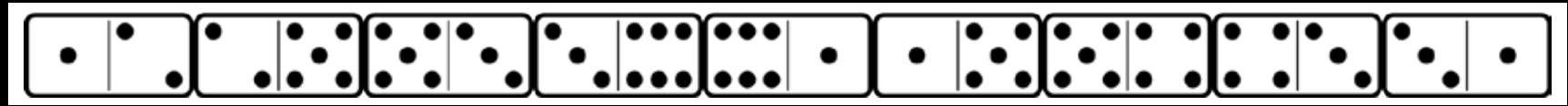


[MAQUINA DO TEMPO]
CAPTURANDO OS AGORAS



[TIME MACHINE]
CAPTURING THE NOWS



A Photo Biography
by Jonathan Wilkins

Limited Edition 2020

The Early Days - Touched by the Magic

Life is like a row of dominoes on a fixed size table where the dominoes are set end to end. At the beginning of the queue there is the “entry point”, filled with the excitement of what is to come. The fear as to whether one is good enough always haunts the journeyman on the quest for “the perfect image”. It was once said that your first ten thousand photographs are the worst. That consoling phrase is what I set out to rebel against, and therefore I installed in my psyche a critique of my own work, almost like a mother who does not like her children. This attitude of self-curation helped enormously to create photographs better than yesterday’s ones.

With this vision in mind, I hope to share my journey with you, as a photographer, along the row of dominoes.

Initially, it all started the day I was invited to visit a Black and White “darkroom” in Guyana, at the Bookers Head Office on Church Street. The technician, Sheila Man-Son-Hing, closed the light tight door behind us and switched on a dim red lamp. My eyes got accustomed after a while as my pupils dilated and soon she took a white sheet of photosensitive paper from a yellow box marked Kodak, set it on an easel and projected a reversed image from a negative in an enlarger, for about 12 seconds. Nothing happened. She turned around to a long sink where there were three flat trays with some chemicals in them. Then she carefully immersed the paper into what she called “developer” and we watched with anticipation as an image slowly appeared on the paper. At first a soft grey, and as the timer moved forward to the one minute mark, the image became more discernable, until there seemed to be no more changes. She then lifted the wet piece of paper with some bamboo tongs and slipped the floppy paper into tray number two. That she called “stop bath”. She swished it around gently for half a minute and once again lifted the piece of paper, now with recognizable image, into tray number three. Now we

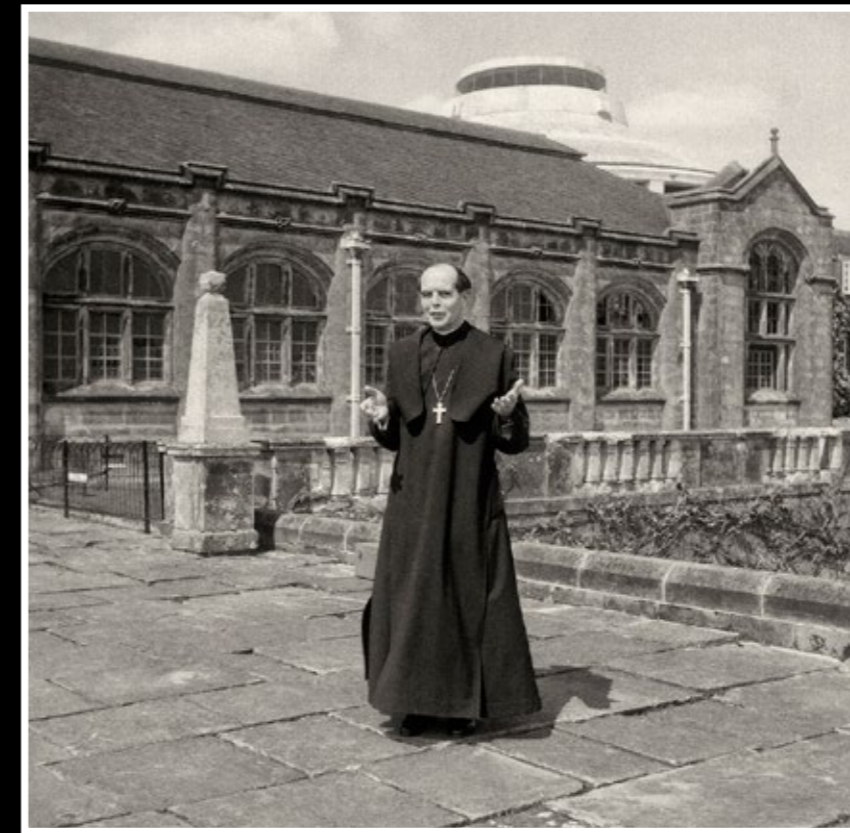
shall “fix” it she remarked. The red light was still our only illumination, but after about two minutes in the “fixer”, the white light finally revealed the marvel of my first photographic print. From that moment on I was hooked. Fascinated, I decided there and then that this is what I really wanted to do for the time to come on my creative journey through life.

My next step was to find a camera. My quest for a camera ended when I found a 1948 Rolleiflex in my father’s cupboard. It had been sitting there collecting fungus for 17 years, but Dad said I could have it if I promised to “get it cleaned”. On my return to boarding school at Worth in England, I sent it to Wallace Heaton for service. They did a great job of dismantling the whole camera and cleaned the Zeiss Tessar F 3.5 - 75mm fixed lens. Everything was working like new and 17 quid later, I was set for the challenge of creating images on the two and a quarter square format. Luckily there were some lines etched on the ground glass viewing screen, which I discovered later as the “rule of thirds” for good composition. I spent all of my pocket money on “expired” film and army surplus photographic paper, bought by postal service catalog up in Lancashire.

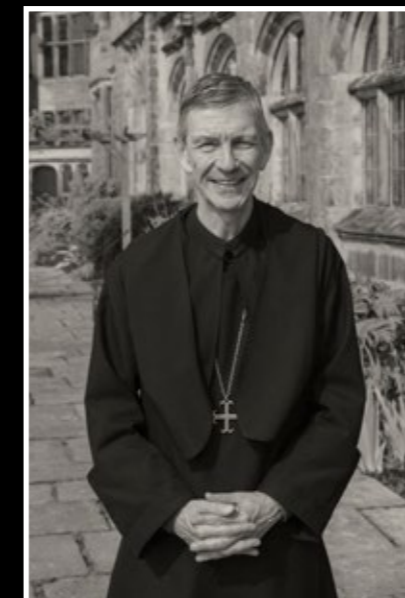


At Worth my friend, John Wild, also J.W, had a Rolleicord, and so together we started the first Photographic Society, by building a darkroom in an abandoned attic room, which the monks kindly allowed us to occupy.

Our carpentary master, Walter Stanford, also an avid photographer, helped us with the proper guidelines, and soon enough we were producing acceptable B&W prints. Surely my talent was being recognized and I was asked to do a portrait of the first Abbot at Worth. Dom Victor posed for me in front of the new Abbey church which was being built at the time. Here is the shot of Dom Victor Farewell done in 1970.



During a recent visit to Worth in 2016, I was introduced to the present Abbot, who turned out to be my Chapman House fellow, known as Jolly (Surname) in those days, now Abbot Luke. I was asked to do his portrait and in exactly the same place “coincidentally” as the one done 48 years before, and much to my surprise, in the same morning light.



Later the following year, I was asked to give a talk to the final year of the Worth Photographic Art department class. The budding photographers were shown how to “Make or Take” photographs, with images based on my 45 years of experience in the field.

Raibert MacDougall, Jonathan Wilkins, Father Kevin, John Wild and Peter Furlonge, the founding fathers of Photographic Society, at Worth on 21st. March 2017.





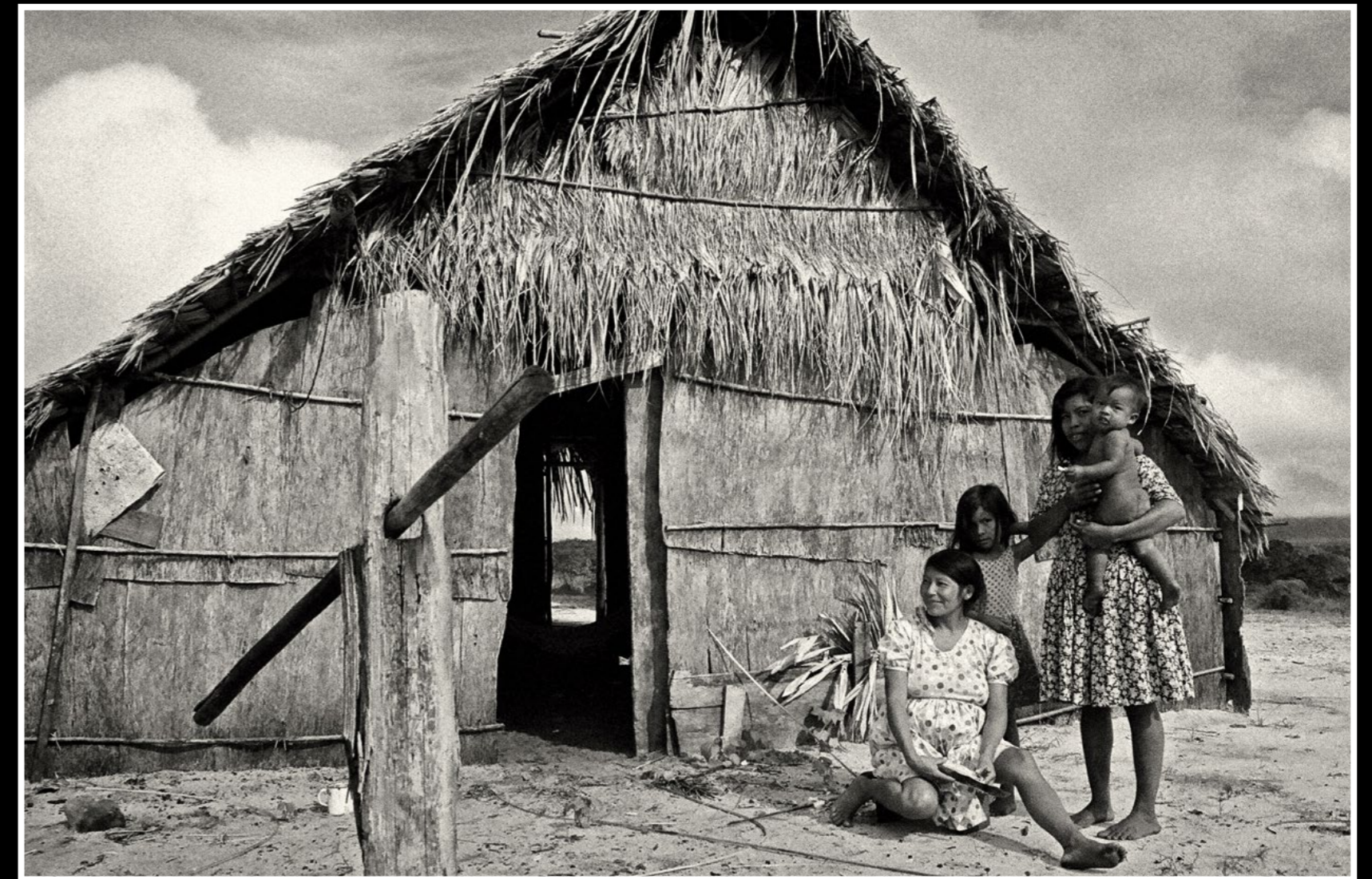
After returning to Guyana in 1970, I started taking pictures with the Rolleiflex, but soon learned that there were better optics available by then. I decided to move to 35 millimeter format which gave me 36 shots on each roll of film, instead of only 12. Then, in 1973, I was invited to be part of a climbing expedition sponsored by the BBC from London, with five world-famous mountain climbers: Don Whillans, Hamish MacInnes, Joe Brown, Mo Antoine and Mike Thompson to conquer the north face of Mount Roraima from within Guyana. The photographic possibilities were indeed very promising. We were to travel by plane to Kamarang, then by canoe upriver to Maiurupai, and then on foot for some 30 miles through thick jungle to the North Face of the "Mighty Roraima" at 9000 feet above sea-level. I had acquired about 30 rolls of Black & White films and 20 rolls of Color negative and slide films. Every frame had to count, gleaned from my 12 shots per roll days. I was completely at home in the tropical rain forest - 15 hours a day of rain to be more precise - when one early morning the "Face" was totally cloudless. This was my god-sent photographic break.



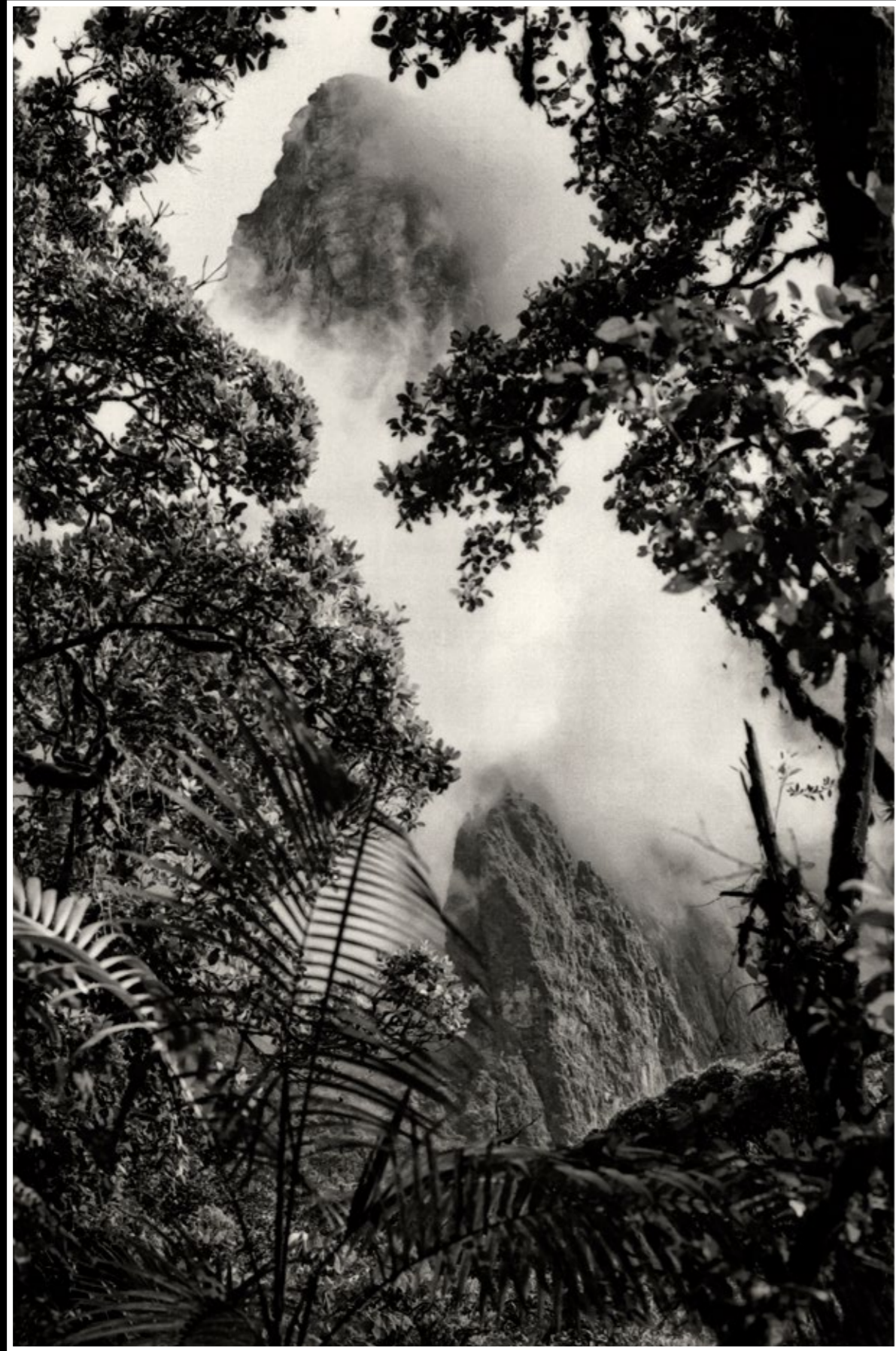
Pico de Roraima • *Mount Roraima - Cloudless at dawn*



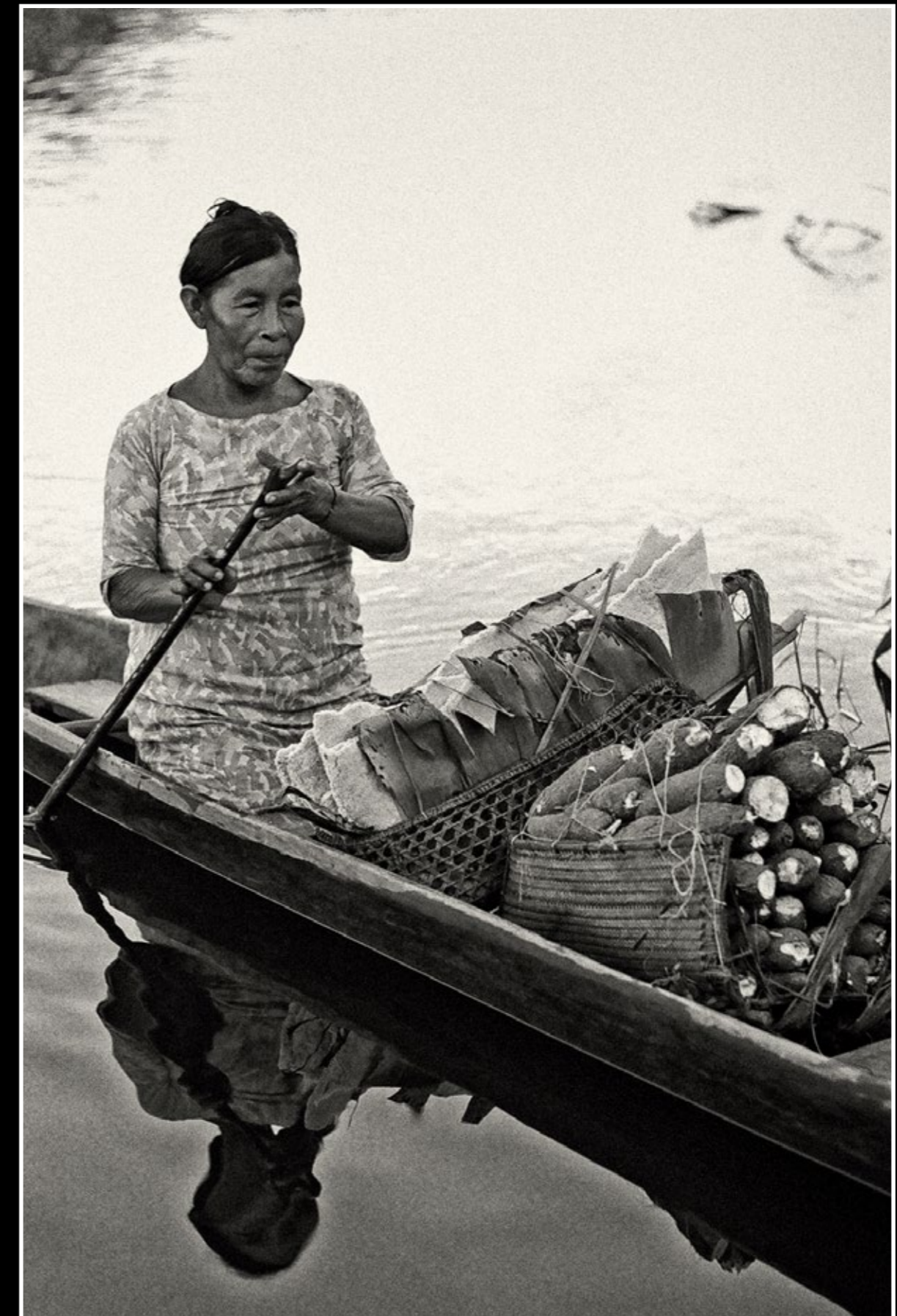
Pico de Itútipu • *Mount Itutipu - Silver lining in the afternoon*



Oca Akawaio em Maiurupai • *Akawaio Hut at Maiurupai - made with tree bark and palm tree leaves*



Pico de Roraima • *Mount Roraima - Viewed at midday*



Pão de mandioca na canoa • *Cassava bread in a canoe - Akawaio woman returning from farm*



Mãe e Filha • *Mother and Daughter - Spinning cotton to make hammock*



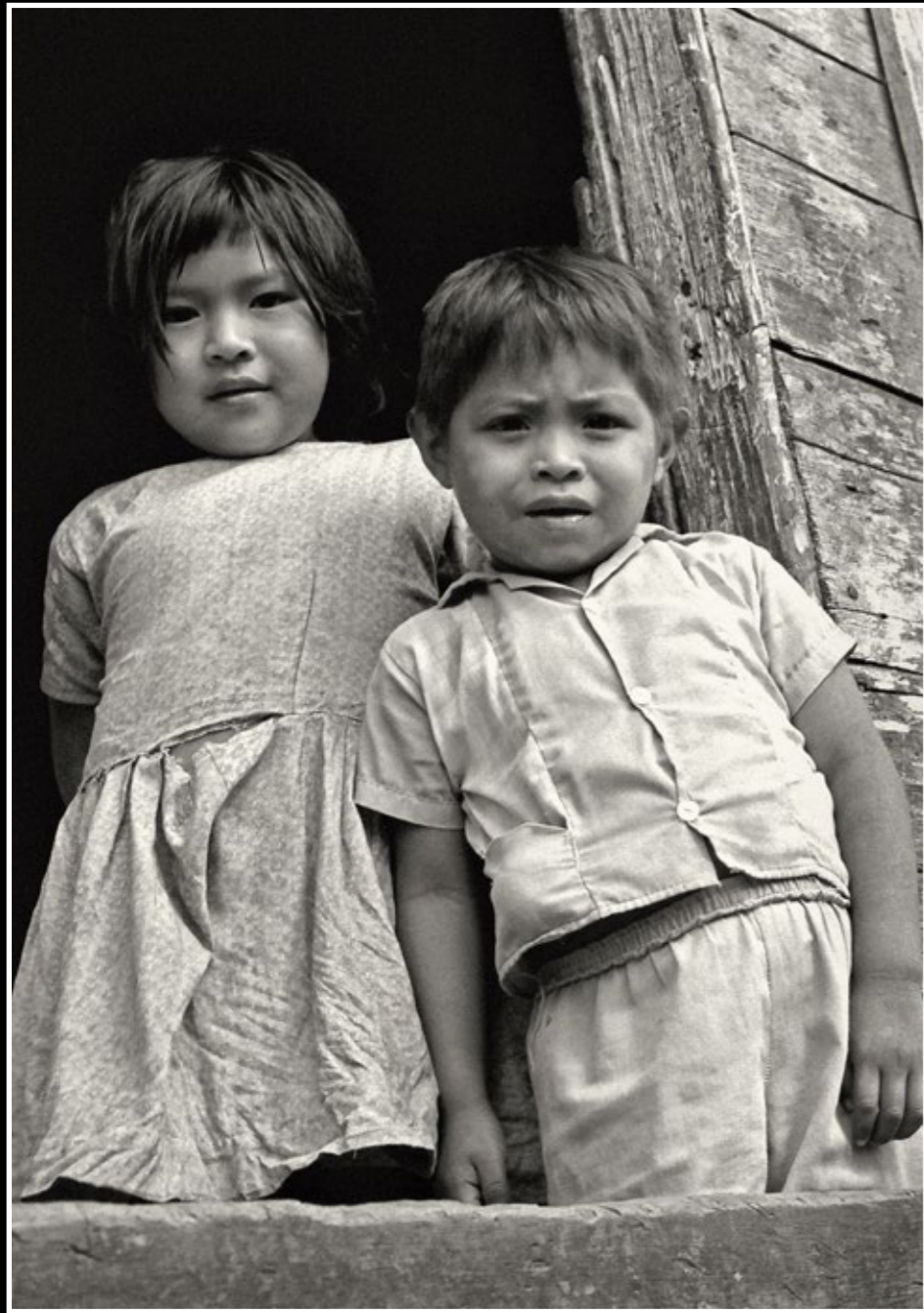
Descascando Mandióca Brava • *Peeling bitter poisonous Cassava*



Café da manhã em Maiurupai • *Breakfast at Maiurupai*



Avó Akawaio cuida do netinho • *Akawaio Grandmother cares for grandson*



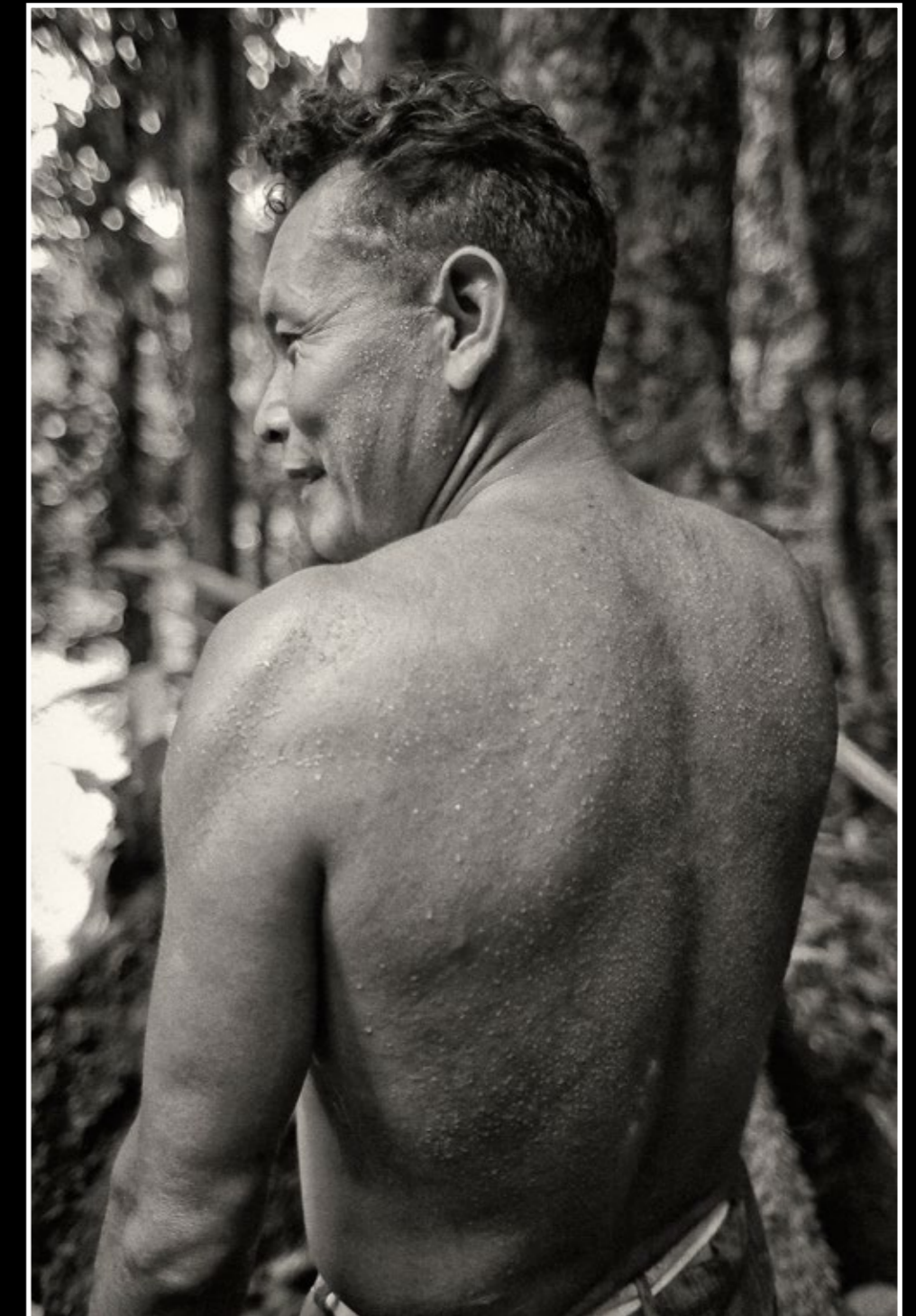
Arekuna Children at Kamarang • Guyana



BBC Sound Engineer Gordon Forsyth and
Camerman Alex Scott at Maiurupai • Guyana



Vovó Akawaio e Carregador Chefe, Isaac Jerry •
Akawaio Grand Mother and Isaac Jerry, chief Porter





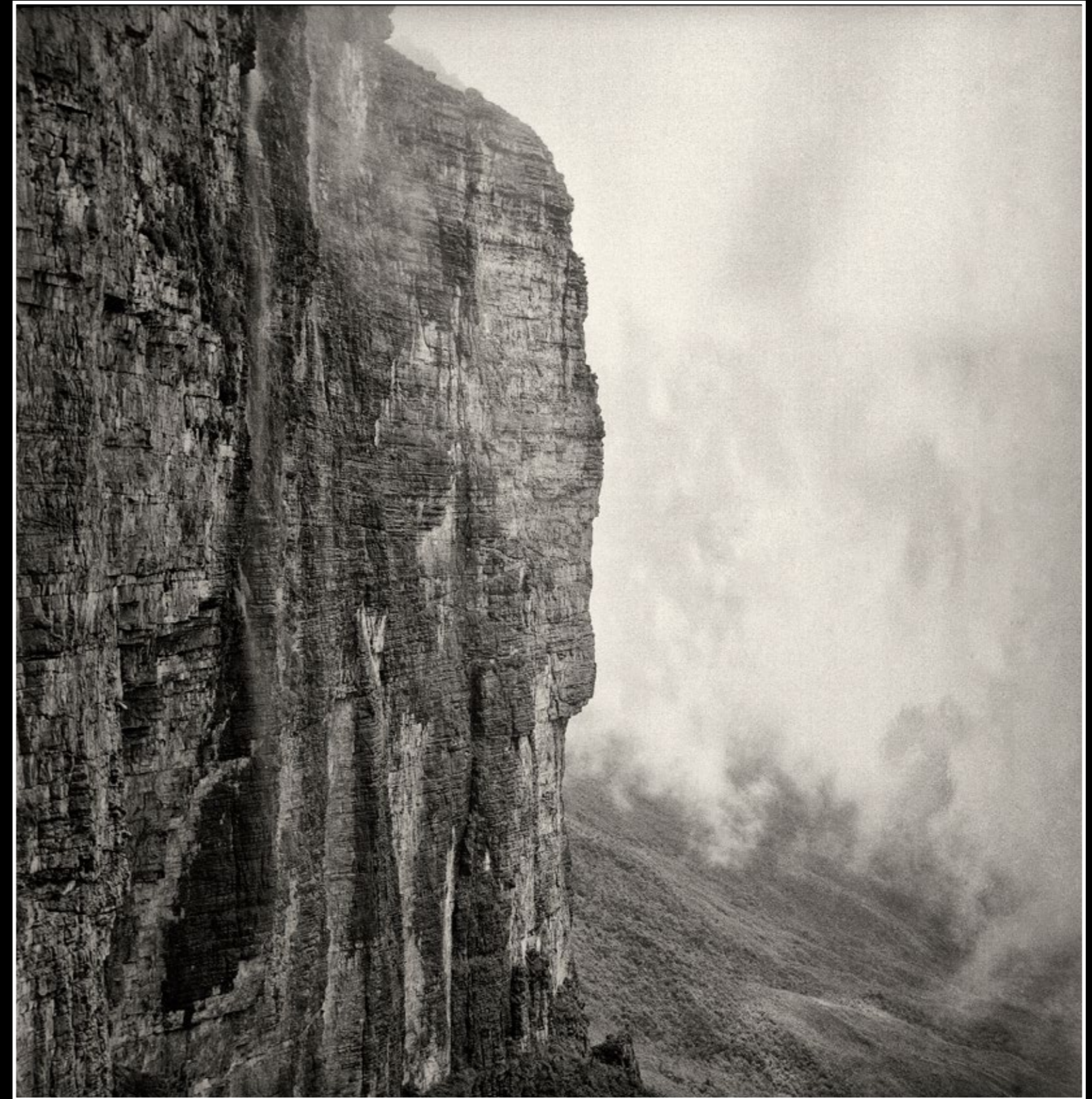
Now let us flash back to 1948. My dad, Raymond A. Wilkins, was commissioned to survey the Schomburgk Line in 1948. The Royal Geographical Society, of which he became a fellow, was very interested in verifying the landmarks on the Venezuelan-Guyana-Brazil border. His qualifications as sworn land-surveyor and Royal Engineers experience during the war, made him an excellent candidate for the job. He set up an expedition with Bill Segel, who was district commissioner at Kamarang at the time, and who knew the region well, his friend Major F. B. Green of the British Guiana Volunteer Force, and six Wapishiana Amerindians, who served as porters.

There was an incident on the trip when a porter carrying Ray's pack with photographic 120 roll film (for the Rolleiflex) had gone ahead across the Ireng River when some of the films had got wet. When he arrived about half an hour later, the porter had diligently opened the films and carefully stretched them out on the ground, with two little stones as weights and each end, to dry the precious negatives. Lesson learnt here. They successfully climbed to the top of the Roraima Plateau and conferred the landmark and the famous tri-point location, set up by Robert Schomburgk back in 1835. I started my photographic career with the same Rolleiflex that was on that trip, and which was used to take these historical photographs.

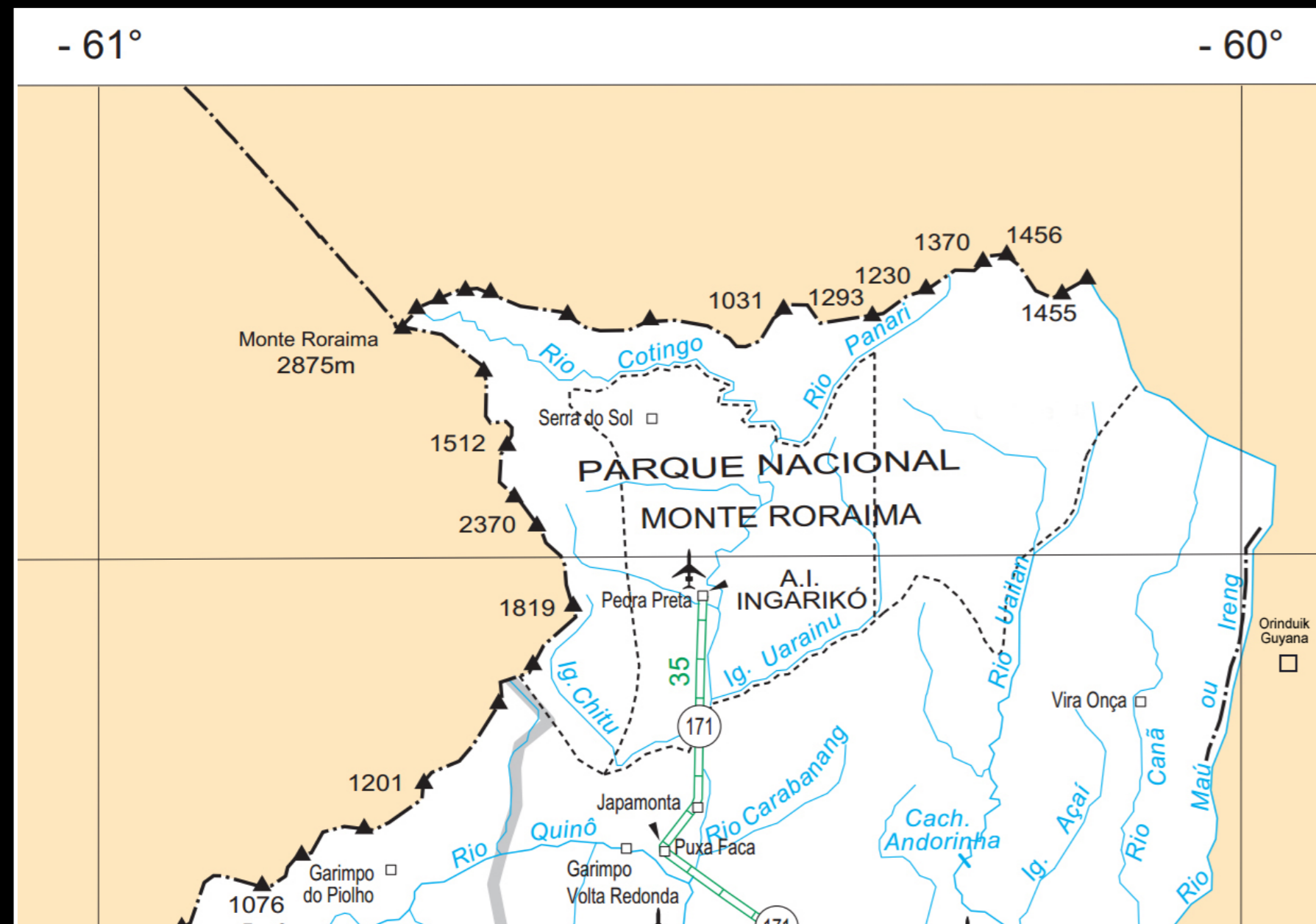
Raymond kept his negatives well-preserved and I was able to digitalize them with some success using a macro lens and studio flash lighting. Although I had traced his route through Brazil and Venezuela, some of the locations are unidentified, but many are well-recognized. The complete digital portfolio is now on permanent archive at The Royal Geographical Society at One Kensington Gore, SW7, in London.

A most amazing thing happened in 2018. One day on Facebook a person commented on one of Ray's photographs which I had posted on my page. The one with the "guys in a boat", the one with a hat and spectacles, what's his name she asked? "Freddie Green", I answered. "Hey that's my father", said Twailing. The only photo of him before she was born. Now that's what I call a "Peak Moment", for both of us. Talk about dominoes!

At the Summit of Roraima - Raymond Wilkins with his faithful dog, the amerindian porters and Austin, his survey assistant.
• Photograph above taken by Major "Freddie" Green.

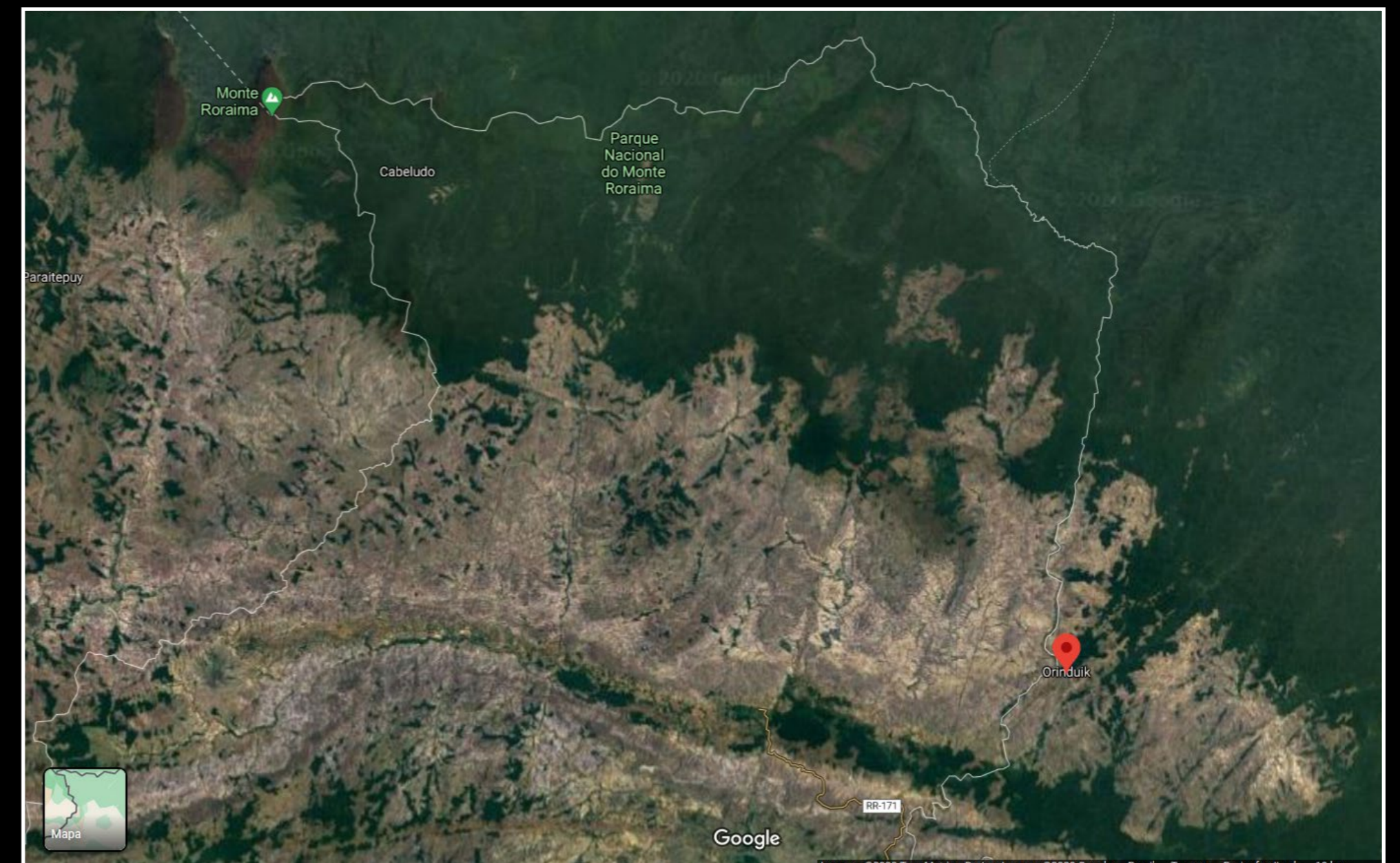


Photograph by Raymond Wilkins - Mount Roraima from the Venezuelan side in 1948



Gathered from notes and stories told by Raymond together with careful analysis of the images, it was possible to trace his route to the Southern Face of Roraima, only accessible from the Venezuelan side, and only after after trekking over dry and hot savannah lands from Orinduik (on map to the

right) to the mountain (on the left). The villages visited and photographed on the way were mostly inhabited by the Wapishiana people. The Hallelujah religious movement was prominent in the region during 1940's. The local Amerindians even built their church with locally available logs and straw.



Satelite map of the same region



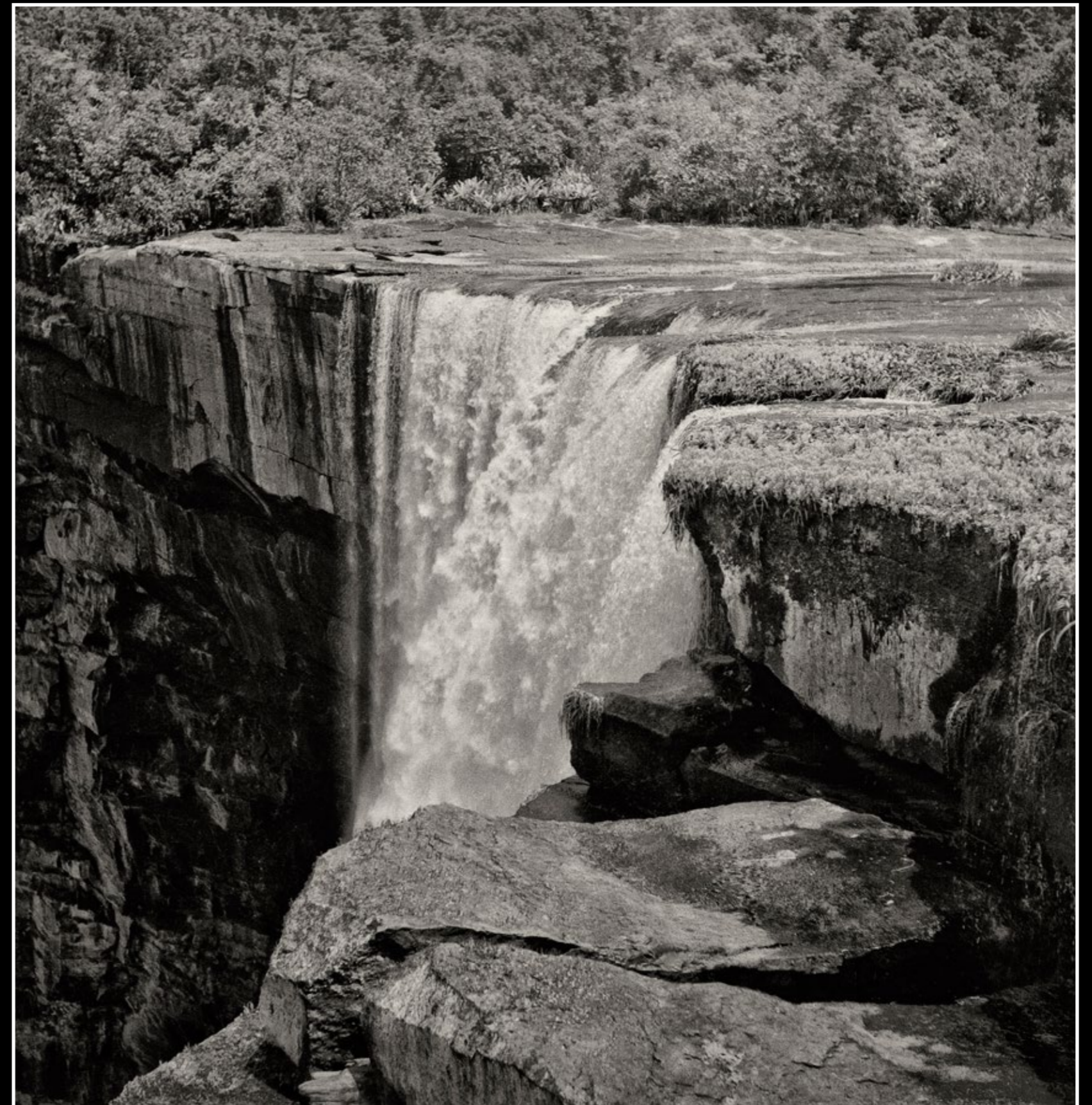
Photograph by Raymond Wilkins - Indigenous boys on the boat trip up the Kamarang River



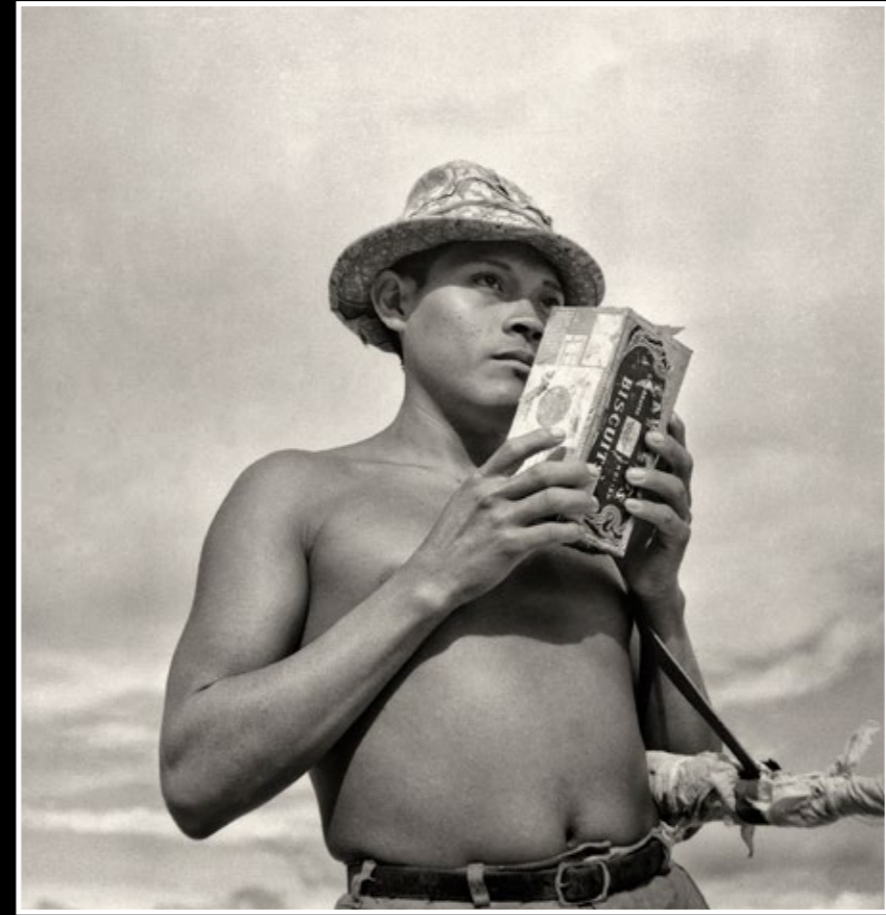
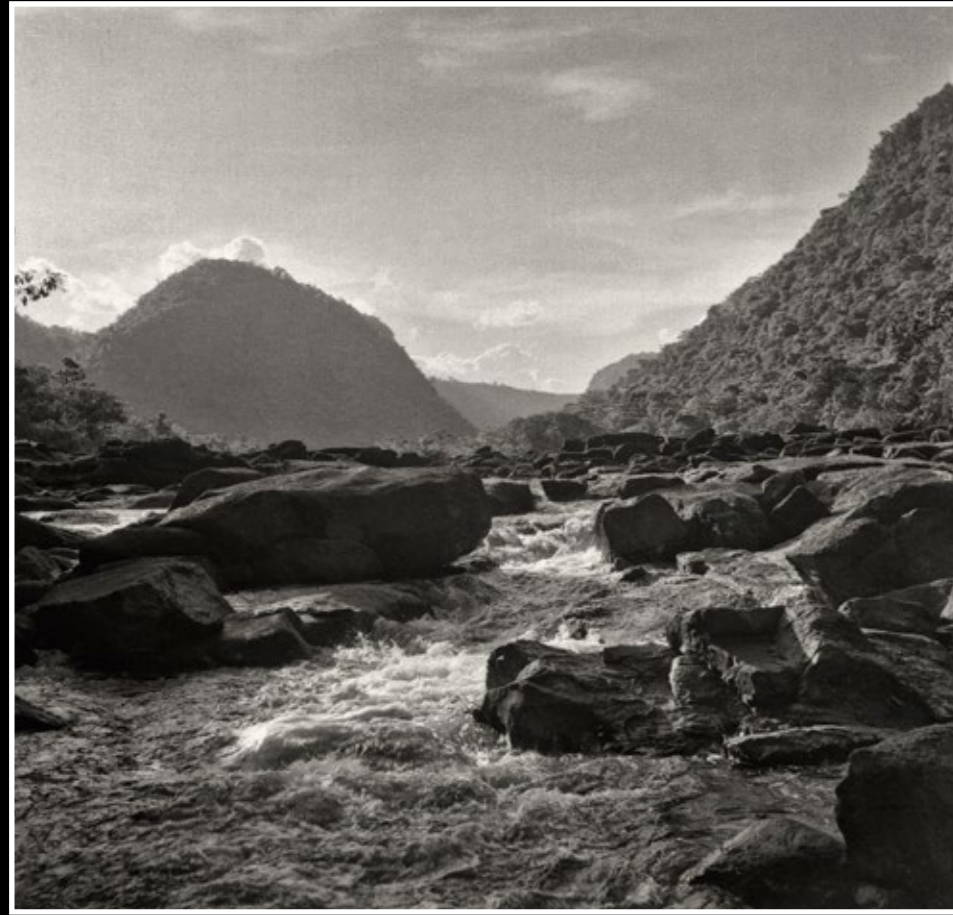
Photograph by Raymond Wilkins - Arekuna people - mother, daughter and grandchildren, taken at Kamarang - 1948



Photographs by Raymond Wilkins - Macushi Indigenous people - Campsite of the Expedition

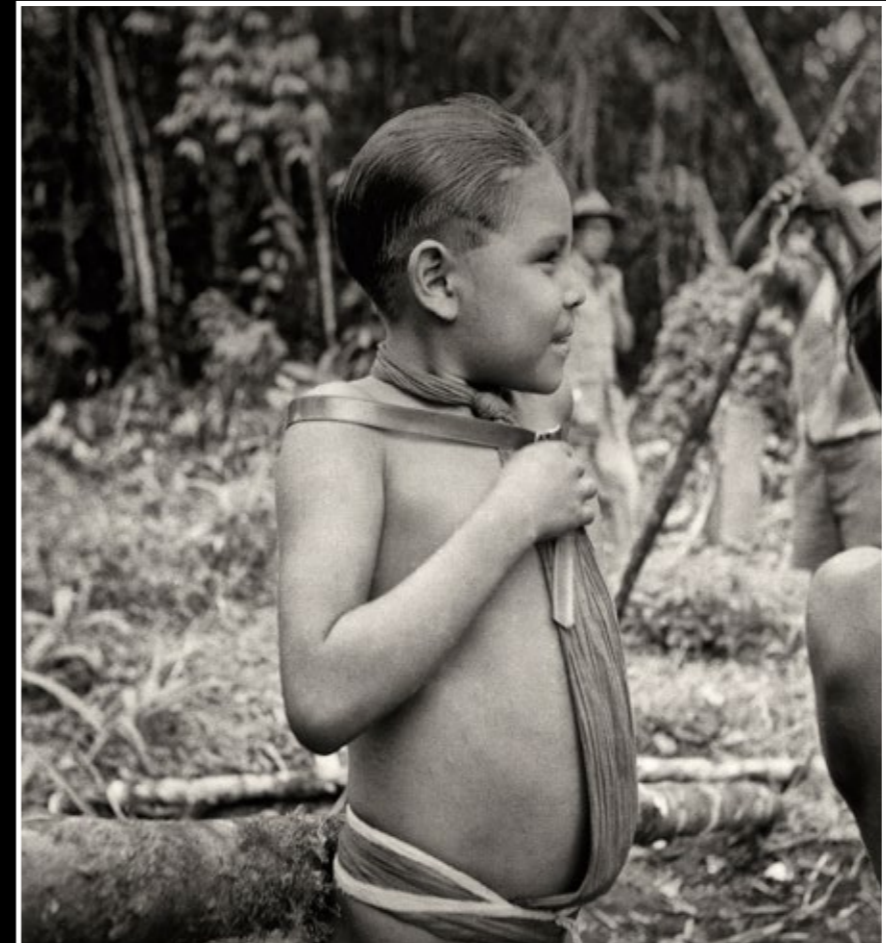
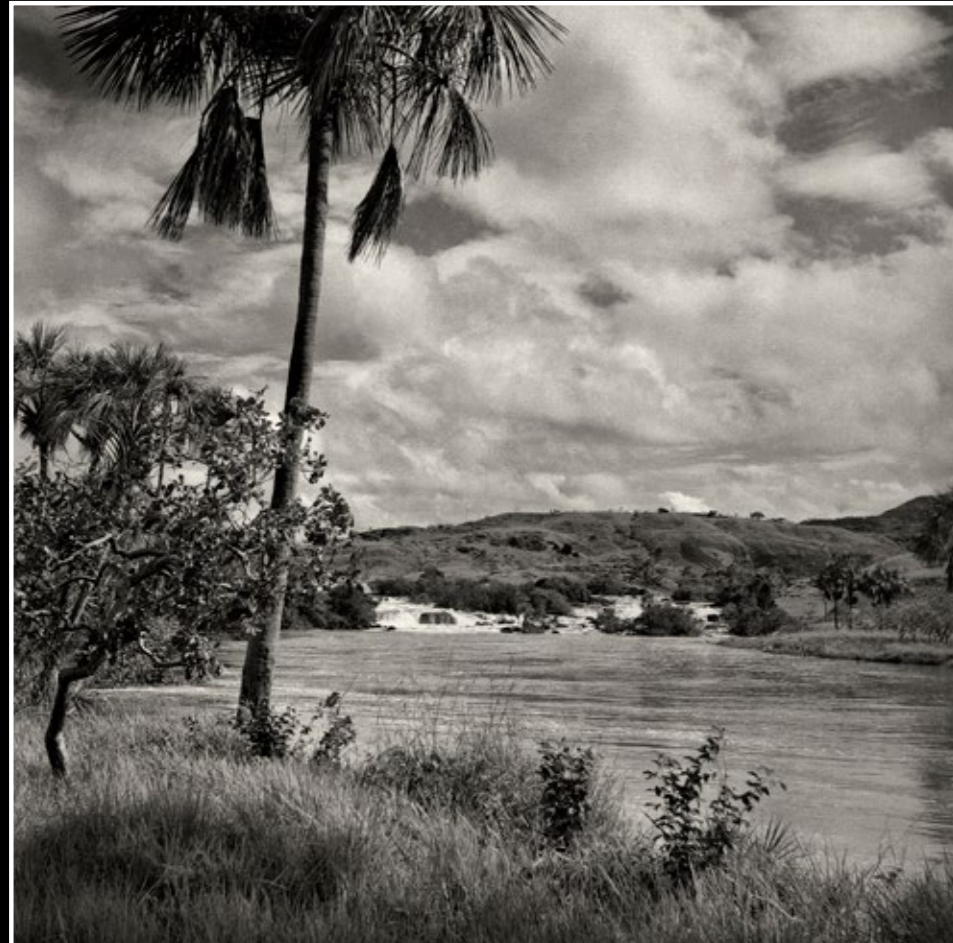


Photograph by Raymond Wilkins taken in 1950 - Kaieteur Falls on the Potaro River - 226 meters (741 ft)



Potaro Gorge, Orinduik Falls, Ireng Savanah and river bed after heavy rains

Portraits of the Wapishiana Porters and Macushi people

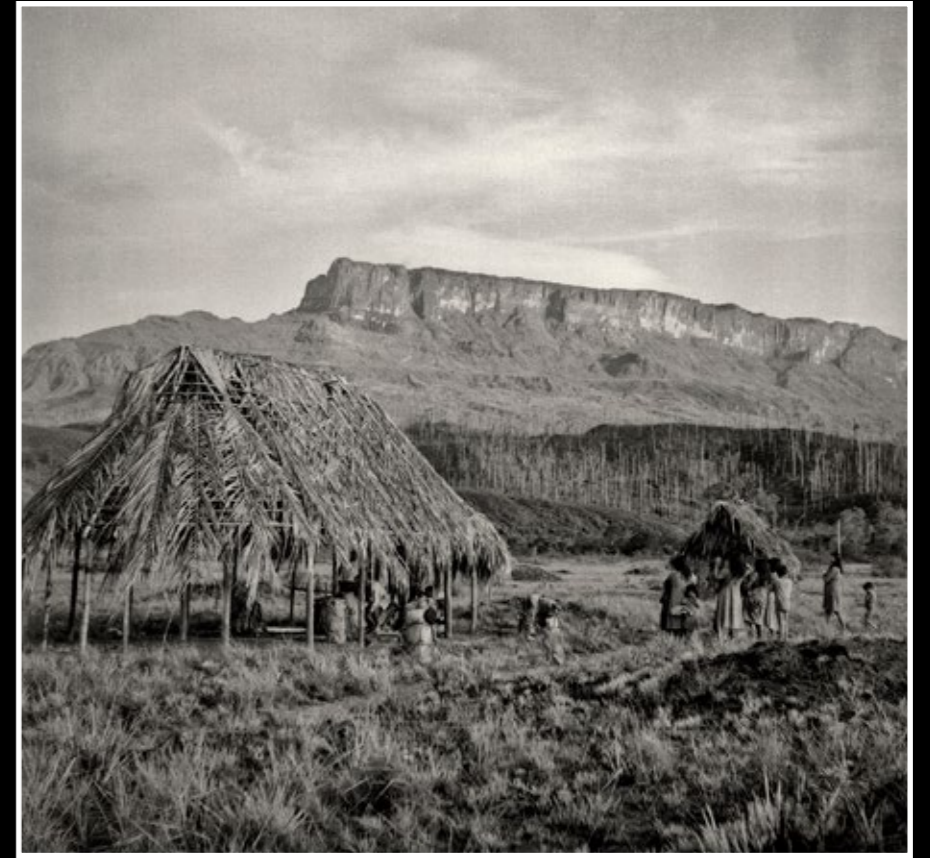




Photographs by Raymond Wilkins - Macushi and Wapishiana Indigenous people

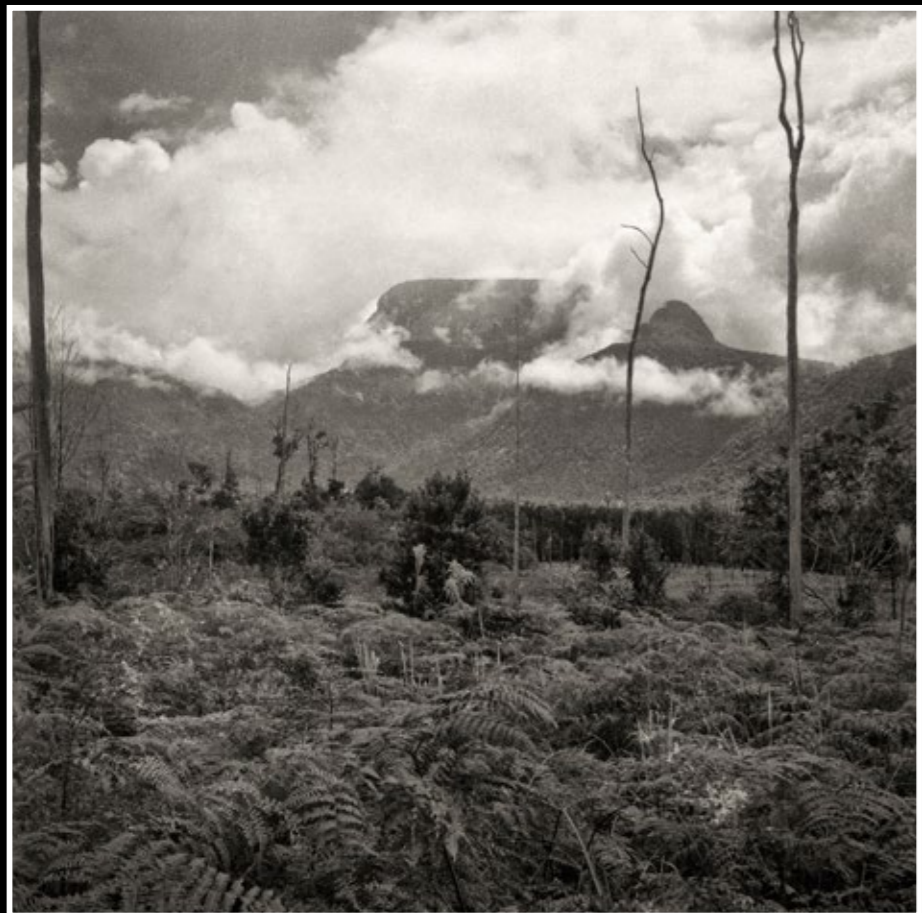


Contact - Paiwari Alcoholic drink and cassava bread festival, hosted by the Macushi people



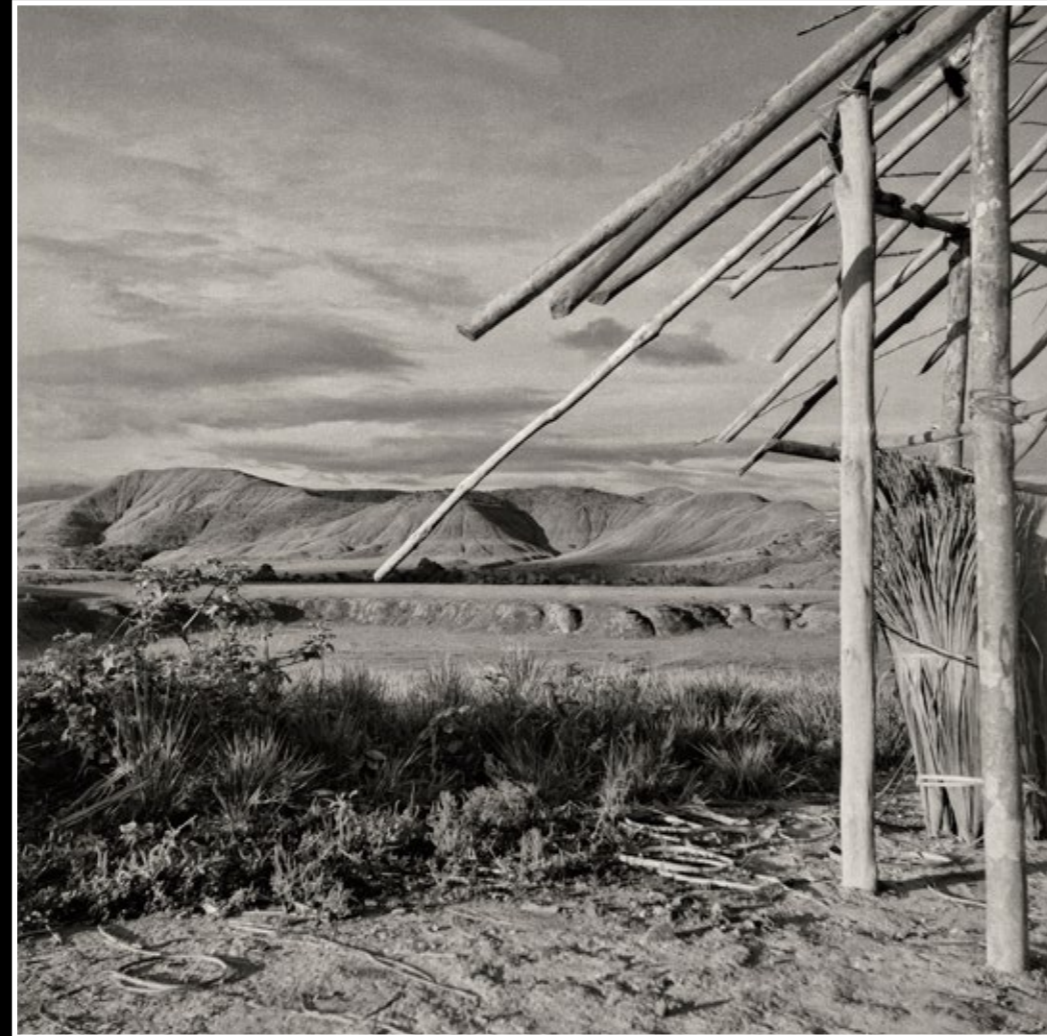
Photographs by Raymond Wilkins - Grumman Goose aircraft at Kamarang landing, expedition crossing Ireng river, vegetation at base of Mount Roraima and rest-break on the savannah leg

Photographs by Raymond Wilkins - Wapishana Indigenous people living near Mount Roraima

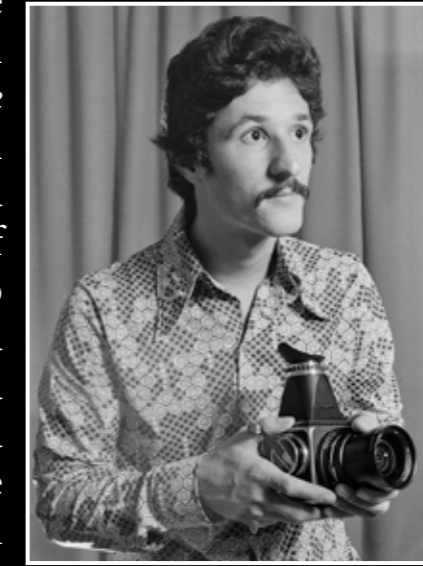




Hallelujah Church construction and celebration at Amakokopai - 1948



Now the dominoes were changing direction once more. At my *Vernissage* of the Roraima Exhibition in Georgetown, I was invited by the first secretary of the Brazilian Embassy to emigrate to Brazil. Armed with a One-Way ticket and a Permanent-Visa, and without speaking a single word of Portuguese, with my Hasselblad kit in my luggage, I finally got to São Paulo in 1977. After a couple of years of teaching English at Berlitz, the yearning to continue photography was rewarded with a placement at the SESC Fábrica Pompeia to teach a Workshop of B&W Zone System Photography, duly inspired by Ansel Adams. There, I had found “Mecca”. Kodak had invested in a top quality laboratory with Omega enlargers, Rodagon lenses, proper safe lighting, wet sink facilities and complimentary Kodak paper and chemicals. I later invited an outstanding student, Paulo Habl, to set up a fashion studio with me, offering quality Black & White photographs for local newspapers and magazines.



During lots of studio flash sessions with wonderful Brazilian fashion models and loud music, we fell in love on a weekly basis with the beauty of our work. The challenges grew and soon we were producing top quality “chromes”, which are positive color slides for magazines and publications. We upgraded the format size to 6X7 cm and 4X5 inch to handle product and industrial assignments.

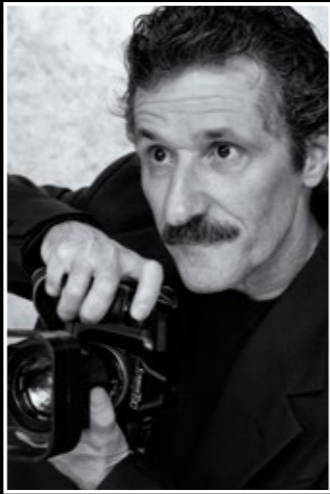
Then one day, during an English class, I was complaining to the Marketing director of Eternit, Jaime Archinto, about São Paulo City - He suggested that I consider a smaller town, maybe upstate São Paulo, like Ribeirão Preto for example. I researched the Who's Who of that town and decided to visit on a

weekend in 1985. The 300 kilometer trip was rewarded with a breath-taking view, upon arriving in Cravinhos, of a city with 250.000 inhabitants situated in what appeared to be an extinct volcano crater. Though I must admit that it certainly gets “rather warm” there on some days.

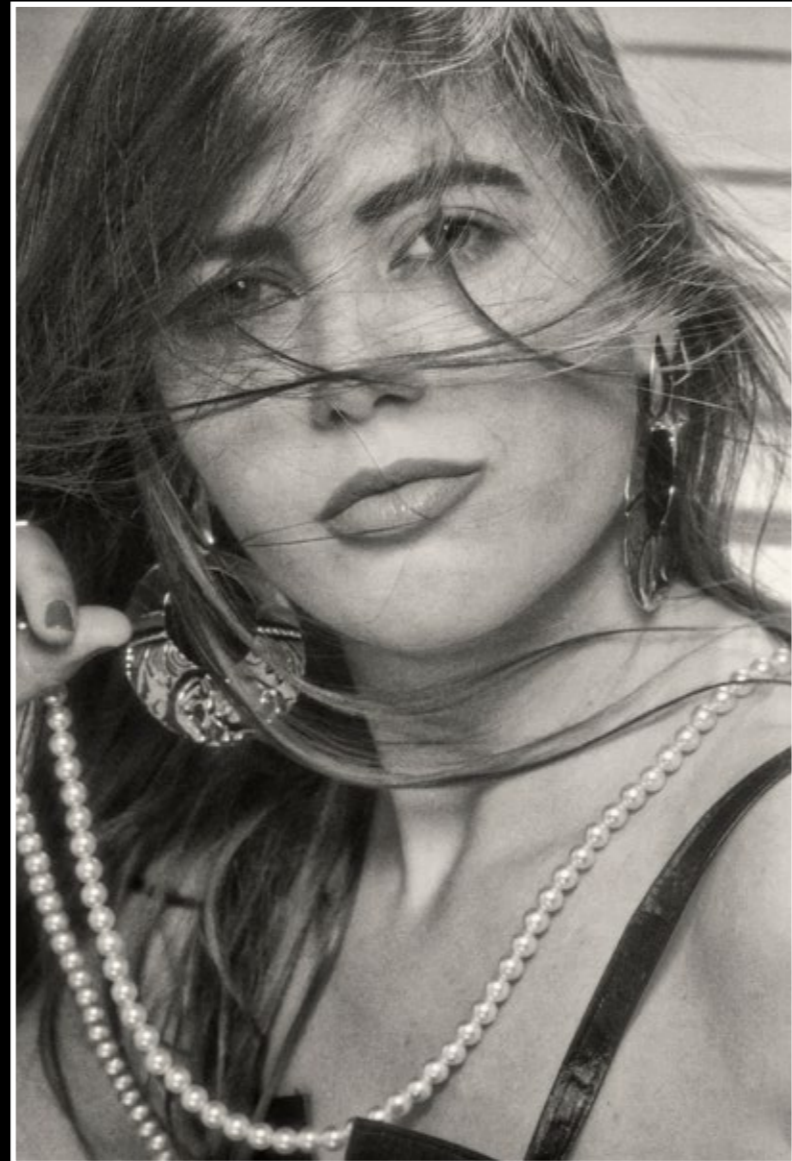
During following weeks I returned to visit advertising agencies and show my portfolio. The reception was very promising and so I decided to definitely move to Ribeirão Preto.

Actually, one of the agencies was called “Jonathan & Marlene”. A husband and wife creative team with whom I made contact, only to discover that my namesake celebrated his birthday just one day after mine. The encounter was indeed wonderful. Those radical dominoes were fitting into place again.

Ribeirão Preto - I was being considered one of the top five photographers in this upstate town, so I began showing my portfolio to other advertising agencies, which immediately sent me assignments, mainly shot on Ektachrome stock, for printing in full colour. Surely my talent for making the lovely local women look stunning, in Black & White, soon became a sought-after product. I had set up my lab in the *edicula* outhouse. Model portfolios called “books” were the rage then. There is the story about my Tokina lens that was accidentally tossed to the floor after being trapped by the camera strap, as I grabbed the camera from the cupboard. I took it to the service center and soon found out that the optics were “out of wack”. The focus was extra soft and the technician suggested that it would be a great lens to hide defects, so that was my favorite lens, from then on, for photographing the lovely ladies who always complained that my pictures were “too sharp”.



Ritinha



Deborah



Gina



Iria



Iria



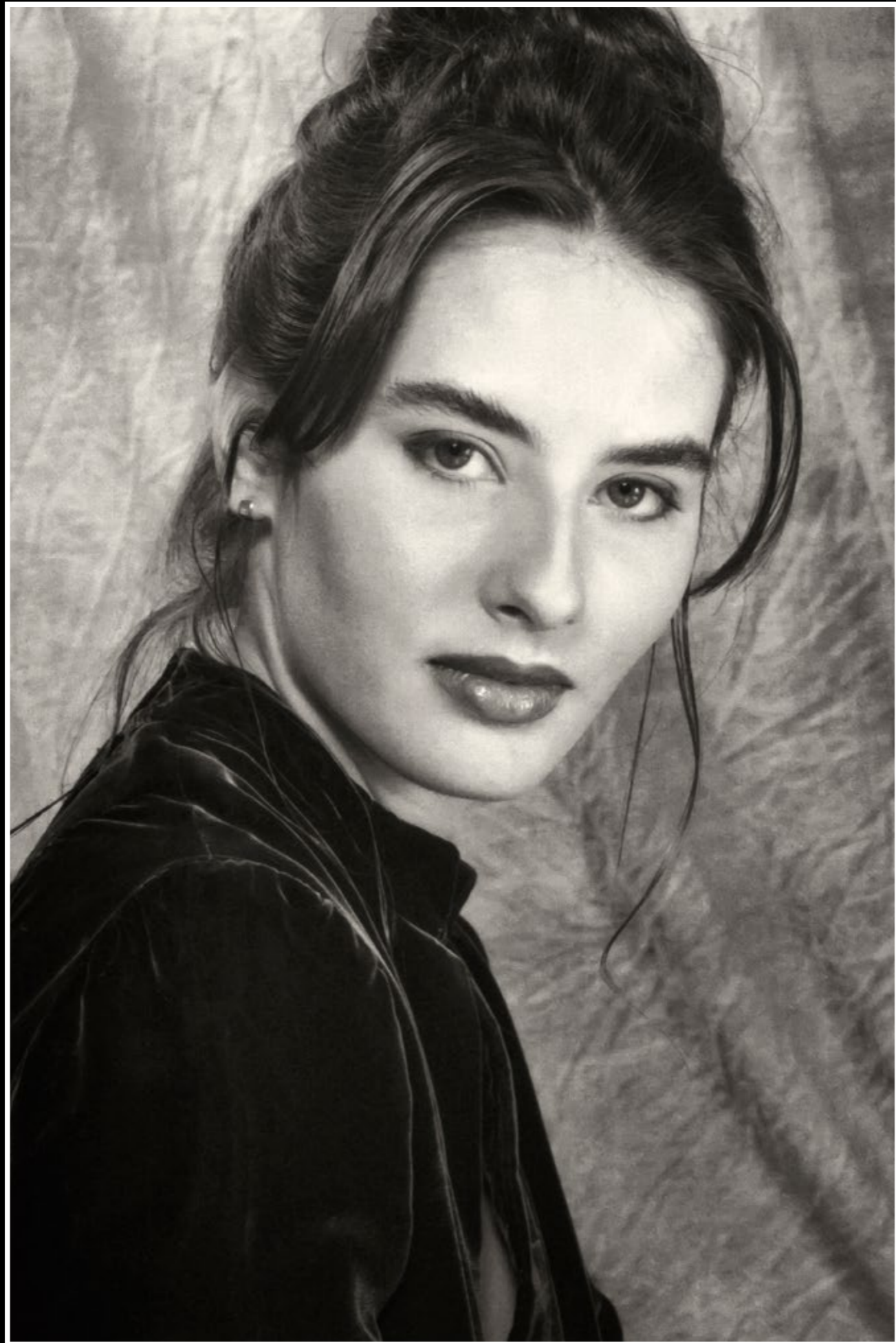
Iria



Priscila



Elis



Iria



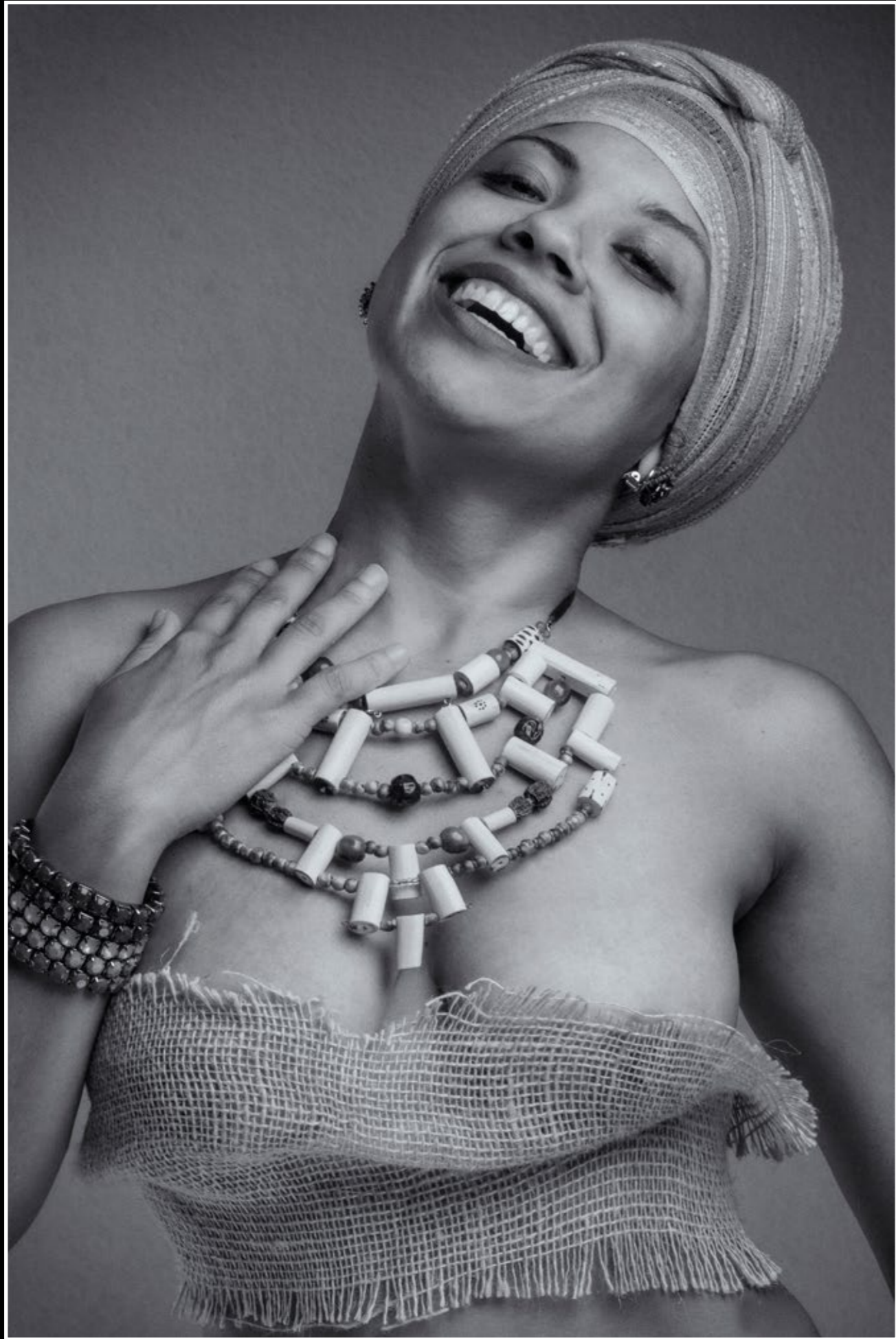
Mariana



Mariana



Iria



Marion

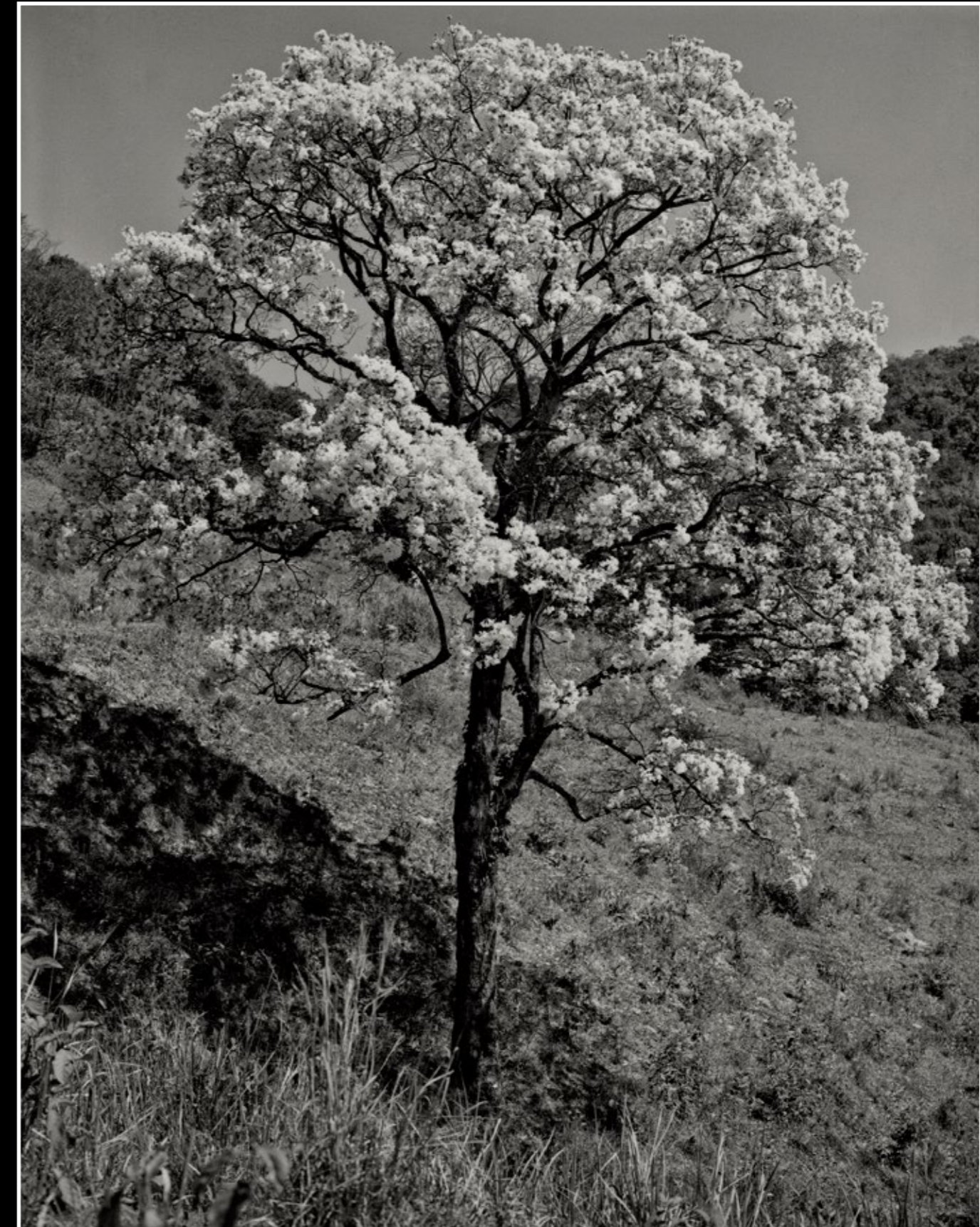


Camila

Zone VI - Now that I had my own “darkroom” all set up and with all of the pre-visualization settings in place, I ventured out with a Wista 4X5 Field Camera, handcrafted in Japanese Cherry wood, with sheepskin leather bellows, and equipped with 90mm, 150mm and 210 mm Schneider Kreuznach lenses, I was once again inspired by Ansel Adams’ Zone System philosophy. The workflow included careful setting up of a tripod, careful light metering and pre-visualization techniques of the subtle tones of grey areas that would only appear in the final print, and often just exposing a single sheet of film. These are digital scans from the original negatives, which come nowhere close to a proper print, on high quality photographic archival paper, as seen at an exhibition, for example, although modern Giclée Fine Art printing on Hahnemühle Cotton Rag, come very close to the originally intended results. There are locations I revisited “ten years after” also included here.



O Ninho • *The Nest*



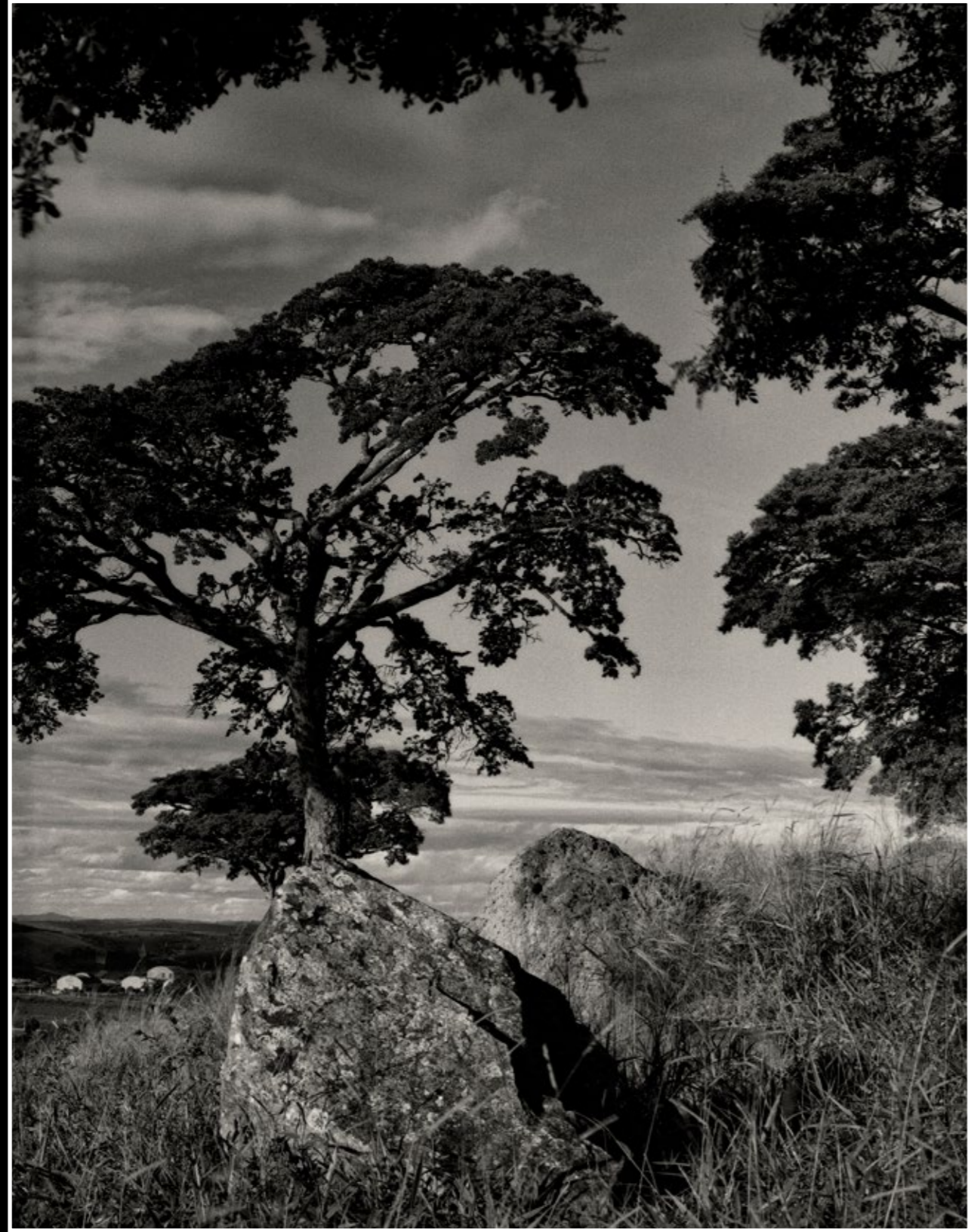
Ipê Amarelo • *Yellow Ipê*



Old man at the Door • *Velhinho na Porta*



Casa Velha Campos Gerais, Minas • *100 year old House*



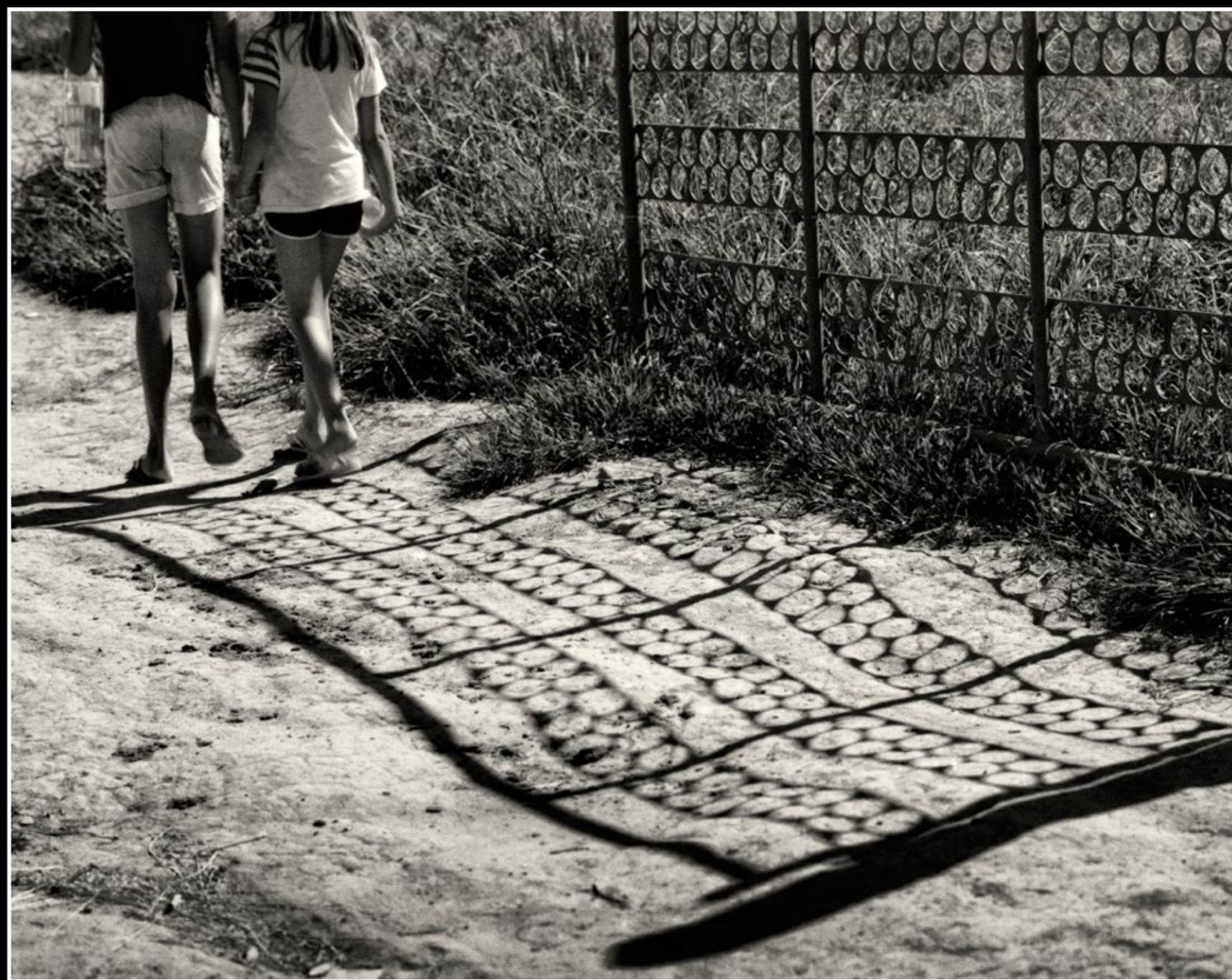
Rocha e Árvore • *Rock and Tree*



Ribeirão das Araras • *Parrot Creek*



Casa das bonecas • *Rural Doll's House*



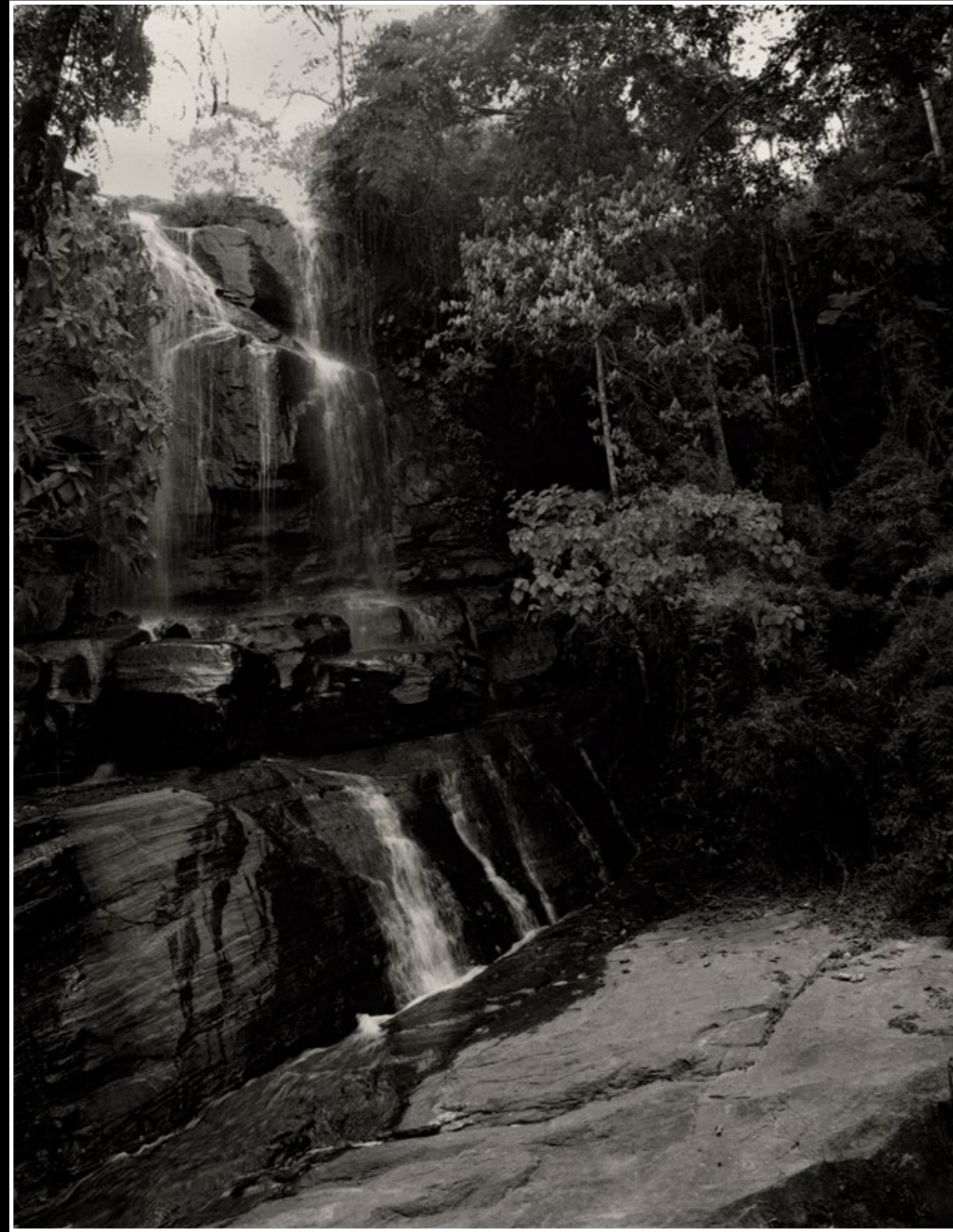
Sombra da porteira • *Gate Shadow*



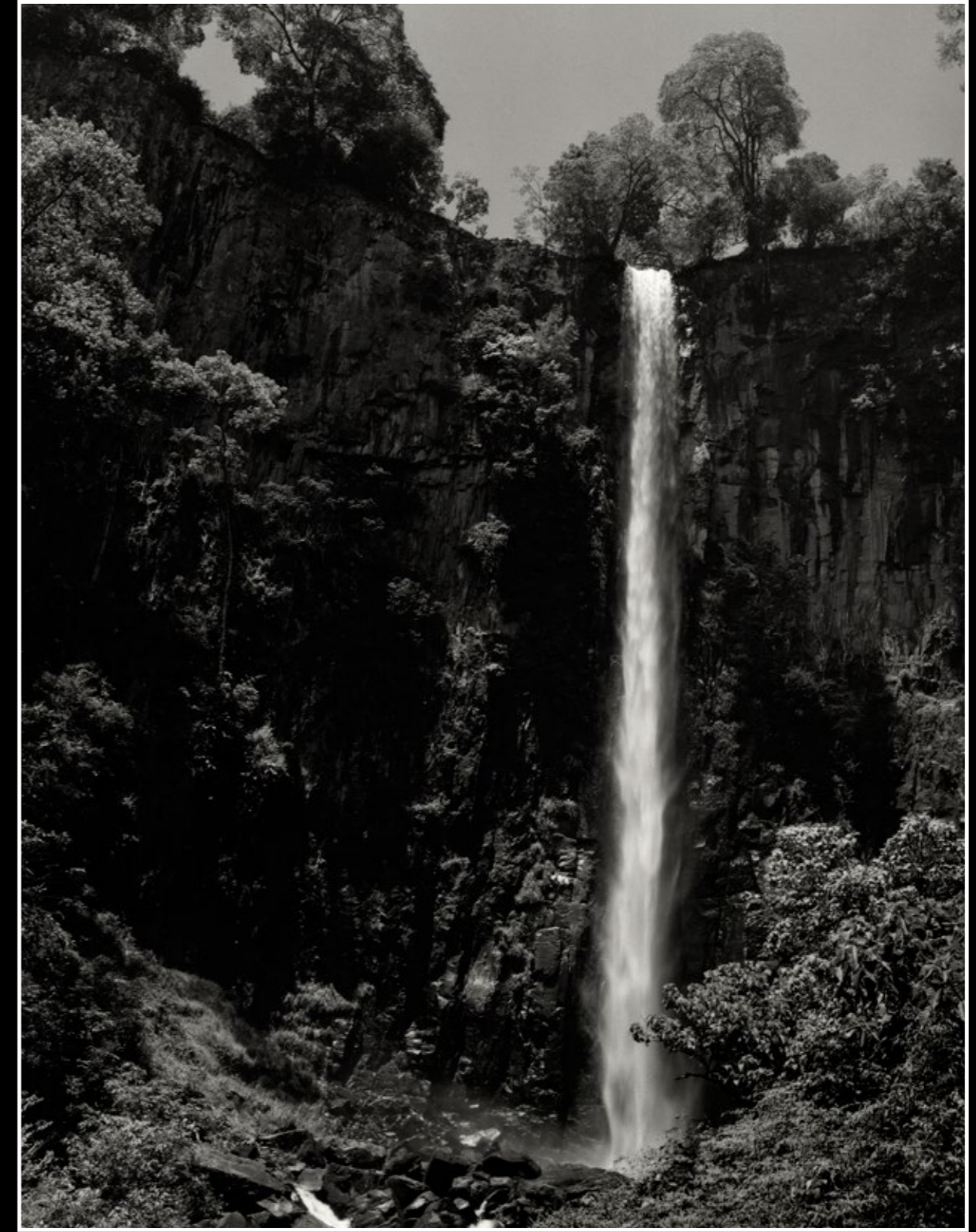
Serra da Camanducaia • *Camanducaia Hills*



Sintese I • *Synthesis I*



Cachoeira Araçariguama • *Waterfall Araçariguama*



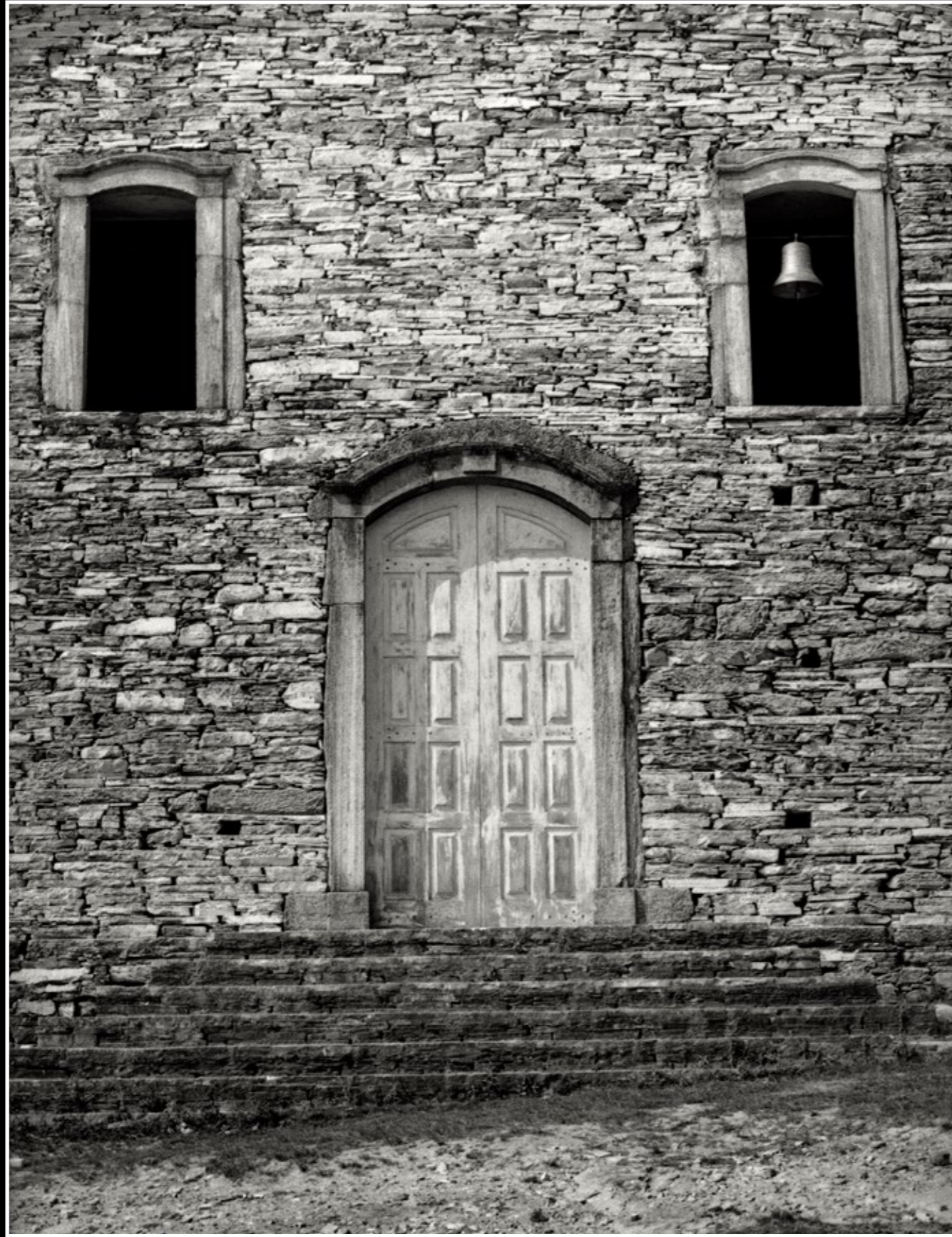
Cachoeira Cassia dos Coqueiros • *Waterfall*



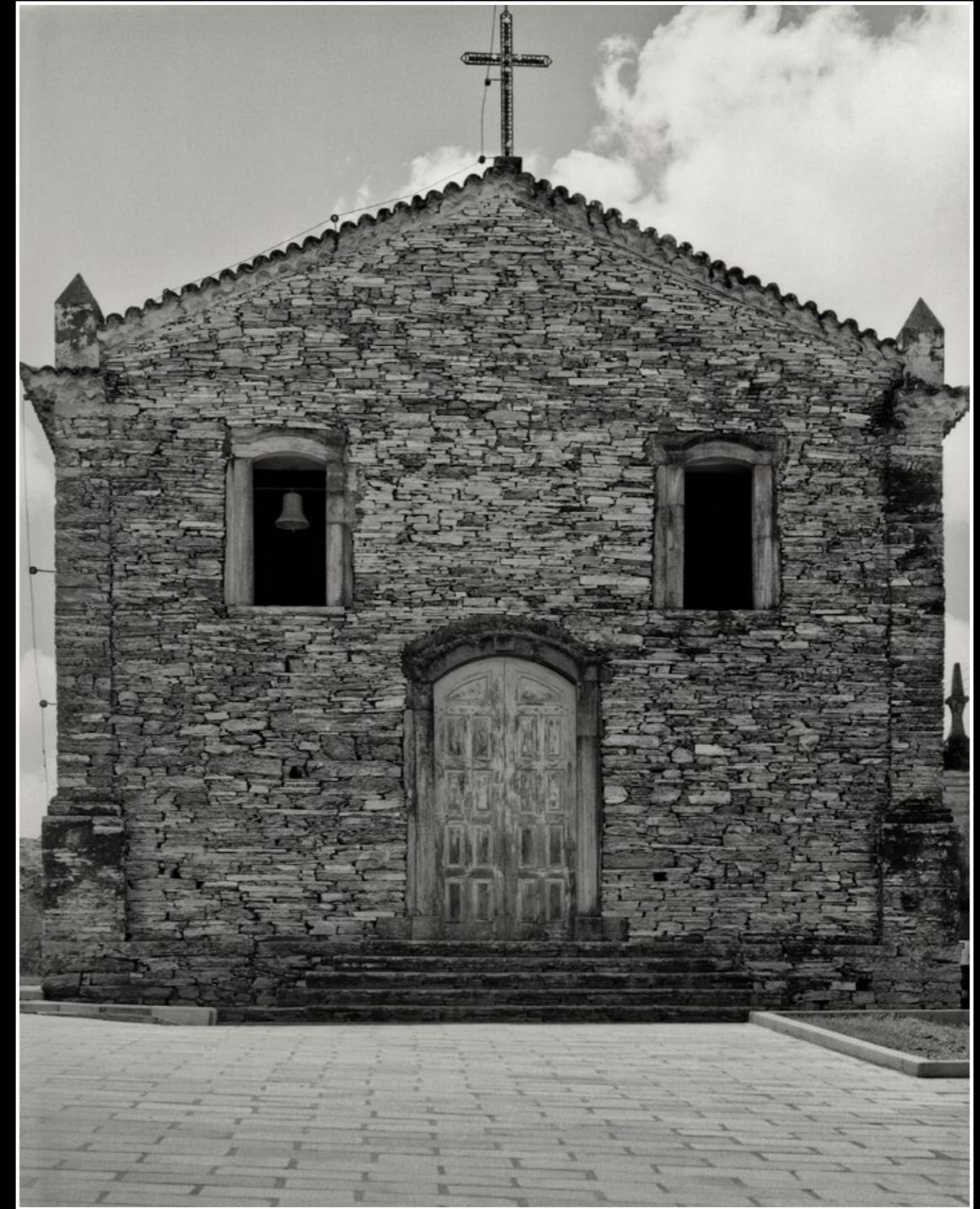
São Thomé das Letras Matriz (1983) • *Church at São Thomé Das Letras*



São Thomé das Letras Matriz (1993) • *Church at São Thomé Das Letras*



Igreja velha em São Thomé das Letras (1983) • *Old Church at São Thomé Das Letras*



São Thomé das Letras Matriz (1993) • *Church at São Thomé Das Letras*



São Thomé das Letras Matriz (1983) • *Church at São Thomé Das Letras*



São Thomé das Letras Matriz (1993) • *Church at São Thomé Das Letras*



Igreja em Thermópolis • *Church at Thermópolis*



Igreja em São João Del Rei • *Church at São João Del Rei*



Ladeira em Ouro Preto • Steep street in Ouro Preto



Igreja em Ouro Preto • Church in Ouro Preto



Igreja em Ouro Preto • *Church in Ouro Preto*



Fachada na Igreja em Ouro Preto • *Carvings on Church in Ouro Preto*



Rua em Ouro Preto • *Street in Ouro Preto*



Vista em Ouro Preto • *View in Ouro Preto*



Vista em Ouro Preto • *View in Ouro Preto*



Ladeira em Ouro Preto • *Uphill in Ouro Preto*

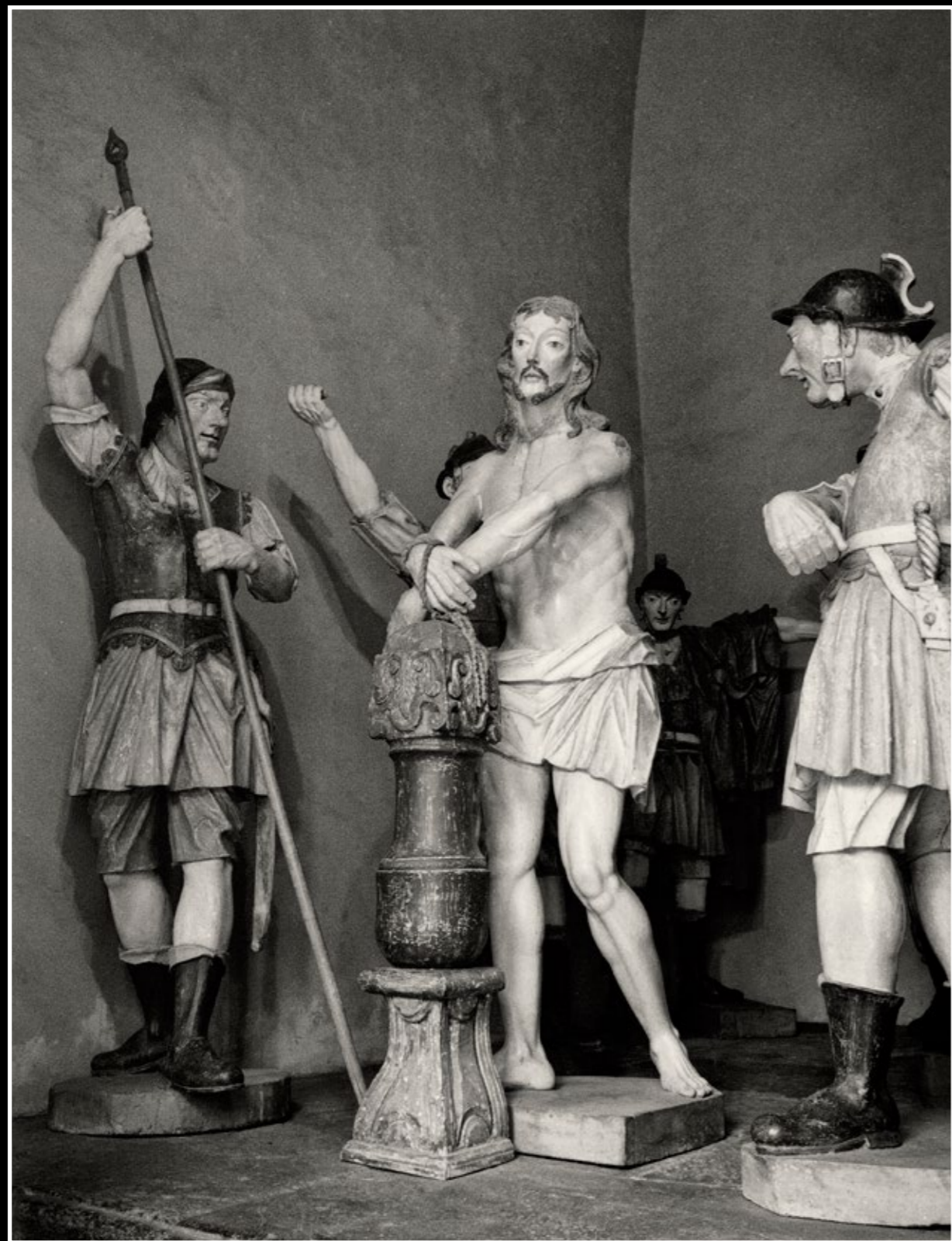


Igreja em Ouro Preto • Church in Ouro Preto

The Story behind these photos: While visiting the historical cities in Minas Gerais, I came upon a lovely baroque church with wooden sculptures made by the famous artist called *Alejadinho* which means *little cripple*. The *sacristão* in charge of the church only allowed photos to be taken “without flash”, so I convinced him to open up the smaller chapels, which had life size depictions of the stations of the cross. Tripod bound and long exposures resulted in this series of images.



Capela em Congonhas do Campo • Chapel in Congonhas do Campo



Capela em Congonhas do Campo • *Chapel in Congonhas do Campo*

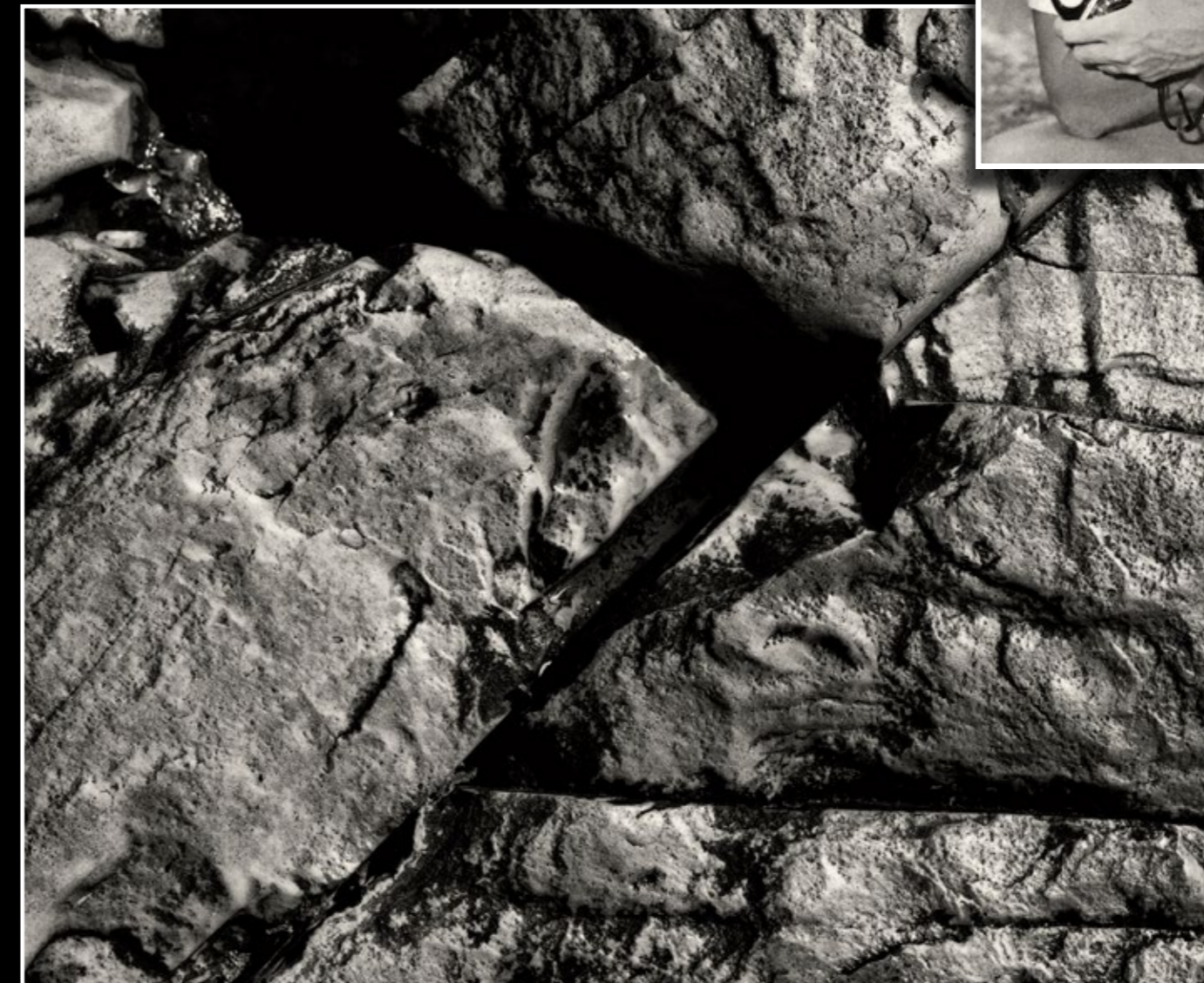
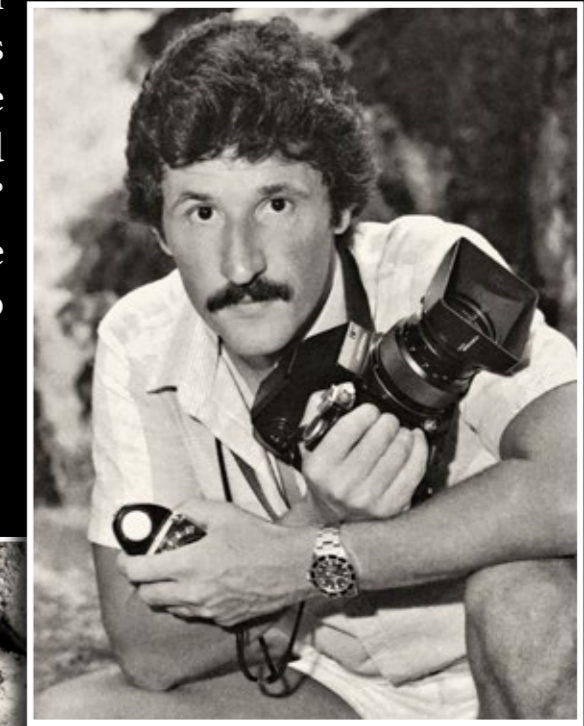


Capela em Congonhas do Campo • *Chapel in Congonhas do Campo*



Capela em Congonhas do Campo • Chapel in Congonhas do Campo

Time to shuffle the dominoes again. By now the so-called “analog” photography was becoming more expensive and the chemical waste was beginning to stir up some opposition from the environmentalists. Digital cameras were becoming less expensive, so it was time to consider upgrade. After careful consideration I chose the Canon 5D with their best L Series lenses. Good optics has always been the best investment. Now it was time for some “Northern Exposure”. The Zone System was adapted to digital and soon I was making “digital negatives” and the “darkroom” became *LightRoom*. The creative freedom was unleashed. From Canada to London to Barbados to New York to Brazil.



Rochas • Rocks

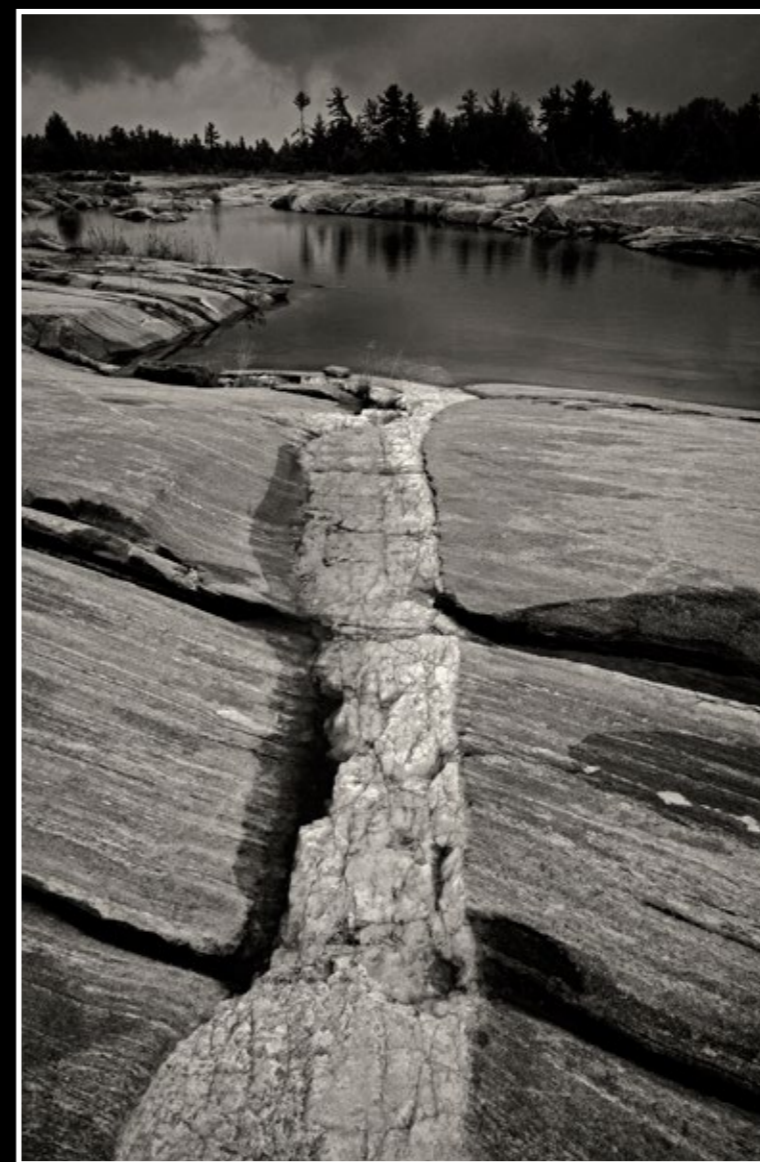
While in Canada I was invited Yöran and Britta's Cottage on Georgian Bay, where I found a most amazing geological phenomena. Thousands of years of arctic ice had eroded the Canadian Shield rock formation to reveal artistic patterns.



Georgian Bay • Armstrong Shoal Rock Formations - Canada



Georgian Bay • Armstrong Shoal Rock Formations - Canada





Rochas Georgian Bay • *Armstrong Shoal* - *Georgian Bay Rocks*



Rochas Georgian Bay • *Georgian Bay Rocks* - *Canada*



Sintese III • *Synthesis III*



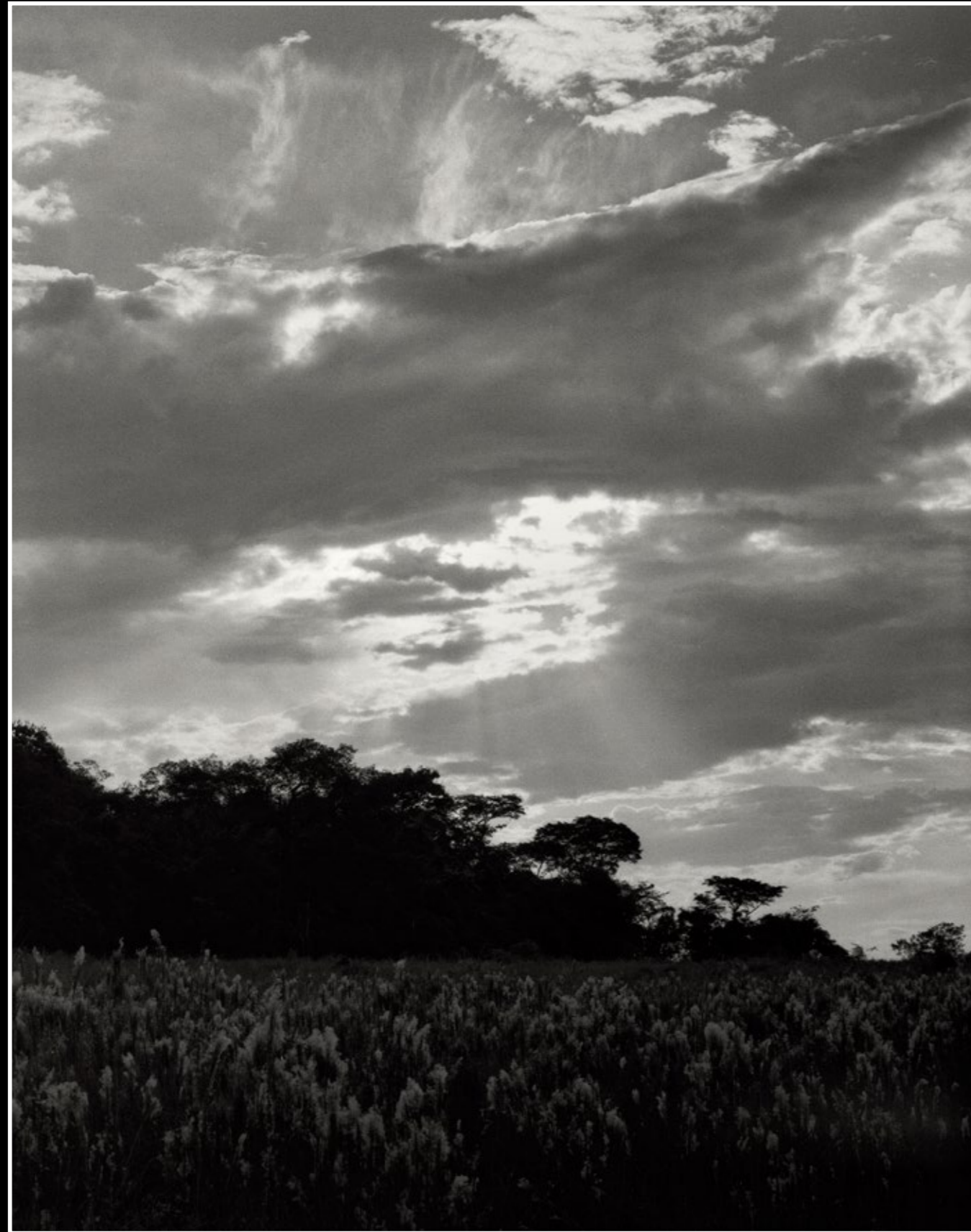
Sintese II • *Synthesis II*



Baia de Conset • *Conset Bay - Barbados*



Thermopolis Waterfall • Minas Gerais Brazil



Campos Gerais • *Campos Gerais*



Birds • Drinking - Displaying - Caged





Raizes Ficos e Água • *Ficos Roots and Water*



Folhas Ficos e Gotas • *Ficos Leaves and Drops*



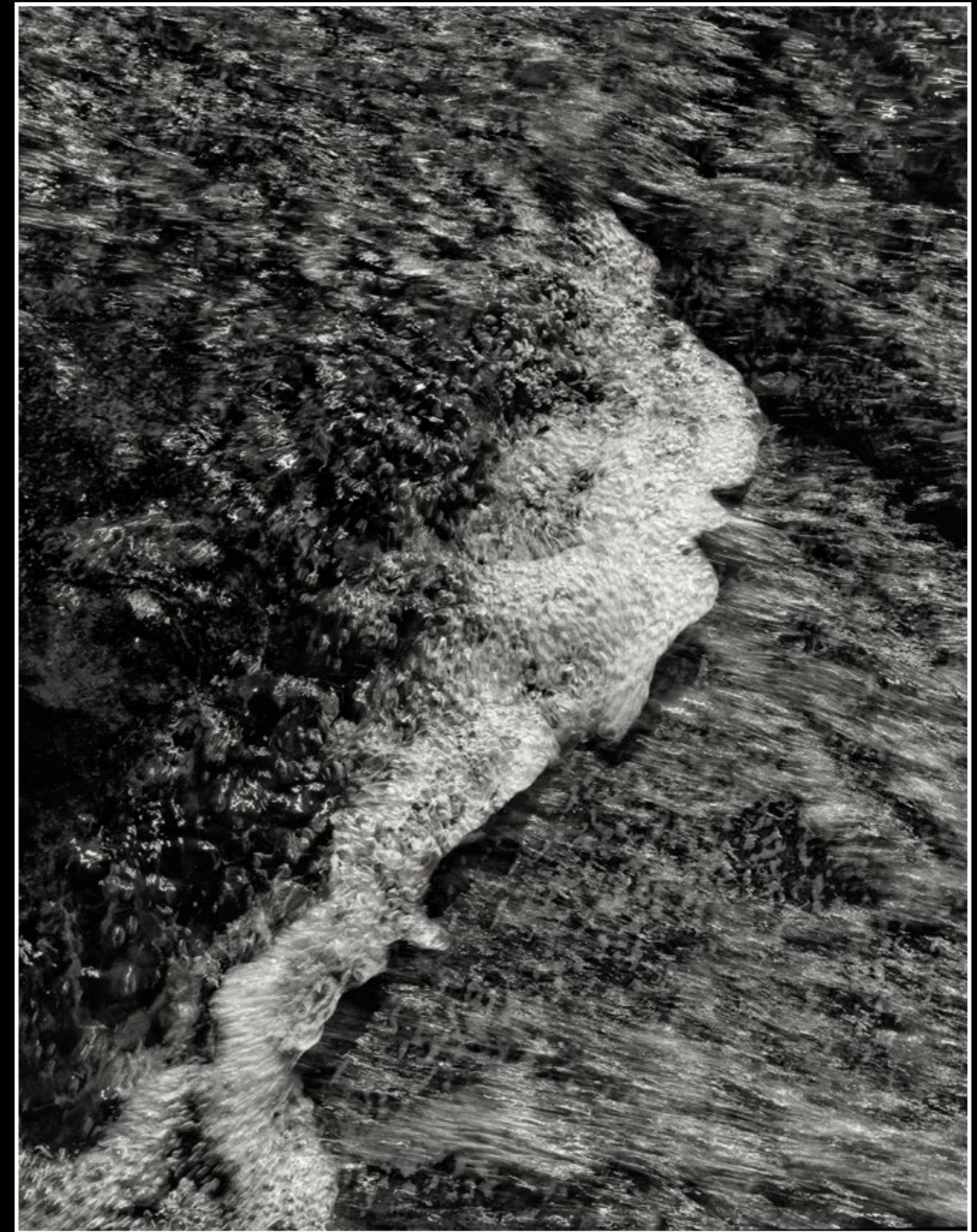
Aguas e rochas • *Water and Rocks*



Aguas e Rochas III • *Water and Rocks III*



Aguas e Rochas IV • Water and Rocks IV



Aguas e Rochas II • Water and Rocks II



Rio Kako, Roraima • *Kako River, Roraima*



Rio Kako, Roraima • *Kako River, Roraima*



Retired Bridge • Eynsford - England



Down by the seaside in Suffolk • Traditional Bathing Huts



Lirio • *Lily*



Orquidea • *Orchid*



Fort Island - Essequibo River - Guyana



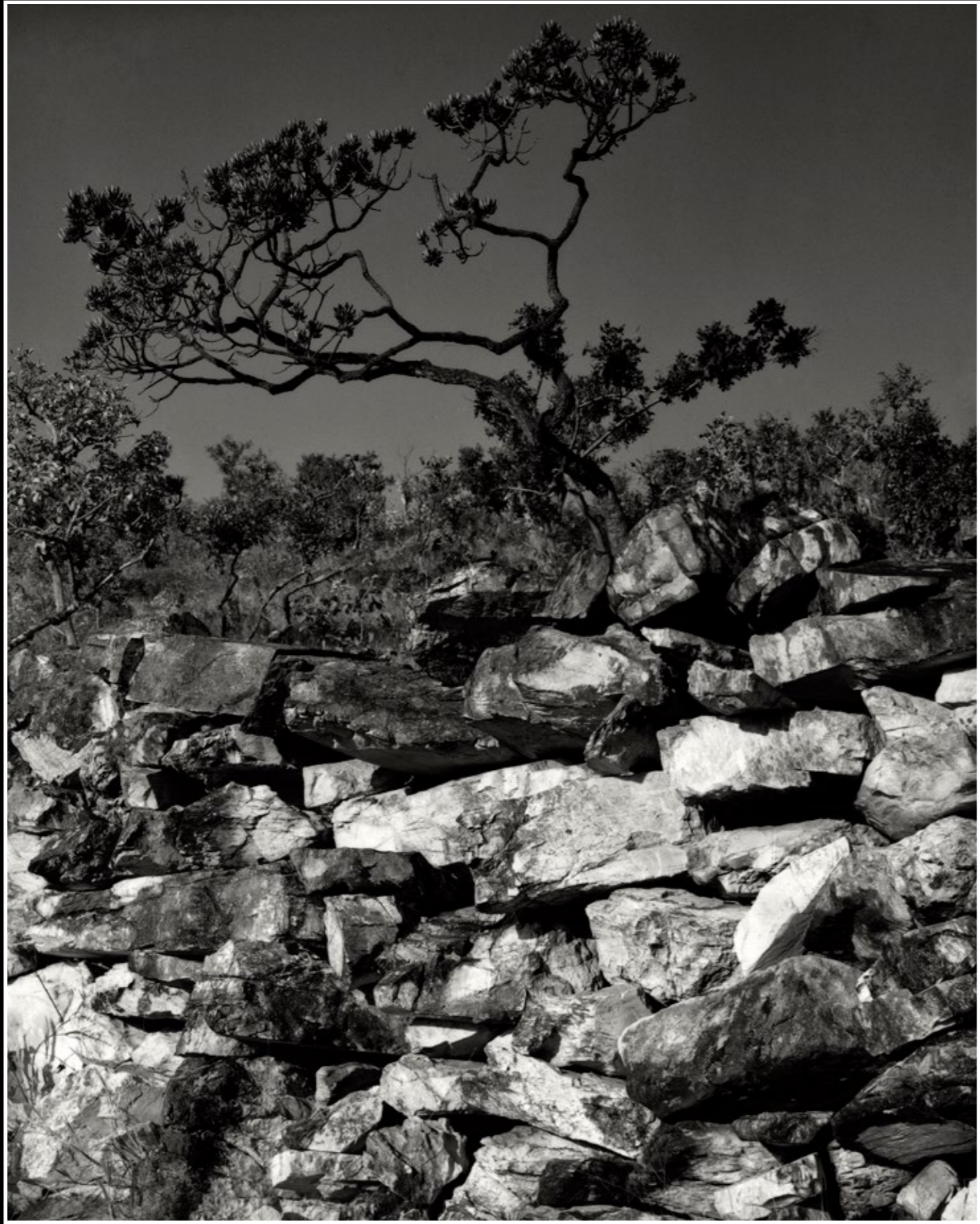
Colonial Ruins • St. Philip - Barbados



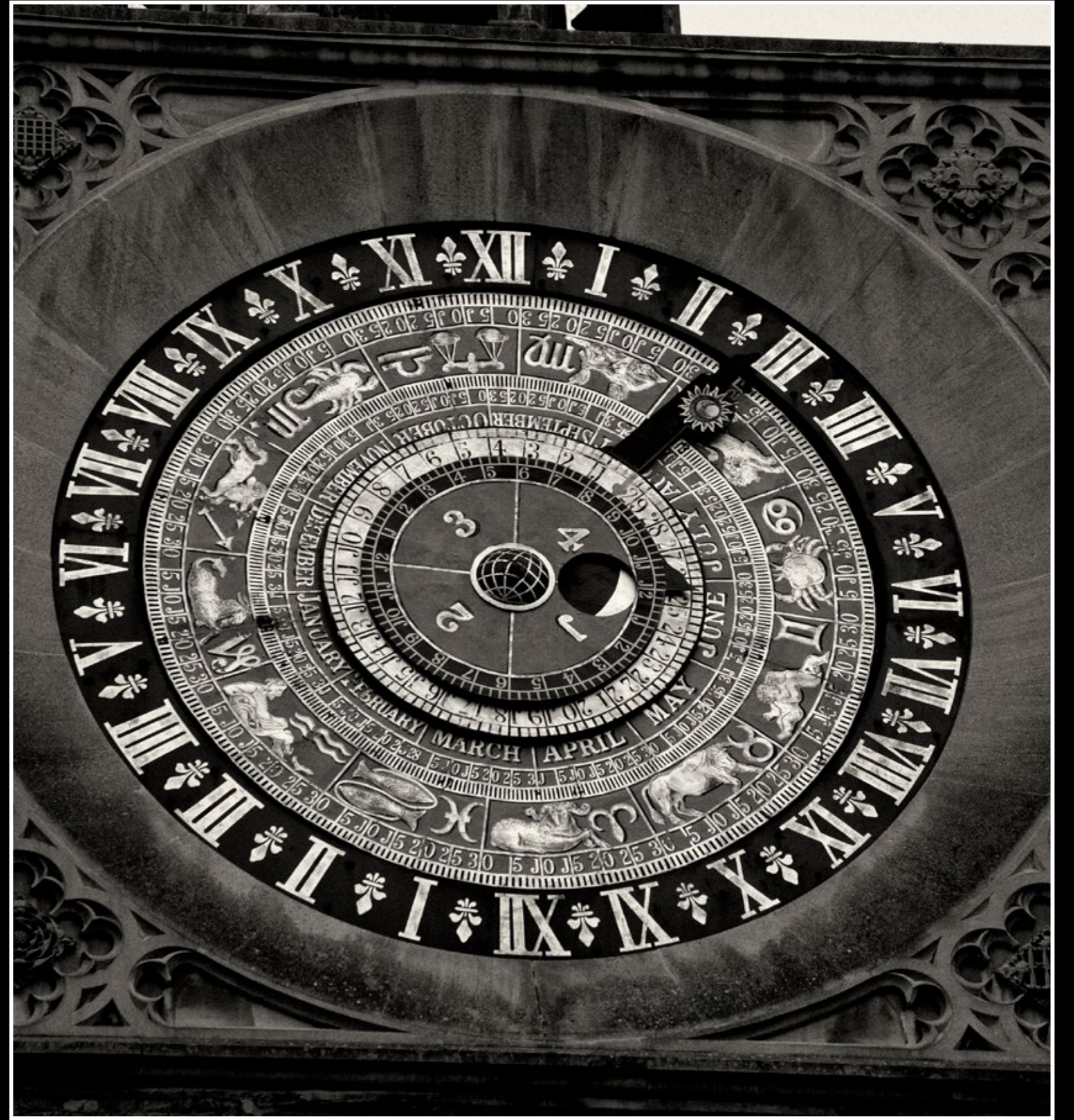
Carlisle Bay • Barbados



After the fire • Sam Lord's Castle - Barbados



Slave Wall • Thermopolis - Brazil



Astronomical Clock • Hampton Court - England



Bagpipers • Glasgow - Scotland



Bagpipers • Glasgow - Scotland



Trafalgar Square • London

Like an excited kid on the upstairs of the red double-decker London bus, I grabbed this shot on a gloomy day, but soon noticed that all the traffic lights were in perfect synchronization. The Royal Photographic Society promotes “walks” in London, where a group of members select a venue to scour for artistic images. While admiring a typical puddle in Mile End Park, I spotted a jogger out of the corner of my eye. I waited for the unsuspecting athlete to run past. The result reminded me of the famous French photographer, Henri Cartier-Bresson’s shot of a man jumping over a puddle in Paris.



Mile End puddle instant • London



Feed the birds Daddy • Richmond-on-Thames - England



Chelsea • London England



Millennium Bridge and St. Paul's Cathedral • London



Piccadilly Circus • London



Big Ben Blue Sky - Taken 9th. May 2016



Big Ben Blue Sky - Taken 18th April 2018



Girl with a Dolphin Fountain and Tower Bridge • London



The *Gloriana* Royal Barge • London



Hammersmith Suspension Bridge • London



Beast from the East • Valentina's first contact with snow in Holland Park - London





Hackney Daily Grind • London England



On a London Underground train, or the Tube as it's called here in England, or in other countries The Subway or Metro in Europe, the normally uneventful journey was suddenly livened up when two talented musicians who came into the carriage apologizing for their lateness, one with a fiddle (violin) and the other with a guitar. They quickly perked up the travellers spirits with an Irish folk melody and then Johnny Cash's Folsom Prison Blues. Suddenly, I noticed the little girl in the

background admiring the happening and immediately seized the moment as a lovely "street photograph". The music "stopped the time" of the trip between stations and provided a wonderful way of reminding us all how "we are all really one big family", each living in their own little worlds but together, never the less. That little citizen will always remember that lovely day she saw "underground music" being played with love and joy. Its all about sharing.



Hitchcock's birds at The Round Pond in Kensington • London - England



Swan Regatta on The Round Pond • London England



Adam and Eve Mews • Kensington London England



Finsbury Square • London England



The Gherkin Building • London England



First Snow at Kensington • London England



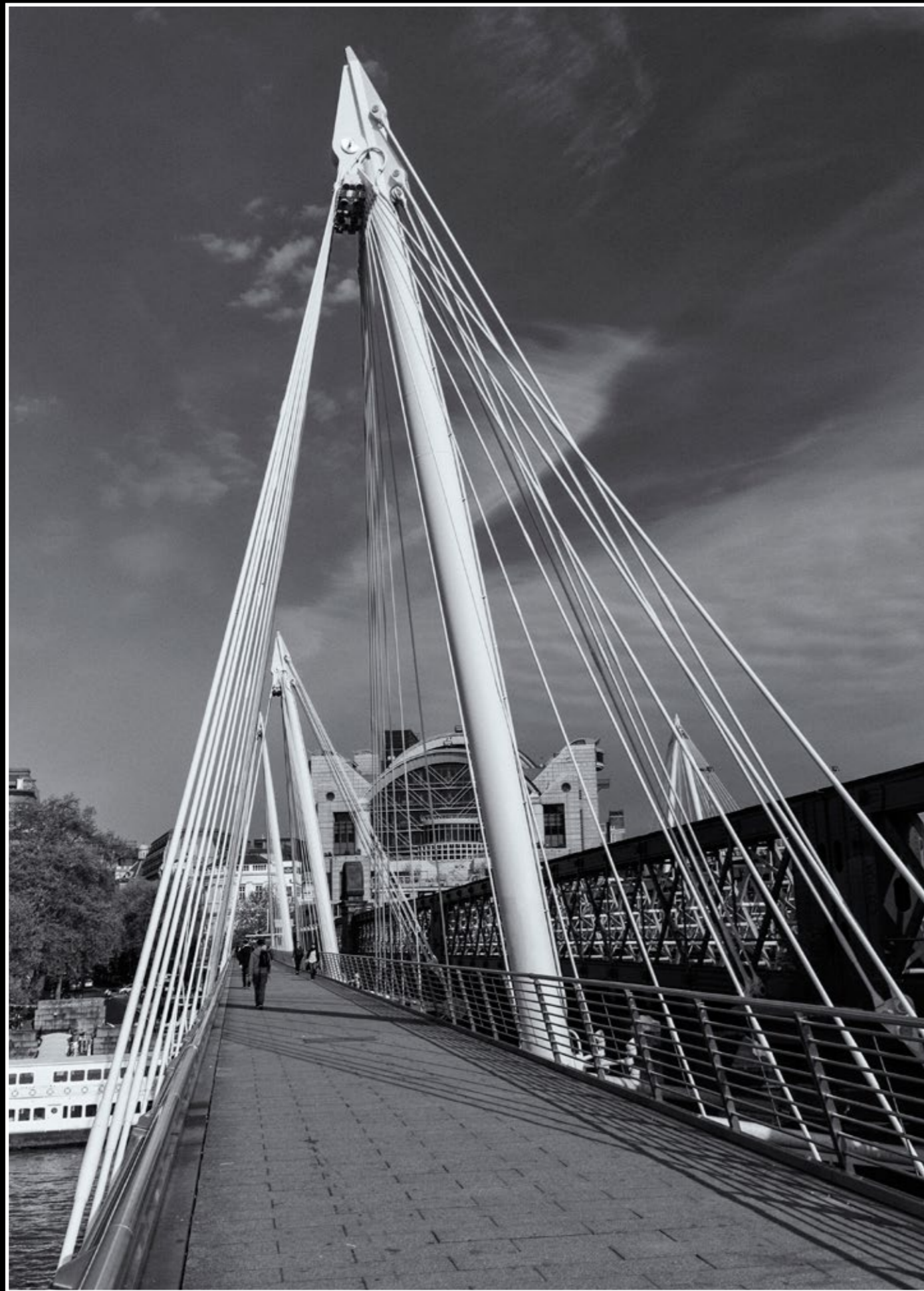
Schloss Arkaden • Braunschweig Germany



The Royal/Brighton Pavilion • England



The Original Brighton Palace Pier • England



Golden Jubilee Bridge - London



Empire State Building - seen from Hoboken NJ • USA



Ground Zero New York



Hudson River Wooden Piling • New York



Manhattan Towers Glittering • New York - USA



After having lived near the Demarara river in Guyana, for so many years, the thrill of ferryboat crossing from New York to Hoboken, NJ was an amazing experience. As the other passengers huddled inside the cabin, away from the salt spray, I ventured outside to the stern to feel the power of the wake created by the

two Caterpillar 1500 HP diesel engines. The powerful roar gave off a powerboat-like sensation and as the aluminium catamaran peaked to 3000 RPM, we were belting along at 30 knots. The wake and composition of the Manhattan Skyline coupled, with glorious afternoon sunlight, resulted in this photograph.



Hudson Riverside benches • Hoboken, NJ - USA



New York Fire Escapes • USA



New York Fire Escapes • USA

While still using a 35mm Canon T90 camera with prime lenses, I had the honour of being invited by one of Canada's leading meteorologists, Les Tibbles, and an accomplished artist, in his retirement, to check out the Scarborough Bluffs near Toronto. It was MINUS 20 C degrees outside but the Ontario lake water temperature was about at 8 degrees C ABOVE ZERO. Upon arrival we witnessed a

really rare phenomena called "Arctic Sea Smoke", where a low cloud hangs above the lake, as if it were steam from a boiling pot on a stove. The virgin untrodden snow, the midday winter sun and long shadows fitted a perfect composition for this photograph. Les had stayed back in the car to keep warm and when my fingertips were getting blue and started hurting, it was time to skidaddle back.



Névoa do Mar Artico • *Arctic Sea Smoke*



Rio Congelado • *Frozen River*



St. James Park • Toronto - Canada



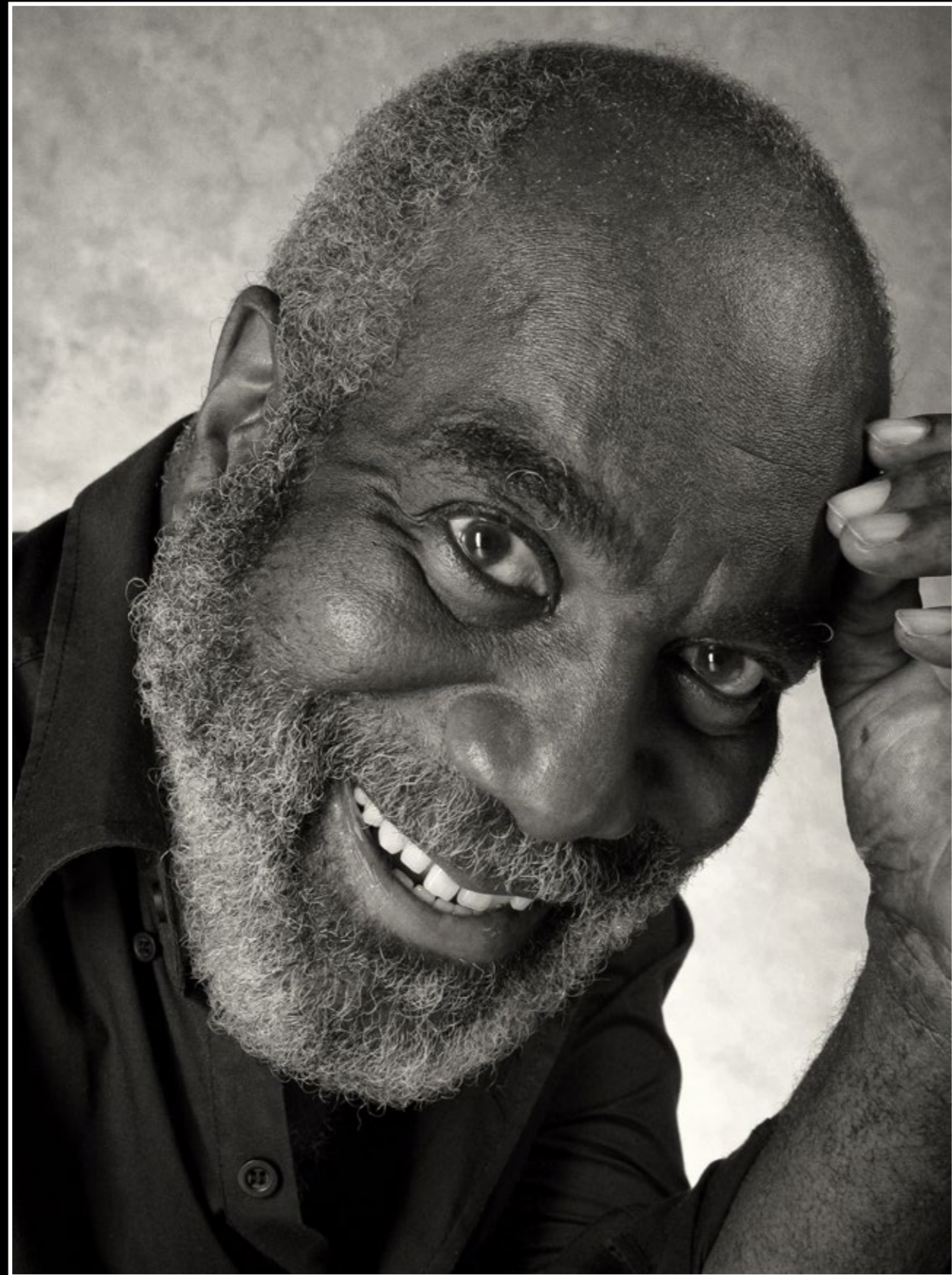
First Snow • Canada



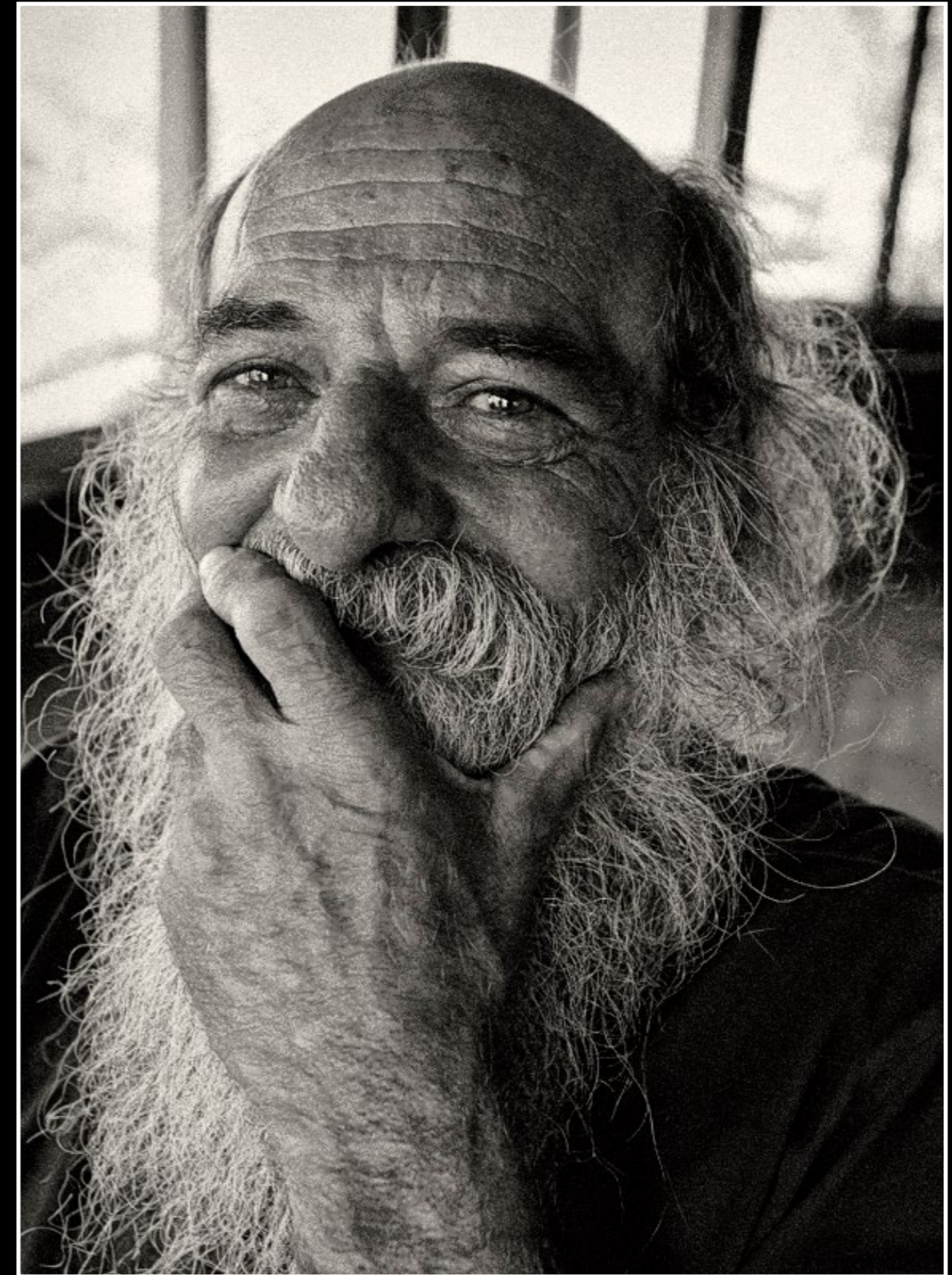
Quedlinburg Medieval Castle Church St. Servatius • Germany



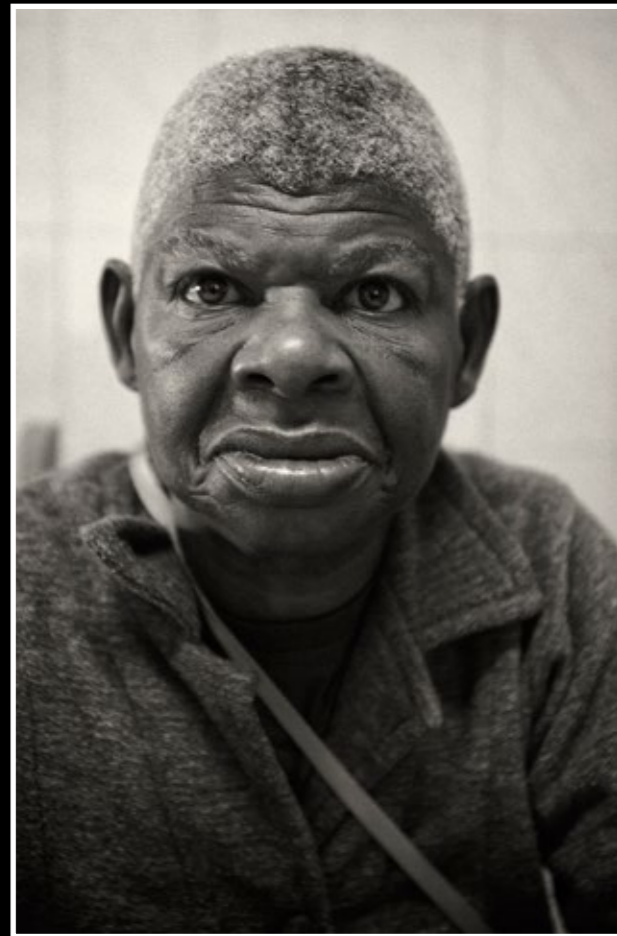
Quedlinburg Half-timber architecture • Germany



Arnaldo Portrait



Agadman Portrait



Isaura



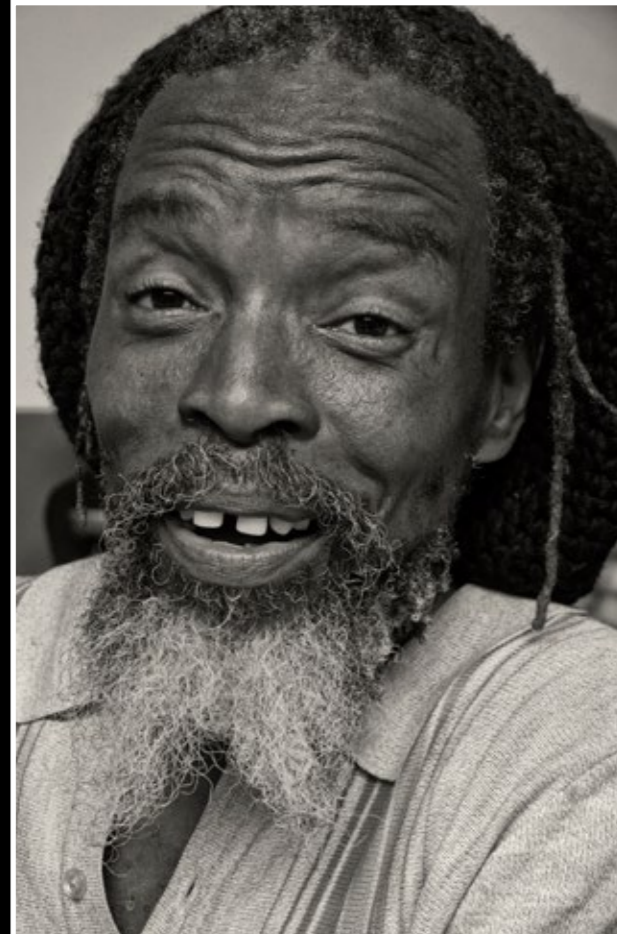
Itamar



Sea Mango Woman



Century Old Woman • Bahia



Mike



Zé Orelha



Akawaio Grandmother with parrot pet



Isis Eye • Alvorada - Brasil



Water Biker • Brazil



West Coast Diamonds • Barbados



Sargasso Beach Patterns • Barbados



Essequibo Morning Mirror • Guyana



Sargasso Wave • Barbados



Cumuruxatiba • Bahia - Brazil



Maré Baixa, Bahia • *Low Tide, Bahia*



Pelourinho Prado • Bahia - Brazil



Jubarte Whale • Alcobaça - Bahia Brazil



Colônia do Sacramento • Uruguay



Colônia do Sacramento • Uruguay



White Horse • Montevideo - Uruguay



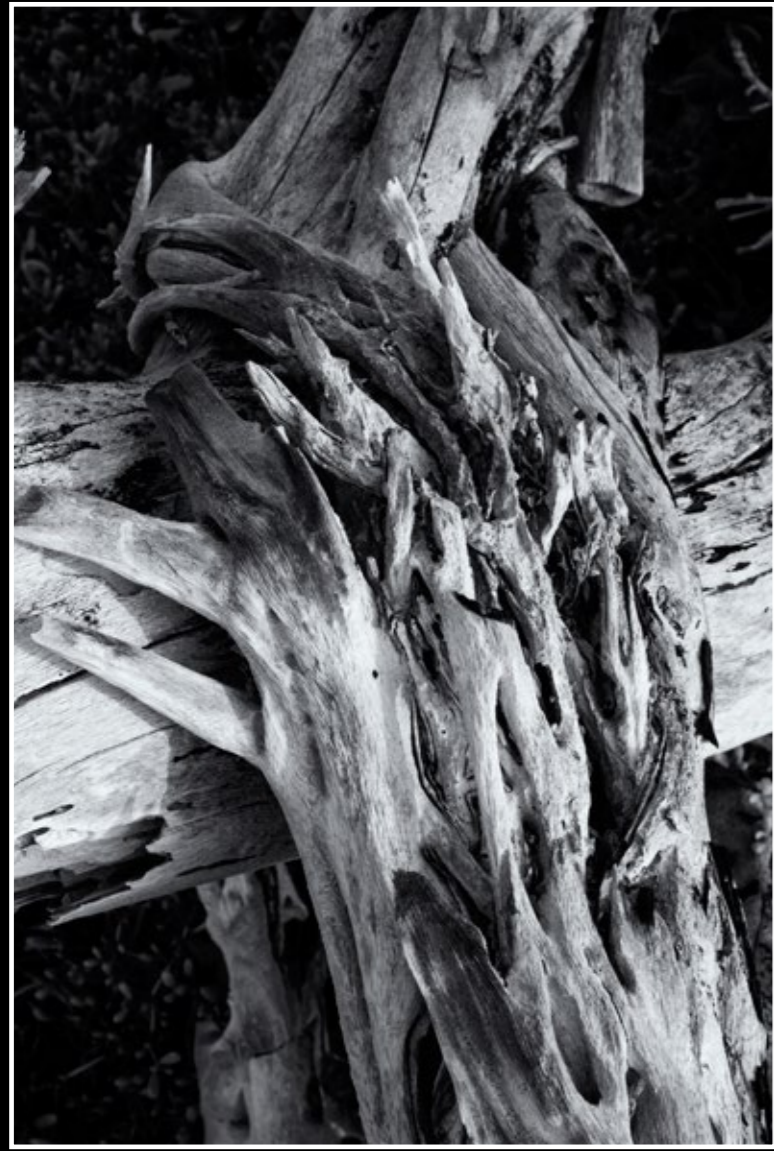
La Rambla • Montevideo - Uruguay



Fundamental Forces for Sale • Barbados



Retired Fishing Boat • Barbados



Weathered Wood I • Barbados



Weathered Wood II • Barbados



Coral Wood • Barbados



Root Art • Bahia - Brazil



Cove Bay • Barbados



Humber Hawk • Carlisle Bay • Barbados



Sandy Lane Sunset Cruise • Barbados



Rainy Day Woman • Barbados



His Master's Voice • Santa Rosa de Viterbo - Brazil

During one of the workshops I was giving in the sleepy town of Santa Rosa de Viterbo in the state of São Paulo, Brazil, the subject matter was to discover and photograph historical monuments in the community. One of my students pointed out that his grandfather still had a working RCA Victor Gramophone, the famous Talking Machine. The group descended on the old man's humble dwellings where he proudly displayed the instrument. He boasted that he himself had actually built the cartridge and needle, so I asked whether he had any 78 rpm records around. I investigated a dusty shelf and took the first one from its paper sleeve and he gently laid it on the turntable.

He then cranked a lever to wind the mechanism and moved his head closer to the ornate cone to verify the sound. To my surprise it was actually playing Neil Sedaka's Oh! Carol... The synergy of the moment was terrific as I clicked away with my mirrorless camera triggering my own childhood memories. The composition reminded me of the fox terrier Nipper listening to a gramophone - His Master's Voice - as on the original record label. This was truly a magical moment in photography. Later we presented the old man with a Giclée print on fine art cotton rag, which he assured us he would cherish to remember our invasion of his life's memories.



“Be Ye as Children” • Guyana



Roll your own • Bahia - Brazil



Winning Hand • Barbados

Domino Hands - A closing thought: All of these so-called moments belong to the PAST - We can only record the PAST - Some of those moments are unforgettable and remain in our memories and when presented as these photographs, they even tend to trigger other sensations that become associated with those fleeting moments. If we want to record the FUTURE, the only way would be to have some pre-visualized notion of what COULD happen. With that intuition and preparation, we move forward bravely to face the NEXT moments in our lives, and hopefully, capture more memorable images to add to our already rich collection of NOWS. All decisive MOMENTS. It is all about CHOICE and always moving forward. Right: Chemtrails en route to Hannover.

