  
*purpose*  
*help to so*  
*of photography*  
*like me: BS*

**M**  
douglas mesney  
photography  
346 east 50th street  
new york, n.y. 10022  
(212) 758-6527

From: WILLIAM H. DEPPERMAN

August 20, 1969

Douglas Mesney

Here's how your pictures were used. They turned out well.

Best  
W. H. Depperman

H. A. E. Marketing Services Co.  
201 East 64th Street  
New York, N. Y. 10017  
697-5800



From: WILLIAM H. DEPPERMAN  
8/14/69  
Bob  
Thank you for suggesting  
Mesney. He's  
excellent.  
Bill

H. A. E. Marketing Services Co.  
201 East 64th Street  
New York, N. Y. 10017  
697-5800

Republicsteel

Republic Steel Corporation  
General Offices: Republic Building  
70 Box 1712  
Cleveland OH 44101

June 5, 1970

Mr. Douglas Mesney  
Douglas Mesney Photography  
42 East 23rd St.  
New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Mr. Mesney:

Please keep me on your PR list even though I have not had the chance to use your service lately.

I think your current letter on photographers' rates and rights is most helpful.

Hope the world is treating you well.

Sincerely,

R. E. Taylor, Director  
Agricultural Relations

RET:jmu

## WHO'S WHO

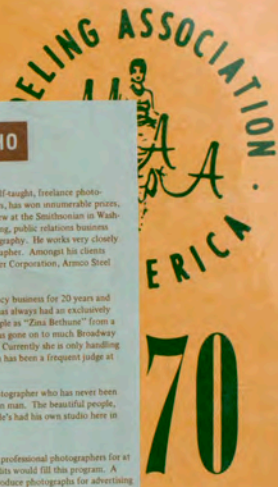
DOUGLAS MESNEY, a native New Yorker, is a self-taught, freelance photographer who has been shooting some 12 years, has won innumerable prizes, and now has an exhibition of his work on view at the Smithsonian in Washington. He spent seven years in the advertising, public relations business prior to devoting all of his energies to photography. He works very closely with Justice Limited as an associate photographer. Amongst his clients are Vidal Sassoon, Busting Magazine, Chrysler Corporation, Armo Shot Corp. and many others.

DOROTHY LOHMAN has been in the model agency business for 20 years and has headed her own operation for 16. She has always had an exclusively children's agency, and has handled such people as "Zina Bethune" from a show called The Nurses, Patty Duke—who has gone on to much Broadway and Hollywood fame, and other child stars. Currently she is only handling children for TV Commercials. Miss Lohman has been a frequent judge at MAA competitions.

FRANK SCAVULLO is a swinging successful photographer who has never been content to rest on his laurels as a top fashion man. The beautiful people, movie stars, etc. all go before his camera. He's had his own studio here in New York since 1948.

JOHN RAWLINGS has been in the top drawer of professional photographers for at least twenty-five years. His awards and credits would fill this program. A man of impeccable taste, he continues to produce photographs for advertising and editorial use of the highest standards.

WILHELMINA is no new-comer to the MAA Conventions. Members who attended the 1967 Convention are still talking about the wonderful program when she actually worked, as a model, in front of a camera—both alone, and with a make-up artist. It was at this time when she announced that she was starting her own agency. The rest is history. Not that Willie had not made modeling history before that, in New York and in Europe. She, for a period of five years, was the biggest money earner in the whole modeling field for each of those years. She, with her husband Bruce Cooper, are operating WILHELMINA, Inc. and make frequent trips to Europe and around the country in their never ending search for model talent.





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Second Vice-President  
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Caroline Skover  
Alyce Stoney  
Beverly Walters  
Artha Woods

April 16, 1970

Mr. Douglas Mesney  
% Justine  
42 E 23rd Street  
New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Doug:

A very quick note to thank you for your participation at the MAA Convention. Everyone thought the program was very good indeed -- and you are to be congratulated on the slide film. It is really excellent.

With best regards,

Sincerely,

*PLS*  
Peter Glenn

Gif



**think pretty:**  
Professional model-trainer Justine teaches you how. At right, Justine instructs beginning model on psychology of becoming one of a kind beauty. Custom-fit consultations are also offered. Price: \$35 per session. Contact Justine Model Consultants, 42 East 23rd Street, New York, N.Y.

Executive Secretary: PETER GLENN, 145 East 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. 212-688-7940

*Lenz*

Final America's "School of the Year"  
by National Association of America

Finishing School & Model Agency, Inc.

184.56 East Charleston Boulevard - Las Vegas Nevada 89104  
Telephone: 393-3248

April 20, 1970

Douglas Mesney  
% Justine  
42 East 23 rd. Street  
New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Mr. Mesney:

As Vice-President of MAA, may I extend my sincere thanks for your time in judging the Semi Professional Model Competition and in giving the Photographic Model Workshops to assist our aspiring models with your professional knowledge and experience.

We appreciate your interest in MAA and our mutual endeavors to improve the modeling profession.

We hope that you have a very successful year, and that we see you again at our 1971 Convention.

Sincerely,

*Bernie Lenz*

(Mrs.)Bernie Lenz  
Director, Lenz, Inc.  
Vice-President, MAA  
BL/lmp



Florida Casting Agency

GAYLE CARSON, Director  
333 Alcazar Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida 33134  
Phone HI 4-1340



CASTING FOR TV ☆ RADIO ☆ MOVIES ☆ FASHION & PHOTOGRAPHY ☆ CONVENTIONS ☆

May 29, 1970

Mr. Douglas Mesney  
c/o Justine  
42 East 23rd Street  
New York, New York

Dear Douglas!

As chairman of the convention of the Modeling Association of America, may I thank you for your participation in our program. I had written a note to Justine for all her help, but then I got to thinking of all the wonderful comments from the gals as to your point of view, and I wanted to thank you personally.

We are trying to upgrade the modeling profession nationally, as much as possible, and we can only do it with people like you and Justine.

Sincerely,

*Gayle Carson*  
Gayle Carson  
Director

1222 N.E. 143rd Street  
North Miami Beach  
7155-A Penrod Road  
Hollywood



May 2, 1970

Phone: Finishing Modeling  
7 North Maridian Street  
In The King Cole Building  
Indianapolis, Indiana 46204  
Phone: 638-1212 (Area 317)

A Certified Member Of The  
Internationally Famous  
John Robert Powers Schools

Mr. Douglas Mesney  
Douglas Mesney Photography  
42 East 23rd St.  
New York, New York 10010

Dear Doug:

Your participation in the 1970 MAA Convention made it an outstanding program, for you certainly represent your profession well.

Being involved with fashion through our John Robert Powers Modeling School, we appreciate meeting and working with other professionals in the fashion world.

This was our first Convention and we want to say thank you for making it such a success.

Sincerely,

*Ann Cullom*  
Mrs. H. Burr Cullom  
Executive Director

AC/mn

*Hope you get to Indianapolis for the 500! If you do, be sure to call us -*



AMONG NOTED POWERS GIRLS: Jacqueline Kennedy, Grace Kelly, Julie Harris, Betty Furness, Barbara Stanwyck, Rosalind Wiseman, Lucille Ball, Lauren Bacall, Carol Lyness, Jennifer Jones, Ava Gardner, Gene Tierney, Yvonne Snow, Angela Chase. AMONG NOTED POWERS SCHOOLS: New York, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., Ft. Lauderdale, Indianapolis, Boston, Atlanta, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles, Dallas, And Over 500 Other Cities. AMONG NOTED POWERS COURSES: Voice, Poise, Wertheim And Fashion, Make-Up And Hair-Down, Hair Styling, Figure Control, Business And Social Etiquette, Total Look 1 term.



*Tomorrow Belongs to Those Who Prepare for It*

*career college & finishing school  
222 East Park at Franklin  
Tampa, Florida 33602*

May 4, 1970

Mr. Douglas Mesney  
c/o Justice  
42 East 23rd Street  
New York, New York 10010

Dear Mr. Mesney:

Congratulations on the wonderful presentation you made for the MAA Convention at the Waldorf.

You did a superb job and we are all most grateful to you.

We all join in wishing you continued success.

My very best regards.

Sincerely,

PATRICIA STEVENS CAREER COLLEGE  
AND FINISHING SCHOOL

Blaine E. Gauss  
President

BEG:sm

October 15, 1970

Mr. Larry L. Wheeler  
1524 8th St. South  
Nampa, Idaho, 83651

Dear Mr. Wheeler,

Thank you for your kind words regarding the Summer issue of NIKON WORLD magazine.

We are pleased to know you are interested in obtaining one of Mr. Douglas Mesney's prints featured in the article "MAKE YOUR OWN COLORS".

Mr. Mesney's address is as follows:

Douglas Mesney Photography  
42 East 23rd Street  
New York, New York, 10010

Yours very truly,

NIKON WORLD

Barbara Arnold  
Circulation Director

ba/  
~~cc/D. Mesney~~ TO  
cc/C. Wolfman

Memo from

MELANIE BARRETT  
ASSISTANT TO WILHELMINA

Doug -  
It's true but how  
did you find out?!

Melanie

## RUDDER

67 WEST 44TH STREET · NEW YORK CITY · 10016 · 212/661-4000

October 27th

Hello, Doug...

Who's doing your processing? You're getting much better transparencies than I am!



No matter. Congratulate whoever did that excellent invitation, tell the nans to stop casing my office, and look for Binnie and me on the 30th.

I don't think we'll be able to stay very long, but we'll sure as hell be there.

And thanks!

*Click this picture*

# CA70

P.O. Box 10300  
Palo Alto, California 94303

Congratulations. Your entry has been selected by the CA-70 jury and will appear in the Annual to be released this November.

Number: 34-4923

Category: 1B-Cons. Mag. Adv. Campaign

Description:

Series of four pieces.

- threat
- breathe deep
- make the world go away
- earth ride

Motorcycle Industry Council

We will need the following for reproduction in the Annual:

One clean proof of each.

Cycle Magazine

Please list the appropriate credits and return this form to CA. Type will be set from this listing and accuracy is important.

Creative director \_\_\_\_\_

Art director \_\_\_\_\_

Writer \_\_\_\_\_

Photographer \_\_\_\_\_

Illustrator \_\_\_\_\_

Agency \_\_\_\_\_

Client \_\_\_\_\_

Please list the person we should contact for any further correspondence that may be required. All of the award certificates will be sent to this person for your distribution to the individual recipients.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Eleventh Annual Exhibition of the Communication Arts sponsored by Communication Arts Magazine.

COMMUNICATION ARTS  
P.O. Box 10300 - Palo Alto, California 94303

26  
Tom Halinger, Art Director, Doug Mesney  
Cycle Magazine, P.O. Box 10016  
New York, NY 10016

VIA AIR MAIL

## Watersport

The quarterly magazine of the Boat Owners Council of America  
534 North Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis. 53202 414 / 273-5580

March 17, 1971

Mr. Doug Mesney  
42 East 23rd Street  
New York, New York 10010

Hello Doug:

This is a fine batch of boating photographs. You use color better than anyone I've seen.

We're holding 14 photos: 5 originals and 9 duplicates. When we schedule the use of any of the duplicates, I assume the original will be available at that time. Correct?

The other 35 photographs are returned herein.

Best regards,

*Glenn Helgeland*  
Glenn Helgeland  
Managing Editor

GH/slp  
Enclosure: (35) photographs

LIFE ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020

Memo to *Douglas Mesney*

*Many thanks for letting me see these auto photos*

Ruth Lester  
CONTRIBUTIONS DEPARTMENT

BURSON-MARSTELLER

December 2, 1970

Mr. Doug Mesney  
42 East 23rd Street  
New York, New York 10010

Dear Doug:

Fill me in on your seminar idea. If it fits, we might be able to give it a workout here. The exposure would be great for you. And who knows? We might even learn something.

By the way, you'll be happy (or unhappy) to know that I now have an entire wall in my house devoted to the black and white work of one D.M.

Regards,

*Geoff Nightingale*  
Geoff Nightingale

GN:lg



UNION CARBIDE CORPORATION  
370 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

Doug —

Many, many thanks for the thoughtful and mysterious-like story of the three-master.

There are those who seem moved by the far-off whistle of a locomotive in the night, and wonder where it's going; I find those who sail upon the sea far more curious and questioning. Something like "This quiet sail is as a invisible wing To waft me from distraction."

My best wishes for a happy and peaceful New Year, Doug.

*Dennis*

Mortimer, Tiley (Pty) Ltd

MARKETING AND ADVERTISING

159 FLORISSIE STREET, JOHANNESBURG  
TELEGRAMS: TILES, TILTY, TILTY, JOHANNESBURG  
TELEPHONE: 25 5740  
P.O. BOX 886, JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA

Mr. D. Mesney,  
42 East 23rd Street,  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010,  
United States of America.

December 21, 1970.

Dear Doug,

Thank you for the transparencies you sent me. I can assure you they will be shown around South Africa.

Our first job should come through within a short period of time.

Kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

*Alan S. Tiley*  
ALAN S. TILEY  
DIRECTOR

AST/ba

BURSON-MARSTELLER

Doug —

Just a quick note to tell you what a terrific job you did on this photo. Pall made up this limited 3000-run first day cover left — your first "cover" of this type!

*MJ*





INTERNATIONAL FANMAIL AGENCY

July 14, 1972

Mr. Douglas T. Mesney  
Show Magazine  
42 East 23rd Street  
New York, New York 10010

Dear Doug,

Thank you so much for the photograph you sent of Tennessee Williams from Show Magazine. It is really a marvelous picture and I have it proudly displayed in the office (Tennessee thought it would look better on my desk than in his living room).

We both thank you.

With all best wishes,

Sincerely,

*Bill Barnes*  
Bill Barnes

BB:mr

3301 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10018 (212) 659-5800 CABLE: FANMAILSAGE NEW YORK  
LOS ANGELES LONDON PARIS ROME  
A DIVISION OF MARVIN JOSEPHSON ASSOCIATES, INC.

Dear Mr. Mesney  
The magazine and  
the picture you so kindly  
sent to us came on Tues.  
Jan. 2<sup>nd</sup>  
The picture is lovely and  
really is work of a  
professional.  
We hope you have a  
wonderful New Year  
and that we will see  
you this summer.  
Thank you for the  
magazine and picture.  
Sincerely,  
*Ann and Stanton Doyle*

*NOBARK, CONN.  
"HOUR" 4/30/71*

*Day  
I just thought you'd like to see this*  
*RT*

# CA70

P.O. Box 10300  
Palo Alto, California 94303

Congratulations. Your entry has been selected  
by the CA-70 jury and will appear in the  
Annual to be released this November.

Number: 34-4923  
Category: 1B-Cons. Mag. Adv.  
Campaign

Description:  
Series of four pieces.  
-threat  
-breathe deep  
-make the world go away  
-earth ride

Motorcycle Industry Council

We will need the following for  
reproduction in the Annual:  
One clean proof of each.

Cycle Magazine

Eleventh Annual Exhibition of the Communication Arts sponsored by Communication Arts Magazine.

Please list the appropriate credits and return this  
form to CA. Type will be set from this listing and  
accuracy is important.

Creative director \_\_\_\_\_  
Art director \_\_\_\_\_  
Writer \_\_\_\_\_  
Photographer \_\_\_\_\_  
Illustrator \_\_\_\_\_  
Agency \_\_\_\_\_  
Client \_\_\_\_\_

Please list the person we should contact for any further  
correspondence that may be required. All of the award  
certificates will be sent to this person for your  
distribution to the individual recipients.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone \_\_\_\_\_

LETTERS  
REVERSE  
AUGUST 14, 1971

Mr. Douglas Mesney  
42 East 23rd Street  
New York, New York, 10010

Dear Mr. Mesney,

I was pleased to receive your letter and yes I am interested in obtaining one of the prints published in the Summer 1970 issue of *Wagon World*. The price of \$75.00 is agreeable so if you will send me a bill for the price and the shipping, I will send you a check.

Since my first letter I have entered the Air Force and am stationed at the following address:

Larry L. Wheeler, 2 Lt, 519-54-5614  
3561 STURON, FPO Box 3462  
Webb AFB, Texas 79720

Thank you.

Sincerely,

*Larry L. Wheeler*  
Larry L. Wheeler



THE AMERICAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION

919 SEVENTEENTH STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C. 20036 (202) 438-3820

July 8, 1971

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MOXI-TV  
1611 W. Peachtree Street  
Atlanta, Ga. 30309

Gentlemen:

It is good news to learn that MOXI-TV has aired our "Secret of the Forest" announcement 7 times in June as a public service. We are pleased that you consider this production worthy of so much valuable time and wish to express our sincere appreciation. We hope that future public service announcements will be equally well received.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

William E. Towell  
Executive Vice President

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from the desk of

DON YENKO

TO DEAR DOUG-- 6/26/71

HERE'S A FEW STICK-ONS FOR YOUR MODEL CARS, EXTRA FANCY LUGGAGE, AND WHATEVER.

BROCK SAID THE PICTURES WERE WHAT YOU HAD HOPED FOR (WHICH MEANS TO ME THAT WE ALL LOOK ABSOLUTELY INSANE).

BY IS AT THE BRIDGE THIS WEEKEND. I KNOW HE WAS GOING TO TRY TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU. NEXT I DO HOPE HE TAKES THE RACE.

EYE. WAS FUN.

DONNA MAE.



THE AMERICAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION

919 SEVENTEENTH STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C. 20036 (202) 438-3820

June 8, 1971

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Kenneth B. Penney - Chief Executive  
James B. Craig - Secretary

Mr. Douglas Mesney  
Photography  
42 East 23rd Street  
New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Doug:

Glad to hear that "The Secret of the Forest" has reached TV stations across the nation. We will watch for it with keen interest. This is certain to be a popular spot announcement because everyone is against fire. I hope we can do another one sometime emphasizing the "use" aspect of the forest. Keep it in mind.

Best regards.

Sincerely,

William E. Towell  
Executive Vice President

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Ernest H. Lintford - Wyoming  
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Bernard L. Drell - Washington  
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Harold E. Wilson - District of Columbia  
Wilfred R. Woods - Washington  
Harry R. Woodward - Colorado

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Royal L. Barnum, District of Columbia  
Wm. W. Rasmussen, California  
J.E. Schroeder, Oregon  
James J. Denton, Massachusetts  
Russell E. Train, District of Columbia  
Henry J. Voss, California

cc: Mr. Connaughton

RICHARD H. BAXTER, Manager  
Messaging Communications

January 31, 1972

Dear Doug,

I have owed you a letter for a long, long time.

First of all, I am sorry that I could not make your party in December, but I was "on the road" at the time, and I do appreciate your invitation. Also, thank you for the beautiful photo of the Monarch (?) nymph.

My best wishes to you for 1972.

Sincerely,



Mr. D. Mesney  
42 East 23rd Street  
New York, N. Y. - 10010

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CYCLE  
You know where we hang out.  
Whatever date today is, Nov 1971?  
You know where you hang out, too.

Dear Douglas:

Howdy.

I like your 8th mailing; seems to me like Bob Brown touched all the bases. Did you ghost it for him?

Do you have a copy of our December issue? If not, I will enclose one or two copies, if we have any. If we don't, I'm not enclosing any copies.

We're getting some feedback on the December accessories article, which amuses me. I have found that if we suggest to our readers that something like the Honda Four Owners Club is a Good Thing, they will go out and join it in droves, but they won't write us any letters. However, the accessories article seems to be getting to some of them. Many liked it. The standard quota of bible-quotas from Oklahoma ("If God wanted women to have tits, He'd have given them tits") claimed to be horrified, which means that they dug it even more than the non-bible-quotas.

I was totally uninspired about the whole project from the very start, and I credit the success of the thing entirely to Cook's original idea of a skin-whet theme; your selection of a model and lensing; your model's brilliant use of the props (I will always be sad that Cook threw out the slings with the tailight and the pump); and Cheri's layout. Part 2 was never like that.

Have fun, enjoy life, and...we'll see y'all.

Yours truly,  
  
Frank Conner  
Feature Editor

use this sheet for elite type



READER'S DIGEST  
PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y. 10980

4 May 1972

Dear Mr. Mesney, Mad, Medicine or Show,  
Thanks very much for letting us have a look at your various talents.


It is a most ingenious way of putting together a show of your work.

I am returning them herewith.


Cordially yours,



Mesney's, Mad Medicine Show  
42 E. 23 Street  
New York, N. Y. 10010

 Bill Clark

Doug—  
Please forgive me for this belated return of your contacts set. Busy as hell here — up to my ass (balancing everybody else out of trouble).  
Clear delisted with your photo and the

 Bill Clark

poster — have your 250 packages here in my office. Will give it back to the printer and let him send it to you collect. Easiest way out for me because of the size of it!  
Let me know when you like the poster printing set. Thanks again for the copy shot and acquisition. Best regards — Bill

1972 | MESNEY BRAG BOOK | PLATE N° 11  
Fan mail from clients and colleagues.

**WaterSport** The quarterly magazine of the Boat Owners Council of America  
534 North Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis. 53202 414 / 273-5580  
April 1, 1971

Mr. Doug Mesney  
42 East 23rd Street  
New York, New York 10010

Hello Doug:

We're thinking of doing a gallery of your photographs in our late summer issue. The entire gallery would be built around some of the wild photos you sent in your last shipment plus whatever else you have that I haven't seen on that line. We'd use some far out type, some different colors that would match the filters you used in the photographs and try to make the layout be as ballsy as the photos are.

We need some more horizontal formats for centerspread candidates. What do you have? All photographs can have boats and people in them.

Tentative title is "The Mesney Mood".

Looking forward to a great batch of photos.

Best regards,

*Glenn Helgeland*  
Glenn Helgeland  
Managing Editor

GR/slp



THE AMERICAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION

817 SEVENTEENTH STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C. 20037 (202) 638-6200

May 10, 1971

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James B. Craig - Secretary

Mr. Douglas T. Mesney  
Photography  
42 East 23rd Street  
New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Doug:

I have edited the proposed letter to public service directors slightly and enclose it with my initials. Also I am sending you the 5 specimens of my signature in black ink as requested. We are pleased to know that "The Secret of the Forest" has gone into final production and the release will be as early as May 21. It is our understanding that there is to be no commercial message other than that contained in the end title and that the film and narration are essentially as I saw them here in Washington.

This is a fine public service announcement, one in which the American Forestry Association is proud to share sponsorship with St. Regis Paper Company. We hope that it is a success for all of us.

We do have a letterhead in black and white except for a small green emblem in the upper corner. I am sending you several copies, but if this is not satisfactory for reproduction, please let me know and I will send you the necessary quantity.

Sincerely,

*William E. Towell*  
William E. Towell  
Executive Vice President

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June 16, 1972

Mr. Douglas T. Mesney  
Mesney's Mad Medicine Show  
42 East 23rd Street  
New York, N.Y. 10010

Dear Doug:

It was good meeting you and learning more about your organization. We were very impressed with your proposed campaign "Look Out For Your World, Look Into It". As I indicated, at some future stage it could be an appropriate new dimension for the KAB program.

I do want to thank you for the beautiful photograph. It is one of the most interesting pieces of art work that I have seen and I have taken immediate steps to have it suitably framed. I am deeply grateful and hope that the future efforts of our two organizations will give me an opportunity to express my appreciation in a more tangible fashion.

With kindest personal regards,

Sincerely,  
*Alexander Taylor*

exp/o

MEMORANDUM

To: Douglas Mesney  
From: Alexander Taylor, Picture Editor 4/19/71  
Subject:

Dear Mr. Mesney:  
I don't know whether you know about this award - it's for your set "Sailing Ho!" which we published some time back. The twin with it is ours for our layout of your pictures, of which we're keeping the original.

Congratulations!

*A. Taylor*

MD PUBLICATIONS, INC.  
30 East 60 Street, New York, N.Y. 10022



**S.D. WARREN**  
A DIVISION OF SCOTT PAPER COMPANY

July 3, 1972

Mr. Lou Gross  
Vogue Offset Company, Inc.  
70 Westmoreland Avenue  
White Plains, New York

Dear Lou:

I've just opened one of the many round tubes that arrive in my office usually bearing printers' problems. What a pleasure it was to find a terrific printing job. That National Boat Show promotion was really a work of art that I'm sure you're proud of. To produce a job of that caliber the design and art work, and of course the paper, have to be perfectly matched.

Lou, would it be possible to obtain about 25 additional copies for our idea exchange?

Sincerely,

*Allan M. Craig*  
Allan M. Craig

AMC/smh  
CC/ Mr. Ed Levy, Lindenmeyr

S.D. WARREN COMPANY - A DIVISION OF SCOTT PAPER COMPANY - 1125 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS - NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10020

# SHOW

THE MAGAZINE OF FILMS  
AND THE ARTS

866 United Nations Plaza,  
New York, N. Y. 10017  
212 PL 2-6677

May 5, 1972

Mr. Douglas Mesney,  
42 East 23rd Street,  
New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Doug:

Thanks very much for the good job you have done for us.

Mr. Hartford has decided he would like us to vary our associations with art directors. However, he would like us to work with you on special projects and we can discuss this point shortly. Presently we have arranged for somebody else to do layouts of the magazine for an issue or two.

Cordially,

*Gerald Rothberg*  
Gerald Rothberg,  
Publisher

GR:eb



R. Thomas B. Peirce, Jr.  
Vice President

November 15, 1972

Mr. Douglas T. Mesney  
Mesney's Third Bardo  
23 East 73rd Street  
New York, New York 10021

Dear Doug:

Thank you for the note and the "Pixie". I, too, enjoyed Bermuda and appreciate your valiant efforts on the Sunfish. Hope to see you soon. Best personal regards.

Very truly yours,

*R. Thomas B. Peirce, Jr.*  
R. Thomas B. Peirce, Jr.

RTBJ:eps

PACEMAKER CORPORATION - EGG HARBOR CITY, NEW JERSEY 08215 • 609-965-3000 • AN COMPANY

## One-Design & Offshore YACHTSMAN

THE MAGAZINE OF RAILBOAT RACING



CHRIS CASWELL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR  
8078 BRIMHALL DR., LOS ALAMITOS, CA 90720  
PHONE: (714) 938-1922

February 16, 1972

Mr. Douglas Mesney  
Mesney's Mad Medicine Show  
42 East 23rd  
New York, N.Y. 10010

Dear Mr. Mesney:

At the recent boat show, a copy of your Exposure self-promotional piece came into my possession and I was rather intrigued with it.

I'd certainly appreciate it if you could put me on your mailing list for future pieces, and if you have any earlier copies remaining (I have the eighth), I'd like to see those.

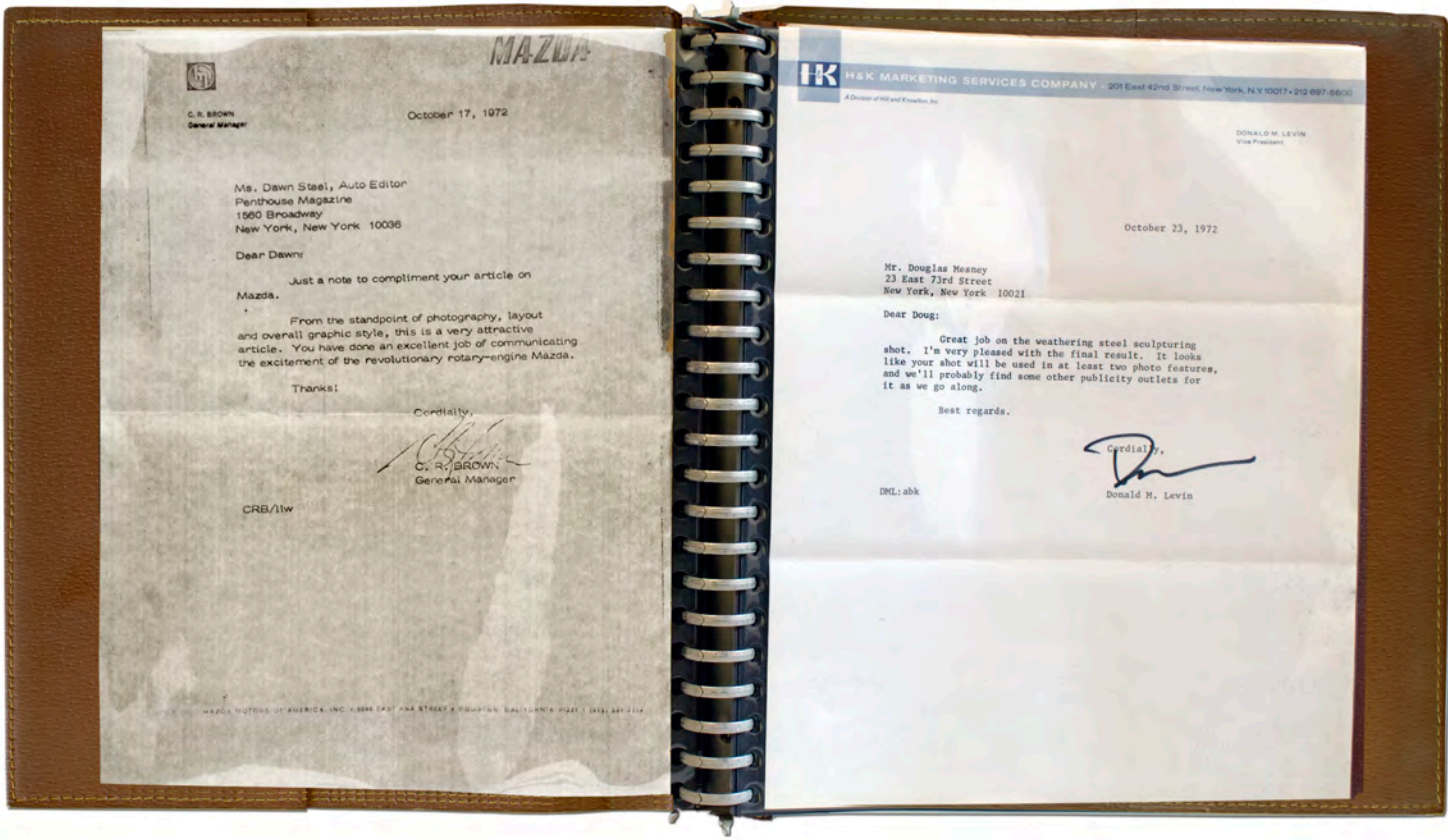
Cheers,

*Chris Caswell*

Chris Caswell  
Associate Editor

CJC:hap

1972 | MESNEY BRAG BOOK | PLATE N° 13  
Fan mail from clients and colleagues.



C. R. BROWN  
General Manager

October 17, 1972

Ms. Dawn Steel, Auto Editor  
Penthouse Magazine  
1560 Broadway  
New York, New York 10036

Dear Dawn:

Just a note to compliment your article on Mazda.

From the standpoint of photography, layout and overall graphic style, this is a very attractive article. You have done an excellent job of communicating the excitement of the revolutionary rotary-engine Mazda.

Thanks!

Cordially,

  
C. R. BROWN  
General Manager

CRB/lw

MAZDA MOTOR OF AMERICA, INC. - 3090 EAST 4TH STREET - TROY, CALIFORNIA 92464 - (916) 842-1114

HK

H&K MARKETING SERVICES COMPANY - 201 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 • 212 697-8600  
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DONALD M. LEVIN  
Vice President

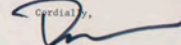
October 23, 1972

Mr. Douglas Mesney  
23 East 73rd Street  
New York, New York 10021

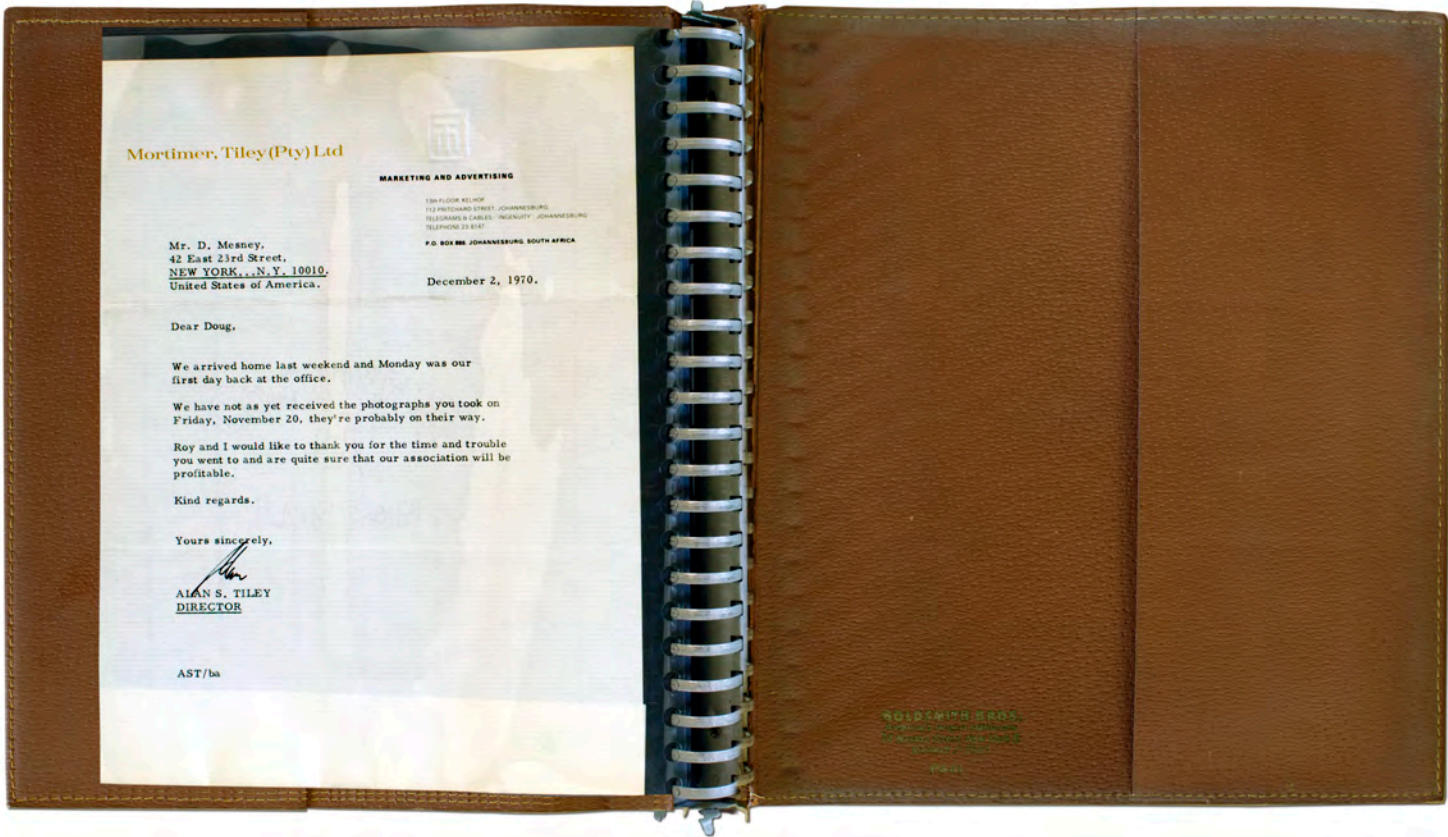
Dear Doug:

Great job on the weathering steel sculpturing shot. I'm very pleased with the final result. It looks like your shot will be used in at least two photo features, and we'll probably find some other publicity outlets for it as we go along.

Best regards,

Cordially,  
  
Donald M. Levin

DML:abk



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Mr. D. Mesney,  
42 East 23rd Street,  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010,  
United States of America.

December 2, 1970.

Dear Doug,

We arrived home last weekend and Monday was our first day back at the office.

We have not as yet received the photographs you took on Friday, November 20, they're probably on their way.

Roy and I would like to thank you for the time and trouble you went to and are quite sure that our association will be profitable.

Kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

  
ALAN S. TILEY  
DIRECTOR

AST/ba

MORTIMER TILEY  
15th Floor Welles  
112 PictHard Street  
Johannesburg  
Telephone 81 Carles  
Teletype - Johannesburg  
Telephone 23 8187  
P.O. Box 886  
Johannesburg  
South Africa

1972 | MESNEY BRAG BOOK | PLATE N° 14  
Fan mail from clients and colleagues.

## Part Two

### METAMORPHOSIS

Slide show era begins.



Pat Billings Shipps focuses Kodak Carousel projector at a Burger King show, 1976.



Fifty years ago, while I was growing up, North America was an industrial powerhouse. The booming post-war years offered a cornucopia of career opportunities; a person could select from many jobs.

As business expanded so did the need for business communications. More business meant more meetings and events. At those gatherings, presenters had just three kinds of visual support: flip charts (OK for small groups), strip-films (b-o-r-i-n-g) and 16mm motion pictures (expensive). The time was ripe for a new communications technology: slides.

The slide-show business took off in the early '70s and morphed into Multi-Image (multiple projectors and/or screens) by the middle of that decade, when the popularity of slide shows for business presentations exploded, peaking in the mid to late '80s.

By the early '90s, the multi-image business imploded and disappeared, victim of technological migration—the same force that started the whole thing. An entire industry came and went in just over two decades.

I was there for the whole ride, from beginning to end. I was in the right place at the right time to pioneer slide shows and become a legendary producer—the first installed into the Multi-Image Hall of Fame. Although I had dabbled in slides earlier, it was in 1973 that my multi-image metamorphosis was manifested.

Things happened fast: my payroll expanded from two people to two dozen before the decade was out.

[There is a roster of my employees in the Appendix.]

Any of those Incredible people can tell you, I ran the studio as a kindergarten; everyone was encouraged to experiment and do their thing. With all that R&D [research and development] my studio got ahead of the pack and stayed there, garnering 150+ awards along the way.

Being a perfectionist enabled my survival. There was always business for the best, even in the worst of times.

If you never saw a slide show, you never will. The machines to show them no longer exist. Even if they did, the slides would have faded, the audio tapes oxidized and demagnetized.

Fortunately, I still have some videotapes of shows I made after 1982; those were converted to digital media and they can be seen online at Vimeo.com or on my website. [See Addendum I – “Those Were the Days” or go to Vimeo and search for Mesney.]

Unfortunately, except for just two shows (*Bumbles and Xanadu*), videotapes of the shows built at the 73<sup>rd</sup> Street studio are gone—unless Fred Cannizzaro has them.

Fred was working in New York at a meetings and events company called Envision. I figured he would have the connections to get that specialized work done.

I sent them to him when the Vashon Island studio closed, in 2013, hoping that he could organize digital conversions.

I contacted Fred, to ask what happened with those tapes; but he never replied. Until he does, I can't say with any certainty whether anyone will ever see those shows again because I have to surmise that he threw them out. (!)

Boo hoo. Not my deal.

I have plenty of other stuff to show. Fred doesn't.

If he tossed them, he threw out his own legacy.

Go figure, eh?

## 1973 – Rapid Growth – AV Takes Root

*“Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery mediocrity can pay to greatness.”*

Oscar Wilde

The nation’s economy took a nosedive during and after the Arab Oil Embargo.

Per Wikipedia: “When Syrians & Egyptians invaded Israel on Yom Kippur in October, 1973, an embargo on Arabian oil triggered a massive recession; the downturn in the economy nearly killed our business. It was as if the ground had shaken and life would never be quite the same again. The slowdown wiped out corporate profits, forcing advertising budgets to be slashed; then magazines were going out of business, for want of advertising revenue.”<sup>13</sup>

It was the best of times and the worst of times. During the year, we lost 60% of our print customers. The Bardo was taking on water, sinking; but the holes got plugged by slide-show business.

As the year began, most of my money was still being made doing print work. The studio was still designing Bee Line books and Escapade magazine for Pat Reshen, and we had taken on Huntington Hartford’s Show magazine. On top of that contract work we had other “regulars” we had to keep happy, like Don O’Neill and Gene Butera, as well as other new business.



In January, George Ramos hired me to illustrate a fictitious tale about the Abominable Snowman.

<sup>13</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/1973\\_oil\\_crisis](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/1973_oil_crisis)

The tall tale, about the discovery of Sasquatch by snowmobiling explorer, Lord Edmond Richoff Primrose-Smith, as told to his wife, Lady Primrose-Smith, was a clever piece that followed in the footsteps of the Denbeigh stories published in Snowmobiling's sister magazine, Car and Driver (see *1970 – Trick Photography – Photo Illustration*).

As a stand-alone piece, it held up well and got a lot of praise. Which is probably why George borrowed the Abominable Snowman theme for a 12-page fashion feature for *Invitation to Snowmobiling* magazine. Ramos' cockamamie idea was to have a Sasquatch in the pictures, together with Laurel & Hardy.

All the scenes were put together as assemblies. I shot a young couple modeling the snowmobiling fashions against a black background; those were superimposed into stock photo scenes of Laurel & Hardy procured from the Bettmann Archive.

It was a load of work for a stupid piece; George didn't last long.

In February, Don O'Neill organized a publicity shot of Piper's new twin-turbo-prop Cheyenne, a pressurized version of the Navajo. The photo plane was given a special paint job with a blueprint motif that drew attention to the features of the aircraft.

The *Blueprint Cheyenne* was one of O'Neill's cleverest publicity ploys, I reckon.



The year before, a model named "Cheyenne" had appeared in Penthouse magazine. Don's next idea was to do a picture spread of the two Cheyennes, together.

To digress for a moment: Don O'Neill was mad about men's magazines; he read them all. When we went on long flights, he'd bring along a dozen of them. Don's passion for pussy pictures almost got us banned from Jordan, when we went there to pitch King Hussein.

Jordanian customs gave Don a stern lecture and let us pass—but they kept all the girlie magazines. Later, we noticed other Customs agents ogling Don's magazines and realized that the agents were passing them around. Ha!



Although the Cheyenne Indians lived in North Dakota, Wyoming and Nebraska, we flew to Albuquerque, New Mexico to make the pictures. Don wanted the kind of Western backgrounds that people saw on TV and in Hollywood movies. The ploy worked in more ways than one; the pictures were picked up in trade and consumer publications across the country, and Don talked himself into a date with Cheyenne.

Another digression: Don and his wife Susan had an open marriage (they divorced by the end of the decade). Susan O'Neill was a sex educator at Rutgers University [New Jersey], a sex counselor at NYU [New York University] and had her own practice as a sex therapist. She was dating a musician—composer-arranger Jack Cortner—who Don hired to compose, arrange and perform music for Burger King *Grand Slam* rallies. Don was dating a friend of Susan's who ran an Italian restaurant—Mimi's—on 49<sup>th</sup> and Second Avenue; he had his eye on Dona, too.

In April, Neil Reshen—Pat Reshen's husband—offered us a job designing an album cover for Willie Nelson. Willie! It seemed like one of those so-called opportunities of a lifetime. Neil was a lawyer. He represented music talents. Besides Willie Nelson, he also had Waylon Jennings and Miles Davis in his corral. Neil had been following the work Tom and I were doing for Pat; he knew that we worked on the cheap, that he'd get a good deal. (He did.) To lure me, Neil, via Pat, invited me to their home for dinner.



The Reshens lived in massive Tudor mansion in a (very) exclusive section of Westchester. Dona came with me. Dinner was Chinese take-out served with fine wines. It was Chinese food like I'd never had before, an extravagant meal that must have cost the Reshens a bundle. Over dinner Neil talked an insider's line on the music business; it was fascinating stuff; he mesmerized me. It felt cool to be able to tell him that The Bardo was currently producing theme pictures for the Beatle's Apple Records.

However, it was an odd evening; it felt like we were being played, not just for work but also for hanky panky. I made some lame excuse and we left when Pat suggested that the four of us watch a movie together in their bedroom. On the ride home, Dona said that Neil creeped her out. I also sensed a darkness in him. Rumor had it that Reshen kept Miles on drugs, to control his fortune. [Willie also complained (much later) that his fortune had been appropriated by his manager.] I took the gig anyway.

Neil got us back-stage passes to photograph Willie when he performed at Max's Kansas City in Greenwich Village; he wasn't nearly as big a star then; it was a low-key performance to a small group of fans; the small club wasn't even full. That made shooting easier, but the stage lighting didn't—Willie was bathed in red light from a single spotlight and that was that; there were no lighting changes.

I got the shot I was after, but Neil insisted that we use a picture of Willie taken by a friend of his.

It sucked so I came up with the idea of making an airbrush drawing of a shotgun—the album was called *Shotgun Willie*—and having Willie appear in each of the two barrels.

I was pushing myself; although I had become adept at basic airbrushing, I had neither worked in color nor attempted anything as pictorial.



It took me a week to work out the paint-layering plan and make the masks for the shotgun painting. (The masks worked like stencils.) The illustration was made on a 20 X 30-inch [~51 X 76-cm] sheet of double-weight, smooth-surface Bristol board. The surface was carefully rubbed with Pounce (finely-ground pumice powder) to get rid of any blemishes, finger prints or oily residues (from tape, for example)—any of those would interfere with the application of the sprayed water-base-gouache pigments, marring the surface.

The masks were cut from 16 X 20-inch [~41 X 51-cm] sheets of vellum tissue paper and acetate; the choice between the two was based on how well I could see the outline drawing of the shotgun under them, which served as a cutting guide. Once I started cutting a line, there was no stopping until it intercepted another. Cutting around the gun handle's many curves was a bitch; I had to make several of those masks many times to get good ones.



The day I laid down the paints was a long one; I started just after lunch and was nearly finished around 6:00 pm [18:00].

That's when Fritz, my cat, jumped up onto the art table, smearing the paint and ruining the illustration. Poor Fritz; he just wanted dinner; instead he got flying lessons.

Of course, the painting got re-made and everyone lived happily ever after. [Spoiler Alert: Pat Billings eventually adopted Fritz.]



Neil hired us again, twice. First was Willie Nelson's *Troublemaker* album.

Tom used the shot I took at Max's Kansas City for that one. Ridinger also designed Miles Davis' Christmas album.

Geez, I thought we were on a roll; but it was snake eyes.

Pat and Neil split up; she moved to LA and re-invented herself in Hollywood.

I don't know what happened to Neil; one article I read, relating to Pat, suggested that it didn't end well for him.

April also saw Sue Keeton score a 18-page Seeburg Industries annual report job. The company was best known for making slot machines and juke boxes for businesses thought to be controlled by Mafia figures.



I think Sue got an in with the company through her boyfriend Benny Fabre's connections, at Hippopotamus. However, Seeburg turned out to be a lot more than that; they also made musical instruments, hearing aids and a host of other electronics as well. I got flown out to Chicago and spent two days shooting pictures of their factory operations there. The job added nine two-page spreads to my portfolio.

In May, Tom Cornell brought us a job designing a recruitment brochure for FMC, about their trona-mining<sup>14</sup> operations in Green River, Wyoming.



It was a budget job; the client supplied all the pictures. Although the images were good, they were a bit of a hodgepodge. To provide a *red thread*,<sup>15</sup> Cornell wrote the copy in the first person, as if the writer were a Green River miner telling you about his career with FMC and his healthy, Wyoming lifestyle.

To represent the narrator, I photographed a model dressed as the miner in the studio and superimposed those shots over two theme pictures: *The Big Sky Above* and *The City Below*. Although it would have been interesting to shoot the trona mines, I was just as happy to work with the client's pictures. It would have been a major hassle lighting the cavernous underground city and the out-sized equipment used there.

**1973 | FMC Trona-Mining Recruitment Brochure | Plate N° 1**  
**1973 | Seeburg Industries Annual Report | Plate N° 1**

<sup>14</sup> Trona is a major source of sodium carbonate.

<sup>15</sup> In Swedish the expression "*röd tråd*" ("red thread") is used to describe something that follows a theme. "Continuity" is another way of saying the same thing.

"There's a lot more to life than just working; you need to relax a bit, too. Out here, that's easy."

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FMC CORPORATION  
P.O. BOX 872  
GREEN RIVER, WYOMING 82935  
FMC CORPORATION IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER



# The Big Sky Above

"Wyoming is big and unspoiled. Living in the southwestern part of the state means being near lakes, mountains and canyons. In a sense, it's an invitation to the outdoors."



"We live in a really spectacular part of the country. And because a lot of it is national parks, it's hard to leave spectators."



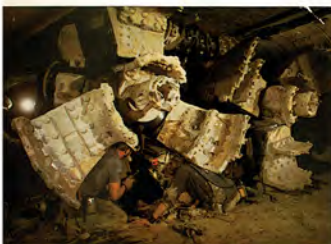
"My buddies and I like to go fishing at Flaming Gorge after work. The real reason is better than you'll find most places. And we can bring the kids and go right by the water."



"On top of conventional mining and Marine equipment division, we've got all another system going for us, it's what we call a Multibusiness."



"I can't monitor by myself. It's only through the Trona staff, without any kidding, the equipment is quite a revelation. And I'm proud of both of them."



"Mining—it isn't for everybody. It's a real man's job . . . with a man's rewards. But if you think you can measure up to it, talk to us more about joining FMC in Wyoming."

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE  
FMC CORPORATION  
P.O. BOX 872  
GREEN RIVER, WYOMING 82935  
FMC CORPORATION IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER



# The City Below

"You'll get straight answers from FMC and you'll learn how and why trona mining is different. Ask all the questions you can—about the job and about FMC. I did. Then make your decision. Chances are you'll end up just as satisfied as I am right now!"



## VENDING MACHINES

Although it may be for some time yet, the use of the automatic vending machine is expected to continue to grow. The machine is a self-contained unit which is designed to dispense a product or service at the touch of a button. It is a simple, efficient and reliable method of distributing goods and services to the public.

The first vending machine was a simple wooden box which dispensed a single product. Today, however, vending machines are available in a wide variety of sizes and shapes, and can dispense a wide range of products, from soft drinks and snacks to newspapers and magazines.

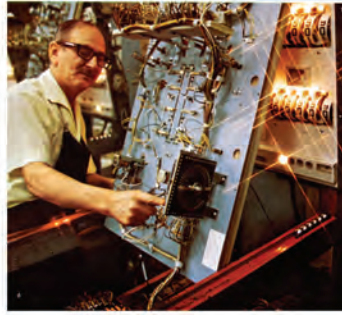
One of the main reasons for the popularity of vending machines is their convenience. They are available in a wide range of locations, from schools and offices to public transport and shopping centers. This makes them a convenient way for people to purchase goods and services at any time and in any place.



1. A worker operating a vending machine in a factory. 2. A worker operating a vending machine in a factory. 3. A worker operating a vending machine in a factory. 4. A worker operating a vending machine in a factory.



## STRIKE GO - FLASH - REGULATION - BUILD-UP - ROTO



Another important factor in the development of vending machines is the need for convenience. People want to be able to purchase goods and services at any time and in any place. This has led to the development of vending machines that are available in a wide range of locations, from schools and offices to public transport and shopping centers.

The use of vending machines is also becoming increasingly popular in the home. People are using vending machines to purchase snacks and drinks, and to purchase newspapers and magazines. This is because vending machines are convenient and easy to use.

As a result, the vending machine industry is expected to continue to grow in the future. This is because vending machines are a convenient and reliable way for people to purchase goods and services at any time and in any place.



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## COIN-OPERATED PHONOGRAPHS

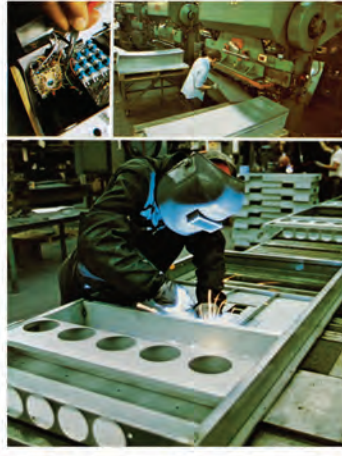
The public interest in the coin-operated phonograph has been growing steadily since the first one was introduced in 1889. This is because it is a convenient and reliable way for people to purchase music at any time and in any place.

One of the main reasons for the popularity of coin-operated phonographs is their convenience. They are available in a wide range of locations, from schools and offices to public transport and shopping centers. This makes them a convenient way for people to purchase music at any time and in any place.

Another important factor in the development of coin-operated phonographs is the need for convenience. People want to be able to purchase music at any time and in any place. This has led to the development of coin-operated phonographs that are available in a wide range of locations, from schools and offices to public transport and shopping centers.



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The use of coin-operated phonographs is also becoming increasingly popular in the home. People are using coin-operated phonographs to purchase music, and to purchase newspapers and magazines. This is because coin-operated phonographs are convenient and easy to use.

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## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

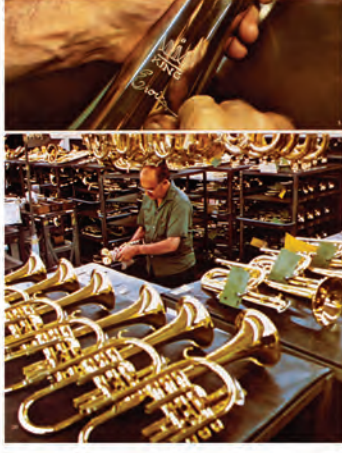
The musical instrument industry is one of the most important in the world. It is responsible for the production of a wide range of instruments, from pianos and guitars to brass and woodwind instruments. This industry is a major contributor to the economy, and is expected to continue to grow in the future.

One of the main reasons for the popularity of musical instruments is their ability to provide entertainment and enjoyment. People use musical instruments to play music, and to express their creativity. This has led to the development of a wide range of instruments, from simple acoustic instruments to complex electronic instruments.

Another important factor in the development of musical instruments is the need for quality. People want to purchase instruments that are well-made and durable. This has led to the development of high-quality instruments that are made from the best materials and by the most skilled craftsmen.



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## HEARING AIDS

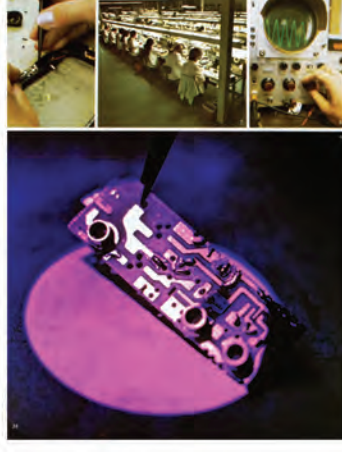
Hearing aids are devices that help people with hearing loss to hear better. They are small electronic devices that are worn in or behind the ear. They work by amplifying sound, and by directing it into the ear. This helps people with hearing loss to hear more clearly, and to understand what is being said.

One of the main reasons for the popularity of hearing aids is their ability to improve hearing. People who wear hearing aids are able to hear more clearly, and to understand what is being said. This is because hearing aids amplify sound, and direct it into the ear.

Another important factor in the development of hearing aids is the need for quality. People want to purchase hearing aids that are well-made and durable. This has led to the development of high-quality hearing aids that are made from the best materials and by the most skilled craftsmen.



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One of the main reasons for the popularity of hearing aids is their ability to improve hearing. People who wear hearing aids are able to hear more clearly, and to understand what is being said. This is because hearing aids amplify sound, and direct it into the ear.

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## 1973 – OCF – Radial Tires Brochures

In June, Don O'Neill commissioned me to design a promotion campaign for OCF about Fiberglas radial-tires.

It included an advertisement and two brochures. The brochures were printed using silver as a second color and featured mezzo-tints of the pictures Don and I had taken at the Good Year test track, in Laredo, Texas (see *1972 – Dynamic Duo – Triumphant Triumvirate*). In addition to those pictures, I hired Robert Forrest to make theme shots of tires using step-and-repeat printing process that produced mandala-like images. Those were also mezzo-tinted. Forest came to my attention when Pat Reshen bought some of Bob's mandala nudes for book covers. I didn't mind giving Forrest the time-consuming theme-shot business. With the exception of photographing people (especially girls) I disliked studio photography—the tedium killed my creativity.

You'd have thought I wouldn't have taken to board work, for the same reasons. However, I didn't mind the fastidiousness required for mechanicals (aka "paste-ups") and pre-press work.

As a graphic designer, I was coming into my own. The OCF radial-tire brochures and the work I was doing for EJA were the epitome of my pictorial graphic-design style—particularly the annual reports and the *EJA Is...* campaign masterminded by Don O'Neill which included ads, brochures and press-kits.

To digress momentarily, about design: In my humble opinion [IMHO] the best pictures are organized around a triangular design. That is, there should be three points of interest, three places that attract the eye. They should lead the eye around the picture triangularly and never out of the frame.

Think of a triangle (or circle or ellipse); your eyes stay within the frame. Now, think of a straight line; it will lead your eye out of the frame, circularly or elliptically. There are plenty of other schemes that work as nearly as well, quadrangles, pentangles; any shape goes as long it keeps the eyes inside the frame.

### 1973 | OCF Radial Tires Brochures | Plates N<sup>os</sup> 1-10

*Two brochures were made for OCF, about Fiberglas radial tires. The first was an 8-page, square format, printed in black and white, with a blue duotone cover. The second brochure was 5 X 8-inch format [~12.5 X 20 cm], printed with silver as a second color.*

*After my experience with the 1972 National Boat Show press kit cover, which was printed with a pearlescent silver ink, which didn't look silver at all, more like light gray—I made sure that the OCF brochures used a metallic-looking silver ink. The pictures were also mezzo-tinted, by Modernage Labs, to give them a stronger, graphic look. The silver plates were made by making an underlay of the mezzos, screened; silver in was more visible in the lighter shades of the pictures.*

*Plate N<sup>o</sup> 1: (Top left) The front and back covers of the first OCF Radial Tires brochure featured my portfolio picture of a streaking Corvette Mako Shark, printed as a blue-black duotone.*

*(Top right) the lead picture was shot using a motorized Nikon FTn with a 1000 mm Nikkor mirror-telephoto lens. The little picture was shot with a 20 mm Nikkor on a motorized Nikon FTn. The camera was attached to a monopod, with a long shutter-release cord. I lay on the hood of the car and hung the camera behind the front right tire.*

*(Bottom left) The same monopod rig was used for the lead shot, while the car drove along the track; the shutter speed was 1/8<sup>th</sup> of a second, to blur the passing pavement. The inset shot, was made with a 28 mm Nikkor from the back of a pick-up truck.*

*(Bottom right) Shot at a slow-shutter speed of ¼ second during a whip-pan as the car came through a turn. The idea was to keep the camera's cross-hairs focused on a single point on the car, while swinging your body vigorously to keep the car in the crosshairs. This, and all the other shots made at the test track, were made on Plus-X Pan film.*

*Plate N° 2: At one point, the test-car driver came screeching to a halt, to tell me to get out off the side of the road for fear of snakes. After that, I switched telephoto and wide-angle lenses, used on the road or far from it. This shot was made with a 200 mm Nikkor from the test-track control tower.*

*Plate N° 3: (Top) A two-page spread Fiberglas radial tires advertisement that combines other photos described above and below. (Bottom) From the safety of the control-tower grounds, the speeding car was shot coming out of a tight corner, at 1/125<sup>th</sup> of a second, with a 1000 mm Nikkor mirror-telephoto lens.*

*Plate N° 4: Another 1000 mm Nikkor mirror-telephoto shot. Geez, I loved that lens.*

*Plate N° 5: Most shots are described above and below. The lower-left shot was made with a tripod-mounted Nikon FTn with a 20 mm lens (to accentuate the FG [foreground] stones).*

*Plate N° 6: This picture, showing the components of a retread tire, was the first shot of a series documenting how a retread tire is made. It was shot, with a 20 mm Nikkor, at a Goodyear tire plant in Akron, Ohio.*

*Plate N° 7: Except for my streaking-corvette shot, the pictures are the work of Robert Forest, who had perfected a precision step-and-repeat printing process.*

*Plate N° 8: Don O'Neill (left) interviews the owner of a tire-retreading business in Dille, Texas, for the OCF Fiberglas Radial Tires slide show. Shot with a 200 mm Nikkor (to keep the noisy camera well away from the recording microphone).*

*Plate N°<sup>s</sup> 9: The owner of McCarthy's Tire, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, commenting for the OCF Fiberglas Radial Tires slide show. Shot with a 28 mm Nikkor lens, 1/8<sup>th</sup> second.*

*Plates N°<sup>s</sup> 10-11: A 1000 mm Nikkor mirror-telephoto shot, at 1/250<sup>th</sup> of a second, on Tri-X film. The super-long tele lens had one drawback: its fixed f11 aperture, which required either very bright lighting conditions, or very fast film, or both.*

*Plate N° 12: Flying was fun, back in the day; cocktails cost \$2 and one could smoke. Don and I were living it up on American Airlines flight back from Houston, Texas; the stewardess took this shot of us, with my Nikon FTn and 28 mm lens.*





**OWENS-CORNING  
FIBERGLAS**

Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation  
Transportation Materials Division  
Fiberglas Tower, Toledo, Ohio 43659

Pub. No. 5-TC-4271      Litho U.S.A. Recd. 1973

**Take  
Three  
Minutes  
To Learn  
The  
Answers  
To Your  
Customers'  
Questions  
About  
Fiber Glass  
Radials**

Yes. More than 3 million miles of testing proves fiber glass radials perform as well as the best radials. In accelerated road tests, the glass tires have a tread life equal to that of steel belted tires — 25,000 miles under severe road conditions. This is equivalent to 70,000 miles of normal driving.

At Uniroyal's Laredo Test Center, for example, fiber glass radials are run 24 hours a day over a mile of cutting caliche gravel and then, over the mile long Belgian block track. This is the toughest known test of tire cord.

Premium radials are worn smooth in less than 8,000 miles. These tests prove that fiber glass cord performance is equal to the best radials tested.

**Will Fiber Glass Radials Last As Long As Steel Belted Tires?**

Fiber glass radials, the first new concept in radials since steel belted tires were introduced over twenty years ago, are here. You should know why tire makers are introducing fiber glass radials.

Take three minutes to learn the answers to your customers' questions about fiber glass radials.

**How Much Will Fiber Glass Radials Cost?**

Substantially less than steel belted radials. Maybe, even one fifth less. Pound for pound fiber glass is twice as strong as steel, so tire makers need less of it in a tire. Other economies are also possible since tire makers need no new processing equipment for fiber glass. Though fiber glass radials perform as well as the best radials, you can offer your customer a savings of at least ten cents on every dollar he spends for radial tires.

**Will My Customer Buy Fiber Glass Radials?**

Yes — in fact the results of an independent nationwide survey reveals almost half of America's tire buyers would buy a fiber glass radial instead of steel at a \$10 difference in price.

Most believed a fiber glass radial would also cost less and run smoother and cooler than a steel belted radial.

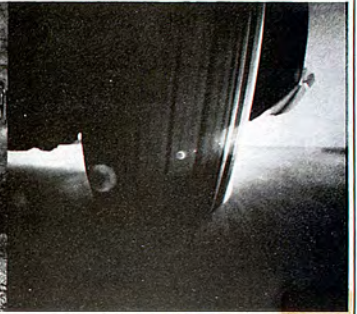
Maybe it is time for you to ask a question. You still have ten seconds left in the three minutes. Call your supplier and check on your supply of fiber glass radials.



1973 | OCF | FIBERGLAS RADIAL TIRES BROCHURES | PLATE N° 2

*OCF Test Track | Laredo, Texas*

# Why Fiberglas radials give you a whole new market



Now you can sell tires to all those people who want a high-performance radial — but won't pay the price of steel. Fiberglas® radials are retailing from 10 to 20 percent less than steel. And match the performance of steel in four grueling tests:

### Belt and carcass durability

**Test:** The Modified K-02 Test conducted by independent testers in Laredo, Texas. Drive alternately over Belgian block and caliche gravel. Series of hard stops and starts. So punishing, test is completed at 9,120 miles, when treads of most radials are worn smooth.

**Result:** Fiberglas radials matched the steel radials tested in belt and carcass durability.

### Overall tire durability

**Test:** An OE Qualification Test conducted by independent testers in Laredo, Texas. One of the most comprehensive tests for overall durability. Tires run with maximum load and pressure. Includes high speeds, gravel roads, cornering, highway testing.

**Result:** Fiberglas radials matched the steel radials tested in overall tire durability.

### Treadwear

**Test:** The Route 8 Test conducted by independent testers from Devine, Texas. An accelerated service test. Simulates general driving conditions — straight highway, hills and curves, 40-70 mph.

**Result:** Fiberglas radials matched the steel radials tested in treadwear.

### Long-term durability and treadwear

**Test:** The El Camino conducted by independent testers in Pecos, Texas. Similar to the Route 8. Alternates 70 mph track testing with 35 mph testing on 10.2-mile curvy, meandering highway.

**Result:** Fiberglas radials matched the steel radials tested in long-term durability and treadwear.

### A smoother ride?

**Test:** By the seat of the pants (no scientific test is yet available). Art Perrow, an editor of Motor Magazine, sums it up. "Fiberglas radials are the smoothest riding radials I've ever experienced."

Ask your manufacturer when they're going to give you a whole new market: the cost/performance radials made of Fiberglas Cord.

You're missing sales.

\*Trademark Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp. for this ad.

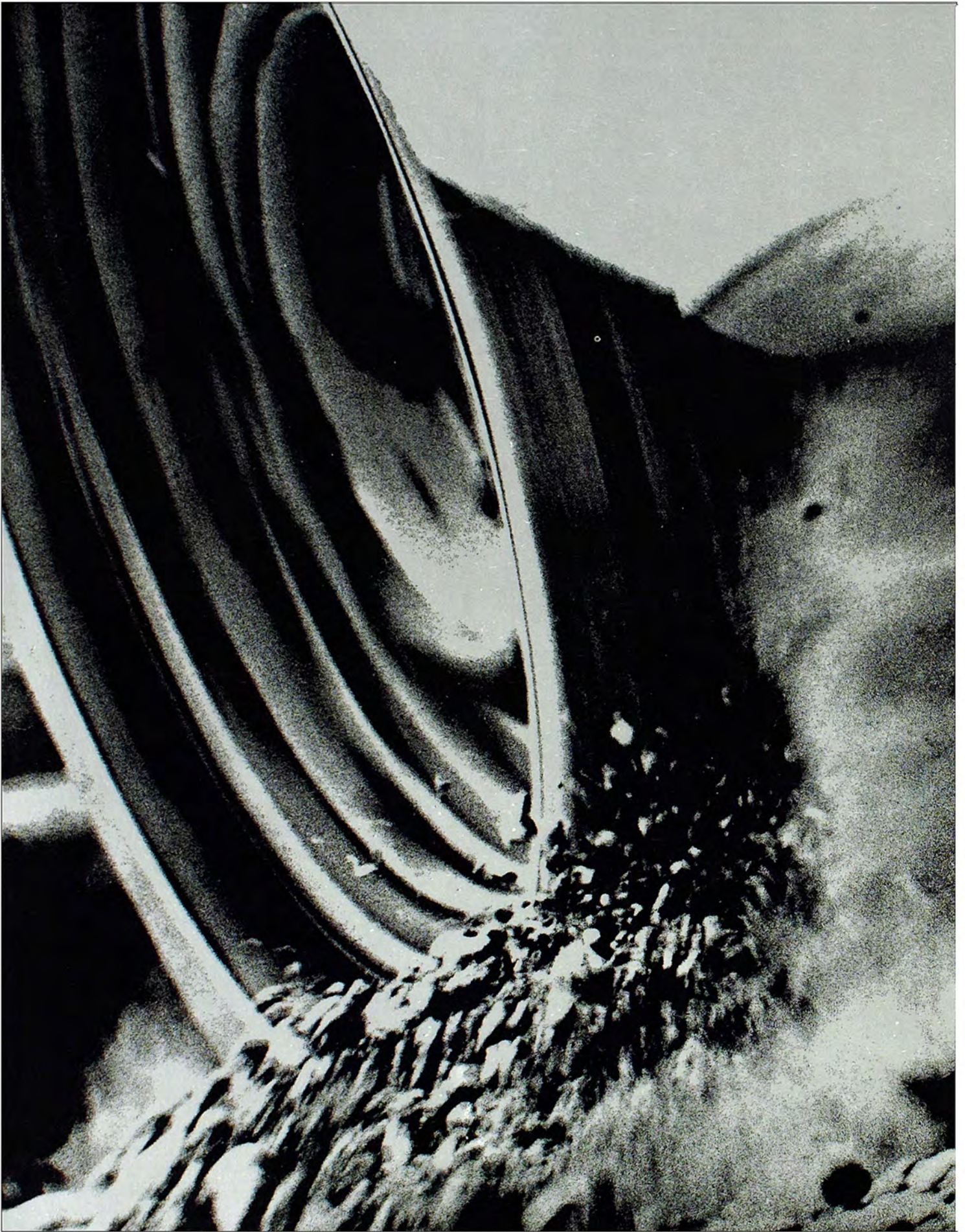
Owens-Corning is Fiberglas 

Circle No. 7 On Card.



1973 | OCF | FIBERGLAS RADIAL TIRES BROCHURES | PLATE N° 3

Top: Tape-damaged portfolio tear sheet of OFC radial-tires ad. | Bottom: OCF Test Track, Laredo, Texas.



1973 | OCF | FIBERGLAS RADIAL TIRES BROCHURES | PLATE N° 4

*Second brochure featured silver-black duotone printing and mezzotint effects by Modernage Labs, New York.*

<b>Belt Durability Tests:</b>	<b>All-Glass</b>	<b>Glass/Organic</b>	<b>Steel/Polyester</b>
<b>Laredo</b>	<b>9120</b>	<b>9120</b>	<b>9120</b>
<b>ARA Cobblestone</b>	<b>2500</b>		<b>2500</b>

<b>Accelerated Treadwear Tests:</b>	<b>All-Glass</b>	<b>Glass/Organic</b>	<b>Steel/Polyester</b>
<b>El Camino</b>	<b>32,000</b>		<b>32,000</b>
<b>Route 8</b>	<b>37,000</b>	<b>36,000</b>	<b>39,000</b>

**Tests Prove Fiber Glass Radials Perform**

Whatever the fiber glass radial's construction — all-glass or glass/organic — test data show fiber glass radials perform as well as the best steel belted radials.

Owens-Corning has conducted many types of tests which conclusively prove the performance and safety of fiber glass radials. The tests include:

- Belt and carcass durability
- Treadwear endurance
- The OE qualification and
- Special purpose evaluations such as abuse testing and underinflation.



In accelerated tests, the durability of both the fiber glass belts and the glass carcass in radial tires has been proven conclusively.

According to engineers at Laredo proving grounds, the K-02 is the most punishing test in existence. In this test, the tire is run over a mile of cutting caliche gravel, and then immediately over a mile of belgian block. This cycle is so severe that radial tires, whether steel, glass belted or all-glass, are worn smooth in 9,120 miles. Both the fiber glass belts and the single-ply glass carcass are undamaged after this test.



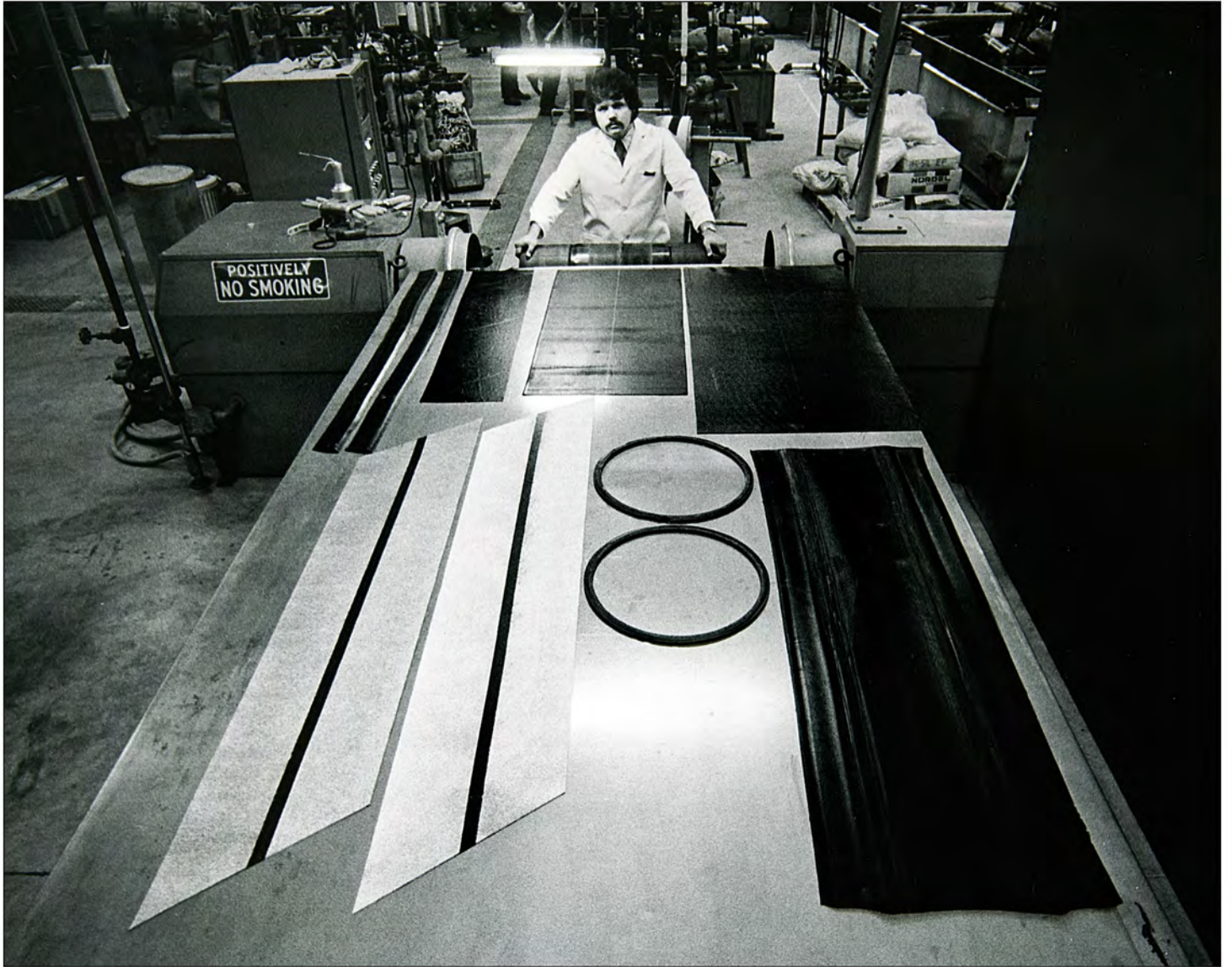
In similar evaluations at the ARA track, which has sharper cobblestones, the fiber glass belts are also undamaged after completion of 2,500 miles.

Owens-Corning has measured the long-term treadwear of fiber glass radials in accelerated road tests at El Camino and more extensively on Route 8 at the South Texas Tire Test Fleet.

At El Camino, the all-glass radial has a treadwear equal to steel belted radials—32,000 miles or a projected 60,000 miles under normal driving conditions.

Over a million miles of observations on Route 8 show that the steel belted radial, the glass/polyester radial and the all-glass radial have excellent treadwear and a projected life on the road of up to 60,000 miles.





1973 | OCF | FIBERGLAS RADIAL TIRES | PLATE N° 6  
*Components of a retread tire | Goodyear tire plant | Akron, Ohio*

# Fiber Glass Radials



## An Update Report



OWENS/CORNING  
**FIBERGLAS**

Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation  
Transportation Materials Division  
Fiberglas Tower, Toledo, Ohio 43659

Printed in U.S.A. P.N.15-TC6441 3/74

### Fiber Glass Radials Meet Market Demands

It is generally agreed that to capture a growing share of the replacement and original equipment tire market, the fiber glass radial must satisfy two conditions:

First, fiber glass radials must perform as well as steel radials. Tests prove they do.

Second, fiber glass radials must offer the tire buyer a price advantage.

Reports from the various test markets clearly show that this second condition is being fulfilled. Sears priced its all-glass snow tires up to 20 percent below steel belted tires. A 2-05 X 15, equivalent to a GR76X15 steel belted radial snow tire, was priced at \$68.95 exactly \$15.00 more than its all-glass counterpart. That was a 22 percent saving. The Sears Dynaglas radial snow tires sold well and carried the same 40-month guarantee as the steel belted snow tires.

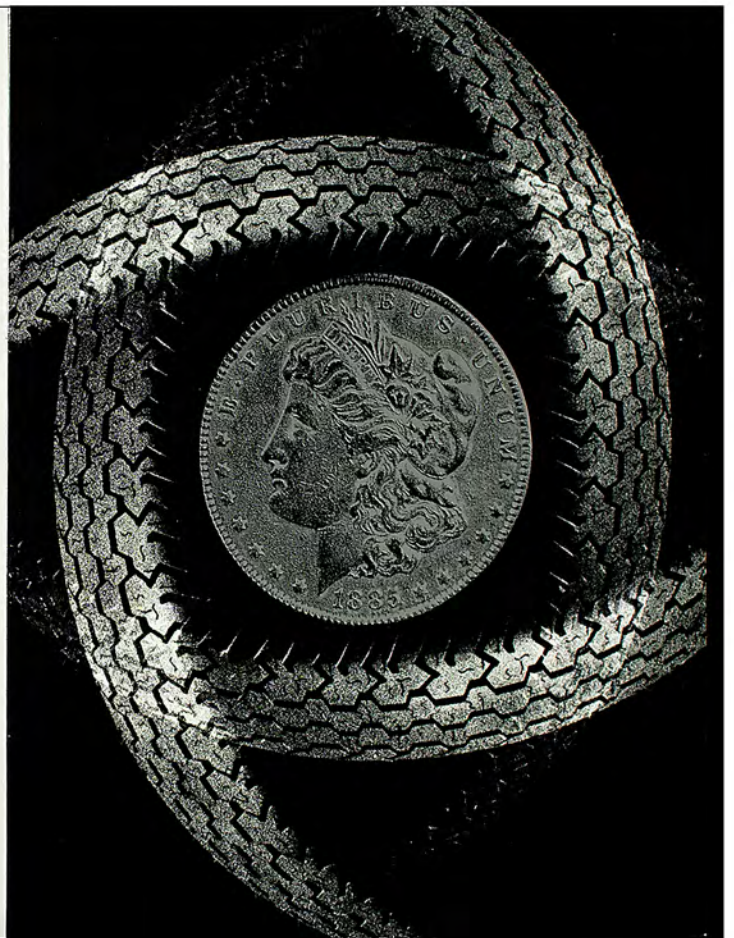
Dayton also price pointed its fiber glass radial snow tires at \$44.77 for GR70X15. And, Dayton couldn't produce the tires fast enough to keep up with demand. Proof that price-point fiber glass radials sell.

### Price Is Key To Dealer

Fiber glass radials are selling because they are priced right and they perform.

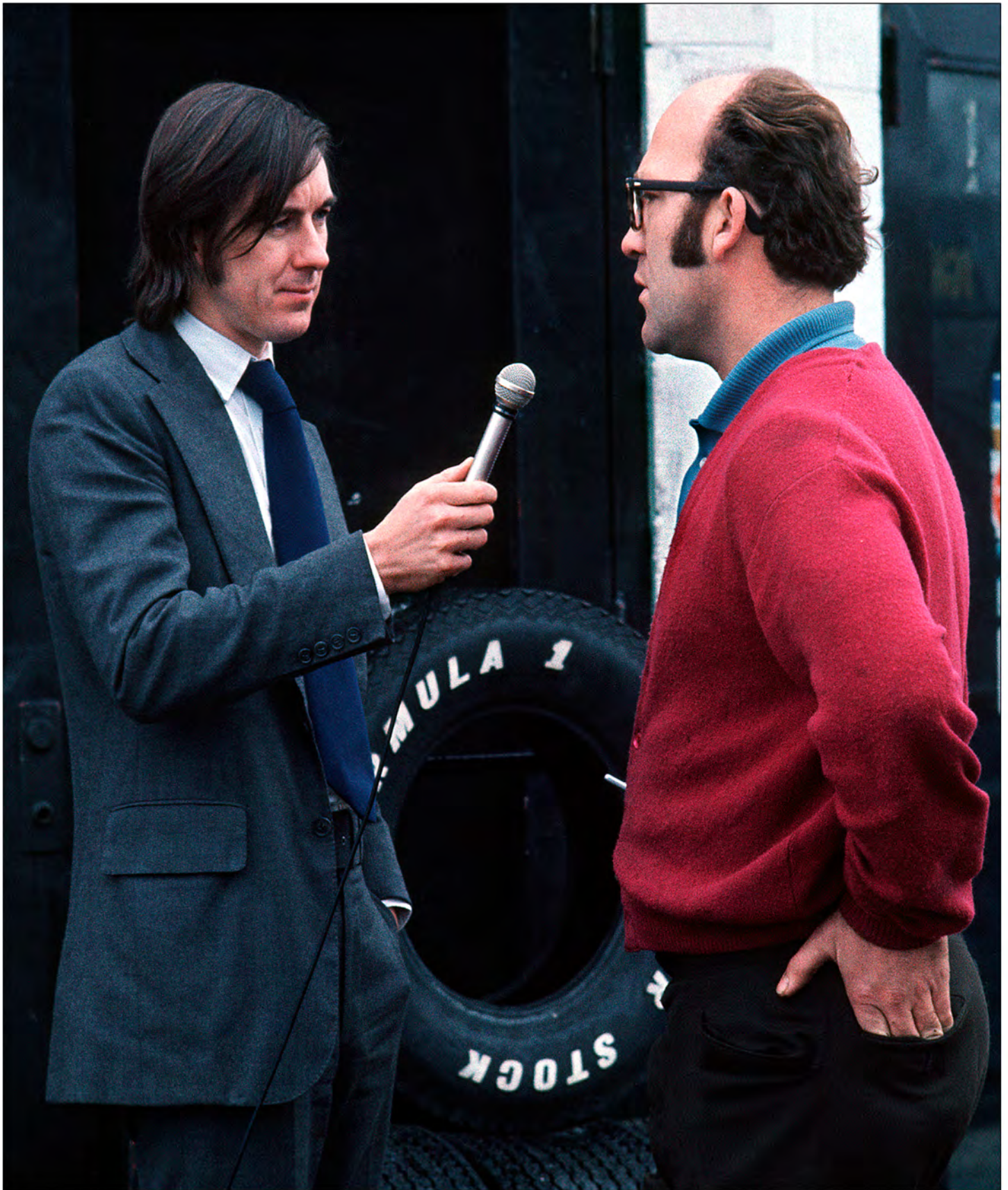
But they offer dealers many other advantages. Bernie Kovach summed it up this way: "Price is going to be a big consideration and every dealer, every tire dealer is going to remember it. With steel in short availability and likely to stay so for the near future, we feel that the fiber glass radial will certainly come into being in 1974-1975.

"Why? Well, it offers buyers the same ride characteristics at a lower price. The fiber glass radial will combine good mileage with the ride equal to if not better than steel. And with the same fuel savings that are so important. With the lower prices, it is a tough combo to beat. The major rubber companies have never stuck to one cord; this is going to be true for the future. At Modern Tire Dealer, we feel that the fiber glass radial is here to stay, will be with us big in 1974 and 1975. It's not going to be a steel only market."



1973 | OCF | FIBERGLAS RADIAL TIRES BROCHURES | PLATE N° 7

Second brochure covers & opening spread. | Studio photography by Robert Forest. | Silver-black color scheme.



1973 | OCF | FIBERGLAS RADIAL TIRES BROCHURES | PLATE N° 8  
*Don O'Neill interviews tire retread dealer in Dille, Texas | 1973*





1973 | OCF | FIBERGLAS RADIAL TIRES BROCHURES | PLATE N° 9  
*Interview for OCF retreads documentaries | McCarthy Tire | Wilke-Barre, Pennsylvania*



1973 | OCF | FIBERGLAS RADIAL TIRES BROCHURES | PLATE N° 10

*OCF Test Track, Laredo, Texas | Note mezzotint effect.*



1973 | OCF | FIBERGLAS RADIAL TIRES BROCHURES | PLATE N° 11

*OCF Test Track, Laredo, Texas | Note mezzotint effect.*



1973 | OCF | FIBERGLAS RADIAL TIRES BROCHURES | PLATE N° 12  
*Don O'Neill and Your's Truly relaxing in flight and in Dille, Texas | 1973*



1973 | OCF | FIBERGLAS RADIAL TIRES BROCHURES | PLATE N° 13

*Don O'Neill and Your's Truly relaxing in flight and in Dille, Texas | 1973*

## 1973 | OCF Radial Tires Slide Show | AV Add-On

Towards the end of summer, O'Neill sold Owens/Corning on the idea of making an audiovisual version of the brochure about Fiberglas-belted radial tires. The script practically wrote itself; all that needed to be done was to "colloquialize" the information in the brochure.

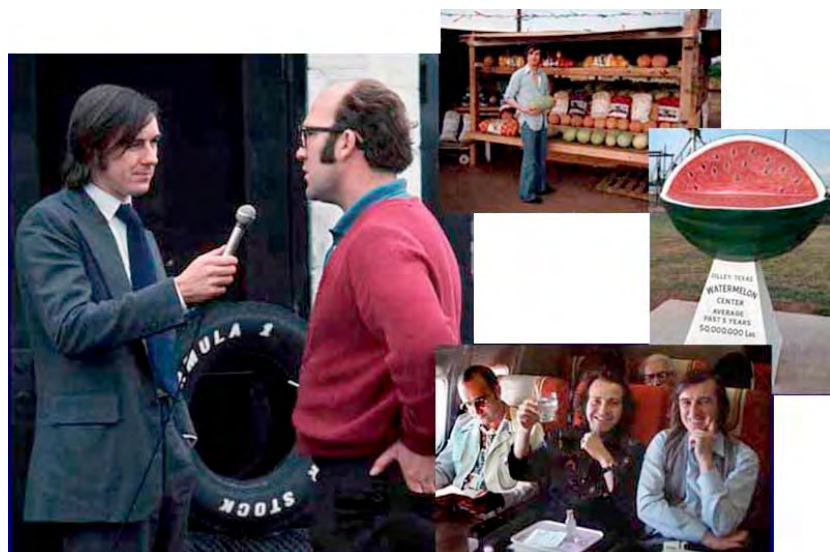
To digress for a moment, about writing for films and videos: Spoken English is resoundingly different than written English; it is much simpler; there aren't as many "twenty-dollar words." [Hint: If you want to write better, read back to yourself what you have written; when your tongue gets tied, that part could do with a re-write.]

Of course, languages are spoken in different styles to match occasions. For example, a presidential speech is more formal than a casual talk with friends about the same subject(s). Likewise, individuals have unique speaking styles, cadences and accents.

[Hint: don't use L words when writing for a Japanese presenter; many Nipponese speakers pronounce the letter L as if it were an R. That was something Geoff Gale discovered while pitching for a piece of business from Toyota. Dr. Shoichiro Toyoda asked him how many srides would be in the show. "Srides," thought Geoff to himself, "What are srides?" He pretended he didn't hear the question and asked Toyoda to repeat it... twice. Fortunately, he was third time lucky.]

To digress further, about scripts: Having the right narrator can make or break a script. The ideal situation is for the writer to know who's going to be reading, to write for that presenter's style. For example, a few deliberate words work best for basso profundo narrators like James Earl Jones or Sam Elliott; their commanding vocal power would be too much for a long-winded documentary.

There were three narrators who I used repeatedly over the years. In the '70s my first choice was always Peter Thomas, with David Allen as a back-up if Peter wasn't available. In the '80s, Brad Crandall was added to my list of favorites. I struck with those three because they spoke the way I like to write. I had a sixth sense for their timing, when they would pause and which words or phrases, they would hit harder. Narrations went smoothly as a result, with fewer re-writes.



Don O'Neill (left) interviewed retread makers and dealers, for interstitials intercut with the show's scripted narration.

Among other places, Don and I flew to Dilly, Texas, the self-proclaimed Watermelon Capital of the World.

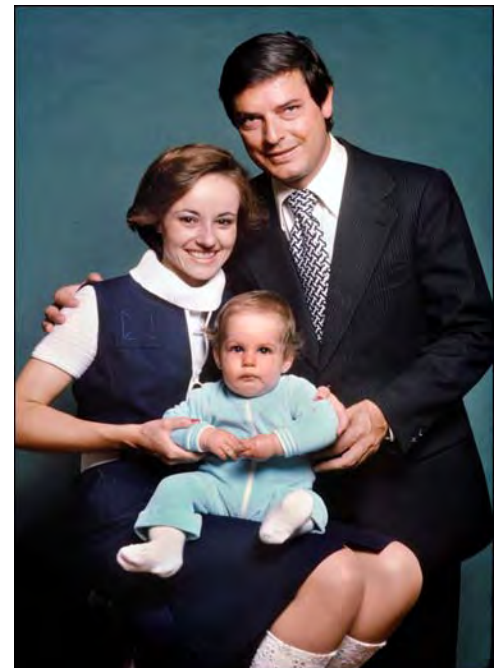
The times we spent flying around together gave Don and I plenty of opportunities to strategize and plan new productions.

The tires show was as easy to illustrate as it was to write. Besides mountains of new material, of Don's interstitials, there was a huge library of slides available—all the out-takes of the pictures made for the two brochures—and they were ready to go. In those early days, we were still using slide originals for projected presentations. We just popped the Kodachromes into the trays. Making Ektachrome duplicates became an industry-standard practice a couple of years later, after producers discovered that projecting slides fades their colors.<sup>16</sup> Of course they fade, you say, now; but we didn't really think about that; it was all good, until it wasn't. By the end of 1973 it was clear to me that AV was my future; O'Neill concurred. We both made more on the OCF slide show than on the ad and brochures. Slide shows meant plenty of billable time for Don and a 17.5% mark-up on all my invoices for his agency. Don was making money for everyone hand over fist and making his boss, Geoff Nightingale look like a hero. That bode well for me. Mesney's Third Bardo became the de facto production department for "O'Neill & Co."

I was so focused on slide shows that I failed to grasp the significance of an opportunity offered by Andrew Michaels, my landlord. Around Christmastime he offered me a 33% interest in the building for \$250,000. It was a generous offer that I should have taken. But that was big money back then, money that I needed to fund the studio's expansion into audio visual, money that was worth less every day due to inflation. Besides, I explained, my receivables weren't enough to win Ken Nordt's approval for a loan that big.

Michaels offered to finance me himself; but he lived in Switzerland and the whole thing seemed so complicated that I turned him down.

That was a big mistake. I let the financial opportunity of a lifetime slip through my fingers, for the opportunity to make better shows. I can't help but wonder if I'd be writing this book if I had taken his offer.



## 1974 – AV Takes Hold – New Beginnings

Bardo business was bifurcating; the year was divided almost evenly between print work and slide shows; but more revenue was being generated by shows than I could earn as "just" a photographer or graphic designer. Notwithstanding that, we could not have paid for the transition into slides without the monies made from pictures and board work. The NAEBM [later renamed NAVA] show demonstrated the power of big pictures. That may sound naïve; I should have known that; it's why me and my friends liked to go to the movies—big pictures. But it hadn't occurred to me that I could make money projecting my pictures onto screens. (Duh.)

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<sup>16</sup> The fading occurred so slowly that it wasn't discernable right away. I got clued in by one of the tire-show presenters who had a habit of dwelling on certain slides; he complained that the shiny black tires had faded to gray. As it turned out, D-max [the density of the black parts of a picture], was found to start fading after just five minutes in a normal slide projector. (!) In a powerful Xenon-lamp projector the density started fading in 30 seconds.

My early shows were simple, but they impressed those who never saw slides before; and most folks hadn't, unless they or someone they knew had a projector. Programming—synchronizing pictures with sound—was the weakest link. Chuck Kappenman made his fortune by turning programming into the strongest link. The first programmer he built was the Acuetone, described earlier (see *1971 – Prestige Gigs – My Ship Comes In* and *1971 – Metamorphosis – Print to Screen*).

A year earlier, Charlie Brottman sold me my first AVL Acuetone and six projectors to go along with it. He was a fat old dude who smelled (very) badly, but he was one of AVL's first dealers in New York and his company AVPA [Audio Visual Production Aids] was one of the only dealers gearing-up for the growing slide-show business; Reliance AV was another.

At the beginning of 1974, my AV studio was equipped with a pair of Acuetones. Those were connected to two of three channels on a TEAC 3300 tape recorder. Using two programmers gave me a total of 18 tones—enough to control three two-projector dissolvers or, as I chose to do, one dissolver and four independent projectors. The pair of projectors hooked to the dissolver were lensed to project large, full-screen images. The four independent projectors were lensed to project images 50% smaller; those were arranged to divide the full screen into *quads* [quadrants].



Four examples of quad-screen layouts; the trick was to syncopate pictures changes with the beats in the music.

The quad-screen format was more exciting than any other I tried, using six projectors. Aiming more projectors at a single screen centralized the action (people naturally tend to look at the center of the screen) and allowed me to choreograph images to faster music. Working with up-tempo, contemporary tunes became possible. Shows with a driving beat were the most powerful; disco music was the most popular, particularly *The Sound of Philadelphia*.

I made three shows using the quad format: Piper, USI, and Peter's Place; for the latter two shows I added four projectors to the grid and used them to upgrade the quads. Having two projectors on each quad eliminated the blackout between slide changes. The upgrade was made possible by AVL's ShowPro II punch-tape programmer.

The audio system was also upgraded to a TEAC 3440 four-channel tape deck. One channel was used for ShowPro II control signals (beeps), two for stereo music, and one for a buffer between the beep track and the stereo tracks. The buffer track prevented any bleed-through between the audio and data tracks. There was nothing more annoying than hearing faint beeps in the background; those sounds took one back to the days of strip films, when an audible beep signaled the presenter that it was time to advance to the next frame. We'd come a long way since then. In fact, one of the attractions of slide shows was the power of their audio. The signal quality provided by TEAC (and other semi-pro) tape machines far exceeded any other media, including Hollywood movies.



*Say Hello to The Sky* was the first of my quad-screen shows. It was made to open a Piper sales meeting. Steve Nissen<sup>1</sup> was my client; he had recently joined Geoff Nightingale's growing Creative Services Group. Steve "borrowed" the song from the *Big Blue Marble* TV show. [I never asked Nissen (and he never told me) if he had gotten permission to use "Say Hello to The Sky" from PBS (Public Broadcasting System)]. While the show was not much more than a nice song and nice pictures, having four pictures on the screen at the same time and watching them move with the music was enough to keep peoples' eyes glued to the screen.

The theme picture I shot for *Big Blue Marble* was inspired by a lunar astronaut's perspective of Earth, when they took that famous picture called *Earthrise*.

I wanted to connote how fragile our planet is, how small it is, in universal terms—small enough to fit between one's thumb and forefinger.



*Big Blue Marble*, 1974

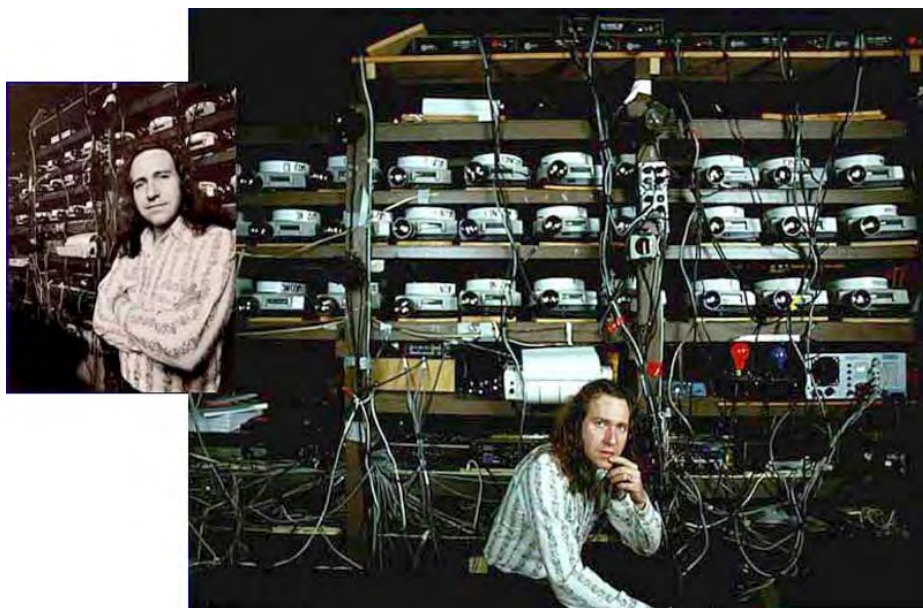
The imagery of my early shows was random. Like most of the first slide show producers, I was a photographer who shot still pictures [aka stills]. I was unfamiliar with motion picture concepts like continuity, choreography or screen design. Like movies, slide shows involved time; they were *linear*; they had a beginning, middle and end.

I learned about those concepts as my slide shows moved beyond simple musical exercises into story telling. As a stills guy, my objective was to get it all in one picture; you know, theme shots that "say" everything. That didn't work for slide shows. Slide shows were ever hungry for pictures; the content continuously drove forward until the show was over. If pictures stayed on the screen too long, the show was a drag. I had to shift my thinking into timeline mode and shoot enough pictures to cover the duration of the script. Instead of one great picture, I'd zoom into or out of it, shooting two- and three-step moves; the additional pictures helped keep the visual tempo moving forward, i.e., changing.

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<sup>1</sup> Steve was married to Kathy Friedlander (she remarried, is now Kathy Miller); she was Pat Billing's pal and classmate; the one who told Pat that she should contact me when she finished school. Later, when Pat came to work for the Bardo, and Steve was working at Burson-Marsteller, we all became friends and socialized with each other outside of work hours. Steve was a hale fellow, well met, smart and well mannered; everything you'd ever want your PR guy to be; he had the looks, voice and style of a CNN news presenter (Anderson Cooper comes to mind). But Steve was deeply troubled; he hung himself after Kathy divorced him a few years later, leaving a note that said he couldn't stand the thought of being broke. Yikes!

It wasn't long until I figured out that sequences of pictures taken with a motor-driven camera made terrific slide-show content. Motor-drive sequences required that the projectors be precisely positioned and the images aligned to each other, so that they didn't appear to jump around on the screen.



The need for alignment led me to construct a huge rack in the third-floor theater lounge.

The rack was a beast: 10-feet wide [3 meters], 8-feet high [2.4 meters] and 2-feet deep [0.6 meters] with three levels of projector shelves, a central work counter, and two additional shelves (beneath the counter) for equipment-case storage. Don't ask about the wiring. Ha!

## 1974 – USI – Little Chemical Giant

For several years, I had been doing process photography for United States Industrial Chemical Company.

I shot for USI's annual report and various brochures, working with Burson-Marsteller account executive Tom Cornell and USI's ad manager, Gerry Michnich. On one assignment, Gerry flew Tom and me to Milwaukee on the company's Gulfstream corporate jet,<sup>2</sup> to photograph USI's plastic-bag factory. The shoot was a nerve-wracking challenge: The bags were white, but the factory was lit with high-discharge, sodium lights which made them look bright yellow.

I had come across sodium lighting before; they were used for municipal and highway lighting. While the yellow tint of sodium lights may have enhanced outdoor scenes, in this case something had to be done and I wasn't sure what. Michnich and Cornell were looking over my shoulder; they could see I looked perplexed; it was an awkward situation. I managed to get hold of the lead technician at K&L film lab in New York, by long-distance phone. He confessed that he wasn't sure, but suggested that I use an 80B [blue] filter—a deep-density filter normally used to balance the reddish color of tungsten light [3200° - 3400° Kelvin] for daylight-balanced color film [5600°]—and that's what I did.<sup>3</sup> I had my fingers crossed and didn't sleep well until the film came back from the lab. The bags looked pastel yellow but the tint was so light that one took them as white. Whew!

<sup>2</sup> The Gulfstream had the same engines as a Boeing 727 with a body less than half a 727's size; the plane's thrust on takeoff was amazing. If a Learjet was aviation's version of a Corvette car, the Gulfstream was like a GTO—a brute.

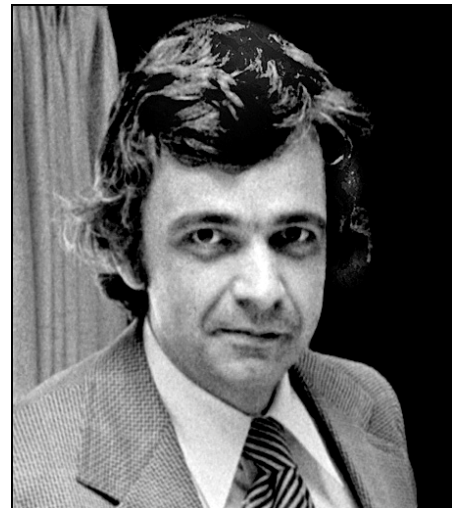
<sup>3</sup> Later I discovered that high-pressure sodium lamps burn at 2600° K to 2800° K, slightly warmer (redder) than incandescent lighting.

USI's Milwaukee operations manager (right) met the arrival of USI's Gulf Stream jet, at Milwaukee's commercial-aviation airfield, to help me (behind camera), Tom Cornell (left) and Jerry Michnich (center) schlepp the slide show. Jerry is carrying a projector case and my camera bag; Cornell is leaning on my tripod tube; the big box is the Teac 3340 tape deck; the ShowPro II, an audio mixer, more camera gear and projectors are in the other cases.



Although we were supposed to fly back the same day, we got totally snowed in and ended up staying the night in the city. After the others retired for the evening, I went out cruising and re-discovered Safe House, the spy-themed night club that Roy Reiman introduced me to during a 1967 trip to Milwaukee for *Farm Facts*. It was a snowy night. One of the girls didn't want to drive home alone....

The next day, during the flight back to New York, I had the undivided attention of Tom and Gerry. I used the opportunity to present them with a proposal for a "corporate portrait" slide show about USI. They both liked the idea but thought it was too expensive. The main reason was that Burson-Marsteller added a 20% agency commission to my invoices. With the agency's mark-up, the slide show was going to thousands of dollars more than the budget in my proposal. The problem was solved by dividing the show between the agency and Mesney's Third Bardo and letting me bill USI directly for the Bardo's part of the job. Thus, Tom Cornell (seen at right) wrote the script and I did the show production; in that way everyone got a piece of the pie.



Cornell gave the USI slide show an oxymoronic title: *Little Chemical Giant*. His script called for an extensive documentary shoot at the company's refinery in Houston, Texas. Tom and Gerry didn't accompany me on that shoot. Instead, they sent Jerry's sidekick, Bob Wakefield. Wakefield was an easy-going guy who also looked good in pictures, so I made a model out of him.

[Spoiler Alert: This was before Harold Burson caught on that his agency was losing a lot of money by "allowing" me to work directly with Burson-Marsteller clients. Two years later, the agency installed their own multi-image production department; that was when Tom Cornell, Don O'Neill and Geoff Nightingale left Burson-Marsteller and started their own agency.]



The Houston refinery was one of my most prolific industrial shoots. Those were the days before the kinds of intense security that photographers must put up with now. I had my run of the refinery. I spent the morning photographing exteriors of the refinery; the complex network of pipes and the tall, steaming cracking towers made for some good shots.

But my favorite location there was the chemical laboratory. It was chock-a-block full of impressive glassware, lab instruments and technicians dressed in white coats (a real bunch of ham actors).

I got intrigued by a desktop vacuum chamber that they used to coat objects with silver, for observation in the scanning electron microscope. They coated one of my clear-glass filters with silver, making it into a two-way mirror that could be used to photograph extremely-bright light sources, like a welder's arc, or an eclipse of the sun.



By the time the day was done, the technicians and I were best buddies. They sent me on my way with two quarts of pure ethanol, one of USI's main products. In case you didn't know, ethanol is used to make cheap liquor. Geez did I have fun with that, making killer cocktails back at the studio. The slide show was made with the quad format I described earlier. It was the last show programmed with the AVL Acuetones. I used a forceful music track by Gene Page to open and close the show, mixed with tracks by Dexter Wansel and TSOP [The Sound of Philadelphia]. *Little Chemical Giant* was a huge hit. The first screening, outside of USI's New York HQ, was back in Milwaukee. Michnich insisted that Tom Cornell and me be on hand in case anything should go wrong. Subsequently, Gerry and Bob schlepped it all over the country for three years, playing it at every USI office, at trade shows and at sales pitches.

## 1974 – Capital Improvements – Audio Profit Center

As a small business owner, I was keenly aware of the “bottom line.”

The company was spending a ton of money to have our show soundtracks made at A&J Audio; I had spent enough time watching Jerry Kornbluth edit audio tracks to know that I could do it myself, maybe even better.

I reckoned that if the Bardo had an audio studio, it could be a profit center; more than that, it could be a *creative* center; after all, *audio* was half of audio-visual.

I called my friendly banker, Ken Nordt [Bank of Commerce] and invited him to the studio for a progress report. I showed him *Say Hello to The Sky* and *Little Chemical Giant*; he was blown away. Over lunch (delivery from Alex Lam, at Foo Chow<sup>4</sup>) I explained that the slide show business was my future, but I needed capital to build capability. Ken got it—he saw the power of slides with his own eyes. If I had made the same request down at the bank, I'm not sure he would have approved the generous line of credit he gave me that afternoon. The power of slides was persuasive.

Using the Bank of Commerce's ~~money~~ credit, I substantially upgraded the audio studio. My goal was self-sufficiency, to make my own sound tracks. It was not an impossible dream; companies like TEAC, Otari, Orban and Pioneer were making professional-grade audio components that were affordable, catering to a new breed of AV producers like me.

The core of my new audio studio was a pair of TEAC 3340-S tape decks, paired with a TEAC 12-channel mixing board (4 channels more than A&J's 8-track system). For location recording, I invested in a Nagra tape deck with six microphones—four Sennheiser microphones (cardioid, omni-directional and two shotgun mics) and two Sony ECH-50 lavalier microphones. Additional signal-processing equipment included a Roger Mayer noise gate and an Orban 622B stereo, 4-band, parametric equalizer.

The noise gate was used to *duck* [supress] music under a narrator's voice—when sensing a voice signal the noise gate decreased the volume of the music; whenever the narration paused or stopped, the music swelled back up. Although that sounds easy, if not done with a degree of subtlety, dips and swells in the background music could sound weird. Roger Mayer's device was the best on the market; it became legendary; so few were built that they became a collectors' item.

[Spoiler Alert: The Roger Mayer noise gate was such a legendary device that nearly four decades later, in 2013, a guy in Canton, Michigan—William Neshov—paid me \$1,000 for my cobweb-ridden, rattling old, machine. More on that later.]

The Orban equalizer was used to adjust frequency response—like adjusting the bass and treble on your stereo, but with far more precision: it could raise (boost) and lower (cut) the decibel output of specific wavelengths (frequencies of sound, aka "bands").

To digress momentarily: Here's an understandable explanation of equalization offered by *Lifewire* at <https://www.lifewire.com/graphic-vs-parametric-equalizer-3134842>:

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<sup>4</sup> Foo Chow was my favorite Chinese restaurant of all time; Alex Lam's food was so good that I ate Foo Chow for the better part of a year; there was a stretch in the winter of 1974 when I didn't leave the studio for about a month; I just had Foo Chow deliver. My favorites were General Ching's Chicken, Velvet Shrimp, House Special Lo Mein. At 1278 Third Avenue, the restaurant was a short three-block walk from the studio; but I was so pressed for time most days, I just called UN-1-4350 [today, that would be 212-861-4350] for delivery. Whenever I actually showed up in his restaurant, in person, Alex treated me like a king, with a martini, on the house; sometimes made with Tanqueray, my favorite, and other times with Bombay, his favorite. On one occasion, a stormy night when his walk-in business was light, Alex had time for a couple of martinis; I was able to persuade him to give me some of his recipes; they are reproduced in the Appendix, in case you're hungry.

“A graphic equalizer is the simpler type of audio equalizer, most often sporting multiple sliders or controls for boosting or cutting bands. But the number of individual controls can vary by make and model. For example, a typical five-band graphic equalizer will have sliders for five fixed frequencies: 30 Hz (low bass), 100 Hz (mid-bass), 1 kHz (midrange), 10 kHz (upper midrange), and 20 kHz (treble or high-frequency).

“A ten-band equalizer has sliders for ten fixed frequencies – typically the ones previously mentioned along with other values in between those. More bands mean wider control over the frequency spectrum. Each of the fixed frequencies can be boosted or cut to a maximum/minimum degree. The range could be +/- 6 dB or perhaps +/- 12 dB, all depending on the make and model.

“But there is one main thing to understand about using a graphic equalizer; when you adjust a slider, it *also affects the neighboring frequencies*. Think about what happens when you poke a finger into a plastic wrap that's covering a bowl. As the finger presses down into the plastic, it creates a slope effect. The areas closest to the finger are more affected by the sloping than areas further away. Pushing harder also intensifies the sloping versus a light poke. This same principle applies to how graphic equalizers handle frequency adjustments when boosting/cutting bands.

“In a nutshell, graphic equalizers offer:

- Simple and intuitive operation
- Fixed frequency adjustment
- Broad range of effect
- Ideal for general use
- Typically, less expensive than parametric equalizers

“Parametric equalizers are more complex than graphic equalizers since you can make additional adjustments beyond volume. A parametric equalizer lets you control three aspects: levels (boosting or cutting decibels), the center/primary frequency, and bandwidth/range (also known as Q or quotient of change) of each frequency. As such, parametric equalizers offer more of a *surgical precision* when it comes to affecting overall sound.

“Like the graphic equalizer, each frequency can have an increase/decrease to decibels/volume. But while graphic equalizers have fixed frequencies, parametric equalizers can choose a center/primary frequency. For example, if a graphic equalizer has a fixed control at 20 Hz, a parametric equalizer can be adjusted to control frequencies at 10 Hz, 15 Hz, 20 Hz, 25 Hz, 30 Hz, and so forth. The selection of adjustable frequencies (e.g. by ones, fives, or tens) varies by make and model.

“A parametric equalizer can also control bandwidth/range – the sloping that affects neighboring frequencies – of each individual frequency. For example, if the center frequency is 30 Hz, a wide bandwidth would also affect frequencies as low as 15 Hz and as high as 45 Hz. A narrow bandwidth might only affect frequencies as low as 25 Hz and as high as 35 Hz.

“While there is still a sloping effect, parametric equalizers are better able to zero in on and fine tune the shape of specific frequencies without disturbing others too much. This detailed control of tone and sound permits finer adjustments in order to suit particular/personal tastes and/or goals (such as for mixing or recording).

“In a nutshell, parametric equalizers offer:

- Complex and deliberate operation
- Select frequency adjustment
- Precise range of effect
- Ideal for studio recording, mixing, and/or production
- Typically, more expensive than graphic equalizers”

For playback in the studio, the output of all the aforementioned audio gack [slang for equipment] got sent to a McIntosh 275 amplifier feeding four JBL 4311 studio-monitor loudspeakers.

The McIntosh 275 has been called the greatest tube amplifier ever made. [Tube amplifiers reproduce a wider range of frequencies than digital amps.] As its name implies, the 275 output two 75-watt channels of clean, undistorted audio. The amplifier had enough umph to power eight JBL 4311 loudspeakers.

The 4311s, built by James B. Lansing, also became legendary for their distortion-free performance. [Just about all loudspeakers “color” sound; they play some frequencies better than others. JBL 4311s offered *flat*<sup>5</sup> sound with high performance; you could really crank them up.] Those speakers were so powerful that I was able to perform shows for 500 people with just four of them.

With the new gear I was able to produce my own professional grade audio in house. Don O’Neill was aware of the improvements; they were as much in his interests as they were mine (with me taking the capital risk). It was no serendipity that the concept for Don’s next show—*Hear Yourself Think*—relied on an exceptionally complex soundtrack; it gave me a chance to take my new audio system “out for a spin.”

### **1974 – OCF – *Hear Yourself Think***

Having in-house audio meant that the Bardo could offer more production value. With audio-production costs minimized, I could afford to be experimental, more “creative.” For example, Don’s next show, for OCF, called *Hear Yourself Think*, emphasized the audio half of audio-visual—the pictures were driven by the sound track, not the other way around.

The show was about OCF’s solution to the problem of office noise in an open-office environment [cubicles]. Open offices were trending; but people felt exposed; office cubicles offered little privacy; workers were afraid of being overheard. Don’s concept was to build a cacophony of office noises to demonstrate the importance of silence and privacy.

The beauty of the show was that it communicated without words, except a few “tag lines” at the very end, in case anyone didn’t already “get it.”

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<sup>5</sup> Flat sound is unbiased. Most audio speakers are biased toward the high or low end [treble or bass].

The soundtrack was made by recording all sorts of office noises (at Burson-Marsteller) and building them up by *over-dubbing* (aka *multi-tracking*—recording on more than one track). The soundscape began with a simple telephone ring, followed by slamming file cabinet drawers and people (passers by) arguing indistinctly. In a short two minutes that simple opening relentlessly built-up to an absolute cacophony. Yelling loudly to be heard over the deafening noise, an anguished narrator cried out: “Noise! It’s annoying ...distracting ...depressing. Sometimes, you can’t hear yourself think!” Then, absolute silence and, after a beat [a brief pause] a gentle jingle [song] swelled up in the background as the narrator (now relaxed) soothingly explained how OCF’s sound-control products let you, “Hear yourself think.”

[In addition to sound-insulating office-cubicle partitions, OCF’s solution was adding white noise to mask environmental sounds (like conversations). Scientifically, it works; however, people working in those environments must listen to constant hissing in the background. Apparently, people eventually dial white noise out of their consciousness.<sup>6</sup>]

Peter Thomas was the narrator for the *Hear Yourself Think* show. Jerry Kornbluth [A&J Audio] introduced me to him. Thomas was one of the very first super-star voice talents, made famous by his work in the PBS *Nature* series. He was the most talented narrator I ever worked with. It was not just the quality of his voice, it was how he used it, his phrasing and nuances. Peter would read through a script for a few minutes, mark it up, and then just nail it, usually on the first take. Sometimes he would ask for a re-take even when you thought the first take was good. He also had the singular ability to pronounce even the most arcane pharmaceutical names and medical terminology; nothing phased him—well, almost nothing.

The first time Thomas came to my studio to record, the set-up sort of threw him. Peter was surprised to find that our recording booth was a closet behind the bathroom on the second floor [away from city traffic noise] and the “control room” was on the third floor, connected to the booth with a 100-foot [~30-meter] XLR cable. Undaunted by our primitive facilities, Peter delivered a perfect performance and remained one of our most faithful suppliers. His voice on our tracks elevated our work to new levels of quality; it was inspiring, working with the best.

## 1974 – OCF – EEMH [Energy Efficient Mobile Homes]

As mentioned earlier, slide shows were a new phenomenon; any presentation using more than one screen or two projectors was almost guaranteed to be a success. Slide shows dressed up meetings that would have been less interesting, less fun, without them. Having a good slide show made a hero out of even the most amateurish presenter; slides illustrating their ~~diatribe~~ talking points took the burden off them and made them look more professional.

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<sup>6</sup> Wikipedia: The effects of white noise upon cognitive function are mixed. Recently, a small study found that white noise background stimulation improves cognitive functioning among secondary students with attention deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD), while decreasing performance of non-ADHD students. Other work indicates it is effective in improving the mood and performance of workers by masking background office noise, but decreases cognitive performance in complex card sorting tasks. Similarly, an experiment was carried out on sixty-six healthy participants to observe the benefits of using white noise in a learning environment. The experiment involved the participants identifying different images whilst having different sounds in the background. Overall the experiment showed that white noise does in fact have benefits in relation to learning. The experiments showed that white noise improved the participant’s learning abilities and their recognition memory slightly.



After the success of the three-projector *Hear Yourself Think* show, it seemed like every exec in OCF's C-Suite<sup>7</sup> wanted a slide presentation. Don O'Neill therefore had little difficulty selling a slide-show to reinforce a print campaign promoting Fiberglas insulation for mobile homes.<sup>8</sup> In the process, he upped the ante, garnering a budget for a six-projector show.

O'Neill came up with a brilliant script; it was a series of narrator bridges between interstitial interviews with real people; testimonials that added credibility. Don was an ace writer who saw the big picture and thought strategically. He pushed the envelope of anything and anybody he got involved with. He figured out how to get things done; in that sense, Don was a *fixer*; he didn't take no for an answer and was very persuasive.

Don used to do his best writing in the bath tub—I kid you not. While he was drafting the EEMH show, Don called me down to his apartment, to ask about what could be done with six projectors. I was pleasantly surprised to find that O'Neill lived on Greenwich Avenue, in Greenwich Village. The Village was an art colony in those days; it's since become Yuppified. That a promoter like Don lived there seemed out of context, but in a good way; after all, Burt Holmes also lived in the west Village, on Hudson Street, right around the corner from O'Neill's place. Anyway....

Susan O'Neill answered the doorbell, dressed in a bathrobe; she offered me some coffee and told me that Don was in the bathroom. Well, I sat down on the couch to wait, but he beckoned me to the bathroom; that's when I found Don in the altogether, typing away on an old manual machine that sat on an improvised table straddling the side rims of the biggest stand-alone tub I ever saw. Interesting.

I did my best to act nonchalant; I was nonplussed and hoped it didn't show. Don was totally unabashed and the conversation quickly turned to the show. O'Neill had it in his head to produce an in-depth documentary about mobile homes; a show with a lot of "red meat."

The reason he specified six projectors was to have enough tray space to keep the show rolling along at a good tempo—that meant changing slides at least once every two measures (using jazzy pop tracks, e.g., the "Philly Sound"), or every two seconds, on average.

Doing the math: Six projectors allowed for 480 slides (6 X 80). Running at 30 slides per minute, the show length would work out to 16 minutes. However, Don's script, when narrated by Peter Thomas, came in at 25 minutes—epic length for a slide show, or any sales presentation. As a point of comparison: today's programs and commercials come at you in a visual blitzkrieg; the long scenes at only a second or two; most scenes are less than a second.

At first, I complained: the tempo would be too slow—averaging one slide every three seconds. But when I read the script, I realized that there was no way to shorten it. In fact, the final cut of the show was 33 minutes. That was because we used testimonials—unscripted comments by real people—to tell the story.

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<sup>7</sup> Trivia Tidbit: According to Wikipedia, "C-Suite gets its name from the titles of top senior executives which tend to start with the letter C, for chief, as in chief executive officer (CEO), chief financial officer (CFO), chief operating officer (COO), and chief information officer (CIO). Also called 'C-level executives.'"

<sup>8</sup> The term "mobile home" is passé; now they are called "manufactured homes."

Some of them took their time; non-professionals tend to talk slowly and hesitantly when a microphone is put in front of them. But it was those candid interstitials that saved the day, tempo wise. I could comfortably sit on one or two head-shots of the subject during their comments; I could slow the visual tempo to a virtual visual standstill—and it still *felt* right. The lengthy interstitials shaved enough time and tray space to energize the rest of the show with peppy visuals.

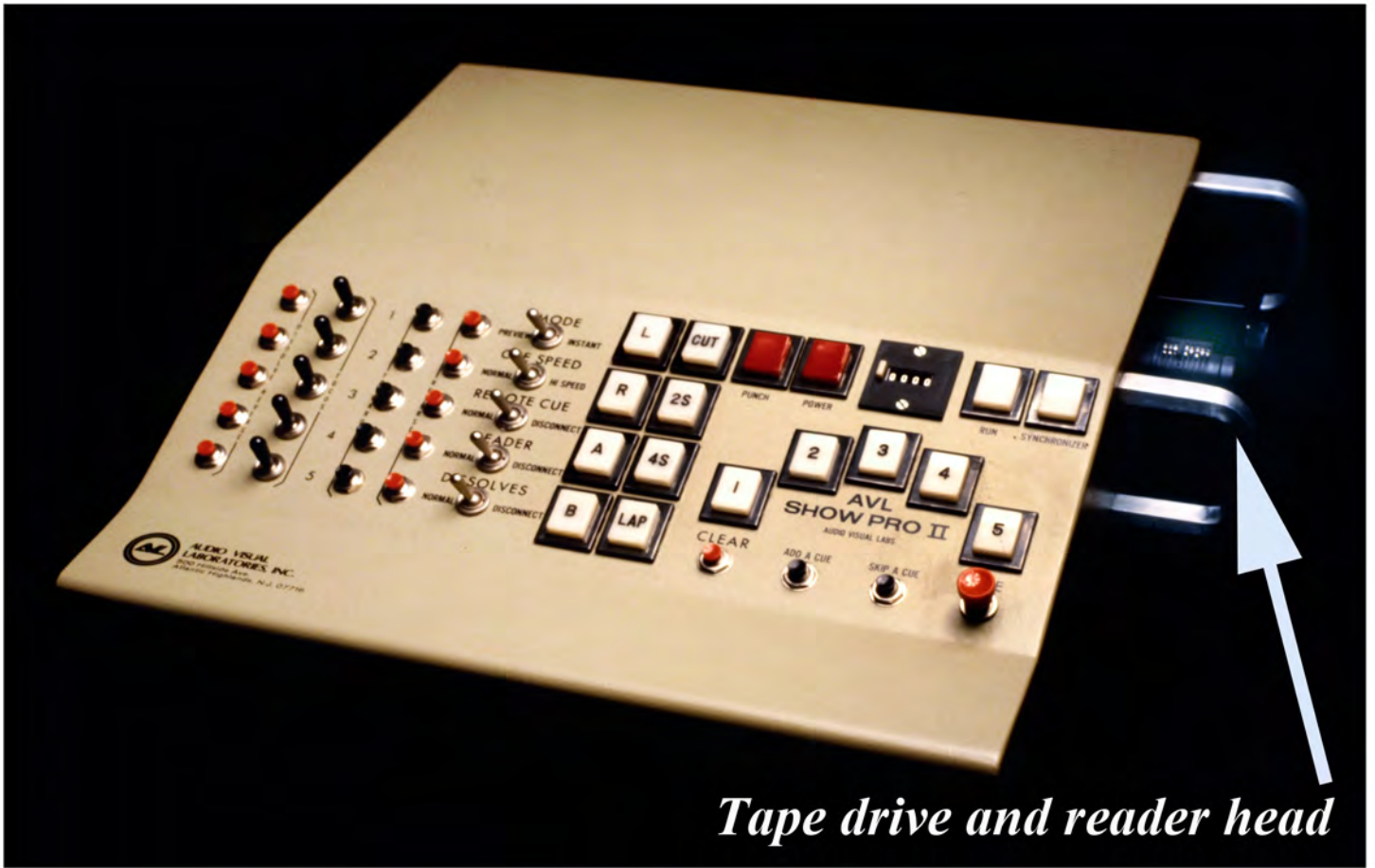
EEMH was a tough show to produce. Shooting in factories was no cake walk. I never knew what kind of lighting I'd have to deal with. Whatever I got; the pictures had to look good. The interview cut into my shooting time, adding some stress. Don conducted the interviews, but I was the engineer. Then I taught him how to operate the Nagra. The intense schedule was thrilling. We had a month to do the show. That sounds like a lot until you realize that we shot in sixteen locations in a dozen states. We were living out suitcases for a fortnight; jumping all over the map; shooting like hell all day; travelling by night; eating whenever and wherever we could. I was still anorexic; I didn't mind starving. At least there were free drinks on the plane—fuel.

Another thrill was dealing with thousands of slides in short order. I had never shot so much film. I averaged twenty 36-exposure rolls per location—more than 300 rolls in all. That's north of 11,000 slides. They needed editing, sheeting (in 20-slide, 3-hole-punched, soft-plastic pages, called *Vis Sheets*), sorting by subject and archiving. I had to build extra shelves to hold all the ring-binders. A lot of midnight oil was burned, sorting through all that material.

Yet another thrill was learning how to use the newly acquired AVL ShowPro II—a punch tape programming device. Trying to coordinate more than a few projectors was nigh on impossible using the AVL Acuetone; programming with the Acuetone had to be done in real time, like playing a piece on the piano; if I screwed up—which was easy—I had to start over.



The ShowPro II facilitated *leisure time programming*; at my leisure, I could program projector instructions by punching holes in a paper or Mylar tape using either a hand punch—a tedious task—or an optional, electric punch machine (seen in lower left corner).



*Tape drive and reader head*



Photo courtesy of Steve Michelsen

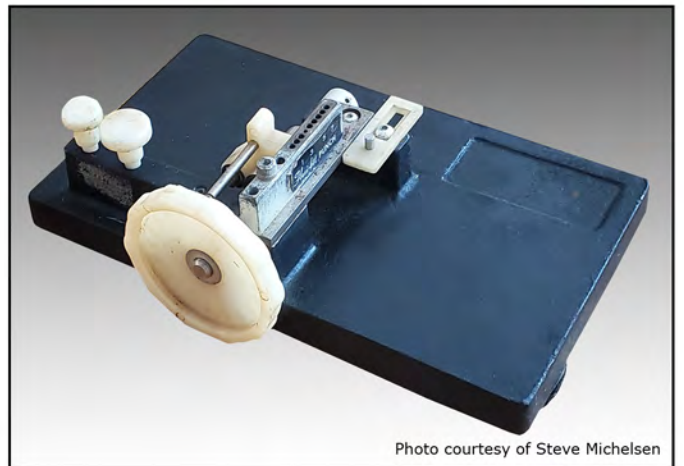
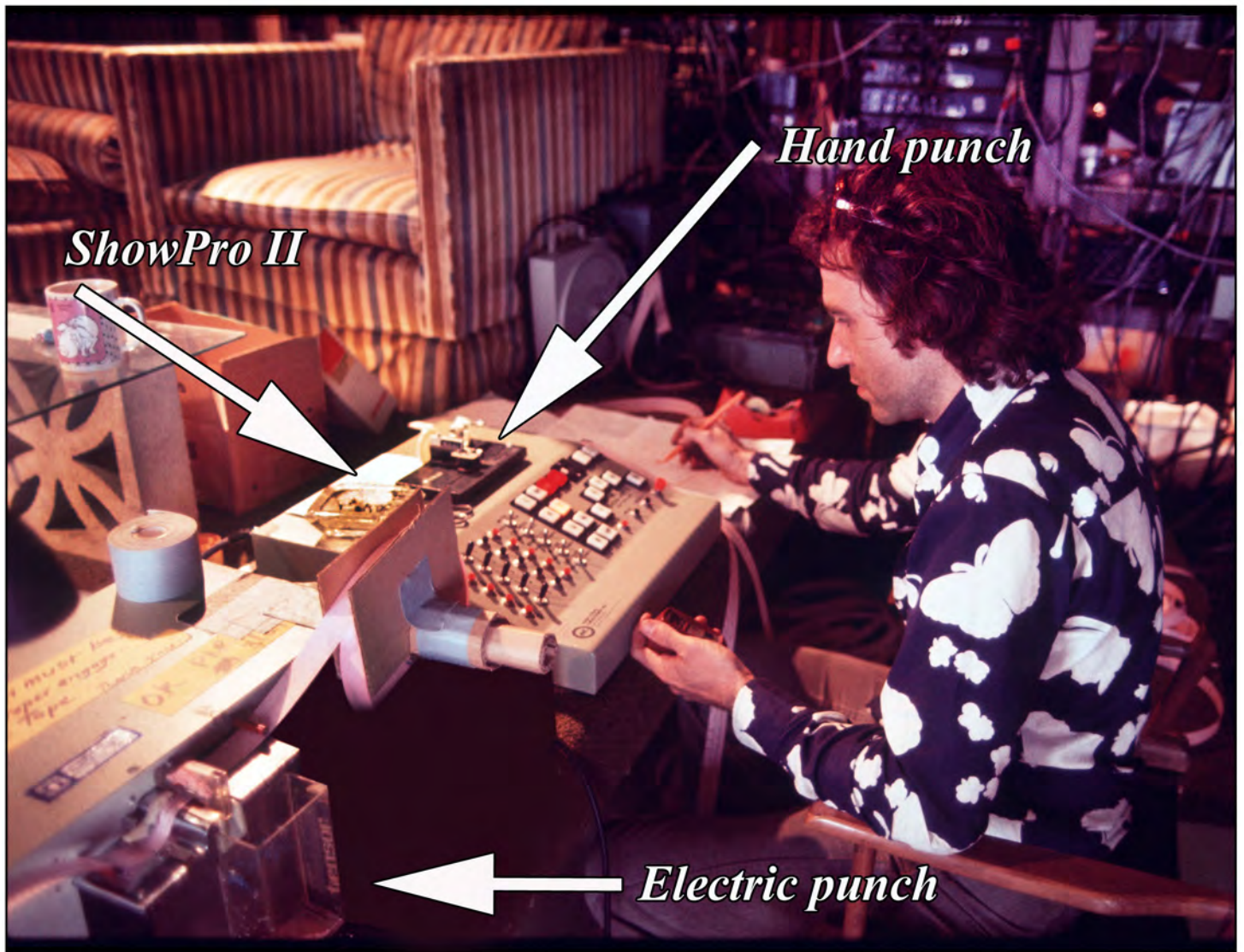


Photo courtesy of Steve Michelsen

1974 | PROGRAMMING WITH AVL SHOWPRO II | PLATE N° 1

*Center left: reader head tape-drive mechanism | Bottom: AVL electric and manual tape punches.*



1974 | PROGRAMMING WITH AVL SHOWPRO II | PLATE N° 2

Below: vase filled with punch-tape "chads" from my ShowPro II tapes. Engraved lid by Richard Allison.

Punch-tape programming saved a lot of time. Mistakes could be reprogrammed individually, as they happened, instead of having to start over from the beginning every time.

The EEMH show was giant step forward for Don and I. For me it was all about the technology. I had more toys to play with than ever before and I loved it. For Don it was all about new business. He used the EEMH show for his demo—it was, after all, a ground-breaking presentation—and successfully pitched Jordan’s King Hussein.

## 1974 – ALIA – Moving the Mountain to Mohammad

Geoff Nightingale came up with the term *mindblower*. He was trying to describe one of the shows I made for Cincom Systems.

Thence onwards, mindblower became the term used to describe a particular style of show. You could say that, Incredible Slidemakers invented the mindblower; it was a *genre* that Sherry White<sup>25</sup> called “flash and trash” during a speech at an AMI meeting.

Flash and trash indeed. The objective of a mindblower was to overwhelm the viewer; to present more than an audience could possibly take in. To make a mindblower I used fast, high-energy music—the likes of Barry White; Dexter Wansel; Al Hudson; Jack McDuff, Gene Page, T.S.O.P (The Sound of Philadelphia), Giorgio Moroder and Vincent Montana’s Salsoul Orchestra. The visuals were fast-paced and random with plenty of fancy graphics and logos.

To digress momentarily: I actually met Vince Montana, who invented the so-called “Sound of Philadelphia;” I wanted to hire him and have his *Salsoul Orchestra* make music for a Clairol show. I drove all the way to Philly [Philadelphia] expecting to go to a space-age audio studio. Instead, I ended up in a suburban neighborhood and arrived at a little house on a back street. Vince’s studio turned out to be in the attic of his detached two-car garage; and, he made his music on the same kind of equipment that I used at the Bardo: a pair of TEAC 3340 tape decks, providing 8 tracks, fed to a third four-track machine. That meeting really spurred me on; realizing that one of the Masters of the Universe created his tracks on the same kind of audio rig that I had; there was no excuse not to produce the best.

Companies bought logo treatments the way women buy make-up. I learned to start and finish every new business pitch with a spectacular logo treatment; we made a lot of money on those.

Using the EEMH show and the mindblower that I produced for the Piper Aircraft sales meeting—*Say Hello to The Sky*—Don and Geoff successfully pitched Jordan’s King Hussein for a show about ALIA, the *Royal Jordanian Airline*. The pitch for ALIA’s business was a testament to Don O’Neill’s audacity and my gumption. Together, the two of us flew a 15-projector rig to Amman [Jordan] and presented to King Hussein and the airline’s founder, Ali Ghandour.

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<sup>25</sup> Wife of Duffy White, founder and Creative Director of *Photosynthesis*, Denver

It was through EJA's founder, Bruce Sundlun—who later became the Governor of Rhode Island—that Ali Ghandour heard of Don O'Neill. Ghandour purchased a refurbished Learjet from Sundlun and had it painted with the colors and insignia of his new airline: Arab Wings. O'Neill got wind of the new airplane on a tip from Sundlun; he talked him into having me shoot the plane before it was delivered; that was a clever move.

We took the plane into the skies above Ohio for two hours and got some exciting air-to-air shots; a *hero* shot was also made at sunset, outside of the EJA hanger. [See, 1974 / *ALIA-Arab Wings Collage* / Plate № 1 and/or 1974 / *ALIA-Arab Brochure* / Plate № 1]. Those pictures were shown during our pitch in Amman; I think they are the ones that sealed the deal; but that was later.

Between all the work we had done for Piper Aircraft, Executive Jet Aviation and Falcon Jet, Don had a powerful arsenal of great demo materials. However, the big pitch almost never happened.

The first challenge Don and I encountered in Amman was liberating our gear. His Majesty's Customs impounded all of it and demanded a \$50,000 import duty. It took a note from the King to liberate the stuff, but that took time to get.

Truth told, the authorities had every right to be suspicious of us; what were we doing with two dozen road cases full of AV gear and (especially) so much photo equipment? In the Arab world, where giving *baksheesh* (~~payoff~~, gratuity) was customary, Don and I were potentially manna from heaven for those agents. However, the amount of cash that Customs demanded exceeded Don's limits; so, we decided to wait it out, knowing that eventually the King would intercede. A week later we were back in business.

At the palace we discovered that the only room big enough to screen the show had only one electrical plug. Would that single circuit withstand the load of 15 projectors? I doubted it—the whole city's electrical system was a shamble. The night before, while having a night-cap at a rooftop bar overlooking the city, Don and I watched various sectors of Amman periodically blacking out. We couldn't help thinking that there was a good chance our show would be the cause of such a blackout!

Our neck was saved by the fact that Jordan uses 220-volt power; our 110-volt equipment used only half as much. The circuit held and the show played without a hitch, although the extension cord got pretty hot. The King and his entourage had never seen anything like our 15-projector multi-image presentation; for them it truly was a mindblower and we were awarded ALIA's business.

Bringing the photo gear was a calculated risk. However, Ali Ghandour had suggested to Don in New York that the pitch to the King was a formality and that with Hussein's nod of approval we could begin work immediately, which we did.

Ghandour assigned his young assistant, Nabil Mohammed, to be our facilitator. Nabil, Don and I were like *The Three Musketeers*; wherever we went, everyone wanted to help or be in the pictures. I wasn't accustomed to that level of cooperation. As mentioned earlier, I was used to dealing with the *us versus them* mentality of American workers. Royal Jordanian's people were genuinely enthusiastic—you can see it in their smiles.

## 1974 | ALIA-Arab Wings Collage | Plates N<sup>os</sup> 1-6

*Plate N<sup>o</sup> 1: (Top) Initial photography of the Arab Wings Bombardier Learjet 55 was done in Columbus, Ohio, at EJA's base of operations, and shot on Kodachrome film. The hangar shot was done using a Nikon FTn with a 35 mm PC-Nikkor lens (PC=Perspective Control).*

*The air-to-air shots, taken over Ohio, were shot using 28 mm Nikkor. The pilots were not used to flying as close together as they had to for the wide-angle optics I was using, to include a lot of BG (background).*

*The sunrise (sunset, actually) shot was done with a 28 mm Nikkor to stretch the Bombardier Learjet 55.*

*(Center) Lift-off from Acaba Airport, Jordan; shot with a 300 mm Nikkor lens on a motorized Nikon FTn, at 1/15<sup>th</sup> and 1/30<sup>th</sup> of a second.*

*(Bottom) Ali Gandour, CEO of ALIA Royal Jordanian Airlines, with Flight Services managers, in Amman (the grab shot was done with a 28 mm Nikkor lens) and Ahmed Bashar, ALIA's advertising manager, shot with a 200 mm Nikkor, in Acaba.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 2-5: There are too many pictures to comment on. But I hope you get some idea of what I mean when I talk about "coverage;" the photographer's need to get every shot, and from a variety of angles; to tell the story, without words. Remember: these pictures were used for a slide show (as well as publications). The whole bunch, with few exceptions were shot on Kodachrome; if it was really dark, I used High Speed Ektachrome.*

*Plate N<sup>o</sup> 6: In the days before Photoshop, getting the sky right wasn't as easy; shooting action shots, like these aerial photos of Arab Wings Bombardier-Learjet 55, I kept my eye on the plane and hoped the clouds would align in my favor; they did for this shot, made with a 55 mm Micro-Nikkor fitted with a Tiffen polarizing filter.*







1974 | ALIA-ARAB WINGS COLLAGE | PLATE N° 1

*Lower Left: Ali Gandour, CEO, with Flight Services managers. Right: Ahmed Bashar, Advertising Manager.*



1974 | ALIA-ARAB WINGS COLLAGE | PLATE N° 2  
 Arab Wings brochure photography was done in Acaba, Jordan.



1974 | ALIA-ARAB WINGS COLLAGE | PLATE N° 3

*Arab Wings brochure photography was done in Acaba, Jordan.*



1974 | ALIA-ARAB WINGS COLLAGE | PLATE N° 4  
*ALIA brochure photography was done in Amman, Jordan.*



1974 | ALIA-ARAB WINGS COLLAGE | PLATE N° 5

*ALIA brochure photography was done in Amman, Jordan.*



1974 | ALIA-ARAB WINGS COLLAGE | PLATE N° 6

*Initial aerial photography of Arab Wings first jet was done over southern Ohio.*



1974 | ALIA-ARAB WINGS COLLAGE | PLATE N° 7

*Bruce Sundlum and Paul Tibbets personally delivered N368EJ to King Hussein | PR triumph for Don O'Neill*

## 1974 | ALIA-Arab Wings Brochure | Plates N<sup>os</sup> 1-14

*Plate N<sup>o</sup> 1: The sunrise (sunset, actually) shot of Arab Wings Bombardier Learjet 55 was done with a 28 mm Nikkor to stretch the Bombardier Learjet 55. The location was the tarmac in front of EJA's maintenance hangar at Columbus Airport, Ohio. Two exposures were made: one for the sunset sky and the other for the aircraft (shot before sunset). Those two images were merged by Thad McGar at Wellbeck Studios.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 2-3: The aerial shot of Arab Wings' Bombardier Learjet 55 was made over Ohio, but you'd never know from the wonderful blanket of clouds that hid the unremarkable landscape, below.*

*The star-flare was made with a Tiffen 1 mm star filter. I shot from an EJA Lear, using a 55 mm Micro-Nikkor. That was the most telephoto lens I could use, shooting through the Lear's plastic windows, which whacked the focus of longer glass. The little shot was done with a 20 mm Nikkor lens, with plenty of room for text, had it been used as a feature shot.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 4-5: These pictures were made in and around Amman Airport. The lead was made with a 28 mm Nikkor; it was a set-up shot; the pilots were carefully positioned. The inset pilot was shot with a 105 mm Nikkor. The window shot was done with a 35 mm Nikkor.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 6-7: Photography illustrating flight services was done at Acaba Airport. The handshake shot was done with a 105 mm lens from under the wing. Inside the plane, only a wide-angle 21 mm Nikkor sufficed, the quarters were so tight—like inside the backseat of a VW bug.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 8-9: The Arab Wings Bombardier Learjet 55, over the rugged Jordanian Highlands, shot with a 28 mm Nikkor lens, through the window of another Learjet.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 10-11: ALIA's Maintenance Center was shot with a 200 mm Nikkor; the model was posed using a walkie-talkie. In the electronics department, I shot the technician with a 28 mm Nikkor using a CC30M (magenta) filter to neutralize the green fluorescent lighting. The avionics technician and pilots were shot in Acaba with a 20 mm Nikkor.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 12-13: Arab Wings Bombardier Learjet 55 at the point of rotation during liftoff from Acaba Airport, Jordan. It was shot with a 300 mm Nikkor lens on a motorized Nikon FTn, at 1/15<sup>th</sup> and 1/30<sup>th</sup> of a second.*

*Plate N<sup>o</sup> 14: I lucked out on the ride back to Amman from Acaba; as the sun dipped behind the clouds on the horizon, the sky coloration looked almost the same at the cover picture for the Arab Wings brochure. So, I grabbed this shot through a passenger, window using a 28 mm Nikkor, for the back cover.*



**arab wings**



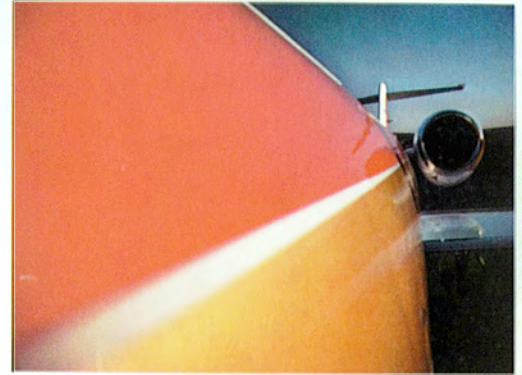
**ONLY A FLYING CARPET CAN GET YOU  
AROUND THE MIDDLE EAST FASTER.**

The business jet is now at your disposal throughout the Middle East. Thanks to Arab Wings, the Middle East's first custom business jet charter service, your travels are no longer limited to where and when scheduled airlines fly. Arab Wings always has an aircraft available to take you wherever you want to go, whenever you want to go, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. On Arab Wings, you are never more than three hours from anywhere in the Arab World. That's important because nowhere in the world is it more important to conduct business negotiations face to face than in the Middle East. Here, personal contact can clinch a business deal.

## ARAB WINGS

But, we do more than merely save you time. Arab Wings is backed by the complete resources of ALIA, The Royal Jordanian Airline and its agents throughout the Arab world, United States, Europe and Asia. We can help smooth your way. When necessary, our agents will help with visas, hotel accommodations and if you wish, meet you personally at your destination to help with security and customs.

Arab Wings... Only a flying carpet can get you around the Middle East faster.



Arab Wings Learjet 35/36 aircraft are the largest, newest models available today. Among the most fully equipped in the world, the Learjets can cruise at up to 550 mph and, whenever possible, all Arab Wings aircraft operate at 41,000 feet above the weather.



1974 | ALIA-ARAB WINGS BROCHURE | PLATE N° 3  
*Arab Wings Bombardier Learjet 55 | In the skies over Ohio.*

Arab Wings is always ready to go when you are. There are no timetables other than your own. You make your own schedule, we keep to it. There is no waiting in check-in lines or for security searches. No departure lounge delays. No connections to make or miss. No chance of lost baggage.

Arab Wings will have an aircraft available whenever you need it not only because we have the largest fleet of business jets in the Middle East but because we operate in a unique fashion. To assure quick customer response times, our Learjets don't return to home base after each flight. Rather, our aircraft are strategically situated throughout the Middle East, flying from Amman, Jordan; Beirut, Lebanon; Dhahran, Saudi Arabia; and the capitals of several Arabian Gulf States including Oman, Kuwait, Bahrain, Dubai, Abu Dhabi, and Qatar.



Because there is always an aircraft nearby, you pay only a flat rate for the miles you fly, or if you prefer, a flat weekly charge. There is never a ferry or positioning charge. And, within the Middle East, we never charge you for the aircraft's return flight unless you fly it as a passenger.

You can reserve an Arab Wings aircraft simply by contacting your local ALIA office or by telephoning Flight Control Center in Amman, Jordan. An integral but distinct part of the ALIA headquarters, Arab Wings Flight Control Center can call upon the full resources of the airline and its agents. It provides your crew with all they need to know for a comfortable on-time flight, weather information at all altitudes, visas, local flying restrictions, and landing permits. Traffic rights, often a problem in the Middle East, are no problem to Arab Wings. Our aircraft are authorized to operate freely in most Gulf States.

Relieved of these administrative details, your flight crew is free to concentrate on piloting the aircraft and attending to your needs.

The continuous positive flight control exercised by Flight Control Center does more than assure you arrive at your destination on time. It is important for flight safety. Each aircraft's operational and performance data are fed through the Center to Maintenance. You can be sure Arab Wings aircraft head for home base before scheduled maintenance becomes due.

In short, we know where you are, how you are, where you are going, and when you will arrive. And, that's important.

## ARAB WINGS IS LIKE OWNING YOUR OWN AIRLINE





On Arab Wings, you are never more than three hours from anywhere in the Middle East. And, because Arab Wings aircraft are strategically located throughout the Middle East, you are assured that we will always have an aircraft available. Our Flight Control Center constantly monitors all aircraft movements and briefs crew with all information necessary for an on-time flight.

From the moment you reserve an aircraft, you are relieved of your transportation worries. Concerns that to even a seasoned international traveller can be trying. Arab Wings Flight Control Center, our crews and ALIA representatives throughout the Middle East stand ready to help you. You are free to concentrate on business.

Flight Control Center will select a Learjet most suited to your needs. For longer trips, you will be assigned a Learjet 36. The Learjet 36 can carry up to five passengers with intercontinental range. The Learjet 36 can comfortably fly from Amman to London, Geneva and other European cities with more than adequate reserves in as little as 4 hours. For shorter flights, you might select the roomier 8-passenger transcontinental Learjet 35. Whichever aircraft you choose, you will be flying in the largest, newest model Learjet available today. Among the fastest business jets, the Learjet can cruise at up to 550 mph or .83 Mach (the speed of sound), and, whenever possible, all Arab Wings aircraft operate at 41,000 feet well above the rough weather and other traffic. At this altitude, your jet can travel Great Circle Routes the shortest distance to your destination.

Speed might not seem important but it means that you can visit Amman, Jordan, Abu Dhabi and Kuwait all in a single day and still have time for discussions at each stop-over. And, using Arab Wings means you won't have to

## ARAB WINGS—YOUR COMPETITIVE EDGE IN THE MIDDLE EAST.





worry about overnight hotel accommodations ... sometimes a problem in the Middle East.

You can even put your flight time to good use. All Arab Wings trips are totally confidential. Your in-flight privacy is also assured. There is a door between cockpit and cabin so you can use your flight time for informal meetings or sales presentations.

Or, if you prefer, you can simply relax, for your comfort is our primary concern. You won't find a more accommodating seat on any aircraft. Our individual chairs slide away from the side panel to give you those all-important extra inches of in-flight shoulder room. Each seat can be rotated a full 180 degrees to a club seating arrangement so convenient for meetings or just chatting.

An on-board refreshment center gives you your choice of hot or cold European or Arab meals. There is a private lavatory, even a stereo music system for you to enjoy at your discretion.

Flying with Arab Wings relieves you of your transportation worries. You are free to concentrate on business and our Learjet's in-flight privacy allows you to hold meetings or informal discussions as you go where you want to go, when you want to go.



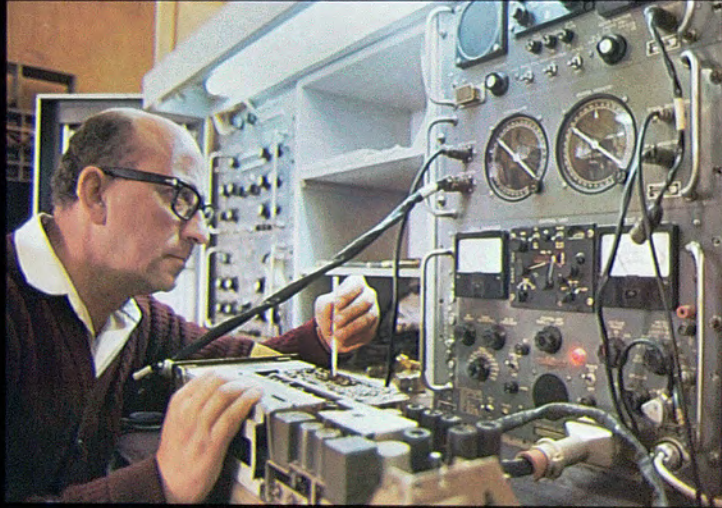


1974 | ALIA-ARAB WINGS BROCHURE | PLATE N° 8  
*Arab Wings Bombardier Learjet 55 | Over the Jordanian Highlands.*

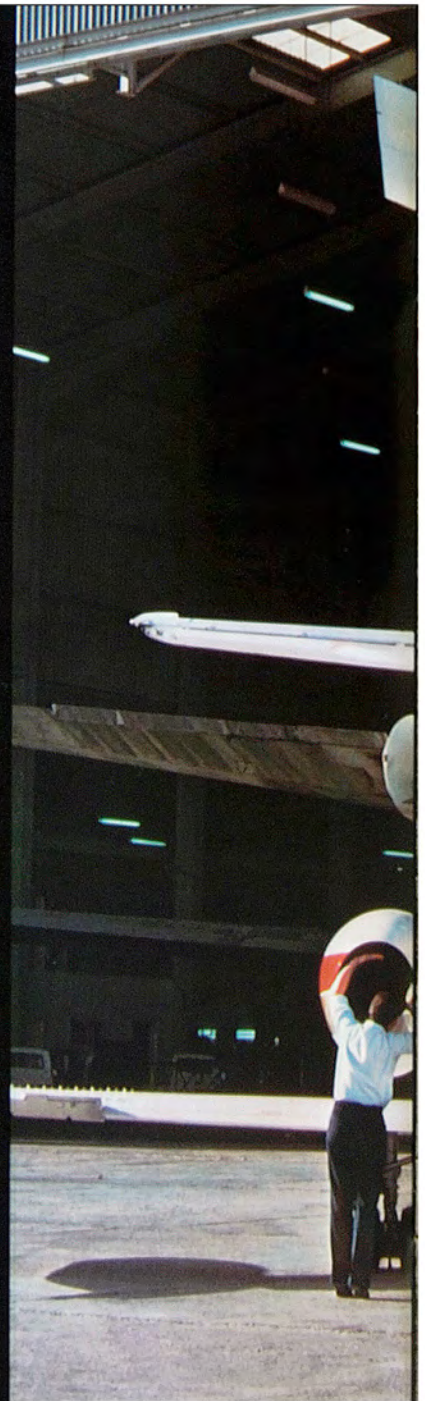




1974 | ALIA-ARAB WINGS BROCHURE | PLATE N° 9  
*Arab Wings Bombardier Learjet 55 | Over the Jordanian Highlands.*



Arab Wings is backed by the full resources of ALIA, the Royal Jordanian Airline. The same facilities which regularly handle routine and unscheduled maintenance on ALIA's fleet of 707, 720, and 727 aircraft have become the Middle East's first Learjet service center.





**ARAB WINGS—BACKED BY  
THE FULL RESOURCES OF ALIA**

When you fly with Arab Wings only one thing is more important than your comfort . . . your safety. That's why on all our flights, without exception, you will always find a fully qualified, English speaking, two-man crew. Our captains and first officers are seasoned professionals. Their flying experience is not limited to the Middle East. They have flown both in the United States and Europe. All, however, received special training in the Learjet 35/36, under the direction of Air Affaires, the European distributor for Gates Learjet.

Our crews undergo regular physical and professional examinations to ensure they are fit to fly you anywhere, anytime. And to make sure they stay fit, we don't disturb them when they are resting. We will ferry an aircraft and fresh crew to pick you up rather than send you aloft with a crew that should be resting. While physical fitness and training are important, it is constant flying and continuous training that keep our crews at absolute peak efficiency. And because they fly wherever a customer wishes, they know the Middle East better than many pilots who fly for scheduled airlines.

But our crews are more than mere captains and first officers, they are your personal ambassadors. They meet your limousine, clear your way through airport red tape, help load your baggage. Once aloft, they will serve refreshments, even explain how the stereo works. All our crew members recognize that your comfort is secondary only to your safety.

Safety that will never be compromised by our business jets.

Arab Wings Learjets are among the most fully equipped in the world. They are capable of precision flight in virtually any weather condition. Digital weather radar enables Arab Wings' captains to avoid storms and turbulent air that could mean a rough ride. Ontrac navigates even in the relatively untraveled airspace in the

Middle East, while two dual channel ILS landing systems give Arab Wings aircraft the same landing capability as scheduled airliners.

The best in equipment requires the best in maintenance.

To maintain our Learjets in just this fashion, Arab Wings calls upon the complete maintenance resources of ALIA, the Royal Jordanian Airline. These facilities daily handle routine and unscheduled repairs on ALIA's fleet of Boeing 707, 720, and 727 aircraft. Amman headquarters is as complete a maintenance base as you will find in the Middle East. Over 200 mechanics and technicians work in its airframe, engine, interior and avionics workshops.

As the Middle East's first Learjet service center, our Amman facility is uniquely qualified to maintain the Learjet 35 and 36. We maintain a stock of critical parts and have trained a special team of mechanics to give the Learjets the same special care our larger aircraft receive. Everything we do on the ground means the aircraft you fly is more than airworthy.



1974 | ALIA-ARAB WINGS BROCHURE | PLATE N° 12  
*Arab Wings Bombardier Learjet 55 | Lift-off from Acaba Airport, Jordan.*



**ARAB WINGS IS READY  
TO SERVE YOU**

Wherever you are going in the Middle East, whenever you are going, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, let Arab Wings fly you there. We will save you time, as your schedule is our schedule. And, we can help smooth your way. On Arab Wings you are never more than three hours from anywhere in the Arab World.

Arab Wings is the Middle East's largest business jet charter service. And, only a flying carpet can get you around the Middle East faster.

Made in U.S.A.



**arab wings**

To reserve an Arab Wings Aircraft:  
Simply telex 925 1608 ALIAJO or contact your local ALIA office.

## 1974 – Shooting ALIA – Arresting Assignment

We spent long days photographing every aspect of ALIA's operations—maintenance, training, catering and in-flight services—500 rolls worth; that's about 5,000 slides, later edited to 1,500 keepers.

After work, Nabil would take us to dinner. For the first two weeks, we ended up at the Holiday Inn every night; they served American food—and booze! (Most restaurants in Jordan didn't serve alcohol.) The Holiday Inn was the newest, biggest, and best hotel in Amman; it was Nabil's favorite place; he couldn't get enough of it. I had to twist his arm to go for Jordanian food.

The night Nabil took us for local cuisine I was buzzing, but not from booze—it was the coffee—thick as mud and stronger than espresso, served by waiters who poured from ornate, Moorish-style, long-spouted jugs worn on their backs. The refills never stopped; it was like having a bottomless cup. I had way too much before learning that to stop the coffee service you simply turned your cup upside down.

They seated us on big pillows around a low table and served a dozen different dips and breads. They were delicious; I loaded up; people were amused at how much I ate, a few even chuckled. I realized why they were so amused when four waiters replaced the dips with an enormous platter of BBQ—everything from fish to fowl, including a half-dozen kinds of meat and sausages. But I was already stuffed and could only watch as the others dove into the delicacies with gusto.

The most important pictures were always those of the client, the one who was paying you. In our case that was King Hussein and Ali Ghandour. It was Ghandour who contracted Burson-Marsteller in New York, who invited us to Jordan. Don wanted him photographed in the hangar, surveying his realm so to speak. However, Ghandour said he was leaving that afternoon on flight to Geneva and would be going on to London and New York from there. Yikes!

Talk about *run and gun*: Don grabbed me while I was taking down the projection grid to give me the news about Ali Ghandour; we managed to catch him boarding his plane; he paused long enough to give us a wave. Close call!

King Hussein was a fighter pilot in the Royal Jordanian Airforce; he was rumored to occasionally pilot Royal Jordanian Airline flights, for the fun of it. Hussein had recently purchased two Falcon 50 corporate jets from Avions Marcel D'Asseau Briguet.<sup>26</sup> The King's Falcons were decked out as flying lounges. Don's idea was to photograph him piloting one of them. However, for security reasons, we shot Hussein's pictures in a Falcon 50 flight simulator.

The cockpit of a Falcon 50 was smaller than a VW Bug. To find good angles in that tight space, I had to become a contortionist. My gyrations amused His Majesty, resulting in some mirthful smiles. The watchful security officers (toting very big guns) weren't as amused.

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<sup>26</sup> D'Asseau hired O'Neill and I a year later, based on the work we did for King Hussein.

I was supposed to have five minutes but managed to eek out an extra ten because Hussein, who was an amateur photographer, had a lot of questions about what I was doing; you know, tech talk. The King spoke good English; his guards, not a word of it.

Besides King Hussein and Ali Ghandour, the most important pictures were those of ALIA's aircraft. The airline was young [decreed in 1963 by King Hussein] and their fleet was small. ALIA had a half dozen old 707s and 727s—and one 747, the queen of the fleet.

With routes that circumnavigated the globe, Royal Jordanian aircraft landed at Amman airport infrequently. The 747, for example, arrived only once a week. That made photography of the aircraft challenging.

Nabil arranged with Flight Operations to notify us well ahead of the departure or arrival of any ALIA aircraft. They called the next morning with news of the arrival of a 727 around noon. Don and I headed down to the airport a couple of hours ahead of time; I had a lot of equipment to set-up; my plan was to use four motorized Nikons interconnected so that they all fired at the same time using a single shutter-release switch.<sup>27</sup>

I laid out the four cameras fifty feet apart [15.24 meters], covering a 200-foot stretch of the runway [61 meters]. I was after the classic shot, when the wheels touch the ground with a little puff of smoke. I got the four cameras in position, interconnected, pre-focused and tested, with fifteen minutes to spare. Then came news that the plane was going to be two hours late. Groan.

Don suggested that he and Nabil go over to the commissary and bring back some stuff for lunch; great idea. They took the van and headed off in that direction, leaving me to guard the gear.

A few minutes later a soldier in a Jeep drove up and stopped to have a look at what I was doing; he asked me a question in Jordanian which I didn't understand and couldn't answer. The soldier got on the radio and soon enough another Jeep rolled up, with two more soldiers. They carted me off to jail, leaving all the gear with the original guy. Yikes!

It was mid-afternoon before Nabil got me sprung from the brig. We missed the only flight of the day (or so we thought). After moving on, to shoot student aviators at the Flight Academy, I nearly had a conniption when I started hearing jet planes taking off and landing. Why weren't we told?

Nabil got on it; he discovered that the 727 had been re-assigned and was trying to leave for Istanbul, to replace an ALIA plane grounded there with mechanical problems. What sounded to us like a half-dozen planes coming and going was actually that one 727 circling the airport—doing touch-and-go landings to free-up landing gear that wouldn't retract. A dozen touch and goes! What a photo op that would have been.

ALIA's one and only 747 landed in the middle of the night; we shot the plane at the arrival gate, where there was enough light; it was 4:00 am by the time we finished covering the passenger, baggage and freight-handling operations. Then we beat it to the Holiday Inn to rest up—we had to be back at the airport at noon to set-up for the 747's departure at 2:00 pm [14:00].

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<sup>27</sup> The old Nikon FTN motor drives had female receptacles for standard, two-prong electrical plugs; inexpensive household extension cords and switches could be used to easily trigger any number of them in tandem.



For the 747-take-off sequence, three motorized cameras were rigged with wide lenses aimed at the point of rotation (when the wheels leave the runway). I gave Nabil the trigger for those three cameras; that freed me to man the fourth camera, rigged with a 1,000mm lens for extreme close-ups. Using that super-telephoto, the 747 filled the frame from a half mile away [0.8 km]. As the 747 began rolling down the runway, the behemoth turned to the right and headed directly toward me. What?

I looked up from the camera and saw that the airplane was heading off the runway. The pilots reacted quickly. The plane ground to a halt 10 feet [~3 meters] short of the runway's edge. For a moment, I thought I might be documenting a disaster.



Simulated recreation of what I saw through a 1000mm (500 X2) MTO lens.

It took them an hour to tow the 747 back to the take-off position. On the second try, the same thing happened. This time, the tow took the plane back to the gate. So much for the big shoot.

An examination determined that the freight was misloaded, changing the aircraft's center of gravity. When the 747 started down the runway, the rear dipped and the front (steering) wheel left with the ground. It took them some time to figure that out because, theoretically, it was impossible to misload a 747—the big Boeing had an on-board computer to prevent out-of-balance payloads.

The culprit turned out to be the cargo itself: live chickens—thousands of them—bound for a religious festival in Mecca. The big cages may have been secured in position, but the chickens inside were not. The chickens were reloaded correctly overnight and we got the shots the next morning.

Those turned out to be expensive pictures because the enormous blast of exhaust blew down the three wide-angle Nikons. I lost a 28mm lens which—literally—bit the dust.

Back in New York, Tom Ridinger cranked out a beautiful brochure about Royal Jordanian Airlines while I made an ALIA version of Piper's *Say Hello to The Sky* show by swapping slides.

Ali Ghandour came to see the show in my studio and Don presented him with a copy of the new brochure. We drank champagne and Ghandour announced that he was starting a business-jet charter company, called Arab Wings. He asked Don and I to do the promotion work.

That was one of the only occasions that Geoff Nightingale ever came to the studio. Nightingale's eyes popped when he first arrived at the former mansion. "Aha," he joked, "this is where my money goes; no wonder you are so expensive!"



Ali Ghandour [lower center, shown with the women in charge of ALIA's Flight Services department] was the consummate deal maker; the kind of millionaire businessman who jets around the world; who has power breakfasts; who spends his evenings sipping French brandy and smoking Cuban cigars at the poshest Gentlemen's clubs. He turned over the supervision of our new work to his completely inept advertising manager, Ahmed Bashar [left]; we didn't see much of him. Our contact man was Nabil Mohammed [upper right].



The ALIA slide show presented as many aspects of the company's operations as we could photograph in three days. Between the delays getting our gear, my getting detained, etcetera, we were well behind schedule.

Don was under a lot of pressure to get back to New York. I donned my run-and-gun photo vest and shot the shit out of everything and everyone. I blasted through the 500 rolls of film we brought with us and wished for more. (Can you believe, none was available in Amman?) There was no time to use fill lighting; everything was shot available light.

Besides the usual run-and-gun reportage coverage—of aircraft and airline operations—O'Neill wanted stories about Arab Wings customers that could become the stuff of magazine editorials as well as our audiovisual program. Nabil located three businessmen who were Arab Wings flyers. Their case histories were illustrated with staged shots. One of the customers was the Jordanian Holiday Inn franchisee (we stayed at his hotel, in Amman); his story was about the new hotel he was building in Acaba.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>28</sup> Wikipedia: Acaba is one of the governorates of Jordan, located south of Amman, capital of Jordan. Its capital is Aqaba. It is the fourth largest governorate in Jordan by area and is ranked 10th by population. Aqaba, the port at the Red Sea, plays an important role in the economic life of Jordan. Two of Jordan's top three tourist destinations lie in Aqaba Governorate, Wadi Rum, and the port city of Aqaba. The port is Jordan's most important import/export hub. The industrial port lies about 15 km to the south from the beaches and the Aqaba city center.



We made a hop flight over 177 miles of desert [284 kilometers] in an Arab Wings Lear jet to the coast of the Red Sea and met our subjects at Acaba airport. The city was a Waikiki wannabe, rife with tourists; it was easy to understand why Holiday Inn was willing to make a major investment there. Hell, I'd have invested, if I had the bucks.



The businessmen were photographed in the business jets as well as at the Holiday Inn construction site.

Back in Amman, one of the Arab Wings Learjets crashed on takeoff, killing the pilot and co-pilot. It turned out that, during fueling, only one of the two "tip tanks" had been filled; the airplane was out of balance, and crashed into a wall. Ouch!

We learned about that accident the day we were scheduled to do the air-to-air work. When we showed up for work, at the crack of dawn, we were informed that there would be a delay because of what happened; that a crew from Switzerland would be arriving to fly the Learjet camera platform.

Although due to unfortunate circumstances, it was my very good fortune to have the Swiss crew piloting the camera plane. Most of the Jordanian pilots had nowhere near their flight experience.



Acaba is also where we did air-to-air photos. The mountains and seacoast provided dramatic backgrounds for the snazzy new Falcon 10 that was our photo plane. I shot from a Learjet piloted by a Swiss crew who had done many photo shoots before they knew exactly what I wanted and were game for almost anything.

For example, they knew that the closer we flew to the mountains, the more dramatic the pictures would be. They also knew a thing or two about photography—that the two airplanes needed to fly very close to each other because I had to use wide angle lenses.<sup>29</sup>

Our proximity to the mountains made close formation work challenging. Flying through the strong, turbulent updrafts was like navigating a kayak through white-water. The Swiss pilot made a test dive beforehand to check the turbulence at various altitudes. The lowest safe altitude was 1,000 feet [~304 meters] above the highest peaks.

The shoot was rehearsed in pre-flight meetings; the choreography of the two aircraft was talked through in detail. The Swiss camera-plane pilot suggested that we could overcome the turbulence problem by diving through it instead of flying within it.

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<sup>29</sup> Learjet windows were double-paned, made of acrylic-plastic; although the view looks good for the passengers, the plastic windows gave photographers a pain [sorry, couldn't resist that one]; pictures shot through them looked "soft." The longer the lens, the greater the loss of acutance (focus). In practice, anything shot with lenses longer than 55mm suffered unacceptable loss of sharpness.

He suggested we fly a U-shaped course, catching the Falcon at the bottom of the U as it arced back upwards. That sounded good to me. During the flight, I was seated in the jump seat, a kind of fold-down bench across the narrow aisle immediately behind the pilots. My plan was to shoot the Falcon through the front windshield of the Learjet. That glass was optically better than shooting through the plastic passenger windows. Shooting through the windshield, I could use a 105 mm lens—the two aircraft didn't need to fly as close to each other—a big safety improvement. Down we flew, in a steep descent. The mountains approached with dramatic speed. When the Falcon was in position (at the bottom of the U-shaped flight path) the pilots pulled back on the sticks and the planes began ascending. The g-forces brought me to my knees. My 8-pound [3.6 kg] camera felt like it weighed eighty-pounds [36 kilos]; I couldn't hold it up to my eye. I wonder if the Swiss pilots were having me on; they must have known I could not work with those extreme g-forces. Ha! All was not lost; I got a few shots before that g-forces kicked in and luckily caught the sun glinting off the bottom of the Falcon, as it banked into a steep left turn. After that we cruised around in level flight and made do with the turbulence. Live and learn, eh?

### 1974 – Hoffman LaRoche – Vitamin Education

Geoff Nightingale's big-pharma client, the Swiss drug-making colossus Hoffman-LaRoche, became another regular client for the Bardo. In 1974, the company embarked on an educational campaign that promoted their vitamin products; the idea was to make the public aware of their need for vitamins.

Billed as a *public service* campaign, the idea behind the Vitamin Education Program was to capture media attention and generate credible stories, written by accredited journalists, that informed the public about their vitamin requirements. Hoffman LaRoche didn't need to attach their name to the promotion; they were the first company to market synthetic vitamins and controlled the lion's share of that market.<sup>30</sup> They could afford to be magnanimous, to act in the public interest; any increase in vitamin sales went straight to their bottom line.

Alan Hilburg was Burson-Marsteller's account executive in charge of the OCF account. He organized a press conference to announce the Vitamin Education Program. It was held at New York's prestigious Waldorf Astoria Hotel for about 250 journalists and VIPs. The room was set-up conference style, with a platform of risers and a podium in front of a 40-foot-wide, [12.2-meter-wide] panoramic screen (four screens butted together). Behind the four screens were 12 projectors, three aimed at each. We made mindblowers to open and close the show, but most of the effort was put into the speaker support. By 1974, the Bardo had a handle on slide graphics and titles; we were masters of speaker support, particularly fancy stuff and special effects.

The design motif was giant, colorful, vitamin letters—ABCDE—set in Souvenir Extra Bold (a type font). To alleviate tedium (always a problem in long presentations) we broke things up with mini-mindblowers—animated interstitials with Vitamins (letters) dancing

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<sup>30</sup> Wikipedia: Founded in 1896 by Fritz Hoffmann-La Roche, the company was early on known for producing various vitamin preparations and derivatives. In 1934, it became the first company to mass-produce synthetic vitamin C, under the brand name Redoxon.

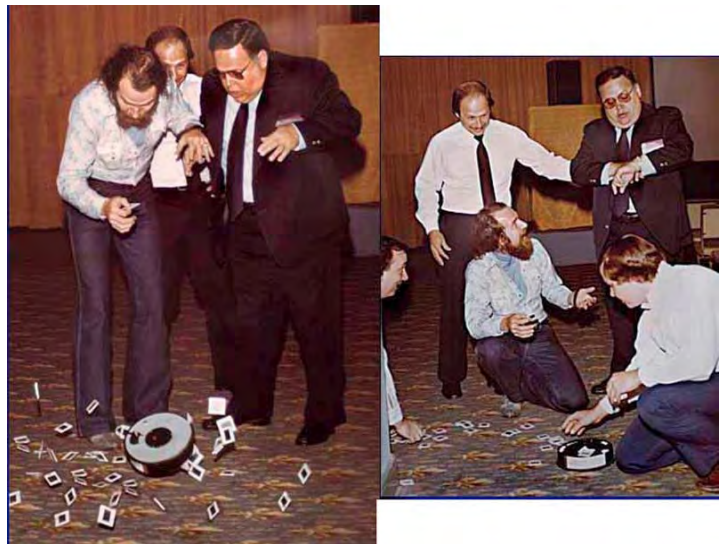
around on the screen to groovy music. As far as presentations went back then, this one was worthy of being shown at the Waldorf.

At the performance, everything was going well when a cockroach somehow crawled right into the slide gate of one of the projectors. On the big screen it looked like a giant monster. The poor creature fried to a crisp before I had time to advance to the next slide. The presenter didn't see the screen behind him. He couldn't figure out why the audience suddenly gasped—was it something he said? Ha! But that wasn't the only funny thing that happened that day. Just before the show began, while the audience was taking their seats, I played a practical joke on our client, Bart Ruggerio, HLR's affable PR manager. The prank was one of my favorites and involved a tray full of dummy slides called "the joke tray."



Yours Truly at the dress rehearsal, by Barry Evans.

With just moments to go before show time, I ran up to Bart (in dark jacket) and Alan Hilburg with what appeared to be a tray of actual show slides, asking them to please make sure one of the slides was in correct order. As Bart reached for the slide, I dropped the tray and its contents spilled out all over the floor, a seeming disaster. John O'Connell, who was in on the act, rushed in, to help pick-up the slides. (I never considered we might give Ruggerio a heart attack.)



My assistant, Barry Evans, was nearby with a flash camera and captured the whole thing in a brilliant picture sequence. In retrospect, I wonder if the cockroach might not have been Karmic retribution for the joke-tray prank? Yes, I admit to being a prankster; my earliest memories involve gags of one sort or another. One of them involved an Easter-egg hunt for the Incredible Slidemakers staff, a few years later. I packed their paychecks into plastic Easter eggs (along with little gifts) and hid them all around the studio.

On the Friday before Easter, instead of their pay check, each staff member got a set of clues for the quest. The prank sort of backfired. A few of them never found their eggs and after some tears were shed, I dug them out of hiding. You can't please everybody, eh?

## 1974 – Hoffman LaRoche Vitamins Show – Plates N<sup>os</sup> 1-2



1974 | HOFFMAN-LAROCHE | VITAMIN EDUCATION PROGRAM | PRESS SHOW | PLATE N° 1

*Waldorf Astoria venue looked good on my resume.*





1974 | HOFFMAN-LAROCHE | VITAMIN EDUCATION PROGRAM | PRESS SHOW | PLATE N° 2  
Screen shots of Vitamins “dancing” to the music. | Bold vitamin initials were the show’s graphic red-thread.

A few months later I got re-hired by Burson-Marsteller to shoot Hoffman-LaRoche's chemical plant in Nutley, New Jersey, for their 1974 annual report. O'Neill hired Robert Cooney to design the report; that was a bit of a slap in my face; normally, Don would have hired the Bardo. But Tom Ridinger had let him down on EJA's annual report.<sup>31</sup>

Cooney had his own ideas about photography. His wife, Sally, was a photographer; he took a lot of cues from her style, which was the opposite of mine. Sally Cooney did "set" shots using a large-format camera on a tripod. I was a reportage guy who could take 100 pictures in the time it took Sally to set-up her gear.

I cottoned on to Bob's design philosophy and adjusted my approach. Whereas I had become used to shooting picture stories—sequences of pictures (for slide shows)—for Cooney I reverted to editorial mode and focused on "theme shots" that captured the whole story in single pictures. That was tougher than you think, especially in a chemical factory.

Bob called the shots and I was happy to let him do so. We cruised the plant together in search of impressive looking scenes; but the factory had little to offer, being largely a collection of dimly-lit pipes and vats of various shapes and sizes—not very pretty.

Cooney came up with the idea of distorting the scenes with lens curvature; he reckoned that might make the mundane look more interesting. But I didn't own any fisheye lenses and had to disappoint him. During the ride to Manhattan, Cooney explained his theory that lenses are to a photographer what brushes are to an artist. I heeded his advice and bought two new Nikkor lenses—16 mm and 8 mm fisheyes—that provided the curved look that Cooney was after.

HLR's annual report was Bob Cooney's first job for O'Neill, but not his last. Later in the year we worked together for another of Don's clients, Cincom Systems, a developer of enterprise computer software.

## **1974 – FedEx & Falcon – Spreading My Wings**

In late 1973, Fred Smith relocated the operations of Federal Express [now called FedEx] to Memphis, Tennessee. The upstart disruptor hired Burson-Marsteller to promote a new concept in document and package delivery—overnight international courier services. Harold Burson gave Don O'Neill and Geoff Nightingale the assignment. They hired me to photograph the FedEx Operations Center at Memphis Airport [Tennessee].

Don and I met a FedEx pilot at LaGuardia airport at midnight and flew to the Memphis FedEx base in a Falcon jet. That was an experience—the pilot was a real jockey. Don and I were sitting on flip-down jump seats just behind the cockpit.

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<sup>31</sup> Tom had been drinking and the paragraphs of type didn't line-up correctly; we got into a fight when he refused to change anything, claiming the mis-aligned type was a style thing. Don said: "Then, I reject your style, and want you off the job." Tom stormed out and that was that. I had to let him go. There were hard feelings for a long time. Eventually we made amends, sort of, but never face-to-face—not yet, anyway.

From there I could shoot pictures of the pilots as well as their view of the runway; behind us was a plane-load of packages and express mail. I missed the take-off shots—the acceleration landed me on the floor.

The way the FedEx system worked then, 14 Falcons picked up packages and mail from 25 cities across the country and brought them to the home base in Memphis. There, they were sorted and routed to their destinations in a huge hangar filled with a maze of conveyor belts—a serpentine roller coaster for packages.

To have all deliveries made by 9:00 am, the packages got sorted and sent on between 2:00 and 4:00 am. When we arrived, the operation was in full swing. It was impressive to watch just a couple of dozen people handle a quarter million packages in under two hours. I had to run like hell to catch all the action before it was over. Then Don and I rode the same plane back to LaGuardia and by 7:00 am I was having breakfast around the corner from the studio, at Soup Burg; home in time to take Bandit for his morning walk.

The pilot flying the FedEx Falcon that night happened to have been recruited from the Dassault Service Center at Teterboro Airport [New Jersey]. He was the head of the aircraft builder's US operations. He was Impressed with the work that Don and I did and passed word up the chain of command.

Shortly after, Burson-Marsteller was hired to publicize and promote the Falcon Mystère. The Mystère was a militarized version of the Falcon 20; modified fuel tanks gave the military model longer range. Dassault wanted Burson-Marsteller to promote the Mystère to the Coast Guard, for patrolling off-shore borders—the so-called 12-mile limit. There was only one problem: no Mystère.



The client gave us a model plane to photograph; that was the extent of their input. I ended up hanging the model Mystère in front of an RP [rear-projection] screen showing various aerial photographs of the coastline. It may have been a crude set-up but, hey, that's how they made the first *Star Wars*, with models in front of projected imagery.<sup>32</sup>

Don wrote a dramatic script that was narrated by Peter Thomas. The soundtrack was assembled by Jerry Kornbluth at A&J Audio; Jerry's good work really saved the presentation which, otherwise, was just a two-projector slide show with "trick" shots and some basic charts and graphs.

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<sup>32</sup> I cut mt teeth on the rear-projection technique working on a show for the Singer Sewing Machine Company; that show—with the cliché name, *Dawn of A New Tomorrow*—was used to launch their latest, computerized pro-sumer sewing machine; it was subsequently installed at the Singer Center at 230 Park Avenue, in New York. Pat Billings did most of the photography, at the Singer factory, in Union, New Jersey, in a documentary style; Pat recalls: "Powder blue cooling water and brand new yellow and orange OSHA standard railings – made for a pretty shoot." but the show needed some pizzazz. To generate some visual excitement, I photographed the new machine in the studio, using Infrared Aero Ektachrome film to render shots in "psychedelic" colors, but the client didn't like those; I was told that little old ladies in Timbuktu wouldn't understand them; that's when it dawned on me to try a rear-projection background; thus, I shot a sunrise sequence [truth told, it was a sunset, played in reverse] then projected those slides behind a sewing machine. Although the quality of the images on the screen wasn't terrific—they were contrasty and noticeably soft focus—that actually made the sewing machine look better.

Simple though the *Mystère* show may have been, Dassault HQ in Paris were pleased. They handed Burson-Marsteller another chunk of business: the American launch of a new, longer model—the Falcon 50. The French company was new to the USA; they had no pictorial resources. So, Don hired me to shoot the growing family of Falcon business jets, which now included three models: The Falcon 10, Falcon 20 and new Falcon 50.

The first photo flight with the new Falcon 50 was on my 29<sup>th</sup> birthday, on January 28<sup>th</sup>. The mission originated at Teterboro Airport. We couldn't get permission to fly over New York City that day, which was the original plan. Instead, we flew over Long Island Sound and Connecticut. The camera plane was a Piper Seneca with its rear door and seats removed. It was the dead of winter; I froze my ass. The wintery look of the shots was more than discouraging—they were basically unusable. Out of 50 rolls there was one cover shot at best. I reminded Don that aircraft pictures are all about location; so, he set-up a shoot over the Grand Canyon.

O'Neill and I flew commercial to LAX and met Falcon's US sales manager at the company's Service Center at Van Nuys Airport. The shoot was planned over a pool-side dinner at the Sportsmen's Lodge in Studio City, where we bivouacked for the assignment. At the top of the shoot list were formation shots of the Falcon family over the Grand Canyon, as well as individual shots of each jet. However, we spent the first day shooting static scenes at Van Nuys Airport in the morning and Santa Monica Airport in the afternoon. Don hired a pair of professional models and a Mercedes limo for the exterior pictures. For the interior shots, friends of the client modelled as businessmen.



That afternoon, we flew in a Falcon 10 down to Los Angeles International Airport where I shot the Falcon on the tarmac. For those shots, I locked-down the camera on a tripod and shot match-position pictures through sunset on into the night. I used four Honeywell Strobonars to illuminate the plane and a Tiffen 2 mm cross-star-filter to flare the lights.

Air-to-air photography began the next day. Don was hot to have the Falcon jets photographed using Astrovision; he hired Lacey Aviation for a day's shooting.<sup>33</sup> It was an enormous expense and he didn't get much for his money.

Everyone was excited the day of the Astrovision shoot, perhaps me more than the others. We met at Clay Lacey's office before dawn. I showed some of my shot sketches to Lacey at the pre-flight pilots' meeting; but he brushed them aside and explained that I would not be operating the camera. What?

I had reckoned that I would simply mount my motorized Nikon FTN on the Lear's periscope, replacing the Astrovision camera. No, the Astrovision "camera" was actually a console about the size of a small desk; it occupied more than half of the cabin.

The periscope camera was operated with a joystick controller, while viewing a video monitor. A beam-splitter sent the images simultaneously to the video monitor and a Mitchell 35 mm film camera. That was surprise number two.

The tricked-out Lear jet was set-up for shooting movies, not stills. Although we could use an individual frame from the 35 mm movie footage as a still shot, movie frames were one half the size of a 35 mm still-camera's—four perfs (21 X 15 mm) vs eight perf (24 X 36 mm). In addition, movies were shot as color negatives whereas print work and slide shows were made using color-positive films. Using Lacey's footage would incur additional conversion costs. But that was not the worst of it. [See: *Film Apertures & Perforations / 35 mm* in the Appendix.]

Using the periscope camera was not easy, even for Lacey's talented operator. While the Falcon held a steady speed and course, the camera jet maneuvered around it. Lacey radioed instructions to the Falcon pilot; like, "Roll right thirty degrees and descend 500 feet" [152.4 meters].

Normally, one of Lacey's pilots would have flown the Falcon; his team members were well rehearsed in Clay's aerial routines. However, none of those pilots were certified to fly the new aircraft. While the Falcon pilot was no slouch, he wasn't trained in formation flying.

Air-to-air photography is like a sky ballet—it doesn't work if your partner doesn't know how to dance. Every time something went wrong—the Lear bounced on an air pocket, or the Falcon drifted out of position, for example—both planes had to take the maneuver from the top. That wasn't easy because, once apart, the two jets had to "find" each other in the big sky and slowly work their way into position, avoiding physical contact at all costs. Those resets averaged ten minutes—a long time when you consider that it cost a few thousand dollars per hour to fly each of the two aircraft.

The upshot was that I sat on the back bench and shot what I could through the Lear's two porthole windows while Clay and his camera operator did their thing.

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<sup>33</sup> In 1974, Clay Lacey was the most famous air-to-air photographer. Two years earlier Lacey launched an aerial photography business called Astrovision<sup>33</sup> Using a periscope camera mounted on a converted Lear 24, Lacey was able to get dramatic shots from angles that weren't possible to shoot from ordinary aircraft. In most aircraft a photographer could only shoot through the windshield, windows or doors.

They clearly thought I was excess baggage. Had O'Neill been aboard, I think he would have aborted the mission after the first hour. Three hours later, when the L.A. smog got thick and a marine layer pushed in from the ocean, we landed back at the field. Don had a fit about the slow tempo of the shoot, the extra time and added costs.



Lacey got fired and Don hired Tallmantz Aviation's *Lucky Lady* for me to shoot from. Bad luck for Clay, but good luck for me. *Lucky Lady* was the same plane used to film Disney's *Circle Vision* in 1972.

She was a vintage B-25 Mitchell aircraft that originally flew bombing runs during the second world war. In 1961, Frank Tallman and Paul Mantz, both Hollywood stunt pilots, converted her into a camera platform.

Photo by Don O'Neill. Client in yellow; pilot on my right; the crew flanking us.

We had two days with Tallmantz: one day to shoot the individual aircraft and a second day shooting formation shots of the three Falcons together. I felt honored—and challenged—by the privilege of shooting from such a magnificent airplane. Certainly, few photographers ever had the opportunity to shoot from the *Lucky Lady*. I was one of those lucky few, hell-bent to make a name for myself as an aviation lensman.



Shooting from *Lucky Lady*, I could get head-on shots of the Falcons flying straight at me, or straight away from me.

The B-25 had a wrap-around window in her nose [see pix above] that provided shooters with a view of nearly 300-degrees—wider than the pilots'.

The panoramic window was installed in 1962 to film aerial sequences for Metro Goldwyn Mayer's [MGM] epic Cinerama<sup>34</sup> movie, *How the West Was Won*. It was extremely-curved yet had no visual distortion.

<sup>34</sup> Wikipedia: The Cinerama system originally involved shooting with a three-lens camera, and projecting the three resulting films on a curved screen with three synchronized projectors, resulting in an ultrawide aspect ratio of 2.89. Later Cinerama movies were shot in 70mm anamorphic (see below), and the resultant widescreen image was divided into three by optical printers to produce the final threefold prints. Only two narrative feature films, *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm* and *How the West Was Won*, were filmed in three-camera Cinerama.

The Canyon was an incredible backdrop for the Falcons. We flew low, at 5,000 feet [1524 meters], to be able see the Canyon details clearly, without the dulling effect of shooting through too much ground fog [pollution].

At the rear of the aircraft, a removeable tail cone allowed me to crawl out of the plane for a view as wide as I dared to risk. Tethered to the Lucky Lady, I could shoot an unobstructed view of the world. From that unique vantage point I shot the two best pictures of the trip.

I used wide-angle lenses, to include as much of the Canyon as possible in the shots. Although I went over the shoot list and flight plans in detail with all the pilots, none of us knew exactly how close the planes would have to be to one another until we were up in the sky and the aircraft were being jockeyed into position. With the wide-angle lensing, the Falcon 50 had to hang a mere 100-feet [~30 meters] behind the Lucky Lady.



Photo by Don O'Neill

I remember the two pilots in the Falcon kind of shaking their heads when I gestured to them, to pull in closer. It was a difficult for them to hold the Falcon steady because they were in the turbulent wash of the B-25's twin engines.

I kept beckoning, come closer... closer... closer. I could see that they didn't want to and gestured "pretty please" with hands folded. They laughed and wrangled the Falcon up into position for the top shot of the shoot [see head-on shot, previous page].

I managed to get a second killer shot that day, one that garnered a prize in the Nikon International Photo Contest.<sup>35</sup> It was a fisheye shot of the Falcon 50, looking straight down at it, with the Canyon in the BG.

Fisheye lenses are the widest of all; the separation of foreground and background is extreme. Are you familiar with the warning on some automobile rear-view mirrors, *Objects in the Mirror Are Closer Than They Appear?* Although the Falcon in the fisheye picture appears to be far away, it was, in fact, just 50-feet [15.24 meters] beneath the camera plane.



<sup>35</sup> I won a Nikon loupe and a little engraved-glass paper weight.

The risks were huge; bumping into a sizeable air pocket would almost certainly cause a calamity. I had to act fast.

I stretched my tether to its limit and hung well out of the plane; the rim of the tail cone was below my navel. Out in the blue, the turbulent tail-wash buffeted my body badly. I struggled to hold onto the camera, to keep it steady enough to take pictures. It was bouncing around so hard that I needed a super-fast shutter speed [1/500<sup>th</sup> of a second] to get sharp shots without any trace of motion blur. Fortunately, the fisheye lens had almost infinite depth of focus; I didn't have to worry about shooting with the lens set at f4—wide open. (The optimum performance of most lenses was between f8 and f11, in terms of visual acutance.<sup>36</sup>)

With the all-seeing fisheye lens, I was unable to look through the camera without the belly of the camera plane being in the picture. To keep the Mitchell out of frame, I had to push the camera down as far as I could. My outstretched arms made the buffeting even worse. I could only guesstimate what the 180-degree lens was framing.

I had visions of the camera being blown out of my hands, of seeing a news clip about some poor sucker who was felled by a falling fisheye. That never happened, of course. But, if you look closely at the fisheye shot, around the circular perimeter, at 4 and 8 o'clock, you can just see the shadow of my knuckles, grasping the camera. If it were any bigger, that shadow would have cost a fortune to retouch, at best, or ruined the shot, at worst.

The shoot was a smashing success—one of the top-ten in my career. They say that, "You're as good as your last job." Well, within the year, Don and I were re-hired by Falcon and flown to France to document the Dassault aircraft assembly plants in Holland [Fokker aircraft] and Bordeaux, France [Falcon]. *Ooh la la!*

The flight we took to Paris was a 747. It was the first time I flew "upstairs" in Business Class (thank you, Dassault) and the first time I experienced a category three landing [Cat-3], in pea-soup fog so thick I could hardly see the tip of the wings. That was a friggin' scary landing. The giant airplane hit so hard that it bounced four times before gaining traction on the runway. The passengers gasped, some screamed in fear, then applauded the pilots when it became clear they had situation under control.

We were picked up and driven to the luxurious Hotel Scribe where we lived during two days of meetings with the client, at Marcel Dassault's headquarters, in the Parisian suburb, Saint-Cloud. [I stayed at the same hotel again a decade later, performing the show that launched the Saab 9000.]

Although time was tight, I convinced Don to take the second afternoon off, so that I could take Cyclopan pictures of Paris. We schlepped the big camera to the top of Sacre Coeur cathedral where I shot a 270-degree panorama of the skyline. That picture was

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<sup>36</sup> Wikipedia: In photography, the term "acutance" describes a subjective perception of sharpness that is related to the edge contrast of an image. Acutance is related to the amplitude of the derivative of brightness with respect to space. Due to the nature of the human visual system, an image with higher acutance appears sharper even though an increase in acutance does not increase real resolution. Historically, acutance was enhanced chemically during development of a negative (High Acutance Developers), or by optical means in printing (Unsharp Masking). In digital photography, onboard camera software and image postprocessing tools such as Photoshop or GIMP offer various sharpening facilities, the most widely used of which is known as "unsharp mask" because the algorithm is derived from the eponymous analog processing method.



underwhelming because there's no real skyline in Paris, just the Eiffel Tower, which was miles away and hardly discernable.

The Marcel Dassault executives we met with were all upper management, wealthy members of the French élite. They flew us from Paris to Bordeaux in a Falcon 20; it was a short flight (363 miles [584 km]) over the French countryside to the coast in one of the world's most powerful and comfortable business jets. There were just three of us aboard, we were served champagne by a "first class" stewardess. I felt like a rock star and am sure Don felt like a Master of The Universe; he was—until he wasn't.

We got to Bordeaux in early afternoon and were given a factory tour. The plant was clean, well lit, and the workers all wore blue uniforms. Nice. The client organized our visit down to a nano-second. There was much "pomp and ceremony." We were treated as royalty wherever we went. As long as we didn't interrupt production, Don and I had our run of the place. I even got them to hang me in the gantry-crane bucket and "fly" me across the factory floor.



It was hard to get iconic shots without some degree of manipulation, like posing people and adjusting things in the background. However, I had to give up any ideas of getting those kinds of set-up shots; I had to shift into magazine mode and shoot reality unadulterated. There was nothing wrong with that, but the results were good pictures instead of great ones.

Don and I were bivouacked in a country chateau. After the day's shoot, the client drove us in limousines to a seaside castle—a medieval fortress—for a meal that turned out to be the highest-class dining experience I've ever had. We were served at a private table in one of the turrets. The 360-degree view was spectacular. (I commented that I should have brought the Cyclopan camera.) Everyone had five wine glasses, an equal number of knives and forks, and seven spoons. Don knew which were which and what they were all for. He also knew that the lemon sorbet they served after the fish course was a palate cleanser,<sup>37</sup> not dessert. The meal was a veritable feast. For an anorexic, it was hell.

More beauty shots of the Falcon 50 were shot back in the States. The interiors were shot at the Falcon Jet hanger in New Jersey. That shoot was a near death experience.

The aircraft was parked inside the hanger at my request—I didn't want to be a hostage to the weather. I lit the interior with electronic flash, to have a consistent exposure and color temperature (light color) for every shot. The Balcar strobes—eight heads powered by two 2400-watt generators, each fitted with a 10-inch bowl reflector and a Rosco "Tough Silk" diffusion filter—were positioned outside the aircraft, distributed evenly among the seven windows on each side. That lighting scheme simulated the look of natural daylight illumination.

In the heat of the shoot, I failed to notice that the windows were melting. Yikes!

OK, they didn't actually melt; sag is a better word. Although hardly noticeable, the windows were clearly warped by the heat of my lights. The deformation was enough to de-certify the plane's air-worthiness; it was grounded. OMG!

I can't imagine how much it cost to repair the Falcon, but I am sure it would have bankrupted me. To this day, I do not know how I managed to escape that mishap unscathed; somehow, Don made the problem go away. As fixers, O'Neill and Nightingale were sometimes borderline criminals. The Piper sales meeting, which you'll read about shortly, is a good example.

## **1970s | Portfolio | Falcon Jet collage | Plates N<sup>os</sup> 1-24**

*Plate N<sup>o</sup>1: Highlights from the Falcon photo library. The aerial photography was shot to, from and over the Grand Canyon, as a trio of Falcons flew over parts of California, Nevada and Arizona. The job was shot with motorized Nikon FTn cameras; you can see one of them (#8) on Plate N<sup>o</sup>5. Nikkor lenses ranged from 8 to 180 mm; mid-range lenses were fitted with Tiffen polarizers and effects filters. The filmstock was Kodachrome-25 [KM], a new emulsion that replaced Kodachrome II.*

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<sup>37</sup> Palate cleansers originated in France and have been adopted worldwide. There is little written on palate cleansing during a sumptuous, multi-course French meal instead it has become something of a tradition, passed from generation to generation. Each region has a special ingredient, usually a locally produced product that the locals swear by. <https://www.thespruceeats.com/traditional-french-palate-cleansers-1375349>

*Plate N°2: At the Avions Marcel Dassault Brigue Falcon assembly plant in Bordeaux, France, I shot on Kodachrome 64 [KR]. That film had recently replaced Kodachrome X. The new Kodachromes produced sharper images than the older versions, and the colors were more realistic while still being super-saturated. The lighting was a mix of high-intensity mercury-vapor lamps (greenish) and daylight; I used CC20M (magenta) filters to neutralize the green tint. I shot with a range of Nikkor lenses including, 20 mm, 24 mm, 28 mm, 35 mm, 55 mm, 85 mm, 105 mm and 180 mm.*

*Plate N°3: My first job for Avions Marcel Dassault Brigue was a slide presentation used to pitch the U.S. Coast Guard on the Mystère, a Falcon 20 modified for military surveillance, produced by Burson-Marsteller. That was also one of the first times I worked together with Don O'Neill, instead of Geoff Nightingale. A model of the concept aircraft was all I had to work with; the real thing didn't exist. I shot the model in front of a rear-projection screen on which were projected slides of various skies and aerial pictures of the New Jersey coastline; it was hung with monofilament fishing line, which was nearly invisible. By hanging the model by its tail and nose, and turning the slides on their sides, the faint shadow of the fishing line was horizontal with the horizon, which fooled the eye. A 55 mm Micro Nikkor was used, set at f22 for maximum depth of field, to keep both the model and the screen-image in focus. Kodachrome-64—a daylight-balanced emulsion (5600 Kelvin)—was used with an 80B (blue) filter to compensate for the tungsten side-projector and photo-flood lamps (3200 Kelvin).*

*Plates N°s 4-5: These two photos of Yours Truly were shot by Don O'Neill. On Plate N°4: I'm with Frank Tallman, the pilot, and his navigator, to my right, and our client, left (in yellow), with Lucky Lady's chief mechanic. The aircraft's wrap-around nose-windscreen offered a 180-degree field of view. The pictures on Plates N°s 8, 9 and 16 were shot from that position. The rest of the aerials were shot from a hole in the back of the plane opened by removing the tail cone, visible in the shot Plate N°5. Both shots were made with a 28 mm Nikkor lens.*

*Plate N° 6: This detail shot of the Falcon 50's tail-engine cowling insignia was shot using a 55 mm Micro Nikkor fitted with a Tiffen Stellar-Rayburst filter, a kind of diffraction grating.*

*Plate N° 7: This picture, and others like it, of the Falcon business-jet range—models 10, 20 and 50—was the raison d'être for the Grand Canyon Falcon shoot. It looks like a simple shot, and might have been, except for the turbulent winds which made lining-up the three aircraft tedious and time-consuming; even this shot isn't perfect, in that sense. It was shot with a 35 mm Nikkor fitted with a Tiffen polarizer to control reflections on the aircraft and beef-up the sky.*

*Plates N°s 8-9: These two pictures, taken from behind the Falcon 50 over the Rocky Mountains, were shot from the Lucky Lady's panoramic nose window. The left shot was made with a 180 mm Nikkor; I should have used a faster shutter speed. On the right, a 105 mm Nikkor was used, with a Tiffen polarizing filter to darken the sky. The beauty of Lucky Lady's nose window was that it was made of glass, not Plexiglas, which would have produced color bands when a polarizer was used.*

*Plates N°s 10-11: This perspective—of the Falcon 50 flying directly toward the lens—was why Falcon payed a fortune to hire Tallmantz's Lucky Lady. The head-on shot was made with a 55 mm Micro-Nikkor and polarizer. I couldn't use any lens longer than that because*

*the turbulence made it nearly impossible to keep the Falcon 50 steady in the frame. Getting the Falcon pilots to fly so close to the Lucky Lady was the hardest part. The picture on the right was made with a 105 mm Nikkor.*

*Plate N° 12: Another head-on shot, this one made with a 180 mm Nikkor, to compress the FG and BG. The long lens made the red-rock walls of the Grand Canyon more distinct.*

*Plate N<sup>os</sup> 13: This interior of a Falcon 10, and the ones shown on Plates N<sup>os</sup> 14 & 17, of the Falcon 20 and 50, were shot at Santa Monica Airport [SMO] using a 20 mm Nikkor with an 81C (pink) warming filter.*

*Plate N<sup>os</sup> 14: As the sun went down, the clouds lit-up, as if from within, a rich orange-yellow light. The Falcon 50 appears blue because it was in the sun's shadow, illuminated by the open (blue) sky. The picture was made from the Lucky Lady's nose window. A slow-shutter speed of 1/15<sup>th</sup>-second was used to give the clouds some motion blur, to make the plane look like it was moving.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 15-16: The Falcon 50 was shot from Lucky Lady's panoramic nose window with a 105 mm Nikkor fitted with a 210 (orange) filter. The interiors were shot with a 20 mm Nikkor and 81C (pink) filter.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 17-18: As the sun went down, the deep gorges of the Grand Canyon filled with shadows, so we moved the menagerie to Nevada and the foothills of California's Sierra Nevada and Transverse mountain ranges. The Falcon-jet formation was shot from Lucky Lady's panoramic nose window using a 55 mm Nikkor with a Tiffen Stellar Rayburst filter.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 20-21: One of these Falcon moon shots is real, the other a contrivance; can you tell which is which? Both aircraft were shot with a 105 mm Nikkor fitted with a CC40B (blue) filter. Years later, the moon was shot with a 1200 mm Nikkor [600 mm with a 2X tele-extender] and the two pictures comp'd together.*

*Plates N<sup>os</sup> 22-23: The Falcon 10 that flew Don O'Neill and I from LaGuardia Airport [LGA] to Santa Monica [SMO] was piloted by our client (whose name I can't recall). We stopped at Los Angeles Airport [LAX] on the way, which is where I shot this picture, using available light from the hangar at Falcon FBO's [Fixed-Base Operator—a kind of aircraft service station], with a 55 mm Micro-Nikkor fitted with a Tiffen 1 mm Cross-Star filter and a CC30M (magenta) filter to neutralize the greenish mercury-vapor lamps illuminating the plane. The camera was mounted on a Gitzo tripod to allow a slow-shutter speed of 1-second, needed to use a relatively small aperture [f11] for added depth of field, on High Speed Ektachrome film. Although the FBO's manager thought I was nuts, he had one of his guys hose down the tarmac, to add reflections; it had rained, but most of that had dried up.*

*Plate N° 24: This shot, of a Falcon 50 over the Grand Canyon, was made with an 8mm Fisheye Nikkor; it was the pride of the shoot and went on to garner an award in the Nikon International Photo Contest. Although the Falcon 50 looks far away, it was less than 100-feet [~30 meters] beneath the Lucky Lady; the pilots couldn't see each other and were freaking out at the close proximity, which was a clear violation of air-safety statutes. However, I managed to calm them down long enough to jockey the Falcon 50 into position. Hanging onto the camera in the ferocious, buffeting winds was a chore; I used 1/500<sup>th</sup>-second to freeze the scene.*



1974 | FALCON JET COLLAGE | PLATE N° 1

*Photo library highlights.*



1974 | FALCON JET COLLAGE | PLATE N° 2

*Assembly plant | Bordeaux, France*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 3  
*Falcon 10 "Mystère" (model) | U.S. Coast Guard slide presentation | 1973*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 4

*Your's Truly with the Lucky Lady, her crew, and my client |1974 | Don O'Neill photo*

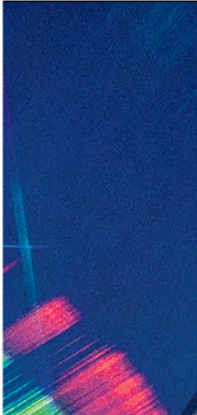




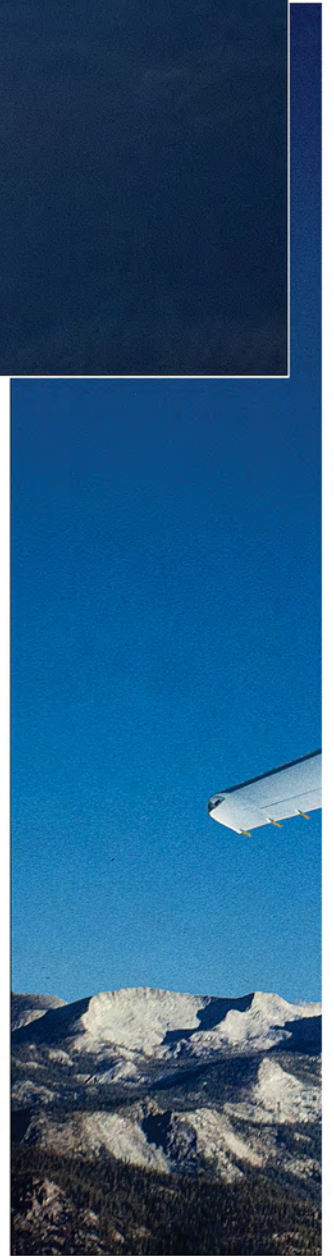
1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 5  
*Your's Truly aboard the Lucky* | 1974 | Don O'Neill photo



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 6  
*Falcon 10, 20 and 50 over California | 1974*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 7  
*Falcon 50 | 1974*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 8  
*Falcon 50 over Rocky Mountains | 1974*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 9  
*Falcon 50 over Rocky Mountains | 1974*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 10

*Falcon 50 over California | 1974*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 11  
*Falcon 50 over California | 1974*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 12

*Falcon 50 over Grand Canyon | 1974*





1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 13  
*Falcon 10 interior | 1974*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 14

*Falcon 20 interior | 1974*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 15  
*Falcon 50* | 1974



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 16

*Falcon 50 | 1974*



1970S | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 17  
*Falcon 50 convertible interior | 1974*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 18

*Falcon 10, 20 and 50 over Nevada | 1974*



1970S | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 19  
*Falcon 10, 20 and 50 over Nevada | 1974*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 20  
*Falcon 50 | 1974*





1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 21  
*Falcon 50 | 1974*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 22  
*Falcon 10 at Los Angeles International Airport [LAX] | 1974*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 23  
*Falcon 10 at Los Angeles International Airport [LAX] | 1974*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | FALCON COLLAGE | PLATE N° 24

*Falcon 50 over Grand Canyon | 1974 | Winner: Nikon International Photo Contest*

## 1974 – Piper Sales Meeting – Jail House Rock

Multi-image shows were still pretty simple, even as their size and scale were getting bigger. Soft-edge masks<sup>38</sup> had not yet been invented, or at least we hadn't heard of them; nor did we have a precision rostrum camera.

The Piper sales meeting was my largest-ever show. It was held at the new Epcot Center at Disney World in Florida and shown to an audience of about 500 sales people. The screen format was an extreme panorama: Five 12 X 8-foot [3.7 X 2.4-meter] screens were butted together; the combined ratio was 7:1. To show a single picture, it had to be subdivided into five slides.

Graphics and titles also had to be split into five sections. The splitting was done using a lumberman's yardstick as a guide. The artwork slid left to right along the three-foot ruler; every so many inches it was taped into position and shot with a tripod-mounted Nikon. The line-up wasn't perfect but it was close enough; the five-screen show was enough of a sensation, in and of itself. For the finale, we produced a *candid's module*—a mindblower featuring candid pictures of the meeting and its delegates. Candid's modules were sure-fire winners; people loved seeing pictures of themselves and each other. [Now we have selfies, eh?] When I wasn't running the shows, I ran around "machine gunning" the meeting, shooting everything and everyone. The exposed film was rush-processed by a local lab. It was all good until the third day when we discovered the lab had closed for the weekend.

Yikes! No film = no show = impossible!

After a morning spent fruitlessly tracking down the lab owner, Don held a pow-wow attended by me, Nightingale, and Tom Cornell (an account exec added to Geoff's group, to help with the big Piper job). Don floated the idea of breaking into the lab, taking our stuff and leaving a note with a check for the processing and damages.

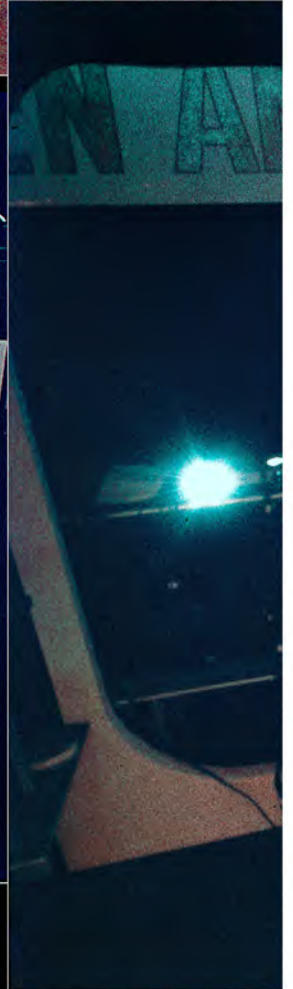
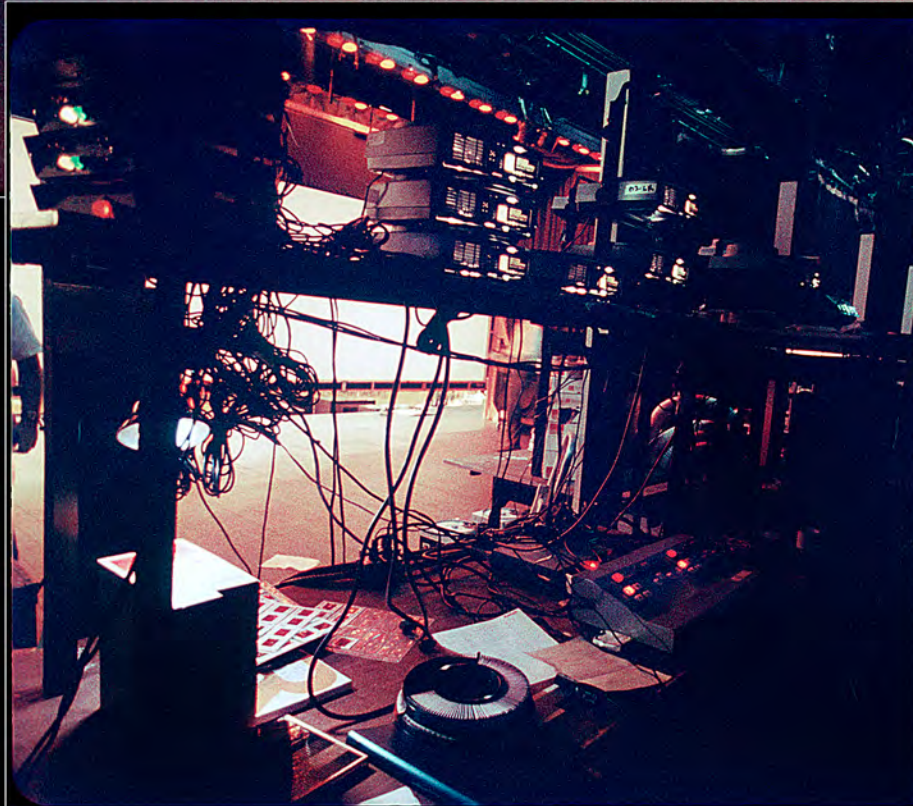
As the words rolled off Don's tongue, I saw Geoff's eyes light up. "Yes!" pronounced Geoff with that Cheshire-cat grin, "Problem solved." And so, Tom Cornell broke into the lab, retrieved the film, and triggered the alarm. Later that night we got the film after bailing Tom out of the local jail.

The show went on and nobody died. That's how Don and Geoff got things done. Oh, and the lab owner didn't press charges; he was all apologetic. Simple as our shows may have been, there was something about BIG pictures that created a sense of awe. The folks in the audience had never seen a five-screen slide show. Nor had Peter Blaustein and Walley Harper; they ran the multi-image department at Disney World.

My work made a big impression on them. Ten years later, I called them from Image Stream, with a big idea—*Rhythms of The World*. [See: 1983 – Disney Pitch – *Rhythms of The World*]

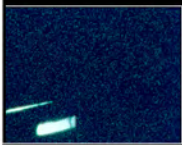
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<sup>38</sup> Soft-edge masks allowed for the seamless blending of images which facilitated the projection of large-sized images. See illustration at 1984 – Saab 9000 Show Collage | Plate N°1.



1974 | PIPER DISNEY WORLD SALES MEETING | PLATE N° 1

*Backstage at Disney World. right to left: Yours Truly, Don O'Neill, Geoff Nightingale, Disney stage crew.*



1974 | PIPER DISNEY WORLD SALES MEETING | PLATE N° 2

*Above: Equipment inventory for 24-projector show controlled by four AVL Acutones and 12 MK-IV dissolverts.*

## 1974 – AV Takes Over – Print Era Ends

Most of my Medicine Show helpers were long gone by 1974. Richard Faye and Joey Clapper hung on, Joey the longest. Their departure marked the beginning of the end of my print era; AV was taking over. Although Don O'Neill kept feeding me print work—for EJA and World Book Encyclopedia—the magazine business dried up in the aftermath of the Arab Oil Embargo.

The last editorial jobs were all car shots: For Car and Driver, I shot an Alfa Romeo, a Cadillac *Eldorado*, a Pontiac *Sunfire* and a Volkswagen *Scirocco* (right). As well, Burson-Marsteller assigned me to photograph a Rolls-Royce *Camargue* (below).



The Rolls shoot was an expensive one. Don O'Neill hired two professionals from the Wilhelmina model agency (Laura White—who I think Don had a crush on—and Ken Latham, who Laura recommended). We had terribly bad luck with the weather that day. I had to pull a rabbit out of a hat.

It was early spring but the foliage was late. The skeletal trees looked gloomy. I reckoned that a beach location would avoid that problem. We shot the Camargue in East Marion, in the field adjacent to the Mesney summer house, overlooking Gardener's Bay. A dense fog rolled in off the water and hung around all morning. (Talk about gloomy!) The fog provided a very British-looking background that went well with the English attire the models were wearing. People associated fog with London—probably because London Fog [a rainwear company] was doing a saturation ad campaign at the time. Jim Casey and Fred Cannizzaro accompanied me on the shoot. In the afternoon, we changed locations and shot on the grounds of a Long Island mansion.

My last C/D assignment—the December 1974 cover picture of a VW *Scirocco* driven by my assistant, Barry Evans—was shot for Gene Butera. The magazine had given me my start,



eight years earlier; but the party was over. The oil embargo and resulting recession had taken a particularly taxing toll on the auto industry.

[Spoiler Alert: Gene left C/D soon after to work at Chevrolet's ad agency in Detroit; and Barry ended up a chef at a vegan joint.]

Burson-Marsteller work overlapped those last magazine jobs. For the publisher of World Book Encyclopedia, Field Educational Enterprises Corporation [FEEC], Don O'Neill and Geoff Nightingale came up with a brilliant marketing ploy—a promotion program called "OK America!"

The US economy was in a deep recession; a lot of people were out of work. The campaign was billed as a public-service recruitment program—generating jobs in a time of need. Geoff hired me to produce the logo; I based it on the American flag.

I also designed *OK America!* stationary, posters and press-kit covers. It was one of the last print jobs I did for Nightingale and O'Neill. The print era was winding down. Slide show production was taking over the studio.



OK America posters featured mylar mirrors.

## 1974 – Merrill Lynch – Over the Top

Don O'Neill was as hooked as I was on slide shows; we both saw big bucks when we looked at them. Thus, when Burson-Marsteller assigned him the Merrill Lynch annual shareholders meeting, he naturally recommended a slide show.

However, this was a show on steroids: a one-minute long, nine-projector, single-screen (vertical) mindblower; sixty seconds of AV fireworks.

It was the fastest, flashiest piece of work I had done, so far: Three projectors were dedicated to an animated border of moving lights—like a movie-theater marquee. The rest projected animations of sparkling logos and glowing graphics, to the funky beat of *T.S.O.P. (The Sound of Philadelphia)*. I loved it; Don O'Neill loved it; Merrill-Lynch's Chairman of the Board, however, hated it.

The problem was that the Chairman never saw the show until the final run-through, just moments before the doors opened for the annual meeting—a BFE [Big Event] attended by several hundred shareholders, financial-industry VIPs and the Fourth Estate.

That was said Chairman's own fault. He left the details of the meeting in the hands of his staff. They hadn't told him about the flashy, cutting-edge AV support they had ordered for his speech. They wanted it to be a surprise and that it was, for everyone involved.



Scene from Merrill Lynch vertical mindblower.

Don ushered the Chairman to the podium. He had a few brief words with him and gave me the signal to roll the mindblower. The houselights dimmed and after a beat the visuals exploded on the screen with the downbeat of the theme song. I cranked up the music; 150 watts of amplified sound, powered by six JBL 4311 loudspeakers almost overwhelmed the hall; it sounded great! When the house lights came back up, I popped my head out from behind the projectors, to see the expression on the Chairman's face; I had a big smile on mine; he wore a deep frown on his. He said, forcefully and unequivocally: "Get that out of here, right now!" We had fifteen minutes to disassemble a grid of precisely-aligned projectors that had taken six hours to set-up. I've never seen a staging crew act so fast. The screen was left hanging, displaying a single, basic Merrill-Lynch logo; the rest of the projection and audio gear was man-handled into the green room [where talent waits before their turn on stage] and disassembled later. In a calmer moment, after the meeting, the Chairman explained that feared the shareholders would think he was spending their money on unnecessary extravagances.

Geez, what a lesson that was. I totally got it, so did Don. We never made that mistake again. Presenters had to be informed what was planned for their speaker support.

[Spoiler Alert: We never worked for Merrill-Lynch again. Mark Ciaburri took over that business.<sup>39</sup>]

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<sup>39</sup> Mark Ciaburri was the stagehand for Burson-Marsteller's in-house AV department, The Presentation Source. He took over Merrill-Lynch's slide-show business when Burson-Marsteller opened their own AV studio—headed by Jacques Germans—and Harold Burson put the kibosh on his account execs outsourcing slide-show production. After working under Germans for a year and Tony Cross for another two, Ciaburri left B-M and set up his own AV consultancy, taking the Merrill-Lynch annual meeting business with him. Within a few years, Mark was producing media for all important M-L meetings and events; the brokerage became his sole client; he got rich on their business and moved his center of operations to Maui, Hawaii, where he ensconced himself in a multi-million-dollar seafront home. When I visited him there, many years later, I think I turned green. Next to an office full of the latest MacIntosh gear, Mark had a work-out room filled with those expensive exercise machines that opened to the sea on one side, with a panoramic view of the horizon. The room connected to a large deck that extended out, over the water. He kept his scuba gear and a sea kayak there. Ha!

## 1974 – Dona Dilemma – Sanity Prevails

Even before the World Book debacle ended of our affair, my relationship with Dona Plink was compromised. The problems started when I started flirting with a couple of gals I met at parties in the townhouse next door.

21 East 73<sup>rd</sup> Street was leased by Samuel A. “Sam” Milliken. He ran a catering business called *A Private Townhouse Affair*. Being Sam’s neighbor, I got to know him well and his maître d’, Jimmy, even better.



Jimmy was the spitting image of Smokey Robinson and a smooth talker. The two made their money holding hip parties for New York’s young élites. Jimmy and I both had the same taste in music—disco. I had a collection of 500 disco LPs [Long Playing vinyl records]. I also had a tape-recorded library of WBLS-FM’s *Disco Party* shows. It was a 100-hour collection of uninterrupted hit songs.<sup>40</sup> Jimmy wanted to access my music collection; he suggested we make a trade: free admission to his parties for use of my music. Deal!

<sup>40</sup> WBLS played continuous, commercial-free music from midnight to 4:00 am every weekend; I recorded those shows religiously. I kept the music collection—recorded on 10-inch [~25 cm] reels of professional Ampex 456 mastering tape—until 2013, when I lost the Vashon studio and had to give them up, together with my 600-album record collection, for lack of space in my new, downsized quarters; the disco records went to Jared Middlecalf, a Vashon Island DJ; the rest of the vinyl collection went to my neighbor Kirk Beeler (together with 80 silk neckties); and the 100 WBLS audio tapes sold on eBay for \$15.00 (just 15-cents each!)—plus \$300 in shipping—to Steve Hill, in Lee’s Summit, Missouri (816-600-7969).

I drilled a hole in the walls separating our buildings and ran speaker cables from my control room into Sam's second-floor salon, converting it into disco dance hall. The party soundtracks were pre-recorded so I could attend the festivities. It was a hoot.

Beverly Sheiner was waitressing at Sam's parties when I met her; she was arranging furniture while I was pulling the audio wires into Sam's space and installing a pair of JBL 4311 speakers. We got to talking; she was flirty and we arranged to meet up at her place on West 80<sup>th</sup> Street. Beverly wanted to show me her photographs, you know, get my professional opinion; but that is not all she showed me.



I started seeing Beverly on the sly. She introduced me to her artist friend Chris McDevitt and his bank robbing, French wife, Jocelyn.<sup>41</sup>

I bought a bunch of McDevitt's paintings and continued collecting his work until 1987, when I ran out of wall space.

*Revelation* (pictured at left) was my first McDevitt, and the last to go, when I lost Vashon and downsized, in 2014; it was too big to fit into my future.

At another of Jimmy's parties, I met Debra Frankel. She was the daughter of a wealthy Park Avenue dentist and one of the top-tier sales people at Rallye Motors, the multi-million-dollar Mercedes Benz dealership in Manhasset [an ultra-rich mostly Jewish enclave on Long Island, 24-miles east of New York City and just 4-miles east of Douglaston].

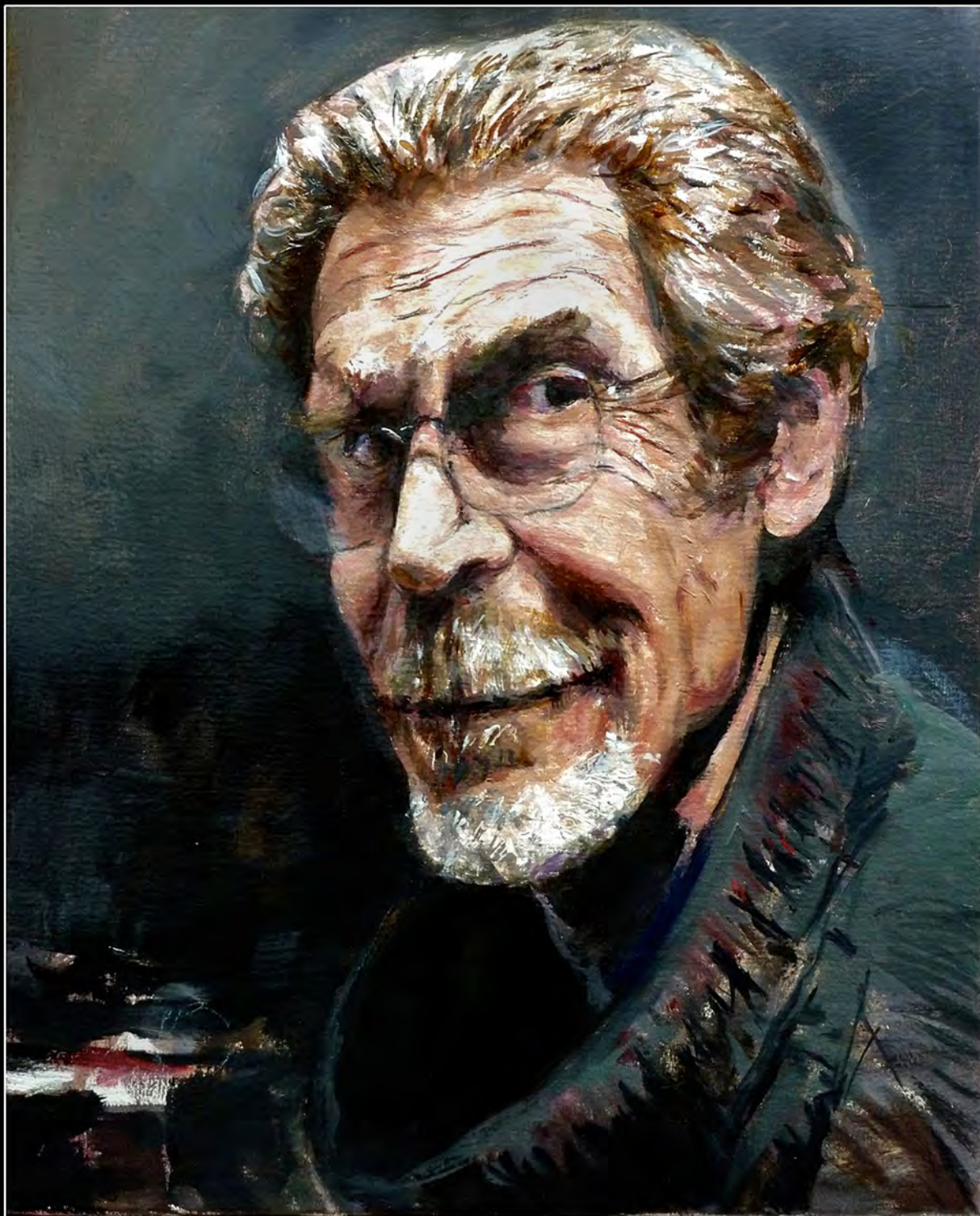
If ever there was a spoiled brat, it was Debra; but she got away with anything because she had the alluring Nordic looks of a Vogue model. Debbie was no dumb blonde; she was a vixen with a high IQ and used her brains to manipulate men.

Debbie hit on me at one of Sam's parties. Beguiled by her looks I started dating her, two-timing Dona. We cruised around Manhattan in her silver, convertible Mercedes 450 SL.

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<sup>41</sup> Chain-smoking Jocelyn was like a character straight out of a foreign-intrigue film, sitting in a smoke-filled café, doing shooters with a circle of rough-looking characters. She robbed a bank, got caught and served time; that did nothing but increase her sarcasm. The outlaw in her rubbed off on renegade Chris.

*In Memorium*



*Chris McDevitt | 1942-2022*

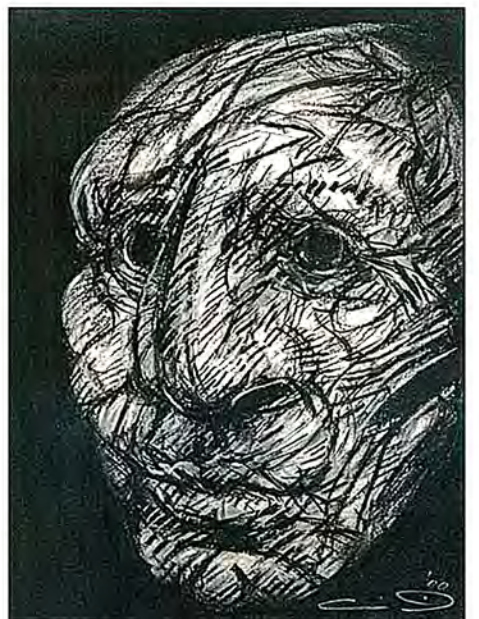
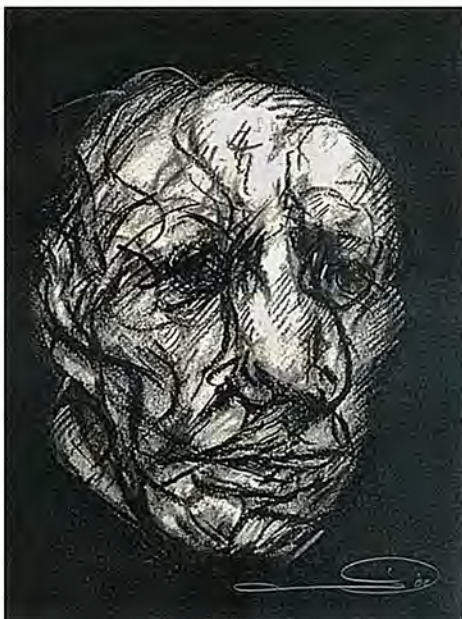
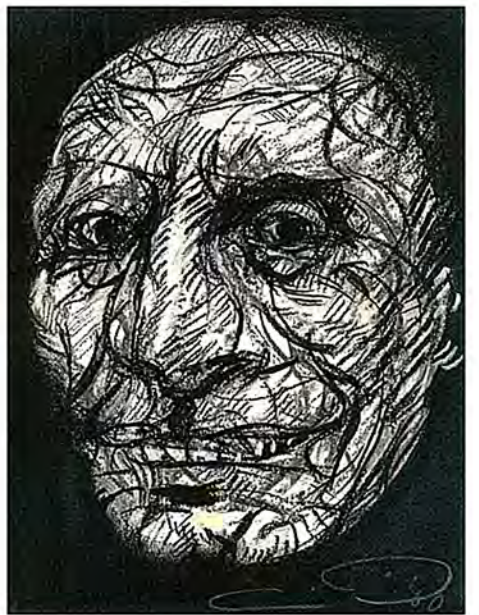
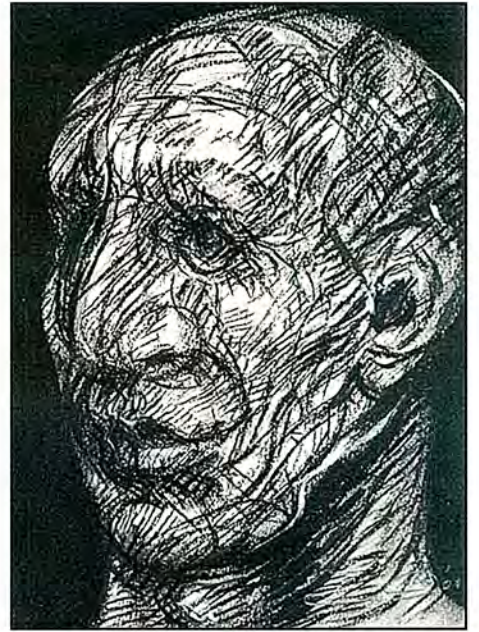
ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATES N°1-51

*Self portrait.*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 1

*"Job"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 2

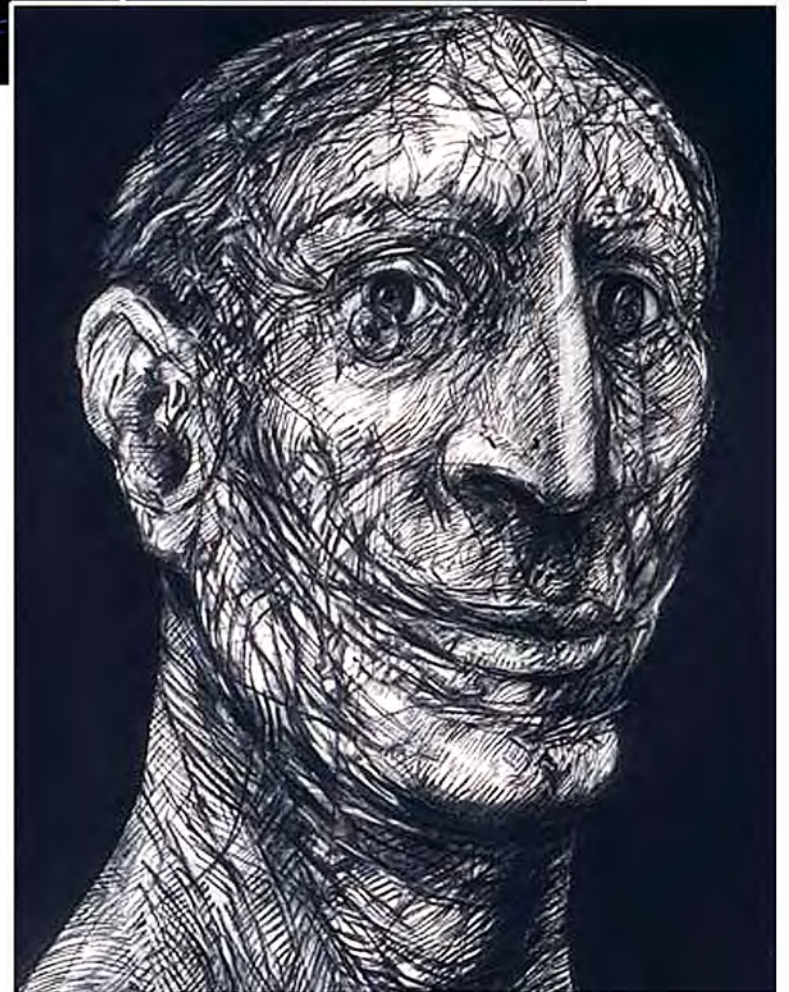
*Left to right, Top: "Job" sketch #'s 2, 3, 4; Center: #'s 8,9,10; Bottom: #'s 11, 12, 13.*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 3

*"Funny"*



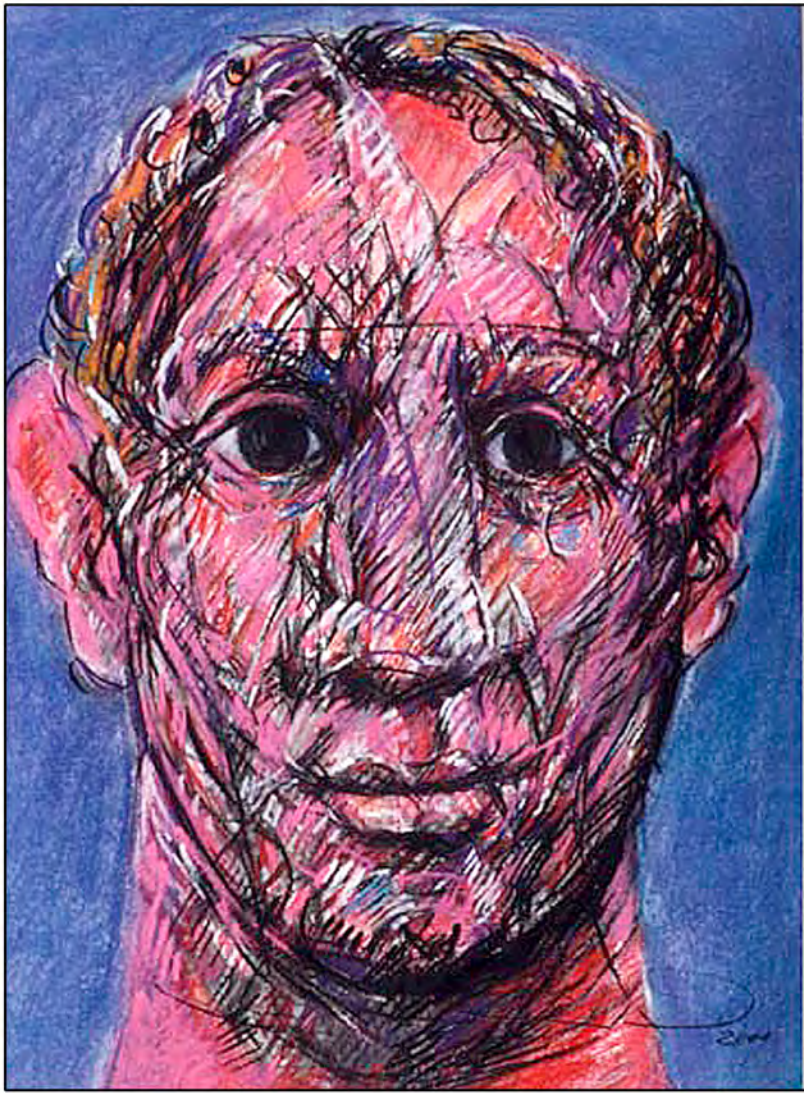


ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 4  
*Top: "Vigilant" | Center: "Silly One" | Bottom: "Regard."*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 5

*Above: "Resistant" | Below: "Observer"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 6

*Above: "Rick Pic" | Below: "Boy"*



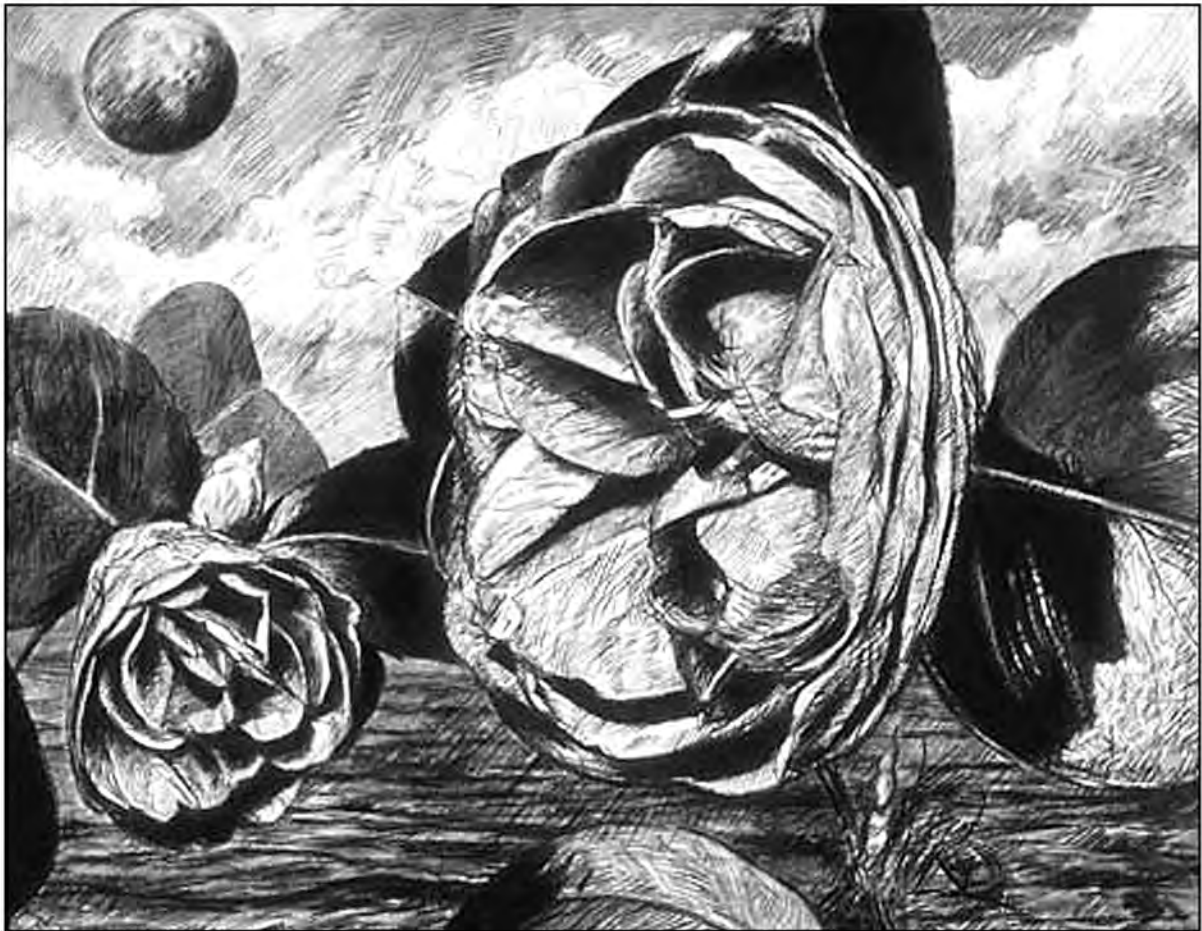
ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 7

*Above: "Wind II" | Below: "Untitled #1"*



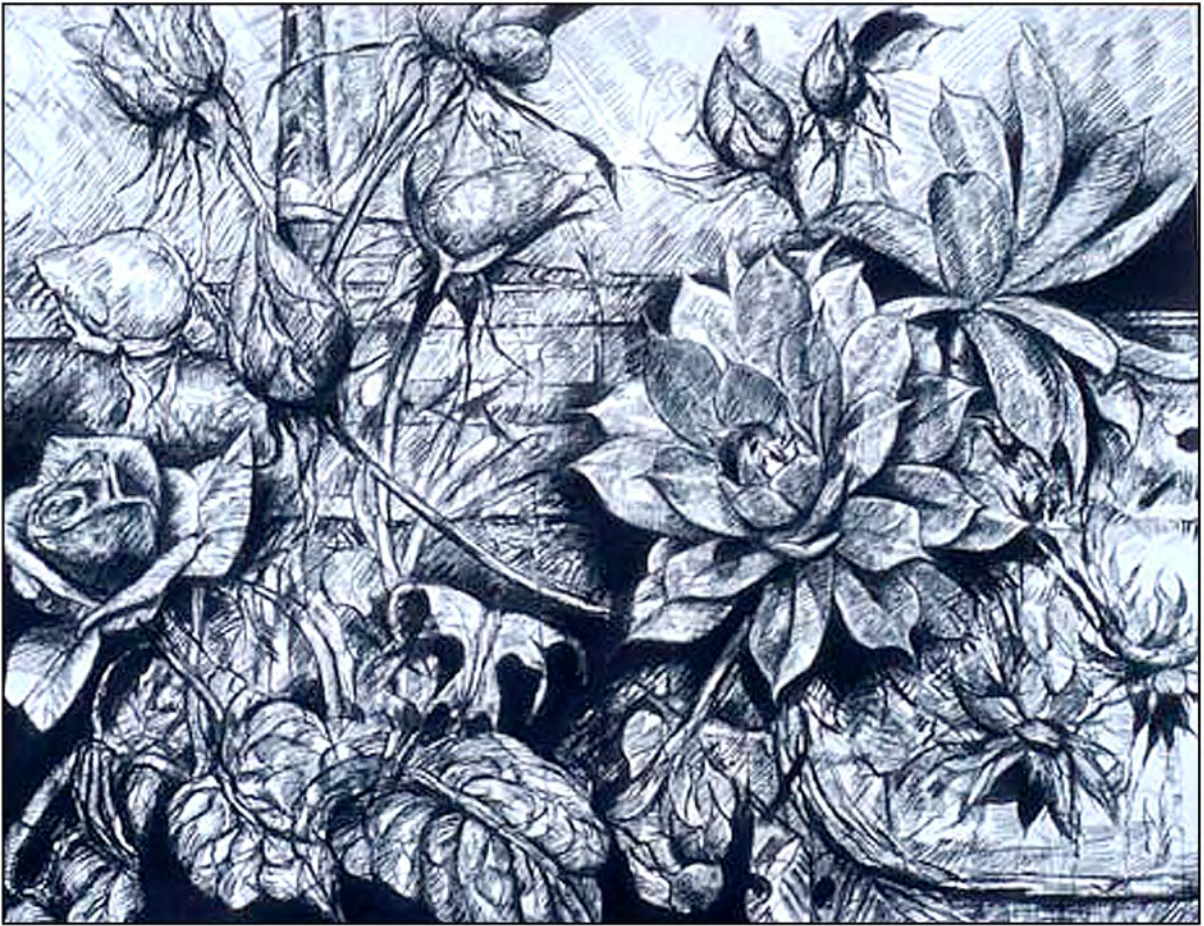
ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 8

*Above: "Arrival" | Below: "Wind"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 9

*Above: "Untitled #2" | Below: "Terrestrial"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 10

*Above: "Rain" | Below: "Artichoke"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 11

*Above: "Tulip" | Below: "Tulips"*





ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 12

*Above: "Bay" | Below: "Star"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 13

*"Storm"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 14  
*"After the Storm"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 15  
*"Looking"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 16  
*"Hangover"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 17

*"Black Rose"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 18  
*"Falling Rose"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N<sup>o</sup> 19

*Above: "Rose Garden" | Below: "Red Rondo"*





ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 20

*"Lorca"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 21

*"Needle's Eye"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 22  
*"Ying Yang"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 23

*Above: "Blue Yin" | Below: "Liberty Light"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 24

*Above: "Yucca Beach" | Below: "Raft"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 25

*"The Visitor"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 26

*"Life;line"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 27

*"May Day"*





ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 28

*"Comin' Up"*



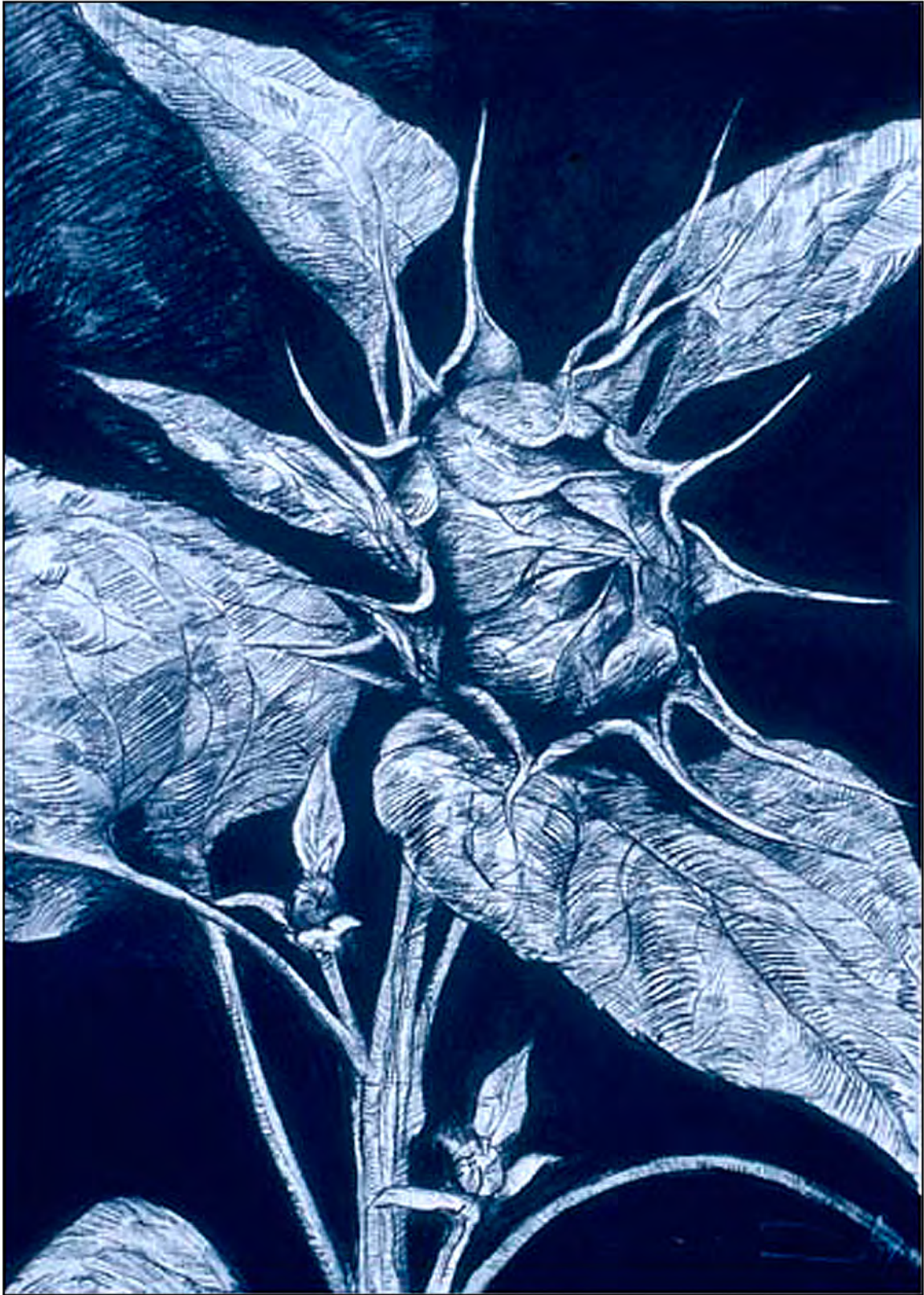
ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 29

*"Abundance"*

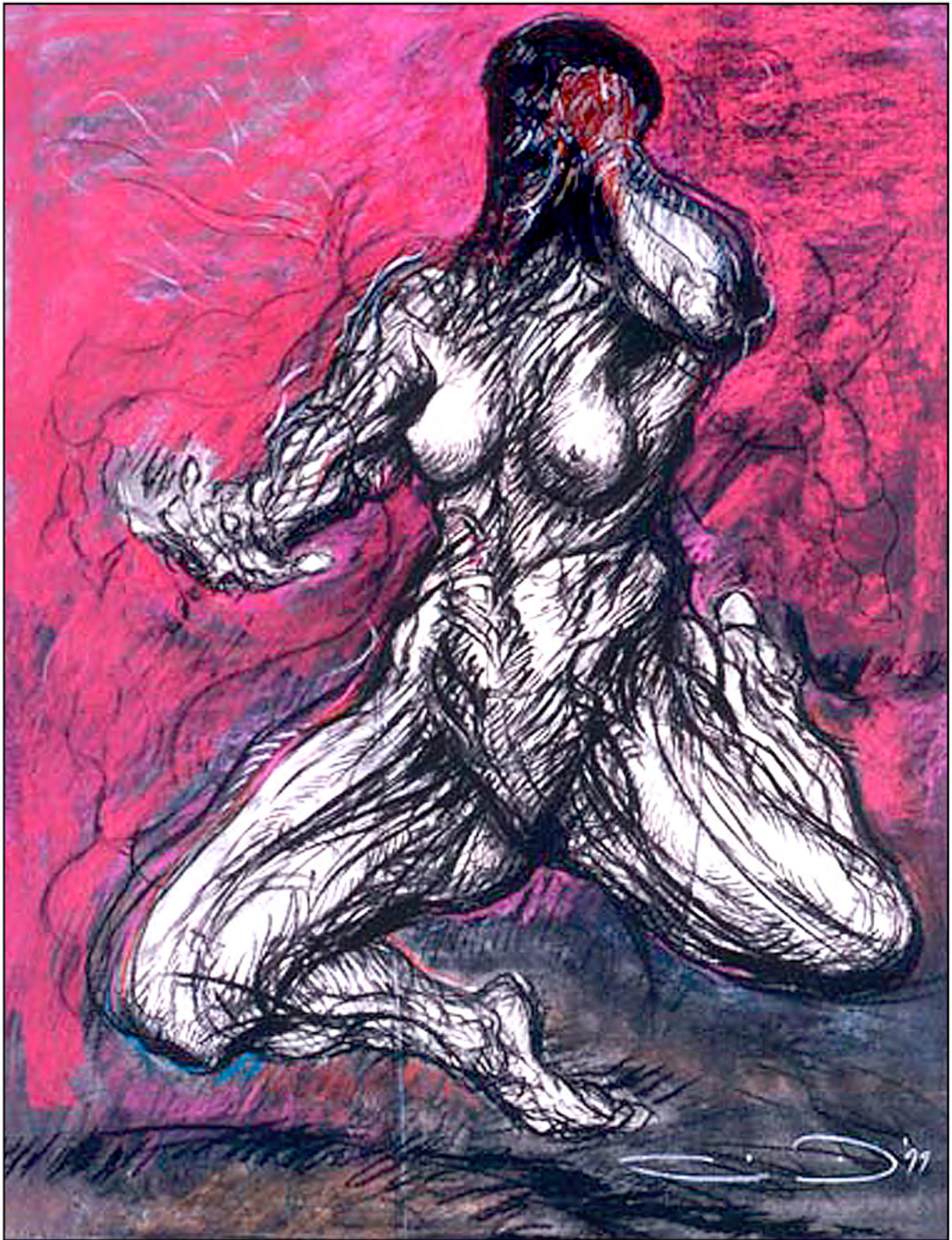


ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 30

*"Iris Study"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 31  
*"Sunflower"*



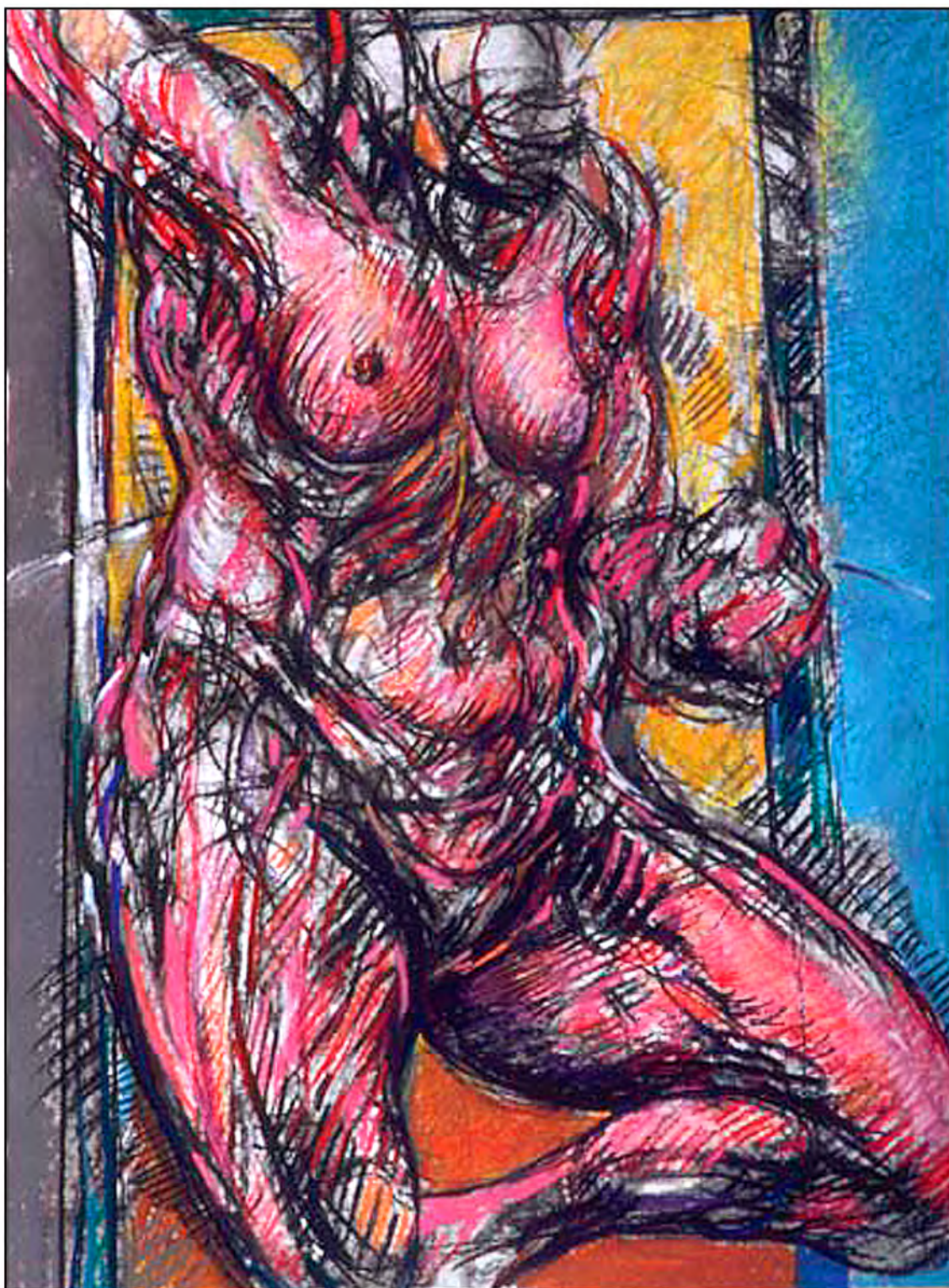
ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 32

*'The Panic'*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 33

*"Madame Pipi"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 34  
*"Emergence"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 35

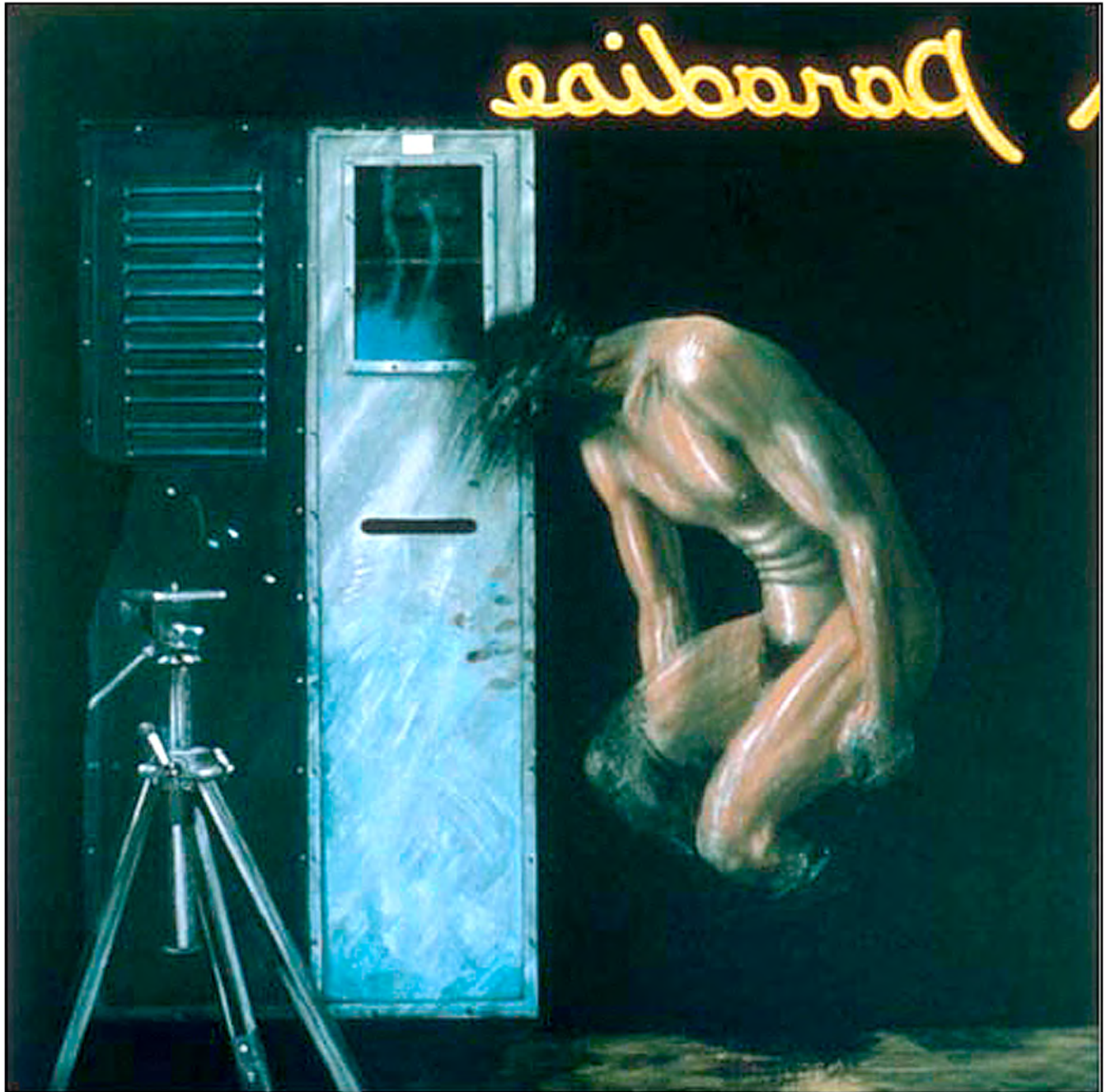
*"Three Graces"*





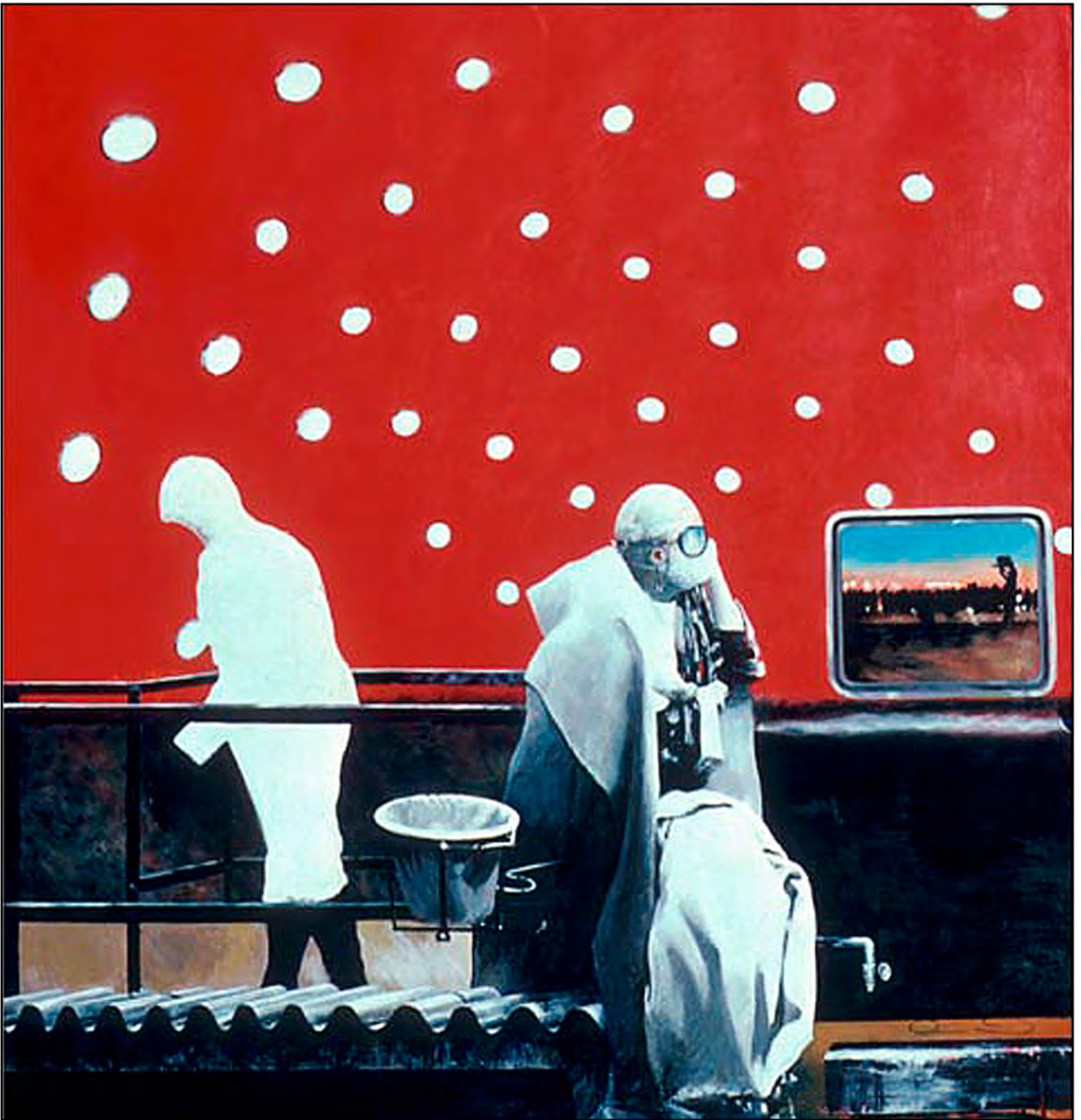
ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 36

*Above: "Independence" | Below: "Revolt"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 37

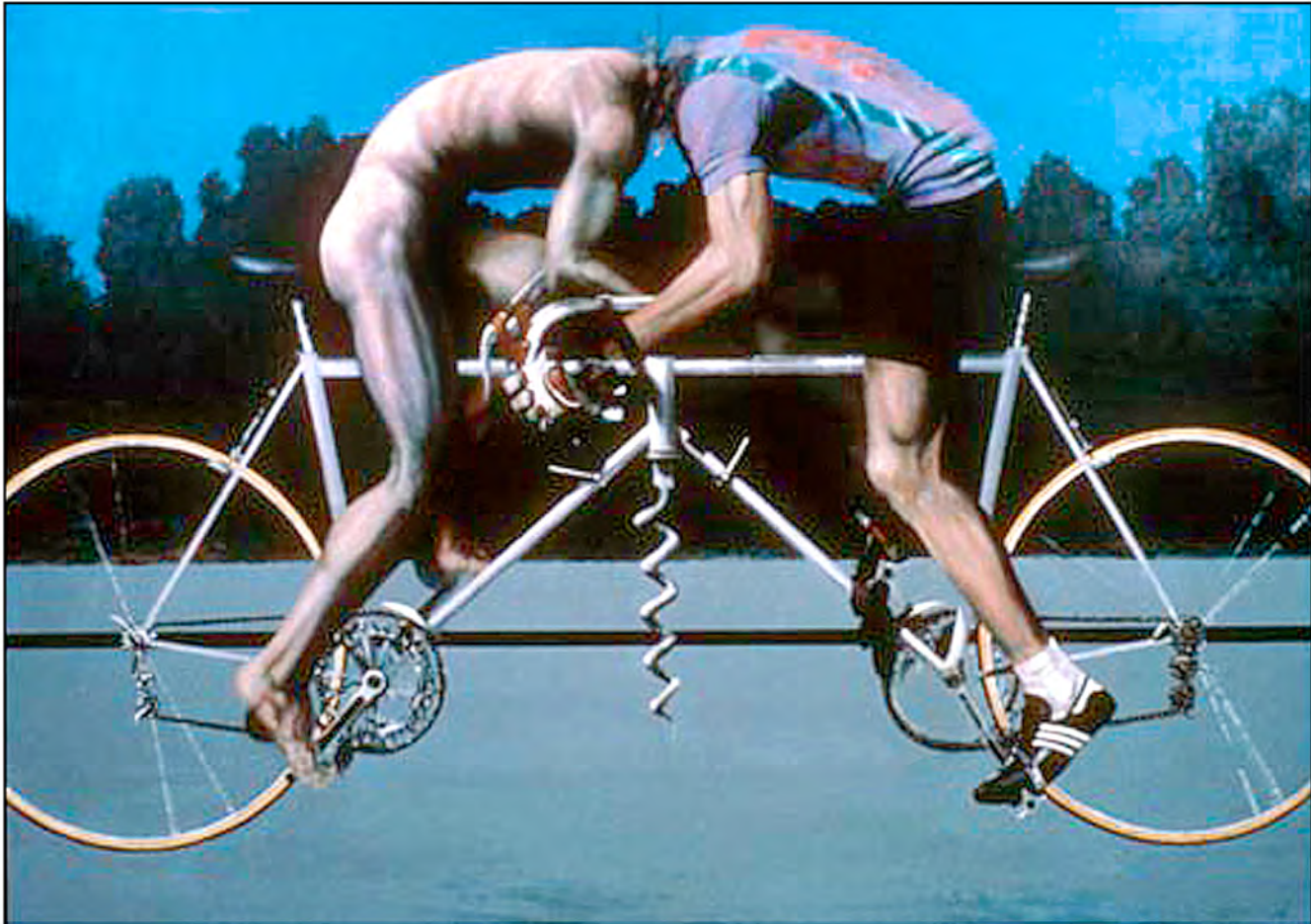
*"Paradise"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 38

*"Modern Times"*





ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 40  
*"Tours de France"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 41

*"Leaving for The Country"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 42

*"Black Tide"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 43

*"Death and Transfiguration"*







ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 45  
*"Ethiopia"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 46  
*"Ma Liberté"*

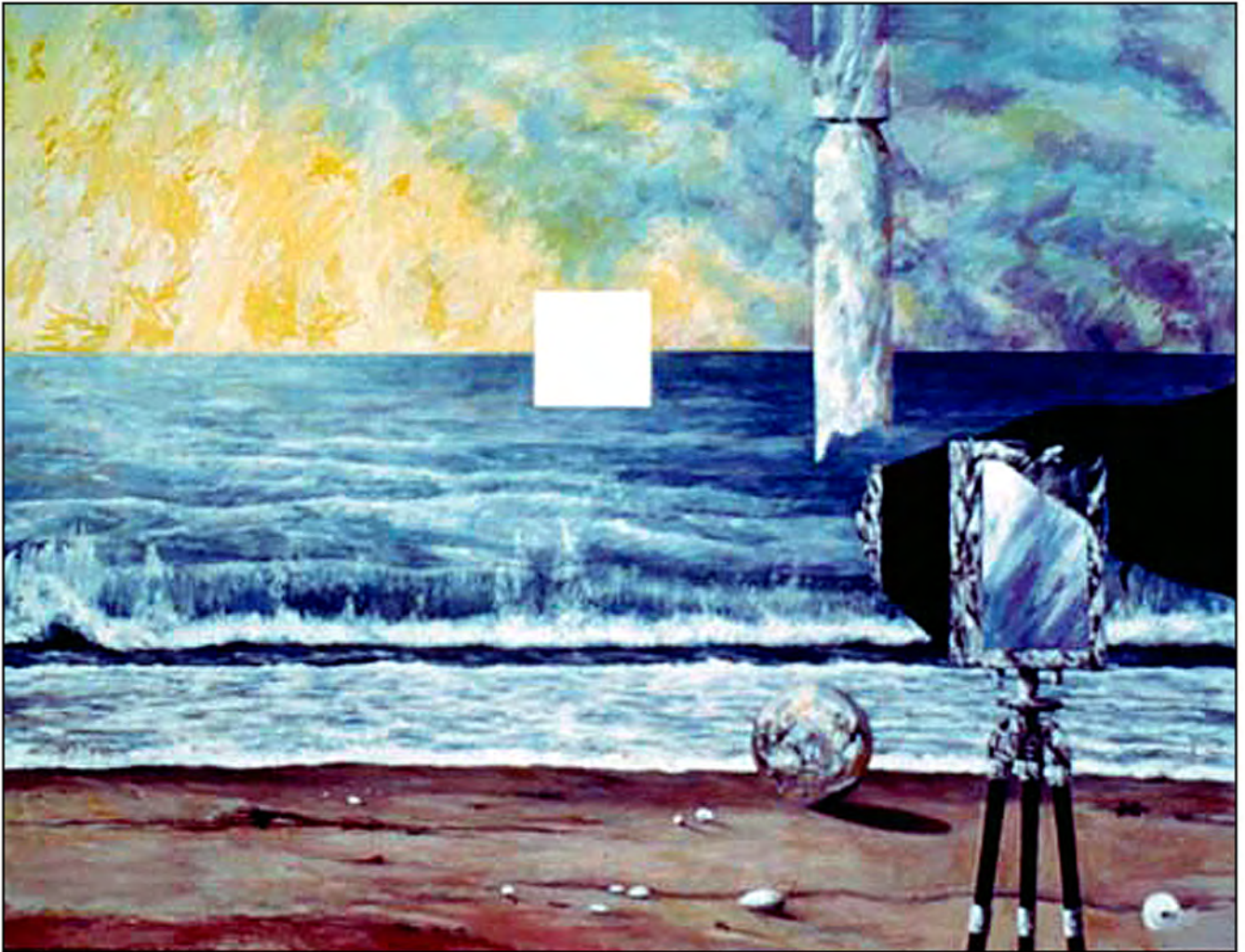


ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 47

*"Casualty Figures"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 48  
*"Naufrage de Don Juan"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 49

*"Revelation"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 50

*"Birth"*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 51

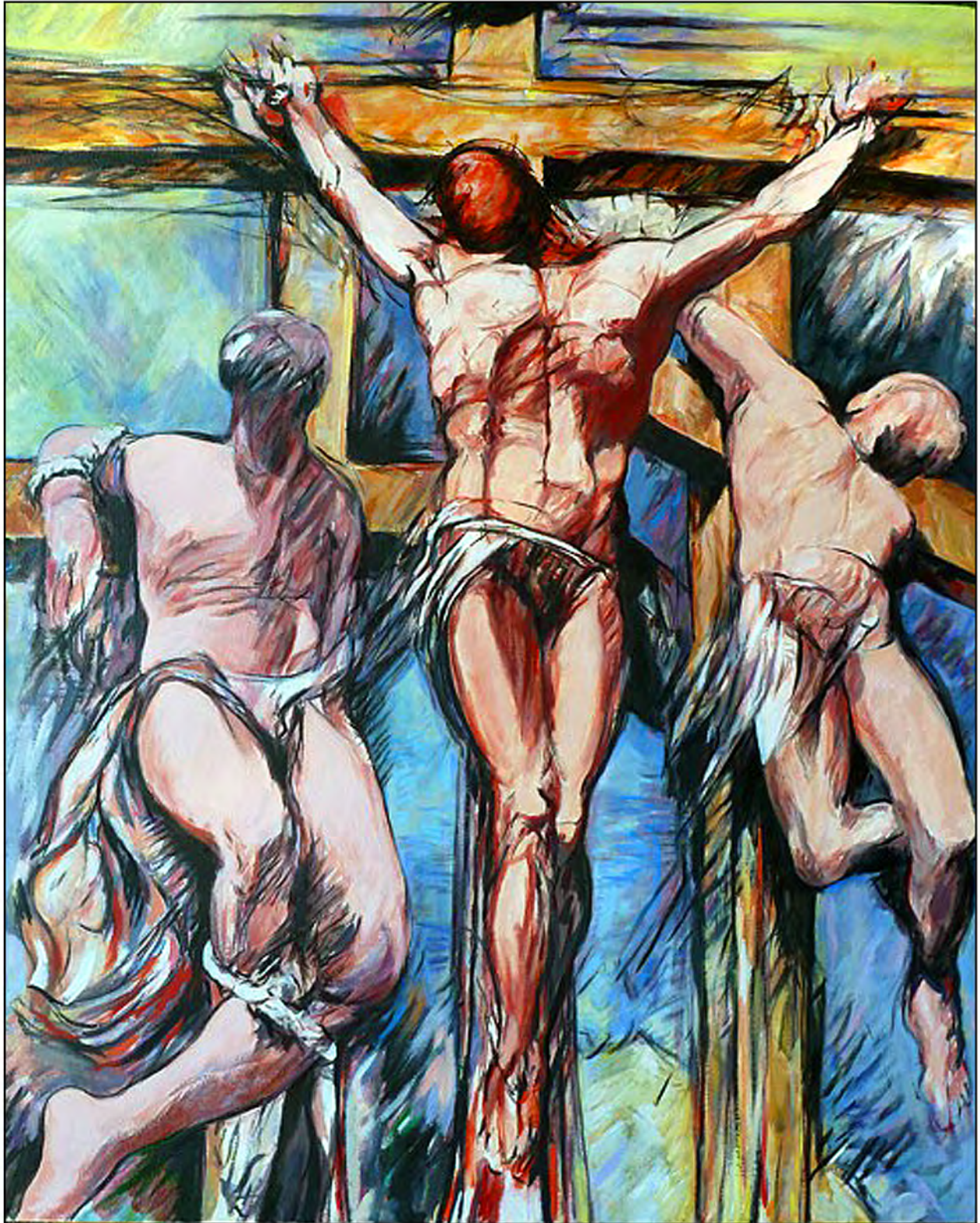
*"Mahogany"*





ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 52

*Book | 2017*



ROBERT "CHRIS" MCDEVITT PORTFOLIO | PLATE N° 53

*"Crucifixion"*



Debbie liked to hang out at jazz bars and clubs until the wee hours —especially the piano bar at the Carlyle Hotel, on 76<sup>th</sup> Street and Madison Avenue, just three blocks from my studio. (That was convenient.)

Google images.



When the Carlyle closed, we'd end up at the Empire Diner, a traditional, stainless steel diner on lower West Side (22<sup>nd</sup> Street and 10<sup>th</sup> Avenue) before heading home. She never stayed overnight; she always went home., protesting, "What would my parents think?!" Ha! Push came to shove when Debbie confronted me with an ultimatum: choose between her and Dona. It was late on a Sunday morning; Dona and I were just finishing coffee; I was nursing a hangover from an evening of partying with Debra the night before. The doorbell rang. Who could that be? To my astonishment, Debbie stepped off the elevator into the studio. The two ladies had never met one another but Dona put two and two together. Debbie got right down to business. "We all know what is going on here," she said quietly and matter-of-factly. "Douglas, you have to decide, right here, right now, who's it going to be?" Whoa! I was flooded with guilt and chose to stay with Dona; besides our personal relationship, she had become part of the growing studio family; we even had "kids" together—two Afghan pups.<sup>42</sup> Frankel frowned and told me I was making a big mistake. She predicted that we would end up together "...when we're sixty-four." I'm still waiting for her call.

## 1975 – Olympic Tower – *Cyclopan*

*More Eyes = More Money.*

Don O'Neil called my attention to a rotating camera called *Cyclopan*, built by Californian inventor, Jack Rankin. He asked me to rent one from Jack's company, Third Media Enterprises, to make a picture showing the panoramic views from the upper floors of New York's Olympic Tower, a 52-story mixed-use building that Burson-Marsteller was promoting for the property developer, Arlen Realty.

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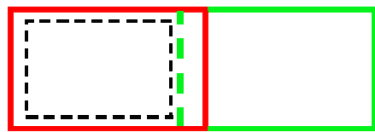
<sup>42</sup> After she moved in with me, Dona bought her own Afghan—Rex—from Doug Fisher; she thought Bandit needed a buddy.

Today, digital panoramas are a virtual snap to make; but back in the 1970s, shooting a continuous 360-panorama in one shot was a technological tall order. The Cyclopan camera spun-around while taking the picture (duck!) capturing everything around it.

Behind the Cyclopan's lens was a *slit shutter*—a thin aperture, 1/16<sup>th</sup> inch wide [1.6 mm] by 2.25 inches high [70 mm]—through which light exposed 70 mm film.

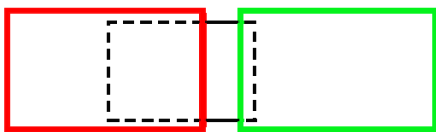
To digress for a moment: traditional 35mm cameras also used slit shutters. They were called “focal plane shutters.” The slit was created by two curtains that moved across the film, “wiping” the image onto the film.

Here is an illustration of a slit shutter provided by Wikipedia:



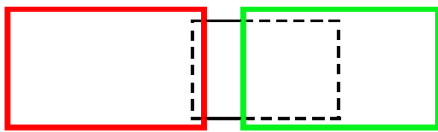
**Fig. 1**

*Figure 1:* The black rectangle represents the frame aperture through which the exposure is made. It is currently covered by the first shutter curtain, shown in red. The second shutter curtain shown in green is on the right side.



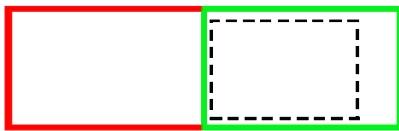
**Fig. 2**

*Figure 2:* The first shutter curtain begins to move to the left allowing the exposure to be made. Because the exposure requires a very fast shutter speed, the second curtain begins to move across at a set distance from the first one.



**Fig. 3**

*Figure 3:* The first shutter curtain continues to travel across the frame aperture followed by the second curtain. It would be pointless to use an electronic flash with this shutter speed as the short duration flash would expose only a very small amount of the frame as the rest is covered by either the first or second shutter curtain.



**Fig. 4**

*Figure 4:* The first shutter curtain finishes moving, followed closely by the second curtain which is now covering the frame aperture completely. When the shutter is re-cocked both shutter curtains are wound back to the right-hand side ready for the next exposure.

With a focal plane shutter, the slit moved across stationary film. In the Cyclopan's case, the film moved across the slit.

A fully-circular, 360-degree panoramic picture produced a strip of 70 mm film between 20 and 40-inches long, depending on which of three lenses was used [75, 150 and 200 mm]. They were long, skinny pictures. Holding the ends of a print together recreated the circular view captured by the rotating camera.

Cyclopan pictures were rare, given that Rankin only built ten Cyclopan cameras, as prototypes. Jack hoped to license Cyclopan technology to one of the big Japanese camera makers; but that never worked out and he eventually sold most of the prototypes to pay bills.

Doing the Arlen job, I fell in love with the spinning camera and the unique pictures it made. I decided to apply the rental fee toward a purchase and that's how I became the proud owner of Cyclopan number 1003.



*On location with Cyclopan 1003 at Yankee Stadium recording Reverend Sun Myung Moon's 1976 New York rally and shooting the harbor at Mystic Seaport, Connecticut, 1975.*



Photos by Dona Plink.

Getting the camera wasn't quite as easy as just placing an order; Rankin was reluctant to sell his babies. To persuade him, I paid a visit to Jack and his wife, June, while I was on assignment with Don O'Neill, shooting Falcon jets at a nearby Van Nuys airport.

Jack and June lived in Ontario, California. They were impressed with my credentials as a photographer and could see I was serious about owning a Cyclopan. I explained to Jack that my using a Cyclopan might actually boost his chances with the Japanese camera companies. I offered to help him promote the camera by writing case histories about my Cyclopan adventures.

Convinced by my sincerity, Jack became very forthcoming; we spent a lot of time in his well-organized machine-tool shop where he explained in detail how the Cyclopan worked. He also showed me another 360-degree camera he was working on; that one was based on a conical lens that projected its circular image down onto a sheet of 4X5 film.<sup>43</sup>

Long story short, I left Jack and June that night with the third prototype in hand. Back in New York, I put the new camera to work shooting a wide assortment of panoramas including: Mystic Seaport (in Connecticut); the southern tip of Manhattan, at sunset; the skylines of Philadelphia and Amman; even the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's famous Yankee Stadium rally.

My shooting was so prolific that my film and print processing work almost overwhelmed Rankin. So did my questions, about why my Cyclopan was temperamental, why it shot inconsistently, why it didn't maintain constant speeds (resulting in panoramas with vertical bands of smeared imagery).

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<sup>43</sup> A decade later, I saw a cone-lens camera in use, at the University of Alaska, in Fairbanks, where it was recording auroral activities across the entire, hemispherical night sky. However, they never heard of Jack Rankin; somebody else had the same idea.

Jack attributed the problems to the rubber-roller film transport system; but no matter how much or how often I cleaned the roller mechanism, the banding problems persisted. They cost me a small fortune in film and processing because, to be sure I got a rotation without film slippage, I shot at least 6 rotations each of three exposures—a total of 18 rotations. Using the longest lens (200 mm), that consumed 720 inches of film (18 X 40 inches). To save you doing the math, that's 60 feet [~18 meters]. (!) Jack never did get the camera working right, which is probably why none of the camera majors ever picked-up Rankin's licensing agreement, why you never saw Cyclopan in your neighborhood camera shop.

[Spoiler Alert: While I was in Europe, Third Media Enterprises (aka, Panorama Industries) languished; by the time I got back to the States, in 1992, Jack had sold the business to Kornelius Schorle; he renamed it, The Long Skinny Picture Company. There's more in the Appendix, *From Kornelius Schorle | Panorama Industries.*]

Back in 1975, Olympic Tower was in the early stages of construction; it was just a steel and concrete frame at that point; there was nothing else to shoot except a big architectural model of the tower. Don O'Neill commissioned me to superimpose a picture of the model over a matching picture of the tower's skeletal frame. To make the superimposition, a cut-out of the model picture was glued onto the background picture of the site.



To make those two elements, I needed large-sized pictures shot to scale. I hired Sally Cooney to shoot those pictures. She operated a large-format, 8 X 10-inch [~20 X 25-cm] swing-and-tilt camera, ideal for controlling architectural perspectives. Sally was also the wife of Robert Cooney; he was designing the Olympic Tower press kit materials for O'Neill, which made her the obvious choice for the job.

First, Sally shot the skeletal outline of the new tower flanked by St. Patrick's Cathedral, looking north, from Rockefeller Center. Then, in the studio, the negative of that site picture was positioned on the camera's ground-glass viewing screen, and the model building was aligned to fit. Finally, an assembly was made of the two pictures by cutting out the tower from one print, and pasting onto the print of the site picture. The result was remarkably life-like.

But O'Neill wanted something more striking, more unusual, to use as the invitation to a VIP Topping Party at Olympic Tower—a gala affair to be held on the 51<sup>st</sup> floor, amidst the construction.<sup>44</sup> When he learned about the existence of Rankin's Cyclopan camera, the penny dropped. Don's idea was to sell the panoramic view from Olympic Tower's penthouse apartments. Cyclopan pictures were the perfect way to do that. 40-inch-wide [~100 cm] Cyclopan prints were used for the invitations. They were rolled-up in gift-wrapped tubes. Many guests asked for extra copies; in the end, about 300 were made. [Now, although faded, those prints have historical value.]

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<sup>44</sup> Wikipedia: In building construction, topping out is a builders' rite traditionally held when the last beam is placed atop a structure during its construction. Nowadays, the ceremony is often parlayed into a media event for public relations purposes.

Shooting that 360-degree panorama of midtown Manhattan from the rooftop of Olympic Tower caused quite a stir on the streets below. The Cyclopan was a large heavy camera, about a cubic foot in size [0.028 cubic meters]; it weighed close to twenty pounds when loaded with 100-feet of film and required a sturdy tripod to hold it steady while rotating.

Construction equipment on the rooftop of the building obstructed the view. Raising the camera twenty feet to avoid those obstacles didn't help because the long arm of the construction crane remained in the view. To avoid the crane, a 50-foot-high camera platform would have to be constructed; that was way too expensive. The only alternative was to lash the tripod (and me) to the construction crane itself, at the very end of the crane's long "arm."

The big strong crane operator assisted me to rig the shot camera; I could not have done it myself; I simply wasn't strong enough. It took some time to get everything right; the camera had to be absolutely level or the horizon line in the picture would be cockeyed. Once the gear was rigged, I stayed out there at the end of the crane arm from late afternoon all the way through sunset.

While we were rigging, pedestrians and drivers were stacking up 52 stories beneath us, watching what they probably thought was somebody about to jump. It was too bad we weren't rigged in time to shoot that mass of humanity watching us; the entire length of Fifth Avenue was a ribbon of yellow cabs.

The sight of all those cabs inspired me to try an experimental shot, turning the camera on its side to shoot a vertical picture of Fifth Avenue running from north to south. That one turned out to be the more interesting of the two pictures made that day, although it was technically imperfect—the camera's motor wasn't strong enough to hold a steady speed throughout the rotation.

On the upswing, the weight of the lens slowed the camera down slightly; on the down-swing, it rotated a bit too fast.

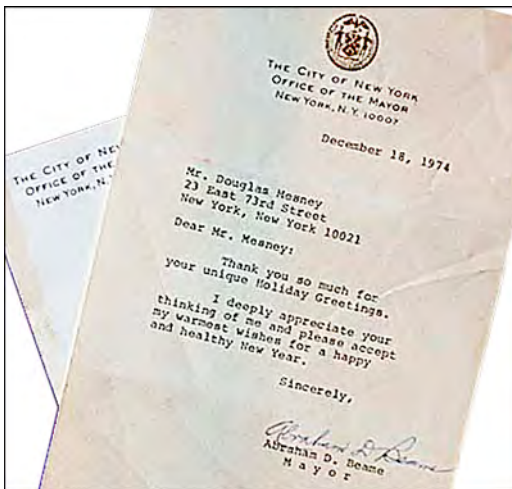
The result was a small amount of motion blur at the extreme ends of the shot (the top and bottom). However, the areas blurred areas were mostly (washed-out) sky; that mitigated the problem; some even thought it was an intentional effect.



My fingers were crossed during the week it took Third Media to process the film. Only Jack Rankin was equipped to develop and print Cyclopan pictures; the darkroom equipment required to make the long pictures was as specialized as the camera itself.<sup>45</sup> We sent four 100-foot [~30.04-meter] rolls of exposed film to Rankin by Federal Express. As mentioned earlier, FedEx was another of Don's clients—we got excellent service.

On tenterhooks I asked Jack to call me collect from California the minute he saw the negs, to advise me whether I had useable pictures or not. Later I would come to learn that the Cyclopan camera was very finicky; there was plenty of reason I should have been nervous about the Arlen shoot.

Jack eventually called with congratulations. He realized what had been accomplished--the complexity of the rigging and my derring-do. The pictures were a hit with everyone who saw them (they still are today, when I occasionally dig out the old prints).



Piggy-backing on Don's promotion, I sent an 8-foot-wide framed print of the New York skyline panorama to New York City Mayor, Abe Beame, hoping that it would hang in City Hall and be seen by the right people.

I received back a signed thank-you letter from the mayor which proudly hung in my office for many years. I wonder, where is that print hanging today?

More likely, it faded into oblivion. Kornelius Schorely told me that Jack Rankin's processing was piss poor; that his prints had no longevity.

Don told me that his picture-gift promotion idea for Olympic Tower was inspired by my annual Christmas print promotion. In turn, my promotion was inspired by one of my Basford clients, Harry Mote. If you'll recall, he commissioned *Tube City*, in 1968. That was the first of many art-print promotions.

Every year, I would make a special limited-edition art-print and send it to my best clients, together with a bottle of Grand Marnier liqueur, handsomely wrapped in silver foil by Ed Just. The prints were *gifts that kept on giving*. Displayed in the recipients' homes and offices, they were seen by countless others for a long time. For visual artists, display space is what it's all about. Be seen! More eyes = more money.

## 1970s | Portfolio | Part Five | Cyclopan Adventures | Plates N<sup>os</sup> 1-8

*Plate N<sup>o</sup> 1: The Cyclopan camera was first rented (from Jack Rankin, Third Media, to shoot the view from the upper floors of Arlen Realty's Olympic Tower, at the intersection of 51<sup>st</sup> Street and Fifth Avenue, adjacent to St. Patrick's Cathedral (top) and Rockefeller Center.*

<sup>45</sup> The printing enlarger operated like the camera but in reverse; the long negative was pulled past a fixed-slit shutter behind the enlarger lens, by a selsyn motor, synchronized to another selsyn, that pulled a roll of photo-enlargement paper past another slit.



Talk about "location, location, location," eh? That panorama, shown on Plates N<sup>os</sup>2-3, was shot from the end of a construction-crane boom, directly over Fifth Avenue. For the diagonal shot, the Cyclopan camera was turned on its side, to capture a 220-degree view up and down that most famous of avenues.

Plates N<sup>os</sup>2-3: The top two 380-degree panoramas were selected from more than 300 feet [~91 meters] of Ektacolor negative film, which translates to roughly 100, 3-foot [~1-meter] exposures. I was nervous and shot nine exposures of each variant (filters, etc.). As I shot, bad weather rolled in from the west. The shot I like best was taken just as the sun disappeared, with the Cyclopan's 120 mm Zeiss lens and a sunset-orange-filter combo of CC30R (red) and CC20Y (yellow).

I made a bundle on the Olympic Tower Cyclopan job; 100 prints of the "straight" shot (the uppermost picture) were given to Journalists and VIPs attending a presser held on the penthouse floor, while the building was still a concrete shell. The event was elegantly catered and there was a full bar; it was one of Don O'Neill's most brilliant ideas. A further 100 prints were reserved for hot prospects. Each print was signed, but not numbered.

Most people, myself included, were more intrigued and enamored of the Fifth Avenue Cyclopan. Thus, I used it for a Third Bardo Cyclopan promotion flyer that accompanied prints of the picture mailed in tubes to the top of my growing mailing list, of customers and prospects. The Cyclopan was so unique and popular that I used them as my Christmas-print promotions for several years. Other promotions included a shot of the Vail, Colorado ski resort, taken during the first commercial multi-image-show competition, the Vail Festival, in 1979, mailed to fifty colleagues and prospects who attended the event.

Plates N<sup>os</sup>4-5: Korean businessman, Reverend Sun Myung Moon,<sup>46</sup> tried to hire Jack Rankin to shoot a 360-degree of his legendary mass wedding at Yankee Stadium in New York. Rankin referred him to me; a strict Baptist, Jack didn't think much of Moon; so, I got the job. Pat Billings and I schlepped the Cyclopan and a sturdy Gitzo tripod into a press box and captured the scene. The result was less than stellar; the rotating camera distorted the stadium in a weird way and the stage looked tiny; Moon was all but invisible in the shot. But empty stadium seats in the upper decks killed the prospects of ever making much money on that shot. The inset picture shows the Cyclopan kit in its black Halliburton travel case.

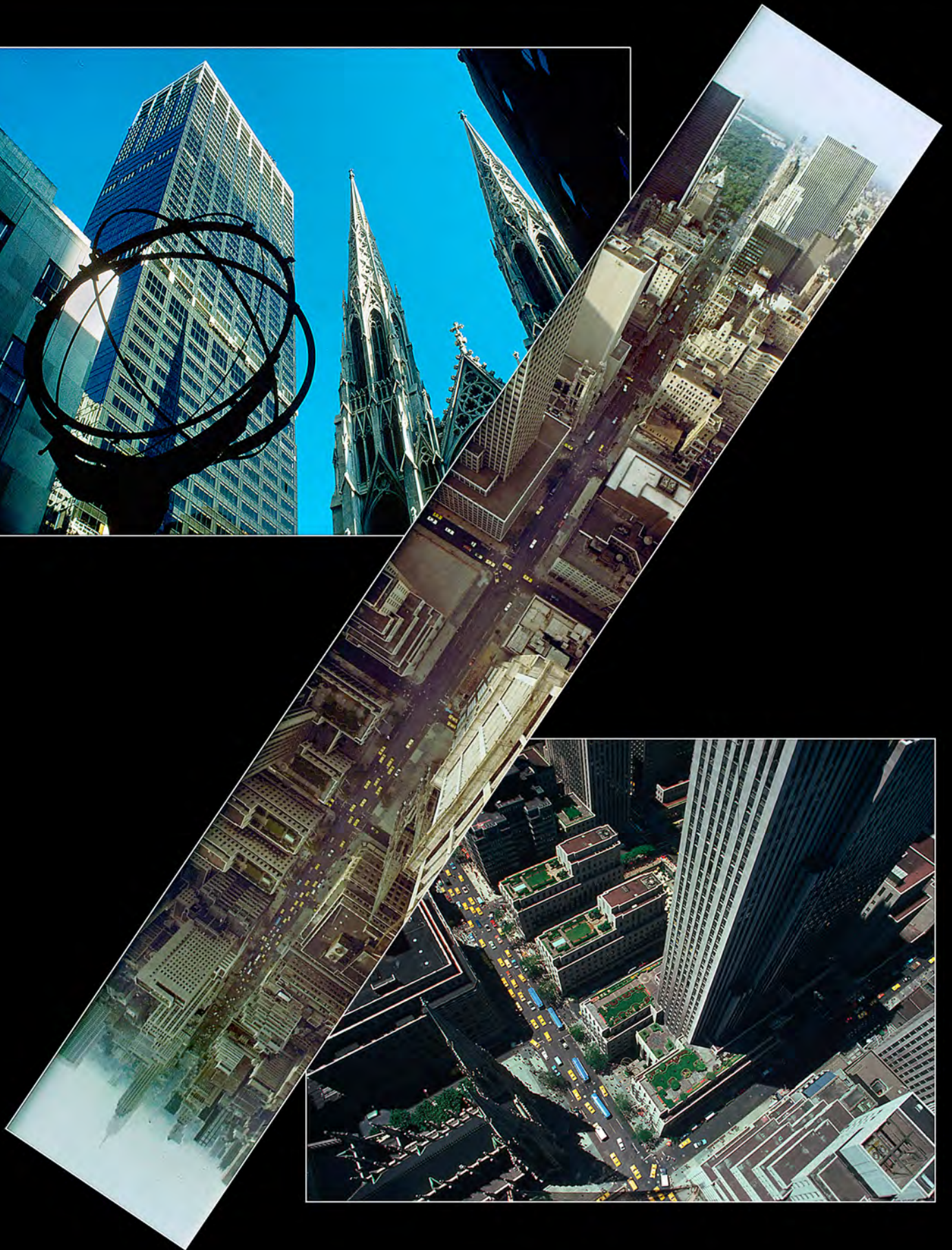
Plates N<sup>os</sup>6-7: Yours Truly setting up the Cyclopan camera for a panorama of Philadelphia. The lens hood has been taped into position over a filter with a thread mismatch. The camera's dials were set for the lens being used (80 mm, 150 mm and 210 mm) and the degree of rotation, for shots less than 360 degrees. One could also let the camera run free and just spin and spin, chewing up film. Sometimes that was necessary to get one shot without the blurry vertical bars that resulted from film slippage between the drive rollers.

Plate N<sup>o</sup> 8: Yours Truly with Doug Fisher, Penn Press, setting up for a Cyclopan panorama of the Jefferson Memorial, in Washington, D.C. Fisher's assistant clicked the shutter.

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<sup>46</sup> Wikipedia: Sun Myung Moon was a Korean religious leader, also known for his business ventures and support of social and political causes. A messiah claimant, he was the founder of the Unification Church, and of its widely noted "Blessing" or mass wedding ceremony, and the author of its unique theology the Divine Principle.





1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FIVE | CYCLOPAN ADVENTURES | PLATE N° 1  
*Top: Olympic Tower | Center: Fifth Avenue | Right: Rockefeller Center from Olympic Tower | 1975*



## FEEL LIKE DOING A 180?

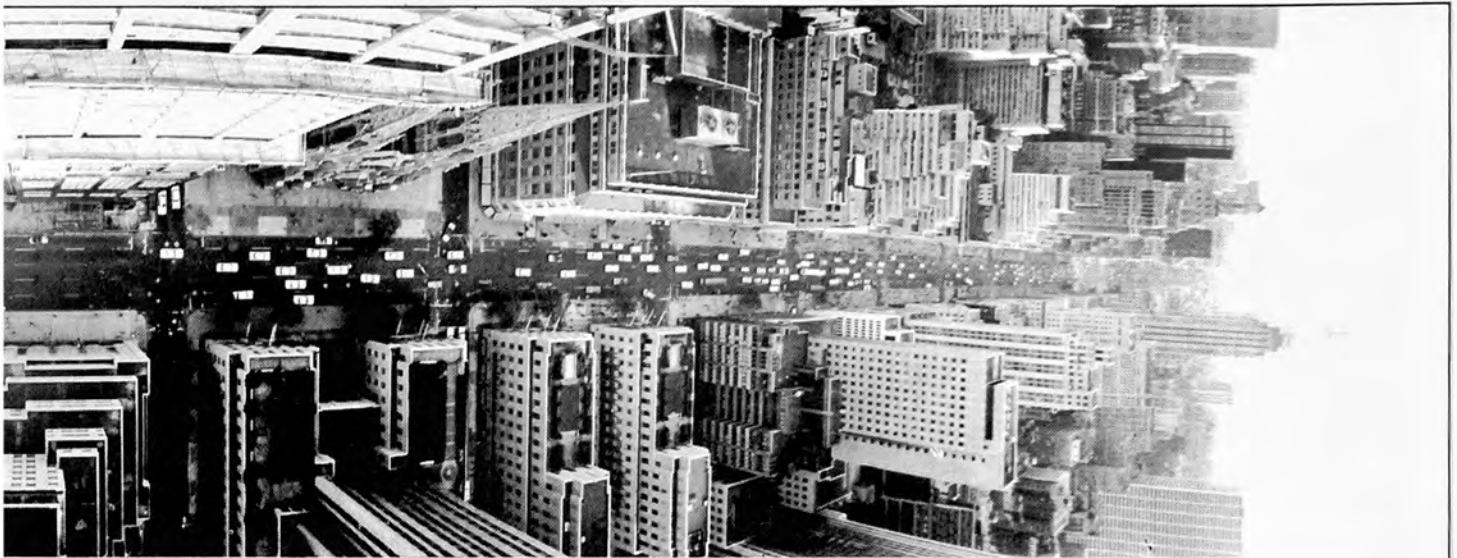
Cyclopan® is a unique camera producing unique visuals that can make an audience do an about face in your direction. Its rotating head sweeps across the subject taking in a full 360 degrees or any part thereof. For example, this picture of

New York's famous Fifth Avenue utilizes about 180 degrees.

Cyclopan® is no gimmick. It shoots on 70mm unperforated color or black/white film. The basic negative for the Fifth Avenue photograph is 13 inches long by 2.5 wide. Translated,

that means an eight-foot-long print is only a 4X enlargement. So you get the highest reproduction quality available.

Cyclopan® is new. The award-winning panoramic promotion has yet to be created. And the possibilities are virtually limit-



## TRY OUR CYCLOPAN-70.®

less. Imagine the ultimate gate-fold...the world's longest accordian fold...a large-size transparency that can be immediately converted into panoramic multi-media applications ...an entire product line in one continuous picture...an objet

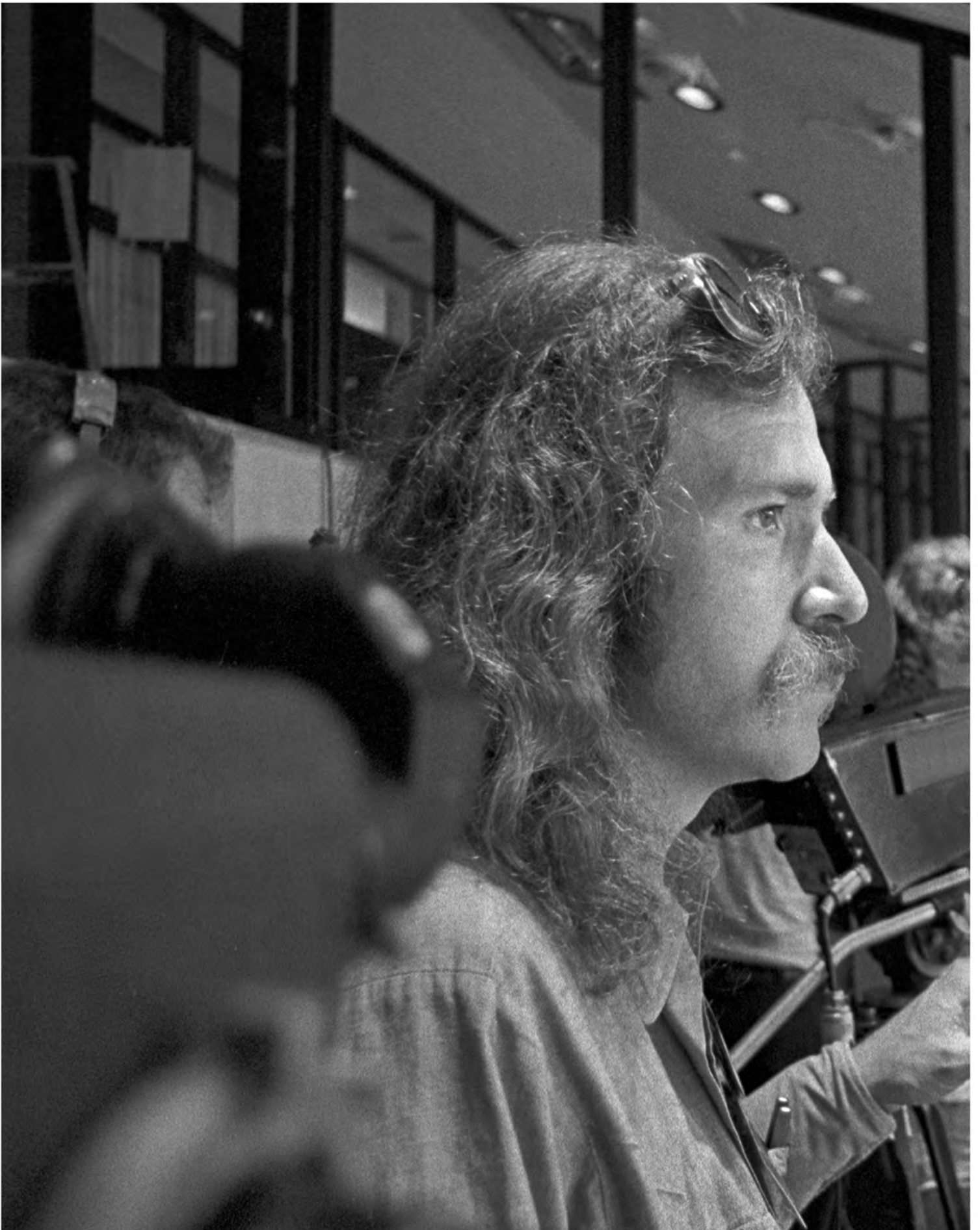
d'art gift promotion...a lobby or interior decor set on a vista theme (an eight-foot-high print of a full 360-degree picture would be eighty-three feet long)...it's enough to make your head spin.

Cyclopan® is available now.

If you'd like to see some enlarged color samples, give us a call: (212) 535-0992.

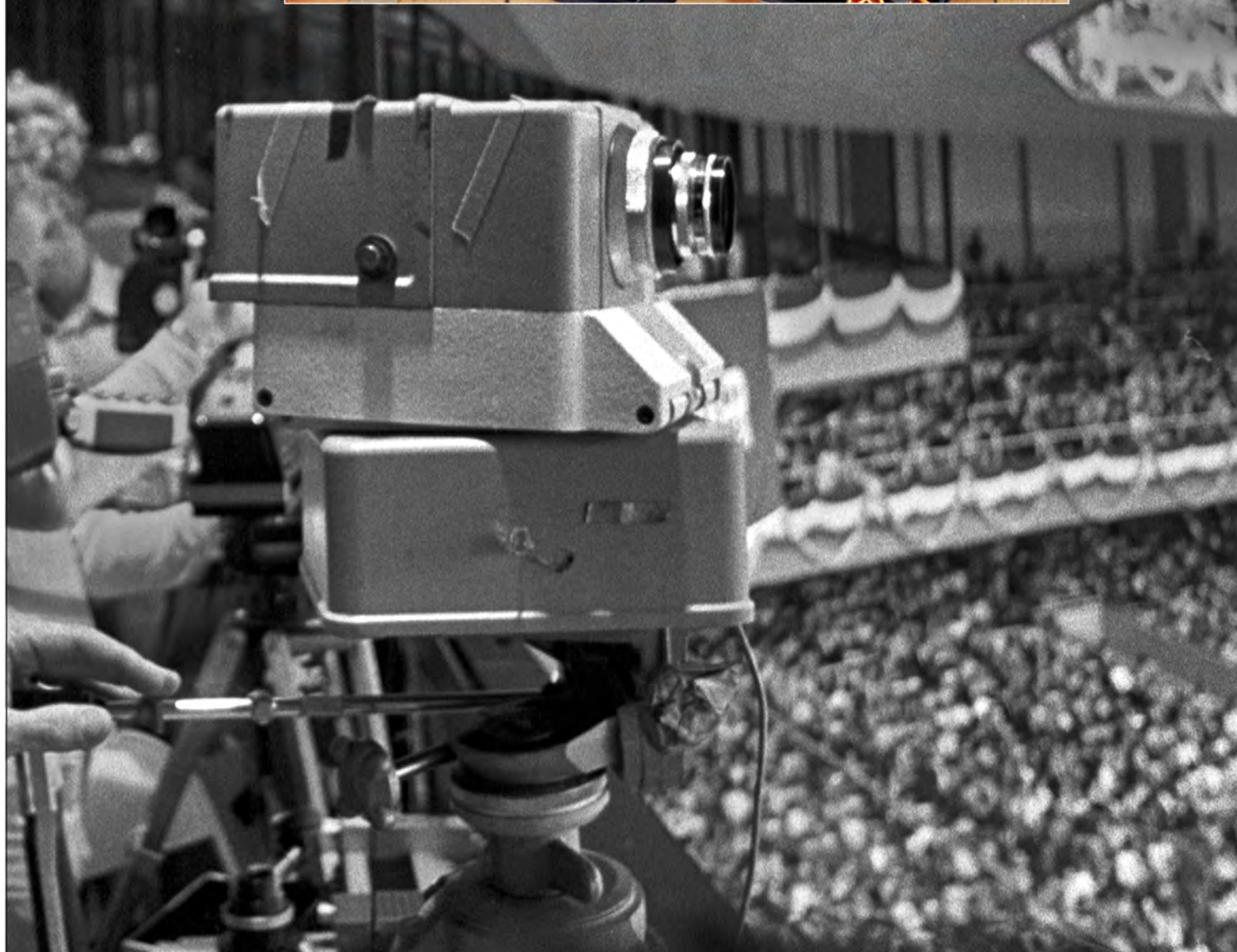
**MESNEY'S  
THIRD BARDO**

23 East 73rd Street, N.Y. 10021



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FIVE | CYCLOPAN ADVENTURES | PLATE N° 4

*Yankee Sradium | Reverend Sun Myung Moon | 1976*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FIVE | CYCLOPAN ADVENTURES | PLATE N° 5

*Yankee Sradium | Reverend Sun Myung Moon | 1976*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FIVE | CYCLOPAN ADVENTURES | PLATE N° 6

*Yankee Stadium | Reverend Sun Myung Moon | 1976*

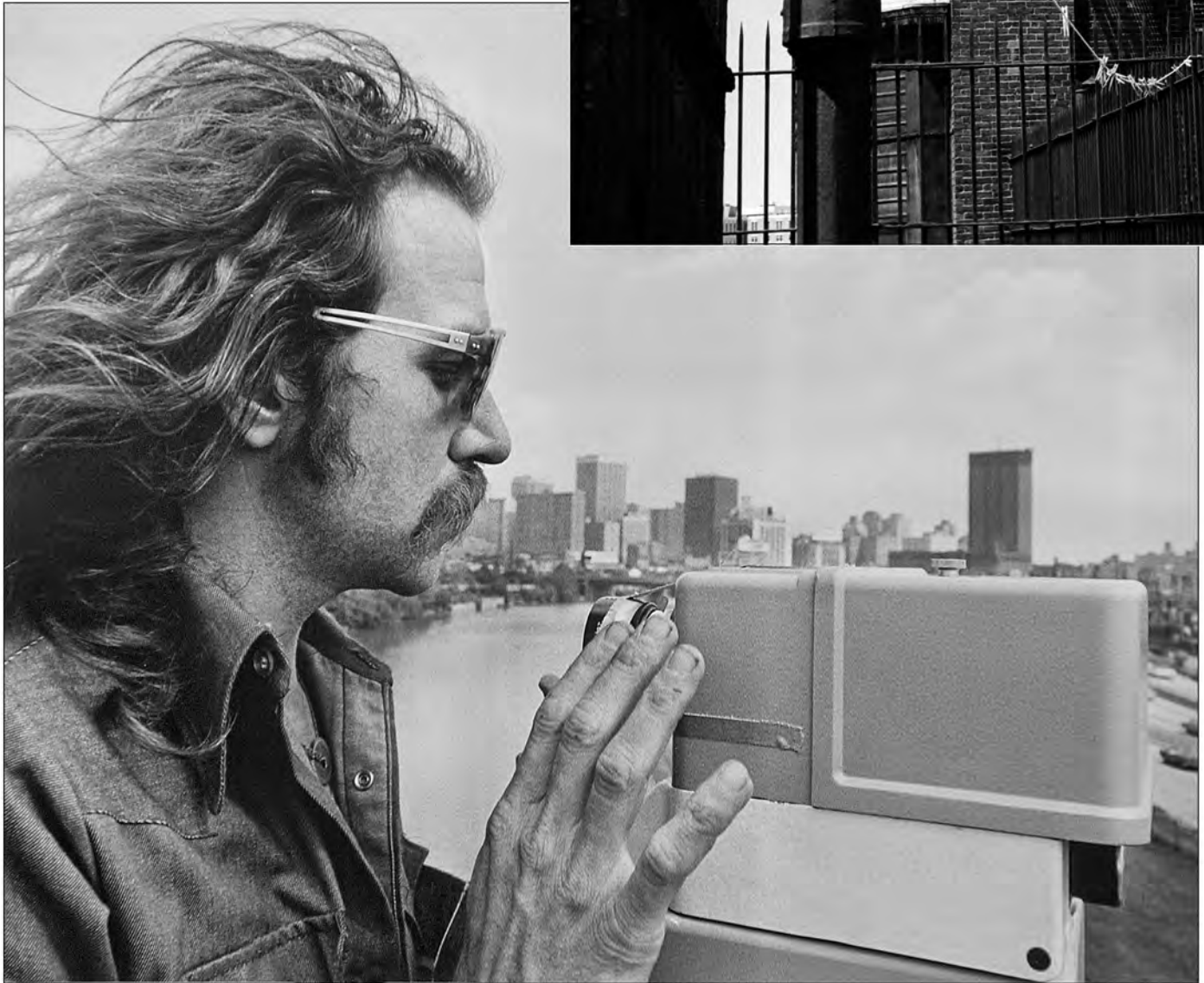


Photo by Dona

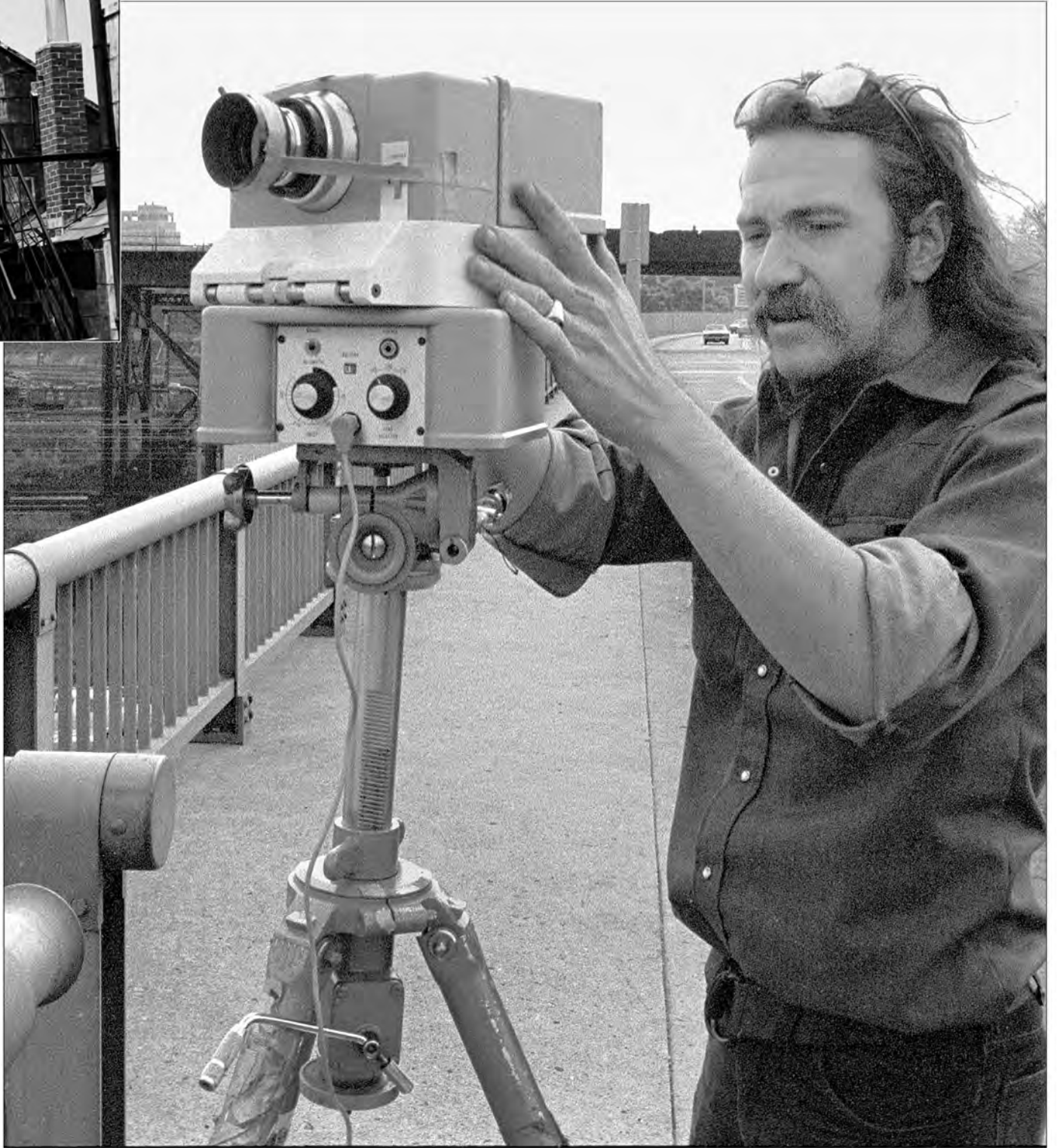


1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FIVE | CYCLOPAN ADVENTURES | PLATE N° 7

*Douglas Mesney & Doug Fisher (left) in Washington, D.C. | 1975*



Photos by Dona



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FIVE | CYCLOPAN ADVENTURES | PLATE N° 9

*Philadelphia, Pennsylvania | 1975*



Photos by Dona



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FIVE | CYCLOPAN ADVENTURES | PLATE N<sup>o</sup> 10

*Above: Douglas Mesney, Doug Fisher (center) and Charles Thel at Char-Thel Gallery in Reading, PA | 1976*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FIVE | CYCLOPAN ADVENTURES | PLATE N° 11  
*At home with Doug Fisher, his daughter, wife and afghan Rex in Reading, PA | 1976*

## 1975 – Corvette Book – No Traction

Dog breeder Doug Fisher ran another business, called Penn Press. The company published limited-edition art prints and coffee-table books about antiques and other collectibles. When Dona and I drove down to buy her Afghan, Rex, Fisher suggested that we work together on a limited-edition picture book entitled, *A Classic Collection of Corvettes*. What an ego trip; I went for it, big time. The deal was that Penn Press would cover all the book production expenses, but my time would be on spec, for 33% of sales.

It was the end of summer. Fisher didn't want to wait another year for good weather in the Northeast; he was willing to foot the bill for a photo foray to southern California, where the weather is good year 'round. I called buddy Pete Tenney; he was good at arranging big productions (recall, Pete organized the GQ shoot) and he was living in L.A.

In the few months since our Floridian photo odyssey, Pete had made a complete transition. He started a new life with Ursula Brown and her two kids. Pete moved West to seek his fortune writing screen plays; he was nearly finished with his first—*Vittorio's Gold*, a latter-day version of the Humphrey Bogart classic movie, *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*.

Pete picked me up at LAX. He drove to his beachfront home in Hermosa Beach [20 miles (~32 km) south of L.A.]. We spent the afternoon on the patio, planning the shoot and ogling bikini-clad roller skaters cruising the Strand (a waterfront promenade popular with beach babes and body-builders). What a view. The weed was wicked, too.

At supper time, Ursula returned with her kids and a couple of pizzas. She was flirty; I tried not to flirt back indiscreetly. I thought it was Karmic retribution for the worrisome extra attention Pete gave Andréa. I reckoned Ursula was taking Pete for a ride, that Tenney had some money. He certainly knew how to spend it, especially on expensive guitars; he had a big collection of them, which was funny because Pete was no musician; he was a vicarious rock star who had no visible means of support.



The two-week shoot started with a 1960 Corvette coupe. The owner lived in Culver City; the plan was to shoot the car in the Santa Monica hills, with the rugged California coastline in the BG. As we approached the location, a heavy fog rolled in from the ocean. The resulting scene wasn't as dramatic as I hoped; but the car looked good and the owner (who wasn't getting paid) was reluctant to spend much more time than he already had.

We shot a 1967 Corvette Sting Ray the next day. The weather held and we found a nice spot in Topanga Canyon.

As soon as the car was in position, a couple on horseback rode into the picture, heading our way.

Their serendipitous appearance made up for the previous day's fog miseries.



We shot half the cars in and around the Pacific Palisades. The rest of the owners lived in the eastern half of L.A. county. Those places weren't as photogenic as the coast.

I cropped in on the cars and for the 1959 Corvette resorted to color trickery.

Instead of rivalling Rand McNally Atlas pictures, a lot of the pictures looked like a bunch of snapshots.

I was disappointed with the California shoot. Although he didn't say so, I think Fisher was, too. Nonetheless, he went ahead with the book. He printed enough pages for 6,000 copies, but only assembled and bound a few hundred.

Long story short, the book never took off. Fisher didn't promote it the right way and wouldn't listen to me. My idea was to advertise the book in Car and Driver; he didn't want to spend that kind of money. Instead, he mailed sample copies to booksellers. Their lack of interest was probably due to the lackluster printing and pictures.

In addition to the Corvette book, I also made Cyclopan pictures of Reading and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for Fisher; but nothing came of that project, either. When Fisher's health failed, a year or so later, Penn Press went out of business.

Thirty years later, I got a call from one Jay Vargas, a fellow with a Latino accent. He bought the 5,500 unassembled Corvette books when Fisher's estate was auctioned. His idea was to sell them on eBay. He wanted me to sign the pages; they would be worth much more with the artist's signature. We went back and forth on that; he proposed flying me to New York and putting me up for a couple of days, while I signed them—in an unheated Bronx warehouse. But nothing ever came of that. Today I found three used copies of the book on sale at eBay; but couldn't find any traces of Vargas.<sup>47</sup>

[Spoiler Alert: Pete and Ursula split-up a few months after the Corvette shoot. She kept the house and he moved to the Hollywood Hills. On another trip, years later, I ended up in her big waterbed; it didn't go well; she wanted to be in control; I don't do well in those circumstances. After that we lost touch with each other. I lost touch with Pete, too. I got periodic emails from him through the years, but none lately. From what I gathered; he was living as a recluse in semi-rough conditions; but he was as optimistic as ever.]

### 1975 – *Le Car* – Crash Course

The Corvette book was not the only jinxed job. Another car job, for Renault, also got off track... literally.



The French auto maker was foundering in the US market and had high hopes for *Le Car*, the American name for the Renault *Cinq*,<sup>48</sup> [French for Five].

I reckoned that Renault was going to be a big client. My optimism was based on the fact that the Renault account was now being handled by my friends at Burson-Marsteller, who got hired in 1974 when Renault's chairman, Pierre Gazarian, got fed up with the previous agency's lackluster results.<sup>49</sup>

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<sup>47</sup> Original Message -- Subject: A Classic Collection of Corvette From: Kathy Linderman <lindekat66@gmail.com> Date: Fri, June 08, 2018 8:16 pm To: "douglas@mesney.com" <douglas@mesney.com> Hello, My name is Kathy Linderman and I live in Reading, Pennsylvania. I'm cleaning up my basement and came across this collection of pictures. Would you be able to tell me anything about them? My reply: Dear Ms. Linderman, What an amazing resource the Internet is... that you were able to trace me nearly a half century after I photographed the Classic Collection of Corvettes, in 1975. ... If you would like me to sign your copy, I'd be happy to if you send it to me, with return postage. Warm regards, Douglas Mesney [Never heard back, unsurprisingly.]

<sup>48</sup> Wikipedia: The Renault 5 is a supermini produced by French automaker Renault. It was produced in two generations 1972–1985 (also called R5) and 1984–1996 (also called Super 5 or Supercinq). The R5 was sold in the US as *Le Car*, from 1976 to 1983. Nearly 5.5 million were built.

<sup>49</sup> Gazarian's response was to dump Renault's US ad agency in favor of Marsteller Inc. (now Burson-Marsteller). The agency persuaded Renault to dump the R5 designation — which in the US mainly served to tie the Cinq to earlier models of which Americans had been none too fond — and relaunch the car as "*Le Car*." An aggressive new ad campaign emphasized the R5's Frenchness, sporty character, and ties to Renault's impressive European competition history. [<https://ateupwithmotor.com/model-histories/renault-5-turbo/>]



Don O'Neill reckoned he could sell them content for meetings and events; he convinced me that we should make an AV demo on spec, a mini mindblower that could be used to pitch new business from Renault.

O'Neill and I went along when Marsteller's advertising team, led by Lou Magnani, staged a major shoot at the Watkins Glen motor-racing circuit, to get photos of Le Car being put through its paces, doing performance laps. Jim Casey came along, as my assistant.

The agency made a BFD out of the staged event; they invited the press to report on both the new car as well as Marsteller's triumphant acquisition of the *Le Car* account; both were big news. Far too many people were involved; there were too many egos and agendas. Everyone wanted some time with Le Car, but there was only one of them—an advance prototype sent to the States for publicity and advertising purposes.

It was impossible to get any shots of the car without people milling around in the background. Instead, Casey and I rigged a pair of cameras for long-lens shots of the car doing laps. We were on our way to one of the track's tightest curves when we heard a loud crunch followed by silence.

We followed as the crowd made its way across the track and discovered Le Car on its side, crushed and crumpled, wrecked by an overexuberant account executive who was given a chance to take the car for a spin.

Somehow, Marsteller managed to hang on to the Renault account; I even got paid, though I never shot a single picture at the doomed event. However, despite the agency's best efforts, Renault left the US market in 1983 after several bad builds and languishing sales. Americans remained unconvinced that Le Car was much different than its predecessors, all considered *passé*. Renault's lunch was eaten by second-generation compacts like the Honda Civic, Toyota Tercel, Mazda GLC and the Plymouth Horizon.

## 1975 – Forox – Incredible

My first "optical stand"<sup>50</sup> was rudimentary—a Nikon camera mounted on a vertical tripod attachment. I used it to copy pictures out of magazines and shoot title slides made from photostats of type hand-colored with Magic Markers.

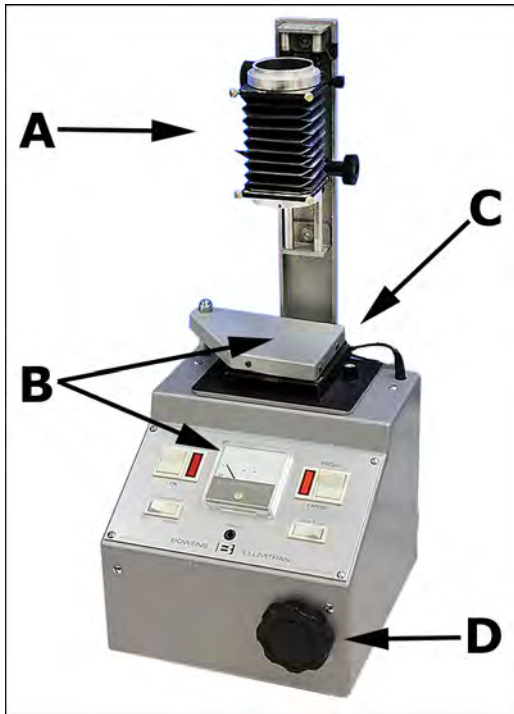
For more convenience, I upgraded to a professionally made copy stand like the Leitz product pictured.



Leitz copy stand (without camera and lightbulbs).

<sup>50</sup> The term "optical stand" is synonymous with "copy stand." As the name implies, it was used for copying flat artwork, like drawings or pages from a book. Early slide shows were frequently illustrated with pictures copied from magazines and books; pictures from such sources were called "swipe art." Copyright laws prohibited such unauthorized use, of course.

To make copy slides (called *dupes*, as in duplicates) I attached a Nikon bellows—used for close-up work—and a slide holder illuminated with a 500-watt photo-flood lamp. It was a shaky rig but it did the job. Copy slides were big business for me, going back to the days of Mesney's Mad Medicine Show.



Then came the Bowens Illumitran, a purpose-built slide-copy appliance that featured a bellows [A] on a vertical column and strobe-lit light box.

The appliance offered a fair amount of exposure precision. There was a built-in light-metering system [B]. Seen here, the meter is over the slide stage [C], in position for measurement. Rotating the exposure control dial [D] raised or lowered the strobe (and modeling light) under the slide holder, thus increasing or decreasing the exposure.

The idea was to turn the exposure dial until the light meter was centered, pointing to "0," as in zero correction.

Of course, the f-stops on the lens could also be used to control exposure; although, I locked-in f:8 because that f-stop provided maximum lens acuity (sharpness).

First of three Illumitrans, without lens or camera.

For normal pictures, the Bowens Illumitran worked well; but it didn't handle anything extreme—as in light/dark or overly saturated colors. For example, dark pictures required raising the strobe-light so close to the slide that the dupes suffered from "hot spots;" that is, the center was brighter than the edges. In the case of super-saturated primary colors (like my *Atomicolor* infrared color pictures), the light meter was useless; but that was true for all light meters, not just the Illumitrans; primary colors threw all meters for a loop: red and green would underexpose, blue would overexpose. As always, it was a question of degree; and once one worked out an exposure chart, making dupes with the Illumitran was very quick, straightforward and efficient.

I also used the Illumitran creatively, to combine different slides with multiple exposures. By today's standards they would be considered ridiculously simple, but so-called *sandwich slides* were high tech in the 1960s.

[Factoid: I am using the same Illumitran—now equipped with a digital Nikon—to copy slides for this book!]

As slide shows grew in size and complexity, multi-screen panoramas became the most popular format. Shooting slides for multi-screen projection required much greater precision. Misalignment of a panorama's component images when shooting could appear 1000 times larger when projected onto a big screen—a one-millimeter shooting error could be enlarged to a 10-centimeter [4-inch] eye sore.

Making the cheese more adhesive (as Dad used to say), the original pictures being copied for panoramas were usually small, 35 mm transparencies. Splitting those into three or more sections was like using a microscope. It was impossible to do that accurately enough with an Illumitran.

The Bowens copy stand had other deficiencies, too: I couldn't shoot a 1:1 dupe [precisely the same size as the original] and could not use Ektachrome duping film [5071]. Duping film was made for long exposures; the Illumitran's electronic flash was too fast to record a good latent image; the colors came out weird. Using normal Ektachrome 64 film [5017 (Daylight) and 5018 (Tungsten)] didn't help much because the contrast of that film was too high; the dupes looked nothing like the originals.

[Note: Addendum VI has a complete table of Kodak film emulsion numbers.]

To remedy the situation, I invited Ken Nordt back to the studio for another progress report. He gasped when I asked for a \$30,000 extension to my Bank of Commerce credit line—nearly \$200,000 in today's money currency—for a Forox camera. Wazzat?

The Forox camera was invented by Ed Thompson. Before leaving to start the Forox Corporation, Thompson worked for the Oxberry Division of Richmark Industries. [The name Forox was a derivation of "Formerly Oxberry").

The name Oxberry was legendary. The company-built animation cameras [also called rostrum cameras<sup>1</sup>] for Hollywood film studios and producers of TV commercials. Oxberry cameras were big beasts; they had an eight-foot-wide, four-foot-deep stage [table] attached to a 10-foot-high column [4.8 X 2.4 X 3 meters].

To digress for a moment, about animation cameras:

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<sup>1</sup> Wikipedia: A rostrum camera is a specially designed camera used in television production and filmmaking to animate a still picture or object. It consists of a moving lower platform on which the article to be filmed is placed, while the camera is placed above on a column. Many visual effects can be created from this simple setup, although it is most often used to add interest to static objects. The camera can, for example, traverse across a painting, and using wipes and zooms, change a still picture into a sequence suitable for television or movie productions.

The controls of the camera differ considerably from those of a regular motion picture camera. The key to its operation is one or more frame counters. These enable the camera operator to roll the film backwards and forwards through the film gate, and to know exactly which frame is being exposed at a given time. Also key is the way the operation of the shutter is completely independent from the film transport, so a given frame may be exposed a number of different times, or not at all. Very long exposures are also possible, so that title streaks, zooms and other special effects can be created by keeping the shutter open while moving the camera head up and down the column; rotating or moving the lower platform from side to side; or doing both at the same time. For some of these types of effects, the artwork may be a transparency, which is back-lit by a light source below the table surface.

The camera's film gate is also different from that of a regular motion picture camera, in that fixed pins hold each film frame in place while it is being exposed. This "pin-registered" gate means that the film can be wound backwards and forwards through the camera head many times, but will always return to exactly the same place without any shifts of the film frame. Such precise repeatability is required for multiple exposures, traveling mattes, title superimposition, and a range of other techniques.

The camera is connected to a mechanism that allows an operator to precisely control the movement of the lower platform, as well as of the camera head. The lower platform is often called an animation compound table.<sup>[1]</sup> In a modern setup a computer controls the horizontal, vertical and rotational movements of the compound table, the "zooming" (lowering and rising) of the camera head on the column, and the lens bellows.

Early rostrum cameras were largely adapted from existing equipment, but after World War II industry pioneer John Oxberry made some key refinements to the design. His company, Oxberry Products, then went on to produce some of the best-known models, which were used by leading film and animation studios around the world. Other manufacturers included Acme, Forox, Marron Carrel, Mangum Sickles, the German company Crass, and Neilson-Hordell in the UK. Some of these machines were somewhat smaller and more cheaply built than the Oxberry models, but were ideal for general purpose work, such as producing titles and copying artwork to film.



1960s



1980s

*Vive la difference!*

*In just two decades, slide-camera technology evolved from "cameras on sticks" to sophisticated, computer controlled rostrum cameras, like the Marron-Carrel 1400.*

To oversimplify, an animation camera was a camera on a stick. There were three parts—the camera, the column and the stage. The camera moved up and down on the column and the stage moved forward and backward and from side to side. Those movements were referred to as X, Y and Z [X=north-south; Y=east-west; Z=up-down]. Some stages could also rotate. Really exotic ones had multiple levels—glass shelves used to separate foreground elements from background(s).

For example: To shoot a spiraling animation or graphic effect, the artwork spun around while the camera travelled up or down the column. To shoot a car driving along a highway, the car would be on an upper stage level and the background on a lower level; the car could be moved across a stationary background, or vice versa, or both.

The first animation cameras were controlled manually, later models by computers or some combination of manual and computer controls.

Cameras like the Oxberry were first built for animated cartoons (think Disney). They were used to photograph cartoon illustrations. The cartoons were drawn on pin-registered paper or acetate, called *cells*. Registration kept all the cells in the same position, relative to the camera. Registration was done by three-hole-punching the cells, then aligning them with a peg bar mounted to the stage.

Artwork like cartoons was illuminated by *top lights*, usually to the left and right of the stage, angled at 45 degrees, and fitted with polarizing filters to reduce or eliminate top-light reflections on the glass stage shelves or reflective artwork (acetate cells). Top lights could also be fitted with colored gels and/or diffusion materials.

Somewhere along the line, somebody had the idea to try bottom lights. That opened a new category of rostrum photography called *optical effects*. Opticals and special effects soon became a major industry serving film and TV producers.

Optical artwork was made on transparent cells; light(s) beneath the artwork shone through them. Sandwiches of pos [positive] and neg [negative] cells were used to create effects, in combination with colored gels and diffusion materials.

For example, a simple red outer glow was made with a cel pack ordered, top down, as follows:

Pos | Diffusion sheet | Neg | Red gel

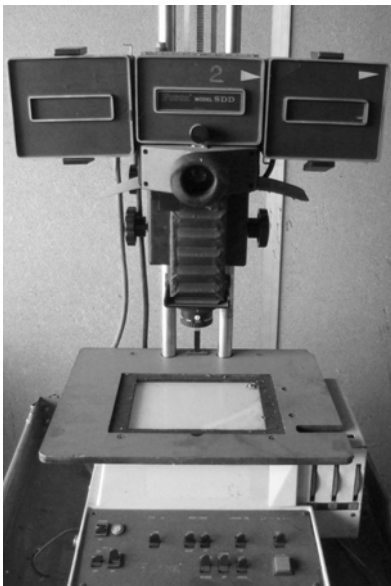
As the slide-show business entered adolescence, Thompson recognized the similarities between the needs of slide makers and film producers. He saw tremendous potentials for Oxberry in the burgeoning new industry.

However, the Oxberry format was unsuitable for slides. The frame size of a 35 mm movie is not the same as a 35 mm slide, even though they may be shot on the same 35 mm film. Slide frames were twice as big as movie frames. That is, slides were 8 perforations ("perfs") wide and movies were (mostly) four perf. [See: *Film Apertures & Perforations / 35 mm* in the Appendix.]

Price was another problem; Oxberry cameras cost \$100,000 in 1974--close to \$1-million today. [And they say there's no inflation?] That was way too many Shekels for most slide-show producers.

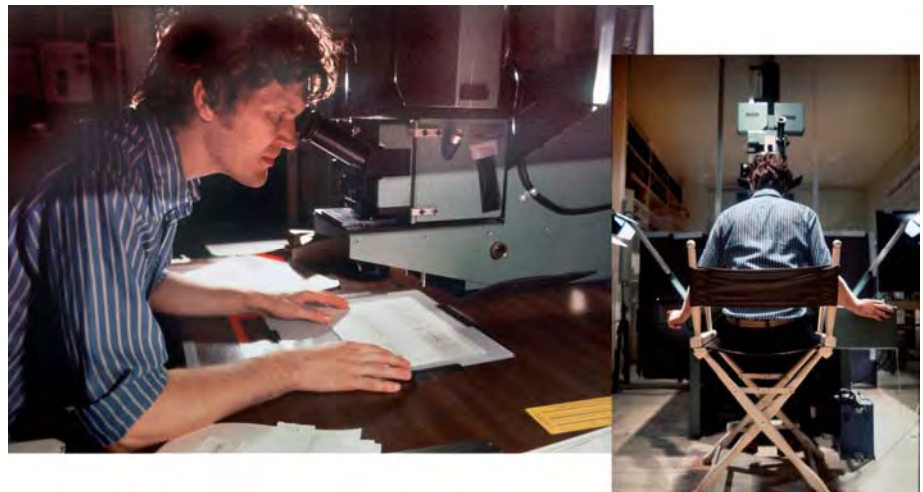
Thompson tried to persuade John Oxberry to make a less-expensive, stripped-down version of their Hollywood classic; but the company hesitated.

[Spoiler Alert: Oxberry did end-up making a slide camera. Jim Annessansley was put in charge of marketing. He did a formidable job, but by then it was almost too late; the market for slide cameras was saturated and declining.]



The first Forox camera was introduced in 1970 (?). Having no competitors, it was an overnight success. The first model—the SSD—pictured at left, was totally manual and the stage had no rotation. It was upgraded in 1972 (?) by the SSA model, (below, operated by John Leicmon) which had a rotating stage and more compact film magazines. That's the model I bought.

Incredible Slidemakers. Forox cameraman, John Leicmon



Greed is what got me into the slide-graphics business; I saw how much Nightingale and O'Neil were spending to have speaker-support slides made by Abe and his partner at Essential Slide Service. I thought: I'll have a piece of that business, thank you.

I wasn't thinking about special effects when I bought the Forox camera. I got it to do utilitarian camera work—to make true 1:1 duplicate originals of slides; to shoot precision *splits* of artwork for multi-screen shows; and shoot multiple exposures with accuracy.

Things were very basic then, by today's standards. In the presentation business, just having colored lettering was enough to satisfy most viewers. My first Forox slides were charts, graphs and text slides. We used to charge by the color; I forget how much but it added up fast; a 10-color chart or graph could have sold for \$100—a lot of money back then.

Multi-colored graphics and title slides were made by taping colored "gels" (clear or frosted acetate, like thick cellophane) to the back of 10-field (approximately letterhead size [A4]) "negs" (negatives); we called the negs *liths* (Kodaliths), named after the Kodak lithography film used to make them [emulsion numbers 4556 and 6556].

It was a four-step process. First, sitting at art tables, using T-squares, triangles, razor blades and rubber cement, we would make mechanicals (paste-ups) of type and/or line artwork (solid black ink only, no shades of gray); this part was the same as making mechanicals for printed work.

Next, the mechanicals were photographed using a *stat* (photostat) camera.<sup>52</sup> Instead of using stat paper, we used Kodalith sheet film. The negs "reversed" the mechanical artwork—what was white became black, and what was black became transparent.

The third step was colorizing the liths with gels. For example, to color a word red, a piece of red gelatin was cut and taped onto the neg, under the transparent word.

Gelling could get complicated; it was finicky work; the charts and graphs that we made could require hours of delicate hand-work to execute complex color schemes. (The most complicated one I ever made was a 22-color bar graph.) Once gelled, a lith was called a "cel" (the term originated in the animated-cartoon industry).

The fourth step was photographing the cels; for that, the cels were placed on a lightbox and shot with 35 mm color film, usually Ektachrome 64 [5018].

Before I got the Forox, we shot the cels with a tripod-mounted Nikon. For splits, we slid the lightbox along a yard-stick fastened to the table. The effects work (primarily coloration) was done in the cel prep; the camera was used just as a recording device.

That changed the day the Forox malfunctioned, over-exposing the film. When the slides were laid out on the light table, my first reaction was, "Oh no." That quickly turned to, "Oh YES."

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<sup>52</sup> Photostats were line art copies (black and white, no gray) of type and artwork; the cameras could handle big art up to a yard [meter] wide; it ran on tracks and had a huge bellows that could stretch the length of a man lying down. Stat cameras (also called "Repro" cameras, as in "reproduction") were used to size type and art up or down, to fit various parts of layouts and designs.

The over-exposed words had a glowing, corona-like effect that looked positively outstanding, like blue neon. Pat Billings, my new assistant, captured our reactions when she said: "That's incredible." That was when I got the idea to rename the company, *The Incredible Slidemakers*.

After that, things changed fast.

To house the enormous Forox, I took over the lease for the first-floor apartment from a womanizing architect who got down on his luck.

The space was made into a self-contained unit. An art table was set-up in there with the Forox camera and the darkroom was transplanted from the third floor. Thenceforth, the first floor was referred to as the slide department.

Within a year, a second camera was also installed, seen here during tear-down, when Incredible closed, in 1981.



It was a year of expansion. Shortly after installing the Forox, I rented one of the two apartments on the fourth floor and moved my personal life up there; it was a lucky break; with a dozen employees, I was running out of space on the first three floors.



The fourth-floor apartment became my sanctuary; there I could be alone and focus on the endless string of proposals, pitches and production scripts that needed to be written.

On the other three floors, everyone wanted a piece of me. I'd get barraged with endless questions, comments, and requests from my growing family of Slidemakers. I felt like a mother bird; whenever she returns to the nest, her chicks are waiting, heads arched back, mouths wide open, squawking "feed me."



View from my 4<sup>th</sup>-floor apartment. Left: easterly view; corner of 73<sup>rd</sup> Street & Madison. Right: view toward Central Park.

A year after that, my fourth-floor neighbors, who lived across the hall, got married and moved away. I grabbed that space and converted the apartment into an administration and sales office.



My secretary, Mercedes Christ, (who I hired away from Burson-Marsteller) worked in there, together with my new salesman, Doug Sloan (left).



Office manager Jon "JB" Bromberg (right) was supposed to share that office with Mercedes and Sloan; but his peppery personality peevd the pair, so JB stayed put in his third-floor office, behind the potty.

Within two years we had two Forox cameras. Fred Cannizzaro drove one of the cameras, assisted by John Leicmon on the other. They were supported by an art department and photo studio staffed by ten people.

[There's a complete list of Incredible employees in the Appendix; and photos of the Incredible Slidemakers crew in Volume Nine.]



The art department was supervised by Fred and run as a part of the Forox department. Together with the photo studio, managed by Jim Casey, the Forox operations occupied the first two floors of the 73<sup>rd</sup> Street studio. A bit later, Nicole Clarke joined our staff to assist Fred and John on the Forox cameras; the camera department was by then running two shifts. It was doing so well that I spun-off the Forox department as a separate business, its own profit center, a division of Incredible Slidemakers; most of their work was with ad agencies, print-graphic designers, and TV stations.

[Spoiler Alert: In 1978 Marron-Carrel introduced even better cameras for multi-image work—the MC-1200 (John Emms worked on one of those that year). Two years later came the MC-1400 and a year after that MC-1600 models. The 1400 had computer assist and the 1600 had full computer controls. The movements of both were more precise than ever. It didn't matter that a fully-equipped MC-1600 camera cost upwards of \$120,000; slide shows—involving dozens of projectors and thousands of slides—were earning their producers big bucks. Producers were flush with money. And, you know what they say, "Money makes money." That's why I bought Image Stream's MC-1600, in 1985.]

### 1975 – Show Burns – No Fatalities

On the heels of the *OK America* program, Don & Geoff won a huge contract from Field Educational Enterprises Corporation [FEEC] to produce World Book Encyclopedia's international sales meeting.

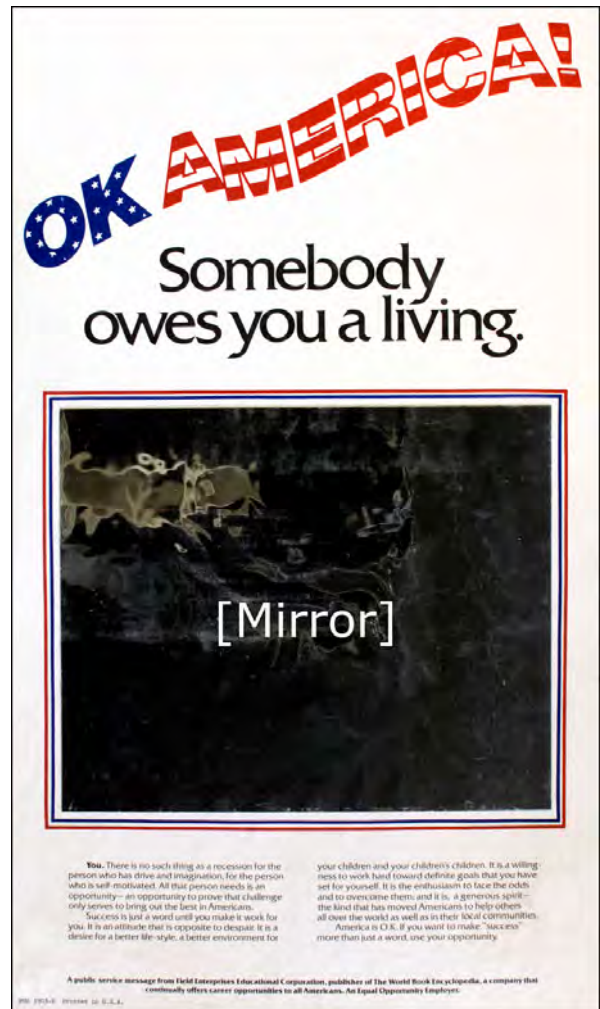
With the OK America! campaign, Don O'Neill and Geoff Nightingale demonstrated their proficiency in concepting promotional materials for direct mail and POP (Point-of-Purchase) marketing.

The Mirror Poster (left) is just one of several items handed out at job fairs sponsored by Field to recruit their encyclopedia sales force.

Nightingale came up with the mirror idea and O'Neill came up with the slogan, "Somebody owes you a living." My contribution was the design of the OK America! Logo as well as the overall graphic design.

The campaign's success was no doubt bolstered by a general improvement of the recessionary US economy thanks to a 23-billion-dollar tax cut.

Whatever the case, O'Neill and Nightingale were welcomed into the C-Suite at FEEC's HQ in the Windy City [Chicago], given greater responsibilities and a whole lot more money.



Sales meetings were dream jobs—big events for hundreds and sometimes thousands of people, spread over three or four days, at luxury resorts in exotic locations.

At such events, mornings were usually spent in general-session meetings, attended by all delegates, followed by breakout sessions for regional or product groups. Afternoons were spent having fun (golf, tennis, the pool, etcetera). Evening entertainment was lavish, especially the opening and closing-night galas. There were opportunities for audiovisual support at every session, even outdoors (at night).

The amount of content made for a sales meeting would likely astound you; the amount of money spent on that content was even more astounding.

Before the World Book convention, I had never been to a BIG sales meeting, so I didn't have any idea what I was getting myself into. Don O'Neill and Geoff Nightingale had never produced a sales meeting, either. We made it up as we went along.

When I discovered that the FEEC sales meeting would have an audience of 2,000 (!) I reckoned that by the time I finished with that one, my creds would rank right up there with the Detroit guys who were doing the big car shows, like David Branson, Richard Shippo and Wilding Studios. Those producers were used to monster-size audiences; but, FEEC was my first.

Had I known beforehand the magnitude of the job I agreed to do, I would have been scared to death and run away. But we were fearless (and clueless), blissfully unaware of the dangers of over-commitment.

I had every reason to be confident; I knew as much or more about AV than most; although I would need to scale-up the projection grid, the studio was well equipped with a pair of AVL ShowPro II punch-tape programmers fitted with AVL's latest tech—electric tape-punch machines that cut programming time down to a fraction of what it was.

Before the electric punch, coded holes were punched into a paper or Mylar program tape by hand, one at a time. That took so long that I mostly avoided doing anything too complicated. However, the electric machine punched the holes automatically as I pressed the keys of the ShowPro II. Complicated sequences could be easily programmed and quickly tested. If the code was wrong or needed tweaking, making corrections was just as efficient. It was like the difference between sewing with a machine instead of stitching by hand.

[Factoid: A show we did for DeBeers Diamonds (described in a later chapter) was the longest program tape I ever produced; it was well over 50-feet long (15.24 meters). In comparison, average program-tape lengths were usually 5 or 6 feet (1.5 or 1.83 meters). Can you imagine hand-punching a 50-foot tape, 1/10<sup>th</sup> of an inch at a time?]

The upgraded programming capability was matched by delivery of the first Forox camera, as described earlier [See: *1975 – Forox – Incredible*]. Fred Cannizzaro hadn't come on board yet, so it was Pat Billings and I who ran that camera for the FEEC shows, figuring it out as we went. Dona Plink was also helped; but, our previously tight-knit relationship was fraying.

Geoff and Don flew off to Chicago to meet with FECC and plan the sales meeting. When he got back, Don came over to the studio to go over what was planned. My initial reaction was, "Wow! This thing is bigger than I imagined; I'm gonna be rich!"

I wrote-up the details, like a waiter taking an order. As the list grew, I began to suspect that Don's eyes were bigger than my stomach, that he may have bitten off more than I could chew. To give you some idea:

The first day's general session opened with a mindblower, followed by four presenters, each with speaker-support slides (like charts & graphs, etc.) and interstitial mini mindblowers. After a 10:30 coffee break there was another mind-blower and four more presenters. At 12:00 noon the morning session ended with a candid module. Summarized, the morning's content list looked like this:

Mindblower	Mindblower
Presenter A	Presenter E
MM [Mini-Mindblower]	MM
Presenter B	Presenter F
MM	MM
Presenter C	Presenter G
MM	MM
Presenter D	Presenter H
MM	MM
Coffee Break	Candid module

That was already a lot of slides. To illustrate: if each presenter was allocated 30 slides. To illustrate: if each presenter was allocated 30 slides (one per minute), that was 240. Added to that were eight Mini-Mindblowers @ 20 slides each, two full-blown mindblowers @ 100 each, and a candid module @150. Doing the math for you, that total was 750 slides. If each of those slides took one hour to make (a not-unreasonable assumption), that was 93.75 eight-hour days. Are you with me?

Now, here's the kicker: For 2,000 people to see the slides, they needed to be projected very big. For those unfortunate enough to be seated in the bleachers, even big screens would look small because of the low, wide dimensions of the assembly hall.

The ceiling height was "only" thirty feet [9.14 meters]; that may seem high, but in a 500-foot-wide hall [152.4 meters], that's a low ceiling; for those in the back, the far walls looked like narrow strips. Without height, the only way to increase the size of the projected images was horizontally, with multiple screens.

Back in 1975, there weren't as many screen sizes; choices were small, medium and large. OK, it wasn't that bad, but sizes were limited, especially if a lot of one size were needed. In the end, we used seven *buted* (side by side) 15 X 10-foot screens [4.57 X 3.05 meters]. That gave us 10-foot-high [3.05 meters] ribbon-like screen that was 105 feet long [32 meters]. It was challenging to design content for that 10:1 image ratio; but it was the only way to project pictures big enough for the bunch in bleachers.

The upshot? Remember those 750 slides? They just multiplied by seven for a new total of 5,250—translating into 651 eight-hour work days. Obviously, something had to give.

There's a lot to be said for ambition, but it blinded Don and me. We were driven to exceed all expectations. For the two of us, the show always came first. That sounds great, eh? However, my first allegiance should have been to my *business*. That's easy to say now; but in 1975, who knew? We just staffed-up and had at it.

On Don's end, he brought in Tom Cornell and Bill Flanagan to work with individual presenters, to oversee their speaker support, and to manage the production of those and breakout-session materials.

At the Bardo, I cut a deal with film-maker Glen Tracy to handle audio production and film interstitials. Ed Binder (aka Fast Eddie) was running the Forox camera then. He brought in a buddy, Mark Bergman,<sup>1</sup> to assist him. Eddie's ambition was to grow the special effects department into a profit center for himself and us.



Eddie was a shifty guy with a bad temper; he started stealing supplies and pirating our proprietary slide-effect techniques and selling them on the side to his own "personal" clients; after hours, he was making slides on a Forox rented from Dave Sherman. [Sherman, in turn, pillaged "Eddie's" processes and procedures for himself. He became a formidable competitor for Incredible's Forox department.]

Binder and I came to blows—almost physical ones—over his moonlit slide services. He left, in a huff, taking Bergman with him, never to be heard from again.<sup>2</sup> Binder's departure left us high and dry. I hired my sister, Barbara, to assist us, during her summer holiday from the High School of Performing Arts. Her boyfriend, artist Wayne Olds, got hired, too. Wayne did his best to crank out slides on the Forox. Shortly after that I hired Fred Cannizzaro to run the Forox camera, but not in time for the World Book show.

The World Book show was made more complicated by the addition of 16 mm film sequences; the film material was shot by Glen Tracy; he was brought in by Don as a freelancer and ended up marrying Dona after the show. As I said: things were happening fast.

Even without movies, the World Book show was a chore to produce, what with all the bits and pieces needed for three days' worth of meetings, break-out sessions and banquets. To divvy up the work load, it was decided that Don's team at Burson-Marsteller would handle the speaker support and breakout sessions. That took a huge load off the Incredible team. I didn't care that the tedious title work would be given to our quasi-competitor, Essential Slide Service, enriching their coffers while cutting deeply into "my" budget; we could never have done it all.

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<sup>1</sup> In a conversation I had with Bergman, about a year ago [2016], he told me that the Forox department was, "like the inmates running the asylum," and that he enjoyed taking Bandit for walks.

<sup>2</sup> Bergman told me that Fast Eddie went to work for ChartMasters, or maybe it was AdMaster; technically, they were both competitors, but they did more mundane work, charts and graphs sort of stuff, while we were more special effects oriented, requiring a higher skill level and more technology. Bergman ended up working for the Associated Press, making 24-projector shows for them.

Don, Glen and I set out on an epic mission to make a series of documentaries; one was about how articles in World Book are produced; the other show presented case histories—success stories—about World Book’s top-10 international salespeople. Both turned into monumental productions, made overly complicated by over ambition.

For the first documentary, Don wrote the outline for a case-history about how World Book was updating its article on fish.

The best case-history shows were stories told by the people whose stories they were. They couldn’t be scripted in advance because when “real” (non-professional) people memorized or read scripts, they sounded phony. The best way to get good stories was to pose questions that elicited the answers you were aiming for.



Pat Billings-Shipps’ mother starred in the true-to-life role of teacher.

To make encyclopedias required researchers, writers, editors, art directors, illustrators and photographers; more were needed to print and distribute them. All those people needed to be included in our documentary.

Our method was to roll tape and ask questions until we exhausted a subject; that sounds great but none of us appreciated that we would have to deal with an overabundance of recordings during editing.

There were so many reels of tape, it took us days just to catalogue the materials. Just the time it took to swap between reels ate up hours of time, winding and rewinding them. None of us anticipated those kinds of delays. While doing the interviews, I reckoned that the more we recorded, the better off we were (you know, optionality). We were having too much fun flying around, like a BBC news crew, reporting stories that took us all over the USA and to London, where I photographed the well-respected British TV journalist, Alastair Cooke.

The second documentary—international success stories—was woven together from interviews with salespeople supplied by World Book’s regional and country managers. Although you might have thought that would make our lives easier, that wasn’t the case. The diversity of style and content—made by ten different producers—lacked cohesion. Don had to create a *red thread*,<sup>55</sup> to tie them together.

Inconsistency was the enemy; some stories had too many pictures, others not enough. Each photographer had their own style and skill set. For example, the pictures for one story looked like the photographer was using an Instamatic with a flash attachment.<sup>56</sup>

<sup>55</sup> In Swedish the expression “*röd tråd*” (“red thread”) is used to describe something that follows a theme; i.e., “continuity.”

<sup>56</sup> The Kodak Instamatic was a low-price, idiot-proof, point-and-shoot camera dating from the mid-60s.

At the other extreme, the reportage supplied from Japan was top quality, better even than I could have produced. Every Japanese set-up was lit with fill light, to balance the exposure and reduce shadows (I only shot available light). Also, the Japanese lensman used Fujichrome film which, although it was a superior film and available in the States, wasn't popular with American professionals, who preferred the Kodak stocks they were accustomed to.<sup>57</sup>

Solving those inconsistency problems was when I began to use *hero frames*—pictures within pictures. Until this module, I used duplicates of camera originals to design my shows. However, mixing and matching the inconsistent international slides didn't look too good—kind'a like wearing a polka dot tie with a striped shirt and checked jacket. I needed a visual red thread.

The solution was using consistent-looking backgrounds and over-projecting the story pictures into "windows," called *hero frames*. Using hero frames meant more work; background artwork and masks had to be made; hero-frame content had to be positioned carefully, to match the background windows, and shot with precision using the Forox camera. Projector alignment became more important than ever.

We were working around the clock, but the volume of work was overwhelming; there was too much material. Time ran out before the shows were finished. Everything was shipped to Florida and we came up with a new production plan.

To digress momentarily, about the delays:

The biggest bottleneck was the Forox. To remedy that, I eventually got a second Forox, but not in time for World Book.

Programming with projected imagery also caused delays. Instead of assembling the show slides on a light box, I wanted to see the shows on the screen as they came together. That may sound logical; but, didn't take into account making changes. Every time there was a change, slides had to be repositioned in their trays. To add a new scene, Pat would scurry along a narrow, 100-foot [30.04-meter] scaffold, accessing the seven projector stacks, trying not to disturb their alignment.

To digress further, about alignment: To align images projected by more than one projector, their lenses needed to be close together as possible; that was achieved by stacking projectors vertically, not next to each other.

Special stands were made for stacking and aligning projectors. For the World Book show, we were using the best of the early models, made by Columbia Scientific, Inc. CSI stands provided the best alignment because the projectors were attached directly to the stand (to gimbal mounts with adjustable pitch and yaw). Because there were no shelves, projectors could be stacked as closely together as physically possible.

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<sup>57</sup> Fuji opened a US manufacturing plant in 1965. Two decades later, during the changeover to digital imaging, I ran an extensive test of all professional color films; to my utter surprise, Fuji films out-performed all the others; Fujicolor—which produces color negatives—produced the widest gamut (number of colors) with the best gamma (highlight vs shadow detail).

CSI stands provided the most accurate alignment, but the brand didn't survive. Attaching projectors to the stand was too time consuming and fussy, requiring special Allen wrenches (that always seemed to get lost) and considerable patience. Worse, once the trays were in place, you couldn't get at the slides; there was no room for your fingers. To change a slide, the tray had to be *zeroed* (moved to the zero position), removed from the projector (to access the slides), then replaced and advanced to the correct position for the swapped slide, all with great care, to avoid messing up the precision alignment.

Popular brands that replaced CSI included Chief stands—the ultimate multi-image projector stands; elegant pieces of engineering with smooth and accurate controls, but pricey as hell—and WTI stands, made by Jack Elliott, AVL's former California rep. Those were the most basic, least expensive and most popular. Using WTI stands, the projectors sat on shelves that were spaced far enough apart to allow slide access; their alignment was less perfect (lenses being farther apart, due to the shelves); but, that deficiency was eventually overcome by Navitar, who adapted photographic *tilt-shift* lens technology to slide-projection lenses, eliminating the need to tilt projectors for image alignment.

Back on point: Plan B was to have Barbara and Wayne continue shooting slides on the Forox in New York and FedEx them to Disney World. By this time Wayne had learned enough to work on his own; that was critical because Pat was needed on site, at Disney World, to help tie up loose ends.

We were doing our own staging in those days; trouping everything we needed for the show. We brought our own projectors and audio equipment instead of renting them from a professional staging company. Staging companies hadn't really adjusted to multi-image shows yet (we had hardly adjusted either). Those who adjusted had as much difficulty as we did keeping-up with the fast-changing technology. AVL came out with new dissolve units and programmers every 18 months.

More importantly, the real money in multi-image was made with equipment rentals. Renting my own hardware sometimes balanced out losses incurred producing the show itself. For the World Book show, we not only had to ship all the presentation equipment (projectors and audio gear); but, because the show needed to be finished on site, we also had to bring a ton of production gear (including Glen's film-editing desk and his monster-sized, double-deck, multi-track, Ampex tape machine).

It took a caravan of five Avis station wagons, fully loaded, to haul the gear from the studio to LaGuardia Airport. [There must have been a reason why we didn't use Choice Messenger Service, but I can't remember it.]

The five of us who were going to Florida (Don, Dona, Pat, Glen and I) each drove one of the wagons. Dona's car never arrived at the airport before we had to leave; we waited for her as long as we could; but time ran out and we took off for Disney World. There were no cell phones back then, so there was no way to know why Dona didn't make it to the airport; it wasn't until we arrived at Disney's Contemporary Resort Hotel that we learned Dona's station wagon had caught fire on the Grand Central Parkway, about two miles before the airport exit; and by the time the fire fighters arrived, most of the stuff in the car was toast, including slides, tapes and gear.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, the cars had been packed to make things fit; small items like slide trays were packed in the nooks and crannies between larger packages. For that reason, the 42 trays of slides [3 (projectors) X 7 (screens) X 2 (sets)] had been interspersed between all five cars, tucked in here and there. Dona's wagon contained about 20% of the show; most of that was damaged in the car fire, by smoke stains and singeing.

It was a desperate situation; Don hired a Learjet to fly me back to New York, to assess the damage and come up with Plan C. They rigged up a hammock in the plane, and I was supposed to sleep. Ha!

The pilot let me sit in the right-hand seat. It was the ride of my life. For a brief moment, I had the controls. It was a clear, moonlit night; the black Florida skies were studded with diamond-like stars; huge columns of billowing white clouds rose up high into the sky all around the plane; we flew around them as if they were moguls on a ski slope. I felt like Captain Video.

Back in New York I could see things were grim; but, possibly salvageable with considerable effort. We had some lucky breaks; although the audio tapes (masters!) were singed around the edges, they were spooled *tails out*, a testament to Glenn Tracy's professionalism. Tails out meant that the tape was not rewound at the end of a session, it was left on the take-up reel; that method made *print through* unintelligible.<sup>58</sup>

Reverse winding the reels (with heads in, near the cores), also protected the inner-most parts of the tapes. And, because Glen had used any extra spaces on the reels to wind raw-stock (new, recordable tape, for use on site); what got singed was raw stock, not show tape. Hallelujah!

Slides were the big problem; 20% were dead and would have to be re-made. The question was whether Wayne and Barbara could pull it off. The work included *duping* (copying slides), *splitting* (dividing pictures for our seven-screen format) and copying two-dimensional art like drawings, blueprints, picture books, magazines and newspapers. [Copyright issues? What copyright issues?]

Wayne and Barbara were gung-ho, so I was willing to give them a go at it. It was either that, or nothing. (No way!)

The three of us worked out a production plan for the Forox; they sent FedEx shipments twice a day to our makeshift Floridian production studio, set up in a suite of rooms at the Contemporary Resort Hotel.

I returned to Florida to find that rigging for the projection grid and screen were essentially complete, so I rolled up my sleeves and set to salvaging the show. All the complications I described earlier, about making slide changes, came to bear on us; with projectors being yards [meters] apart, the sheer amount of time it took to re-assemble the show was painfully slow.

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<sup>58</sup> Aka "print through" or "bleed-through," the magnetism of each tape layer gets minutely imprinted (transferred) onto adjacent layers, producing a faint echo. Storing tails out (heads in) reverses the direction of the imprint, making it unintelligible to the listener and therefore disregarded.



Back and forth we scurried, as gingerly as possible, across a network of scaffolds, 10-feet above the stage. The slightest jiggle caused the images on the big screens to bounce around—real headache stuff.

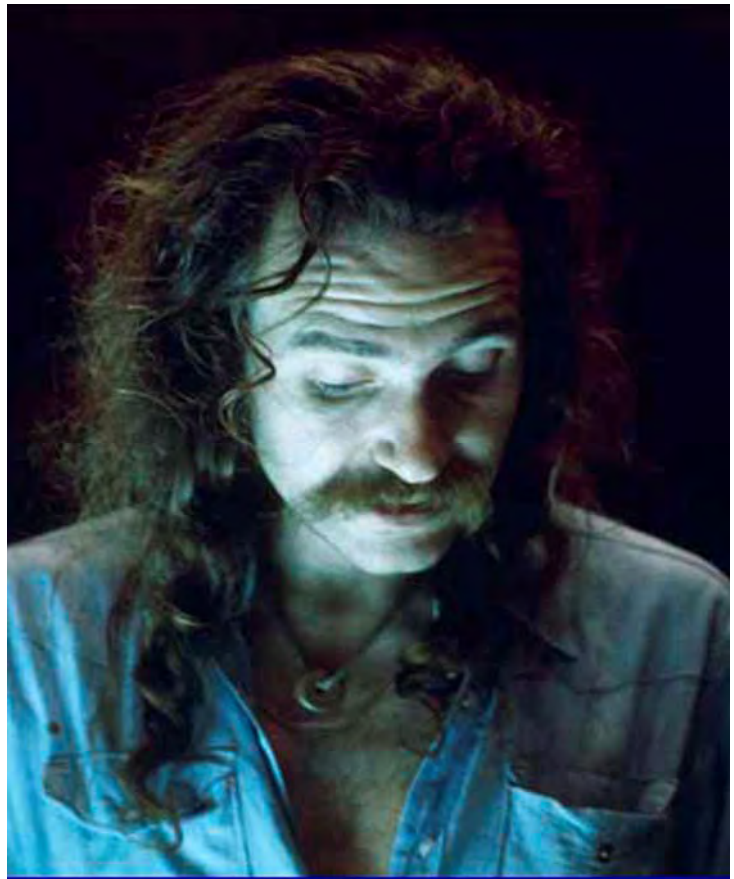
I had my programming station on a scaffold extension in the middle of the rig. Glen's audio rig was too big to have with us up on the scaffolds, so he remained ground based, directly under my programming station; they were connected by RCA extension cables that sent audio cues (beeps) to the programmers. Those cables turned out to be our downfall. One of them failed during a key rehearsal, completely unhinging the client. [It was a loose connection that wouldn't have happened if I had invested in XLR cables, as Glenn recommended.]

Trying to salvage the show, I didn't sleep for five days straight, to the point where I was hallucinating.

There were a few things working against me. For one, punch-tape programming was tedious and time intensive. To correct an error or make a change, the show had to be reset and played from the start position; there was no insert mode.

We didn't get the replacement slides in show order because, for production efficiency, the Forox work was divvied up by type (duping, copying, splitting); but that caused additional delays in tray assembly, on site.

Time ran out. We got about 90% of the show restored; but the client lost confidence, cancelled our show and made other arrangements.



For me and the crew, theirs was a devastating decision. We felt that the client was being unfair. We suggested simply explaining to the audience what happened—that a car burned up and that we were going to show what we could.

We were sure that the audience would be sympathetic to our situation and put up with any omissions or stumbles. And, the fact was that we had enough to make a rudimentary presentation. However, even Don O'Neill's powers of persuasion couldn't budge them. Their final decision was that, if they couldn't have 100%, the client wanted nothing at all.

I was beyond exhausted at that point and the cancellation shattered me. It was probably the closest I ever came to madness, except maybe taking LSD. The whole crew lost it, each in his or her own way.

Someone suggested that Dona had crept off with Olympian track star Jesse Owens; the motivational speaker for the event. Someone else suggested that Dona and Glenn were a new item. That turned out to be true.

Incredible managed to escape the ramifications of the tragic event relatively unscathed, at least economically. O'Neill had put the car rentals on his company credit card. Burson-Marsteller sued Avis and Avis sued GM; but we were never called upon, and our bills actually got paid.



Dona split, to a rented loft space belonging to my main photo supplier, Dumont Camera, at 150 East 34<sup>th</sup> Street. Dumont's manager, Norman "Normy" Green; owed me and took pity on my situation... and Dona's. Glenn moved in with her; between them, they paid the rent.

Dona had become a master printer under my tutelage. I taught her the tricks I learned from Arthur Tcholakian. She set up a custom black and white darkroom service called Dona's Darkroom. I did everything I could to help her get started; among other things, I took promo pictures and designed her logo & stationary. But Dona became disenchanted with lab work; printing other-people's work was not the same as printing her own; so, despite a growing clientele, Dona quit not too long after she started.

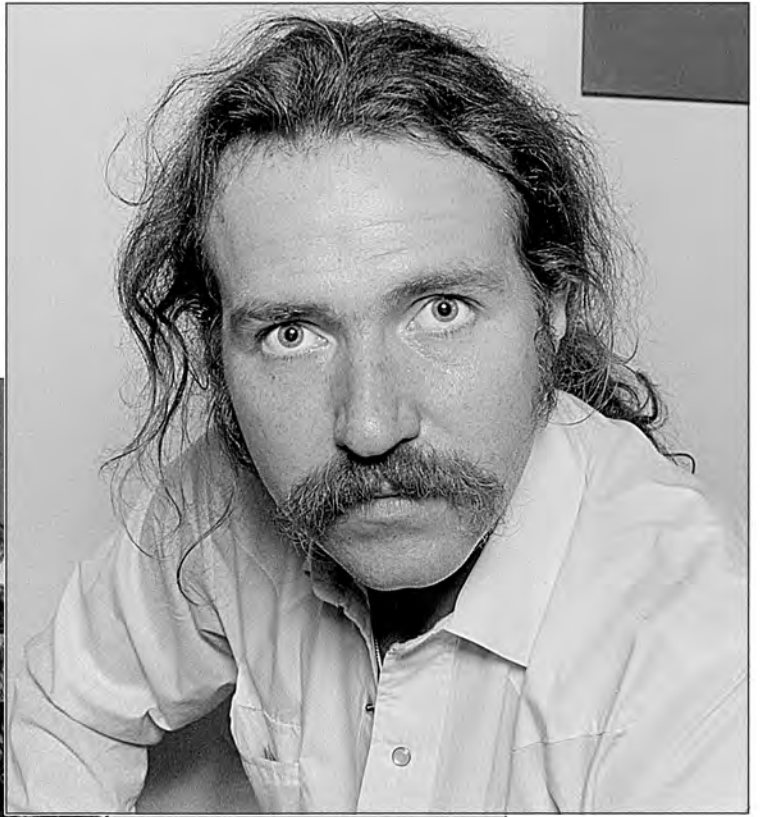
Promotion image of Dona printing in darkroom.

## **1975 – Pat Shipps – Rising from World Book Ashes**

Pat Billings [now Shipps] happened to call at exactly the right moment. Life was tumultuous; with Ridinger gone and Dona soon departing, I needed a new helper.

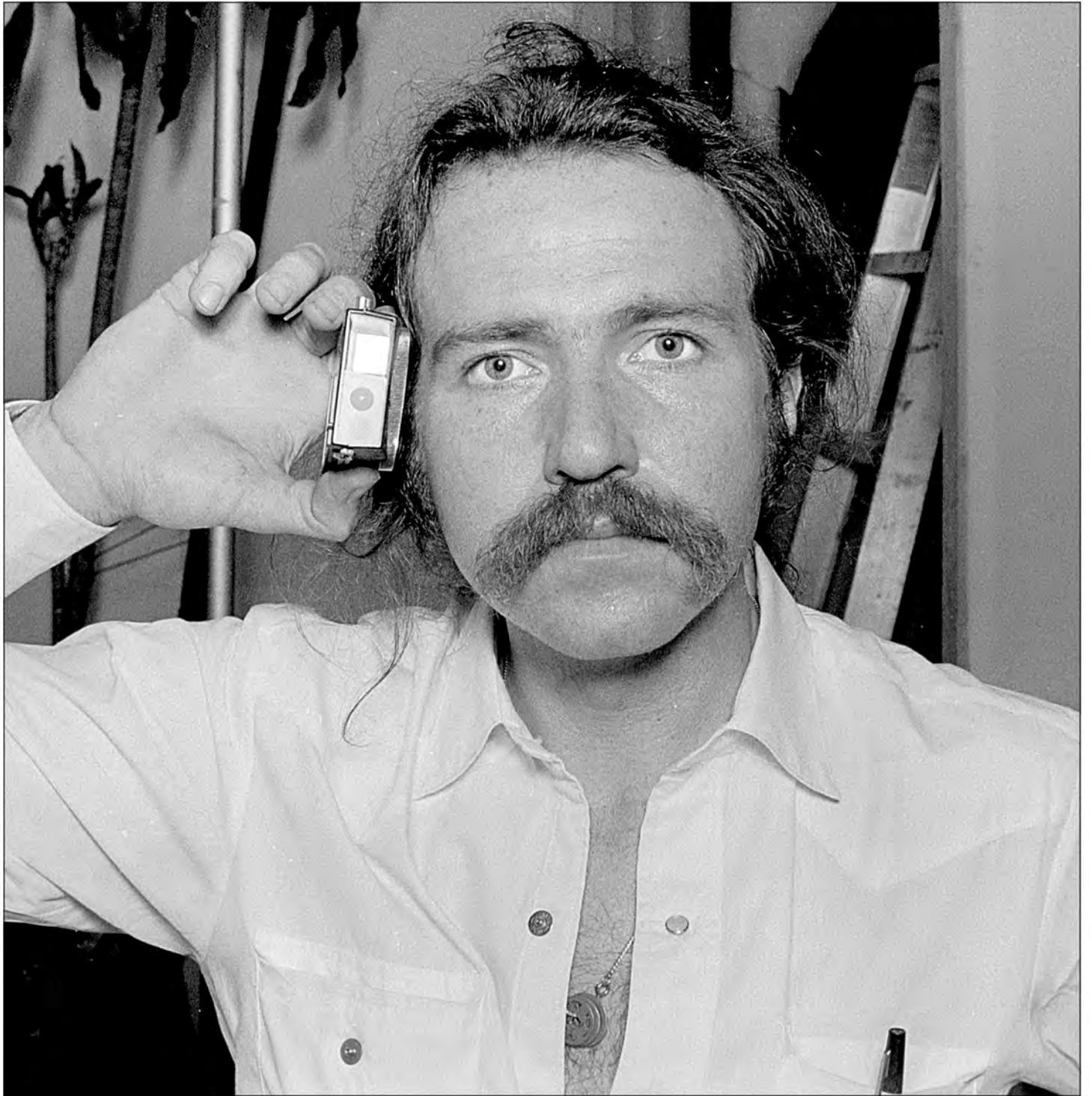
Pat was fresh out of art school and showed me a portfolio of pictures good enough to get her hired. She wrote this synopsis of her career at Incredible:

“I started at Mesney's Third Bardo the summer, 1975. I remember my interview with you. You liked the art/advertising stuff in my portfolio but the photography was a stand out. I was referred to you by someone I met at a friend's house on Long Island—don't remember his name. You hired me on the spot and lit up a hash pipe. I immediately felt comfortable with you, and was very excited about starting my first real job out of college.



1975 | FLASH METER LESSON | PLATE N° 1

*Portraits of each other by Pat Billings and Your's Truly. | The occasion was a flash-meter lesson.*



1975 | FLASH METER LESSON | PLATE N° 2

*Pat Billings photo of Your's Truly measuring the flash output of her camera with a Gossen strobe meter.*

“Very early on, Dona [~~Pat~~ ~~Lakin~~ Tracy] was working / living at 73rd St. You also had a male assistant (don’t remember his name) [Ed Just].

A few weeks after I started, he was gone. You and Dona came home from a vacation somewhere and brought back two afghan hounds.

*Pat sorting Burger King slides and with a teen-age Bandit (aka Mister Moose) in photo studio.*



She then opened her B&W printing studio [Dona’s Darkroom], and moved out with one of the dogs [Rex]. Bandit remained with you—and I took many walks with him. Notable is when the St. Patrick’s Day parade was marching up Fifth Avenue and he took a dump right in the path of a bass drummer. (oops!) No chance to pick it up...

“I remember running into Roy Scheider, Gloria Swanson, Woody Allen, Mariel Hemingway, Dustin Hoffman and others in that neighborhood. It was a really great part of NYC. Soon—in the winter, I moved to East 74th and Third. [Although I was only paying Pat something like \$3 per hour, she could afford Upper East Side rent; shows how many hours she spent at work!]

“You provided a very eclectic work environment. There was the 2nd Floor work area in the rear and [photo] studio in the front; the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor with living room and work space; your apartment on the 4th floor and later, to accommodate the Forox, you took over the first-floor apartment from, Heller? [Yes. Heller was a womanizing architect; he pimped the first-floor apartment; it was an ultra modern bachelor pad, even had a section of floor done with mirrored tiles. Ha!] Remember that [tiny, two-man] elevator?

“One Friday you said you were going to build light boxes for the 3rd floor rear—and to my amazement they were there on Monday when I came in. I remember sitting and working there on some show or other when the big blackout occurred [on July 13, 1977].

“Anyway, after Dona moved out, I remember a guy who was a court illustrator—guy with very blonde longish hair—who used to work on board art for you. Can’t remember his name. [Bob Smith] Also your sister Barbara and her boyfriend [Wayne Olds] were in and out a bit. Sometimes they worked for you? [Barbara worked as our receptionist and Wayne as a Forox assistant in the summer of 1975 during their summer school holidays; they were part of the World Book fiasco, described earlier.]

“Early on, we did a lot of shooting—I helped you with an air-to-air EJA Lear / Piper shoot over Ohio, you went to Jordan to shoot Alia Airlines, there was a shoot you sent me on downtown [probably

Merrill Lynch]—'shoot everyone on the 9th floor'—and when I returned with one-ups you said 'You didn't bracket?' and I asked you again about the operations of the motor drive. (Everything shot in my portfolio was done with a Leica, no meter and kind of knew light?) Anyway, I got with it.

“More projects from my early years at Incredible Slidemakers—1975-1979:

- Spalding show in Connecticut (Wilt Chamberlain, guest speaker)
- The last of the convertibles photo shoot for Car and Driver—Alfa Romeo, Eldorado, Pontiac Sunfire, Rolls and two others
- Ballantine's Scotch—studio shoot and show? [Yes, a 6-projector, quad-screen mindblower.]
- World Book—who can forget? You went all over the country to shoot the Fish article. I processed the film in a bathtub, Dona drove the flaming car, Donald and Geoff freaking out on site in Miami? [it was in Orlando—*Disney World*]. The clients. Oh, my God. Jesse Owens and Dona. A show to remember... World book was my first experience working with you. Anything from you out on shoots to illustrate the 'Fish' article, to me souping [developing] E6 [color-film] in the bathtub on the second floor. 4 [5] rental vehicles from National [Avis].
- Dona's caught on fire. We left with an unfinished show, but losing ¼ of the assets was the undoing. I felt like a MASH nurse on site. I was very green. Just trying to help.
- Clairol—lots of shoots in studio, on location at salons (you toured the country shooting superstar stylists including Diego Messina and Leslie Blanchard for the 1976 InterCoiffure show in Monte Carlo (I ran it on site). I shot salons on 57th street.
  - Ken Perry, yes, was Clairol then moved to Zotos, then Wella (obit attached)
  - Ray Kingsley was the controller / CFO of the salon division [Ray was planted by Robert Oppenheim; he was a thorn in Ken Perry's side]
  - Biggest / first Clairol production was for the IBS show [International Beauty Show, at the NY Coliseum]—lots of beautiful hair, etc. 1976?
  - Remember Luminescence? [*Luminize*, a Ken Perry creation.] We launched that product [in Puerto Rico; donkey carts hauled our gear to a seaside resort].
  - I remember shooting the Clairol plant in Stamford, Ct.
- Zotos perms—for Ken [Perry]
- Meeting up with Cesare [Charro] Fred's brother (born Salvador Cannizzaro)—that's how we found Fred. [Cesare worked for Peter Coppola's salon "Peter's Place" in great neck, for whom we made a demo show. Part of the deal was throwing Cesare's bro' a bone.]
- Hennalucent—Arnie and Sydell Miller—from Solon, Ohio. Then they started Matrix and retired very wealthy [Arnie died in 1993 from bladder cancer; Sydell moved to Palm Beach, Florida and remarried. Just before he died, Arnie gave me work when I returned to the States from Sweden.]
- Fisher Price—I shot the factory somewhere.
- Singer sewing machines—shoot / show [*"Dawn of A New Tomorrow"*—a 6-projector, quad-screen format show.]
- Hoffman LaRoche Vitamins shoot / show. [Described earlier.]
- Owens Corning Fiberglas—you did tons of shooting for them
  - OCF show in Chicago—ShowPro II—you sent me to Chicago with an unfinished show with Glen [Wilhelm]. Audio guy (don't remember his name.) [Rocky? Or maybe Dan] He was crazy bad. I ended up fashioning a take-up reel from parts of a 10-inch-reel tape box.

- The Village People—Fred created amazing slides for them. Remember Jacques? [Jacques Morali—creator of *The Village People*]? ‘Turn off the slides; I have seen enough, I am bored!’ [We were showing him *Bumbles* when he said that.]
- Burger King—started with the Grand Slam program. Was a big 15-projector 3-screen show shown in markets all over the US. [There were two sets of projection gear; fifteen projectors each for modules and speaker support.] First, we shot [in the Burger King stores], then we took the shows to those sites. Shooting BKs all over the US—you did Minnesota, (many others) I did San Diego, Winston Salem, Houston, and I forget the rest. We did this show for 2 years. You shot the content of the meeting—training, upgrading restaurants, etc.
  - Speed of Service BK show, San Francisco—featured franchisees’ improvements (Donald [O’Neill] was on site)
  - BK University shows
  - Lots of other stuff, all the time.
- Women in Communications show (I did this when you were out of town—Paris Air Show?) Shot and interviewed Barbara Walters and 5 other amazing women.
- Cincom Systems—remember artificial intelligence—your shoot at the JPL labs? [Jet Propulsion Laboratories, in Pasadena, California] Data base discussed long before reality.



Pat Billings in the 73<sup>rd</sup>-Street studio photographing Glen Wilhelm and assorted Burson-Marsteller secretaries modelling Burger King Fashions for the Grand Slam show.

“I am most familiar with the [Burger King] markets I shot: –

“This includes Winston-Salem Highpoint (when the manager took me around, he routinely threw his BK soda cup out the window of the car—this is a vivid memory as this littering was so strange to me), San Diego, Houston, Omaha and Minneapolis? I think.

It was Minneapolis where they burned a Ronald McDonald in effigy on the stage, and the crowd was so raucous, we were scared backstage. We were also invited by the venue to never return.

“In Omaha, I remember the manager / guide telling me about how vicious the football culture was, that after a game in which the home team didn’t win, someone took the BK sign down with their pickup truck and chains.

Again, strange cultural differences. I remember having 30 stores to shoot in Houston, and then they wanted us to go to Galveston (the manager said this could not be done within the day so don’t remember if we did it).

The Houston stores were tough to shoot as the kids running the cook line were sweating profusely. Not sure if they had AC [air conditioning] at all then...

“I think you shot Cincinnati, and Memphis or did you shoot Minneapolis? Not sure. Mixing up the two years for sure. I do believe Minne [Minneapolis, Minnesota] was the most violent on-site show.

“You designed the program to open with exterior shots of the stores (module) which we thought was silly as they all looked alike, then followed by the improvements in how to make burgers, fries, and the new décor and uniform roll-out plans. The closing were the happy snaps of the employees.

“The whole thing was called ‘Grand Slam’ and came from Don Smith, who came to Burger King after leaving McDonald’s, where he knew he could never be #1 because Ray Kroc was king.

“We did several other things for BK. You sent me to Detroit once to shoot all the graduating seniors—Don O’s brainchild—as a two-page spread in the Detroit Free Press. I shot the whole thing on B&W with a Polaroid camera. Even then it was challenging to find the camera / film.

“Another thing (Donald’s invention?) was showing “store blindness.” That is, a table with a straw wrapper, tray and other things was seen by an hourly as ok. The manager thought the table having a straw wrapper was ok. The district manager saw an empty table top as good.

[I remember how important it was to scan the background before pressing the shutter; make sure there wasn't any MOOP (Matter Out of Place) ...like a straw-wrapper left on a tabletop.]

“BTW—the London Cincom show is when Donald ‘proposed’ to me. That is, invited me to join he, Geoff and Tom to work together.



“I worked on Cincom front to back. Built it, you programmed it, and I took it on tour—7 cities I think, ending in London. It was an 18 on 1 format—9 projectors dedicated to modules that ran with music and 9 that visualized the speeches. I think that's the show in which we explained artificial intelligence. And you went to jet propulsion labs and shot some interviews there. As well as some others. My recollection is that the London audience was tough in that they thought it was very slick—like IBM.



Pat fits slide tray to a projector on the master grid at the 73<sup>rd</sup> Street studio.

We also had issues with the local London crew in that the execs wanted to tour London rather than rehearse. We had the first hiccup in the run of show, but recovered. Donald was the AE on site with me.

“We edited [audio] in our own studio, but Jerry Kornbluth [A&J Audio] was the studio guy we used to finish things up. My time with you was really at the infancy of what Incredible Slidemakers became. You did change the name while I was there—we were looking at some of the special effects slides we accidentally created [glow effects made by overexposing Kodak lith artwork], and I kept saying that they looked ‘incredible!’ You said “Incredible Slidemakers,” and that was the name of the company from then on. That happened in 1976/77 [it was 1975, actually].

“You got the first Forox camera [in 1975] just before one of the big Clairol shows. You and I learned it, and you and I ran it. I remember painstakingly matching model’s lipstick / hair color with gels. Around that time, [Jim] Casey was hired—about a year after me. Shortly after, Fred [Cannizzaro] came on board.

“Casey worked the studio mostly, then when the G [Forox?] arrived he transitioned to it, but Fred really ran it. Casey didn’t like [the Forox camera] much. I remember spending a lot of time with Fred on how it worked. Then Fred (and John Leicmon) really made magic with it. John came with a ton of experience.

“Jan Irish came sometime in ’76? Not sure. She was suddenly there, and worked with us. And lived with you? Not sure.... [Jan and I were “an item” for almost a year; it blew apart when I asked her to leave; Jan was way too possessive and presumptive, although a lot of fun to have around; very sexy in a “French tart” sort of way. When it was over, she went into a state of denial and wouldn’t leave; it became so confrontational that I asked Doug Sloan to be with us, to be a witness; she really went mad and the cops finally dragged her away. Jan resettled in the village and started doing glass art; the last time I saw her was when I was packing out, to Hawaii; she and a friend picked up the glass top of the studio coffee-table, that I was leaving behind; they planned to sand-blast a scene onto it and sell it as “Art Glass;” then I moved to Hawaii and lost track of Jan, as well as most of my other New York friends and colleagues.].

“Remember Mercedes [Christ]? I remember her sitting in that small area toward the rear of the 2nd floor office [a former clothes closet].

“Somewhere around that time—after the arrival of Jan & Mercedes, after Glen, Casey, Fred, John and whoever else (you were growing very fast) you asked me to make a decision to be either a photographer or a producer. You said I couldn’t do both, and I had to pick. I said I didn’t want to limit what I was doing.

“But the company was growing so fast. Soon [Jon] Bromberg arrived, and many others. I kind of lost my place in the shuffle, and Don [O’Neill] came up with what seemed like a great deal. That it wasn’t—but that’s another story.

“So, your company really grew around the time that I left. I don’t remember Ed Binder but the name is familiar. He wasn’t the guy that helped-out now and then? I don’t know Mark Bergman at all.”

[Pat has a few more comments in the Appendix – *From Pat Shipp*s]

## **1975 – Dawn of A New Tomorrow – Incredible Rebound**

By 1975 Incredible was essentially out of the print-graphics business; we had fully transformed into an audiovisual laboratory in our own right, developing new techniques and effects.

Our success was based on building symbiotic relationships with suppliers and—more importantly—management of perception.

Incredible was, by then, one of a handful of studios that served as *beta test sites* for AVL. We got the latest equipment before anyone else. Then, as now, having a technological advantage was an important element of success; it was akin to having the fastest car in a race; or, these days, the fastest HFT technology (High Frequency Trading).

Incredible’s notoriety (the result of my aggressive self-promotion efforts) favored us with suppliers like Forox and Kodak. I was invited to consult with them, about marketing issues and new-product development. Cokin, the French photo-filter maker, gave me a full set of their products to evaluate (Dan Davenport, arranged that; he was Minolta’s multi-image producer; Minolta was the Cokin importer.) Those companies and more appreciated the endorsements I gave them in our publicity pieces

Fred Cannizzaro was hired, to run the new Forox camera. Jim Casey joined the family to run the photo studio, and John Leicmon came on board to assist Fred. That core group grew to some twenty-five by 1980. [See the Incredible Slidemakers employee roster, in the Appendix.]

When they came to work at Incredible, none of them knew anything about slides. I preferred to work with “raw clay.” That’s how Geoff Nightingale referred to the hoi polloi; he called them *the clay*. It was an appropriate metaphor.

Geoff's skill was molding minds like sculpture's clay. His Machiavellian skill was managing people's perceptions; spinning reality towards a desired end—a target; even revising history when necessary.

I looked at hiring from the same perspective; I wanted to "shape" my employees in my own image, not someone else's. Hiring people who had prior experience at other studios meant having to break their old habits and instill new ones; that was problematic, like adopting a second-hand dog; it's hard to teach them new tricks.

Plus, I considered everything we were doing top secret. By training naive talent, giving them feeding them Incredible "Kool Aid," we were like members of a secret society. It was a fraternal kind of thing. My team was fiercely loyal, especially at the beginning, before things got out of control.

Upon reflection, now I realize that my management style [sic] during the Incredible years at 73<sup>rd</sup> Street was bound to fail. By making clones of myself I perpetuated all my strengths... and all my weaknesses; the studio was like a kindergarten lacking adult supervision; I encouraged everyone to do their own thing, at my (great) expense. Why?

Because that was the kind of person I was—hard to manage and inventive. The personality tests I took at CBS were right. I disdained supervision, but loved to supervise, to direct, to control. As a businessman, I consider myself a failure; my flaw was hiring beneath myself.



The core group of Incredible Slidemakers during production of Dupont Lycra show. Big picture, clockwise from back left: John Leicmon, Tim Sali, Yours Truly, Fred Cannizzaro, Rocky Graziano, Jim Casey and a mystery man. Small picture: Jim Casey, Pat Billings, Fred Cannizzaro (with beard!), Yours Truly, Mister Moose and John Leicmon.

Successful businessmen hire people smarter than they are, not acolytes. They wouldn't waste time with learning on the job. They'd hire experts and let them run. But not me.

I hired students and let them run. That worked well for a while, but as the business grew some of the staff couldn't keep up; they reached their Peter Principle (everyone rises or get promoted to his or her level of incompetence). There was so little management that people were becoming unmanageable; that's when I hired Jon Bromberg. I wanted someone to manage the crew, to do my dirty work, so to speak; to be my enforcer.

When I met him, JB (Bromberg) was managing G&T Harris, a recording studio we used for voiceover work. His peppery personality appealed to me and Harris' success made it easy to see that Jon got things done. Although he eventually joined us, getting him to leave Harris and join Incredible was like pulling proverbial teeth; his loyalty was admirable; it made me want him more.

Jon's presence in the chain of command at Incredible gave me some space. Bromberg provided a buffer zone between me and the world; finally, I could work "alone" occasionally. God bless Jon for that, if nothing else.

When I came back from a shoot, with a few hundred rolls of exposed film, thousands of slides needed to be sorted, sheeted, categorized, labeled and archived. A familiar scene was a bunch of us standing around the big light table in the production room (the back room on the Third floor) combing through thousands of pictures for hours (days) on end. It was on occasions like those that JB came into his own—helping people slog through monotonous jobs and tedium. Bromberg had a way with people; he had a propensity for dark and ironic humor, often at the expense of others; his naughty jokes kept people laughing (and on their toes).

Today I believe that I should have made Jon a full partner; I should have listened to him and followed his advice more often than I did; I should have let him veto me once in a while; if I had, we might still be in business today. Instead I used him as an assistant; I never let him come into his own; and the rest is history. But, let's get back to where we were, in the midst of a metamorphic change from print work to slide shows.

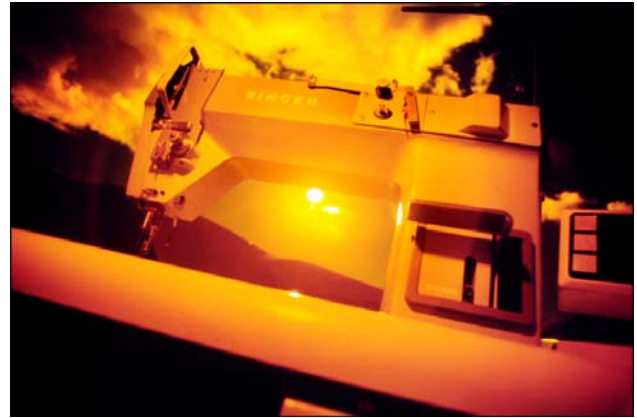
Although bummed and wounded by the World Book tragedy, the Bardo—now called Incredible—rebounded quickly, producing shows for Singer Sewing Machine, Spaulding (a sporting goods manufacturer)<sup>59</sup> and Ballantine Scotch.<sup>60</sup> All those shows were produced to my favorite 6-projector, "quad-screen" format—that is, full screen plus quadrants.

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<sup>59</sup> At the Spaulding show, in Connecticut, Pat found herself being propositioned by Wilt Chamberlain, the famous basketball player; he was there as one of Spaulding's celebrity brand ambassadors.

<sup>60</sup> The Ballantine show was all about deluxe product photography. You've probably never really noticed it, but the effort put into taking a nice picture of a bottle of booze is considerable; next time you're flipping through magazines, check it out. Setting up a bottle of whiskey for even a basic studio shot could have taken me more than an hour; all the reflections on the glass had to look good; the whiskey in the bottle had to have a warm glow, achieved by placing a custom-shaped foil light reflector behind the bottle(s). Finding picture-perfect bottles is also a chore; most packages look great until you look at them through your camera; that's when you see all the little flaws; today, fixing things is easy, using Photoshop you can do anything; back in the day, retouching was difficult, expensive, and to be avoided at all cost; the photographer's responsibility was to get everything right in the picture(s). Hiram Walker, the Ballantine's importer, had to send over three cases of scotch—36 bottles—until I could find one with the label, neck band and cap all unblemished and perfectly

The Singer show, *Dawn of A New Tomorrow*, was a serious documentary about the company and a new, computerized sewing machine. To add some visual zest, I shot the new sewing machine in front of a rear screen on which dramatic slides of a dramatic sunrise were projected. Those superimposed pictures were the hero shots, used throughout and show. The client liked them so much that they bought rights to use those visuals on the cover of a brochure as well as an advertisement; those were what I called, bonus bucks.



## 1975 – Gillette – Blowing Bubbles

*“There’s no business, like new business.”*

Geoff Nightingale

When Geoff Nightingale and Don O’Neill scored a new piece of business, Geoff would sing those lyrics to the tune of the 1954 Irving Berlin hit song, *There’s No Business, Like Show Business* (from the musical *Annie Get Your Gun*). He got to sing a lot; Geoff and Don were master pitchmen. About a third of the roughly thirty productions Incredible did for Geoff and Don were new business presentations, usually very elaborate ones. They won-over prospects using surprise and amazement, their version of *shock and awe*.

A favorite trick was to get access to the pitch room—usually the prospect’s conference room—the night before, to rig it with props, lighting and AV gear. A good example was the pitch we did at the Boston headquarters of Gillette, the razor-blade people, for their shampoo business.

The night before the Gillette pitch, Don, Geoff and I flew from LaGuardia airport up to Boston with everything needed to stage a 15-projector show, including a 100-watt stereophonic audio amp and a pair of JBL-4311 speakers. We hauled the gear from Logan Field to Gillette’s headquarters in rented vans.

During the night, we dismantled and removed the Board room conference table, together with the rest of the office furniture. A hired stagehand helped us set up and supplied everything except the projection and audio gear. In the emptied room, we built a little theater with seating for three (Lay-Z-boy recliners) facing a stage (built with standard risers) and a 20-foot-wide (6.1-meter-wide) panoramic screen. At the other end of the room, four hotel tables were stacked 2X2; the projectors were on the upper level; the audio system and projection controls were on the lower. A pair of stage-lighting “trees” provided colorful mood lighting; we even had a bubble machine.

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positioned. Unfortunately, we had to return the merch after the shoot, even the one we opened. FYI, when doing pouring shots and scenes with whiskey in glasses, we used tea instead of real whiskey, and the ice cubes were modelled from glass or acrylic plastic (as were “splashes”).

When our audience arrived the next morning, their eyes popped when they walked into the intimate theater. Mood music played in the background and a dazzling, special effects Gillette logo danced across the screen.

After an opening mindblower Don and Geoff went into did their routine. I call it a routine because they bounced the spiel back and forth; they did it so naturally, it must have been inborn talent. At the Gillette pitch they were at their peak of persuasiveness and power.

The Don & Geoff show was fully supported on the wide screen with elaborate graphics; charts and graphs, all jazzed with special effects. Interstitial mini-mindblowers (30-second music cues) introduced new subjects.

To wind-up the presentation, there was a one-minute closing mindblower featuring the bubble machine (hey, it was a shampoo pitch). In a cloud of bubbles, Geoff brought out a three-foot-long [one meter] pen that he bought in a Times Square magic shop. A dotted line was projected on the screen and Geoff concluded the pitch by asking the client to "sign on the dotted line."

Low and behold, one of the three execs actually stepped up and took the pen from Geoff; they had a deal; the pitch was won. On the plane ride home, we celebrated with champagne and Geoff sang his song.

You only get one chance to make a first impression.

## **1976 – New Pets – Moose on The Loose**

**W**hen Dona moved out, she took her dog, Rex, with her. My dog, Bandit (aka Mister Moose), was suddenly alone.

He was starting to show signs of depression.

When I left Moose alone one day in my fourth-floor apartment, he freaked out and chewed up the legs and feet of my Grandmother's parquet table, a valuable antique. I hit him pretty hard; that was a big mistake; I broke the dog's trust with one fell swoop of my hand.

Moose stayed friendly enough, but it wasn't the same anymore. It was good that there were other people around, and better still when Jan Irish joined the menagerie.

Jan was a friend of Dona's (?). She came to visit me after Dona left. Like her predecessor, she wanted to learn about photography (and did). It wasn't long before we hopped in the sack. Right from the start, Jan made herself indispensable, befriending everyone on staff, offering to help everyone, doing anything. Almost overnight, I was involved in another serious relationship.

At first, Jan seemed vulnerable; kind of timid and shy; but not for long, as revealed in these pictures taken roughly a year apart.



Jan suggested that we get Mister Moose a new companion; we journeyed down to visit Doug Fisher. He suggested we let Mister Moose find his own friend. Moose chose a little black female Afghan who we named Chocolate Moose, aka Coco. What was I thinking?

I guess I thought, if one Afghan was fun then two would be more fun; and that was true. However, I must have been out of my mind thinking that two rambunctious Afghans would somehow fit into the scene at the studio, given the changes. There was plenty of space when Moose and Rex were puppies; they had the run of the second floor most of the time, when not penned-up in the photo studio.

Fast forward two years and there were nearly a dozen people working in those spaces. Fortunately, the staff took to the new dog and nick-named her Coco. The pair became studio mascots.

The dogs usually got walked up the street from the studio, around the Model Boat Pond in Central Park and its surrounding hillsides. My Slidemakers walked the dogs on weekdays; it was a popular diversion for them. I walked them after hours and on weekends. One fine summer day, on such a walk, the clasp on Coco's leash gave way. In a flash, she was over the hill, out of sight. Yikes!

It was the first time Coco had run free since she left her Fisher's sprawling estate in Pennsylvania, where she was born and raised. She was having a high old time, completely disregarding my calls (which she was prone to).

Coco was not well trained. Mister Moose was trained, sort of. Dona and I took our puppies to a school. The instructor told us not to expect too much because Afghans are basically untrainable, like cats. That was good advice.

So, there I was with Mister Moose tugging hard on the leash. He could hear Coco and other excited dogs in the distance as well as I could. There was no way I could run after Coco; Afghans have been clocked at 40 mph [60 kmh]. I took a gamble and let Moose on the loose; sure-enough he headed straight for the loud commotion on the other side of the hill. My reasoning ran this way: *maybe* Moose would respond to my calls, and *maybe* Coco would follow him. Wrong.

When I got to the top of the first hill, the commotion had already moved to the next and the next. I could only hear the dogs; I followed the barking. Then the barking stopped and horns started honking; first a few, then a cacophony.

Reaching the top of the fourth hill, I saw massive traffic jams at the intersection of 79<sup>th</sup> Street and Fifth Avenue, right across from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The two dogs were in the intersection, running around in circles, trapped by a hundred cars blaring their horns. Two overweight cops were trying unsuccessfully to corral them. They turned out to be nice guys; I didn't get a ticket; in fact, the crowds cheered as I led the dogs away. Ha!

A few weeks later, I brought the dogs out to East Marion, where my family was enjoying their traditional August vacation at the Mosbach cottage. I let the two Moose off their leashes out there; eastern Long Island was still fairly rural; there were a lot of potato farms (later repurposed for wineries). The dogs loved to run in the 10-acre [~4-hectare] fields that surrounded the cottage.

One morning I went to fetch some clam rakes from our landlords and took the dogs with me, for their morning run. It was a 10-minute walk up the dirt road through the fields. The Mosbachs lived just off the main highway. (I think you know where I am going with this.)



Something caught Moose's eye across the highway. He took off after it just as a car came out of a blind curve. Neither the dog nor the driver had time to react. The car rolled right over Moose, at 40 mph [60 kmh]. The driver, realizing what happened, screeched to a stop; but there was nothing to be done except look for Moose, who ran away and wouldn't respond to calls.

We found him, huddled under a thicket, shivering, sweating, and bleeding from a good-sized tear in his right rear leg. Moose nipped at us when we tried to move him; so, we waited until he chose to come out, a half hour later. The Vet told us it looked worse than it was. We all knew that he was lucky to be alive.

Jan and I were an item for almost a year. When it ended, bought herself a medium-format Pentax camera system and went to work for Creative Systems Group (Don O'Neill and Geoff Nightingale). She replaced Kathy Miller, who became CSG's slide maker after Pat Billings got fired. They sent Jan to Argentina and Europe, among other places, to shoot pictures. Then CSG failed.

After Jan left, there was nobody but me to care for the dogs. The staff wasn't interested in their mascots anymore. Mr. & Ms. Moose had outlived their welcome. By 1978 the studio was bursting at the seams and the dogs just got in the way; there was hardly enough room for the workers, given all the equipment that had amassed; and nobody had time to walk them anymore; they were too busy for that.

Whenever I had an out-of-town assignment, I sent the dogs to Southdown Kennel, in Connecticut. The dogs loved being in the country, where they could run wild, like Afghan hounds are supposed to. Did you know Afghans were bred for hunting? They captured prey by out-running it, at speeds upwards of 40 miles per hour [~60 kmh].

When I was invited to spend several months in London, working at Purchase Point [See: *1978 – Purchase Point – New POV*], that was the proverbial last straw. I discussed the situation with Southdown's owner, Jack. He suggested that I give the dogs up for adoption, to a family he knew personally; they had a big farm and wanted both dogs. There was a condition—that I never see Mr. Moose or Coco Moose ever again. So be it.

The nation's economy was running hot and getting hotter, driven by relentlessly rising inflation. Business was booming; Incredible needed all the help we could get. The staff had grown to nearly a dozen. Those salaries, plus the combined rents for four floors of an upper-east-side townhouse, kept me on the run. My good fortune was that Incredible seldom had to look for work; new clients looked for us.

Fred's friend, Rock Graziano, came on board to handle audio; he was joined by Glen Wilhelm and John "OC" O'Connell who were hired to manage staging and related gear.

As the staff grew, my job became less hands-on and more "executive." My job combined the functions of CEO, COO and Creative Director. I hung up my cameras and rarely shot pictures for the next four years; I was an executive now, so I delegated photography to Pat Billings, Jim Casey and (later) Mike Chan.

The studio was operating near peak performance; everyone was motivated; we were spoilt for choice when it came to jobs; Geoff and Donald provided endless assignments for their clients, OCF, Hoffman-LaRoche, Falcon Jet, and a new client, Burger King.

## **1976 – Burger King – Banned from Minneapolis Civic Auditorium**

Thanks to Don and Geoff, Incredible earned close to a half-million dollars producing slide shows for Burger King during the next two years (that would be *several million* in today's inflated dollars). Most of that money was made producing media for a massive employee motivation program, called *Grand Slam*.

Burger King was undergoing massive changes and all sorts of upgrades were going on: store interiors were being remodeled; there were new uniforms for the crew; and new items on the menu. Another issue being addressed by was employee morale.

Burger King employed a lot of kids. Back in the 1970s, working in a burger joint was a temp job kids did to supplement their allowance. Being a burger flipper wasn't a "real" job and Burger King's kids weren't taking their burger-flipping jobs seriously enough.

To remedy that problem, Burson-Marsteller was asked to come up with an employee re-education program for Burger King's top markets east of the Mississippi. Don and Geoff were happy to oblige.

They recommended a series of motivational rallies. The alternative was an in-store training program. But Nightingale ruled that out; too boring, he said. Rallies combined education with entertainment while also being motivational.

The result was a road show for audiences of up to 1,000 kids, held in big venues like civic centers and sports arenas. The events were held on Saturday afternoons, when the kids were out of school.

Each was a two-hour program, including:

- Walk-In Graphics

- Opening Mindblower

- Presenter One: Store Renovations – with full speaker support

- Presenter Two: New Crew Uniforms – with full speaker support

- Presenter Three: New Menu – with full speaker support

- Appearance of The King – SFX Fanfare

- King's Awards Presentation – SFX graphics

- Closing Mindblower – "Candid" of audience members at work



Pat Billings, Don O'Neill, Glen Wilhelm and Yours Truly at Minneapolis Civic Auditorium, before setting up Burger King show.

From the staging perspective, we needed a wide-screen big enough to be seen from the back of big auditoriums; we settled on a 3-screen-wide format, with fifteen projectors—five for each screen. Having produced the 7-screen-wide World Book show, I had a good handle on what was necessary. Burnt once (hahaha), I was twice shy and didn't over commit. Still it was a big job.

To get production rolling, Don sent me down to Burger King's R&D test kitchen in Miami [Florida] to photograph how the new chicken sandwich was put together (seriously). it was fascinating, working in a laboratory-like test kitchen, where burgers and French fries were more science than food. You and I may take burger cooking for granted; but, there's a lot of technology involved. Think about it: they had to be able to produce the same sandwich in every store ...and have kids make them, perfectly every time. That was a tall order.

A good percentage of burger flippers are not high IQ people; to produce exactly the same chicken sandwich at every Burger King restaurant around the world, instructions had to be as simple and detailed as a pilot's checklist. The chicken sandwich show was the training module they used to teach their crews how the new sandwich should be assembled, step by step, in excruciating detail.

[Reality Check: Burger-building robots now do a better job than humans—that's a fact. Burger machines will eventually cut Burger King's kitchen staff by 80%. Order-taking menu robots are already replacing the kids behind the counter at McDonalds restaurants.]

Although the chicken sandwich slide show was dead simple, it was more exciting than a classroom lecture or a *filmstrip*; those kinds of shows had been used for instructional purposes since before WWII; but filmstrip shows were stiff, stilted, clunky and b-o-r-i-n-g.<sup>61</sup> Compared to a filmstrip, our show, made with an AVL MK-VII Dissolve and three Kodak Ektagraphic slide projectors, made a boring subject—like making a chicken sandwich—exciting. Cock-a-doodle-doo!

The pictures looked way better because 35 mm slides are twice the size of filmstrip frames; and slides were film positives with punchier color than “flatter” looking filmstrips, made from color negatives.

The AVL dissolver allowed smooth slide changes, and images could be superimposed, one slide over another. The superimposition capability opened a new range of effects. Those were what won us the job. The deal was sealed when the bosses at Burger King saw their logo in multi-color splendor, pulsating and flashing to the beat of Jack Cortner’s arrangement of Burger King’s anthem, *Have It Your Way*. It was our special effects that gave Incredible shows an edge; the expensive Forox camera paid for itself many times over.

We shot two other training modules at a prototype of Burger King’s re-modelled stores. One was about the re-designed interiors and the other about new crew uniforms. Those two, together with the chicken sandwich module, were the “meat” of the rally shows.

But there was much more involved. We also went to eight markets and shot every Burger King store in each—that was a lot of stores—and every worker in each store—a LOT of kids. We made hero shots of the stores; but mainly focused on candid shots of employees.

Pat and I shot would take an early-morning flight out of LaGuardia and spend two days in each market, staying overnight in the host city. Burger King gave us the royal treatment, we stayed in upscale hotels and put everything on their bill. It would usually be late by the time we arrived, so we’d drink the mini-bar dry and order room service. When we arrived at the first store of the day, I’d wolf down two cheese burgers and a chocolate shake, to “shake” my hangover. It was torturous trying to organize and direct crazed kids in a noisy kitchen.

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<sup>61</sup> Wikipedia: Typically, a filmstrip's running time was between ten and twenty minutes. Depending on how they were narrated or produced, filmstrips (which often came with an instructor's guide) were flexible enough to be used in both self-paced learning formats or a full classroom. In addition to a standard classroom wall or screen projector, personal film display units were available with a screen size of approximately eight inches' diagonal for up-close viewing by one or two people. The instructor would turn on a filmstrip projector that would show the first frame (image) of the filmstrip. The instructor then turned on a 33 RPM [revolutions per minute] record or cassette tape containing the audio material for the filmstrip which included narration. At the appropriate point, a tone would sound, signaling the instructor to turn a knob, advancing to the next frame. Later, technical improvements allowed the projector to advance the film automatically. By the latter part of the 1960s, such firms as Warren Schloot Productions, CBS, The New York Times Company, Scott Education, Coronet Films, Sunburst Media, and Guidance Associates were producing titles featuring photographs by famous artists and of notable events with a synchronized audio track. The music and narration for the filmstrip originally came on a vinyl record. In the 1970s, audio technology advanced, and vinyl records gave way to audio cassettes and became useful in providing individualized instruction. Students could now watch and listen to a filmstrip over and over at their own pace. Filmstrips also moved beyond traditional arts and humanities courses, branching into the science, career, vocational and technical subject areas led by such firms as Bergwall Productions [1] and Prentice Hall Media (Formerly Warren Schloot Productions.) There were filmstrips produced in many different subject areas including music, art, language arts, math, business and even home economics.” [More at <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Filmstrip>]

[Ugly Observation: When I got home from a Burger King job, I had to clean an oily film from my lenses. There was an oil mist in the air, generated by the fryers. Can you imagine breathing that stuff all day? Coal miners used to suffer from black lung. Will “burger lung” become an occupational illness? Not for robots.]

The way the Grand Slam show was built, certain slots in the slide trays were designated for the employee candids. Those slides had the top of their Wess brand registration slide mounts blackened with a Sharpie marker so that they could be easily identified and swapped out—to customize performances in each of the eight markets. A week or so before each show, we shot the candids for a region’s performance. Back in the studio, we’d swap out the appropriate slides, then go stage the show. [See Volume Four, page 567 and subsequent 24 illustration plates for more about Wess registration slide mounts.]

It’s too bad they didn’t have Air Miles back then; Pat and I flew a bazillion of them doing those eight Grand Slam rallies. The sheer volume of material we shot for Grand Slam was impressive; our Burger King slide library eventually occupied eight feet of shelf space [2.44 meters] in two dozen, three-inch [7.6 cm] ring-binders.

There were more than 20,000 slides; 80% were candids of pimply-faced kids slinging burgers; they ended up in a Swedish dump ten years later; but, let’s not get ahead of ourselves.



Left, Pat Billings and Don O'Neill; lower center and right, Yours Truly.

My favorite Grand Slam story is about the Minneapolis-region show. The kids went wild when we rolled the candid module and they saw each other on the big screens. Some of them ran up on the stage and burned an effigy of Ronald McDonald.

The mob got so raucous that we were scared, backstage. The pandemonium peaked when a bunch of kids in the balcony built a human pyramid. At that point, the manager shut down the show and Burger King was banned from the Minneapolis Civic Center.

[For more, read Pat Billings's comments in the Appendix – *From Pat Billings.*]

When I played Monopoly, I'd frequently mortgage everything on speculative property investments. In real life, I invested heavily in gear, funded by a generous line of credit at Bank of Commerce.

The demands of Grand Slam convinced me that we needed a new crew member to handle our increasing staging business. That involved staging shows and keeping track of a ton of gear. (As mentioned earlier, rather than squander those funds renting gear from AV dealers and staging companies, I wanted to capture those dollars and use them to build-up my own staging business, as an additional profit center. That meant a significant investment in gear and shipping cases. In addition to big bucks spent at AVL, for programming gear, and Dumont Camera, for projectors and lenses, I invested in ten JBL 4311 studio monitor loudspeakers, a 200-watt Macintosh amplifier, an eight-channel mixer, a few hundred feet of audio cables, and shipping cases for all that gack. (A proper shipping case for a \$200 slide projector—an Anvil case or Cargo case—cost almost as much as the projector itself.)

Casey had done his best to manage the AV gear, but he wasn't the right man for the job; he was a bit of a space cadet. So, I hired Glen Wilhelm when he approached me for work. I liked the fact that Glen lived a block away, on Madison and 74<sup>th</sup>, and I liked the way he presented himself; he looked good and acted professional. But I should have made Glenn a salesman instead of a roadie because he talked the talk better than he walked it.

I asked Pat Billings [Shipps] her opinion of Glen—to ensure that I wasn't being too judgmental—and this is what she said: "OMG. He was a wreck from the get go. He told a great story to get hired and was (in my experience) sorely incompetent. Obnoxious and foolhardy, full of himself and not willing to learn / listen." Pat should know; I sent her with Glen to stage several out-of-town shows, most notably a performance of the Cincom show in Chicago.

## **1976 – Cincom Systems – Birth of The Mindblower**

*"If you can't dazzle them with brilliance, baffle them with bullshit."*

Unknown Philosopher

The full significance of that maxim was revealed to me at the Cincom Systems show. That's when Geoff Nightingale came up with the term *mindblower*. I know I've referred to that term and its origins before, but this was when it happened the first time.

We were working for Burson-Marsteller producing a package of shows and speaker support for a series of press conferences introducing a computer-technology company, called Cincom Systems, and their Total Information Systems [TIS] software. The show package included:

Opening Graphics | Walk-In Music  
Documentary: Cincom History | Artificial Intelligence  
Speaker Support for 6 presenters  
Closing | Motivational Recap

The screen format was 18-on-1; that is, eighteen projectors aimed at a single screen... that was a first. Audiences at the Cincom sales meetings were relatively small, averaging 150-200 people. A single screen, 15 X 10 feet [4.27 X 3.04 meters] was large enough to command attention and be clearly seen by all.

Although extreme in terms of fire power, I had reasons to specify that many projectors: 1.) animated graphics; 2.) huge tray capacity—1440 slides—meaning no need for scary, dangerous mid-show tray changes; and, 3.) huge equipment rental earnings—not necessarily in that order.

The client spared no expense. Cincom flew me and Pat all over the country to shoot a documentary about artificial intelligence. A high point was visiting Cincom HQ in the foothills of the Rockies just outside Colorado Springs [Colorado]; the building was a study of modern architecture that stood as a proud symbol of prestige, privilege and power.

Don O'Neill hired Robert Cooney to design graphics for the show; his contribution was an all-important set of symbolic images visualizing Artificial Intelligence [AI], the goings on inside a computer. Cooney's images were intricate and elaborate; in addition to the slide show, Don used them as theme graphics for Cincom print materials.

Between Bob Cooney's graphics and Incredible's photography, the documentary show was high caliber, although long and pedantic. Pat Billings and I concentrated on making the doco (documentary). Fred Cannizzaro managed the speaker support—there was a lot of it—interfacing with Don O'Neill directly. However, Fred just couldn't keep up with Don, who was slowly becoming addicted to cocaine. Don assigned Barry Holt to be his intermediary.

Peter Thomas recorded Don's script. I edited his narration with location interviews and mixed that with pop-jazz music.

Cincom was another case of me biting off more than I could chew. I always over-delivered, and this was no exception. After an all-nighter, I was bleary-eyed the afternoon when Don brought his Cincom client, Neil, to the studio, to approve the show.

While I was getting everything ready, they went out and got two six-packs of Beck's beer, a super-expensive German import brewed in Bremen. I should have known that was a sign of trouble; it's never a good idea to serve alcohol at an approval session.

Neil loved the image piece and speaker support, then asked to see the closer. Ooops.

Don forgot to tell us about any meeting wrap-up show. He covered by explaining to Neil that it wasn't ready yet... which was technically true. I knew that Don had fucked up but there was nothing to do but make another show. Quick!

My staff had been hanging around, ready to make the any little changes requested by the client (including corrections for mistakes I made intentionally—I called them, *Red Herrings*—to give clients something to ~~de~~ pick on). They freaked when I told them that we had to make an entire show before morning; everyone thought they were in for another all-nighter; but they all went home before 9:00 pm [21:00]. How?

The new show was made by taking all left-over slides, shaking them up in a big box, and filling 18 slide trays with the randomized slides. For the soundtrack, I selected very fast music, to which I programmed the slides to advance at a rapid tempo (up to six slides per second). Whenever the music hit a strong beat or a *sting*, I stopped the projectors and inserted logo effects.

The dazzling logos, synchronized to musical stings, gave the mad mix a sense of organization. The resulting mindblower—which took just hours to make, compared to the weeks of effort put into the documentary—got a standing ovation. The audience went wild for it, whereas the documentary got polite applause. So, you see: you *can* baffle them with bullshit. Ha!

To make mindblowers depended on a ready resource of pictures, about virtually anything. I put out a directive to the staff to make an extra duplicate of all pictures that appeared in any of our shows and to file them in the *Everything Book*—that was my name for a growing collection of ring binders containing bazillions of slides of just about “everything.” There were so many different pictures, that you could make a show about almost anything from them, or at least a lead into and out of a subject.

Once the Everything Book project got started, we went from zero to twenty binders in less than a year... that's a lot of slides: 20 slides per page X 40 pages = 800 slides per binder; X 20 binders, that's 16,000.

[Spoiler Alert: By the time I got to Sweden, ten years later, 99% of those slides had to be trashed. By then, copyright laws were being enforced. In the old days, our first slide shows were mostly made from copy work. We copied pictures out of magazines, books, encyclopedias—anything—to get what we needed for a show. What the hell, we thought, our shows were just one-off events for relatively small audiences (all true).]

## 1976 – Iveco – Mini Epic

Success breeds success.

By now the word was out at Burson-Marsteller that slide shows were win-win deals, good for everyone's business.

For agency owners Harold Burson and Bill Marsteller, slide shows were a new profit center, business that never existed before.



For their clients, otherwise mundane meetings were jazzed-up when multi-image razzle-dazzle was added to the media mix. So, it was no surprise when Geoff Nightingale ordered a show to use at press events introducing IVECO to Americans.<sup>62</sup>

The big job appeared out of nowhere, just as Iveco had. Suddenly, a new truck giant was making an appearance on the scene. The huge European conglomerate promised to disrupt the North American commercial vehicles market. By itself, the announcement of the Iveco's bold move was big news, enough for standing-room-only press events; having a multi-image show was icing on the cake.

The Iveco show was actually Geoff selling-up the press-conference. Add-ons were Nightingale's favorite way to persuade clients to part with their money... a little at a time. That technique works on many levels: They originally hired me to shoot pictures for publicity, press kits and brochures. I was sent all over the place, shooting various Iveco vehicles in "all-American" locations. When I completed that coverage, a huge image library had been amassed. Why not use them a slide show?

One of the most difficult shoots was in St. Louis, where they had arranged a 10-ton box truck for me to shoot. Geoff wanted the Gateway Arch [aka the St. Louis Arch] to be a prominent part of the picture; he drew some little sketches on napkins, at the Brew Burger, over a couple of stiff ones. When I got to the location, I saw that Geoff's drawings were way out of scale.

The Arch was huge—630 feet; the world's tallest arch; the largest man-made-monument in the Western Hemisphere. Under the arch, the truck looked tiny, like a toy. Conversely, shot from the other side of the Mississippi River, the arch looked like a toy.

To reconcile the perspectives and give both decent stature in the pictures, long lenses [300 mm or more] were called for. (Telephoto lenses compress depth; the foreground and background are squeezed together—the background looks closer to the foreground.)

However, the truck was so big that I couldn't get back far enough to use telephotos. The scene called for a wide lens. (Wide lenses stretch depth; foreground objects look larger, background objects smaller.) I opted to have a big truck and a small arch. That was the opposite of what the boss wanted. Geoff was disappointed; so was I.

A couple of weeks later, I was confronted with the same problem, shooting another box truck in Sydney; the two well-known landmarks there are the Sydney Opera House and the Sydney Harbor Bridge. The opera house didn't work out at all; it was too close or too far away. That meant working with the bridge.

By meandering a bit off the beaten track—no mean feat with a tippy truck—we managed to get the boxy vehicle near the bridge's south-side base pedestal.

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<sup>62</sup> Wikipedia: Iveco, an acronym for Industrial Vehicles Corporation, is an Italian industrial vehicle manufacturing company based in Turin, Italy, and entirely controlled by CNH Industrial Group. It designs and builds light, medium and heavy commercial vehicles, quarry/construction site vehicles, city and intercity buses and special vehicles for applications such as firefighting, off-road missions, the military and civil defense. Iveco was incorporated on 1 January 1975, with the merger of five different brands: Fiat Veicoli Industriali (with headquarters in Turin), OM (Brescia, Italy), Lancia Veicoli Speciali (Italy), Unic (France) and Magirus-Deutz (Germany).

The location was a small turning circle, for utility trucks; tight quarters, but the only place with a view that we could get to. The bridge was so close, I needed a 28 mm wide-angle lens and even with that couldn't see the whole span.

As mentioned above, wide-angle lenses distort perspectives by stretching the distance between the foreground background. They could be used to shoot sleek sports cars—elongation could enhance the looks of those—but the box truck looked like a 40-foot semi trailer.

I found a solution of sorts using an even wider lens, a 20 mm. With extreme distortion, the bridge and truck became “graphic elements.” While most would recognize that the scene was an intentional contrivance, what if the client thought the truck looked freaky? It was a risky decision. Some of my clients forbade the use of wide lenses. For example, I could never use a 20 mm lens to shoot a Mercedes, or a Rolls-Royce.

The reaction I got was about what you'd expect when presenting people with extremes of any sort—one third likes, the second third dislikes, and the remaining third is indifferent.

[Spoiler Alert: A decade and a half later, I had the very same problem, at the very same locations, shooting DHL delivery trucks for the 1988 Brussels Hub launch show (described in a later chapter). That time, I didn't need to “get it all in one shot.” I solved the problem with a collage of images.]

The Iveco show was an afterthought. There was scant production time and I had a bargain-basement budget to work with. It turned out to be less mindblower and more like deluxe speaker support. Peter Thomas read Don's script; the narration was mixed Dexter Wansel's *Disco Lights*, a funky track with a “driving” beat. The Americans loved it; the Europeans had other opinions.

Although I can't recall the specifics, because of the time constraints, the show was likely a single-screen, six-projector presentation, controlled with an AVL system comprised of two QD-3 dissolves, programmed with a ShowPro II. Pat Billings recalls that we shot a lot of animated sequences revealing Iveco trucks' tight turning-circles—a unique capability of the European trucks advantageous for city driving. [See *From Pat Billings* in the Appendix.]

## **1976 – Idiot Box – Dumb Idea**

John “OC” O'Connell joined us when Glenn Wilhelm left. Glenn was guilty of smoking weed on the job; a client smelled it during a show rehearsal and told me “on the QT.” Glen was a good man who went on to bigger and better things (video walls). I was sorry to lose him, but OC got up to speed quickly.

I put OC in charge of developing a portable, all-in-one, easy-to-use presentation kit for three-projector slide shows; it was the brain child of Don O'Neill and eventually got (aptly) named *The Idiot Box*. The idea was to have a show in a box that could be FedEx'd to Burger King restaurants, for training purposes.

It was supposed to be easy— “So any idiot can use it,” said Don—just point the box at a white wall or screen, push the start button and enjoy the show. When done, button-up box and FedEx it to the next restaurant. That was easier said than done.

OC built a test batch of a dozen so-called *Idiot Boxes*. It took him the better part of a month to assemble all the parts. Each Idiot box had these components:

- 36 X 24 X 24-inch [~91.5 X 61-centimeters] aluminum shipping case
- Three Kodak Carousel projectors (with 4-6-inch [~10-15-cm] lenses)
- One AVL QD-3 dissolve
- One Pioneer “Boom Box” (combo tape player, amp & speakers)
- Four-compartment inner (2 X 2) for projectors & dissolver

The components were bolted together, to keep the projectors roughly aligned. The finished Idiot Boxes weighed-in at 69 pounds [31.3 kg]—one less than FedEx’s 70-pound [31.7 kg] limit. They weren’t exactly portable.

OC turned the whole photo studio into a workshop; the Idiot Boxes were everywhere. Jim Casey assisted him; without his studio, Casey had little else to do. The two were beaming the day FedEx picked up the Idiot Boxes. Reality soon wiped the smiles off their faces.

Burger King restaurant owners began calling us from all over, at all times of day and night, with idiotic questions about how to run the shows. Worse: some of the projectors lost alignment—the shows looked cockeyed. And some didn’t reset the trays to the start position—so the sequencing was out of whack. We learned that people don’t read instructions. It was a nightmare come true.

Don and I realized that we were the idiots, for inventing the damn boxes.

Had we waited a year; it might have been a different story. AVL launched the Travler III, a self-contained suitcase containing a combo cassette-tape player and 3-projector Dove dissolve; it was a show in a box minus the projectors.<sup>63</sup>

The Idiot Box episode demonstrated how difficult it was to use multi-image shows for anything but meetings, events or other venues where professional AV technicians were on hand set them up and run them. An easier way to distribute and present information was needed for smaller groups, including classrooms. Stripfilms and single-projector slide shows were easy to use but not very exciting. Enter video.

Video had been the exclusive domain of broadcast TV; the necessary equipment was big, bulky and very expensive. The development of U-Matic video technology by Sony in 1971, Betamax (Sony, 1975) and VHS (JVC, 1976) brought to market a range of affordable cameras, recorders and playback machines that produced acceptable quality.

U-Matic was originally developed as a consumer product; however, the machines were too big, complex and expensive for the mass market.

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<sup>63</sup> Duffy and Sherry White [Photosynthesis, Denver] made a demo show for the Travler III. They imitated of Incredible Slidemakers’ graphical style and effects, but not well. You can (hopefully) see it at <http://www.stevenmichelsen.com/AVL/>

That changed when Betamax and VHS (Video Home System) technology penetrated the consumer market in the second half of the '70s. A format war broke out between Betamax and VHS. As we now know, VHS won the battle of the brands; in 1988, Sony abandoned Betamax; the last machine was built in 2002. Betamax offered a better-quality video picture but VHS captured the market by offering longer record/play length and lower prices; proving once again that it is not necessarily about technological superiority; but, always about marketing and price.

Video started competing with slide shows; but it would be another decade before electronic media replaced multi-image.

## 1976 – Buhl Multiplexer – *Nightmares*

*"You funny guy. We kill you last."*

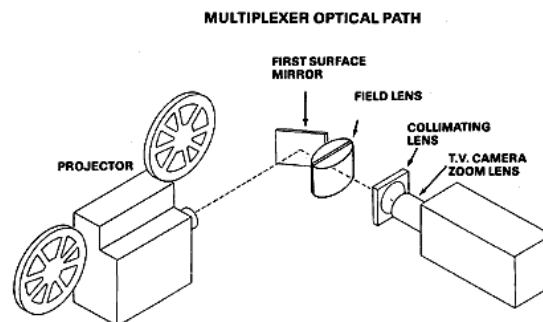
John Sacrenty (with mock Japanese accent)

Multi-image producers began using video to document their slide productions. Incredible invested in a JVC U-Matic camera and recording machine; we used it to make the videos required to enter shows in various multi-image competitions.

Videotapes were used to pre-judge entries and narrow down the number of shows screened at slide-show festivals. But to their size and complexity, there was a limit to the number of multi-image shows that could be set-up and screened during those three-day events. Videos also allowed us to send out-of-town customers and prospects cassettes showing taped facsimiles of our multi-image slide productions.

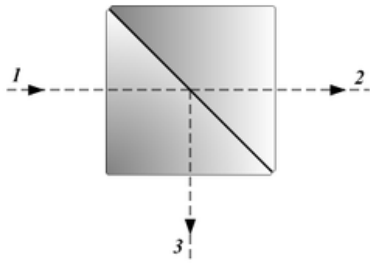
Before long, we (and other producers) started making multi-image shows intended to be released as videotapes; I called them slide-videos. Because the end product was video, the quality of the video image became paramount. Specialty equipment came on the market for the purpose of professionally transferring slide shows to video. The transfer devices, called *multiplexers*, were optical benches equipped with projectors.

SINGLE-PROJECTOR MULTIPLEXER | Mirror in place of beam splitter.



[<http://www.iilabs.com/info-pop.php/buhl-multiplexer>]

Multi-projector multiplexers used beam-splitters to optically-align projectors with maximum precision.

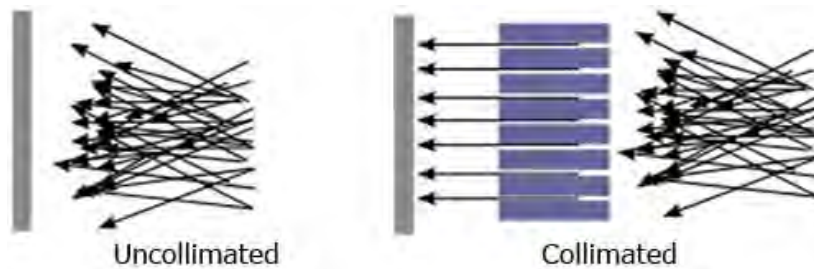


Schematic illustration of a beam splitter cube.  
[Wikipedia]

- 1 - Incident light
- 2 - 50% Transmitted light
- 3 - 50% Reflected light

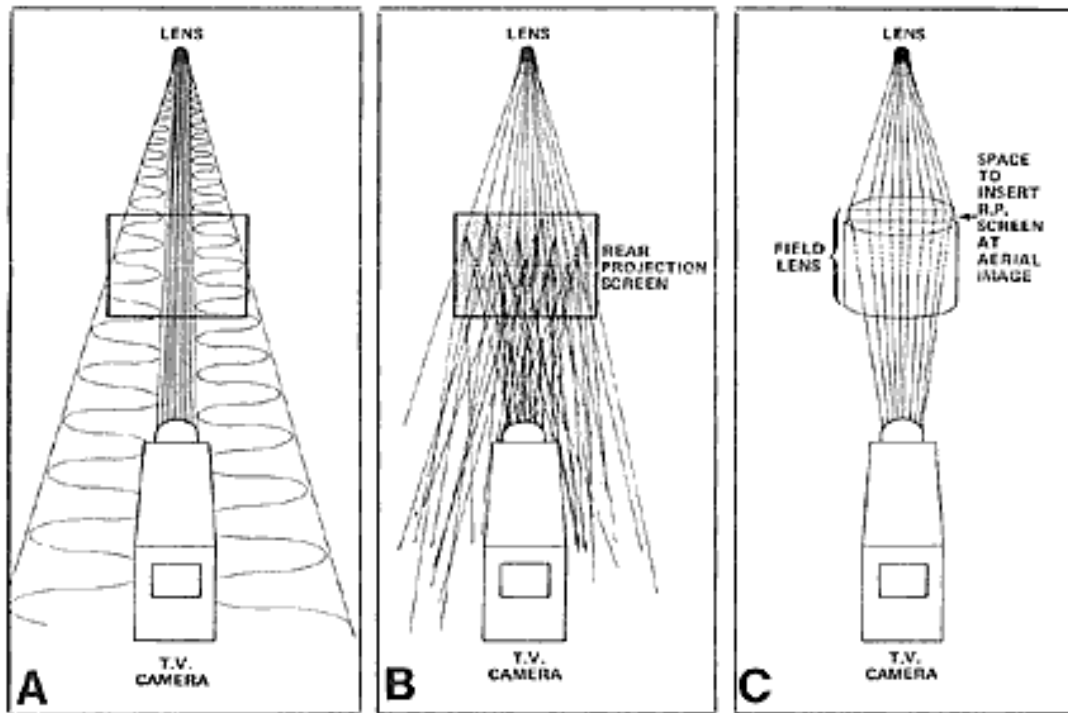
Instead of splitting one beam into two, multiplexers used beam splitters to combine two beams (from two projectors) into one. Thus, using five beam splitters, the output of six slide projector could be combined and collimated into a single image, for a film or video capture camera.

COLLIMATION [Gathering Light]



[[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Collimated\\_light](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Collimated_light)]

AERIAL IMAGE ["Glass Screen"]

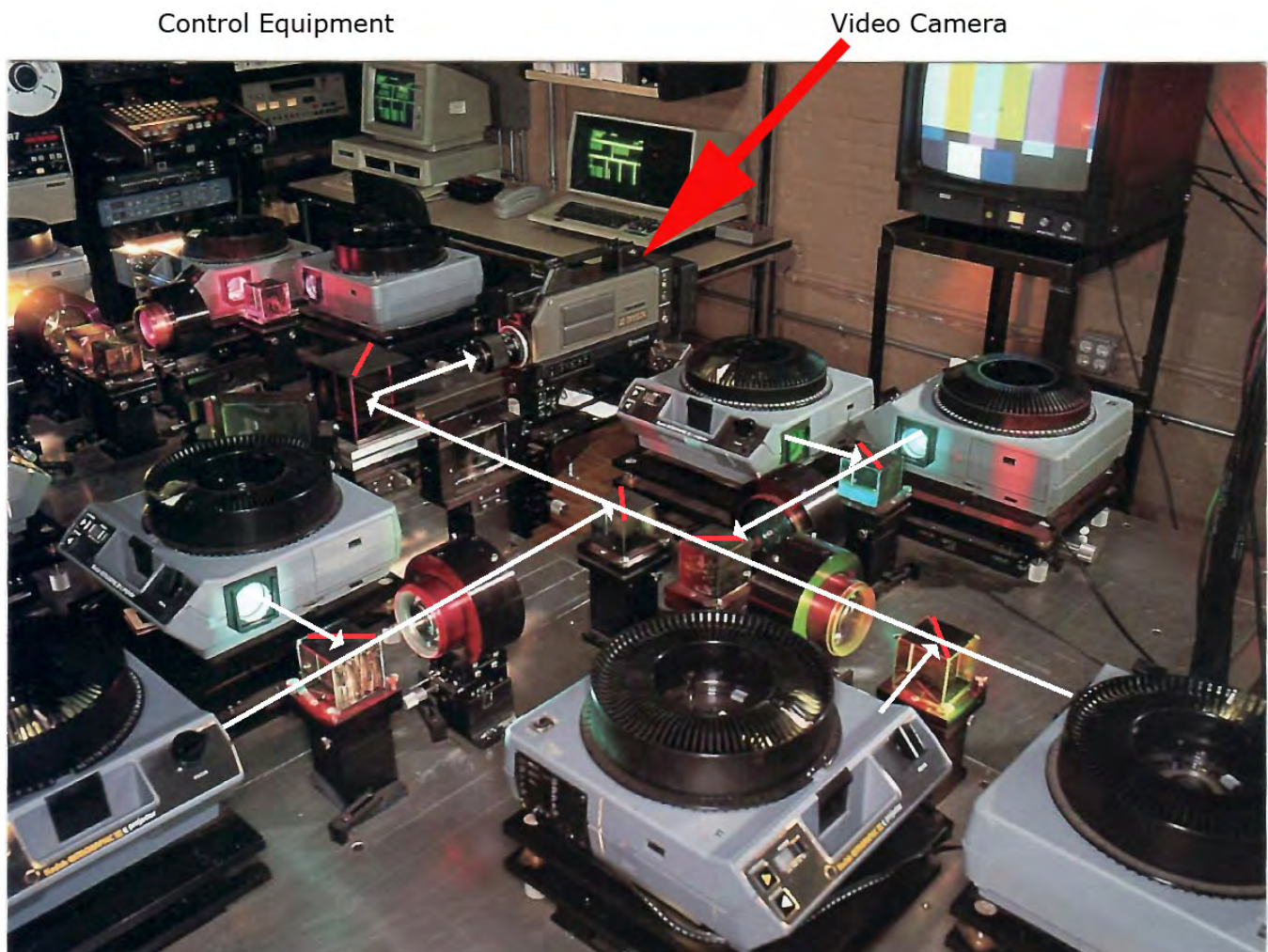


**Illustration A** shows that without a field lens or a screen at the image plane, only the light coming through the very center of the image gets into the camera lens. The corners are not illuminated. Only a small circular field is visible.

**Illustration B** shows that when the image is projected onto a rear projection screen, it can be seen by the unassisted eye as well as the video camera, but there is considerable light loss due to the screen's bend angle. Image quality is lost due to grain in the rear projection screen

**Illustration C** shows that a field lens located at the aerial image directs light from all parts of the field into a small circle. When the camera lens is placed at this circle, the entire field is illuminated. This is the system we use for the highest quality image.

[<http://www.iilabs.com/info-pop.php/buhl-multiplexer>]



The picture above shows the right half of Aerial Image Transfer's 12-port multiplexer. Four of the other six are out of frame [left]. Video, audio and AVL equipment can be seen in the left background. Light paths of foreground projectors are traced in white. Field lenses can be seen behind the cubic beam splitters. Note: projectors have no lenses.

Multiplexers overcame such sizing problems with long lenses and beam splitters. With beam-splitters, pairs of projectors could be nested in very close proximity to one another.

The outputs of projector pairs were gathered together by additional beam-splitters and their combined output *collimated* by a *field lens* into an *aerial* image focused on a point in mid-air—a glass screen. The capture camera focused on that aerial image. No lenses meant no lens distortions. [See: *From John & Anne Stapsy* in the Appendix.]

Buhl Optical Company developed the first commercially-available multiplexer for the multi-image market. The company, founded in 1930 by Dr. Jacob Stapsy, started off making eye glasses but ended up specializing in projector lenses, designed by his son, Irving Stapsy. John Stapsy, Irving's son, saw a potential market for Buhl's optical expertise in the slide-transfer business.

John Stapsy designed the first production-model multiplexer; it had six-projector capability. Incredible Slidemakers was one of the first—and only—buyers. Stapsy built just six of those 6-port multiplexers. He quit making them on the recommendation of his wife, Anne. That was after Allan Kozlowski [Quantum Leap, Santa Monica, California] complained that his multiplexer didn't line-up his shows correctly.

Kozlowski was another of Stapsy's six customers. Allan was a producer of note; he was one of AVL's fair-haired boys; he produced an award-winning demo—*The Power*—for AVL; it was Chuck Kappenman's favorite show—and many others' as well. Kozlowski was in the AV Zeitgeist; he had an entourage of wannabe producers who followed him (not literally); he was in the news; his opinion mattered—so much so that Anne and John flew from Buhl's HQ in Pittsburgh [Pennsylvania] to Kozlowski's studio in Santa Monica [California], to put out the fire.

Kozlowski was wrong; the multiplexer worked just fine; he just didn't know how to use it. (As mentioned, a bit earlier, with regards to Idiot Boxes: people don't read the instructions.) But that wasn't that.

Knowing John, he would probably have gone back and re-written the instructions. However, Anne had another idea. Why put up with abusive producers? Why supply them with the means of production? Why not supply the end product—transfers—instead?

Applying her ingenuity, Anne Stapsy designed and built a 12-port multiplexer. The appliance was set-up in a New York loft space in the Photo District and a new business was christened, Aerial Image Transfer Service. The couple soon enjoyed more business than they could handle; that left room for competitors. But their multiplexer had one important advantage—rock steady performance. Translated, that meant image stability.

When people watch films and videos, they expect the image to be rock steady, not jump around. It was important that the multiplexer's slide projectors be in perfect alignment and not move one iota during the transfer. It was equally important to minimize the "film drift" that occurred "naturally" in motion pictures cameras, between frames.

To eliminate the frame-drift problem, the Stapsy's purchased a Mitchell 16 mm film camera that had been reworked to eliminate drift. In the 1930s, when it was built, that camera cost \$6,000. But what with all the custom-film-alignment work done to the camera at the Mitchell factory, the Stapsy's paid north of \$20,000 [\$100,000 today].

Then they sent the camera back to Mitchell for still more modifications—John wanted the camera body anodized to a red color. (!) Mitchell sent the back the crimson camera with a heart shaped plaque affixed to it which read: “Mitchell Loves Stapsy.”

The combo of a rock-steady multiplexer and rock-steady camera put the Stapsy’s at the head of a small pack of competitors. Ed McTigue (who was Chuck Kappenman’s original partner in AVL), built a nine-projector multiplexer and started Slide Transfer Service (STS) in 1978. The biggest multiplexer (I ever heard of) was the 21-projector machine operated by Producers Optical Service [POS], in Toronto.

The Stapsys didn’t worry about the competition; there was enough business for everybody, as far as they were concerned. But when Anne suggested as much to McTigue, he replied: “I want it all.” Aha.

Well, you know what they say about hubris, eh? Ed got his comeuppance at an AV trade-show at the New York Hilton when Aerial Image out-classed Slide Transfer Service so badly that McTigue folded his tent and left the show. How?

By doing the impossible.

Stapsy’s stand was set up in a big room that was off the beaten track. But what do they say: build it and they will come? Their attraction was Aerial Imaging’s demonstration of image quality, proving that with their transfers nothing was “lost in the translation.”

Anne set-up the ultimate side by side comparison. People could watch the original slide show on one screen, the film transfer on a second, and a video transfer on a third—in perfect synch.

Anne still says that her synch solution is a trade secret. At the time, many thought that she did it with the new AVL *Raven* film controller—the one Allan Kozlowski’s show (*The Power*) demo’d. However, the Raven was a loser. AVL gave me one to play with. The thing made our 16 mm Bell & Howell projector chew up film.

Using the Raven cost me so much in footage that I abandoned it. Other producers must have had similar experiences, because a year after it was launched, you never heard about Ravens anymore. But Anne didn’t use a Raven.

Back on point, there was a rapidly growing demand for video content and a decreasing demand for complicated slide shows.

Before we got our Buhl 6-port multiplexer, I would video our slide shows “off the wall” (slang for screen, which might be a wall). A JVC video camera recorded the show as it played on a screen.

Quality only needed to be good (the enemy of great). However, the alignment of slide projectors on a screen, no matter how good, was not good enough for a video transfer. Videos showed-up even the slightest misalignment, because the human mind *expects* video images to be rock steady, not shaky.

When people watched slide shows they overlooked mis-registration that stood out like a sore thumb in a video transfer. It was a question of expectations.



With projectors, perfect registration was a physical impossibility. Most Kodak projection lenses were made of plastic and weren't good enough for the precision alignment that multi-image shows required. Other companies [Buhl, Navitar and Schneider] brought out high-quality glass lenses that took care of most alignment problems, but even those were not good enough for video transfers. Even with nominally perfect lenses it was impossible to get slide projectors close enough to each other to avoid "keystoning", a distortion that occurs when a projected image is not square to the screen, resulting in a trapezoid instead of a rectangle.

To alleviate keystone problems, special "perspective control" [PC] lenses were engineered by Navitar.<sup>1</sup> Also called *shift* lenses, they employed a sliding front lens element that could shift the projected image from side to side, up and down or diagonally without having to tilt or angle the projector. The size of the projected image was also important. For precise image alignment, it was important that all lenses project images of identical size. That kind of consistency was a difficult for lens manufacturers to achieve before the advent of digitally-controlled lens grinding. Good slide projector lenses cost a small fortune; PC (Perspective Control) Navitar lenses set me back about 400 bucks. Thus, for all those challenges and more, I was quick to latch on to a Buhl 6-port multiplexer. We set it up in the in the photo studio on the second floor and started a transfer business of our own, run by John Bromberg, assisted by Dan Collins and John O'Connell.



Gag shot of Buhl 6-port multiplexer in the photo studio at the 73<sup>rd</sup> Street Studio. Incredible had a reputation for slap-stick. Front left, Jon Bromberg; Fight, Dan Collins | Back left, Douglas Mesney; right Doug Sloan.

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<sup>1</sup> When Buhl Optical Company founder Irving Stapsy died, in 1997, the family-held company was sold to Navitar. For details see the Appendix: *Navitar | Buhl*.

Although my words may make it seem easy, multiplexing a show was tedious, fussy work. Using micrometer controls, aligning aerial images on a multiplexer could take hours; and every show required custom alignment. Part of the problem was that, with aerial imaging, there was nothing to see, i.e. no screen (except the video camera's small monitor). We had to shoot endless amounts of test footage to get everything lined-up and balanced. Multiplexing was so soporific that none of the staff wanted to do it anymore.

I guess a lot of other producers felt the same way, which explains the proliferation of transfer services. Besides the Stapsy's Aerial Image Transfer Service in New York and Producer's Optical Service in Toronto, there were at least six others, who advertised in the 1992 Membership Directory issue of AMI's Multi-Images magazine:

- Image Transfers, Inc. [Chicago, IL]
- Panorama Productions "Panoplexer" Service [Santa Clara, CA]
- Slidescan Transfers [Atlanta, GA]
- DSC Labs (David & Sue Corley) [Toronto, ON]
- Slide Transfer Service [Philadelphia, PA]
- AVT Post Production Service [Atlantic Highlands, NJ]

Of those, Ed McTighe's Slide Transfer Service was the most aggressive, in terms of marketing and promotion. Prior to the trade show episode mentioned above, when McTighe opened Slide Transfer Service, he came to me for a demo show (1977). Recall, we knew each other from his days at AVL; since then, I had become AVL's de facto advertising man.

McTighe rightly reckoned, at that stage in the game, job #1 was market making. The most effective way to generate business was to promote the concept of transfers. There weren't many competitors and there was plenty of business for those few, so he could afford to be magnanimous.

McTighe's was a 9-projector multiplexer. I proposed a satiric, animated, comedy show, called "*Nightmares*." I used my AVL demo show—*You Can't Stop a Dove!*—to persuade Ed to take a chance on a comedic approach, instead of the kind of cliché new-product presentation typified by Duffy White's Travler III demo show (mentioned earlier). [See: 1977 – *Dove Show – Old Philosopher*]

Doing or saying anything comedic is taking a risk. No joke. (hahaha) None of us likes to tell a joke that falls flat. But we all appreciate comics.

Unlike the Dove Show, *Nightmares* was a show without words. OK, not entirely, but there were just a few lines at the end, narrated by Peter Thomas. I have neither the script nor a copy of the show [believe it or not, McTighe never kept a copy (!)] so I can only paraphrase the parody:

*Nightmares* starred character actor Marty Sherman in the role of a hapless slide show producer. The opening title was done with a Halloween-style type (I think it was called "Shock"); in the upper corner an illustrated bat flapped its wings; a sinister laugh was heard in the background: "Heh heh heh heh heh."

As the titles faded, Marty was revealed sitting on the bed in his pyjamas, winding an old-fashion alarm clock (the really annoying kind, with the two bells on top); Brahms *Lullaby & Goodnight* played softly in the background.

Marty puts the clock on the bedside table, next to a reminder note that says: 6:00 am rehearsal. Don't be late!

Marty falls asleep and starts to dream [Brahms continued].

Marty's smile turns to a frown as his face turns green and Brahms Lullaby warps into an off-key version before fading to the sound of an old, overburdened elevator creaking in protest. As the cab passes by, Marty is revealed totally engulfed in AV shipping cases, like a sardine in a can.

Thus, began a series of a dozen episodes parodying the nightmarish perils of staging slide shows, with a background soundscape of noises and effects. The animated sequences shot at LaGuardia Airport were among the most memorable scenes. You couldn't film those scenes today, what with all the security. Imagine showing up at the check-in desk with 36 shipping cases? Of course, I called American Airlines ahead of time, to coordinate.

New York's Finest were equally cooperative. For the scene of the taxi towing a parade of gear cases, the cops blocked-off a lane right in front of the terminal building.



The nightmares culminated with a New York City blackout caused by an overloaded power strip connected to Marty's slide show.



The loud crackle of the shorted power strip is overridden by the louder sound of Marty's alarm clock.

Marty awakes with a start; his face drips with sweat. The announcer (Peter Thomas) begins:

ANNOUNCER  
(Paraphrased)

Multi-image shows can be a nightmare.

As the narrator continues, a puzzled look comes over Marty.

ANNOUNCER

Skip the risks with Slide Transfer Service.

Marty imagines himself dropping a 16 mm movie into a municipal post box; he looks proud and happy as he does so.

ANNOUNCER

Post your show and rest easy.

A smile comes over Marty's face. He wipes the sweat off his brow and falls back onto the bed. It was a dream.

ANNOUNCER

Our transfers are a dream come true.

Nightmares went on to win silver at the Vail Festival and IFPA [Information Film Producers Association] competition, as well as a special IFPA award for animation.

Watch a video of the show at Vimeo: <https://vimeo.com/manage/videos/913494589>

Ed McTigue had these kind words about the show: “I can’t remember the date. At almost 78 [in 2018] I can’t always remember what I had for breakfast. As far as the demo show “Nightmares” it was a large hit and as with other demo shows it helped show of AVL’s equipment capabilities. Over the years we used only a few top AV Producers to work with AVT to produce entertaining shows that not only entertained but used our equipment to its fullest. Nightmares was one of the best.”

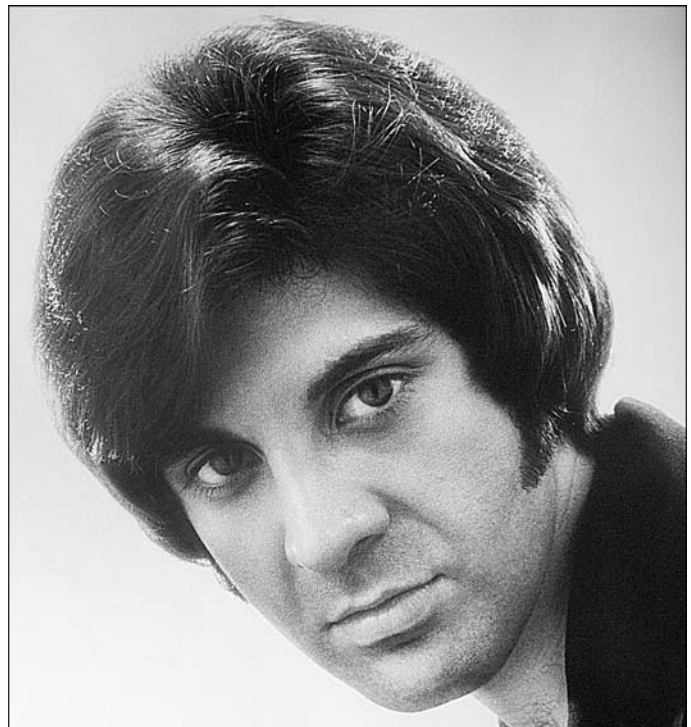
McTigue outlasted all his competitors; his survival was enabled by embracing the Internet. He split from STS, leaving it the hands of former partner, Len Levin, and opened his own transfer service—AVT [AV Transfer]—in his home town of Atlantic Highlands. That company morphed into an internet company called TV Path. [Read more in the Appendix: *From Ed McTigue*. Spoiler Alert: The market for video transfers of slide shows died along with multi-image at the end of the 80s. When I closed Incredible Slidemakers in 1981, I packed up my Buhl 6-port multiplexer and brought it with me to Hawaii, first, and then to Australia, in hopes of selling it to Sonargraphics. But by then, multiplexers were white elephants. I dragged it with me to Sweden, too, where I abandoned it, at AVC. I heard that Johan Lindstrom adopted it and made a bundle doing video content for McDonalds. Ha!]

In Volume Eleven you’ll find a portfolio of images from the show, at page 2795, here: [http://mesney.com/AnIncredibleEpic/INCREDIBLE\\_EPIC\\_11\\_33.7\\_Volume\\_Eleven\\_Confessions\\_23.10.11\\_with\\_plates\\_Web.pdf](http://mesney.com/AnIncredibleEpic/INCREDIBLE_EPIC_11_33.7_Volume_Eleven_Confessions_23.10.11_with_plates_Web.pdf)

## 1976 – Peters Place – A Cut Above

Salvador Cannizzaro (Fred’s older brother) took a keen interest in slide shows when Pat and I showed him Incredible’s demo shows. Sal went by an assumed identity and called himself Cesare Charro—the name Cesare is Latin and means “head of hair.” Ha!

Cesare (who passed away in Las Vegas a decade ago) worked as a hair stylist for Peter Copolla. But he did a lot more for Copolla than just cut and styling coifs; he ran the salon—called Peter’s Place—and was the ever-enthusiastic and supremely motivational leader of the salon’s team of young cutters and colorists; and he was loved and respected by all. He was my kind of man; one who brushes aside obstacles and gets things done.



Cesare dreamt of one day having his own chain of salons called Cesare's Élite; he was learning the ropes running Peter's Place, as a successful hair salon in a rich, suburban enclave called Great Neck, 22 miles [~35 kilometers] east of New York City. Peter Copolla and Cesare emulated Vidal Sassoon's styling, the "geometric-cut." Their plan was to parlay Peter's Place into a franchised network of salons around the world, like Vidal's. Peter's lawyer, Lenny Nedlin, ran the business behind the scenes; he was as straight as a rubber band.

There is a saying in the academic world: "Publish or perish." The same held true in the fashion world—publicity was needed to become a star; the more the better. Peter and Cesare were both keenly aware they needed exposure in the press. Lenny was supposed to be the PR man, but he was trained as a lawyer and knew nothing about the ins and outs of either the public and press relations or even how to write a news release. That became painfully evident to me the day that Cesare brought Peter and Lenny to the studio to see our demo.

I could see the wheels spinning in their heads as they watched our shows and special effects slides. At the end of the demo, Fred turned to me with a smile on his face and gave me a knowing nod; he knew that his brother and his partners were sold. The conversation turned to making a show about Peter's Place.

Sal explained that the end goal was to get Peter known in fashion's big leagues. A proven road to success was being selected by a major personal-care-products company to be a brand ambassador—to become a super-star stylist. Their target was Clairol; they wanted Peter's Place to be included in Clairol's elite roster of test salons and for Copolla to represent Clairol at pageants and beauty shows.

Clairol had their pick and choice among top salons and talents. Peter was competing against other stylists without the benefit of a reputation enhanced by publicity. He would have to make a big splash to get Clairol's attention. Peter and Lenny (especially) immediately clued-in to Cesare's idea for using a slide show to make that splash; few other salons or stylists had used slide shows to promote themselves. That was surprising considering the number of beauty and fashion shows held all over the world, all the time.

Publicity for the salon was another goal. For that, PR mastermind Don O'Neill attended the pitch. He agreed to work with me as a freelancer, moonlighting from his job at Burson-Marsteller. We both reckoned that the chances of him getting caught were miniscule; little businesses like Peter's Place weren't on the big agency's radar.

Don and I had become close; we had discussed going into a partnership, although nothing substantial or permanent materialized from those discussions. Don worked with me on the Peter's Place account until Lenny Nedlin stiffed us, when the salon went down. But I am getting ahead of myself.

Cesare's idea was to combine a 6-projector slide show—full screen and "quad" images—with live, on-stage appearances of the same models appearing in the slide show.



1976 | PETER'S PLACE SHOW | PLATE N° 1

*Above: Scene from show's finale. | Below: Your's Truly with Cesare Charro (left) and anonymous.*



1976 | PETER'S PLACE SHOW | PLATE N° 2

*Full cast of the show. | Cesare Charro is fifth from right in back row. | salon manager, Joseph, is first row center.*



Lenny choked when I presented him with a budget for the show Cesare mapped out, but we got the job. Nedlin realized that the publicity generated by being on the Clairol team would more than offset the costs of an Incredible show.

Working with Cesare, I prepared a 20-minute musical track that was divided by decades into six parts: 1920s, '30s, '40s, '50s, '60s, and '70s. The soundtrack was a cavalcade of pop hits from those eras, cut to 4-minutes each.

Likewise, six representational hairstyles were presented. The first three minutes of each module presented Copolla styling the hair, step-by-step, from start to finish; those pictures were shot with available light.

The last minute was devoted to strobe-lit beauty shots. The climax of each module was the live appearance of the model, who seemed to step out of the picture(s) onto the stage.

I spent hours at the Great Neck salon watching Peter and Cesare re-create classic old styles and imaginative new ones. I looked forwards to going to work there. The salon business was a beautiful new world. just about everyone who worked in the beauty business was happy and looked their best; life was a positive thing for them. Or was it?

As mentioned, the screen area was divided into four quadrants, with a pair of projectors aimed at each; another two projectors covered the entire screen. The quadrant pictures appeared brighter than the full screen pictures (because the light was concentrated on smaller areas); but nobody complained.

Full-screen images, being less bright, were effective backdrops for the live models who stepped onto the stage at the end of each section. The models added considerable theatrics to each performance. They wore the same hair and outfits as seen on the screen(s); the audiences got a big kick out of that. When the model(s) left the stage, the next section would begin with brighter quad images.

Everything worked well and the results exceeded expectations. We had under-promised and over-delivered. Peter spent his money well; our impressive presentation won him entry into the Clairol's exclusive, inner circle of salon celebrities. On the flip side of that coin, Lenny Nedlin over-promised and under-delivered; not just to Incredible.

Peter's Place went bankrupt a year later; Nedlin and Capolla stripped the salon bare the night before the Sherriff locked the doors; they disappeared into the sunset.

Cesare's dream came true; with Peter's Place out of the way, he took the top talents from Peter's former team and opened his first Cesare's Élite salon.

I helped him out with some *pro bono* work, shooting publicity pictures of Cesare styling hair and beauty shots of Cesare's Élite shampoo products.



1977 | CESARE CHARRO'S ELITE | PLATE N° 1

*Publicity picture of Cesare's crew taken during construction of their salon.*



1977 | CESARE CHARRO'S ELITE | PLATE N° 2

*Publicity picture of Cesare and his crew taken during construction of his first salon.*

## 1976 – Clairol – Big Bang

I was as anxious as Peter Coppola to make a good impression on Clairol. Before the doors to Peter’s Place closed, a larger portal opened. Clairol’s PR manager, Jack Shore, was on the panel judging the Peter’s Place presentation. He liked what he saw and organized a three-city tour of the Peter’s Place show under the Clairol banner.

The show in Chicago turned into a disaster when the hotel delivered 220-volt electricity to the projection grid instead of normal, 110-volt current. The crossed wires were in the electrical distribution panel. Nobody was aware of the problem until the first dissolve unit blew up, with a loud bang and a small mushroom cloud. Then, in the order that they had been turned on, the rest of the dissolves exploded, one by one. Sparks flew all along the 30-foot-wide scaffold; it was like the Fourth of July: bang... bam...kaboom! When the audio amp blew, there was a 6-foot-high mushroom cloud. It was a Murphy’s Law moment.

Three years later I received a check from the hotel, making good on my gear; but there was nothing that could be done that day to save the slide show. Instead, Peter and Cesare talked their way through. Peter’s live demos and Cesare’s model parades satisfied the audience. They must have wondered, though, about the strange-looking, foul-smelling equipment in the back of the hall.

To digress for a moment, about Murphy and his law: There’s truth to it: “What can go wrong *will* go wrong.” Further, there should be a caveat to Murphy’s Law: “What goes wrong will come out of left field; a *Black Swan* event that can neither be anticipated nor prepared for.

The time I spent in the AV business converted me to a *prepper*. I spent a lot of time examining things from all angles, looking for weak links, trying to anticipate what could go wrong, and prepare accordingly. It was a state of mind necessary to work on projects that could not fail. The challenges of show business were existential; every job was do or die. The cardinal rule was simple and you’ve heard it before: the show must go on; the audience only comes once. Dropping a show was a mortal offence, a virtual death sentence. Just ask Mark Buckland, son of multi-image giant Leslie Buckland.<sup>65</sup>

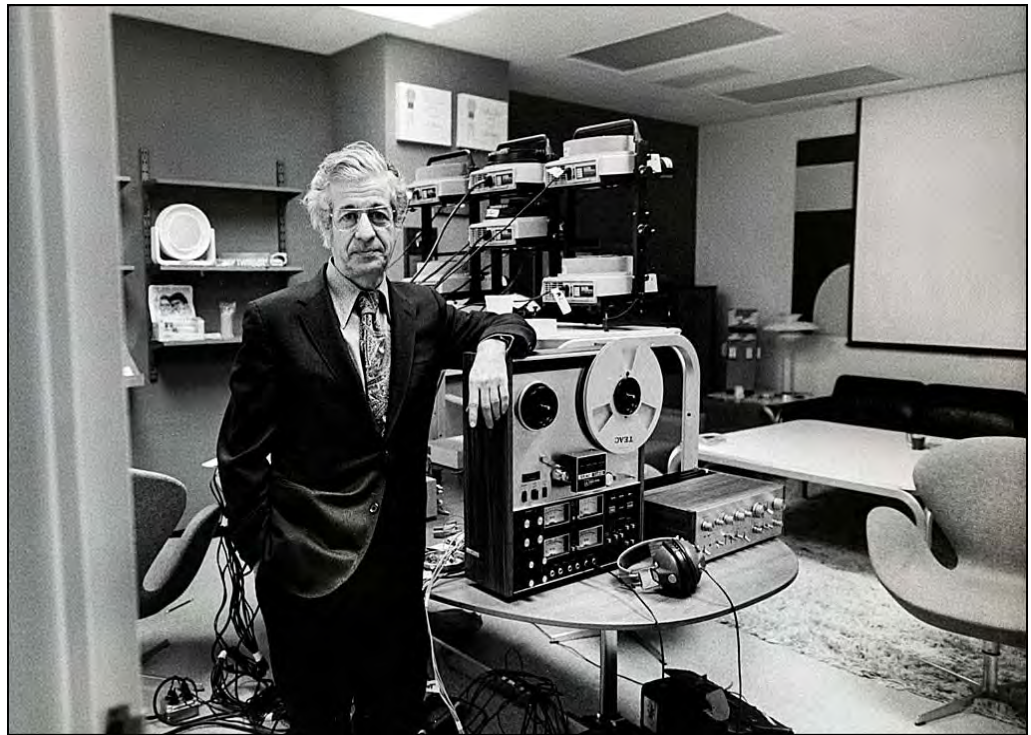
Following in his father’s formidable footsteps, Mark started his own meetings & events production company. His Caribiner family name opened a lot of big doors for Mark; he played in the big leagues. Then, Mark dropped a Ford show. He never recovered; it was a fatal failure. Making matters worse for Mark, I heard that another client caught him smoking weed in the parking lot of the theater. The elder Buckland must have been appalled by his son’s downfall. Leslie Buckland would never risk any possibility of failure. He was a mountain climber—in the record books as the eldest man to have ascended Mt. Everest, a mountain he climbed several times. For a climber, failure could mean physical death. In the business world, failure could mean commercial death. Leslie Buckland took no chances in either. [For more, see the Caribiner stories in the Appendix.]

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<sup>65</sup> Buckland founded Caribiner, the era’s biggest meetings and events company. His big idea was to rent shows. Rentals eliminated the need for expensive original productions. It was win-win; client’s saved money and Buckland made more. With Caribiner, clients could choose from a variety of pre-made slide shows—called “modules”—about universal themes, like: Winning, Teamwork, Achievement; you get the idea. The basic modules were customized with client-specific logos, graphics, and pictures.

Besides being Clairol's PR manager, Jack Shore also sat on the board of an international association of hair stylists called InterCoiffure.

The élite organization held annual "Olympics" during Paris Fashion Week. National teams competed for gold—as well as publicity and promotional money—in a rarified international setting.



Jack Shore in Clairol's conference room; the six-projector, quad format rig is behind him.

Shore connected me with Viola Rossi and Judy Guerin, InterCoiffure's publicists. They oversaw organizing a team of super-star stylists to represent America at Intercoiffure's Riviera rendezvous.

Rossi was diminutive and largely ineffectual. Shore called the shots. He wanted the American entry to be a show just like the Peter's Place demo, but instead of presenting six heads by one stylist, it would present the work of five different stylists.

Sharon Esche was our day-to-day contact person at Clairol; she and Viola did the heavy lifting. Producing the show involved shooting the five hair dressers in their own salons, working on their Intercoiffure hairstyles. Each case history began with a picture story about the salon, segued into a "how-to" section about the featured style, and finished with beauty shots of completed coifs. Like the Peter's Place show, the models in the slide show also appeared live on stage. Photographing the six American salon celebrities was a cross-country excursion. My shoot list included: Leslie Blanchard (New York, New York), Diego Messina (Boston, Massachusetts), Don Shaw (Atlanta, Georgia), Yuki's Diffusion (San Francisco), and Canadian Michael Kluthé (Montréal, Québec - shot in my studio instead of flying me to Canada).





The shoot at Diego Messina's salon, in Boston, was the most memorable of the five gigs. The assignment started out normally enough; it was to be another "one-day wonder."

I took an early morning flight out of LaGuardia. I had too much baggage to start hailing cabs; there were four cases of lighting gear and two big tubes containing tripods and lighting umbrellas. Choice messenger service picked me up in a van; it was a run they had made for me many times—out in the early morning, and back again, late at night.

Today, it would be a major hassle to travel with so much baggage; back then, it was easy; there were Skycaps ready, willing and able to be of assistance, in more ways than one. For those guys, I always made sure to have enough cash. Fifty bucks covered me that day; the Skycaps tagged my gear and sent it down the chute; there were no baggage searches, back then. At Logan Field in Boston, the process reversed; another fifty got my stuff right out the door and into another messenger van, arranged for me by Choice.

Messina's salon was a townhouse in the trendy Back Bay section the city, just east of Boston University, the source of his model. The salon was a lot like the old Wannamaker mansion, where I had my studio. Like me, Diego lived on top of the store. I forewarned Diego what to expect—lots of lights and tripods. The salon had been prepped for the shoot. An area had been cleared, with a chair set in the center. I could shoot from any angle around Diego and his model. Getting shots from interesting angles was what good photography was all about; showing things from points of view not normally seen.

It was a three-part shoot that began with general shots in and around the salon, enough to give a sense of the place. Because Diego's was a small ("intimate") salon, that reportage was over and done with before lunch—wine, cheese and prosciutto-wrapped asparagus. Yum. After lunch was the most excruciating part of the job: shooting a step-by-step "how it's done" documentary about the hairstyle Diego was presenting. Being a show off, Messina chose to style a complex, '40s-era coif. That involved a lot of work: cutting, coloring and perming. His entry won bonus points; perming was a tricky business in and of itself; but to combine a perm with color, *oi vey*.

I shot the documentary stuff using available light, so that it looked different from the strobe-lit beauty shots. When the available light was too shadowy, an assistant normally followed me, with a light stick or small bowl reflector, to fill in the worst shadows. But not in this case. The window light was blocked with black Duvetyne to eliminate any chance of daylight mixing with the studio lights, creating odd colors.<sup>66</sup> With the windows blocked, the salon became a private world.

In Diego's studio the lighting was particularly harsh—he used those little, low-voltage spotlights—but I didn't mind the nitty-gritty look and used no fill lights. In fact, I enhanced the "grit" by using Ektachrome High Speed film [6036] with its ASA [ISO] 200 exposure index quadrupled, to 800.

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<sup>66</sup> Compared to each other, studio lights are warm (reddish), while daylight is cold (bluish).

The extended development time increased the size of the film-emulsion *grains*, giving the pictures a sand-like texture. Those pictures were also less saturated and more contrasty than the ones shot on Kodachrome 64 [6033] with balanced-light.<sup>67</sup>

Diego dismissed his staff early, so the three of us—me, Diego and his model—had the place to ourselves. It was soon obvious to me that Messina was a masterful stylist, that he was a hairdresser’s hairdresser. However, the three different procedures took more time than I planned for; the perming alone took two hours.

I changed my return-flight reservation, on Eastern Airlines’ Boston Shuttle, to the last flight out, at 10:00 pm [22:00]. At 8:00 pm [21:00] I wrapped the shoot and was about half-way through packing the gear when Choice called to say that all flights in and out of Logan Field had been cancelled, due to the snow. What? None of us had noticed that it had started to snow around lunchtime; the ensuing blizzard—when it snows in Boston, it really snows—paralyzed the city.

Diego called the Ritz-Carlton hotel and put me up for the night there; they didn’t call it the Ritz for nothing. But he wouldn’t let me go without cutting my hair. We were all tipsy by then. For the first time in years, I looked styled. Call it vanity, but I felt like a better me.

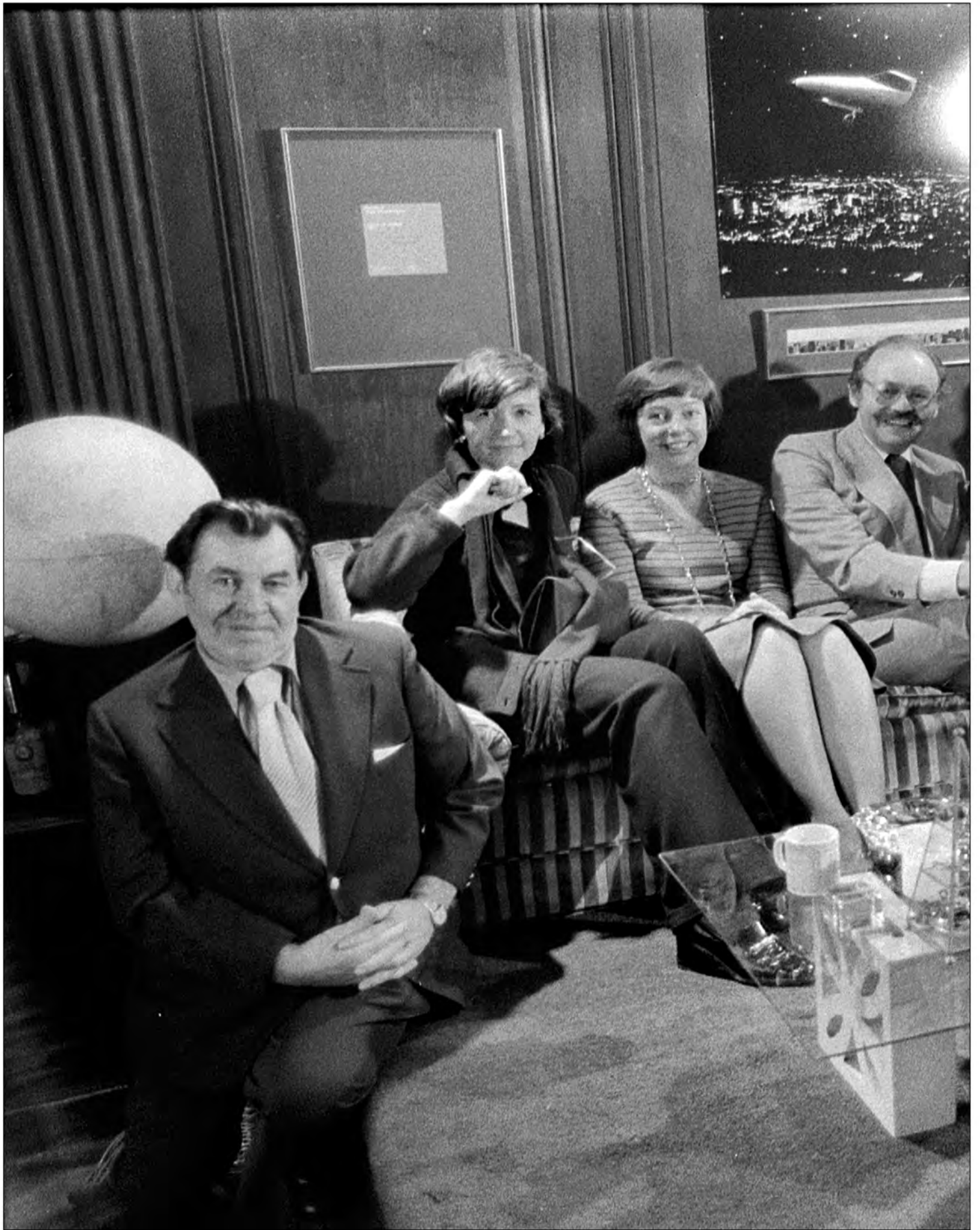


Back in the studio, the show came together in short order. The soundtrack was a snap to assemble, just seven songs cut together. Pat Billings helped assemble the show, took it to Monaco and it staged at the Intercoiffure competition.

Life was good among the beautiful people. Hairdressers and stylists were a genuinely happy bunch. Their positive energy rubbed off on me. I got into beauty work. I was too chicken to cut hair, although I wanted to. But I had a shampoo sink installed in the photo studio and took up coloring as a hobby. My claim to fame was a streak job I did on Mona Banning<sup>68</sup> using seven shades of blonde; it turned out stunningly, if I don’t say so, myself, in all modesty.

<sup>67</sup> Balanced light means that the difference between the lightest and darkest points is within the range—called *latitude*—of the capture media; for film, that range was about eight f-stops; however, the effective range was only two f-stops; given a portrait, for example, the difference between the highlights and shadows could only be two “stops,” if you wanted to be able to see into the shadow areas, to reveal “shadow detail.” The technical name for such balance is contrast; with no contrast everything is lit evenly, the look is flat; for a normal look, the two-stop range was ideal; beyond a two-stop differential, shadows would darken, becoming more “dramatic,” while highlights washed out.

<sup>68</sup> Bob Banning’s daughter and I had an off-and-on sex thing going on for years; but, our visits became infrequent before finally ending after a final triste, in San Francisco, ten years later.



1975 | CLAIROL EDITORS' SCREENING AT 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 1  
AL2R: Anonymous, Judy Guerin, Sharon Esche, Robert "Bob" Oppenheim (Salon Division Manager).





1975 | CLAIROL EDITORS' SCREENING AT 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 2  
*Three anonymous lady editors, Ken Perry (never happy when Openheim was around) and Jack Shore.*

## 1976 – Ardell – Hennalucent



The late, great, Arnold Miller.

The InterCoiffure show led Arnie Miller to our studio. Miller was a successful salon owner turned manufacturer and marketer. With his wife, Sydell, he built a company called Ardell [Arnold & Sydell]. Their product was called Hennalucent, a color and conditioner combo that gave hair a light, transparent color tint together with incredible body and shine. Natural henna, while it gave color, made hair brittle and subject to breakage. Arnie's product made hair stronger, not more brittle. (You can take my word for it; I had long hair and Arnie's product worked for me; I used the very lightest shades; I was after was conditioning, not color.)

Incredible's first production for Arnie was a documentary about Hennalucent used at major beauty shows. By that time, I knew a thing or two about cutting and coloring. I had photographing hair down cold; I knew how to light hair and how not to (equally important).

All the shooting for that first show was done at Arnie's salon and Ardell's manufacturing plant, both in Solon, Ohio. There was no photo studio at the salon, no professional lighting system; instead, I worked with available light.

It was that natural look that set the Hennalucent show apart. Most professional fashion and beauty photographers were strictly studio people; their work looked *produced*, less authentic, whereas our show had the editorial look and feel of a documentary; it was that look that contributed to the show's credibility (and success).

Editorial stories had greater credibility than slick ads; people flipped past advertisements and spent more time with reading news and editorial views, seeking truth instead of hyperbole. As I transitioned into the slide-show business, the lessons I learned in the industrial direct-mail promotion business influenced the kinds of shows I made. Documentaries were my preference, using case-histories in which credible people told the story, with a professional narrator bridging their gaps.



1977 | ARDELL | HENNALUCENT PHOTO SHOOT | PLATE N° 1

*Top, L2R: Pat Billings, Fred Cannizzaro, Your's Truly, anonymous models and Arnold Miller at work.*



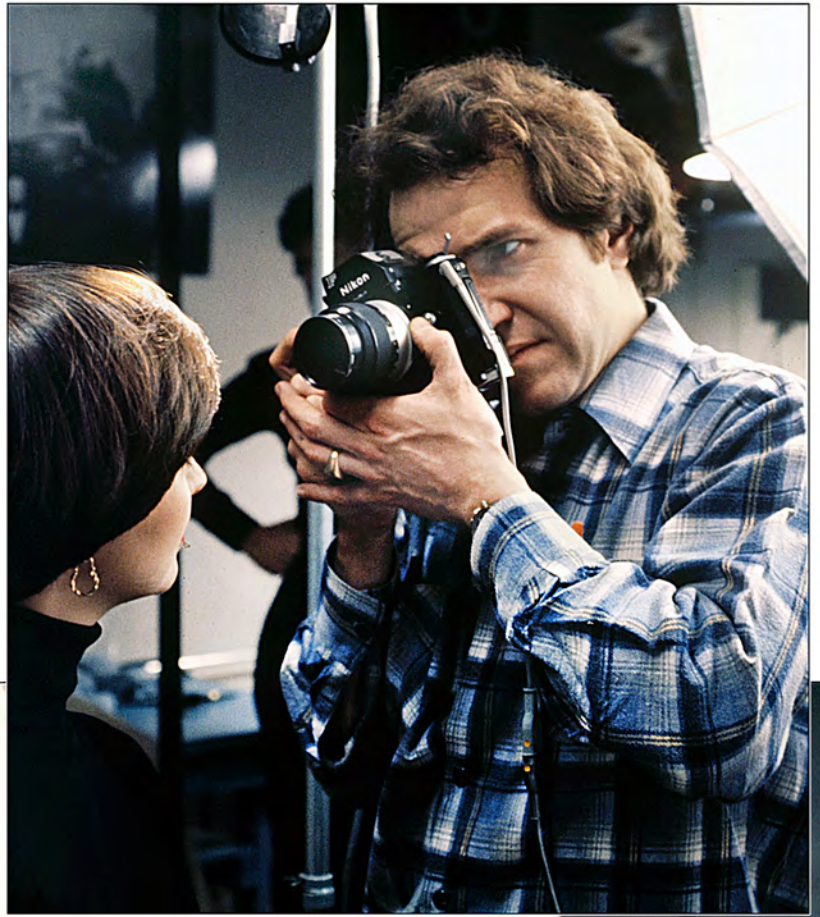
1977 | ARDELL | HENNALUCENT PHOTO SHOOT | PLATE N° 2

*Hairstyle photography was all about lighting | Every detail had to be perfect | There was no Photoshop.*



1977 | ARDELL | HENNALUCENT PHOTO SHOOT | PLATE N° 3

*Cesare Charro (left) watches as Arnie Miller and I direct Pat Billings adjusting back light, above.*



1977 | ARDELL | HENNALUCENT PHOTO SHOOT | PLATE N° 4

*Your's Truly memorializing Arnold Miller's work.*

One year after the HennaLucent show, Ardell morphed into Matrix Essentials, a new and much larger company offering a full range of products for salon professionals. With his new company, Arnie became an ~~arch-enemy~~ formidable competitor to the Salon Division of Clairol. Today, working for both Matrix and Clairol at the same time would probably be considered a conflict of interest today; back then we just worked things out.

Incredible did much more business with Clairol than Matrix; projects ranged from elaborate slide shows for big meetings and events, down to mass-produced filmstrips<sup>69</sup> for training programs. However, I had a much closer relationship with the Millers. Arnie became a mentor; he and Sydell invited me into their personal lives. We lost touch when I closed Incredible Slidemakers. When I returned from Sweden, Arnie offered me a job at Matrix, as a creative director. However, after just a few months he died and his brother-in-law, who took control of Matrix, let me go. But I am getting way ahead of myself.

### 1976 – Luminize– New Look of Blonde

Ken Perry joined Clairol as a marketing manager about the same time I started working for Jack Shore and InterCoiffure. He came to the company with an idea for a new product; Clairol bought the idea and hired Ken to bring Luminize to market.

Luminize was a hair lightener. There were already plenty of those on the market. Ken's genius was redefining lightening as *Luminizing*. The product also had plenty of conditioners. The glossy finish enhanced color *depth*. Luminize "illuminated" hair, enhancing color saturation.

Ken called the show, *The New Look of Blonde*. He arranged for super-star stylists and make-up artists to work on Luminized hairdos. The investment I made in a full Balcar strobe-lighting system paid off big time. I could shoot Kodachrome—ISO 25—at f: 22. My photos looked spectacular—as good as the big guys: Avedon, Penn and Scavullo.



Leslie Blanchard styling anonymous model.

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<sup>69</sup> As described earlier, filmstrips [aka stripfilms] were an older AV technology, pre-dating slides; all the scenes were on one continuous strip of 35 mm film. Filmstrips were used everywhere when I was growing up; we had them at school; salesmen used them too; then slides became more popular, eventually eclipsing filmstrip presentations.

At that juncture, the studio had just enough people; there were about a dozen of us, all on the same mission; we functioned like a well-oiled machine and worked hard at pushing the envelope, making every new show bigger and better than the last. “You’re only as good as your last show” became our mantra.

Luminize was introduced at a Clairol sales meeting held at a posh beach resort in rural Puerto Rico. I recall the night all the AV gear was carried from the airport to the seaside resort in an old wooden cart drawn by a pair of oxen. Equipment cases were hanging over the sides, held in place by frayed-rope nets. What a contrast that was—20<sup>th</sup> century gear schlepped by an 18<sup>th</sup> ox cart.

It was an era of corporate affluence not unlike today (2018). Despite incipient inflation, the economy was rebounding from the post-oil-embargo recession. There was an air of optimism. We were the beneficiaries of production budgets that grew larger and larger, supporting the creative exploration of visual technology and style.

The *New Look of Blonde* show was Incredible’s most ambitious show to date. The format was a three-screen panorama with six projectors per screen. Because the AVL ShowPro II only controlled 15 projectors, I used two of them.

The show opened with an imaginative 18-projector animation of a magician’s wand that swept across a starfield to reveal a dreamy blonde beauty. The intro sequence, shot by Pat Billings and Jim Casey, was Incredible’s first flight of fancy, our first foray into studio animation. Previously, our shows were more “serious.”

I forget why and how, but Robert Oppenheim took the reins at Clairol’s Salon Division. He had been a highly-paid consultant who had worked his way around the C-suites of the beauty industry; I never could quite figure what Oppenheim actually did. Anyway, Oppenheim brought in Ray Kingsley as a financial controller; he was a thorn in Ken Perry’s side. Ken got financially shackled, didn’t like it, and was soon out.

We continued working with Clairol, but when Ken left, he took the creative spirit of the department with him. Perry’s exciting shows devolved into practical promotions like training films, released to beauty schools in the form of stripfilms, as described earlier.

While Clairol’s work made me a lot of money, the work became dull and meaningless; that drudgery made me start to question, why am I doing this? I missed Ken Perry’s enthusiasm and ingenuity.

## **1976 – Zotos – New Wave**

Ken Perry was working on a perm idea for Clairol at the time of his departure. Bob Oppenheim quashed Ken’s plans, but that was more of a political vendetta, not any kind of strategic decision on Oppenheim’s part.

Two months after he quit Clairol, Perry became ad manager for Zotos; the company specialized in permanent-wave chemistry and was a fierce competitor for Clairol’s Salon Division for that segment of the market.



What? You never heard of Zotos? Neither had I, nor anyone else I knew. However, the company had been around for a half century.

It was started in 1929 by chemist Ralph Evans and advertising man Neil Andrews. Their first product was the “machine-less” [i.e., chemical] permanent wave.<sup>70</sup>

Zotos’ success was based on the exclusivity of their permanent waving products; you could only buy their stuff in professional salons; they did no retail business at all. Ken capitalized on that exclusivity.

It was challenging for Clairol to attract the pros while advertising their retail products were just like the ones sold in salons. Professional hair stylists preferred to work with and sell products that were not sold retail. After all, why would someone pay a salon’s fees to apply chemistry they could apply themselves?

On the other hand, Zotos perm products were only available at salons. Hairdressers could sell them at premium prices without concern that their clients might see the same stuff on the supermarket shelf at half the price.

Perry took advantage of Clairol’s credibility problem. He was out for revenge, hell bent to de-throne Clairol in the permanent wave market.

Perms had been out pretty much since the ‘40s. Ken’s plan was to bring perms back.

The challenge was that perming had been out for so long that hairdressers didn’t know much about how to do permanent waves anymore.



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<sup>70</sup> Permanent waving is no easy thing to do; the first perms were done using big machines that set waves by heat (think hot rollers—very hot rollers); today, there’s still all the curling and clipping, but chemicals (strong, noxious ones) set the waves. Ken reckoned that salons would love perming because it makes money for them; for a perm, they could charge as much as complex color work.

So, Ken hired Incredible to produce an educational documentary about the Zotos permanent waving system, to teach the new generation about perms. He reckoned the time was right for a *new wave* in hair styling.

Ken knew that, "Unseen, untold is unsold."<sup>71</sup> He understood that successful products filled people's needs, be they real or imagined. To sell permanent-waving chemistry, Ken had to create in people's minds a need for the stuff; he had to create a market where none had existed for nearly three decades.

Making perms cool was job number one; that meant model shows as well as brochures, catalogues and beauty-shot posters for display in salons. Job number two was training salon professionals. Ken's plan for that was to make a documentary extravaganza about the history of permanent waving and Zotos' proud, half-century heritage as leaders in permanent-wave chemistry.

Zotos certainly needed Ken's help. They were a stodgy company, set in their ways. Ralph Evans was way past retirement age but was still involved in everything. Although out of touch with the styles of the times, the old curmudgeon appreciated the market analysis and promotion plans that Ken had developed at Clairol and hired him to execute those plans to bring Zotos out of the doldrums and into the limelight. Ken's mission was to overturn Zotos' archaic image and make the company relevant again.

Ken and I fashioned the show together; Ken was what you'd call an *involved* client; he loved hanging out in the studio, wanted to have a hand in everything; it got annoying, even though we were friends as well as colleagues.

The Zotos show was an *edutainment* piece modelled after Incredible's *InterCoiffure* presentation. Ken saw that show in my studio, before Pat Billings took it to Monaco. As you'll recall, Diego Messina did a fabulous 1940s perm for that show. Ken remembered that segment; he wanted the Zotos show to feature six super-star stylists as good at perming as Diego. However, besides Messina (who was under contract to Clairol) there were none to be found.

Ken ended up hiring a few no-name stylists, bringing them to the Zotos salon at the company's Darien [Connecticut] headquarters, and teaching them how to perm. In the end, we got what was needed for the didactic documentary.

Producing the Zotos show put our Clairol work at risk. While Ken knew of our ongoing work with his former employer, he shrugged it off. However, Bob Oppenheim's crew at Clairol took umbrage and suggested that our work for both companies was a conflict of interest. The studio had to be sanitized of all things Zotos before anyone from Clairol was admitted.

The dicey situation was exacerbated when Pat Billing's left Incredible; she was deep into the Clairol-Incredible-Zotos politik; everyone wondered, why was she leaving?  
[See: *1976 – Fight with O'Neill – Pat Leaves*]

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<sup>71</sup> "Unseen, untold is unsold" was the motto cum mandate of the Skechers footwear company.



1977 | ZOTOS | PHOTO SHOOT AT HAIR SURGEON | CINCINNATI | PLATE N° 1

*Unfortunately, everyone's anonymous except Your's Truly. | Below, model holds gray card for calibration shot.*



1977 | ZOTOS | PHOTO SHOOT AT HAIR SURGEON | CINCINNATI | PLATE N° 2  
*Unfortunately, everyone's anonymous except Your's Truly.*

## 1976 – AMR *Time* – Risky Business

Through Hill & Knowlton [the world's largest public relations firm], Incredible got recommended to Advanced Management Research [AMR], a young and growing company whose mission statement was to improve corporate efficiency; they were what you'd call "bean counters."

AMR wanted a presentation to use at trade shows, meetings and events. The challenge was coming up with an entertaining concept—how could *efficiency* be illustrated? The client had nothing to show, except an office full of suits, phones and computer terminals.

At first, I wasn't going to take-on the project. However, the president of AMR put his personal assistant in charge of working with me on the show. Her name was Sherri; she was an eager beaver and a cute one. I was convinced that she and her boss had a thing going; but Sherri was so flirty with me that I agreed to do the show. (One never knows, eh? Wink wink.)

The solution for the AMR show was an esoteric approach rather than being erudite. I wrote a philosophical script for a six-projector, single-screen show called "*Time*." The script elaborated on the enigmatic nature of time and efficiency, about how the measurement of time defines efficiency. That script didn't fly; the client wanted a documentary. However, Sheri managed to convince her boss that my script was the way to go. After that, he left things to her; that made things easy for me.

The show started with a laundry list of the many ways we are influenced by time, how schedules and clocks rule us. Peter Thomas narrated the script; he could make anybody's writing sound good, and the *Time* show was no exception.

Intercut with Peter's narration were interstitials by Isaac Asimov, the famous sci-fi writer. AMR had a speaking deal with Asimov; they made him available for us to interview and photograph. Asimov made our job easy. He had a lot to say on the subject of time; and enjoyed being photographed by Pat Billings, in our studio; he was intrigued by our multi projector technique.

Today, I would be loath to write the kind of script I penned for *Time*—because illustrating it would cost a fortune. For example: one of the big scenes in the show was a build-up of clocks; one clock became a complex collage of more than 100 of them, covering the span of a paragraph discussing the impact of clocks on civilization.

Today, purchasing the audiovisual repro rights to 120 pictures would cost a fortune; back then, we just cut them out of magazines and assembled the collage on a 30 X 20-inch [~76 X 51 centimeters] sheet of a glossy-black *Flint paper* (normal black paper photographs as dark gray).

The big collage was built on the stage of the Forox camera; with the *Flint paper* taped into a stationary position, we began by pasting down the first cut-out clock, and shooting a slide of it; then we added a second clock, shot a second slide, and so on.

The 100 slides, when projected at a rate of 6 slides per second, made an effective time-lapse sequence that played for nearly 20 seconds—all for the cost of a dozen magazines and a sheet of Flint paper. There is no question that we violated every copyright law in the land; but swiping pictures from printed publications was, in many cases, the way slide shows were made back in the early days. [Not unlike what happens on the internet these days.] In fact, we had a huge archive of swiped art; we called it the Everything Book; a half-dozen thick ring binders containing hundreds—thousands—of dupes and out-takes from all our shows. The Everything Books were an esoteric collection of images that bailed us out of many a jam, when we needed just the right picture in the wee small hours. However, by 1976 I was getting nervous about our copyright infringements; we were becoming well known, serving more important clients, with bigger fish to fry. Our work was being seen more publicly; that increased our risks on orders of magnitude. By the end of the year, the Everything Books were put on the back shelf, where they collected dust for the next thirty-five years. I kept them to the bitter end; you know, *just in case...*

### 1976 – Hard Drinkers – Soft & Fuzzy



Around the time that we were producing shows for Peter's Place and InterCoiffure, Chuck Kappenman (left) hired Canadian-born Bryan King (right) to become AVL's sales manager.

It was a strategic move for any number of reasons, not the least of which being that Kappenman and Ed McTigue had a falling out. Chuck bought out Ed's 50% interest and Ed left the company. The dispute was over the direction the company should go and how it should get there. Now, with that matter settled, Chuck needed a new sales manager and looked north to find one.

Bryan and Chuck met at AV House, in Toronto. Bryan was a dyed-in-the-wool wheeler-dealer born with the gift of gab. King could out-schmooze (and out-drink) nearly everyone. Chuck was obviously impressed with King and AV House; no doubt because the state of the AV arts was more advanced in Toronto than most other markets. That probably had something to do with the Expo '67 World's Fair, where the work of Josef Svoboda made a huge impact on media producers. Svoboda certainly influenced me, when I saw his work in Prague. [See: *1990 – Christmas Holiday – Bonding in Budapest*]

AV House was among AVL's top customers. They were pioneering slide shows that were ahead of the curve; as was John Olsen Communications, where David Fellowes, an ex-patriot Brit (brother of Julian Fellowes, creator of *Gosford Park* and the *Downton Abbey* television series), was creative director (the two met in 1971 when they both worked at Film Opticals, which became MS Arts). Across town, David Corley was tweaking the technology of slide making. It was DSC labs (David and Sue Corley) who developed the soft-edge mask in the mid '70s, working with Fellowes.

[Editor: Seamless blending of images was nothing new. Since the 19<sup>th</sup>-Century days of Magic Lantern shows, such blending was done by using baffles (aka "flags") in front of the projectors' lenses, shadowing the overlapping portions of images. However, getting a perfect blend using outboard flags was a tricky business; hard to set-up. Fellowes invention simplified the projection of seamless panoramas and montaged collages.]

Up to that point, panoramic imagery was created by "butting" two or more slides – or screens – together, with or without spaces between them (called mullions, an architectural term used to describe "window wall" building designs). Fellowes disliked mullions and the size restrictions of the 2:3-ratio slide-projection screens available at the time. He and Olsen had a wide, 5 X 15-foot (~1.5 X 4.6-meter) screen made. With a ratio of 2:6 (1:3) it accommodated two butted 35 mm slide images with a third overlapping them in the center – what became known and the "two-plus-one" multi-image format. To eliminate the mullions and seamlessly blend the left, center, and right portions of wide images, Fellowes made "soft-edged" masks by photographing airbrushed gradients with Kodalith "line" film processed with D-76, a "soft" developer, instead of high-contrast Kodalith A-B developer, to achieve film gradients. Fellowes' soft-edge blending technique made its screen debut in his 1974 show, *Life in America*, made to demonstrate the AVL Show Pro II punch-tape programming system. The success of that show led Fellowes to seek the help of David Corley to perfect gradient masks using Kodak emulsion 5302 – Fine Grain Release Positive Film. Together, they revolutionized slide-shows. Within ten years, "seamless" masking became ubiquitous; 90% of panoramic-format, multi-image shows used soft-edged masks. [See: Appendix II, *Multi-Image in Canada*, in Volume Thirteen.]

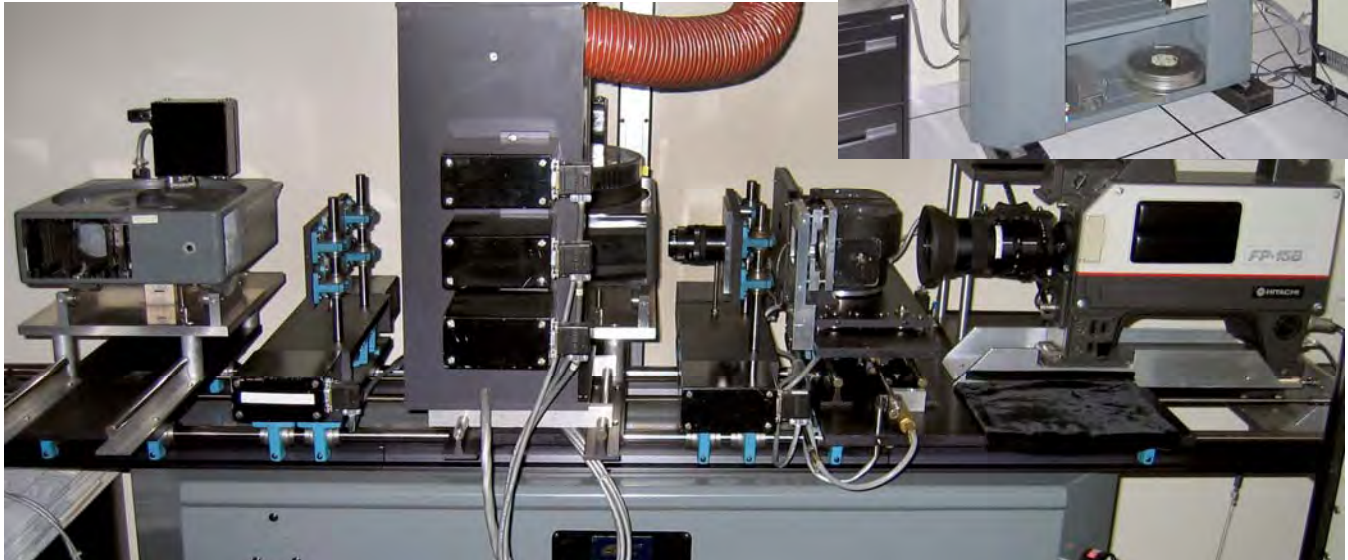
To digress for a moment, about DSC Labs: David and Sue Corley were kind enough to recount this brief history of their award-winning enterprise(s). For the full story, see *The Story of Fuzzies*, by Richard Corley, a feature article in Volume Eleven, pages 404 to 434.

"In the 1950s we decided to get into the film business and started making commercials. We became proficient at it winning numerous awards, including Rose Bowl for best Canadian commercial; a Timex spot (also won Bronze at the International Film Festival in New York). "David was not happy with the quality of TV reproduction of film and went to the CBC to complain. Bottom line, they had inadequate test patterns for lining up the color telecine chains and said in so many words "if you're so damn smart, you had better make us some. "We worked closely with Stan Quinn, Chief Engineer at CBC Engineering Headquarters in Montréal (second-largest research lab in the world after the BBC) to develop color test patterns. We wrote one of a trilogy of SMPTE papers on the subject with EHQ that we presented in Washington at the annual SMPTE [Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers] Engineering Conference around 1968.

"Kodak said that using commercial equipment to produce the test patterns we had designed was impossible to the tolerances we had specified (10 times more accurate than industry-standard). To achieve the required level of accuracy meant seriously modifying or building our own equipment, etc.

“To pay the bills we continued to make commercials and, using an old Leica camera, shot slides of artwork, mostly for the CBC network. But the film had to be sent out for processing. This was unpredictable so we decided to build an E4 dip and dunk processor. The reel held 50 feet of 35 mm, later also 46 and 70 mm film. It was totally motorized and we controlled it using a two-channel audio tape.

“Due to its precision, we began getting film processing from production houses and, as the AV business seemed to be growing, built a precision optical slide duplicator we called CAMI (Computer Automated Multi-Imager).



The CAMI slide duplicator operated on the principles of aerial-imaging, discussed earlier [see: 1976 – *Buhl Mutiplexer*].

“At this time, AV was in a state of disarray, the major camera manufacturers having different standards for image frame size. We made them all mad by rejecting their formats and designing a 35 mm AV grid based on the SMPTE 4.3 telecine scanned area for 35 mm slides as field 10 [aka 10-field] and calculated 12 fields based on that standard. We presented this to the AMI who accepted it as the AV standard and we made many thousands of black on white 35 mm slides of the pattern (adding Wess, AMI and other logos). CAMI with its  $\pm 0.0001$ ” precision was the only equipment in the world capable of this accuracy. CAMI revolutionized AV in another way by being able to produce incredibly sharp duplicates having the emulsion on the same side as the original slides. Previously slide projectors had to be auto focus, changing focus depending on whether the slide was an original or a duplicate. This made serious multiscreen presentations quite ugly and impractical. CAMI also made slides/filmstrip transfers, precision panoramas and optical effects in slides possible.

“About this time, we met David Fellowes, who asked if it would be possible to eliminate the joins in slide presentations, by adding an additional projector and fading the images between projectors. I don't know if others had attempted this, but up to this point it had never been achieved.

[Editor: Besides John Olsen and David Fellowes, the original movers and shakers of multi-image slide shows in Canada included Norbert Friskhorn, Norm Natress, Richard St. John, Matthew Bush, Harold Nissenthal, Ed Klagman, Al Holman and, later, Andrew Macrae.]



“We called our [soft-edge mask] product Fuzzies and introduced them in 1982 at the big AV show [NAVA—National Audio-Visual Association] in Texas (I believe it was in Dallas).

[See next page for a description and explanation of soft-edge masks. The complete story of *Fuzzies*, by Richard Corley, can be found in Volume Eleven, beginning on page 3015.]

“The concept was an instant success and Kodak produced a number of presentations using Fuzzies. Seeing this as a good product to market, Kodak wanted us to make Fuzzies for them, but the profit margin was apparently too small. We were going to sell them to Kodak for \$.50 each and they were going to sell them for a set of three for \$15 as we recall. Bottom line they decided to produce their own soft edged masks, which never became popular because their maximum density [d-Max] was three f-stops lighter than DSC Fuzzies.

“It was interesting that Kodak Australasia sold Fuzzies in preference to the Kodak product in that part of the world. Richard was deeply involved in the Fuzzies design and manufacture. (We had the capacity to produce 20,000 a night on his watch!)

“Unfortunately, couldn't sell anything like that many. Patricia, Richard's sister joined her brother at many tradeshow demonstrating and selling Fuzzies and other DSC masks and both of them served on the AMI Board. Before multi-image Kathleen, Patricia's elder sister was the fastest, cardboard slide mounter we ever had at the lab!

“In 1988, we were making close to 100 different edges in 35 mm, fewer in 46 and 70 mm—up to five different gradation widths, so we cannot give an exact number. We also did duping, effects work and assembly; as well as custom masking, for Vancouver Planetarium, for instance, and a Resource Center for a New Zealand Park, *etcetera*.

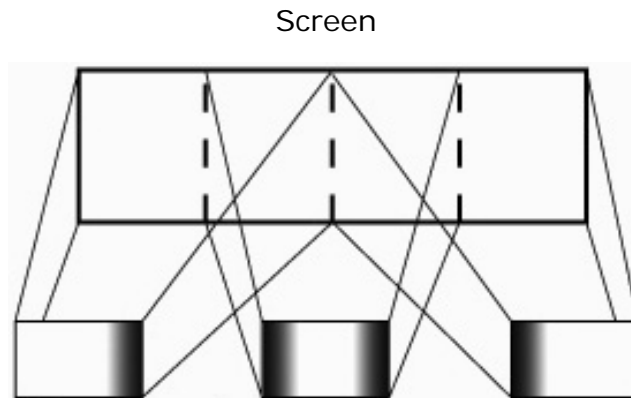
“DSC stopped producing slide-show materials in 1992 even though we were selling from left over “stock” for a few years; we stopped color processing in 1999. We never produced videos but make precision test materials that are an extension/expansion of those early film patterns.

“Do we “miss” slides? Basically, no—we are happy to be finished with all those chemicals. Multi-image was a wonderful art-form, used to dramatic and beautiful effect by many members of AMI. Today DSC products are recognized as the standard not only in Hollywood, but at major networks and other institutions worldwide

“DSC test charts are used from the bottom of the oceans (filming the Titanic, etc.) to outer space. NASA has standardized cameras using DSC products for 20 years and flew a special version CDM chart to the space station just before Christmas. DSC Charts were the official test patterns used to align the thousands of cameras at the Beijing, Vancouver, London and Sochi games and we are currently working on charts for Rio this summer.

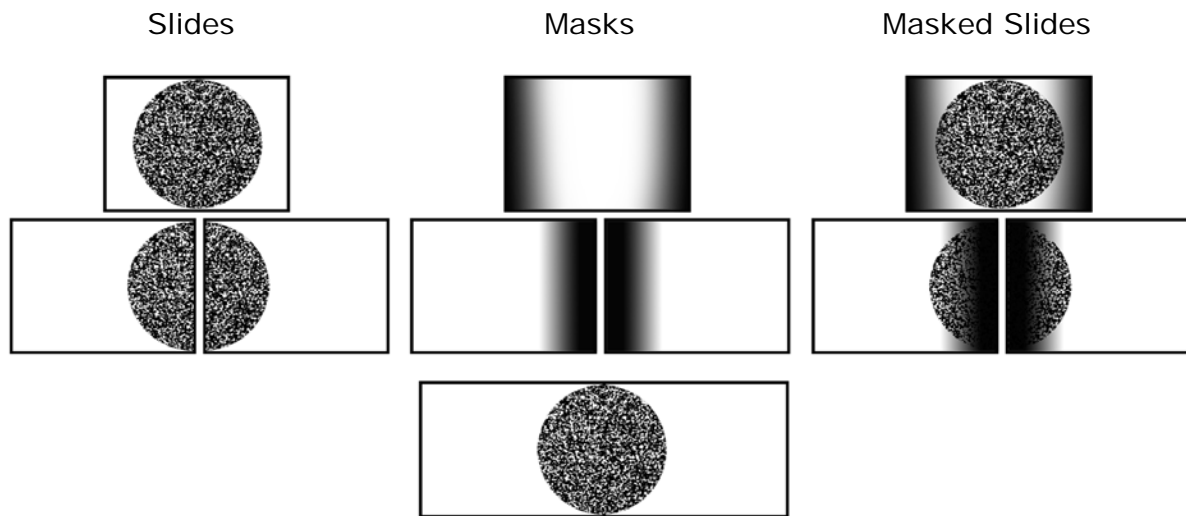
“With color control becoming increasingly important in so many disciplines, medicine, law enforcement and security in addition to our main markets Cinema and television we believe that DSC has enormous potential.”

Soft-edge masks enabled sections of a picture to be *seamless* [borderless]. When they were combined, the edges between them disappeared. Soft-edge blending was done by masking the edges of the component slides with another film chip that was a “gradient”—gradual change from clear to black—forming a soft (gradient) edge.



Projectors with slides

Illustration © Wikipedia



Blended 2+1 Panorama

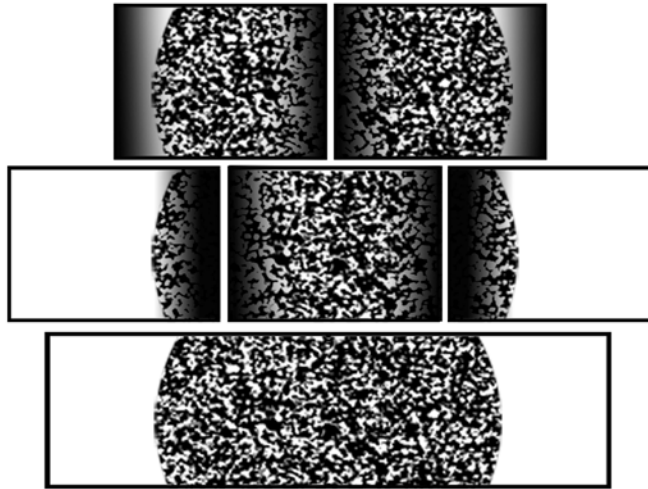
Note: Butted (side by side) slides have been separated slightly to illustrate individual parts of soft-edge panorama.

To make a panoramic projection, two or more images were overlapped, by up to 50%. With soft edged masks, the overlapping parts of a panorama appeared “seamless,” as if they were a single picture.

The most popular multi-image format was the basic *2-Plus-1* panorama (shown above). Two halves of a picture were projected side by side [butted]. A third projector, with a slide of the center part of the picture centered, was projected over the other two.

The next most popular panorama format was called *2-Over-3* (aka *3+2*).

Masked Slides [top 2 rows]



Blended 3+2 Panorama

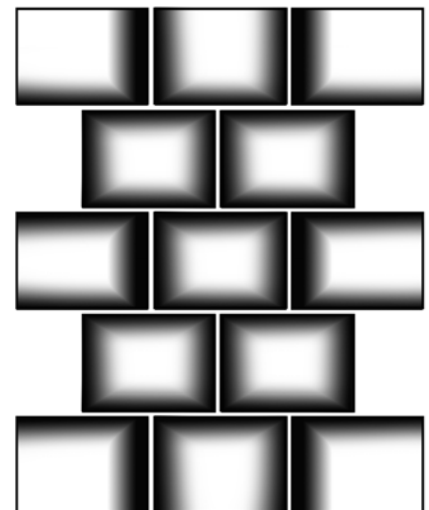
Softies (soft-edged masks), also called *Fuzzies*, revolutionized the slide-show business by enabling elegant, seamless, panoramic projections (aka *seamless pans*).

The projection formats that became the most popular [2+1 and 3+2] were those used by businesses for shows at meetings and events usually held in hotel ballrooms or convention halls. Those venues, for their enormous footprints, had low ceilings. With no way to go up, the only way to project big images was with a panoramic format.

It seemed like there was no limit to what you could do, using softies creatively. For example, soft-edged masks have been used to make seamless 360-degree circular projections into planetarium domes. People liked big pictures; that's why IMAX was so popular. Big projected pictures were awesome. They were commanding.

One of the largest and most elaborate projections I ever worked on was produced for Nike by Sound Images in Portland, Oregon. 90 projectors were arranged to cover 45 overlapped screen areas (9 X 5) with two projectors per screen. The blending was done by binding two softies into every slide, one for horizontal blending, the other for vertical, resulting in an image of IMAX size with higher resolution (and cost). Note that the illustration shows only 13 slides (of 36). [Editor: Andre Macrae was likely the first designer to use that technique, at John Olsen's shop, for an IBM "100% Club" extravaganza that combined 35 mm motion pictures with a 45-projector slide bank arranged with 6X6X6 grids top and bottom and a 3X3X3 center bank.]

[For more, see: 2000 – Sound Images – Nike *Shox*]



Multi-Image slide shows became an absolute golden egg for the makers of show supplies, like the Corleys, and equipment makers, like AVL. Do the math: the average show ran with nine projectors, and many shows were much larger than that.

Chuck Kappenman made a good choice hiring Bryan King. King turned out to be AVL's most successful salesman. Things went downhill fast for AVL when Bryan left the parent company in Atlantic Highlands [New Jersey] in 1978. He started his own business—AVL Asia—based in Manila [Philippines]. Chuck gave him the entire Asian region as his exclusive fiefdom. Within a just a few years, Bryan was sitting pretty with offices in Manila and an estate with servants in the mountains outside of the city. He had the swimming pool retiled with a big AVL logo on the bottom. Bryan was fond of saying (with a mock Philippine *Taglish* accent), "AB [AV] be good to me!"

The AVL sales team grew dramatically on Bryan King's shift. Bryan was ably assisted by Noreen Camissa. Using a classical marketing approach, they divided the market geographically into regions and placed those regions in the control of "manufacturers' reps." Mike Ruther controlled the Canadian territory; Art Milanese took charge of the Eastern USA; Jack Elliott built-up the market in the West; and Jerry Hurd handled everything in between. Those reps created dealerships in their territories; the dealers sold the gear to end users, producers like me.

AVL's core team were an aggressive and hard-drinking crew, always willing to cut you a deal. They worked hard and played even harder. In one episode, I remember driving with them from Stapleton Airport to Vail, Colorado, to attend the first Vail International Multi-Image Festival, in 1979. Bryan King, Mike Reuther, Art Milanese and I, were packed into a Hertz car driving through the Rockies. At one point, Mike turned to the two of us sitting in the back and asked, "Can you smell it?" Bryan and Art chuckled; but me, being a newbie to the AVL gang, asked, "Smell what?" "Beer," Mike exclaimed. "There must be a bar around the next bend." And there was. [See: *1979 – Rocky Mountain High – Great West Life.*]

[There is a roster of AVL people in the Appendix. Pictures of them, as well as AVL's products, ads, and the *Inner World of AVL* show can be found in Volume Nine.]

## **1976 – Fight with O'Neil – Pat Leaves**

Harold Burson and Bill Marsteller [owners of the Burson-Marsteller agency] could not help noticing the volume of new business that Don and Geoff were bringing to their agency.

They correctly assumed that big slide shows had something to do with the power-pair's success pitching prospects; and they also noticed how much money was being paid to Incredible Slidemakers, for the production of those expensive presentations.

The two agency owners decided to capture those dollars and took production in-house, with an AV department of their own. Harold—who had a penchant for nervously jingling the loose change in his well-tailored pockets, in a twitchy way, while he was talking with you—invested in a state-of-the-art, multi-image production facility and screening room. The new department was called The Presentation Source.

Thereafter, Don and Geoff had to have a good reason not to use the agency's in-house slide department. Thus, our show-production business with Burson-Marsteller dwindled considerably. On the other hand, Presentation Source producer, Jacques Germans, became a good special-effects-slides customer for our Forox department; so, it wasn't a total loss. And besides that, the Geoff and Don were on the verge of leaving Burson-Marsteller, to set up their own company, Creative Systems Group.

As it turned out, Harold needn't have worried about Incredible Slidemakers. My relationship with Don was reaching a breaking point; he wasn't paying Incredible's bills. At first, I reckoned that it was a power thing; racking up a huge bill and delaying payment gave Don an edge, a bit of leverage; he had become Incredible's biggest customer by far; that gave him power, which he abused.

But it wasn't that; Don was skirting political issues at Burson-Marsteller; by not putting Incredible's bills in the system, it appeared that Don had cut back on farming out work from the agency to Incredible; he was, after all, supposed to be using The Presentation Source.

OK, I appreciated that; but the situation began to get out of hand when Ken Nordt had to extend the limits of my credit line at Bank of Commerce, at the new, higher rate of interest. Nordt further inferred that there would be no more extensions; so, the issue of getting paid became an existential one, for me; without payment my business was broke.

I appealed to Geoff Nightingale but was rebuffed. Don had become Geoff's equal; he was no longer Geoff's assistant; in fact, O'Neill wielded even more power than Geoff at that point, due in part by Don's increasingly paranoid behavior. O'Neill was born Type A [Alpha]; over-stimulation from a growing addiction to cocaine made him overbearing.<sup>72</sup> He just took over everything.

In desperation, I took the issue to Harold Burson. He was astounded by the amount that was owed to Incredible. He arranged a meeting with Bill Marsteller, so I could present my case to him. Marsteller called O'Neill into the meeting and read him the riot act. From across the conference room table, Don eyes burned when they met mine. I got paid pronto but O'Neill never forgave me; he considered it to be a betrayal.

We had unfinished business, the Cincom show was still touring; but after that I never heard from Don or Geoff again. While they were staging the Cincom show in London, Don offered Pat an opportunity to join the new company he was planning to open, with Nightingale—Creative Systems Group [CSG]. He offered Pat a partnership; that attracted her. But Pat had no idea who Don really was; she saw him as a successful promoter, didn't see his dark side.<sup>73</sup>

Pat could not have known the other side of Don because she never got involved with Incredible's business dealings. The deal he offered Pat was clearly one sided; if she left CSG or got fired, Pat would have to give all rights for the work she did for Creative Systems Group.

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<sup>72</sup> Don became a flagrant abuser of cocaine; he kept a stash right in his desk drawer and would snort lines while we were having meetings together; I'm sure he didn't do that in front of any agency folks, other than Geoff, but it gives you an idea of how far gone he was.

<sup>73</sup> There was ruthlessness to Don, and Geoff for that matter; they had no moral anchors. Don sometimes acted like the Al Pacino character in the *Godfather* movies.

I guess she figured that would never happen to her; she and Don were tight. So with a tacit agreement from Pat, O'Neill, Geoff Nightingale and Tom Cornell left Burson-Marsteller and formed their own company. Pat Billings left Incredible and went to work for CSG. By that time, Incredible was no longer getting work from that trio. I was black-listed. The loss of Pat and O'Neil's business was demoralizing.

As for Pat, there may have also been a little pay-back involved in her decision to leave Incredible. When a company expands, the relative importance of the few who were the original core members gets diffused in the enlarged talent pool; they can suffer from feelings of neglect, of being used.

[Spoiler Alert: Just a year later, Pat quit CSG and they took back everything, including all Pat's photo gear (a particularly mean-spirited thing to do). They basically destroyed Pat and made her start over. Dan Davenport (Minolta) gave her a camera system and helped Pat get back on her feet. She eventually got together with Richard Shipps.<sup>74</sup> At the time, Richard's Detroit company, Deaf, Dumb & Blind Studios (DD&B), was going strong, servicing the big auto makers with multi-image extravaganzas. Pat initially went to work for Richard, then fell for him, married him and raised a family. They are still together as I write this, and Pat is still doing media for meetings and events. *Mazal Tov* Pat! (Read more in the Appendix – *From Pat Billings*.)

Don O'Neill died of a brain aneurism in the early 1990s; he never reached fifty. Geoff died in the mid 2000s, of heart failure.

## 1976 – Bicentennial – Cyclopan

Cyclopan pictures drew considerable praise; however, few folks ever figured out how to use them, which is one reason why Cyclopan is not part of contemporary visual vocabulary. Although people ooh'd and aah'd, I didn't get any Cyclopan work.

Nevertheless, I was still excited about the unique, 360-degree panoramas produced by the one-of-a-kind camera. Undaunted, I started producing a collection of Cyclopan pictures of important landmarks, landscapes, and seascapes. Capturing 360-degree views of national monuments and parks—the nation's natural treasures—seemed so *important*.

On July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1976—the Bicentennial anniversary of the USA—I spent the day cruising the Jersey shore of the Hudson River, across from the southern tip of Manhattan, looking for the place where the setting sun would glint off the World Trade Center; it was a race against time, find the right place to shoot before the sun went down.

Photographers spend their lives chasing the sun. Golden light—around sunrise and sunset—is aptly named, considering how highly it is valued. That July 4<sup>th</sup> was no exception; I had to find a place where the sun would reflect off the towers in the direction of my camera.

The shot had been done before, with a telephoto lens; I'd seen that shot so I knew there was a place and in the early afternoon I found it—a stretch of derelict piers in the middle of a crumbling industrial landscape.


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<sup>74</sup> Richard Shipps [DD&B], Chris Korody [Image Stream] and I were the hot producers, "the AVL boys;" beneath a mask of comradery, we were über competitive.

The bad news was that we had to wait six hours for the sun to set, out in the boondocks, with nowhere nearby to buy drinks; that was hell if you'd been smoking weed. Geez, were we parched?

## 1976 – Bicentennial – Concert for Mom

Possibly out of guilt, I sponsored a concert for my mother at Jimmy's place, next door. He owed me for all the disco music I piped-in to his townhouse, for his parties.



**PUT SOME**  
**“FIREWORKS”**  
**INTO YOUR**  
**BICENTENNIAL**  
**PROGRAM**

Join us March 12th, 6:30 p.m., at 21 East 73rd Street, New York City, for a private townhouse preview of a special program bringing 200 years of American music to life. Featured will be selections from Dorothy Mesney's "American Sampler" bicentennial program, which begins with the earliest known songs of our land and telescopes America's musical milestones from 1776 to 1976.

Ms. Mesney (Mezzo Soprano) will present the program in costume with accompaniment by autoharp and dulcimer. Stories and anecdotes providing historical segues, will complement her musical repertoire. A cocktail reception will precede and follow the preview featuring gourmet delights that were the special favorites of Presidents Washington and Lincoln, as well as some of the favorite "spirits" of '76.

Dorothy Mesney has performed programs on music in America to museums, historical societies, school assemblies, college groups, womens' clubs, and in leading concert halls. Recent appearances include Carnegie Recital Hall, New York Historical Society, Brooklyn Museum, Library of the Performing Arts Auditorium at Lincoln Center, The New York Cultural Center, The Interchurch Center, and the South Street Seaport Museum.

Ms. Mesney's programs elicit praise wherever she performs them. In a recent review in *The New York Times*, Raymond Erikson commented that her performance "was interesting and well handled in verbal description and singing." *The Music Journal* described it as a "meaningful historical program," while the New York Historical Society cited her for a "splendid performance."

With our nation at important crossroads, Dorothy Mesney's "American Sampler" is especially important and poignant today. We hope you will join us March 12th to hear and experience her private preview for yourself.

Mom's concert invitation was a three-fold. A real firecracker was attached to the cover.

Mom was promoting a singing act she put together to entertain ladies' clubs, performing early-American songs. So, with Jimmy's generous help, I set-up the townhouse as a little concert hall. Mom could invite whomever she wanted, to a concert and reception at a deluxe Manhattan townhouse. About 50 people came to hear Mom sing, accompanying herself with an autoharp and Appalachian dulcimer; we served sangria afterwards; although not much came of it in a practical sense (i.e., \$\$); it was an ego builder for Mom (whose ego was so fragile). Things looked as good for her then as they ever would.

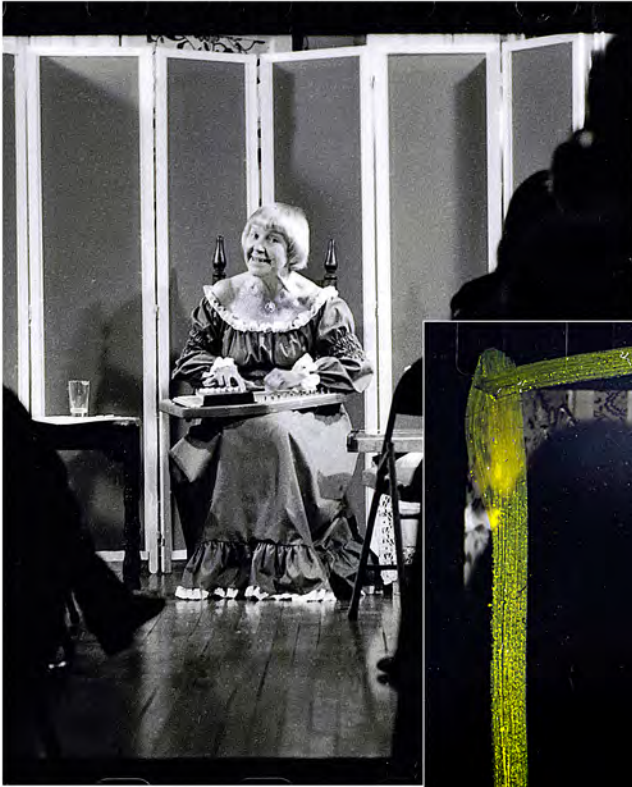


1976 | DOROTHY MESNEY'S BICENTENNIAL CONCERT | PLATE N<sup>o</sup> 1

*Mom's recital of early American music was held at my neighbor's townhouse, hosted by his Maitre d', Jimmy.*



Concert photos by Barry Evans



1976 | DOROTHY MESNEY'S BICENTENNIAL CONCERT | PLATE N° 2

*She accompanied herself with an autoharp and dulcimer. The concert was well attended by family & friends.*

Concert photos by Barry Evans



1976 | DOROTHY MESNEY'S BICENTENNIAL CONCERT | PLATE N° 3

*Mom's music career never took off. A few years later, she switched to a stand-up comedy routine.*



1976 | DOROTHY MESNEY'S BICENTENNIAL CONCERT | PLATE N° 4  
*The negatives for these pictures can't be found. These images were copied from contact sheets.*

## 1977 – Goodbye Jan – Call the Cops

The year started on a sour note; the relationship between Jan Irish and I was off; she had become way too possessive; I was missing the wanderlust of freedom.

I am not sure what the trigger was, or if there even was one. I tried to have a conversation with Jan about her moving out. She went into denial first, and then, during the next nine hours, raged through the first three of grief's seven stages.<sup>75</sup> It was a tearful psychodrama that started in the early evening and ended at 3:00 am, when I finally called the cops.

To my surprise, the studio staff took it all in stride; some even suggested that they were glad to see Jan go; apparently, she had taken on an imperial sort of attitude; you know, *Doug's girl*. To be sure, she wasn't missed.

## 1977 – *Diamonds Today* – World's Longest Program Tape

One of the last punch-tape shows I did was an awards presentation sponsored by DeBeers, the diamonds people, for the winners of their *Diamonds Today* competition for jewelry designers.

If the Guinness Book of World Records had been interested in slide shows, it probably qualified as the world's longest slide-show program tapes, ever. The coded punch tape was just shy of 100 feet long [30.48 meters]. The opening sequence—a twinkling-star background with an animated magician's wand writing the words "*Diamonds Today*" across the starfield—required 35 feet. Why so long? For the twinkling-star effect, there were 20 slide changes per second; that was the maximum number of cues that the ShowPro II tape reader could decipher per second—its "cue speed."—about two inches [~5.1 cm] of tape. Do the math and you'll discover that twenty seconds of data would require 40 inches [101.6 cm] of tape—that's more than three yards [~3 meters] per minute. You can see how our twenty-five-minute awards show ended up with a long, long tape.

What happened during the performance of the *Diamonds Today* show influenced my decision to switch to AVL's new digital programmer, the ShowPro V, for the Village People show, even though the new AVL machine was "unproven." [I tried not to use any new AVL machines until they had field tested by *other* producers (not me—I had put in enough all-nighters dealing with crashing AVL gear).] The *Diamonds Today* awards presentation was held at the trendy New York, New York disco; that club was everyone's favorite alternative to Studio 54. It was a very hip idea for DeBeers to buy-out the club for the awards show; it guaranteed that the press would attend together with the A-list of New York's fashion world. The privilege of spending an evening at the trendy club "on the house" was a good lure. There was standing room only at the event.

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<sup>75</sup> Shock & denial; pain & guilt; anger & bargaining; depression, reflection & loneliness; upward turn; reconstruction & work through; acceptance & hope.

The disco had a huge central dance floor. A 4.5:1 ratio panorama screen was at one end; the projection grid at the other, on a two-story-high scaffold. There were 15 projectors, laid-out two-over-three [aka 3+2 format]. We were able to incorporate a lot of the disco lighting into the show; the combination of big pictures and lighting effects looked spectacular. But it almost never happened.

There wasn't enough room for the super-long program tape up on the narrow scaffolds, where we had our show controls. Instead, it was loosely loaded into a big box on the floor below the projection grid. Loading the box reminded me of the care taken by sailors setting sails. From the box, the tape was pulled up 14 feet [4.3 meters], through the tape-reader "head" of the ShowPro II, then looped back down into a collection box. You can appreciate that correctly loading the tape into the box was mission critical. Well, Glen hadn't loaded the box correctly; that error was compounded by a false start; that is, the show started before it was supposed to. The false start was triggered by an inadvertent audio cue.

Recall that a ShowPro II programmer was synchronized to the audio track by audio cues called, "beeps." Hold that thought.

It was standard practice to record about one minute of zero dB test tones at the head of an audio tape; the test tones were used to calibrate ("zero in") all the machines in a rig. With the AVL ShowPro II, a green light indicated the programmer heard a beep.

Five feet of plastic *leader tape* [1.52 meters] separated the test tones from the show tape—4 seconds at 15-inches-per-second [38.1 cm] play speed. Glenn managed to accidentally trigger the show when he reversed the tape past the leader into the test tones. That triggered the ShowPro II and the program tape started rolling.

Fortunately, the error wasn't obvious because only the first few flashing-stars played before I noticed the problem. Once realized, the machines were stopped and everything was reset to the start position—all the projectors, the programming tape, the audio tape, the works. The heat was on during that reset; the client was getting on edge. In the panicky rush, nobody noticed that the AVL program tape was misloaded in the box.

The show began fashionably late, when everything was reset and all stations reported "go" status. When I saw that the opening sequence of flashing stars and animated titles was working properly, I relaxed and left the grid to take-in the overall scene.

I liked watching audience reactions. I was standing well behind the projection-grid. The scaffolds were dramatically silhouetted against all the disco lights and the big screen. I was about to take a picture when a strange shape started slowly rising from the program-tape box; it looked like a squid.

On closer inspection, the strange shape turned out to be the program tape, badly tangled. Rising at the rate of 2-inches per second, the tangle would stop the show when it crashed into the head of the tape-reader—in 84 seconds. I spent the rest of the show disentangling the tape, ever so gently, as it relentlessly rose out of the box. Fortunately, I was adept at disentangling lines. It was a skill learned as a fisherman, untangling backlashed line after bad casts.

The show came to a successful end. When the event was over, a couple of dozen DeBeers people kept their own party going.

Prankster that I am, I couldn't resist playing with the fog machine—a "smoke" generator on the second floor that piped fog down to the first floor and released it through "gills" around the base of the dance floor. It took so long for the fog to appear, I reckoned I didn't use enough incense powder. Ha!

After stoking the machine with about three times more fog fuel than the normal dose, people were soon dancing in a layer of fog right up to their necks. It was no ordinary fog, either; the mist glowed blue under the disco's ultraviolet [UV] lighting; it was totally ethereal. The tide of fog kept rising and eventually engulfed everyone; that turned people off and they left; so, the joke was on me.

I played another prank earlier that evening, one of my favorites—the old "smell the cake" prank. Do you already know it?

It was Glenn's birthday. Despite his über fuck-up at the beginning of the show, the crew presented him with a birthday cake. Putting it out, I feigned a problem with the cake—a funny odor. I bent down with my nose only inches from the cake and sniffed it disapprovingly. I asked Glenn for his opinion and as Glenn's nose approached the cake I pushed his face right into it.

## 1977 – AVL ShowPro V – Silent Revolution



The ShowPro III and, later, the ShowPro V, were Audio Visual Laboratories' first digital programming machines.

They were a great leap forward from the punch-tape programming machines we were using.

The Village People road show would not have been practical using punch tape; there would have been too many risks (more below).

At first, I didn't like the ShowPro V because it didn't make a sound; the silence was eerie. The old ShowPro II punch-tape machine tickety-ticked as the tape ran through the reader. Each program tape had a rhythm of its own which. I could tell whether the programmer was playing the show correctly just by listening to the sound of the punched tape. With the silent ShowPro V, that was no longer possible. However, the new machine had provisions to easily add or delete cues; that improvement won me over.

Editing a punch tape was like editing an audio tape; lots of fussy work with single-edge razor blades and thin strips of adhesive tape. A cue was deleted by covering the offending holes with a tape strip. Adding cues wasn't as easy; the program tape had to be cut and spliced—a risky business.

The ShowPro V cut programming time in half; push-button programming was so easy that it fostered creativity and experimentation; the digital revolution had begun. But it took a little coercion to convince me to go digital. I was quite happy with my ShowPro II programmers.

The way AVL sold me a ShowPro V [5] programmer stands out as an example of sales savvy. AVL's East Coast representative, Art Milanese, stopped by my studio one Friday afternoon to demo the new, digital programming machine. He asked if I could do him a favor and babysit the machine over the weekend; he had a dinner date with Brenda Connors, a sultry sales rep for Kodak. He said he didn't feel safe leaving it in the trunk of his car. Ha!

He wanted me to play with it; I did and instantly ordered two of them.

## 1977 – *Bumbles* – Rocking AMI

In the autumn of 1977, AVL was nearing completion of their first general purpose computer, the *Eagle*. I got a Beta unit to test and was also asked to produce a demo show.

```
PROGRAM NAME: BUMBLESS OPERATOR: TIS MESNEY 5/23/79
MODE: NORMAL PROGRAMMING
CONTROL COMMAND:
CUE# CODE STATEMENT SCREENS 28 CPS STATUS
5152 CT CUT 12 L SCREENS
5153 CT CUT 23 L 1 2 3 4 5
5154 CT CUT 34 L L L L L L
5155 CT CUT 45 L C C C C
5156 CT CUT 5 LC R R R R R
5157 AT ALT 45 C
5158 AT ALT 34 C
5159 AT ALT 23 C
5160 AT ALT 12 C
5161 AT ALT 12 C
5162 AT ALT 23 C
```



The demo was to be used at the AVL Dealers Meeting, to introduce the new machine. By then, Incredible was tight with AVL. The new machine took some getting used to; PC computers were completely new; it was amazing to have a machine that could program slides as well as do spread sheets and be a word processor [Electric Pencil]. By now, Chuck's brother, Gary Kappenman, and his wife were on AVL's payroll, designing ICs [Integrated Circuits] for Chuck's new digital hardware. Although AVL was being challenged by the likes of Arion, Clearlight, Dataton and Electrosonic, they were still top dogs.

Although the Eagle computer was not the most sophisticated computer on the market, it was the only one that could program slides; it came with new programming features that made it a must for serious slide-show producers, particularly the luxury of *leisure time programming*. Using the Eagle, a programmer could write ad hoc projector instructions, at their leisure, then play back the program on demand, in real time; as with ShowPro II.

More fundamentally, the Eagle computer changed the methodology of programming. With ShowPro II, cue codes were stored as holes punched into a paper or Mylar tape; with ShowPro III and ShowPro V, cues were store electronically on magnetic tape. With all ShowPro models, synchronization of slide cues with sound was accomplished with *beeps* [audio pulses] recorded on an audio track.

Starting with the Eagle, cues were stored on computer disks—the first type were 5-inch-diameter [12.5 cm] so-called “floppy” disks, aka “floppies”. Synchronization was accomplished by recording a digital clock track on one audio channel and (possibly) the actual cues on another. Clock-tracks were how most professional audio and lighting gear was synchronized; SMPTE [Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers] time code was the most universal; however, Chuck Kappenman developed a proprietary language for the AVL Eagle, called *Procall*, which only recognized its own clock, not SMPTE's. That was a tactical error amended in later versions of Procall. The way a clock track worked was that time code, generated by Procall, was recorded on one audio channel. The time code was played back to Eagle and cues were instructed to execute at specific times. That was way more accurate than using beeps and wait cues that rounded off incremental time.

Being able to see the code being programmed was another convenience provided by the Eagle computer. The ShowPro III and ShowPro V displayed only one cue at a time, as a short line of red, LED text. With Eagle, all program cues were sequentially numbered and displayed on a computer monitor; you could quickly scroll through the code, or instantly jump to any point on the time line; or go to a specific cue number. That made it way easier to drill into the details of a program; to add or subtract code, and to make minute timing adjustments. Procall also provided a new instruction, called *Wait-X*, that made accurate synchronization even easier. By tapping the space bar on Eagle's keyboard, the computer replaced Wait-X cues with time code. Musical programming (choreography)—once the most difficult kind of programming—became easy and accurate. My method was calculating the total number of beats in a song and stringing together the appropriate number of Wait-X cues along the timeline, one for each beat. Then, with the soundtrack playing, I tapped the keyboard space bar on every beat, to enter the times those beats occurred. Further adjustments were just as easy, to within hundredths of a second, using the *Time Offset Command* [TOC]. Offset cues were especially helpful in big theaters, where the guy in the last row would experience a delay between, say, the sight of smoke from a gunshot and the report of the gun.



To fix such delays, the timings of all visual cues were offset to play slightly *en retardé* of the soundtrack, by fractions of a second, until everything matched up for the center of the house, the sweet spot. In huge amphitheatres and stadia, we used multiple audio feeds, each with the correct delay for specific audience sections.



Concurrently with advances in programming, the Forox department was firing on all cylinders, like a well-oiled machine. Fred Cannizzaro's crew and facilities had doubled in size; we now had a second cameraman, John Leicmon, and were training a third, Nicole Clark. Four other new hires made artwork and cells (Nancy Pearson, Bob Smith, Mark Strodel and Scott Weintraub). The studio operated like a kind of laboratory; everyone was focused on making exciting new effects.

Fred was my link to the Forox department; I coordinated with him to work out the various bits and pieces needed to animate Forox effects on screen. As the effects got more complicated, I worked out a system whereby camera instructions could be written down in a systematic way using log sheets that combined camera instructions with pertinent details relating to projector-programming. With such organization, our results kept getting better and better. We had come so far that it was time to re-assess the business. I decided to spin-off the Forox department into a separate division and put Fred in charge of it; to let him spread his wings, sell to his own clients, and share in the profits. Fred's tune changed when he was made privy to the inner-workings of the business, to how much things cost. Once extravagant, he started keeping track of every nickel and dime spent by his staff on supplies. Ha!

I went all out to promote the new business division.

First, I made the *Forox Yourself* mailer; it was small enough to fit in #10 envelopes. Shortly after that, I made a sharp-looking 11 X 17-inch (~28 X 43 cm) poster menu of Incredible's special effects. headlined  $A = (M)E^2$  that translated to, *Affect = (Maximum) Effect, squared*].

**FOROX YOURSELF**  
Our 35mm Titles and Dupes Cost Less Than "The Big Guys."

**Cardboard Mount**  
1st/\$3.25 2nd/2.25 3rd/2.00


**Glass Mount**  
1st/\$3.75 2nd/2.75 3rd/2.25

**Plastic (Registered) Mount**  
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**Plastic (Television) Mount**  
1st/\$3.90 2nd/2.90 3rd/2.75

Other "trick" mounts for special screen layouts are available. You may also be interested in our posterized color conversions and other special effects—ideal for titles and visual segues. We will be happy to quote to your specifications.


**Film strips:**  
\$3.00 per frame.  
Answer Prints and Production Cost on per foot basis.



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$A = (M)E^2$   
(Affect = (Maximum) Effect, Squared)

We have the right formula to add extra relativity to your graphics



*Incredible*

The Incredible Slidemakers/23 East 73rd Street New York, N.Y. 10021 (212) 535-0992

The Incredible Slidemakers pioneered visual effects that would later be copied; first by other slide-show makers; then the video industry; and finally, in digital media. In fact, a good number of the effects in Photoshop *et al* trace their roots to the innovative optical effects work of The Incredible Slidemakers. It sounds presumptuous to say we were pioneers; but we were. Being in the right place at the right time helped; since slide shows were new, almost anything we did was a 'first.' We nonetheless worked hard and I invested plenty to keep us ahead of the pack. We considered ourselves inventors.

Early on, I 'discovered' that by aiming more than one projector at a screen, *sequences* of pictures could produce animations; not just 'position' movement (zooming, bouncing, rotating, etc.) but also animated graphics and optical effects. For example, words that changed colors, with pulsating glows and flashing stars.

More and more projectors were used to heighten the impact of our optical effects. Eventually enough projectors were used to make fully-animated '*live-action*' sequences; those were done by shooting at four frames per second with a motor-drive Nikon and projecting six slides per second.

To demonstrate those animated effects, and wow other producers at an AMI convention, I produced *Bumbles*, a ground-breaking show that used 15 slide projectors aimed at one screen. Never had anyone aimed so many projectors at a single screen. Nor had anyone ever presented such a range of special-effects, opticals and graphics.

*Bumbles* began and ended with live-action animations – sight gags – satirizing things that can go wrong during slide-show production and staging. The center section presented animated versions of the opticals and graphics effects featured in the  $A=(M)E^2$  poster.

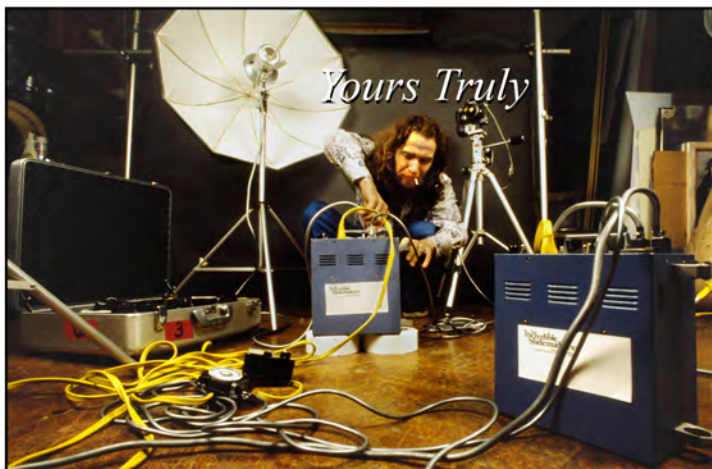
Everything changed after *Bumbles* got screened at the AMI Multi-Image Festival in 1978; Incredible Slidemakers were suddenly on everyone's radar. The animated sight gags bookending *Bumbles* caused a sensation. Live action shot as animated slides was an entirely new look. Long sequences of slides played back at 6 frames per second had a jerkiness that harkened back to old-time movies. Audiences loved the new look. Animated shows became Incredible Slidemakers' trademark style.



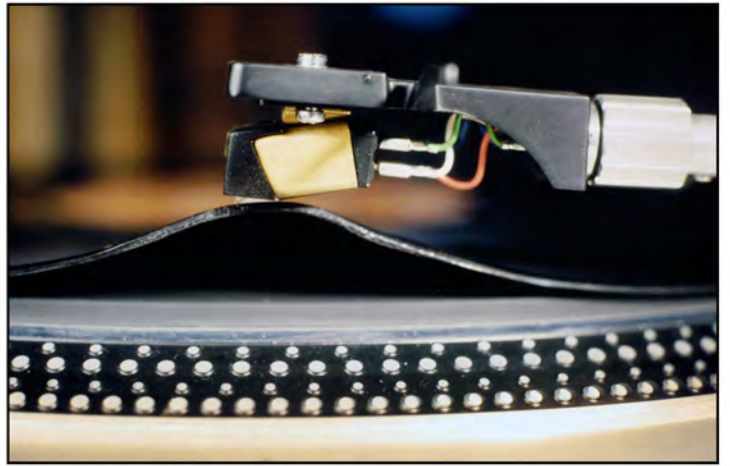
In a 60-slide opening animation from *Bumbles*, John "OC" O'Connell balances a tippy tower of slide trays as he makes his way up the studio stairway.

Well before I entered *Bumbles* into competition at the AMI festival, I knew that I had a winner. As the show was being programmed, everyone and anyone who caught a glimpse of it was blown away. In my mind, receiving an award at the festival was a virtual certainty; it was a foregone conclusion that the show would win top honors. Thus, I wanted to look my best when the spotlight lit my way to the podium, to receive the award and say a few words. So, while in Denver, working on the Cincom show, I visited one of my favorite Western-wear shops and treated myself to some new duds. I was into the Western look, dressing in jeans, boots and cowboy shirts. On this shopping spree I also bought a caramel-brown, polished-suede jacket; it was cut like a sports jacket, very suave. The jacket cost a fair penny, but I had to have it; the rest of my outfit included: light-beige jeans, beige snakeskin boots and a bold cowboy shirt featuring an abstract, boldly-mottled pattern in a black-brown-tan-and-white color motif. Topping it off, I wore a fancy gold belt buckle. In those early days of AMI, there was less formality. Then everything got formal, and AMI awards ceremonies became black-tie banquets.

Fast forward, the *Bumbles* show did win and I put in an appearance on the podium—to much applause. Following the awards ceremonies there was an 'wrap' party in the hotel cocktail lounge. I found myself the center of attention and parked myself at a table near the center of the room to bask in the limelight's afterglow. The chairs around me quickly filled; the liquor flowed and a good time was being had by all when a tipsy Karen Lamport made her way up to our table, plopped herself in my lap and gave me a big kiss. Whoa! The otherwise rare and delightful opportunity to get close with Karen was spoiled by the fact that her glass of red wine spilled all over my beautiful, brand-new, polished-suede jacket; the shirt too. OMG!



1978 | KEY FRAMES OF SELECTED "BUMBLES" SIGHT-GAG ANIMATIONS | PLATE N° 1  
Top down: production meeting in editing room; spilled ink; exploding strobe generator.



1978 | KEY FRAMES OF SELECTED "BUMBLES" SIGHT-GAG ANIMATIONS | PLATE N° 2  
*Top down: warped record; sound blast; mis-loaded Forox; rogue Forox.*



1978 | KEY FRAMES OF SELECTED "BUMBLES" SIGHT-GAG ANIMATIONS | PLATE N° 3  
Top down: sneeze; mis-loaded floppy disk; accidental restart; falling lens.



1978 | KEY FRAMES OF SELECTED "BUMBLES" SIGHT-GAG ANIMATIONS | PLATE N° 4  
 Top down: Overloaded projection grid; burning powerstrip; wavy Eagle monitor.

What could I do? Be cool.<sup>76</sup>

I brushed the incident aside, invited her to stay put (she did) and ordered her a new drink—pronto! Geez, I thought I was in the catbird seat, then Gar Benedick arrived; he turned out to be Karen's BF [Boy Friend]. Although Gar shrugged it off, I think it bothered him that his GF was sitting in my lap and obviously having a good time. I think that influenced our relationship permanently. I think he forever after saw me as a threat; I guess I was. She was my kind of woman—gorgeous and *smart*.

With Incredible's new fame came fortune; my relationship with Chuck Kappenman morphed into an advisory role and Incredible became AVL's primary advertising and sales promotion resource. [See pictures in Volume Nine.] I bartered creative work for gear; that is how I amassed the huge inventory of programming and playback equipment that powered Incredible's massive projection grid of 30+ projectors. It was that extreme fire power that enabled Incredible's fast, flashy style, that set us apart from the others. "Flash and trash" (as Sherry White termed our effects work) became Incredible's trademark.

Within a year after the release of *Bumbles* virtually everyone in the meetings-and-events business was producing animated slide shows with special effects. To stay ahead of the pack, producers kept pushing the limits, using more and more screens and projectors. Things turned from the sublime to the ridiculous; for example, some of the last slide shows I worked on involved upwards of—and in some cases more than—one hundred projectors. Shows like those were seriously complicated to set-up and they involved equally serious costs.

Being in the multi-image business required a big investment in production gear. Incredible never really made a profit of any size because there was always another piece of gear to buy, or another person needed on staff.

While our *quid-pro-quo* barter arrangements with AVL meant that we got most of our programming and playback gear at little or no cost, there was still the cost of three dozen projectors and a dozen alignment stands. I bought most of our projectors and trays from Dumont Camera, at 150 East 34<sup>th</sup> Street, where Norman Green handled our account. Martin Audio supplied our audio gear and tape supplies. Martin earned my unending loyalty when Tom Lannick made good on an expensive Macintosh amplifier that got stolen when a delivery messenger left it by the elevator in our lobby. (That's how you build customer loyalty, eh?)

I regret that you can never see any of Incredible's slide shows ever again. All that is left to show you are digitized copies of the VHS videotapes I made to document our productions. The original slide shows had a look and feel that neither video nor today's new media cannot replicate. You can only see, on small screens, shows that were originally shown on huge screens 40, 50, even 100-foot wide. Be that as it may, you can watch a video of the *Bumbles* show at <https://vimeo.com/232773655>.

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<sup>76</sup> I took the jacket to a specialist cleaner recommended by the hotel; they promised to do the best they could; they got the stain out, but the leather was never the same; the suppleness was gone. I still have that jacket, and it still fits, but not as well; my body has contorted; I have a Nixonian hunch and am an inch shorter; my belly is extended but it's not from beer; it's my over-enlarged spleen.



## 1977 – Dove Show – *Old Philosopher*

Capitalizing on the momentum energized by *Bumbles*, I promoted Incredible Slidemakers by producing an AVL demo show.

Their widespread use of demos showcased our work to big, international audiences.

AVL used us and we used them; it was a symbiotic relationship; like a star athlete's deal with Nike or Adidas. If AVL founder Chuck got excited with an idea, there were virtually no limits to what we could do.

Two of my favorite AVL demo shows were the *You Can't Stop A Dove!* (aka the Dove Show) and *The Old Philosopher*.

*You Can't Stop A Dove!* was produced to solve a big problem that AVL was having with a new digital dissolve unit called the QD-3. *Sometimes*, those dissolvers didn't pay attention to the programming instructions they received. Producers reported instances when QD-3 dissolves just went wild. Once that word was out, it was the kiss of death for the QD-3 dissolve, and a threat to AVL's already fragile reputation for reliability.

Half a year later, AVL readied a replacement dissolver called the Dove.<sup>77</sup> Dove dissolves featured a new, fool-proof cue-signal technology, called Positrack, that kept slides in synch, no matter what. Instead of sending an instruction code once, twice or even thrice, cue codes were sent over and over in a continuous stream that informed each projector where it was always supposed to be—its correct tray position(s).

The new tech worked perfectly. Dove Shows ran flawlessly. But, producers' faith in AVL was badly shaken and needed restoring.

The Dove Show was written for that purpose. I wish you could see the Dove Show; however, the video-transfer tapes have been lost; instead, I'll do my best to describe it.

A pair of radio personalities (Bob Elliott and Ray Gould) had a popular act called The Bob and Ray Show [See: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bob\\_and\\_Ray](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bob_and_Ray)]. Their programs were mock interviews that satirized the subjects being presented.

The story I wrote featured bold Bob playing the part of an AVL dealer presenting the new Dove dissolve to mild-mannered Ray, a dubious multi-image producer who doesn't believe a word of Bob's sales pitch.

The Dove Show story presented a show within a show— of Bob presenting a demo show to Ray, the one that Ray tries to foil—was a ludicrous history of slides purporting, among other inanities, that slides were invented by George Eastman "...because he needed something to put in his projector."

The Dove Show cut back and forth between Bob's ridiculous demo and close-ups of Ray doing everything he can think of to stop the Dove.

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<sup>77</sup> Ironically, in Italian, *Dove* meant "where is it?"

For example, in one cut-away, when Bob says, "You can't stop a Dove," Ray yanks the signal cable from the Dove and growls, "Oh yeah? Watch this!" When the cable is reconnected, the Dove recovers the show, and Bob repeats, "You can't stop a Dove!" Whatever Ray does, the Dove keeps on playing; eventually Ray becomes so frustrated that he loses it, grabs a fire ax and smashes the Dove (below), which explodes in a great mushroom cloud; whereupon Ray triumphantly snickers:

"Guess what? Your Dove Show just stopped!"



One frame from a 40-slide animation at the finale of *You Can't Stop A Dove!*

The show's finale featured AVL's top-tier sales reps and producers. In that scene, Charlie Spataro, AVL's biggest dealer [AV Workshop], played the part of Ray, and Mike Reuther, AVL's Canadian rep, played Bob's character. Behind them, watching Ray smash the Dove with an ax, are AVL's dream-team. Noreen Camissa was kind enough to provide this caption:

"Back row left standing Mark Gavigan to Mark's right seated is Clive Butler next seated is Richard Brooks. The guy seated up front next to Spataro is David Fellowes. Behind Brooks and to Mark's right is Richard Crowe, next left is David Lawson, next is Lex Lawson, (can't identify the person between Lex and Gene Kout), Richard Fairclough, I see Chuck Kappenman, I can't remember the guy with the beard next to Chuck. Of course, up front Mike Reuther with Charlie Spataro."

The soundtrack was tricky to put together. I spent a long time mixing it without the benefit of the programmed slides, as if I was listening to a Bob & Ray radio show.

They say playing with humor is a dangerous gambit for a promotional venture; when jokes fall flat, they can spoil an otherwise good reputation. However, using well-known comedians, like Bob & Ray, gave the parody credibility.

Peter Thomas, another famous voice (notably of the PBS *NOVA* series), narrated Bob's "show within the show." With all that talent, and a slew of audio effects, the resulting sound track was rich and smooth as velvet.

Once I got the soundtrack working on its own, illustrating it was like putting icing on a cake. I had a great deal of fun photographing the live-action demo sequences, of Ray's attempts to kill the Dove.

There was so much *production value* packed into that show, it is no surprise it went on to win top awards at every competition it was entered.

Watch a video of the show at Vimeo: <https://vimeo.com/manage/videos/659144943>

Read about the restoration of the show by Steve Michelson on page 2567 in Volume Nine of *An Incredible Epic*, here:  
[http://mesney.com/AnIncredibleEpic/INCREDIBLE\\_EPIC\\_9\\_6.0+Volume\\_Nine\\_23.10.09\\_with\\_plates\\_Web.pdf](http://mesney.com/AnIncredibleEpic/INCREDIBLE_EPIC_9_6.0+Volume_Nine_23.10.09_with_plates_Web.pdf)

With the affirmation of awards and recognition for the Dove Show, I felt confident when I proposed to Chuck Kappenman a new show—called *The Old Philosopher* -designed to underscore AVL's commitment to reliability. Having demonstrated that hiring top talent is worth their cost, I wrote the Old Philosopher script for Eddie Lawrence,<sup>1</sup> another popular radio comic whose '70s hit record album spun tales of woe all ending with the admonishment, "Never give up, never give up, never give up—that ship!"  
[You can, listen to Lawrence at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yKkazr8M-n4>]

Here's a transcript of that program, which begins with melancholic hand-organ music:

### **The Old Philosopher**

Eddie Lawrence  
(sympathetically)

"Hiya, folks. You say you lost your job today? You say it's 4 a.m. and your kids ain't come home from school yet? You say your wife went out for a corned beef sandwich last weekend—the corned beef sandwich came back but she didn't? You say your furniture's out all over the sidewalk 'cause you can't pay the rent and you got chapped lips and paper cuts and your feet's all swollen up and blistered from pounding the pavement looking for work? Is that's what's troubling you, fella?"

With the crash of a cymbal, a brass band plays a marching tune.

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<sup>1</sup> There's more about Eddie Lawrence at [http://www.nytimes.com/2014/03/31/arts/eddie-lawrence-comedian-actor-and-pitchman-is-dead-at-95.html?\\_r=0](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/03/31/arts/eddie-lawrence-comedian-actor-and-pitchman-is-dead-at-95.html?_r=0)

Eddie Lawrence  
(proudly)

“Lift your head up high! Take a walk in the sun with that dignity and stick-to-it-iveness, and you’ll show the world, you’ll show them where to get off. You’ll never give up, never give up, never give up—that ship!”

For the AVL show I adapted Lawrence’s style to skits based on a multi-image producer’s biggest problems. Here’s a taste of my script:

“Hiya, Folks. You say the hotel gave you un-grounded power and your dissolves don’t work, and your projectors went wild, and then they picked you up in the parking lot for smoking some weed, and the client fired you? Is that what’s got you down, pussy cat?”

Well, rise up, pull yourself together and get an AVL Data Booster. You can kiss power problems goodbye, lift your head up high, and show them how it’s done. With AVL you’ll never give up, never give up, never give up—that ship!”

*The Old Philosopher* seemed like a natural follow-up to the Dove Show. However, it never got produced. AVL was going through existential internal changes; Chuck Kappenman was focusing on the PC business, a global market with much bigger rewards than the boutique audiovisual industry could ever generate. Sales manager Bryan King was also shifting his focus, leaving the States to open his own AVL distributorship in Manila [Philippines] and assume exclusive control of the Asia-Pacific market.



*Village People* concert tour, 1978.  
Chris Hoina rigs projection module to lighting truss.

*"The whole World is a stage."*

William Shakespeare

Most of us grew up being taught that you can be anything you want to be. That belief is the core of the great American credo. You can choose to be anything you want to be. What you *are* is what you have *chosen* to be. If something else would make you happier you would certainly do that instead, wouldn't you? If you are not happy it is nobody's fault but your own; and only you can do something about it. Since you can't change other people, the change must come from you, from within; so, it is usually best to just change yourself, turn your dial to another channel; tune out anything annoying; tune in what makes you feel good. Doesn't that sound simple? Ah, that it could have been that easy.

We are what we absorb; not just food; also, what we think and experience. However, even that is a deceptively simple concept when you consider that consciousness involves only 10% of our total brain functions. What the other 90% is doing you'll never know because it is unconscious. But you can be sure that the conscious and unconscious work together for a common goal that can be summed up by what Aladdin's Genie told him: "Your wish is my command." The unconscious is like the engine room in the ship, it empowers whatever is directed by Captain Conscious. "Be careful what you wish for"—is true in an existential way; you will get whatever you really want; and what you want is what you think about. But what is that? Do you know what you *really* want? Sometimes what you really want is suppressed—unconscious—unknown to you; those hidden motivations add more sport to the game of life. I found what I want after a prolonged process of elimination, discovering what I didn't like.





1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 1  
*Insurance inventory photos documenting the Incredible Slidemakers studio.*



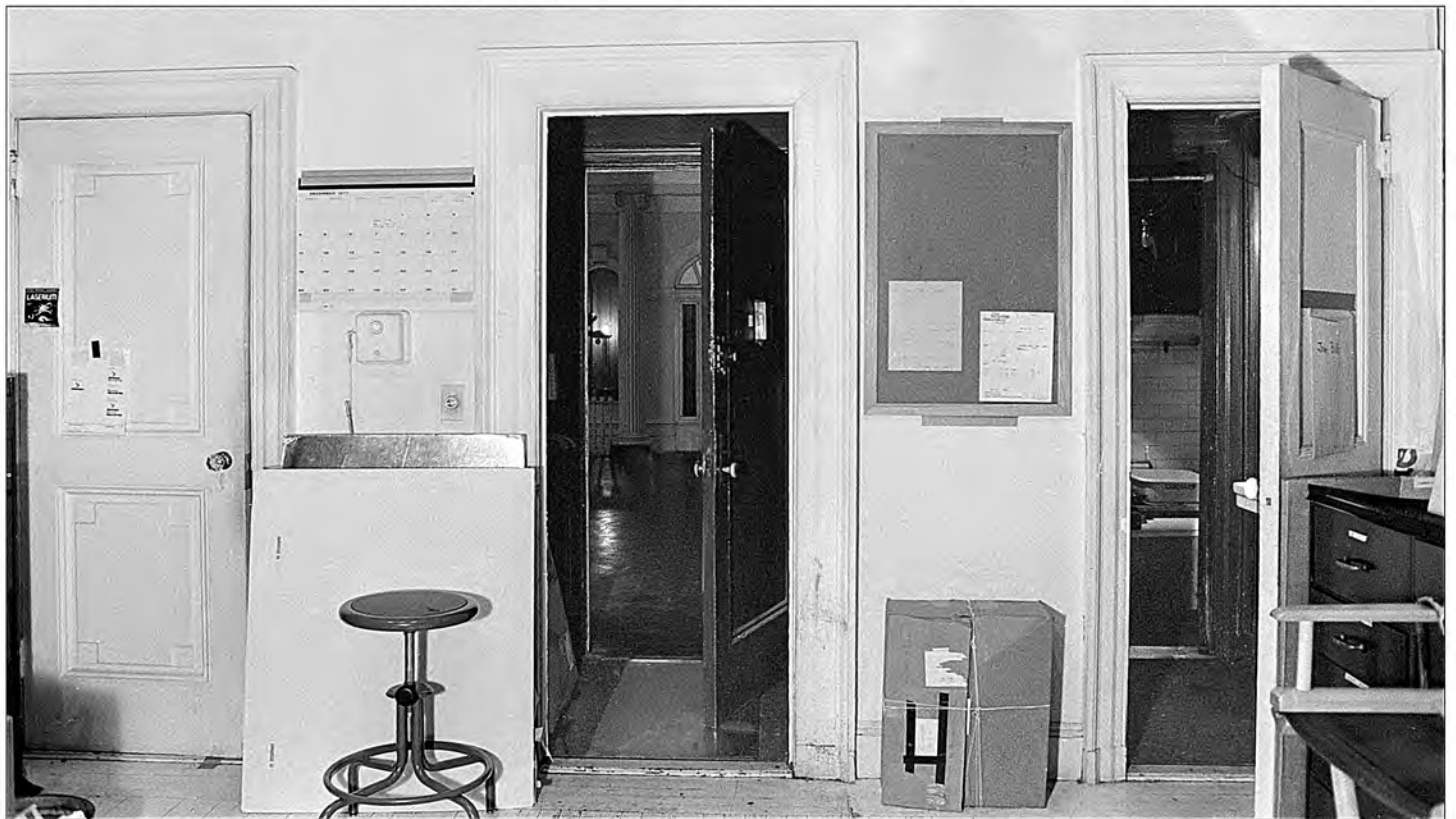
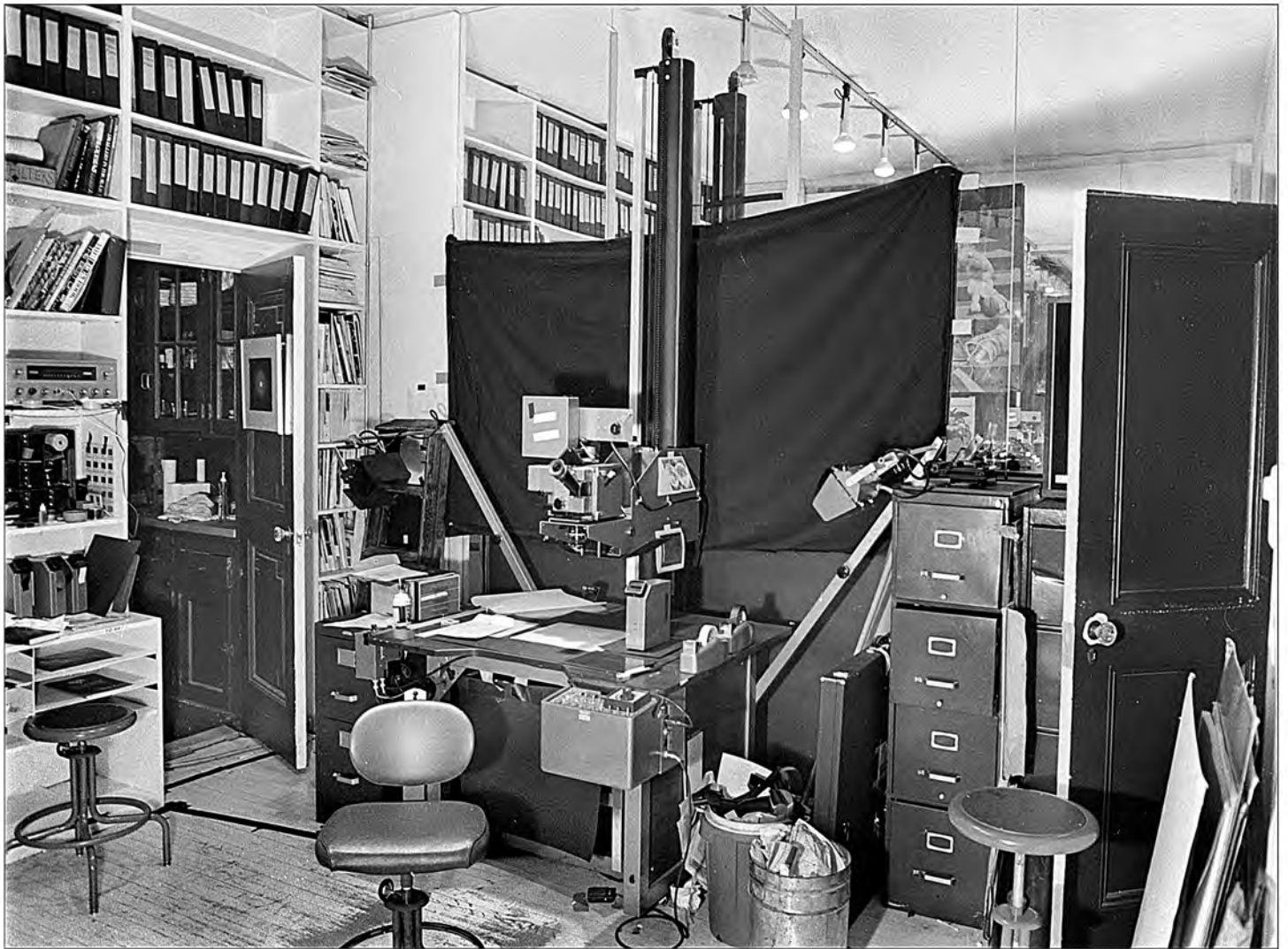
In 1977, our insurance company (Mutual of New York) asked for an inventory of everything they were covering in the 73rd Street studio.

Rather than make detailed lists – an exhaustive project – we had a lot of stuff – I asked for and was granted the opportunity to prepare a visual inventory, with pictures. It was a real time saver and became a tradition I carried on for years, in every subsequent studio (Stockholm, Brussels and Vashon). Now, of course, those pictures are prime mementos.

Photo studio manager, Jim Casey, photographed the first three floors. I shot the building exterior and my private quarters on the fourth floor. They are documentary pictures, not beauty shots. That said, I had a devil of a time making decent-looking "prints". Casey had used a single strobe (flash) and, in many cases, aimed it at the subject instead of bouncing the light off the ceiling (to provide more even illumination). The results were over-exposed foregrounds and under-exposed backgrounds. In addition, he used a wide-angle lens without regard to keeping the perspectives and architectural lines "straight". Those imperfections were ironed out in Photoshop. It would be impossible to produce equally good results using traditional, silver-print methods in the darkroom; burning and dodging with the required finesse would be virtually impossible, to say nothing of perspective changes. That said, and in defense of Casey, the pictures were taken for insurance purposes; a perfunctory record of the studio contents.

In addition to the pictures shown, there are dozens of other detail shots showing things like the contents of closets and equipment cases (examples are shown above), cabinets, and drawers. Not shown is the ornate bathroom in my fourth floor private quarters, the office set-up across the hall a year later in the other fourth-floor apartment (4R), or the basement, which, in later years, became a major storage facility for our growing archive of artwork, and job folders, as well as a chord of firewood every winter.





1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 3

*First floor | Above: Forox camera | Below: entrance from lobby (center); bathroom darkroom entre (right)*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 4

*First floor | Art production and camera-cel preparation | Lower right: entry to pantry.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 5

*First floor | Above: art production and camera-cel preparation | Below right: pantry storage & kitchen.*



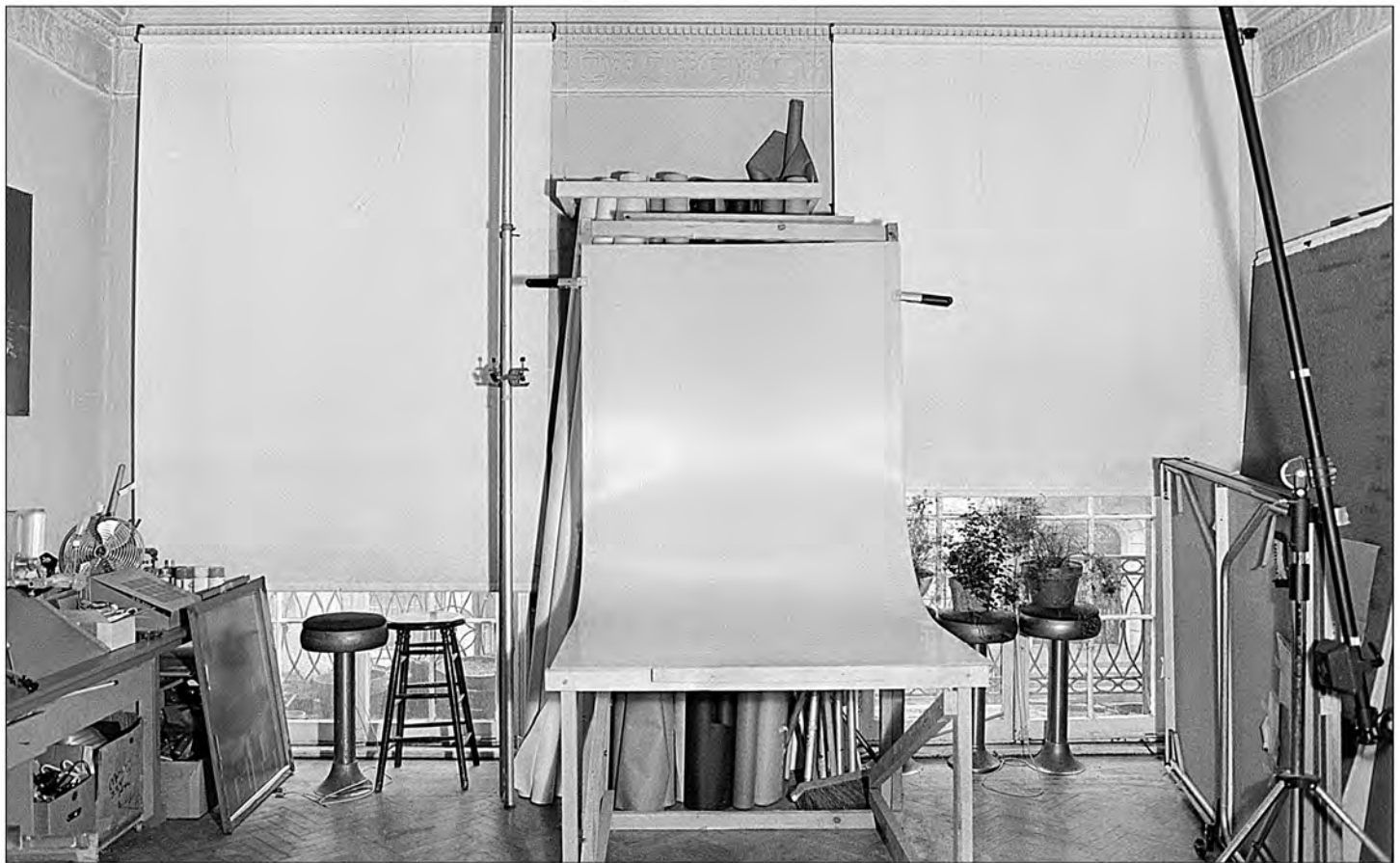
1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 6

*First floor | Art, cel prep and gelling (colorizing) | Lower right: repro camera (aka stat camera).*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 7

*First floor | Art, cel prep and gelling (colorizing) | Lower right: darkroom enlarger.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 8

*Second floor front | Photo studio | Below: "Cyclorama" seamless-background Plexiglas stage.*



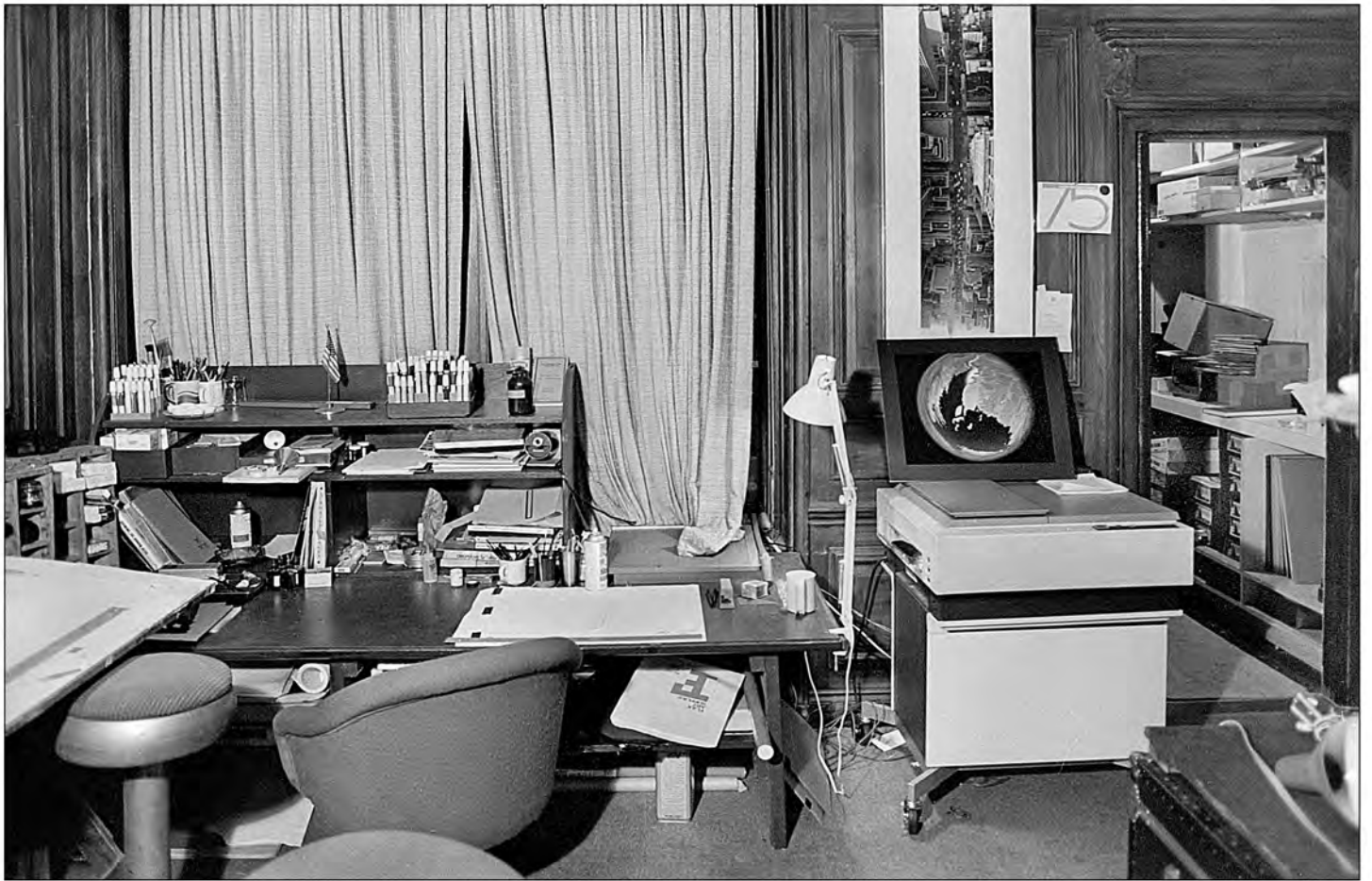
1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 9

*Second floor front | Photo studio.*

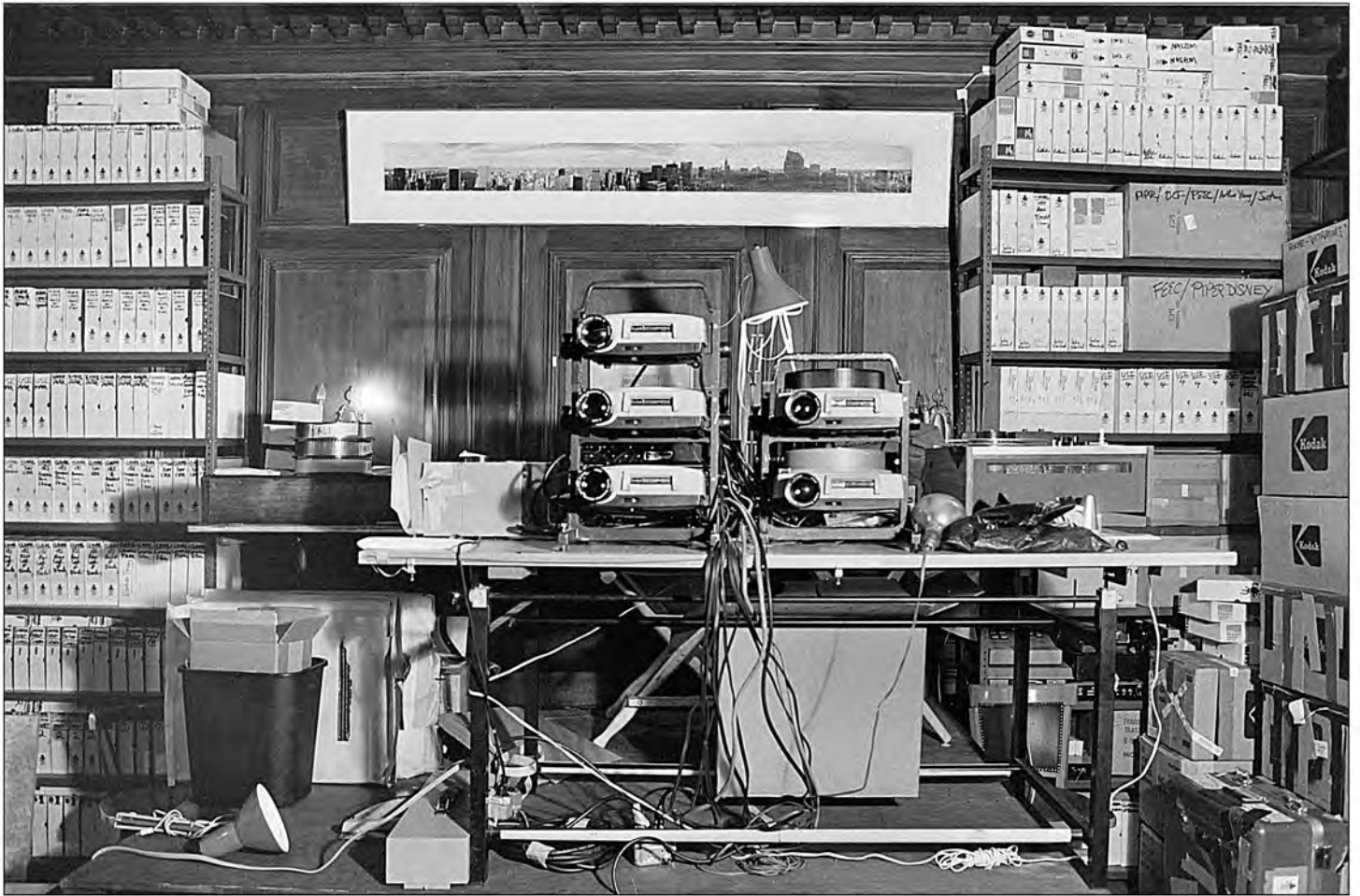


1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 10  
*Second floor rear | Art prep & auxilliary programming.*





1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 11  
*Second floor rear | Art prep & auxilliary programming.*

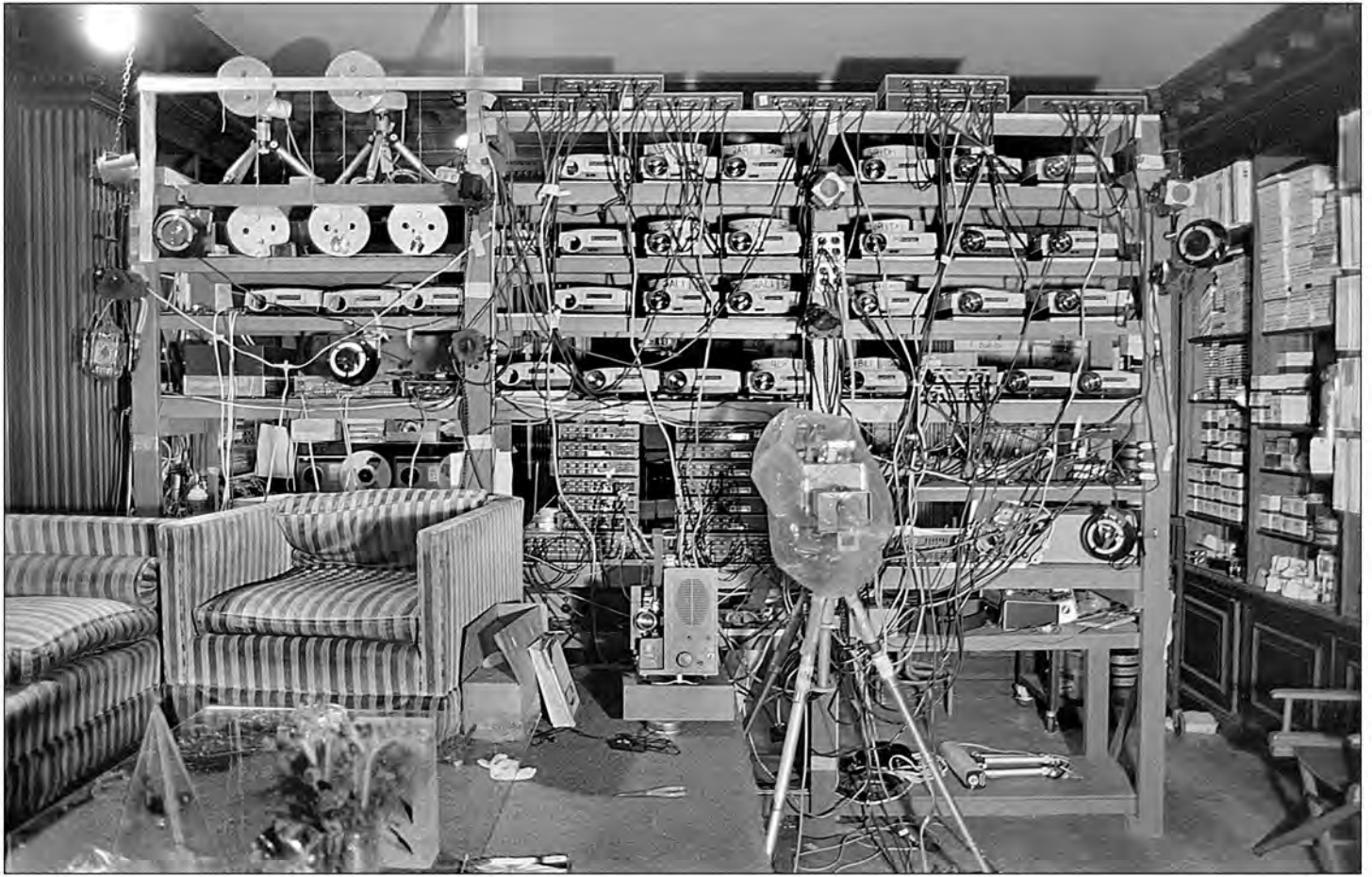


1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 12

*Second floor rear | Auxilliary programming | Below: (L) Teac 3340 (R) AVL ShowPro II.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 13  
*Second floor rear | Hallway office | IBM Vari-type machine.*

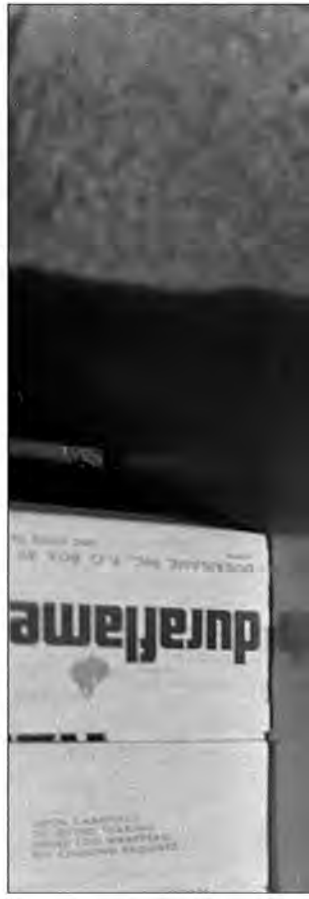


1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 14  
*Third floor front | Programming, assembly & screening.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 15

*Third floor front | Programming, assembly & screening | Lower two: Grandma Taylor's antique furniture.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 16  
*Third floor front | Programming, assembly & screening.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 17

*Third floor front | Programming, assembly & screening | Below: under-platform storage.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 18  
*Third floor front | Audio production and programming.*





1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 19  
*Third floor front | Audio production and programming.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 20

*Third floor front | Above: audio production and programming | Below: hallway kitchenette.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 21

*Third floor rear | Above: hallway & closet storage | Below: lightbox room - slide editing & mounting.*

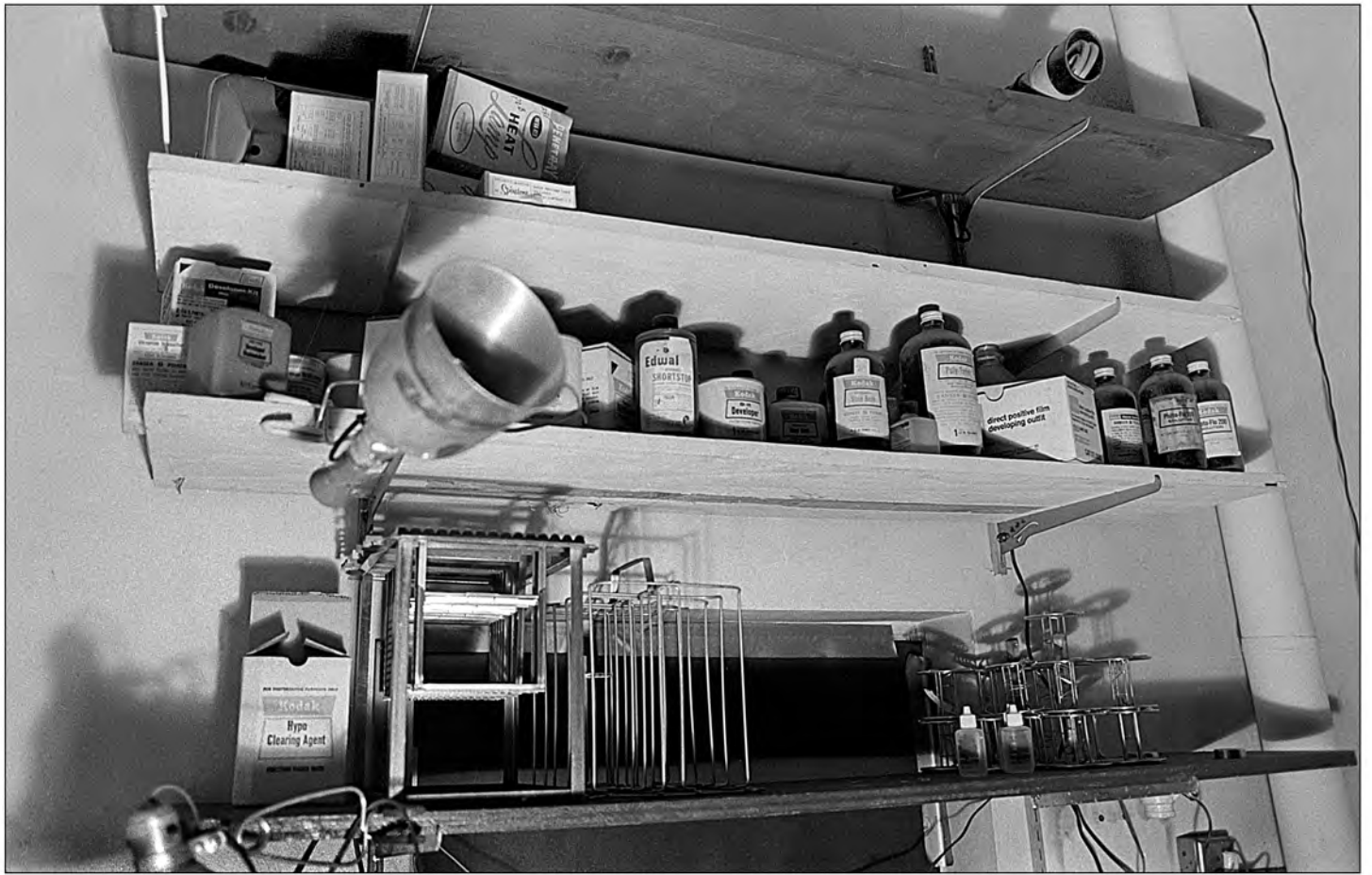


1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 22  
*Third floor rear | Lightbox room - slide editing, mounting and storage.*



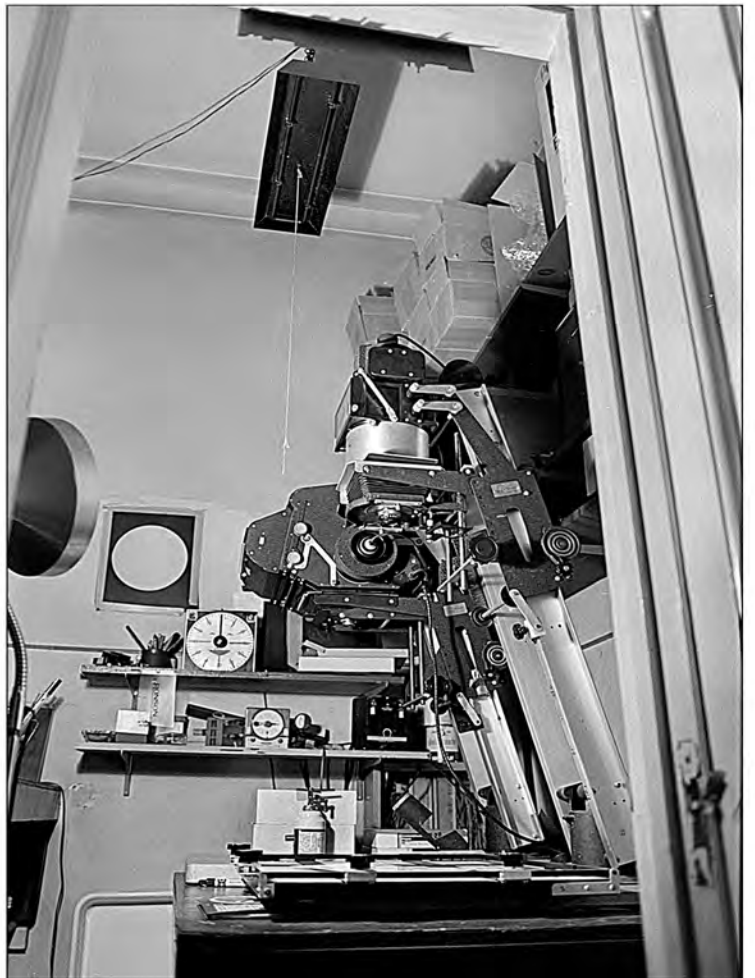
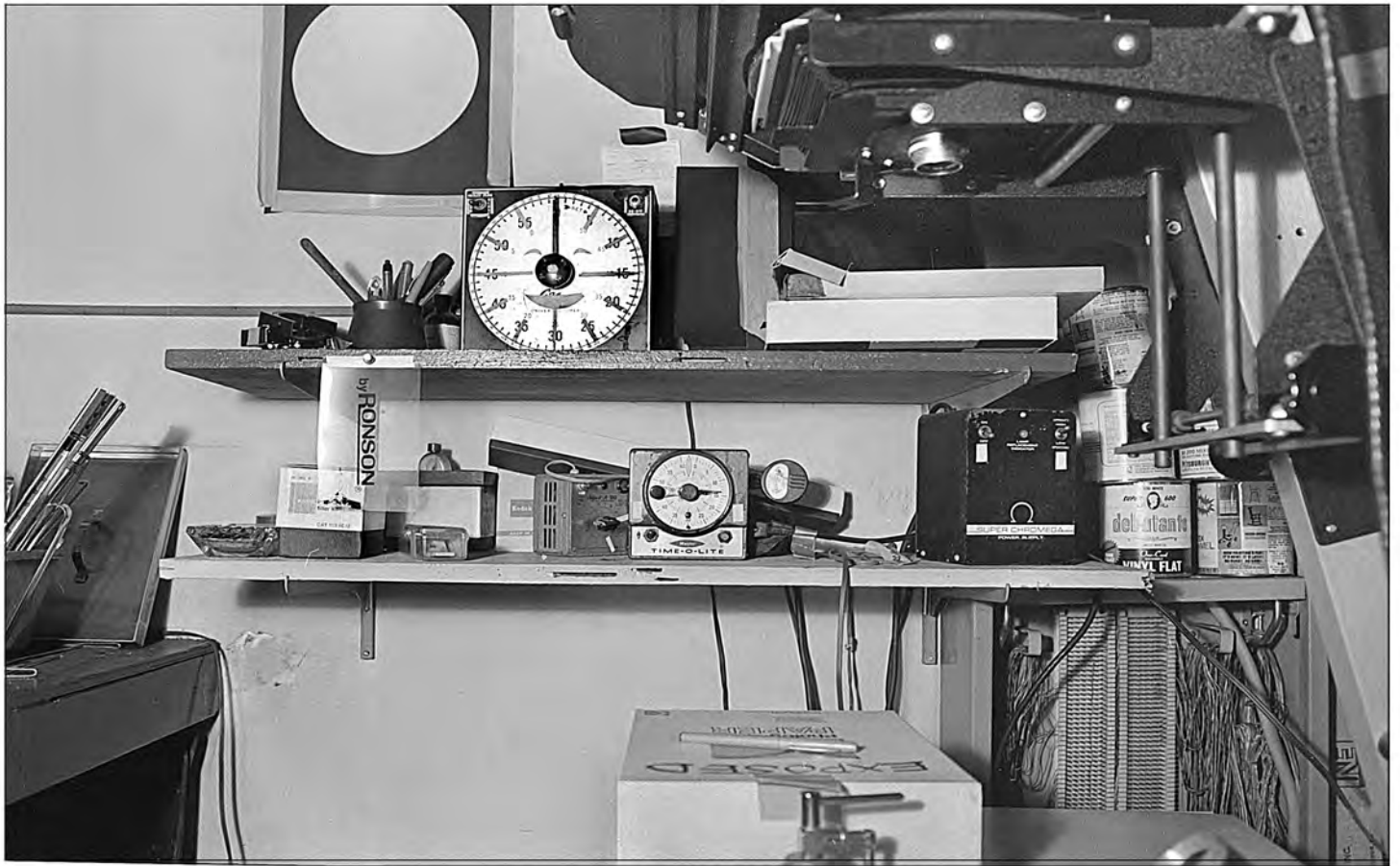
1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 23

*Third floor rear | Lightbox room - slide editing, mounting and storage | Lower right: entre to bathroom-darkroom.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 24

*Third floor rear | Darkroom.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 25

*Third floor rear | Darkroom | Lower right: Omega D2 and Super Chromega enlargers.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 26  
*Fourth floor front | My private quarters.*





1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 27

*Fourth floor front | My private quarters.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 28  
*Fourth floor front | My private quarters.*



1977 | 23 EAST 73RD STREET STUDIO | PLATE N° 29

*Third floor three years earlier, before slide shows took over.*

## 1977 – Village People – “Turn Off the Slides!”

In the AV business, the big money was in equipment rentals.

In an attempt to recoup some of the thousands of dollars that gear cost every year, Incredible did our own staging; that is, we used our own equipment to perform the shows we built.

We had two sets of equipment, one set remained in the studio for show production; the other was a travelling set, used for performances.

After Glen Wilhelm was fired, John O’Connell replaced him. Soon after that Chris Hoina joined our forces, when we got a road-show contract from the Village People, a popular disco band. Hoina freelanced for Mark Duffy who was contracted by Can’t Stop Productions to organize and stage the Village People’s concert tour across America.

Dealing with the Village People was a trip. The music business turned out to be a world apart, revealed to me in stages. My education began when Mark Duffy brought Jacques Morali and Henry Belolo—the creators and managers of the Village People brand—to my studio for a capabilities presentation together with their six vocalists [Victor Willis (policeman), Randy Jones (cowboy), Glenn Hughes (Leatherman), Felipe Rose (Indian), David Hodo (construction worker) and Alex Briley (soldier/sailor)].

Mark wanted to include slide visuals as part of the lighting rig. Together we pitched Morali and Belolo for that business. I presented *Bumbles*. People were usually floored when they saw that show; but, not in this case. Before *Bumbles* ended, Jacques was on his feet, waving his arms yelling: “Turn off the slides! Turn off the slides! I have seen enough; I am bored.” What?

The meeting was over; Jacques, Henry, Mark and “the boys” left the studio, in that order. We didn’t know what to think other than we had somehow blown it. Then, after a few suspenseful days, we were awarded the job, without a clue as to what it was.

Mark later told me that Morales was having a bad hair day; that he liked the effects; that there was no actual plan for the tour yet; and that he had no idea what the slide-show modules would be. All Mark knew was that we had to deliver four effects each for a dozen songs, together with an operator, to perform them at Village People shows.

There wasn’t very much time before the tour opened. We came up with ad hoc ideas and produced them on the fly; some of them were inane; it was a real *pot pourri*. While Fred and his team churned out Forox graphics, the band members were photographed in the studio by Pat Billings and Jim Casey.

The studio wasn’t big enough to have all the six Village People there at the same time; we tried, but it looked cramped; so, they were photographed one-by-one, in “limbo” (against a black background). I remember they had a hell of a time getting them to do anything except the “stock” poses that were part of their stage act; the boys were rather like programmed robots, choreographed by Jacques. The Forox department used those isolated figures as elements in montages

Incredible needed to hire a roadie who could become part of Mark's lighting team, travel with the Village People show, set-up and perform the slide effects. Mark recommended Hoina and I hired him. [He's the guy in the rigging, in the lower-right corner of the collage, above; and he's the left of two silhouetted figures surveying Madison Square Garden; Mark Duffy is the other.]

[Spoiler Alert: Chris was one of my best hires; he was a good man in every sense, loyal to—and beyond—the bitter end. It was Chris who, after I had already left New York, worked with Jon Bromberg to finish closing the studio, who trucked Incredible's business files—twenty Bankers boxes full of them—to my mother's house, in Douglaston.<sup>1</sup>



Chris's job involved cueing sequences of pre-programmed slides— "mini modules" we called them. It was a semi-automated task. At certain points in a song, Chris would push the cue button on an AVL ShowPro V. That would send a burst of instructions to three AVL MK VII dissolves controlling 9 Kodak Carousel projectors (three stacks of three) focused on three screens hanging above the band, downstage, near the audience.

Chris's job was made easier by the fact that Village People shows were over-dubbed. The boys actually sang at performances; but they were backed-up by a pre-recorded, full-studio rendition played under the live performance. If any of the boys got out of key, tempo or synch, their live voice was faded out and their recorded voice faded in.

The whole performance was driven by a *click track*, including the boys. Everyone involved heard a metronome-like click track in their earpieces. Stage lighting, excluding the slides, was synchronized using SMPTE code. Musical devices were controlled by MIDI. But slide-control interfaces were not that advanced yet; the ShowPro V didn't read time code; Chris had to synch the slides by the seat of his pants.

[Read Chris Hoina's comment in the Appendix -*From Chris Hoina*]

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<sup>1</sup> When the company failed and I moved to Hawaii; Mom said I could store the business records in the basement; but, there were too many boxes; the overflow ended up occupying half of the back porch.

After the Village People tour, Incredible owned an awful lot of gear. Storing it all between shows engulfed most of the former photo studio. Between the AV gear and the slide multiplexer, all that remained of my former photo studio was just a small, table-top-photo set-up. Rent was not cheap; the sleeping AV gear was taking up space, costing me money. I spun the gear business into a separate division of The Incredible Slidemakers—AVSR, Audio Visual Staging & Rentals.



The idea was to provide staging and equipment rentals to other producers. I reckoned we'd get business from those producers with whom we already had connections, through AVL and our Forox department. The plan backfired, bigtime. I totally pissed-off a lot of important dealers and staging companies. Jim Casey recalls that Randy Wills, head of Staging Techniques [New York's biggest staging company], "suggested" that I drop the idea; so, nothing ever came of AVSR. I worked a deal with the landlord to let us store stuff in the basement. By the time we finished the Village People show there were thirteen Incredible Slidemakers, including me.

### **1977 – Annual Meeting – A Family Affair**

Incredible hit its stride in 1977. We were a little giant in the AV business. By then there were a dozen incredible slide-makers crowded into the four-floor studio, working together as a kind of family. With so many employees, I was feeling *corporate*; success was going to my head.

What success Incredible had was due in large part to my *laissez faire* management style; I encouraged experimentation; sometimes the experiments were far-fetched but every experiment pays off one way or another. I did not know how to be a manager; I never went to management school; I made it up as I went along, to some extent copying what I learned from my clients, staging shows at their meetings and events. The take away was that company meetings were important for a lot of reasons, not the least of which was motivation. I decided to start having Incredible company meetings. The first (and only) Incredible annual meeting in East Marion in 1978, at three of the Mosbach vacation-rental bungalows, where my family vacationed every August.<sup>2</sup> We got the seaside house, the Bungalow next to it and a four-bedroom house set back from the beach, called the Lodge.

### **1978 | Incredible Slidemakers Annual Meeting | photos by Grace Napoleon**

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<sup>2</sup> The Mosbachs, a family from North Carolina, had five seaside rentals in East Marion, run by Charles and his wife, Ann. I had been going to the Mosbach's from the age of five; every year, grandma Taylor rented the best bungalow, the one right on the water, for three weeks in the month of August; my family went there until 1984; by then all the kids had flown the coop.

That weekend with my tribe was the spiritual apex of Incredible's short life in New York. Things deteriorated after that when tribal politics infected the ranks. Politics was unavoidable, I suppose; William Golding [*Lord of the Flies*] was right. Incredible rotted from the inside out. Everyone wanted more. It was an era of rampant inflation and astronomical interest rates (thank you, Paul Volker).

## 1977 – Bad Apples – Tricky Business

Although pranks are usually played good-naturedly, on one occasion I had to play a trick on a member of our studio family who had gone bad; or maybe he was bad when we got him, same difference.

It was a tricky matter because the culprit, "Ricky," was the only black person who ever at worked at Incredible. Truth told, I hired him as a favor to the woman who handled our film processing account at K&L Laboratories; let's call her Magnolia.

K&L [Sam Kirshen & Walter Lang] had helped Incredible grow. They had seen the studio through hard times, through the transition from Mesney's Mad Medicine Show, on 23<sup>rd</sup> Street, to Mesney's Third Bardo, on 73<sup>rd</sup> Street, and now, Incredible Slidemakers.

We did a colossal amount of business with K&L. Film and processing accounted for 25% of the average costs to produce a good show and more than 18% of our total outside costs.

Some days we would send K&L maybe 500 rolls of film to develop (18,000 slides to mount). They gave us personalized slide mounts at no extra cost, with our Incredible name and phone number imprinted on every slide frame.

With all that history, I trusted Magnolia and she trusted me.; When she asked me to hire her son, I agreed. It was just after all the Civil Rights marches; everybody was trying to do their best to give blacks a chance, to give back. Ricky was my contribution to that cause; what could be better than a job?

When Ricky came to work, all was good for a few weeks. He was always on time, always wore a tie and jacket, always wore shined shoes and always addressed me as, "Sir." But Ricky never fit in to the unique Incredible group. How could he?

Ricky was out of his element—a deprived black youth from Harlem in a world of over-privileged WASP hippies having fun making shows for the white oligarchy.

After a while, things started disappearing: a watch here, a wallet there, then a camera. It was a disturbing, ongoing pattern. What to do?

I organized a sting operation, to sniff out the culprit. First, a hidden video camera was focused on OC's desk; then I leaked information that OC's travel money would be left on his desk, for him to pick-up. Figured it out yet?

The video revealed Ricky to be the thief. Rather than involve the police, I decided on a more personalized and powerful punishment: humiliation. I called the whole staff into the screening room on the pretense of watching a new demo.

Always eager, Ricky squeezed through the crowd to be in the first row. Behind him, the rest of the crowd made escape impossible. The lights dimmed and the video rolled. There was Ricky, on the big screen, captured stealing OC's money, for all to see.

Mortified, Ricky tried to get out but couldn't. I told him how disappointed we were and that if he returned all the things he had taken, I would not prosecute him. And that's what happened.

There had been another theft episode a year or so earlier when our accountant, a gay boy named "Donald," embezzled ten grand. (!) Jon Bromberg had been on staff for maybe half a year and things got ahead of him as the business expanded and the accounting got complicated. Donald was hired to post entries and give Jon time to deal with a sales-tax investigation by the State of New York.

(We had a NY State apparatchik living with us for a couple of months while they searched for something on which to nail us; but Jon kept clean books and we passed the test.)

In the middle of all that, Donald didn't show up for work one day, or the day after, or the day after that. A week later, he called from Denver to apologize for "borrowing" ten thousand dollars and absconding with it. Weird, eh? He said he would pay us back eventually. Ha!

[*Editor:* Tom Ridinger came down hard on me, for the way I dealt with that situation; the string operation was a kind of entrapment. Hmm. In retrospect (2023) I think Tom was right. It might not even be legal. That said, it worked. Problem solved and nobody got hurt, except maybe Ricky's feelings.]

## **1977 – *Magic Lasers* – Disappearing Act**

What do they say, "Sometimes the magic works, and sometimes it doesn't?"

Inspired by Fred Cannizzaro, I started messing around with lasers. Fred brought a little red laser to the studio one day; together with a handful of glass crystals. He beamed the laser through the crystals; the projections on the screen blew my mind; the imagery was weird and wonderful.



*In a parody of AV technicians made blind by lasers (O'Connell was a great prankster), Dan Collins and OC pose with Incredible's laser machine.*

*I reckon Casey must have taken the picture; the file was tiny, so the image isn't very clear.*



Within two years, I hired a Boston-based electronics and laser consultant, Dr. Brian O'Brien and commissioned him to build Incredible's first hardware product, Magic Lasers, a laser-plotting machine that drew patterns actuated by the musical tones. It was a cool effect that fit right in with the disco-psychedelia craze of the late '70s.

I nearly bankrupted the studio developing and promoting Magic Lasers; it was a fiscal black hole. After a while, I had so much invested it didn't make sense to stop.

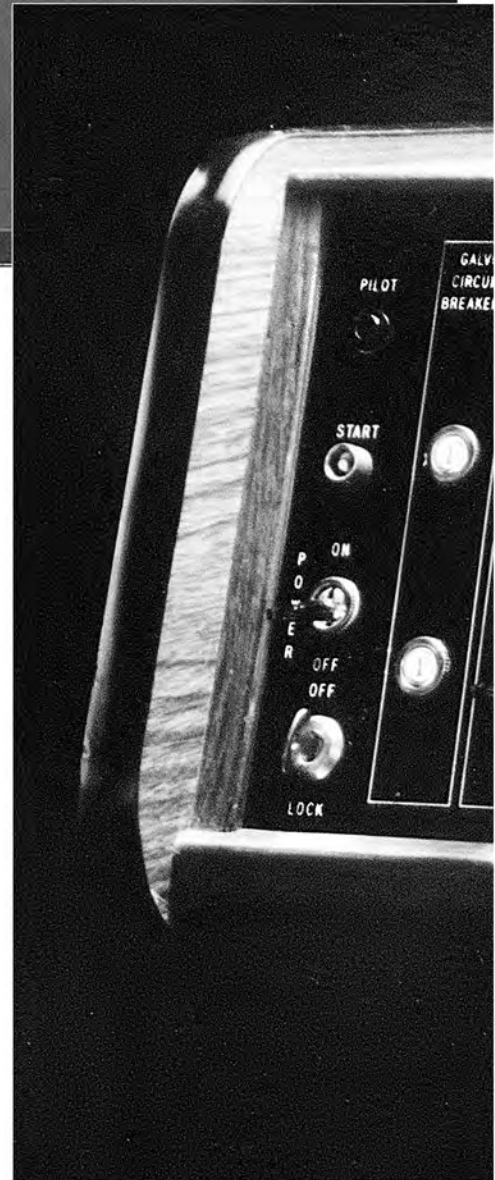
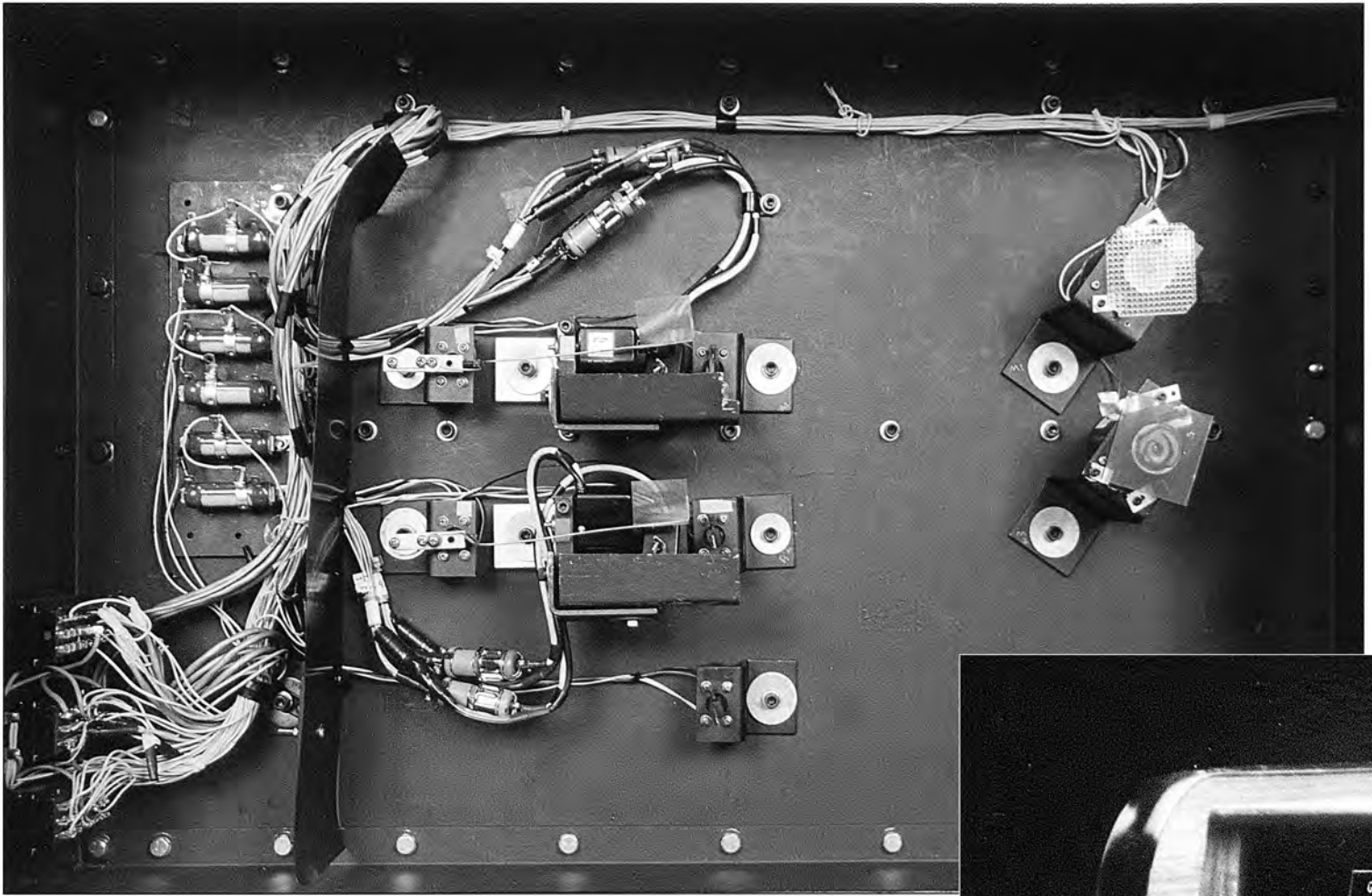
To promote the laser machine, I emulated AVL's most successful marketing strategy—road shows.

I made a Magic Lasers demo show and took it on the road; first to the NAVA (National Audio-Visual Association) trade show in Atlanta, and then to the Images trade show in London, England.

That was no small undertaking—the Magic Lasers machine weighed in at nearly 200 pounds in its shoulder-high road case.

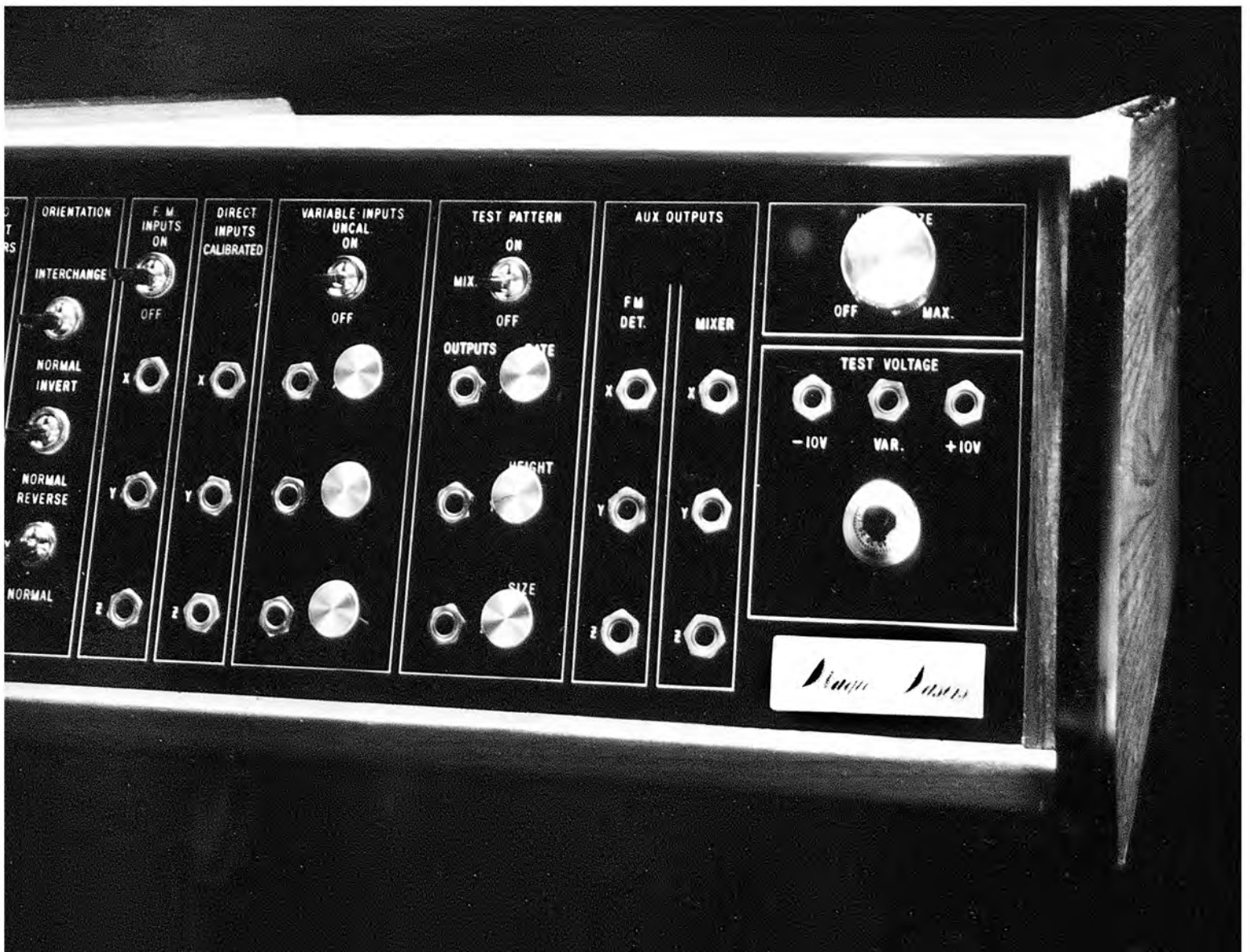
Yours Truly (left) and Jim Casey (center) seem to have our doubts about the situation. (Ha!)





1977 | MAGIC LASERS | PLATE N° 1

*Above: lasers pass through shutters (center) and deflect off scanning galvanometers (right) to create patterns.*



1977 | MAGIC LASERS | PLATE N° 2

*Magic Lasers control console. Phone jacks are for signals of recorded audio frequencies.*



 **Magic  
Lasers  
& Multi-Image  
Belong Together**

*Magic Lasers is a programmable laser projection system that will add pizzazz to your multi-image show ...or be its own module.*

*Magic Lasers was developed by The Incredible Slidemakers as a powerful new special effect to translate your show into a multi-media experience.*

*The secret lies in using the laser together with special-effects slides and quick-pace programming...or using the laser and slides or movies to create mystical-space visuals. The laser becomes an animated image joining the others in their dance on the screen.*

*Magic Lasers has analog and digital programming controls as well as eight "special effects." It can write, draw, animate, create abstract patterns, as well as "disco" effects.*

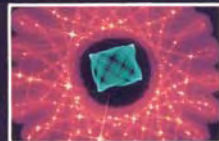
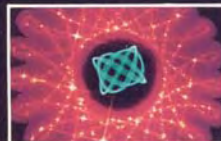
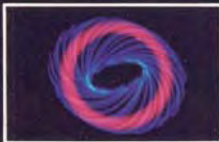
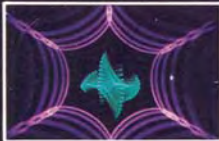
*Magic Lasers can be purchased, rented or leased; programming and other multi-image software is also available.*

*So when your audience finally gets tired of slides alone, move up to Magic Lasers.*

*They're Incredible.*

**The Incredible Products Co.**

23 East 73rd Street  
New York, N.Y. 10021  
(212) 535-0992



**Incredible**

One of two full-page, four-color ads placed in AV magazines at great expense. They doubled as promotional flyer & mailers.

*Bottom row (left to right): Rocky Graziano, Joey Porcelli, Your's Truly  
Second row: Doug Sloan, Jan Irish, Jon Bromberg, Fred Cannizzaro  
Top row: John "OC" O'Connell & Chris Hoina  
Photographer, unknown.*



1979 | INCREDIBLE SLIDEMAKERS AT NAVA CONVENTION | PLATE N° 1

*See photo caption above for details.*



1979 | INCREDIBLE SLIDEMAKERS AT NAVA CONVENTION | PLATE N° 2

*Above: Jan Irish, Rocky Graziano, Jon Bromberg | Below: Rocky Graziano adjusts laser machine.*



1979 | INCREDIBLE SLIDEMAKERS AT NAVA CONVENTION | PLATE N° 3

*Above: Doug Sloan passes out Incredible Slidemakers posters | Below: Jan Irish, Rocky Graziano, Jon Bromberg*



1979 | INCREDIBLE SLIDEMAKERS AT NAVA CONVENTION | PLATE N° 4

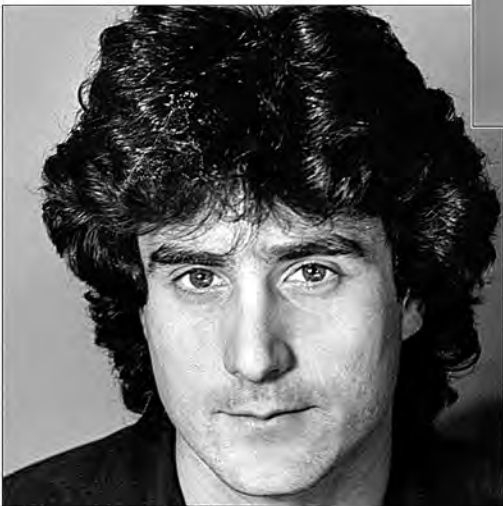
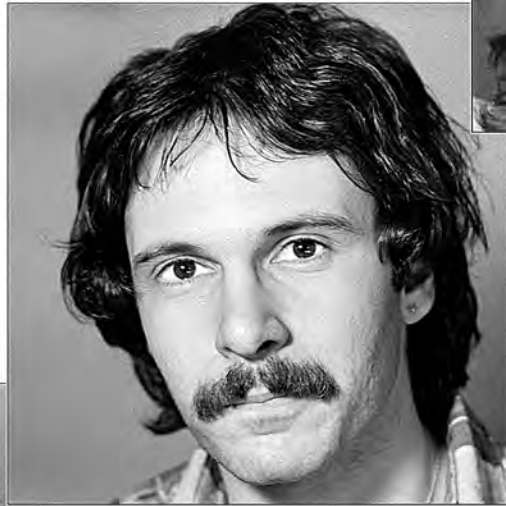
*Below: Bob Jackson, Angela Green, Peter Lloyd (with beard) and two anonymous Mediatech salesmen.*





1979 | INCREDIBLE SLIDEMAKERS AT NAVA CONVENTION | PLATE N° 5

*Richard Brooks, Kevin Bull, Jack Elliott, Bryan King, Abe Santiago, Allan Kozlowski, Gary & Chuck Kappenman, Anonymous*



1979 | INCREDIBLE SLIDEMAKERS AT NAVA CONVENTION | PLATE N° 6

*The crew (top down): Jon Bromberg, Rocky Graziano, Jan Irish, Fred Cannizzaro and Doug Sloan*

Incredible's participation at the Images exhibition was organized by Mediatech, our first (and only) dealer for Magic Lasers. Richard Fairclough, Bob Jackson and Angela Green managed Mediatech.

The company was part of a mini conglomerate called Lopex [London Press Exchange].<sup>81</sup> Judith Doyle describes Lopex as: "an early WPP on a much smaller scale ... as it owned several of the then top London Advertising agencies and the purchase of PP + PR, Recruitment agencies, Design agency was I think the beginnings 'total marketing stable.'"

Mediatech worked in cahoots with their sister company, Purchasepoint, a full services communications agency whose range of services included advertising, sales promotion, point-of-purchase and multi-image. The two companies attended AMI events, which is where I met them.

Richard Fairclough, who sat on the boards of both companies, loved my wild ideas, including the one about bringing Magic Lasers to Europe. Although Jackson and Green were dubious about my machine—they said it was too expensive—Fairclough's seniority prevailed. There were no hard feelings; Angela and Bob became good colleagues; they thought I was a kook.



<sup>81</sup> <https://www.hatads.org.uk/catalogue/agencies/17/London-Press-Exchange-LPE/>

At the Images show, Fairclough introduced me to the Managing Director of Purchasepoint, Peter Doyle and the agency's creative director, Jeff Gale (a frequent winner of awards at AMI festivals).

Fairclough's hospitality was beyond the pale—evenings were spent at gentlemen's clubs sipping champagne with gorgeous English ladies. Bryan King came along on one of those outings. He and Richard were two of a kind. It was quite an introduction to the cosmopolitan European lifestyle.

The British take business entertainment even more seriously than the Japanese. For example, once a year, Peter played host to Purchasepoint's top clients for a long-weekend junket aboard the famed Orient Express, traveling from London to Venice and back. That's style, eh?

I made a lot of new contacts who would factor in my life when I moved to Sweden, five years later. One of them was Peter Lloyd, editor of Britain's Audiovisual magazine. Others included Bob Stimson and Neville Bounds, from Electrosonic, and Kodak's Steve Purchase.

Allan Kozlowski was also at Images that year; Bryan King was using Kozlowski's show, *The Power*, as the big draw for AVL's stand. He stole a lot of my thunder at Images and even more a year later, when we both produced at Purchasepoint in the summer of 1978.

Despite all the drinks and schmoozing, there were no takers for Magic Lasers at the London AV trade show. Maybe the Brits were just too sophisticated for New York style flash and trash. Most agreed with Angela and Bob, that the machine was too costly. Worse, they thought that the laser effects were underwhelming, that the machine should be able to draw pictures and write words, that they had heard of such laser capabilities. Oh yeah?

Peter Lloyd clued me in. There was, in fact, another company developing a laser machine. Ironically, they were in Boston, not too far from Brian O'Brien. When I got back to the States, I had a long conversation with O'Brien.

He explained that discreet animations were beyond his pay grade, that drawing and writing capabilities would require a computer, to calculate the vector points and feed them to the Magic Lasers machine. He said he had a friend who might be able to help and that a guesstimate would be fifty *large*.

By the end of that conversation, I reckoned that Magic Lasers was doomed. To make the machine marketable would require so much additional investment that there would either be no ROI [Return on Investment] or I wouldn't live long enough to see any. I decided to sell the machine for any reasonable offer and the Universe granted my wish. An insurance company was the unlikely customer.

The laser machine got stolen. It happened a half year later, when JB shipped the machine to Houston [Texas] for yet another demo. The entire FedEx delivery truck was stolen! Luckily, JB had insured the machine to the hilt. After that, whenever I saw JB, he reminded me that was the only time the laser machine made any money for us. Ha!



1978 | 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF MESNEY ENTERPRISES | PLATE N° 1  
*Promotional stickers sold by VFW (Veterans of Foreign Wars) as a fund raiser | 4X magnified.*



1978 | 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF MESNEY ENTERPRISES | PLATE N° 2

*Solid gold commemorative pendants gifted to Incredible Slidemakers team members | 6X magnified.*



Back row: Tim Sali (left), John Leicmon. Center row: Jan Irish, Kathy Howard, Jon Bromberg, Jim Casey, Dan Collins, Grace Napoleon, Fred Cannizzaro & Nicole Clark. Front row: Yours Truly, Doug Sloan & Rocky Graziano. This picture was shot by Yours Truly using a timed-release shutter that allowed me ten seconds to get in the shot. The image was restored as best I could from a tiny, low-res file sent to me by Casey.

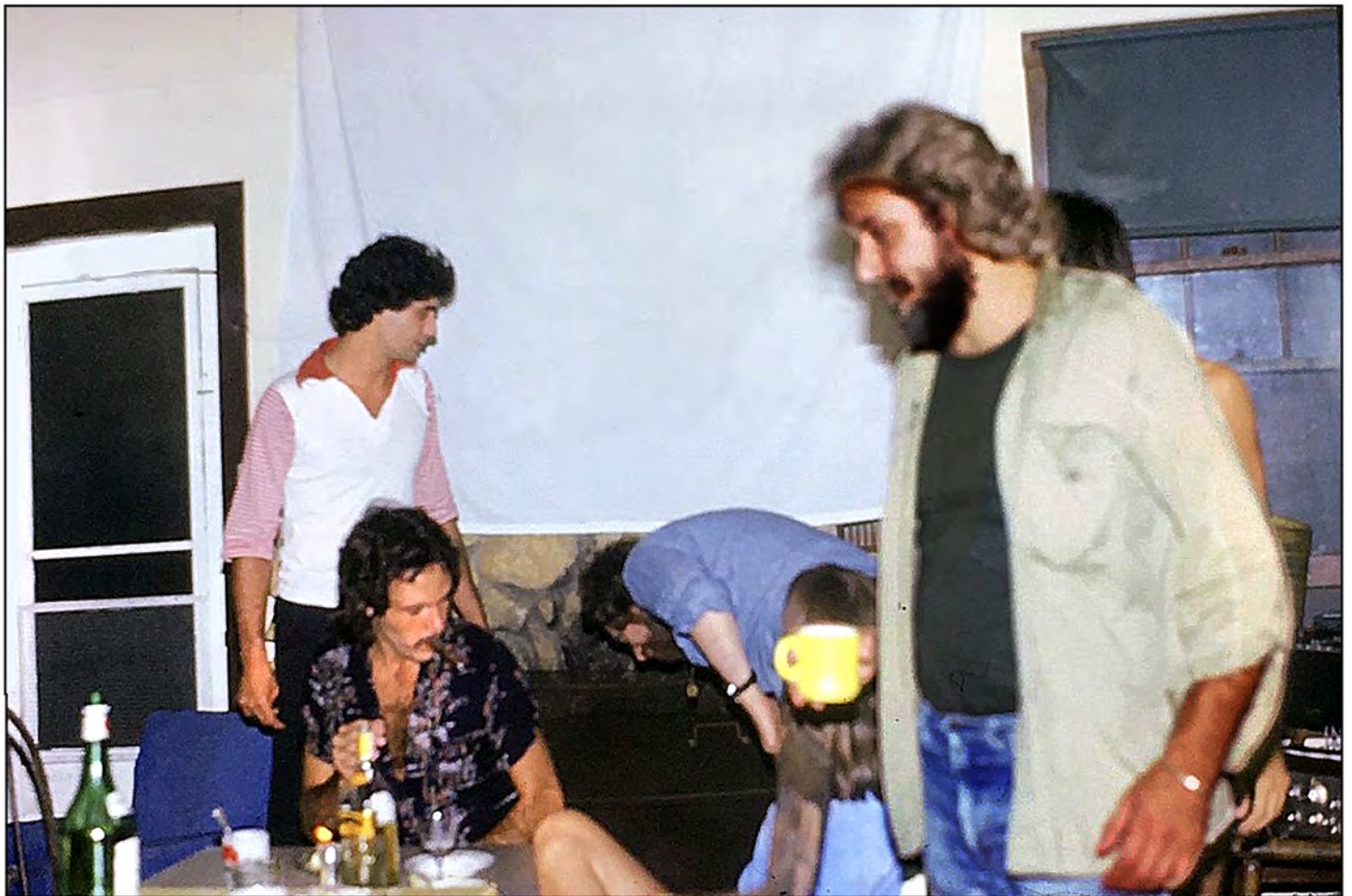


1978 | INCREDIBLE SLIDEMAKERS ANNUAL MEETING | PLATE N° 2  
*Happy snaps of the East Marion event by Grace Napoleon.*





1978 | INCREDIBLE SLIDEMAKERS ANNUAL MEETING | PLATE N° 3  
*Happy snaps of the East Marion event by Grace Napoleon (in boat).*



1978 | INCREDIBLE SLIDEMAKERS ANNUAL MEETING | PLATE N° 4  
*Happy snaps of the East Marion event by Grace Napoleon.*



1978 | INCREDIBLE SLIDEMAKERS ANNUAL MEETING | PLATE N° 5  
*Happy snaps of the East Marion event by Grace Napoleon.*



1978 | INCREDIBLE SLIDEMAKERS ANNUAL MEETING | PLATE N° 6

*Grace Napoleon, then and now.*

## 1978 – AT&T – Value for Money?

In 1978, AT&T [American Telephone & Telegraph Company] was the 18<sup>th</sup> largest company in the USA, a government-sanctioned “natural” monopoly, cashing in on the building of a nationwide telecommunications network.

In another four years, the company would be broken apart, the result of an antitrust ruling in the 1974 case of United States v AT&T.<sup>82</sup> However, the “natural” monopoly started losing its grip well before that.

In a 1968 ruling, AT&T was forced to allow third-party devices to use its equipment and network. Then, the disruptive innovation of microwave transmissions made it unnecessary to rent time on AT&T’s “Long Lines” network to send voice and data across the country. Competitors like MCI [Microwave Communications, Inc.] and Sprint eventually cut into AT&T’s traditional revenue streams by upwards of 70%. As a result, AT&T came to rely more heavily on the “space age” tech products developed by its innovative Bell Labs division, who launched the well-publicized Telstar satellite in 1962.<sup>83</sup>

Many Bell Labs products were aimed at the burgeoning computer business—including the Unix operating system, the C programming language, and a host of hardware products including modems.<sup>84</sup> It was to protect market share in the modem business that AT&T commissioned a multi-image show, part of a larger promotion campaign.

AT&T was facing enormous challenges from Hayes Microcomputer Products; Hayes was in the process of creating the *Smartmodem* and a new “command set,” a language created by Dennis Hayes, introduced in 1981. The fierce competition kept Bell Labs busy. Innovation was the order of the day. AT&T’s focus was on the traditionally profitable model of leasing.

(Originally, customers did not own their telephones, they rented them from AT&T. Today’s “cloud” computing is precisely that concept: users pay rent for everything, that creates “revenue streams” for providers; they receive money in perpetuity, instead of all in one shot. Anyway....)

Since our days together at Basford, Bill Flanagan had gone into business for himself as an independent PR consultant, specializing in technical writing. Bill brought his client, Bell Labs, to see Incredible Slidemakers’ demo show—*Bumbles*—and talk business: they wanted Incredible to produce a show about Bell Lab’s latest modem, which provided (almost) error-free transmission of digital data.

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<sup>82</sup> Wikipedia, quoting a sign that hung in Bell Telephone offices in 1983: There are two giant entities at work in our country, and they both have an amazing influence on our daily lives. . . one has given us radar, sonar, stereo, teletype, the transistor, hearing aids, artificial larynxes, talking movies, and the telephone. The other has given us the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the First World War, the Second World War, the Korean War, the Vietnam War, double-digit inflation, double-digit unemployment, the Great Depression, the gasoline crisis, and the Watergate fiasco. Guess which one is now trying to tell the other one how to run its business?

<sup>83</sup> Wikipedia: [Telstar] ...successfully relayed through space the first television pictures, telephone calls, and telegraph images, and provided the first live transatlantic television feed (ignoring the infamous 1938 BBC1 F2 reception recorded by two RCA technicians).

<sup>84</sup> Wikipedia: A modem is a network hardware device that modulates one or more carrier wave signals to encode digital information for transmission and demodulates signals to decode the transmitted information. The name modem derives by combining two contractions: *modulate*-*demodulate*.

How Bill got the job from AT&T is anyone's guess; I'm not saying that he wasn't a competent PR guy, it's just that he didn't know anything about shows. But that's how it was back then; there was so much demand for shows that talents frequently came from other communications disciplines; they learned on the job. Take Bill, he was a technical writer who suddenly found himself charged with writing a slide-show script.

Flanagan got hired as a result of AT&T's company-wide upgrade of their 135 Executive Communications Centers [ECCs]. The ECCs were exclusive showrooms, spread throughout the vast AT&T system, where Bell Labs' latest equipment could be demonstrated for groups of 20-30 people. ECCs were also used for big events, like annual Executive Conferences.

The company-wide audiovisual-upgrade program was managed in part by AT&T's in-house producer, Sylvia Allen [who later freelanced at AVL]. A hodgepodge of AV equipment, much of it Clear Light, was replaced by a homogenous system standardized on the popular, panoramic 2+1 format. Each Conference Center was equipped with three AVL dissolves and nine Kodak Ektagraphic B2-AR projectors, mounted on either Chief or WTI alignment stands. After the upgrade any AT&T shows could be played at any ECC. Sylvia told me that no full-time AV techs were needed; that once shows were installed, they "ran themselves." Really?

With all that projection gear, AT&T became a hot prospect for companies like AVL; imagine an order for 400+ dissolvers? It was a bonanza for them, and I suspect much of the largess spilled into the coffers of Charlie Spataro's AV Workshop.<sup>85</sup>

However, as big as the sale was, AT&T's endorsement of AVL's technology was even more valuable; that put a crimp in the expansion of competitive brands like Arion, Clear Light and Spindler-Sauppe.

As the ECCs were readied, attention shifted to making content. Enter Bill Flanagan. He wrote a script that would put most people to sleep—a laundry list of technical features and benefits. His client—a Bell Labs nerd—approved Flanagan's script with few changes. He didn't know a thing about multi-image, either.

He had been chosen to come up with a modem show because he understood the inner workings of the digital device. But neither he nor Bill knew much about the inner workings of the human mind. As I've ranted before, multi-image was properly used for motivation, not education.

While it was great to be working with an old colleague, it was agonizing work. There was absolutely nothing exciting to show or talk about.

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<sup>85</sup> Charlie was the "dealer of record" for many of the inside arrangements made by AVL's ~~device~~ reps, to corral big sales to major institutions (think schools and universities) and corporations. Spataro operated on a volume basis; I reckon he'd have undercut any other dealer, given the opportunity; he was a textbook "wheeler-dealer."

The modem was a totally-silent, little white box; the only way you knew it was working was when its lights blinked—as they do on your modem/router.

I hired Peter Thomas to read Bill's laborious script; Peter was superlative with tech talk tongue twisters. The soundtrack was built on a foundation of stock music, plain vanilla style. There was too little visual material to support a high-tempo soundtrack, the kind I preferred.

Bill took me out to Bell Labs to shoot pictures for the show; we did get some good material there but not nearly enough. 80% of the show was illustrated with product shots (enhanced with blinking light effects) and endless titles—there was a text slide for every line in the script. (!) It wasn't a show, really; more like glorified speaker support.

At first, I tried to convince Bill to think outside the box. I told him about the Eagle computer show I was making for AVL. For that show, I turned the Eagle into a "talking" computer—an anthropomorphic character, like R2D2 in Star Wars. It was the rich soundtrack—the electronic "conversations" —that animated AVL's otherwise inanimate black box.

I spent a month creating those sound effects and intercutting them; it was a lot of work—piecing together chains of 20, 30 or more little pieces of tape, each about an inch long. Wouldn't it be nice, I reckoned, if I could resell those sound effects?

Bill said that kind of idea was "silly," that the modem show needed a serious approach. I gave up being creative and took Bill's orders like a *maitre d'*. In the end, it was all about the money—and getting the show finished before I left for London, to work on a three-month gig at Purchasepoint.

Watch a video of the show at Vimeo: <https://vimeo.com/manage/videos/913492632>

## **1978 – Purchasepoint – New POV**

**W**ork was everything for me; I lived for a chance to do another show, to get new gear and expand my capabilities.

During the best years at 73<sup>rd</sup> Street I became a recluse, a night owl, a workaholic.

When I wasn't out of town working on location, my days at the studio started in the late morning and ran into the early hours of the next day; I ate dinner in bed watching the Late Show or whatever was on HBO; bedtime was around 2:00 am.

The next morning, my day started around noon with a lot of coffee (Taster's Choice instant) and an Entenmann's chocolate donut (oh, how I miss those... not their chocolate-coated white-cake donuts, the Devil's-food-cake ones with the chocolate-crumble coating); that was all I had until dinner, except continuous coffee before 8:00 pm [20:00] and cocktails after. (Oh, and cigarettes—I was up to 2 packs a day then, well on my way to four packs of Camel straights a day by the time I quit in Brussels 15 years later).

Usually, by 7:30 pm [19:30], the phones stopped ringing and the only remaining staff had their heads buried in whatever they were working overtime on; that's when I began my creative work. Evenings were reserved for writing, graphic design and illustration work. I had a three-hour window to get the day's allotment done; that was the time it took to morph from sober (high from weed, more likely) to drunk (on slimy limeys in summer and martinis the rest of the year). My best creative was manifest in those three over-stimulated hours. Around 11:00 pm, I'd fix dinner or (more likely) order out from Foo Chow—Hunan Lamb (Alex Lamb's house special, for obvious reasons), Velvet Shrimp and General Ching's Chicken. [See: *Recipes* in the Appendix.]

About a year after the Images show in London, Purchasepoint hired me to “direct” (read: make) a multi-image show for Rank Xerox. I jumped at the chance for a three-month sojourn in my ancestral homeland (I have a British passport—thanks, Dad).

Purchasepoint was going through growing pains. The company had outgrown their office space. Peter Doyle leased a much larger, 10,000-square-foot [929-square-meter] industrial loft. The expansive new space was big enough to house the existing promotion agency staff—about 50 people—and an expanded multi-image-show department, headed by Jeff Gale. However, before the ink was dry on that lease, Doyle had the good fortune to land two big AV jobs: a car-launch show for Ford, and a copier launch for Rank Xerox.

I had no idea about any of that when Judith Doyle, Peter's wife and partner in crime, called me long distance, to check on my availability. At first, I reckoned that Purchasepoint wanted to sub-contract a show to Incredible. That wasn't it; they wanted to hire me as a consultant director for a Purchasepoint production; and they wanted me there pronto.

I quizzed the staff and discovered they were kind of glad to see me go. Doug Sloan was beginning to come into his own as a producer, and Fred Cannizzaro had things more or less under control in the Forox department.

With the AT&T show done, there were no big shows in production, except a show for Dupont *Lycra* that Sloan and Jim Casey were producing.

A week later, I stepped off an American Airlines flight into Heathrow Airport and was picked up by Richard Fairclough. He escorted me to a production meeting at Purchasepoint. There I met with Fairclough, Judith Doyle, Bob Jackson [Mediatech] and Bill Harkins, a semi-retired creative director. The meeting was set-up to brief me about the project I would be directing, for Xerox. I was a wreck after flying all night and no amount of coffee helped; I didn't nod out, but certainly must have appeared stupefied.

Perhaps I wasn't listening carefully enough; but when Fairclough took me to my home away from home, after the meeting, Allan Kozlowski was there. Surprise!

That's when I learned about the Ford show, and that Kozlowski would be directing it. Although I tried to hide it, I turned green. Kozlowski doing the Ford show? Purchasepoint must have gotten Allan and I mixed up—I was the car guy. (Grrr.)



Allan and I were like oil and water; we were born different and marched to different drums. Allan could turn work on or off at will and was chemically pure: he didn't drink a drop or smoke weed, was a vegetarian, a peacenik and a Buddhist. We were two entirely different souls who could never understand one another; I was a true New Yorker; an uptight control freak, a compulsive workaholic. He placed a higher value on happiness and health. That said, I learned a lot from Allan during the three months we bunked together in Purchasepoint's studio loft.

At that point the studio space was a cavernous empty shell, about 140 X 70 feet [42.6 X 21.3 meters]. Allan's team was set up in a corner at the far end; mine was in the adjacent corner. We "lived" in a third corner of the space, where there was a conference room, a rudimentary bathroom, and a couple of offices that we used as apartments. There was no kitchen; we rigged up hot plates and a coffee bar. The only phone was far away, in the fourth corner.

It took so long to get around the huge studio that we all took-up roller skating. Allan started it; he came home one evening with roller skates. Allan was really good at skating; back home his studio was next to Santa Monica beach—probably the world's roller-skating capital.

Following Allan's lead, I bought a pair of suede 4-wheelers (in-line skates weren't invented yet). After some bruising I got good enough to go sidewalk skating through the streets of Shephard's Bush, where Purchasepoint's new space was located. That's when I learned how liberating skates are. I never took off the skates after that; I wore them for the whole time I was in London. When I got back to New York, I had to learn to wear shoes again.

While Allan and Jeff played on Purchasepoint's new, computerized Marron-Carrel rostrum camera, Judith Doyle and I had to make do with the company's older, manual Forox camera. It was housed in a storefront a couple of blocks from Purchasepoint's current offices, convenient to neither that office or the new space.

The exigencies of my storyboard were beyond the capabilities of Purchasepoint's staff. They didn't know much about special effects and were hoping I would teach them; but I couldn't do that and produce the show at the same time. Besides that, I was not totally versed in the Forox department's latest styles; so, they agreed to bring in Nicole Clark, from Incredible, to shoot the Xerox show. Fred protested the loss of a valued talent; but he couldn't argue with the amount Purchasepoint paid for Nicole's talents.

I felt relieved to have Nicole there; we both spoke the same language ("Incredible"). Purchasepoint producers soon took notice of the stuff Nicole was doing on their old Forox camera; they got her working on other projects; soon I had to compete with them to get slides made for the Xerox show.

Judith and I travelled all over London and surrounds shooting documentary case-history stuff, while Nicole produced graphics and effects, and Martin Milner, Purchasepoint's studio photographer, made beauty shots of Xerox's new copiers.

The show format was nine-on-one, to facilitate animation. Nobody at Purchasepoint had ever attempted an animated slide show. Martin was excited to learn some new tricks; he caught on fast.

Programming the show was tougher than I imagined it would be and took a lot longer than planned. The challenge was working with S-AV projectors. It hadn't occurred to me that they would perform any differently than Carousel projectors. When I discovered how slow they were, I had to revisit my storyboards and reduce the number of steps specified for various animated sequences.

At the performance, I learned a thing or two about staging. Mediatech built a theatrical set in the hotel banquet hall hired for the show—an office of the future. There was a portal through which the presenters came on stage; ethereal fog and dramatic lighting ushered them through the portal.

Entire sections of scenery transformed to reveal the new range of copiers. I'd never seen anything like that; the backdrops for most American shows were made with *pipe and drape* [curtains]; usually beige, blue or black.

The chairman of Xerox managed to piss off the staging crew during rehearsals. They got even with him during the performance. As he passed through the portal, they turned up the fog, completely obliterating him. Ha!

Our client, Roger Andrews, didn't get off without a prank, either. He got thrown in the pool—wearing a thousand-dollar suit (and later complained to Judith that the chlorine ruined 50% of it).

During the production of the Rank Xerox show, Judith and I got very close (not *that* close!). We became *confidantes*. By the time I left, I knew more about the company than I wanted to; all good, some spicy. Importantly, I learned that Incredible would be promptly paid.

Getting paid on time had become a priority. As the end of the decade approached, interest rates were soaring; the cost of financing a business (i.e., "credit") were ascending astronomically.

I remember getting 20% interest on a CD [Certificate of Deposit] in 1980—and paying 23% on my line of credit, at Bank of Commerce. That high interest added up to a *lot* of money.

Purchasepoint's prompt payment saved me hundreds (thousands?), in carrying costs. Most companies were delaying payment as long as possible; for every month of delay, they could earn nearly 20% buying short-term CDs.

Working at Purchasepoint set the stage for going freelance a couple of years later; I got a glimpse of the larger world, the world beyond New York, beyond America. New Yorkers (Americans) thought their city (country) was the center of the universe (it was). Purchasepoint gave me self-confidence—I could make it, "on my own."

I re-discovered the joy of working alone, of doing what I *liked* doing—creative stuff—without the mental clutter associated with running a company like Incredible Slidemakers.

Observing Allan, I saw that there was another way to live. However, when I got back to New York after the Xerox Show, I had a *Thermidorian reaction*.<sup>86</sup> I doubled-down on denial, on self-destructive persuasions and work habits.

I took a real liking to roller skating in London and kept skating when I got back to New York. My photo-studio manager, Jim Casey, was quite a skater, too--better than me by a long shot.

Casey lived on Park Avenue South somewhere in the in the '30s. To get to work, Jim used to skate northbound on Park Avenue, against southbound traffic, carrying an Apple computer in a backpack, dodging kamikaze cabs.

I didn't have Jim's derring-do; but I did bring my skates wherever I went; they were a great way to move around, ten times faster than walking; a great way to explore new towns and cities.

As Incredible's business grew, things got to the point where my roller skates got parked in the closet and I started wearing ties instead of flashy cowboy shirts. My attire was symbolic of my state of mind; I was becoming business oriented; being rewarded to compromise and conform.

Higher-budget productions required higher levels of authority to approve them. Thus, I found myself in C-suites more often. Fringed, satin shirts and cowboy boots didn't meet the dress code.

It was déjà vu all over again—like Gene Butera told me decades ago—you've got to dress for the part you are playing. My role changed. I was no longer "just" a creative director or producer, I was the CEO of a well-known multi-image production company with a great D&B rating (Dunn & Bradstreet) and a \$ million-plus annual turnover.

So, I became a *suit*.

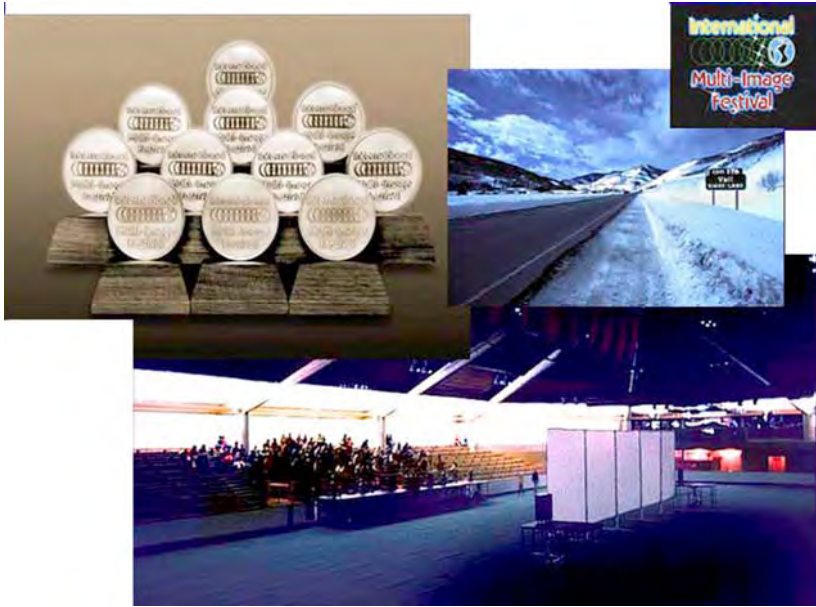
## 1979 – Rocky Mountain High – Great West Life

"A new rallying point for multi-image." That was how Mike Yuhas summed-up the Vail International Multi-Image Festival. Yuhas was the editor of Audio Visual Communications magazine. Yuhas went on to say:

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<sup>86</sup> Wikipedia: For historians of revolutionary movements, the term *Thermidor* has come to mean the phase in some revolutions when power slips from the hands of the original revolutionary leadership and a radical regime is replaced by a more conservative regime, sometimes to the point where the political pendulum may swing back towards something resembling a pre-revolutionary state.

“...the festival was the first 100 percent multi-image competition per se, staged to recognize and promote the medium as a communications and art form. There were no film or video competitions or audiovisual equipment expositions to distract from the business at hand. ... Both commercial and in-house producers had their first real opportunity to meet and exchange ideas with their peers and view ‘some’ of their competitors’ work....”



Mike got it—that was the point of the festival: to promote the multi-image industry; provide an opportunity for producers from anywhere and everywhere to meet and get to know one another; and to promulgate professional standards and practices.

Incredible garnered eleven awards at the Vail festival.

Mike’s complete article is worth reading. It includes a complete list of winners. [See: *1980 / Incredible Images Press Clip Book / Plates N<sup>os</sup> 1 & 2*]

Credits where due: The Vail International Multi-Image Festival was basically my idea. My contacts through AVL put me in touch with a cross-section of the top AV producers. I realized that some kind of forum would be in everyone’s interests—something like a film festival. AVL’s marketing consultant, Sylvia Allen, liked the idea. She spread the word and got the ball rolling. [See: From Sylvia Allen in the Appendix.]

As creative director, I conceptualized the festival; Sylvia was the paid executive director and chief organizer; Ron Fundingsland [Colorado Visual Aids (CVA), Denver] took charge of staging, assisted by AVL reps Jerry Hurd [PMP Marketing] and Jack Elliott [Cal West].

The Board of Directors included:

- Walt Blackwell | IBM (Boulder, CO) | Chair
- Vince Bonacci | DD&B Studios (Detroit, MI)
- Carl Faller | Wren Associates (Princeton, NJ)
- Douglas Mesney | Incredible Slidemakers (New York City)
- Rick Baker | Photo Communications Corp. (Jenkintown, PA)
- Huib Broekman | Holland Business AV (Lelystad, Holland)
- Sven Lidbeck | Audio Visual Centrum [AVC] (Stockholm, Sweden)
- Brenda Cross | Kodak (Rochester, NY)
- Joe Ruggiero | Ethan Allen (Danbury, CT)
- Marsha Gewirtzman | AT&T (Morristown, NJ)

- Paul Starzynski | International Communications Agency (Washington, D.C.)
- Roger Gordon, Dr. | Association for Multi-Image [AMI]

The Manufacturers Advisory Panel included:

- Art Milanese | Milanese Associates [AVL rep]
- Bud Mickelson | Arion
- Don Anderson | Clearlight
- Paul Kuran | 3M
- Norman Sauppe | Spindler & Sauppe
- Bob Stimson | Electrosonic [England]
- John Stokes | Stokes Color Slides
- Bruce Wessinger | Wess Plastics

You might wonder, with so many people involved, how did anything get done? Simple: with the exception of myself, Sylvia, Ron, Jerry and Jack, nobody else did anything; their positions were more ceremonial; their appointments gave the fledgling festival creds; they helped spread the word and get others involved.

I went to Denver in February and met with Ron Fundingsland to coordinate staging and visit the proposed site for the festival: Studio in The Rockies, in Vail. Fundingsland's company, Colorado Visual Aids was doing the AV install at the new theater; he suggested to the Studio's owners, Andy Kaufman and Mike Teach, that hosting a festival would be a great way to promote the theater and the whole Vail ski resort. They agreed and the rest is history: five months later, the event went off without a hitch, June 18-23.

Approximately 250 attended. There were 84 entries ranging from two to 30 projectors. Those were judged in seven categories:

- Sales
- Instruction
- Public Relations | Image
- Religious | Spiritual
- Entertainment
- Motivation | Recognition
- Documentary

The seven main categories were subdivided into "simple" [5 projectors or less] and "complex" [more than 5 projectors]. Yuhas' article lists all the award-winning entries.

The 84 entries were judged and scored during the first four days of the festival; the award winners were available for the public to see on the last two. Each show was judged on a point basis of 1-12 for its script, audio track, graphics/photography and programming. The degree to which the show achieved its stated objectives was scored 2-24 points.<sup>87</sup> 72 was the total for a perfect score for all five categories. To win a first place, a show had to earn 55 or more points; second place, 45 or more; third place, 35 or more.

Yuhas was one of the judges. He was fairly critical:

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<sup>87</sup> To win, I was careful to write the stated objectives "correctly."

“I was pleasantly surprised a few times, but mildly disappointed by the overall similarities (and quality) of the presentations I scored or saw as an interested spectator. I still saw too many sunrises and sunsets, snow-capped mountains, skylines, fireworks, skies full of stars [aka “star fields’] and surf crashing against the shore. ...

“Too many of the shows were too, too long—and wordy. Perhaps producers forgot they were working with the most visual media, and let their scripts say too much. ... They should have been films or film strips; others would have made beautiful brochures.

...

[The shows sounded as if] “...they were narrated by the same, deep, sonorous male voiceover. ... (I heard only two soundtracks employing female narrators. ... and the background music was all too familiar—disco, country/western, folk and your basic movie themes, “Star Wars,” “Rocky,” etc.”

Studio in The Rockies was a small, traditional auditorium—movie theater style—with seating for 300, a small stage, and a Panavision-format<sup>88</sup> screen with a 2.2:1 aspect ratio (perfect for 2+1 format slide shows).

The theater was nowhere near finished when I visited the venue in February; but Kaufman assured me that it would be open in May. He was off by a couple of weeks. When I returned on June 15<sup>th</sup>, painters were still at work and Ron’s crew were debugging the audio and video gear. The timing was tight.

Most of the shows were too big to be shown at Studio in The Rockies; those were screened at the Dobson Ice Arena, a five minute walk through the “Village” of Vail Resort—one of the first yuppified ski resorts [Whistler, B.C. is another]—and magnificent scenery. Nobody minded going back and forth.

Between shows people gathered at the Studio; it was the social hub of the festival. What do they say, “Birds of a feather flock together?” You would have thought you were at a family or school reunion; everyone was a friend—even though most of them had never seen each other before. It was exactly what I thought it would be: the germination of a trade association.

To digress for a moment: Before the Vail Festival and AMI, I realized the need for an association of producers. The slide-show business needed standardization and a “code of conduct.” Those needs became evident whenever I pitched for a job. Prospects and clients got confused by the inconsistency of terms and pricing policies. One producer might charge per slide, while another listed services in an ala carte menu, like a restaurant.

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<sup>88</sup> Wikipedia: Since 1954, Panavision had been working on a new widescreen process commissioned by MGM.[16] The MGM camera system used 1930 Mitchell FC “Fox Grandeur” 70mm motion picture cameras, retooled for 65mm film and modern lenses. The resulting system used the retooled Grandeur 65mm film camera in conjunction with the APO Panatar lens, which was an integrated anamorphic lens (as opposed to a standard prime lens with an anamorphoser mounted on it). This created a 1.25x anamorphic squeeze factor.[17] Movies using the process had an astounding potential aspect ratio of 2.76:1 when exhibited with 70mm anamorphic projection prints. Introduced as MGM Camera 65, the system was used on just a few films, the first of which was *Raintree County* (1956).[16] However, the film was released only in 35mm anamorphic prints because the circuit of 70mm theaters was booked with *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1956), shot with the competing, non-anamorphic Todd-AO system. In January 1959, the posters for the 70mm release of Disney’s *Sleeping Beauty* carried the notation “Process lenses by Panavision” next to the Super Technirama 70 logo. The first film to be presented in 70mm anamorphic—*Ben-Hur*—was released by MGM in 1959 under the trade name MGM Camera 65.[16] Panavision also developed a nonanamorphic widescreen process called Super Panavision 70, which was essentially identical to Todd-AO. Super Panavision made its screen debut in 1959 with *The Big Fisherman*, released by Disney’s Buena Vista division.

I knew a producer who didn't charge for the show at all—he gave away the software to capture the more lucrative gear-rental contract. As for me, I was a value for money guy; I didn't mark-up supplier invoices, charged fair labor rates, and used a contractor's budgeting format. But trade associations provide much more than a standard lexicon of terms.

To quote myself from a bit further in this narrative:

“Association members benefit from the synergy of strength in numbers, from having a sense of community, from shared credos and customs.

“Perhaps more important than any of their other functions, trade associations were the primary sources of awards and accolades. Those “certificates of authenticity” inspired confidence in those who saw them. Equally important, they were grist for the publicity mill. Editors needed stories; nothing was more newsworthy than winning awards; nothing was more important than publicity. One story begets others; that is how stars were born, by trending in the media, grabbing attention.”

The 250 producers who attended the Vail Festival became the nucleus of the Association for Multi-Image. AMI was an infant organization of academics—teachers of multi-image and their students—that was started by Dr. Ken Burke, among others. I had never heard of AMI; if I had, I would have probably organized the festival in cahoots with them instead of organizing the Vail Festival from scratch.

AMI held their own multi-image festival in September of '79, three months after the Vail Festival. At that point, the only logical thing to do was to combine the two festivals; there weren't enough producers to support two big events (that would soon change).

With the merger, AMI membership swelled; commercial producers end-users replaced the academics as the movers and shakers of the nascent trade association. There were only a few dozen members when the organization began, in the late '70s; but, at its height, in the mid-80s, there were more than 3000 members; that's how fast the slide-show business grew.

Under the direction of Marilyn Culp and her husband, AMI became an important, well-run, international trade association. AMI members from countries around the world flocked together once a year, for a gala festival involving a trade show as well as competitions. Slews of awards were handed out at black-tie banquets not unlike Hollywood's Oscar-Award ceremonies. AMI awards were the most coveted among multi-image producers.<sup>89</sup> It seemed like the more prizes AMI handed out, the faster the membership grew.

Back at the Vail Festival, I took on the position of DJ. I sat at the audio controls desk, monitored the crowd and mixed the background music to manipulate the mood; I had tons of tracks, as described in earlier chapters. The theme song for the festival was Sister Sledge, *We Are Family*. My central location made me accessible to everyone; it was good for my ego, a Rocky Mountain high.

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<sup>89</sup> Clients were more impressed by the big silver bowls handed out by the International Film & TV Festival of New York.



Joey Kimball<sup>90</sup> (right) was one of the people who stopped by my DJ desk. Kimball was one of Duffy White's producers, at Photosynthesis (Denver).

White's production company was a powerhouse—the biggest for miles around; bigger than Incredible Slidemakers and a contender to the title: "King of Slides."

But Joey was not happy working at Photosynthesis.<sup>91</sup>

Joey told me that she wanted to go out on her own but needed a production house to back her up. She pestered me enough that summer that I made her Incredible's Western sales rep in early autumn. She quit Photosynthesis and took the Great West Life Assurance business with her. For Great West, we immediately began production of AV content for an extravagant sales meeting, held at the Hyatt Regency Maui. Here's Joey:



"Great West Life Assurance (official name) was my client when I worked for Duffy and Sherry at Photosynthesis. The client was based in Winnipeg and we did their annual meetings for both countries. I essentially landed them as my own client when I quit Photosynthesis (with the backing of Incredible Slidemakers) and took them with me. Before that happened, I came to New York and harassed you until you agreed to meet with me. I called many many times. "I wanted to go out on my own and form Porcelli Productions, Inc., but needed your help and technical background. It was a great experience for me to have my own independent company and also work with you and the Incredible team. I did the interviews and scriptwriting and you produced the graphics, programmed and staged the shows.

Publicity shot of Joey Porcelli with *I'm Incredible* button.

"We went together to Hawaii for the two annual meetings (3 weeks total.) First one was on Maui. Before we left, you checked the hotel ballroom's blueprints over and over for equipment/lighting specifications. It all looked good, but nobody mentioned the skylights overhead. Since the show was an early morning kick-off, the sunlight would have been a major problem. So, the hotel staff went up there with black plastic garbage bags and covered up every skylight. "The opening show was based on a Hawaiian myth/chant and was a wide screen mood setter. I may still have that soundtrack. During both conventions, you photographed the sales reps on site and we stuck them into the shows later in the event as "instant" photography [candid module]. They loved that. We did all their business/speech support slides etc. I think the second convention was on Kauai, but not sure."

<sup>90</sup> Joey was born into the Porcelli family. She was married to Dan Kimball at the time, but later divorced Kimball and even later got re-married, to Randy Pharo.

<sup>91</sup> I suspect Joey's problem was Duffy's alpha-wife, Sherry; she wore the pants in that family.



[It was Kauai; we made a Cyclopan picture of Waimea Canyon (and the Hyatt Regency Kaanapali) during a weekend hiatus, between performances of the Great West Life meeting show.]



After the GWL Maui show, the crew took a week-long Hawaiian hiatus before performing shows at the second meeting; we stayed at the Hyatt Regency and I took a Cyclopan shot of the pool (above and right). In the boat are (left to right): Ned Shevelson & his wife; the boat's skipper; Joey Kimball and Yours Truly.



Joey had family on Maui. Joey's sister, Penny Bjordahl, lived in a bungalow just off the water with her son, Pete Bjordahl, who was about five years old, seen at left, in the Hyatt Regency Maui swimming pool, with Joey Porcelli his brother and dad. [Spoiler Alert: Pete later became my colleague at Watts-Silverstein, in 1996.]

Joey's mom had a hillside hacienda on the slopes of the Haleakala volcano,<sup>92</sup> where she raised orchids in a sizeable greenhouse. We went deep-sea fishing; I caught a small—15-pound [~ 7 kg]—Mahi Mahi [aka Dorado or dolphin fish]. Its brilliant, rainbow colors faded to gray within one minute of being hauled in and dying. We brought the prize to the chef at the Hyatt, who cooked it for our dinner. Another day, we got up before dawn to drive and hike up Haleakala, to make a Cyclopan panorama of its huge crater, at sunrise; that panorama never sold well; the volcano's valley looked more impressive in real life than in pictures.

<sup>92</sup> Wikipedia: Haleakalā (/ˌhɑːliˌɑːkəˈlɑː/; Hawaiian: [ˈhələˈjəkəˈlaː]), or the East Maui Volcano, is a massive shield volcano that forms more than 75% of the Hawaiian Island of Maui. The western 25% of the island is formed by another volcano, Mauna Kahalawai, also referred to as the West Maui Mountains. The tallest peak of Haleakalā ("house of the sun"), at 10,023 feet (3,055 m), is Pu'u 'Ula'ula (Red Hill). From the summit one looks down into a massive depression some 11.25 km (7 mi) across, 3.2 km (2 mi) wide, and nearly 800 m (2,600 ft) deep. The surrounding walls are steep and the interior mostly barren-looking with a scattering of volcanic cones.

Joey goes on to say, about a crazy thing that happened to us: “I remember the lightning strike at CVA, but not the client.” [I was programming a show with Joey at Colorado Visual Aids [CVA], Ron Fundingsland’s company; it had been a long day; it was late; we were hungry. Just as I hit save, lightning struck the building, the power surged, and my program was lost; I had to do it all again the next day.]

“Don't forget to include the pancake eating contest and the t-shirt with a happy face and bullet holes that my son will never ever forget!”

When Sandra and I visited Denver in 1981, we stayed with Joey and her husband, Dan Kimball; they invited Ron and Judy Fundingsland and some other colleagues from Colorado Visual Aids [CVA] to join us for dinner one night; the party went on and on. Ron and Judy ended up staying over. We all had breakfast together; Joey made pancakes.



Dan and I got into a pancake eating contest. Around the three-dozen mark, Dan started turning green; at that point, I knew I had him. To finish him off, I rolled six pancakes together and ate them all in two giant bites. Joey told me she had never seen Dan concede an eating contest; he liked to go to smorgasbords and load up; sometimes, on cruise ships, he’d gain five pounds in just one day, then work it off, running.

[I wondered, was Dan an anorexic, like me? Unbeknownst to my friends and wife, I was bulimic; after the contest, I excused myself and blew it all down the toilet.]

## 1979 – Washington Post – Golden Apple

The US economy may have been faltering, but you’d never have known it at Incredible Slidemakers; our dance card was still full; we had more work than we could handle; I was forced to delegate more and more to the staff, with mixed feelings and results. Thus, when the Washington Post called I had my secretary, Mercedes Christ, shunt the call to Doug Sloan.

A short time later, Sloan asked me to attend a pitch in our screening room, to the Washington Post’s advertising manager, Mary Ann Tortorella. Perhaps my reclusiveness gave her a sense of intrigue, about me; whatever, her attention turned to me and she got right down to business. Quickly, I discovered that I would be excess baggage on this job; Mary Ann knew exactly what she wanted; she already had a script and didn’t need creative, she needed production.

I silently thought to myself: this was the perfect job for the crew to produce without me. I reckoned Sloan could lead the troops, Casey could shoot the job, and Fred could dress it up with FX [special effects]. While thinking that, I found myself telling Mary Ann that I looked forwards to working closely with her during production of the show.

We began work in the spring; production began with Rocky Graziano building a soundtrack; if I recall correctly, we used David Allen to narrate the script and mixed that with licensed, stock-music selections (we took no chances with such a prestigious client; nor did we have to; WaPo had deep pockets). When the time came to get the soundtrack approved, Sloan reported that the client insisted that I attend the session, being held at her Washington office; she made a few changes and I didn't argue; I could see Sloan squirming in his seat; the parts she picked on were his favorites. He had apparently forgotten to include a red herring or two. The rest of that meeting was spent planning the photography for the show.

Photography began in early summer; our team included Jim Casey, Pat Billings and Jack Kenner; Mary Ann put us up in the swanky Mayflower Hotel; noticing all our equipment cases, they accommodated us reluctantly.

The shoot was extensive; Mary Ann's script—aimed at prospective WaPo advertisers—was full of facts and figures, difficult to illustrate. Her shoot list included everything but the kitchen sink: people, places and things.

The highlight was an aerial shoot over the DC area.

We weren't allowed near any of the famous monuments, or the White House.

Instead, we shot the vast stretches of suburbia surrounding the Capitol—the bazillions of customers Mary Ann referred to as the Golden Apple. Perhaps she was right—that we should concentrate on the Washington people don't know, not the one they know.



Yours Truly (left) with Mary Ann and Jim Casey.

It was a sweltering week; the weather was sultry and stifling; temperatures were near 100 F [~38 C] and the humidity near 100%; even worse, the air was thick; visibility was poor and colors looked washed out. I tried to schedule indoor work for the middle of the day, when the sun was highest in the sky—the worst light, for photography; but that wasn't always possible, so half the shoot looked like crap. In the end, that didn't matter; half the slides ended up being type and graphics; the show looked like a PowerPoint presentation; it sounded like one, too.

## 1979 – Forox Satellite – Unmanageable

During those inflationary times, I didn't care about anything but profit. The Forox department was turning a profit, the show department wasn't. Shows were harder to come by: Burson-Marsteller was making most of their own shows and most companies were cutting back on discretionary spending in favor of core business expenses. Expensive multi-image shows were the first to go.

By now, Incredible had nearly twenty employees; the studio was over-crowded, especially in the Forox department; productivity suffered; people started making mistakes. We lost a new, Swedish client when the Forox crew couldn't make the deadlines for a Sandvik sales meeting. The Sandvik job was so riddled with errors that all make-overs could not be completed before the clock ran out. That was a serious wake-up call. Something had to be done to improve quality and efficiency in the Forox department.

When an apartment became available at 7 East 73<sup>rd</sup> Street, I grabbed the space—½ of the first floor—to expand the Forox department. I reckoned that with more space, production would improve. It didn't.

I learned the hard way that absentee management doesn't work. Before long, the Forox staff were all hanging out up the street, at our satellite office. God knows what went on there. Neither Fred nor I could keep track of the goings on at the satellite. The new set-up was inefficient and expensive.

In the declining market, those added production costs amounted to a death knell that went unnoticed, despite its loud clang.

## 1979 – A Decade of Change – Eve of Destruction

As the decade came to a close, AVL was the driving force in the audiovisual business. A cottage industry in the mid-70s, by the mid-80s multi-image shows had become the default medium for business communications and a multi-million-dollar industry.

By then, AVL had plenty of competition; but that was good because, combined, each company's R&D advanced multi-image technologies, i.e., capabilities. It was a tech race and the pace was relentless for about ten years.

Slide-show producers were the beneficiaries of a perpetual progression of machines that made bigger and better slide shows. The hardware companies were the beneficiaries of their money.

Maybe it is unfair to call those AVL rivals copy-cats. Technologically speaking, many of AVL's competitors actually made better gear; but who says life is fair, eh? It was AVL's intensive sales efforts that created the market for multi-image; a market that AVL dominated until the mid '80s.

Marketing was AVL's key to success. They understood that multi-image shows were new, that most corporate communicators hadn't seen a multi-image show and that dazzling demo shows were the best way to educate and impress them.

AVL shows demonstrated to producers and clients a new level of presentation excellence; they raised the bar. To generate sales, AVL had to create a market where none existed. The first demos were market makers, demonstrating new techniques and creating a *need*.

There were no multi-image producers to speak of at the beginning of the decade. When I saw *Life in America* [by David Fellowes] I knew my Kodak dissolvers weren't good enough anymore. Suddenly, I needed to upgrade. So did a growing number of other slide-show makers—photographers, like me, who became AV producers. And so did anyone who used slides for presentations or as a visual-arts medium.

[*Editor: David Fellowes is sometimes mistakenly credited as producer of *Life in America*. To correct the record: David worked for John Olsen Communications as a creative director; he designed and programmed that show. The two met in 1971 when both worked at Film Opticals (which became MS Arts) on a General Motors launch show. Together, they produced multi-image shows for several years, until David married Marth Jovanovich (daughter of William Jovanovich, president of the famous publishing company, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) and moved to New York City, where he operated as David Fellowes Associates and used Incredible Slidemakers as his production resource for a show made for the Mexican glass producer, Vitro. However, the marriage failed and paternity matters drove Fellowes to return to his native England. After that, Andrew Macrae replaced Fellowes at MS Arts.]*

AVL's reps were probably the company's (not so) secret weapon. They made personal contact with slide-show producers and organized sales for their favorite dealers (in New York, that was Charlie Spataro's AV Workshop). The programmers I received were essentially Beta-test machines. AVL had a reputation for sending their latest tech out into the field before it was thoroughly debugged; first users were essentially guinea pigs. Unlike many other AVL producers who got pissed off, I didn't mind being a test site. In fact, I felt privileged—to be on the technological leading edge of the multi-image wave.

I fostered close relationships with AVL founder Chuck Kappenman, sales managers Bryan King and Noreen Camissa, as well as factory rep Art Milanese. Art used to bring clients (and dates) over to the studio for drinks and a screening of *Bumbles* and the other shows I made for AVL—*You Can't Stop A Dove!* [made for the launch of the Dove dissolve unit], *The Inner World of AVL* [used to launch the Travler III, a 9-projector programming/playback console] and *Never Give Up...!* [never produced, intended to promote the reliability of AVL equipment].

In the pursuit of success, illusion must be mastered. Management of perception is what it is all about. Results feed on results, hence the axiom: "If you want something done, ask a busy man to do it." That was a lesson learned a decade earlier, from a well-known New York PR man, Jay DeBow. He entertained clients and journalists daily at New York's exclusive *Twenty-One Club*; as his assistant, part of my job was to excuse myself from the table, find a pay phone and call the Club, asking for Mr. DeBow; Jay would be publicly paged for the phone call, appearing to be busier than he actually was. Ha!

# THE PHOTO REPORTER

Volume Two, Issue Four

New York, April, 1972

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Jacob Deschin, Editor

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SAMPLING THIS ISSUE

At the Discovery Galleries in April  
 Guggenheim Photo Grants for 1972  
 Irving "Doc" Desfor, AP columnist, Retires?  
 Josef Sudek, Czech photographer, at Naikrug  
 Douglas Morgan Marries Liliane De Cock  
 Jerry Uelsmann Fills Both Galleries at Witkin  
 Miami Conference Program



Douglas Mesney

point of view."

He has a B.S. from Penn State University (1964), and has studied at the New York School of Visual Arts and New York University (public relations). He has been in industrial photography and public relations, as well as photojournalism. Since February he has been a freelancer.

Martin Fishman says of his color photographs at the show: "For many years I photographed in black and white, which meant training myself to see in shades of gray. However, color is the natural way we see. Color is stimulating, esthetic, psychological -- a vital dimension in visual experience. I now do photography only in color."

At Discovery Gallery, 319 East 44th Street, Douglas Mesney, freelance photographic illustrator and commercial producer who at age 27 has already won recognition -- in 1970 the New York Art Directors' Club Certificate of Merit for sailing photographs in *Nikon World*, and the following year the award of the Society of Publication Designers for a sailing essay in *M.D. Magazine* -- is having his first one-man show.

While at Queens College, City University and until 1968 he was in the advertising and public relations industry for seven years. In 1968, after 13 years shooting, he set up as a freelance photo illustrator, and later picked marine photography as his specialty.

In 1971 he expanded studio facilities to create Mesney's Mad Medicine Show as a promotion organization to include TV and film production as well as graphic arts, design and mechanical production. He specializes in image-building promotion, and counts among his clients the 1972 National Boat Show, manufacturers and boating magazines.

NEWHALL'S "HISTORY" IN PAPERBACK

For years photography's principal chronicle of its past, Beaumont Newhall's "The History of Photography" (New York: The Museum of Modern Art in collaboration with George Eastman House and distributed by New York Graphic House, Greenwich, Conn. 216 pp. \$6.95) has now been made available in a paperback edition. Except for its paper binding, the book is in every way identical with the standard hardcover edition.

N.Y.; Kenneth B. Josephson, photographer; Associate Professor of Photography, School of the Art Institute of Chicago; Fred W. McDarragh, photographer, picture editor, *The Village Voice*; Roger Minick, photographer; director, A.S.U.C. Studio, Berkeley, Calif.; Thomas Porett, photographer; Assistant Professor of Photography and Film, Philadelphia College of Art; Keith A. Smith, photographer; Assistant Professor of Fine Arts, Rice University.

Six others received grants in film making: Robert Beavers, film maker, Zurich Switzerland; Robert Hale Kaylor, film maker; Dr. Standish D. Lawder, film maker; Assistant Professor of the History of Art, Yale University; David C. MacDougall, film maker; Visiting Assistant Professor of Fine Arts, Rice University; Edward R. Pincus, film maker; Assistant professor of Cinema, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and Michael Snow, film maker, Toronto, Canada.

## How-to (do it better)

choice is still being made and where you can get it.)

Then, ask — Will the paper take the ink or embossing? Is the orientation of the grain suitable? Is the paper heavy enough? If the weight's not adequate, the paper might crack out or punch through during printing. Twenty and 24-lb. weights are most commonly used for business letterhead.

Most designers don't learn early enough about the mundane, yet critical, aspects of our craft, such as

## Douglas Mesney: a letterhead is a letterhead is a ...

... mix of very special ingredients. Only someone who has not tried it would think this is an easy form of the designer's craft. Letterhead designs express both you and your client and although there are probably no steadfast rules on being successful, you must experiment with what you've developed a set of 99/100ths of them along.



Top right: Attractive stationery: quality paper with cotton fiber content adds "class" to sample letterhead/envelope designs.

Bottom right: Uniform look: letterhead design for Ateller International, Ltd. provides an example of multi-uses for everything from calling cards to shipping labels.

**"Some designers don't know enough about critical things like paper, ink, and printing."**

learn about the tangible things that express our grand ideas. With this knowledge, we "magicians" have a better chance of bringing our designs into the light of day.

Let's examine some of the factors that are vital to designing creative and practical business letterheads.

### Know your client

Even before meeting a new client, learn as much as you can about the company and its products (one good source is the company's annual report).

During the meeting, observe closely the details — dress, manner of speech, gestures, and eyes of the person you're dealing with. Listen, ask questions. One good conversation should be sufficient to set off a chain reaction that leads to a design concept or at least the rudiments of one. You should come away with what we might call for convenience, a graphic theme.

Examine that theme, adjust its flaws, develop confidence in it.

### Logo — a key element

The corporate logo should convey a particular image about the com-

pany and tell a story, and the letterhead has to incorporate it giving it precedence along with other information that must be set in a compatible and appropriate typeface.

It's essential to keep foremost in mind the variations the company needs for the basic letterhead design. Will it be used for bills of lading, purchasing forms, buildings, trucks and railroad cars? Or is it simply to be a letterhead for business correspondence and calling cards? If the design will have many different uses then, of course, it's critical to know what other information will have to be included for each.

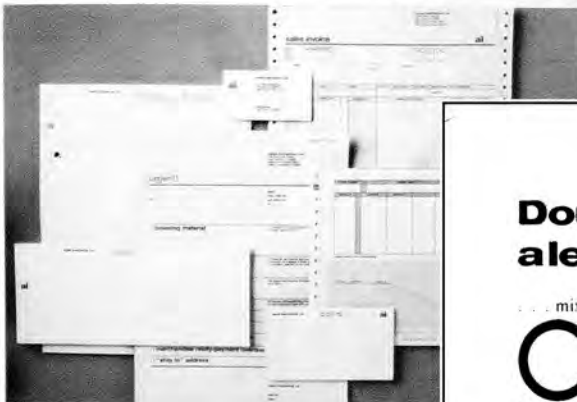
### Orderly flow

Like a good news story lead — you begin with the Who, What, When, Where and Why, then go on to elaborate. In graphics — a good design should automatically take you, step-by-step, through the information in the letterhead.

I recently saw what was in my opinion, a bad letterhead design. Everything was fighting everything else for attention. There was no clue as to what to look at first or what was the most important piece of information. And it was printed in too-ambitious a typeface on a rather nondescript paper.

The type style that works well with the logo, how much information must be included in the letterhead and the relevance of each element must be determined before deciding how to work your magic.

It's at this point that paper becomes critical.



### Paper types

Some side notes on paper: Most paper is produced from wood pulp (usually called sulphite paper) and various combinations of cotton fibers (called cotton fiber or rayon). Sulphite paper

The look, feel, cotton fiber paper bear the world's writing. In fact, a

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printer's capabilities? Can it be  
produced within budget limitations?  
Etcetera.

Through experience, research, and personal motivation we constantly

# Hair Now

Color for hair—  
lightening,  
brightening  
a whole new way

## ■ TALK ABOUT BLONDS

From twelve top American colorists, members of Clairol's Presidential Hair Colorists Council, news about blonding. "If you want to go blond," says Lynn McQuig, of the Capital Beauty School, Omaha, Nebraska, "don't go for one color. Go for a multidimensional effect: color on color, tone over tone—all lights and shadows. Blonding should hit the hair where the sun would..."



Subtle quiet shades of blond—that's what new blond is all about. Color on color that takes you a few steps lighter, brighter, but doesn't ruin hair health. The kind of blond color you see here above. Soft, natural-looking Modern. And what's more? No dark roots, no monthly updates! Another way of "blonding": Eiko Peretti's ribbon of gold wire headband. About \$300. Tiffany. Alpha sunglasses, above, the Lens and Eye, NYC.

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**1** Hair painting should enhance the client's cut—make sure you know how she usually wears her hair.



**2** Mix the product according to the manufacturer's directions. In this case the colorist used Basic White, but Sun Flicks is also excellent for hair painting.



**3** It's important to select fine s—no risk of 'zebra stripes'.



**4** Basic White should be painted on thickly—otherwise it dries before the hair has lightened enough.



**5** Varying the highlights will help to make regrowth less obvious.



**6** Shampoo thorough shampoo. This is tunity to make a f



**7** Lightening the hair, whether it's only a few strands or all over, makes the hair more porous. A conditioner is a must.



**8** The result is beautiful—pale blonde highlights on dark blonde hair. (Note: the shorter the hair, the more subtle the highlights should be. On long hair like this, they can be more definite.)

**THE CLAIROL SALON PROFESSIONAL**  
JULY 1976

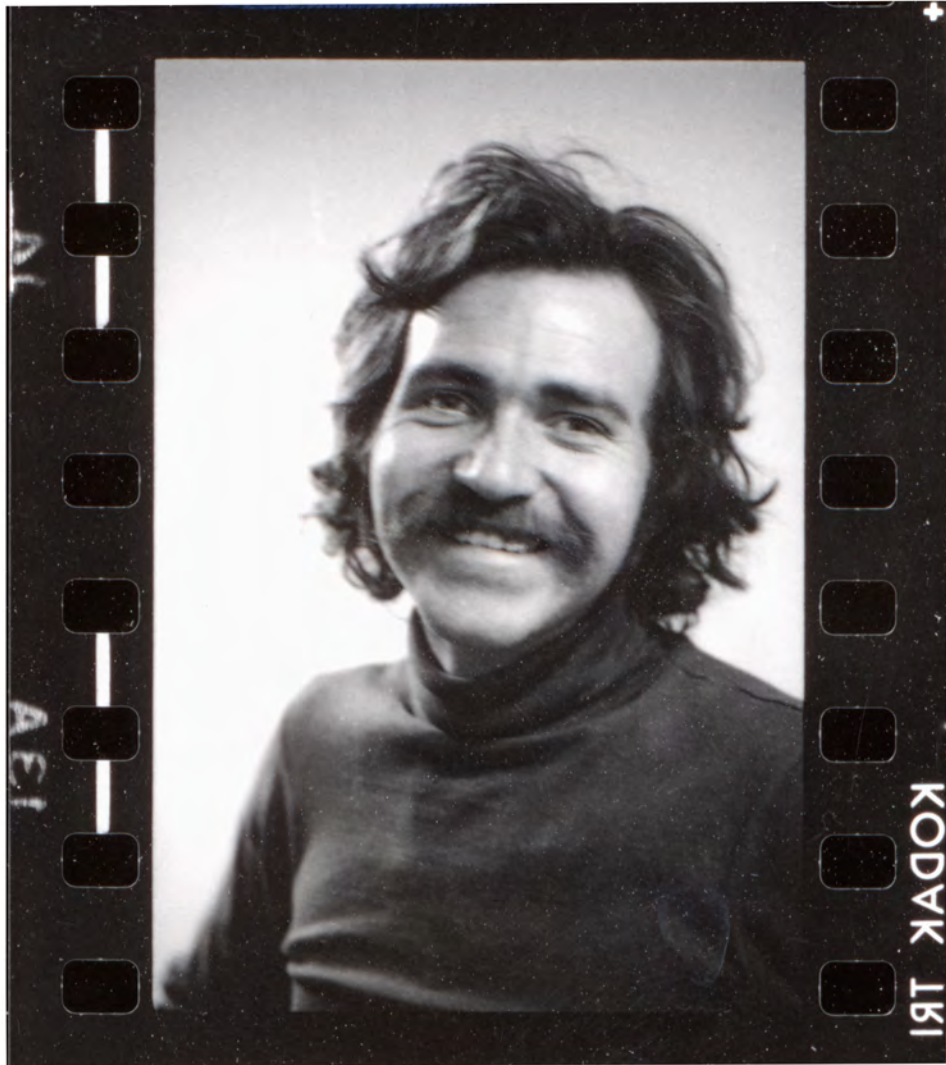
**Professional Products Contest: Win Week at Famous Colorists' School**

**Coupon Bargains:**

- 'How to Foil Wrap' Book
- Clairol's Cut & Color Books
- Self-Help Book for Salon Owners

**New Conditioning Tint Available to Beauty Salons**





1970s | EARLY PUBLICITY | PLATE N° 4  
23rd Street studio portrait by Andrea Lawrence

## **An Incredible Epic**

Continues in Volume Four