Paris 1944
Honda Point
The "Original" J.A. Williams
A taste of the late '40s through the early '60s found in amateur stereo slides

by Mark Willke

These slides are no longer in the hands of the photographers or other people who were at the original events, so such stereo time travel is no longer possible for any of them. But at least these slides can still be shared here in this column, allowing us our own little bit of time travel.

Our first slide shows four couples (counting the unseen photographer) celebrating a birthday with cake and ice cream that's about to be served. A large mirror behind the table shows more of the house than we would normally get to see, including a parakeet in its cage. I'm impressed that the photographer managed to avoid his own reflection (although it might have been fun to see him also!)

The handwritten caption is only partially legible, but it identifies the scene as someone's birthday party in February, 1954. This is a Kodachrome slide in an older style (gray with red edges) cardboard mount.

Our second slide (by a different photographer) shows a nicely decorated Christmas tree, and although there is no celebration in progress, it is clear that someone was pleased with the result of all the decorating and wanted to preserve the scene in stereo. The tree is nice, but I especially enjoy the floral drapes and the classic '50s rosy beige wallcovering and woodwork! This unlabeled Kodachrome slide is in an older style (gray with red edges) cardboard mount.

This column combines a love of stereo photography with a fondness for 1950s-era styling, design and decor by sharing amateur stereo slides shot in the "golden age" of the Stereo Realist—the late 1940s through the early 1960s. From clothing and hairstyles to home decor to modes of transportation, these frozen moments of time show what things were really like in the middle of the twentieth century. If you've found a classic '50s-era slide that you would like to share through this column, please send it to: Fifties Flavored Finds, 5610 SE 71st, Portland, OR 97206.

As space allows, we will select a couple of images to reproduce in each issue. This is not a contest—just a place to share and enjoy. Please limit your submission to a single slide. If the subject, date, location, photographer or other details are known, please send that along too, but we will understand if it's not available. Please include return postage with your slide. Slides will be returned within 6 to 14 weeks, and while we'll treat your slide as carefully as our own, Stereo World and the NSA assume no responsibility for its safety.
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Front Cover:
The French town of Boissy St. Léger was spared the kind of street fighting between
the Resistance and German troops that liberated nearby Paris on August 25, 1944, but had to
wait another day and a half to see the last German tanks leave. On August 27, a column
of American vehicles and troops passed through, confirming the end of the occupation
and arousing this delighted welcome from the population. Marcel Lecoufle was there, as well as
in Paris, with his stereoscopic camera and color film to document history in a way that few oth-
ers did at any time and place during WWII. A selection of his work constitutes our observa-
tion of the 60th anniversary of that war's end in the feature "Paris 1944: Liberation in
Color & Stereo".

Back Cover:
"Loring Andrews" is how the noted Newport, Rhode Island stereographer J.A. Williams
labeled this view of a Victorian style "cottage" of the late 19th century. It is typical of one
of the town's smaller frame houses in which the rich spent their summers. More of
Williams' work is seen in "The Original J.A. Williams" by Lorgen C. Zimmerman.
Stereo in A Time of War

The ordeals, terrors and ethical dilemmas of life under occupation in World War Two France have been the subject of numerous books and films, from thrillers to human interest stories to philosophical and political essays. Whatever the treatment, the subject often brings up the very personal question of just how you might have behaved under the circumstances.

We know that Marcel Lecoufle, who contributed the historic images for our feature “Paris 1944: Liberation in Color & Stereo” did one of the things we of later generations would have wished from any stereographer—he grabbed his camera and used it to document history. In spite of a lengthy interrogation by the Germans as he was riding his bike one evening, followed by a German soldier killing a neighbor for opening the door to take out the garbage a half hour after curfew, Marcel Lecoufle started shooting stereos during the final days of the occupation. Most were from a distance, like his coverage of a bombed fuel train, but one was of a completely forbidden subject—a German soldier waiting in a General’s car barely 30 feet away. Following the Liberation he quickly stereographed everything he could before the rubble, the burned out tanks and planes, and the cheering crowds were cleared away.

I honestly don’t know what I would have done in that situation. Hide in the basement until 1946? Shoot stereos with every scrap of film I could steal? Get shot operating an underground press? For most of us it’s a matter of pure conjecture or Walter Mitty dreams, but for Marcel Lecoufle it was real every day and we have him to thank, 61 years later, for a unique collection of historical color stereo-photographs.

The Return of Dates

Alert readers will notice that the months of publication have again joined the Volume and Issue numbers on the cover and pages of Stereo World. By adhering to a bimonthly schedule of six issues every 12 months, these dates will identify the general calendar period covered by news announcements in each issue. When referring to or ordering back issues, please continue to use the Volume and Issue numbers for maximum clarity.

But Nooooooooo!

There are tables at antique shows out there with views on them, but NO NSA membership brochures! There are camera stores with informational bulletin boards and

(Continued on next page)
Anne Bancroft – A Tribute in Depth

Anne Bancroft, well-known actress of stage and screen, died on June 6, 2005 at the age of 73. While best known for her Oscar-winning role of Annie Sullivan in the 1962 film *The Miracle Worker*, and for her memorable portrayal of Mrs. Robinson in the 1967 film *The Graduate*, one of her roles that you will probably not find mentioned in any of the popular obituaries is her performance as Laverne Miller in the 1954 3-D film *Gorilla at Large*.

An underrated film, possibly due to its silly and sensationalistic title, *Gorilla at Large* featured a top-notch cast that included Cameron Mitchell, Raymond Burr, Lee J. Cobb, Lee Marvin, and Warren Stevens. Technically it is one of the best of the 1953-54 twin-strip 3-D films, and made good use of the circus/carnival setting—a natural location to find plenty of layers of depth to take advantage of.

However, some of my most vivid memories of this film are the close-ups of Anne Bancroft. Only 22 years old at the time the film was made, this film is listed by the Internet Movie Database as her fifth film. Always beautiful, Ms. Bancroft was absolutely stunning in 3-D close-up!

In January 2003 I was fortunate enough to meet Anne Bancroft and her husband Mel Brooks at a film screening at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in Beverly Hills, CA. They were kind enough to pose for a 3-D picture, and I am pleased to share this photo as a memorial three dimensional tribute to this wonderful actress.

— David Starkman

Editor's View

(Continued from previous page)

literature racks, but NO NSA membership brochures!

There are photography classes and clubs with wide ranging interests and enthusiastic members, but NO NSA membership brochures!

There are museums and galleries exhibiting stereo images vintage and current, but NO NSA membership brochures!

YOU can help correct these shocking gaps and get the NSA growing again. Just write for some NSA Brochures, PO Box 86708, Portland OR 97286. Remember, if you include YOUR name on the backs, it's good for $2 off NSA membership or merchandise for each brochure sent in by a new member.

GONE MADDD

by AARON WARNER

3-D by Ray Zone

PERRY Was A BIG FAN OF THE THREE STOOGES. THE 3-D STOOGES HE COULD DO WITHOUT.
Everybody has a bad day now and again—those embarrassing little moments we'd just as soon forget. This holds true for navies as well as people. Accidents in wartime are commonplace—errors of identification, ships shooting at friendly targets, lapses in judgment based on faulty and incomplete information, etc. But those are just the fortunes of war, flukes of fate but common enough in the long history of human conflict.

More embarrassing are the peacetime mishaps, accidents that should not take place at all—but do. Almost certainly the award for the most spectacular such incident must go to the British Mediterranean Fleet of 1893. In an age when Britannia ruled the seas and the sun never set on the British Empire, Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon managed to sink his own flagship, the battleship Victoria, in bright sunlight on a calm day, while attempting to anchor in a friendly harbor, in full view of the native population he was there to impress. Returning from maneuvers, Tryon had disposed his fleet in two columns, 1200 yards apart, and upon reaching the anchorage ordered the columns to reverse course by turning inward simultaneously. Unfortunately, each ship had a turning radius of some 800 yards and years of conditioning had ingrained in his officers the habit of unquestioning obedience to orders. By the time Tryon realized what was happening, it was too late. The powerful ram bow of HMS Camperdown slammed into the side of the Victoria, the sea cascaded in, and the flagship went down in twelve minutes, taking Tryon and more than half of her 700-man crew with her.

In the U.S. Navy, honorable mention in this "oops!" category belongs to the 1844 Princeton incident, when an experimental cannon aboard the vessel exploded during a demonstration, killing the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Navy, and several Congressmen, and sparing President John Tyler only because he had lingered below decks to chat for a few minutes. (Given that Tyler, as Vice President, had succeeded William Henry Harrison when that worthy individual had succumbed to a cold contracted at his 1841 inauguration and that there was thus no current Vice President, the results for America had Tyler been on deck at the time of the explosion, could have been profound!)

The "Late" Admiral Sir George Tryon, the British naval commander in the Mediterranean whose momentary lapse of attention caused him to ram and sink his own flagship, the battleship Victoria (along with himself and most of her crew) in 1893—while attempting to anchor in his own harbor in broad daylight and calm weather! Knowledge of this earlier embarrassing incident would have been of small comfort to DesRon 11's Captain Edward Watson in 1923.
Nevertheless, our Navy's most embarrassing moment may have come in September of 1923 when, through faulty navigation, a total of nine destroyers followed their squadron leader straight onto the ship-killing rocks of California's Honda Point, a deadly stretch of coast known to the earlier Spaniards as "la guijada del diablo"—the Devil's Jaw! Seven of the ships would never leave its fatal embrace.

When fog rolls in off the Pacific, the rugged coast of Central California can be a particularly treacherous place for shipping. Throughout the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, windjammers piled up on the shore there with distressing regularity. Not until after the Second World War, when marine radar began to be routinely installed in merchant ships, would the fog and the fear begin to dissipate from this stretch of coastline. But before the advent of radar, not even warships were immune to its dangers.

Such concerns were doubtless far from the minds of most of the officers and men of Destroyer Squadron 11, a group of fourteen sleek "four-pipers" under the command of Captain Edward H. Watson in Delphy. These flush-decked warships with their four distinctive funnels were new ships. Authorized in 1917 as part of the U.S. Navy's massive World War I building program, all had entered service between 1918 and 1920. With the exception of Delphy, which was a product of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Co.'s Squantum, Mass., yard, all the ships in DesRon 11 were West Coast built, launched at Far-Sari yard, all the ships in DesRon 11 were West Coast built, launched at the very same Union Iron Works facility in San Francisco that a quarter of a century before had given the country the battleship Oregon and cruiser Olympia of Spanish-American War fame.

With a displacement of 1090 tons, each destroyer was 314 feet long and carried an armament of four 4-inch guns and twelve torpedo tubes, along with a crew of about 130 (although with post-war economies, most ships were badly short-handed). As they steamed south along the coast on the evening of September 8th, they were headed for their home port of San Diego after an exhilarating but exhausting "Fleet Week" of celebrations and exercises with the Battle Fleet in and around San Francisco Bay. Many aboard the proud vessels were no doubt thinking back on the festivities just concluded.

In keeping with destroyer doctrine of the time, the "cavalry of the sea" operated as a unit, usually steaming in column ahead and conforming to the movements of the flagship. As a result, following ships generally did not bother to do their own navigation but relied instead on the flagship to establish their position, a lax time practice that on this night was to have dire consequences.

They had left San Francisco in the early morning, steaming past lonely Alcatraz Island and, with the sun at their backs, passed between the headlands of the magnificent Golden Gate (the bridge did not yet exist), and formed up in cruising order off the San Francisco lightship. They would make a fast passage of the 420-plus miles from San Francisco to their home port, for, at the suggestion of Squadron Engineering Officer H.G. "Blinky" Donald, both DesRon 11 and the ships of DesRon 12 which would follow later in the morning were under orders to make a sustained "endurance run" at 20 knots to test the performance of their low-pressure cruising turbines. In theory, the destroyers were capable of a top speed of 32 knots (36.9 mph) but this was only with the assistance of a set of large, powerful, but fuel-guzzling high-speed turbines and with post-war economies in effect, the "four-pipers" had until now been limited to no more than 15 knots. Now, with the recent easing of fuel restrictions by the Harding Administration, it was time to see what the ships could do—without too flagrantly kicking over the traces.

As Delphy turned south and steadied on course, her graceful bow slicing through the long, low Pacific swell, the remaining destroyers of DesRon 11 followed in a single line in her lengthening wake. First came the four ships of Destroyer Division (DesDiv) 33, Captain Robert Morris, with flagship S.P. Lee leading, followed by Young, Woodbury and Nicholas in that order. These were followed by the ships of DesDiv 31, under Commander William S. Pye in Farragut, with Somers, Fuller, J.F. Burns, Percival and Chauncey in column behind. Last of the group were the four ships of Commander Walter G. Roper's DesDiv 32, Kennedy (flag), Thompson, Paul Hamilton and Stoddert.

Four other destroyers of the Squadron were missing from the procession. Two were suffering from engineering problems and, unable to maintain consistent high speed, would proceed independently, while Reno, undergoing her own specialized tests, had left earli-
er. The last of the absentees, Zeilin, had the most dramatic excuse. She had been seriously damaged when she was rammed by the Navy Transport Henderson in heavy fog in Puget Sound on July 27th, and was now laid up in the dry dock in Seattle for repairs. At the time, the Henderson had been returning President Harding from his much-publicized (and much-stereographed) visit to Alaska and Zeilin had been acting as one of the escorts. In retrospect, it had been an extremely ill-favored trip, for the President had promptly died a week later in San Francisco.

In all, it had been a less than stellar summer for the Navy (the Pacific Fleet's flagship, heavy cruiser Seattle, had also run aground in heavy fog about the same time as the Zeilin incident) and the officers and crews of DesRon 11 were doubtless hoping that a successful run down to San Diego would be the harbinger of better times.

The forenoon was spent with the divisions steaming in parallel columns at varying speeds, exercising at short-range battle drill. Midafternoon found Watson's destroyers again arrayed in single column for the sustained 20-knot run. All morning the weather had been clear and the ships had been able to fix their positions repeatedly by taking bearings on numerous coastal landmarks, the last being Ano Nuevo Point north of Monterey just before noon.

Nevertheless, all had not gone smoothly. Thompson had suffered a minor breakdown, quickly repaired, and now had assumed a position behind division-mates Hamilton and Stoddert. More serious was a burst steam-pipe on J.F. Burns, requiring the shutting down of one of the boilers and forcing the ship to drop out of formation entirely. She was now hull-down on the horizon, many miles to the north. Somers, too, had altered position and was now the penultimate ship in her division, trailing Fuller and Percival.

Meanwhile, far to the south, Reno had been forced to abandon her own performance test to rescue the survivors of the Pacific Mail steamship Cuba, which had run aground on San Miguel Island at the northern entrance of the Santa Barbara Channel. Perhaps a bit over-eager, Commander Roper had radioed Delphy requesting permission to take the four ships of his division to assist in the rescue operations (Reno was in fact one of his ships). Captain Watson had refused and Roper was still smarting from what he perceived as a rather curt reply.

By late afternoon, a thickening haze had obscured the coastline to the east and reduced visibility, while a freshening northwest wind had kicked up a choppy sea, causing the destroyers to roll and making it harder for the helmsmen to steer a straight course. The following swell also repeatedly lifted the sterns of the warships, interfering with the propellers' ability to maintain a constant speed. Lastly, a strong but unseen set to the current was pushing the destroyers well to the east of their plotted "dead reckoning" position.

On Delphy and some of the other ships, they were able to take advantage of a new technology, radio direction finding, to obtain bearings on the station at the Point Arguello Lighthouse at the entrance to the Santa Barbara Channel and just to the south of the deadly rocky shoals at Honda Point (also known as Point Pedemales). But, with the destroyers approaching the channel and lighthouse almost head-on, such information would be of little use until the ships were close in, while an error of even a few degrees in the bearing might set them on the rocks.

The prudent thing to do would be to reduce speed in order to take soundings to confirm their distance from California's rapidly shelving coast. But that would spoil their "endurance run," something no self-respecting (and career-conscious) skipper would willingly do. So, while there was some concern expressed in Delphy's chartroom and aboard some of the other ships, Watson continued to run at high speed in marginal conditions. Night had now fallen and visibility had dropped to about a mile. What's more, the Point Arguello radio bearings were becoming increasingly unhelpful.

Radio direction finding was still in its infancy and Watson was now convinced the destroyers were well south of Point Arguello and off the Santa Barbara Channel. Every estimate of course and speed placed them there. Point Arguello must be reading off "the back of the loop"—feeding them a reciprocal bearing that placed them exactly 180 degrees from their true location. It was a common enough mistake in the early days of radio and a reciprocal bearing would place them more or less where the calculations said they should be.

Of most immediate concern, somewhere directly ahead lay the menacing rocks of San Miguel Island that had already claimed the Cuba. It wouldn't do to overshoot.

At exactly 9:00 PM (2100 hours in military parlance), Watson ordered the squadron to alter course in succession to 095 degrees (just south of due east) to enter the
Channel. Within minutes, Delphy was enveloped in a blinding fog. Almost immediately, there came a slight, almost imperceptible, scraping sound, as if the flagship had touched on a gravel bottom, then in rapid succession, a series of heavier thumps and finally a jarring head-on crash that slammed personnel into bulkheads or threw them violently to the deck. Delphy was hard aground. They had come too far south! On the starboard side, a high rocky cliff could be glimpsed intermittently through the fog—they were aground on San Miguel Island. Instantly, Delphy's Captain Hunter (in actual command of the ship under Watson's overall supervision) ordered a signal sent by radio, whistle, and blinker light to the rest of the squadron to make an emergency ninety degree turn to port. This would keep the rest of the ships well clear of the island. It was an excellent order, rapidly given. Only two things were wrong with it. There wasn't enough time—and they weren't on San Miguel Island!

What had happened is almost incomprehensible for us living in an age when global positioning satellites and other advanced navigational aids allow ships to fix their positions unerringly within a few feet. But there were no such aids in 1923. Delphy had not been south of her estimated position at all but almost twenty miles to the north of it and not a safe six miles from the coast when she had ordered the turn to 095 degrees but a mere two miles from the rocky fangs of the Devil's Jaw. "Dead reckoning" was well named. But the terror of the night was just beginning—S.P. Lee and the other destroyers of DesRon 11 were still coming on, as yet unaware of the danger, at 20 knots closing the range at no less than 11 yards per second. Less than thirty seconds later, the Lee loomed out of the fog astern of the flagship. It was a testament to the skill of her officers and crew that a collision was avoided, the destroyer surging past the stricken flagship on the port side, with only a few feet to spare, heeling over as she vanished back into the fog. With heavy fuel oil already spilling from her crushed bows, Delphy was lifted on a massive wave that dropped her stern into a sort of rocky cradle. Already the flagship was beginning to break apart. There was nothing else to do. Reluctantly, Hunter gave the order to abandon ship.

Aboard the S.P. Lee, surprise as the Delphy disappeared into the fog bank quickly turned to consternation as her lights reappeared, apparently rushing back at them. It was an optical illusion that could only be due to one thing: the flagship had come to a sudden and abrupt stop! Lee's skipper, Commander William Toaz, immediately ordered the engines reversed and the helm put over. As it was, they missed the flagship and the rocks by only a few feet. But a destroyer cannot stop on a dime and, although they missed the south side of the Devil's Jaw, where Delphy lay snared, they were

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Destroyers at Honda Point—Relative Positions of DesRon 11 Strandings, September 8, 1923.
Chaos on Honda’s south jaw. The broken remains of flagship Delphy in foreground with the overturned Young beyond, then Woodbury hard aground on the rock that bears her name, with Fuller dimly visible behind Woodbury’s funnels. At left, the stern of Chauncey is visible just beyond the outer edge of Bridge Rock. The sea conditions approximate those at the time of the strandings. A postcard view taken immediately after the event—photographer unknown.

Nicholas, aground on the north jaw (left) and S.P. Lee, pressed hard against the bluff below rail foreman John Giavas’ position. Unidentified postcard view taken immediately after the disaster and some weeks before Jackson’s visit—as Nicholas is still intact.

now angling toward the north jaw, a line of submerged rocky pinnacles and ledges that thrust seaward just to the south of a deep canyon that was spanned by a trestle of the Southern Pacific Railroad. (Ironically, the first clear indication the destroyermen had that they weren’t on San Miguel would be the sound of a passing train.)

In the event, Lee never made it to the north jaw. Her speed had dropped to an estimated 8 knots when she too ran hard aground, parallel to the rocky shore. Efforts to back her off were to no avail, and she began to take on water as the pounding surf worked her against the rocks. Lee, too, was doomed, although she would likely hold together a bit longer.

By now, Young had appeared, angling to the right across the flagship’s stern (right to left as seen from Delphy). Already badly holed, she was listing rapidly to starboard as she fetched up on the submerged rocks. As those on the flag-ship looked on helplessly, Young rolled over on her beam ends and lay with her side barely breaking the surface. Her crew had had no time to launch lifeboats and precious little even to don life-vests. There would undoubtedly be heavy loss of life aboard the Young.

Young had in fact been fatally wounded even before Delphy had vanished into the fog wall, having ridden up and over one of the outermost submerged pinnacles of Honda’s southern jaw. Her forward progress momentarily checked, she seemed to rush back at the following Woodbury, which hauled rapidly to the right to avoid a collision. Thus, Woodbury’s end was not even visible from the flagship as she fetched up on a small jagged islet (soon to be christened Woodbury Rock) that Delphy and the others had narrowly passed in the fog. Firmly wedged between the islet and an outlying rocky pinnacle, Woodbury was going nowhere. While volunteers passed lines to the island’s crags for use should evacuation become necessary, Woodbury’s searchlight picked out a horrifying sight some distance off the port bow—a long low smooth object lying just above the waterline with several groups of tiny figures huddled on it, occasionally being washed by the sea—it was the Young!

Aboard the Nicholas, last ship in the column of DesDiv 33, it seemed that all hell had broken loose ahead. Delphy had vanished, S.P. Lee was veering hard to the left, Young had seemingly stopped, and Woodbury was hauling to the right to avoid a collision. Breakdown and backup lights flashed from mastheads, while a cacophony of distant hoots, whistles, and sirens carried faintly across the damp night air. To avoid Woodbury, Nicholas swung to the left, following in the wake of the now vanished Lee, away from the hidden ship-killing fangs of the south jaw. She was now traveling in a broad arc to the left, into the wind and sea—and toward the hazards of the unsuspected northern jaw. Before her speed could be much reduced, Nicholas clipped an unseen obstruction, tearing out her starboard propeller shaft. As the ship lost steerage way, she was
pummeled by the waves against the hidden crags of the northern jaw, then picked up by a massive wave and hurled backward, her stem coming to rest in a nest of submerged rocks. Aboard the stranded S.P. Lee, it had looked for one frightening moment as if the Nicholas were trying to ram them stern-first.

Farragut, flagship of Commodore Pye’s DesDiv 31, led her charges around to port, steadying on the new course of 095 degrees. Suddenly, the destroyers ahead appeared to scatter like a covey of disturbed quail. In quick succession, the engine room telegraph signaled a speed reduction to “two-thirds,” then “stop,” then “full astern” as, with her rudder hard over, Farragut swung to the right to avoid the rapidly slowing Nicholas. The destroyer’s bridge officers looked on in horror as Young turned turtle, while to the right, a dimly seen whaleboat from one of the other destroyers already seemed to be moving to her assistance. Just then a short burst of flame shot from the funnel of one of the destroyers as her engines strained to back down; the light of the flaring stack illuminated the scene with all the brief intensity of a flash bulb, revealing the “whaleboat” to be nothing less than a jagged rock protruding from the sea and, worse still, several other destroyers apparently aground. Once again, the engine room telegraph rang: “All back emergency.” In cutting in the extra power, the electrical generators were tripped and Farragut went dark as all her lights went out. It was just at this juncture that Fuller came barreling up from astern. It would have made no difference in any event, as Fuller had already been gashed by a submerged rock and lost all power as her engine and boiler rooms flooded. Fuller struck Farragut on her starboard side, demolishing her whaleboat, ripping away stanchions, and starting some of her hull plating. Fortunately, it was just a glancing blow. The damages, though serious, weren’t fatal, the lights came back on, and the division flagship was able to back out of the Devil’s Jaw, although she touched bottom briefly on the way.

Fuller wasn’t so lucky. The now powerless destroyer was being driven by wind and sea upon the jagged pinnacles and ledges of the south jaw some distance outward of Woodbury Rock. It was actually fortunate that she fetched up, for she was filling rapidly and would have sunk with probable loss of life had she been in open water. As it was, she was canted at a terrifying 45 degrees to starboard, with her deck rail awash, but she was hard aground and, for the moment at least, her crew was safe.

Amid all the chaos, Percival experienced (it is too much to say performed) a minor miracle. Being slightly to port when Fuller and Farragut collided, Commander Cobb promptly reversed his engines and came to a dead stop just as a torching stack revealed the overturned Young, with Delphy aground on Bridge Rock beyond. Aghast, Cobb kept his cool and, despite the potential danger from the destroyers rushing in behind him, backed Percival out exactly the way she had come in, the only destroyer to escape the Devil’s Jaw without a scratch. Somers too was lucky. Although she struck twice, she managed to extricate herself with only minor flooding forward and some bent propeller blades. Chauncey, the last ship of DesDiv 31, was not so fortunate. When he caught sight of the Delphy ahead and aground on Bridge Rock, Chauncey’s skipper turned right and slowed, hoping to pass just inshore of the overturned Young and perhaps rescue her crew in the process. But Chauncey scraped Young’s protruding propeller blades, hoisting the ship badly in

B.D. Jackson #302, “Wrecked warships—Pt. Honda, Calif., Sept. 8, 1923” S.P. Lee (DD 310), flagship of Captain Morris’ DesDiv 33, from mesa top, with remains of Nicholas (DD 311) beyond. Jackson visited the site several weeks after the event. By now, the sea has torn Nicholas in two just forward of the funnels (two of which have vanished), with the bow section now pirouetted 180 degrees to the right and rolled on its starboard side.
the engine room. The ship lost power as the waves pushed her inexorably toward the rocky heights of Bridge Rock to port. When Chauncey ground to a miserable halt against the rock face, the hands on the clock on the destroyer's bridge stood at exactly 2107. A mere seven minutes had elapsed since Delphy had ordered the fatal turn to port to enter Santa Barbara Channel. Aboard the Kennedy, flagship of DesDiv 32, Commander Roper was uneasy. Several of his younger officers had pointed out that the squadron appeared to be making a true heading of 148 degrees rather than the 150 degrees ordered. Although the difference was only two degrees, it would be enough to set them perilously close to the treacherous rocks and shoals north of Point Arguello. But, having already been verbally keelhauled by Captain Watson once today, he was in no position to question the flagship's navigation. Nevertheless, as a precaution, he ordered his division to edge out to starboard, so that the ships now steamed some 200 yards to the right of Chauncey's wake. He also delayed executing Delphy's 095 degree course change order.

As the formation ahead dissolved in confusion, Roper ordered his division slowed, then stopped. When a faint but ominous bump was felt, the Commander ordered a sounding taken. In theory, no bottom should be found even at 300 feet. But the lead had hardly touched the water when it struck bottom. Seven fathoms—only forty-two feet! With the destroyers drawing ten feet, that meant there was only about thirty feet, four downs in football terms, between the fragile hulls and the rocks below!

Where others had acted on blind assumption, Roper would act on the absence of it. Whether they were aground at Honda or on San Miguel forty miles to the south, there was one course that promised safety in either case. He could do nothing for the others, aground at night in heavy fog. He turned his ships hard to starboard and headed for the open ocean, where DesDiv 32 maneuvered back and forth in comparative safety, waiting for the dawn.

“Tin-can sailors” (destroyermen) are used to a life of comparative hardship and sudden danger. Considered a breed apart, the skillful and cool handling of emergencies is part of their daily existence. But this went well beyond even their considerable experience. Nevertheless, all went about their tasks with skill and deliberation, checking for damage, shutting down the engines, venting excess steam from the boilers to prevent a potential explosion, rigging emergency equipment in case it should become necessary to abandon their vessels, and quietly assembling on deck when that eventuality arose. Sensibly, most crews, even that of the hapless Young, were initially ordered to remain aboard their vessels, despite the obvious dangers. It wouldn't do to go mucking about amid the razor-sharp rocks and treacherous currents in the dark unless it was absolutely necessary. For the wet and freezing men, the night passed with painful slowness.

John Giorvas, section foreman for the Southern Pacific Railroad, leaned out his window, listening. The Greek-born foreman and his Mexican workers were responsible for maintaining this lonely stretch of track that wound along the California coast just inland from Honda Point and its many-fanged graveyard of ships. Giorvas was familiar with most of the weird sounds this lonely stretch of mountain and desert could make. Yet he thought he had heard something unfamiliar, faint sounds coming from the sea, half a mile away across the dark and foggy mesa. He also thought he had briefly detected a dimly flickering light. Again it came, just a faint suggestion of sound that Giorvas couldn't be sure he heard at all. Most men would have ignored it and gone back to their own pur-
suits. But, for John Giorvas, idleness was not an option. Taking a lantern, the foreman set out to walk the half mile of broken ground to the bluffs overlooking the sea.

When he reached the cliffs edge, Giorvas could see nothing except the thick fog. Yet faint sounds, perhaps voices, occasionally drifted up from the darkness below. Giorvas shouted but could not make himself heard above the pounding of the surf. Then the wind shifted and Giorvas could smell the heavy acrid scent of oil-smoke. No doubt about it—a steamer was aground, somewhere on the rocks below! Suddenly the reddish glare of a flare illuminated the fog. Silhouetted against the eerie glow, the foreman could see the four stacks and outline of a big warship broadside to the rocks just below. John Giorvas turned and ran back across the treacherous ground of the mesa, first to rouse his section gang, then to place a call to his supervisor in distant Surf. Help was on the way.

When Giorvas and his men returned to the edge of the mesa, they encountered the first bedraggled survivors, as the crew of the abandoned S.P. Lee began to work their way up the bluff. Delphy too had of necessity been abandoned. With the destroyer working violently against the rocks, her crew began the slow and laborious process of transferring men by oil-slicked lines through the pounding surf to the dark towering mass of Bridge Rock. Two men drowned in the attempt and one was so badly injured and had to be left aboard the doomed vessel in the vain hope that he could be rescued later. By morning, Delphy would be broken in two, with the main forward section already rolling to port. Soon, like Young, she too would lie flat on her side in the pounding waves.

The crew of Chauncey was also making plans for a move to Bridge Rock. But of more immediate concern was the plight of the Young, visible across some 75 feet of wildly churning water, her crew huddled precariously in small groups on the upturned side of what had once been their home. But, after Chief Boatswain’s Mate Arthur Peterson of Young heroically swam a line to the other vessel, a ferry was rigged using a rubber raft and the men were safely transferred to Chauncey. From there, both crews made their way ashore and climbed to the top of Bridge Rock, only to run into Delphy’s men ascending from the other side. By now it was approaching midnight; the others would just have to wait until daylight.

To Giorvas, his men, and the shivering crews on the mesa, dawn brought a gradual lifting of the veil of fog. To the north lay the deep gorge of the sometimes dry Honda Creek, spanned by the high trestle bridge of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Just beyond the mouth of the creek, the men could see, half-submerged, the rusting engines and boilers of the Santa Rosa, a liner that had gone aground with some loss of life back in 1911, the last major wreck that had been claimed by the Devil’s Jaw. South of the creek, the rocks and ledges on the north side of the Devil’s Jaw angled seaward in a swirl of angry water. Flat up against the inner side of this jawbone lay the Nicholas, stern-on and slightly elevated, with her bows pointing longingly out to sea. Closer at hand and directly below them at the base of the 50-foot bluff, just as Giorvas had seen her during the night, was S.P. Lee, broadside to and hard against the shore. To the left and extending out from the mesa was an island that was not quite an island. Aptly named Bridge Rock, this large and broken mass of volcanic rock was separated from the mainland except at the very top, where a thin and fragile strip of stone, a natural bridge, connected it with the mesa. At its base, just where the southern line of the Devil’s Jaw shot sea-
ward, lay the now broken Delphy, with her after part largely submerged and the main forward section canted over at a dizzying 45 degree angle away from the rock. Extending out along the jaw lay the overturned Young, with her port side just showing above the waves, beyond her the Woodbury fetched up against the crags of the islet that would bear her name, swaying drunkenly as the waves pushed her first to port then to starboard, and finally, barely visible through the thinning mist, the Fuller.

Chalrncey was for the moment largely out of sight, aground on the south side of (and for the most part hidden by) Bridge Rock, with only her masts and the tops of her funnels showing, just beyond and to the left of Delphy. The fog still lingered further out, shrouding the scene from the other destroyers lying hove-to offshore. As the air cleared, the jutting headland of Point Arguello with its prominent lighthouse could be glimpsed, a mile or so to the south.

Offshore, Woodbury’s men had during the night transferred to the comparative safety of the jagged islet, having managed with commendable foresight to bring a quantity of food and water, and even the makings of a bonfire, with them. They were also for the most part properly clothed and shod, something many aboard the other destroyers lacked, with numerous lacerations and other minor injuries as a result. Woodbury’s men were soon joined on their tiny island by the crew of the Fuller, a fortuitous move given that fully a third of that ship’s deck was now underwater. Eventually both crews would be rescued by a passing fishing trawler, which repeatedly risked impalement on the treacherous rocks to ferry the stranded seamen to Percival and Somers waiting offshore. With the coming of daylight, Nicholas’ men too had been brought ashore, despite heavy surf, landing on a flat beach near the old wreck of the Santa Rosa. Help had long since begun arriving by train—food, blankets, and medical care summoned by Giorvas’ late night phone call. Daylight too had allowed the men to remove a quantity of food stores from Chauncey and Lee, the only two boats that were reasonably accessible. For the chilled crews huddled on the mesa, the worst was over.

Not all of the survivors made it ashore at Honda. Five men in a raft had been picked up off the Point Arguello lighthouse during the night; another raft, with three men aboard, was sighted but drift-ed out to sea and was lost. In all, seven of the Navy’s finest new warships were total wrecks, while two others had sustained moderate but survivable damage. A total of twenty-three lives had been lost, the three from Delphy and, predictably, a score from the capsized Young. Under the circumstances, it is perhaps astonishing (and a testament to the coolness, skill, and training of the crews) that there weren’t more fatalities. Not since the Trenton, Vandalia and Nipsic had been lost in Apia Harbor in Samoa in 1889, more than a third of a century before, had the U.S. Navy experienced a peacetime loss of such magnitude—and that had been due to a devastating hurricane that also destroyed three German warships there. Yet, if the disaster itself had revealed serious flaws in the Navy’s command system and operational procedures, the behavior of both officers and men during the aftermath had, without exception, conformed to the very highest traditions of the Naval service.

Within a day or two of the disaster, and continuing for some weeks thereafter, the curious began to arrive at Giorvas’ section house by
train, hundreds of them, drawn as always by the poignant spectacle of humanity humbled by the power of nature. Among them were a few enterprising photographers—who promptly produced small series of postcards for sale both to patrons on the spot and back in their more civilized haunts. There was also at least one small set of stereographs—although whether these were sold locally, to the gawking crowds on the mesa, is unclear.

By 1923, stereography was well into the Keystone era and the Meadville-based giant had apparently driven all competition from the field. Even the venerable Underwoods had bowed out. So, according to conventional wisdom, there shouldn’t be any stereographs of the Honda wrecks at all.

Yet apparently there were a few small-scale practitioners of the art still at work. One such was a local California photographer named B.D. Jackson, based at 710 East Elk Avenue in Glendale, just north of Los Angeles and some 150 miles from the wreck site as the crow flies. Given that there were no roads at all in the area, Jackson must have come up to Giorvas’ section house by train in the weeks or even months following the incident, then walked to the site. It cannot have been immediately thereafter, for many of the wrecks in his views have been shifted, rolled, and mauled by the sea over time—considerably different from what one finds in other (non-stereo) photographic images taken immediately after the disaster.

In any event, Jackson issued a small group of stereographs (apparently at least eight) showing the wrecks of the DesRon 11 destroyers. The views were part of a series he produced of scenes “Along the Seashore of Southern California,” sometimes alternately entitled simply “Southern California Scenes.” The views are printed directly on heavy photographic paper (probably a cost-saving measure) rather than being mounted on separate cardstock as Keystone and the other major manufacturers had tended to do. The views are not lithoprints, however, but instead good-quality photographic images. Just what else Jackson included in this series or how long he maintained his independent venture is at present uncertain.

After Jackson’s visit, the sea and rocks of Honda continued to work at their victims, until the remains of DesRon 11 were reduced, like the Santa Rosa and countless others before her, to nameless bits of rusting and barnacle-encrusted debris, visible to the curious at low tide. At first it had been hoped that the Chauncey at least could be recovered but this quickly proved to be impractical. The Navy did perform some initial salvage work. A Navy dive team under Chief Warrant Officer Morris Hoffman persevered under extremely hazardous conditions, yet in the end little was recovered beyond 12 of the 4-inch deck guns, ship’s papers, some sensitive and expensive equipment, and 44 of the squadron’s torpedoes—which, at $5000 apiece, was some consolation. These last were simply fired out to sea for recovery by other vessels standing safely offshore.

The team also recovered 18 bodies, mostly from the overturned Young, where many of the unfortunate sailors had been trapped below decks by the inrushing water. For most of them, the horror of that night had ended fairly quickly—a few mercifully brief moments of disorientation in the blackness, of choked lungs and diminishing convulsive struggles.
It was true that the captains and division commanders bore prime responsibility for the safe operation of their vessels. Yet, by his overly rigid control, Captain Watson had deprived them of their ability to exercise exactly that responsibility. Furthermore, it was not just the participants but years of slack peacetime naval practice that were at fault, even Congress, whose years of miserly appropriations had kept the Navy's ships undermanned and crews undertrained. Even Mother Nature came in for a share of the blame, as it was speculated that the unusually strong inshore set to the current was a byproduct of a massive seabed earthquake that had rocked much of Japan on September 1st, seven days earlier, almost leveling Tokyo and Yokohama and resulting in some 100,000 deaths, a catastrophe of truly epic proportions.

Over the years more ships piled up on the treacherous rocks of the "Devil's Jaw." Within a decade, an American passenger liner, the SS *Harvard* fell victim, as did a Japanese merchantman, the *Nippon Maru*, which piled up on the now-crowded Woodbury Rock in September of 1933, almost ten years to the day after the tragedy of Destroyer Squadron 11. Today more than two dozen major wrecks litter the bottom in the immediate vicinity of Point Honda or have been ground to nothingness upon the rocks there by the relentless pressure of the sea. Two years after the groundings, in October of 1925, the wrecks were sold to a private salver, Robert Smith of Oakland, but the area was too remote and conditions too dangerous, and in the end little more was retrieved and the ships continued to weather away and disappear beneath the waves.

Today Honda Point is located in a remote part of Vandenburg Air Force Base. Visits can be arranged through the base's Public Affairs Office although few bother to do so. There is little to be seen of DesRon 11 today, although some of Chauncey's machinery still rests on the shelving rocky beach below the cliffs. A small simple monument marks the site of the hubris, horror, and heroism of that tragic long ago night.

In time, the various survivors, both ships and men, went their separate ways. Although many contemporary "four-pipers" would go on to play prominent roles in World War II, most notably the fifty destroyers sent to bolster Britain's defenses in the critical autumn of 1940, not one of the forty boats built at San Francisco's Union Iron Works would last that long. All—including Farragut, Sowers, Percival, the four boats of Commander Roper's DesDiv 32, even the missing *Reno* and *Zellin*—would be scrapped in the early 1930s. Perhaps they were regarded as unlucky boats, about which hung an aura of misfortune, the menacing shadow of Honda.

Many of the officers aboard the doomed ships of DesRon 11 went on to illustrious careers in the naval service. More than a dozen eventually reached flag rank and, although many retired in the 1930s, some served with great distinction in World War II. Chief among these was Commander William Calhoun, skipper of the ill-fated Young. In charge of logistical support for the entire Pacific Fleet and its shore bases during the war, he would eventually retire as a four-star admiral.

Another senior officer whose subsequent career does not seem to have been hurt by the events at Honda was Commander William S. Pye, skipper of the five ships of DesDiv 31 (including the ill-fated *Fuller* and *Chauncey*). Eighteen years later, now a Vice-Admiral, Pye would command the Battleship Force of the U.S. Pacific Fleet under Admiral Husband Kimmel, based in Hawaii at Pearl Harbor. Here, in this lovely tropical island paradise, on a tranquil Sunday morning in December, any painful memories of Honda Point would be submerged in a far greater tragedy. Once again, Pye would be overtaken by a chain of events over which he had little control. In accordance with Kimmel's orders, Pye's magnificent battleships lay quietly at their moorings off Ford Island. Without steam to maneuver, they would be helpless before a savage onslaught of Japanese bombs and torpedoes. For Admiral Pye, there would henceforth be two "really bad days" to haunt his memory.
Reviewing the film in the (June 10) LA Times, critic Carina Chocano characterizes viewing *Shark Boy and Lava Girl in 3-D* with the red and blue anaglyph glasses as "protracted retinal strain."

Considered "horrendous" by James Cameron (ShoWest, March 17) and responsible for what he calls "the Ghetto-ization" of 3-D movies, anaglyph also seems to have very few defenders within the 3-D hobbyist community as well. "The damage to the reputation of anaglyph movies caused by this movie might be fatal," reads a June 13 online post to a 3-D list by a hobbyist who goes by the moniker of "The Puppet Kite Kid."

Anaglyph 3-D movies, using red and blue glasses for left and right eye image selection, have never had much of a reputation. Like the red/blue 3-D comic books and magazines, anaglyphic motion pictures have always been considered by critics and "experts" (looking down their highly extended noses) as an inferior form of stereographic image.

Nevertheless, the anaglyph still continues to fascinate and to be produced 150 years after its invention. Periodically, the anaglyph is rediscovered once again by a whole new generation of eyes and minds eager for visual adventure.

Every time an anaglyph movie is released the chorus of complaints is reprised: "It hurt’s my eyes." "Can’t they get rid of the glasses?" "Why does the color look so weird?" And the red/blue glasses are perennially castigated as "cheap," "stupid," "cheesy," and "clunky."

Good thing the six-year-old kid sitting behind me watching *Shark Boy and Lava Girl* was unaware of all this. He was laughing with delight throughout the anaglyph sequences as objects hurtled off the screen into the audience space or zoomed back into the depths of the motion picture frame. As director Robert Rodriguez deftly worked a wide array of visual 3-D puns (the ‘Stream of Consciousness’ or the ‘Passage of Time’), the theater was filled with the sound of children laughing. But then the kids' young eye muscles are probably supple and, more importantly, their minds are very likely open to the experience of watching the film with red/blue glasses.

*Shark Boy and Lava Girl in 3-D* is, in fact, a whimsical story that makes excellent use of color anaglyph. Unlike the polychromatic anaglyph in *Spy Kids 3-D: Game Over*, director Rodriguez used a modified "Half-Color" or "True-Color" anaglyph for the characters and their skin tones in *Shark Boy and Lava Girl in 3-D*. This is a technique that substitutes a monochromatic channel for one of the three in RGB (usually Red). The result is something like a black and white image with color added. It follows, then, that the skin tones in the anaglyph sequences might be characterized as "bad color" or unnatural to the unaided eye. But they looked just fine in stereo space seen through the custom "anaglyphoscopes" and were presented in gray scale values that were nicely equivalent.

Any individual with normal eye-sight open to the experience of viewing color anaglyph motion pictures should find *Shark Boy and Lava Girl in 3-D* an entertaining stereoscopic experience.

Many people decline the visual challenge of the anaglyph. They will decry the difficulty of viewing the world through a retinal rivalry in which each eye sees opposite sides of the wheel of color. Well, a lot of people are also troubled by looking at the cubist extractions of Picasso. But to decry the experience of anaglyph viewing itself is like saying "Yes, the automobile works. But can’t they get rid of the wheels?"
Introduction by John Dennis

The days before and during the liberation of Paris from Hitler’s forces in August of 1944 were a mix of suddenly intensified hope, fear, confidence and confusion. For 31 year old Marcel Lecoufle, the drama surrounding him apparently presented an irresistible opportunity to document history with his new Verascope F40 stereo camera, not generally available until after the war. Working in his grandfather’s orchid greenhouses near Paris in Boissy Saint Léger, his daily trips to the Paris flower market offered a prime opportunity for stereography with the exception of the days of heaviest fighting when his wife Suzanne stopped him from traveling into the city.

Following the June, 1940 German invasion, various resistance groups had printed underground papers, sabotaged German operations, and sometimes attacked German officers and posts. By summer of 1944, the Interior French Forces of Ile-de-France (FFI), which included armed units of various resistance groups, were unified under Colonel Rol-Tanguy.

The early August Allied victories in Normandy emboldened the resistance to openly challenge the occupiers, and by August 18, strikes of police, Metro and postal workers and others had grown to an organized general strike. The following morning, street barricades appeared all over Paris along with the first open combat of the insurrection and FFI occupation of municipal buildings, ministries, newspaper offices and the Prefecture of Police.

The next few days saw German counterattacks, intensified street fighting, a disputed cease-fire agreement, and an order from Hitler to German commanding General Dietrich von Choltitz that Paris should be held to the last and then destroyed—an order he ignored at the urging of Swedish Consul Raoul Nordling. By the 24th, both the German military and the people of Paris knew that the Free French Forces of General Leclerc’s 2nd Armored Division were about to enter the city followed by other allied forces including the 28th US Infantry Division. Within hours after General Leclerc’s forces rolled into the city on the 25th, General von Choltitz signed an agreement surrendering 3,500 German troops to Leclerc and Rol-Tanguy.

Wild celebrations followed, and photos of the population swarming around arriving French and later U.S. troops and climbing on disabled tanks constitute a very familiar photographic and cinematic historical record. The personal story of capturing such scenes in color and depth is told here through the 1944 Liberation Diary of Suzanne Lecoufle along with text and caption information by Marcel Lecoufle.
The Liberation of BoissSaint Léger

From the diary of Suzanne Lecoufle
Translated from the French by Dale Walsh

Thursday August 10 1944
The arrival of the American army in Chartres and Dreux is announced.

Friday August 11
The rumor spreads that "they" will be in Corbeil and in Versailles.
- The Germans install canons in Bonneuil, they requisition bicycles on the road and make the cyclists do an hour of road work for them.
- Trains are not running. No trains at noon or evening to return from Paris.

Saturday August 12
We no longer go to the Halles to bring our flowers. In the morning, noise from canons and detonations which seem to be getting closer.

Monday August 14
Marcel is going to take the flowers to the Halles by bicycle.

Tuesday August 15
Flowers are taken to the Halles on bicycle by Marcel at 5 in the morning. Civilian truck with Germans and civilians.

Wednesday August 16
Bicycle for the flowers to the Halles in Paris. They announce that Chartres and Dreux have been taken by the Americans.

Thursday August 17
During the night of the 16th to the 17th, we hear numerous explosions from all directions. These are the ammunition depots which explode all over. In the morning we see a significant light in the forest of Sénart, with detonations. We start to see German soldiers in flight. . . convoys with horses camping all day under the chestnut trees on Valenton street, bringing with them pigs, sheep, rugs,

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Occupied Paris at the height of World War II could look as deceptively tranquil as this autumn, 1943 view showing the tip of île Saint Louis with Notre Dame in the background, thanks to the stereographer's early morning flower deliveries and his inconspicuous Vérascope F40 camera.
All stereos by Marcel Lecoufle.

As the war neared Paris in August, 1944, Marcel Lecoufle photographed the smoke from an attack on the docks of Saint Ouen from his home in Boissy St. Léger. Much closer was this plume from a bombed German gasoline train in nearby La Balastière.
sewing machines, etc. etc. . . in the evening, soldiers passing on foot in isolated groups, tired. . . On the main road, coming from Paris and going towards Brie Compte Robert many trucks are passing by carrying the troops fleeing Paris. Mister Ruffier tells us that the Americans are in Versailles and the Germans have until Friday night to evacuate Paris. . . The rumor is going around that Paris has been declared a sanitary city and the Germans would leave without fighting. . . I do not want Marcel to go to the Halles on bike and it is the rose-growers of Villecresnes that will take charge of our flower orders for the market the next morning.

Friday August 18
The procession on the road continues. At 11 o’clock in the morning, a fuel train bombed at Bal-

My Photographs

by Marcel Lecoufle
Translated from the Stéréo-Club Français Bulletin No. 882, 10/04 by Dale Walsh

My oldest photos were taken on 13 x 18 cm glass plates and they date from 1928. The wood chassis of the camera that came from my father also allowed me to use 9 x 12 cm. plates. My first published photos were in the 1932 work by Doctor Jean Gratiot entitled Orchidées. At this time, I purchased a folding Zeiss camera with Tessar f:3.5/135 mm lens and the majority of my shots were made using black and white, 9 x 12 cm plates and color Autochrome plates. The advantage of Autochrome was its development time of about 10 minutes, and if the result was not satisfactory, one could start over again.

Autochromes needed only 2 baths—a metoquinone developer and a potassium permanganate inverter. 
These color images are perfectly preserved, and it was necessary to varnish the emulsion. We next went to Lumière’s Filmcolor the same as the plates, that we slid into special chassis for flat films. My first Autochromes were published in Illustration magazine in September 1941. I always did my own developing in the dark room of both film and plates, black and white and color.

I moved on to 35 mm slide format (24 x 36 mm) in 1935, with lenses allowing me to do macro photography.
Local citizens examine a plane destroyed at le Bourget airport, 1944.

Photographing any military personnel, equipment or installation was strictly forbidden during the occupation, but Mr. Lecoufle did risk one stereo from a balcony of his own house, five days before the liberation of Boissy. Three German officers had requisitioned lodging in his house while sporadic fighting flared up in surrounding areas. A General's driver waits in an amphibious car camouflaged with branches in front of the greenhouses.

astière (Brévannes) sent a cloud of black smoke towards the sky, above the Brandt property. The first trouble flares up in Paris between the Germans and FFI. Detonations and canons all evening.

Saturday August 19
The Germans are still going by. At seven o'clock, a German convoy settles in at Peignien and in Mr. Guillemot's woods. There are also German convoys at Grégoires and Piple's. They leave during the night. In the middle of the night an artillery convoy moves towards Villeneuve Saint George. The storm growls and it rains steadily.

Sunday August 20
All is calm and there are no more Germans.

Monday August 21
We hear a canon firing nearly

Marcel and Suzanne Lecoufle are now both 92. He is seen here shooting stereo close-ups of some of his rare and exotic plants that have won horticultural awards around the world. One carnivorous hybrid now bears the name Nepenthes lecouflei and a Madagascar orchid is named Bulbophyllum lecouflei.

of flowers. I made myself a bar to take two stereoscopic images using a Zeiss Contax camera, still using large formats, and also, depending on the image, 6 x 13 cm format with a Voigtländer Stereflektoskop. My marriage in 1938 was photographed using this camera. I have two 16 mm movie cameras for stereoscopic twinning. And an Eiki 16 mm. movie projector.

At the start of the war in 1940, I used Dufaycolor for small format, of which two images were published in Histoire mondiale de la photographie (The World History of
uninterrupted towards Melun and Corbeil.

Tuesday August 22

At 7 in the morning, a German detachment stops on Valenton street requisitioning from us lodging for three officers and an interpreter that we put up in the guest room, one in Maurice's room, one on the second floor and three in the servant's lodging. The canon thunders all day long. The Germans are OK, but they tell my uncle Maurice Vacherot, mayor of Boissy, that they were attacked and if one of them dies, ten hostages will be shot, with the mayor being the first one. All the cars that drive by have one or two soldiers on the hood ready to fire. The canon thunders always from afar. In the evening, Marcel having gone by bicycle to do some errands on Eglise street was interrogated for traffic and had to stop, we were swarmed over and hugged and kissed and torn at. Everybody, even beautiful girls, insisted on kissing you on both cheeks. . . . Once when we came to a stop some Frenchman told us there were still snipers shooting, so we put our steel helmets back on."

Photography). During the war, we could only use Agfacolor film which enabled me to take stereoscopic photographs of the liberation of Paris and Boissy St-Léger in 1944, often presented at conferences. The Dufaycolor and Autochrome images are perfectly preserved, but the Agfacolor has paled somewhat. During the liberation, I delivered flowers to Paris by bike, taking with me my 24 x 30 mm Verascope 40 camera made by Jules Richard.

I am still using the 24 x 30 Verascope 40 and above all the Belaplasc stereo cameras. A camera that can be used to photograph flowers in stereo is the Super Duplex, that allows images to be taken from as close as 20 cm to the subject. The 9 x 12 camera has a magazine back that I seldom use, but that allows images as wide as 6 cm in 4.5 x 6 cm, 6 x 6 cm and 6 x 9 cm. The camera most often used is the Contarex with the Tessar 115 mm lens with bellows that allows one to 1 to 1 at infinity. I have a number of other lenses for this same camera with 18, 35, 50, 115, 135, 180 and 400 mm focal lengths. I have set up a studio with umbrella flash lighting allowing me to photograph flowers and plants using black, white or other backdrops.

My color photos have been published in many orchid magazines in France, England and the United States. The German publication Die Orchidee has also published a number of my older Autochrome photos, in which you see hybrids that are no longer known.

Some of the images reproduced here appeared in the October, 2004 issue of the Stéreo-Club Français Bulletin (No. 882), www.stereo-club.fr/bulletin.php, along with several examples of Marcel Lecoufle's outstanding stereo flower close-ups. Our thanks to Bulletin editor Olivier Cahen for helping arrange this article.
American soldiers at rest in Boissy St Léger. Mr. Lecoufle got to know some who stayed there briefly (his stereo camera no doubt generating the usual questions), driving them around in his car and providing the use of his dark room.

The often reported fascination of French civilians with African-American U.S. soldiers appears to be confirmed in this view taken near Boissy St Léger following the liberation.

Correspondents from the New York Herald Tribune near Gar du Nord station and Magenta Boulevard. The man on the right could be famous war correspondent Homer Bigart. Patches on his sleeve and hat read "US WAR CORRESPONDENT."

quite some time by the Germans around four. At five the officers ask to open all the windows telling us that the canons will be fired at 6. They had deployed on the ground of courtyard large ordnance survey maps and by telephone were communicating directly with Melun and Corbeil, as far as we could understand. At exactly six o’clock, huge artillery was fired from very close by, making everything shake and making us very afraid. The Germans reassured us telling us it was artillery and that it would continue all night... Their telephone center was installed at Dr. Camus’ house and one or many sentinels stood guard day and night.

Wednesday August 23
At three in the morning the firing becomes particularly violent. The Germans get up and we hear the officer telephone yelling Corbeil, Corbeil... I prepare boiled water, milk and bedding in case we need to go down to the basement. At 7 o’clock they come to get the interpreter... At 8 o’clock a soldier comes to say a few words to the officers which immediately alert the men. They need to be ready to
American soldiers establish a gun position at the Arc de Triomphe. On August 29, the 28th US Infantry Division would march down the Champs Elysées and into combat the same day.

An abandoned Tiger tank draws swarms of newly liberated Parisians in Place de la Concorde.

Burned car on the Charenton bridge the day after liberation.

leave in half an hour. They tell us they are leaving for the front. But this departure does not happen. The morning is rather calm. The big canons stopped firing. From noon on, a formidable battle noise from Réau. This lasts all afternoon, until nightfall. The entire house shakes with the windows open. They say that this “could be” a tank battle between Réau and Lieusaint, towards Moissy-Cramayel. Between five and six, the team that was here goes by again really moving with numerous cars and ambulances that follow towards Sucy.

Radio London by way of “French people speaking to the French” announces the liberation of Paris since Tuesday the 22nd... In the evening a man is killed by a German on his doorstep by a bullet in the face at 9:30 while the curfew was at 9. He had opened his door to take the garbage out. It was Mr. Testas 12 Paris street.

Thursday August 24

The radio of the French Nation announces that fighting continues, despite what London says. General Leclerc's armored battalion charges towards Paris. We hear combat
A Renault seven ton tank in Place de la Nation. In 1942, the Royal Air Force bombed the German occupied Renault factories in Boulogne-Billancourt with an estimated 500 fatalities. At right is the stereographer's bicycle stacked with flower boxes.

Central Paris didn’t completely escape bombing during the war, although much of the damage was from Allied planes attacking the industrial suburbs. These buildings are near Les Halles.

More typical of damage to Paris buildings was this at Le Sénat, from small arms and heavy machine gun fire during fighting between German troops and groups of Resistance fighters eventually united as French Forces of the Interior (FFI).

noise following his advance towards Orly and Choisy-le-Roi. The first detachment enters Paris the evening at 8:45 by Italy’s gate. They are going to help at City Hall and la Cité.

Friday August 25
General Leduc’s armored vehicles continue to enter Paris. Lots of Germans are in Boissy, in Piple, in Bois Clary, and at Grègoires. They tell us that there are some in our village, on Eglise street. We go with Marie-Pierre in the afternoon to see that this is not true. The evening, a German announces the arrival of battle in Boissy. We prepare to spend time in the basement. . . At 7:30 the radio of The French Nation announces the armistice signed in Paris. . . Relief . . . We can finally sleep!

Saturday August 26
We hear the Americans, but there are still German tanks that pass by and 5 of them are installed all along main road, towards the train station up until the bridge. One of them is installed on the plane between our house in Tuillerie and the Repos de la Montagne. Machine gunners are
coal-burner in one container, fan and filters in the other. During the occupation, a special permit (ausweis) from the Germans was required to drive at all.

I the "gazogene" unit on the front burned charcoal or coal—burner in one container, fan and filters in the other. During the occupation, a special permit (ausweis) from the Germans was required to drive at all.

An American reconnaissance airplane is flying overhead. A man comes from Valenton, towards Boissy; he stops at the corner of the wire fence of the Tuilerie and he looks towards the tank on Repos de la Montagne where a German observer had a head above the observation cupola. Seeing him from our place, Marcel ran to him and invited him to come upstairs to the second floor to show him the situation with binoculars; to reach a man approximately 250 meters away with a rifle without a scope would be quite an exploit.

As well on each side of the large gap in the wall of Grosbois, facing Repos de la Montagne are German machine gunners, without mentioning those that could also be close to the tank that we can not see. Seeing the impossibility of acting, the man leaves crossing the field facing the house, towards Procession street and Hottinguer street, without being seen by the tank, hiding his rifle on the opposite side of his body. Not being aware of his actions or crazy, this

(Continued on page 35)
Threshold of the Future: 3-D Cinema Comes of Age

by Ray Zone

When all film is stereoscopic, and we have forgotten that we ever accepted the convention of the flat-image as real, it seems unlikely that we shall ever remark on the stereoscopic film's appearance of reality, any more than at present we remark on the conventional flatness of the two-dimensional film.

-Ivor Montagu

A Future in the Past

In a visionary 1950 essay titled "The Third Dimension—Film of the Future?" cinema historian Ivor Montagu wrote about 3-D movies after visiting the Stereokino in Moscow and viewing an 80 minute program that consisted of three motion pictures. The 3-D movies, consisting of a travelogue of the Crimea titled Sunny Region, an instructional film called Crystals and a comedy, Carte d'Ache on the Ice, were all autostereoscopic, meaning that no 3-D glasses were required to see the third dimension in the films. Are you surprised? Sounds a lot like the 3-D future to me and yet it happened over half a century ago. These 3-D movies used interlocked rear projection of dual left and right eye 70mm film prints on to glass with vertically etched lines. A printed notice on the ticket to the films pointed out a limitation of the autostereoscopic process. "Leaning to one side loses the stereoscopic effect, which can be recovered by a movement of from 4 to 8 inches."

For our immediate future, however, as digital cinema begins to proliferate (as of May 2005 there were about 75 theaters in North America equipped with digital projectors), audiences viewing 3-D movies will be using the glasses. And, for the time being, they will be using either Liquid Crystal Shutter (LCS) glasses with left and right eye lenses alternating at 48 frames a second (96 hertz) or disposable glasses with circular polarizing filters in them.

But the strength of either process is that they each will work with only one digital projector. The projector of choice for digital cinema appears to be the Christie CP2000 with 2K of resolution. A lower end model also projects 1.2K of resolution but both models are in use with the exhibitors who have installed digital projection in their theaters.

A Clarion Call for 3-D Cinema

The signal event, the clarion call announcing digital 3-D cinema, took place recently with Texas Instruments' DLP 3-D cinema presentation March 17 at the ShoWest trade show in Las Vegas, Nevada. For that presentation digital 3-D was projected using the "page-flipping" function of the DLP projector, retrofitted for stereo projection, and the audience viewed the stereoscopic clips on a matte white screen using the Nu-Vision LCS glasses running at 48 frames a second. With high-powered filmmakers George Lucas, James Cameron, Robert Zemeckis, Robert Rodriguez and Randall Kleiser showing stereoscopic clips of their films and espousing the virtues of digital 3-D cinema, it was a 3-D wake-up call for motion picture producers and exhibitors.

Cameron and Rodriguez have been doing original dual-HD (high definition) photography for their stereoscopic efforts using the Reality Camera System (RCS) developed by Cameron and Vince Pace. Their 3-D films include Cameron's Ghosts of the Abyss and, in 2005, Aliens of the Deep and Rodriguez's Spy Kids 3-D, and Shark Boy and Lava Girl. Both of the Rodriguez films are projected in a theatrical wide release with existing film and digital projectors as red/blue anaglyph, a process which Cameron characterizes as "horrendous in image quality," and which, in his opinion, "has contributed to the 'ghetto-ization' of 3-D."

At the March 17 ShoWest event, Rodriguez's stereoscopic movies were projected in full color using the DLP alternating field platform. George Lucas presented 3-D clips from Star Wars with startling 3-D that had been produced as stereo conversions from the original 2-D versions by the In-Three company of Agoura Hills, California. He also announced that the entire series of Star Wars films would be repurposed to 3-D by In-Three with the first in the series to be released stereoscopically in 2007.

Stereo Repurposing of the Past

If the entire library of cinema's history is thought of as the past, then that history can now potentially be seen in 3-D, after first being processed to a digital intermediate (DI) of course, and converted to stereo by a company such as In-Three. Think of it, The Wizard of Oz, Gone with the Wind or Casablanca in 3-D. Would there be a new market for these films, despite total saturation on TV and DVDs? Or will more recent films such as Star Wars and The Matrix produce big box office returns in a 3-D re-release?

Joe Kleiman and I visited In-Three's CEO Michael Kaye and VP Neil Feldman, who projected some stereo conversions in their screening room for us on a 15 foot matte white screen using a 1.2K projector running at 48 frames a second. We put on the Nu-Vision alternating field glasses and looked at stereoscopic clips of Star Wars (the first ten-minutes of the original film in the series), the "bullet time" sequence from The Matrix, John Travolta hoofing it in Grease, and Tom Cruise racing in Top Gun. The
closing sequence of Sam Raimi’s Spiderman, despite fast cutting and rapid camera moves, proved very well suited for 3-D.

In each instance, the stereoscopic effects were easy to view and yet very dramatic. I detected no pseudoscopic anomalies, spurious edges or aliasing in the 3-D. Individual scenes each had a different 3-D arrangement and the placement of the stereo window, where the left eye and right eye images coincide, was handled with great sensitivity.

Now, the only questions are, how long does it take to convert a feature film to 3-D and how much does it cost? It depends on the visual complexity of the movie, of course, but a general estimate right now for a feature film is about $5 million, a drop in the bucket by most Hollywood standards.

Interestingly, there are artistic advantages for stereo conversion over live-action and original stereoscopic photography. It is the same advantage that a stereoscopic filmmaker working with computer generated imagery (CGI) also has. Because the 3-D image is digital, a measure of control over the picture is provided to the stereoscopic filmmaker that is absent with original 3-D photography. Different elements in a scene, for example, can be rendered separately in one visual space. One stereo conversion at the In-Three demo, a scene from Tuck Everlasting, showcased this digital flexibility. The background, middleground and extreme foreground elements were each given a different 3-D treatment that produced powerful three dimension effects which would have been impossible with original 3-D photography of the same scene.

The Two Digital 3-D Cinema Platforms

In an illuminating question-and-answer session at ShoWest, James Cameron discussed the two digital 3-D platforms available now. “Very little change to the DCI (Digital Cinema Initiative) specification is required to achieve viable digital 3-D projection using the existing technology for the digital cinema rollout,” said Cameron. “Each digital projection ‘screen’ will have a DLP Cinema projector and a server. For 3-D, that server will need to be upgraded to a dual channel server. In addition, that theater will need either a silver screen and LCD fitter for the projector, or a set of reusable LCD glasses. This overall upgrade should cost between 10 and 15 thousand dollars over the base cost of the digital projection unit.” Upgrade cost for both digital 3-D cinema platforms are about the same.

The Real D company based in Beverly Hills has been perfecting a digital 3-D cinema platform that uses disposable glasses with circular polarizer filters. The conventional polarizing 3-D glasses used to date have linear transmission of light through the lenses so that if an audience member tilts their head left or right, ‘ghosting’ or breakdown of the stereoscopic image starts to occur as the left eye begins to see a remnant of the right eye image and vice versa. This drawback is eliminated with circular polarizing filters which are more expensive but in quantity can be manufactured at minimal cost. And an additional advantage to the exhibitor is that there is no necessity to collect the circular polarizing, “passive,” glasses back from the audience and clean them before each reuse as with LCS glasses.

With the Real D platform, the left and right eye frames are alternating out of the 2k digital projector 72 times a second (144 hertz) and projected through the polarizers. Real D has developed a combination silver/matte white screen with high gain reflectivity and a wide viewing angle so that the screen is compatible for both 2-D and 3-D projection.

Joe and I viewed some stereoscopic footage of The Polar Express along with the Real D demo reel that includes clips from Cobalt Entertainment’s NFL footage, Cameron’s Ghost of the Abyss and some custom CGI 3-D clips demonstrating the potential for digital 3-D cinema exhibition with applications such as 3-D pay-per-view or local stereoscopic advertising. The three dimension effects with the Real D platform are striking and the images very bright on a twenty foot screen.

On March 14 during ShoWest, Mann Theaters announced that they had selected Real D as the exclusive delivery system for digital 3-D entertainment for its theater chain. The Chinese theater located in Hollywood will host the first Real D flagship 3-D cinema. Mann Theaters is the first theater chain to embrace the exhibition of digital 3-D cinema. With the exception of screenings of House of Wax in Stereovision 70mm in the 1970s, the Real D flagship theater at the Chinese will mark the first time the 78-year-old theater has been equipped to show 3-D movies. Real D hopes to have 1000 digital 3-D cinemas in operation by the end of 2005 and three times that in 2007.

Alternating Eyes for New Cinema Grammar

With both the Real D and NuVision LCS digital 3-D cinema platforms, the left and right eye images alternate sequentially at a high rate during projection. It is this technology that allows stereoscopic movies, running in dual streams simultaneously with separate left and right eye information, to play on one projector through a single lens.

On March 4, 2005, Real D acquired the Stereographics Corporation based in San Rafael and founded in 1980 by Lenny Lipton, an author and 3-D cinema historian. Lipton holds 20 patents for field sequential stereoscopic dis-
plays and with a September 2001 article in the *SMpte Journal* titled "The Stereoscopic Cinema: From Film to Digital Projection" wrote that "The deterrents to the widespread acceptance of the stereoscopic theatrical medium have, in principle, been solved by digital projection. The same projector can be used for showing planar content as well as stereo content with the flip of the switch."

Neil Feldman at In-Three pointed out that a single digital cinema server can deliver a 2-D and 3-D version of a movie to two different auditoriums simultaneously. That raises an important question which has both economic and artistic ramifications. Should movies be released simultaneously in "flat" and stereoscopic versions? This was the case with *The Polar Express* which played in a wide release (3000 screens) flat in 35mm and a handful of Large Format theaters (about 70) exclusively in 15/70mm 3-D. Despite the huge difference in numbers the 3-D version, playing in 2 percent of the theaters, pulled in 30 percent of the box-office.

Artistically, however, stereoscopic motion pictures might necessitate a new grammar for cinematic storytelling. 3-D movies like *Spy Kids* 3-D incorporating z-axis information within and in front of the screen can only work artistically in stereo. With the reality that any existing film can be converted to stereo, this aesthetic issue for stereoscopic cinema will acquire importance.

Now that the technology for production and exhibition of 3-D movies has, at last, become transparent, we can ask some pertinent questions. What new kind of story can be told using the motion picture screen as a stereoscopic window on another world? How can 3-D be used as an inherent element of the narrative? What can 3-D filmmakers do to incorporate audience space into their storytelling?

In his prescient essay from 1950, Ivor Montagu asked similar questions. The "apparent pictorial reality" of 3-D film was only the most obvious aspect of this new cinema language. "But, in respect to compositions and movements in the third dimension itself, that is, towards and away from the spectator," he observed, "we have here a gigantic, a tremendous, an immeasurable new power."

This artistic power can also generate a monetary engine. As with 3-D movies in Hollywood in 1952, the power of stereoscopic digital cinema can be an effective form of "differentiation" for exhibitors to lure people out of their homes, away from their increasingly sophisticated home theater systems, and back into motion picture theaters.

Montagu acknowledged that the Stereokino films were limited in their achievements. "However,

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**Nature Rises Up**

*(Continued from Inside Back Cover)*

(Actually, Terry Wilson obtained her phantogram images much further from any studio—the surface of Mars—and although she skillfully chose and manipulated JPL images into exquisite phantograms, the effort involved no trudging through exotic landscapes loaded down with specialized equipment. But her images, seen at both the Portland and Irving NSA Conventions, were among those that inspired Mr. Rothstein to more adventurous attempts here on Earth.)

His astounding results include cacti, fungi, wild foliage, rocks and seaweed exploding off the pages when viewed with the included glasses. Unlike pure table top phantograms which present the entire object as resting on the plane of the page, these images employ both sides of the window. Depressions in the ground, uneven rocks and pools of water appear below the page, supporting the main subject as it rises through the window (would "hatch" be more appropriate here?).

In only a couple of cases does the ground or base level of the image break the window (hatch?) along an edge, leaving rocks or leaves cut off and floating above the plane of the page. Just how this should be regarded will depend on the evolving aesthetic of phantogram art, but concentrating on these edges can make it evident how much better all the others work. The predominant greens, browns and golds of the selected subjects prevent any serious color problems for the anaglyphs, and ghosting is evident in only small sections of images shot in direct sun.

Some of the basics of creating phantograms in nature are revealed, step by step, on the final two pages of the book. One key is the use of a perspective reference frame, positioned over the subject at about the eventual plane of the final page and equipped with a level to match a level on the camera slide bar. In creating the final anaglyphic image, the frame guides the manipulation of perspective and is cropped out in the last step.

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References


Joshua Appleby (J.A.) Williams was a regional photographer who worked primarily in Newport, Rhode Island and whose stereoviews of that city offer a precious view into its way of life before the height of the Gilded Age. Williams was born in Newport in 1817 and died in nearby Middletown in 1892.

According to a town map in possession of Newport's Redwood Library & Athenaeum, Williams lived on Appleby Avenue, which must relate in some way to his middle name. In William C. Darrah's 1977 book, *The World of Stereographs*, Williams is listed as having worked in Newport and Portsmouth, which are both located (along with Middletown) on Aquidneck Island. Only rarely did Williams put his first or full name on his stereoviews; instead, he seems to have preferred being known as the "Original J.A. Williams." Information on file at the National Stereoscopic Association's Oliver Wendell Holmes Stereoscopic Research Library gives a clue why; there was a William A. Williams in town with whom J.A. Williams was apparently competing for use of the Williams name.

It was quite by accident that I discovered this wonderful photographer. On eBay, I bid on my first Williams stereoview after taking a trip to Newport in March of 2004. There I had visited the popular tourist destination The Breakers, and since I had recently begun a stereoview collection, I aimed to see what was available in the Newport genre. My first Newport purchase was a Williams stereoview, c.1870s, of "Pirate's Landing." I had been looking at that time as well for examples of earlier stereoviews with back labels, thus this stereoview satisfied more than one interest. As I began to see more Williams views appear on eBay, my fascination with his work grew, and within a year I had (potentially) rounded out my Williams portrait of Newport by adding 19 more of his views. I carefully selected each view from eBay vendors in order to construct a diverse panorama of the "City by the Sea."

Newport was indeed the playground of the rich in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. They would go there for the cool breezes.

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J.A. Williams, "Pirate's Landing." Williams did not number his views, which usually have hand-written descriptions on the back.
began to resemble palaces, and names like Vanderbilt and Astor were among the social elite list. Yet, that is the story of Newport beginning in the mid-19th century.

The city's heritage extends much further back to its origins as a colonial port, and many buildings still remain from that era. Williams, working in stereo in the 1870s and 80s, captured both these worlds during a time of major transition.

Who were Williams' clientele for his stereoviews? Modern collecting evidence illustrates that very well. First, the views that I acquired came from all over the United States and even England, but not from Newport itself. Obviously, Williams catered to a souvenir market for the many summer tourists to Newport.

Many of his views, whether back labeled or back stamped, advertise a range of his services, which
by commission as well. Views of people by him seem less common than places, however. More than likely, tourists wanted to carry away views of the locales they had seen in Newport in order to cherish their own memories in stereo. His views from all time periods have the location or scene depicted hand-labeled in the same (presumably his own) writing (ink or pencil). He even added the date to a few views, which was probably done upon request. The most unique story from my collecting of Williams' views regards my acquisition of two views from England. These were purchased a few months apart from separate dealers on eBay, each of whom did not have a provenance. However, each view was labeled in the same way, with the date (in each instance 1871) and country of origin added to the back label. This exhibits
how Williams would have tailored views to his consumers—in this case, most likely one British tourist. These views are of the Ocean House, a once popular hotel that had been rebuilt after a fire but which burnt down again in the late 1890s and was never reconstructed. This may have been where the British tourist stayed. The other view is an interior of Redwood Library, which, dating to 1747 is the oldest library in existence in this country today. The Redwood closed its main building recently for major interior renovations. These views, returning across the Atlantic (this time by plane) nearly 135 years later, almost perfectly preserve lost or significantly altered aspects of Newport culture.

Also of consequence is what Williams considered to be worthy of photographing, which extends into what people over time have made important as objects. For example, he captured plenty of the Old Stone Mill, most likely a 17th century creation but somewhat humorously argued over time to be a Viking ruin! The Old Stone Mill has continued to achieve recognition in every kind of souvenir item possible, and is one of the most common stereoview and postcard subjects in Newport. This is truly an example of form outweighing function. Another popular subject that Williams depicted is one that has not strongly held the public imagination today: Lime Rocks, host of the lighthouse that Ida Lewis kept, and the base from which she saved numerous lives. The profusion of Lime Rocks pho-
tos from Williams’ time demonstrates Lewis’ folk legend and indicates how that legend has faded over time.

While Williams made pleasant views of colonial Newport structures and bucolic haunts in the area, he also turned his attention to the exciting cottages of the time. These cottages for the most part are smaller structures than the mansions that are embedded in the public’s consciousness today. They are predominately wooden structures that while indeed large (especially for summer residences) are really more like cottages than mansions and are more Victorian in style than anything else (as opposed to the French Gothic and Italian Renaissance revival as well as neoclassical structures that were to completely dominate in time).

These views, as with others by Williams, are available in both the standard-sized stereoview format and in the larger size that was popular briefly at that time. One impressive view from my collection is of what, for its time, must have been a particularly large cottage. It is labeled on the back as “Lorillard.” I had trouble finding this mansion in any source until I
read that Cornelius Vanderbilt had purchased Pierre Lorillard's mansion and that when it later proceeded to burn down, Vanderbilt became determined to build a fire-proof mansion on the site. He succeeded, as The Breakers (completed in 1895 and named the same as the preexisting mansion) has withstood the test of time. Further, its famous architect, Richard Morris Hunt, was apparently also the designer of the "Marquand" cottage of which I have a Williams view.

Stereographic interest in Newport was evidently almost exclusively a late 19th century phenomenon. In addition to Williams, there are fine series in E. and H.T. Anthony's "Newport and its Villas" as well the apparently quite rare 1895 coverage of Newport at the peak of its Gilded Age splendor by B.W. Kilburn. Yet, it was the "Original" himself, Williams, who, living in the community for all his life, gives the most rounded, most extensive three-dimensional portal into Newport. He captured Newport as it was in the throes of producing so much of the history that we diligently seek to preserve today.
Now you can keep track of birthdays and anniversaries permanently and in 3-D! The Roman Birthday Calendar is a perpetual calendar with ample space beside each date for names and details about events occurring on the same date every year.

The calendar is illustrated with 13 full size color image pairs of Rome and surrounding areas by NSA member Dale Walsh. Many of them are from his Stereo Theater show "Urbi and Orbi: Rome and the Rest of the Universe" presented at the NSA convention in Richmond. The calendar's 13 images took First Place for Modern views at the NSA Card Exhibition in Irving, Texas July, 2005.

Very popular in Europe, these calendars are usually hung in the kitchen, bathroom, den or study and are used to remember family, friends and other important birthdays.

The calendar is available in four versions: flat English or French and stereoscopic English or French. The flat versions are printed on Matte Heavyweight paper at 1440 DPI from 626 DPI files. The stereoscopic versions are printed at 5760 x 720 optimized DPI on Ilford Professional Ink jet Classic Pearl Paper using acid free dye based Epson photo inks. This combination is estimated to be light resistant for approximately 20 years in ideal conditions.

All calendars are signed, dated and numbered by the photographer. A version may be ordered using Epson Colorlife Photo Paper that is light resistant to 27 years according to Epson. Flat or 3-D calendars are $25 shipping included.

“Archival” Colorlife calendars are $35. Plus shipping, all prices in US dollars.

They can be ordered from Dale Walsh, 7722 rue Centrale, LaSalle, Quebec H8P 1L8 CANADA, dale.walsh@mail.mcgill.ca or from Berezin Stereo Photography Products, 21686 Abedul, Mission Viejo, CA 92691, www.Berezin.com/3d.

Sky to Fall in Digital Depth

Walt Disney Studios' Chicken Little, a CGI animated film, will be released for digital 3-D projection November 4, 2005 in "selected Theaters". Dolby Laboratories will install its Dolby® Digital Cinema systems in approximately 100 specially-selected, high-profile theatres in 25 top markets for the 3-D film. Industrial Light & Magic (a Lucasfilm Ltd. company) will do the 3-D rendering. See http://disney.go.com/disneypictures/chickennlitle.
Bully for IMAX 3D!

*The Ant Bully*, an animated CGI film will be released in both IMAX 3D and 2D formats on August 4, 2006. The film will be digitally converted into IMAX 3D via IMAX Digital Re-mastering technology. *The Ant Bully* is directed and adapted by John A. Davis, writer and director of *Santa Vs. The Snowman 3D*, which was released in IMAX 3D in November 2002. The film is based on a book by John Nickle, which tells the tale of a young boy who floods an ant colony with his water-gun, and is magically shrunk down to insect size and sentenced to hard labor in the ruins. Before returning to half-pint stature, he comes to appreciate the selfless nature of the ants and learns a valuable lesson about tolerance and empathy. Voices will include Nicolas Cage, Julia Roberts, Meryl Streep, Paul Giamatti, Lily Tomlin, Cheri Oteri, Alan Cumming, Regina King, Ricardo Montalban and newcomer Zach Tyler Eisen.

"IMAX 3D is the most advanced three-dimensional moviegoing experience in the world. We've previously released, with great success, *The Polar Express: An IMAX 3D Experience* and *NASCAR 3D: The IMAX Experience,*" said Dan Fellman, President of Domestic Distribution at Warner Bros. Pictures. 

Ten Hours of '80s 3-D?

Cable channel VH1 is promoting a fall show called "I Love the 80's: 3-D" to feature comics, rock stars and other celebrities in ten episodes covering the music, movies, TV shows, fashions, fads, and trends of pop culture during each year of that decade. Music, movie, ad and news clips will be humorously combined with current interviews with personalities like Mo Rocca of NPR, Michael Ian Black, Hal Sparks and Rachael Harris. VH1 publicity gives no hint of what material will be original 3-D, conversions or pure prank, but does mention the use of anaglyphic glasses. The series will premier October 24-28 at 9:00 pm.

Digital Monster House to Hit 100+ Screens

If you enjoyed the "Performance Capture" digital animation technology introduced in *The Polar Express* (SW Vol. 30 No. 5, page 5), be ready for *Monster House* on July 21, 2006. Also from Sony Pictures Imageworks, the feature length film will be released in more than 100 multiplex theaters in REAL D's digital 3-D format (see "Threshold of the Future" in this issue).

*Monster House* follows the dependable thrill ride formula of kids on Halloween vs a scary house and is produced by Robert Zemeckis, Steve Starkey, Jack Rapke and Steven Spielberg. Executive producer is Jason Clark.

A U.S. 3-D Cell Phone Connection

The 3-D software and content company DDD Group has signed a development agreement with one of the world's top five mobile telephone handset manufacturers to integrate the DDD Mobile® software with an autostereoscopic 3-D handset that is currently in development. Their autostereoscopic 3-D mobile displays allow the presentation of photos, animations, movies and real-time 2-D to 3-D conversion capabilities in a 3-D format on mobile telephones. See www.DDD.com.

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Paris 1944 (Continued from page 24)

man certainly must be a member of F.E.L., who were killed the same day on Bois de l'Église road, near the train tracks. The American reconnaissance airplanes are sufficient to demoralize the Germans. At 2:30 they announce, the impending American bombing. . . . At four, two "Jeep" cars of the first American patrol stop in front of our fence. We inform them where the Germans could be. They leave and return around 7 asking again for information. They go down to the police station where everybody celebrates them. The German tanks left towards Sucy and Noiseau. They announce that a German tank is coming from Bonneuil and that they will fight with it, and consequently ask everybody to go home . . . nevertheless . . . people stay and others do not stop coming in great numbers. The tank they talked about actually went another way.

Sunday August 27

A large parade of American equipment of all kinds. All afternoon people cheer them.
### Classified

#### For Sale

<table>
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<tr>
<th>3-D NEWFOUNDLAND Book of 29 modern Holmes views of sites &amp; scenes around the island. Comes with a stereo viewer. Web: <a href="http://www.starosta.com/newfoundland/">http://www.starosta.com/newfoundland/</a> e-mail: <a href="mailto:holzner@firstva.com">holzner@firstva.com</a></th>
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<tr>
<td>3-D PHOTO BOOTH, manufacturer’s prototype, converted CAPCOM booth, $4,495, with lighted sample viewer and 3-D graphics. Dispenses 3x4” image Polaroid film, anaglyphic photo frames and viewers. Rare collectible. Article 11/95 SW, <a href="mailto:Steve@HindesLab.com">Steve@HindesLab.com</a> <a href="http://www.HindesLab.com/3DPhotoBooth.html">www.HindesLab.com/3DPhotoBooth.html</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>BOOK, The Siege at Port Arthur, hardback with 3-D viewer. $15 Econ Air. (Cash preferred). Ron Blum, 2 Hussey Ave., Oaklands Park SA 5046, Australia</td>
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<tr>
<td>CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD Photographic History Museum. Stereographs of the first transcontinental railroad are now on display at: <a href="http://CPRR.org">http://CPRR.org</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LCD SHUTTER glasses, 10 available, $30 ea. Shutter Sl, drivers, 5 available, $30 ea. One Realeyes, $100, Brad Bishop, 7728 Boeing Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90045</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEW REVISED EDITION of John Waldsmith’s “Stereo Views, An illustrated History and Price Guide” is available signed by the author, $24.95 softbound, add $2.95 postage and handling. (Foreign customers add an additional $1.25.) Please note there is no hardbound of this edition. Mastercard or Visa accepted. John Waldsmith, PO Box 83, Sharon Center, OH 44274. Website: <a href="http://www.YourAuctionPage.com/Waldsmith">www.YourAuctionPage.com/Waldsmith</a>. OHIO Stereo Photographic Society invites you to our meetings on the first Tuesday of each month at AAA Headquarters at 5700 Brecksville Road, Independence OH. Web: <a href="http://home.att.net/~ogps/">http://home.att.net/~ogps/</a> or George Themelis (440) 838-4752 or Chuck Weiss (330) 833-4342</td>
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#### For Sale

| 0-VU DIE-CUT FOLDOVER MOUNTS simplify mounting your print stereo views. Sample kit $6. Beginner’s kit with camera. Holmes viewer, samples kit, mounts, film, batteries, $79.99 up. 0-VU, Box 55, Hollivite, CA 92250-0055 |
| 3-D PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOP Videos. Topics include Making Anaglyphs, 2D To 3D Conversion, Making Stereo Cards, etc. More coming, $25 each. Details: http://home.comcast.net/~workshops/ or send SASE for list to Dennis Green, 550 E. Webster, Ferndale, MI 48220 |
| STEREOPHOTOVIEW PRICE GUIDE. Only $12.00! Great for people buying from auctions and for collectors who want to know the lowest realized auction values. Only numbered views over $50 are listed. Doc Boehme, 1236 Oakcrest Ave W, Roseville, MN 55113, info@iamdoc.com |
| USED ALUMINUM Realist type stereo masks, normal or close-up. Also used EMDE stereo masks, normal, 7 sprocket, close-up, ultra close-up, and EMDE stereo mask frames. $4.00 for 50, postpaid in USA. Personal check OK. Paul Milligan, 508 La Cima Circle, Gallup, NM 87301, prmilligan@msn.com |

#### Wanted

| BRASIL STEREOVIEWS. Chris Wampole, cbwsmw@bellsouth.net 5053 SE Devenon Way, Stuart FL 34997 |
| BUTTE COUNTY, California, especially Chico, Oroville, Magalia, Sacramento Valley, Feather River, and local pioneer John Bidwell. Seeking Muybridge Modoc War panorama, #1604. Lee Laney, 335 W Lincoln Ave., Chico, CA 95926. Laneyhogs@aol.com |
| COLLECT, TRADE, BUY & SELL: 19th Century images (cased, stereo, cdv, cabinet & large paper) Bill Lee, 8658 Galidator Way, Sandy, UT 84094. billleetle@juno.com Specialties: Western, Locomotives, Photographers, Indians, Mining, J. Carbutt, Expeditions, Ships, Utah and occupational |
| CORTE-SCOPE VIEWS or sets, any subject or condition. No viewers unless with views. John Waldsmith, 302 Granger Rd., Medina, OH 44256 |
| COLE, White Mountain views, particularly for my collection. Town views, main streets, bridges, homes, occupational, coaches, railroads, etc. Email me at damaricollins@gmail.com or call Dennis Green at (313) 755-1389. THE DETROIT Stereographic Society invites you to attend our monthly meetings at the Livonia Senior Center, on the second Wednesdays, September through June. Visit our website http://home.comcast.net/~dssweb/ or call Dennis Green at (313) 755-1389. |

#### Wanted

| I BUY ARIZONA PHOTOGRAPHS! Stereoviews, cabinet cards, mounted photographs, RP post cards, albums and photographs taken before 1920. Also interested in Xeroxes of Arizona stereographs and photos for research. Will pay postage and copy costs. Jeremy Rowe, 2120 S. Las Palmas Cir., Mesa, AZ 85202 |
| I BUY PENNSYLVANIA stereoviews by Purviance, Gutekunst, and Henderson. Top prices paid. I buy CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA views by ANY photographer. Fred Lergch, 20 Star Lane, Lewis-town, PA 17044. PH/FAX 717-248-4454, fredanddede83@yahoo.com |
| KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE views, particularly McCrory and Brandon, for View-Master project. Originals or scans acceptable. Michael (888-782-8782 toll-free) or michael@viewproductions.com |
| LOUIS HELLER of Yreka and Fort Jones, California! Anything! Also, any early California or western views wanted. Carl Mautz, cmautz@comcast.net, (530) 478-1610. |
| MUYBRIDGE VIEWS - Top prices paid. Also Michigan and Mining - the 3Ms. Many views available for trade. Leonard Walle, 47530 Edin-borough Lane, Novi, MI 48374. |
| NATIONAL BANK STEREO VIEWS. I am beginning a collection of National (not savings or other) banks, United States, all eras, interior and exterior. I would appreciate any offers and will respond to all. Dave Bowers, PO Box 539, Wolfeboro Falls, NH 03896. Email: ddbarchive@metrocast.net |
| NATIONAL BANK STEREO VIEWS. I am beginning a collection of National (not savings or other) banks, United States, all eras, interior and exterior. I would appreciate any offers and will respond to all. Dave Bowers, PO Box 539, Wolfeboro Falls, NH 03896. Email: ddbarchive@metrocast.net |
| SINGLE VIEWS, or complete sets of “Longfellow’s Wayside Inn” done by D. C. Osborn, Artist, Assabet, Mass., Lawrence M. Rochette, 169 Woodland Drive, Marlborough, MA 01752. |
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Dave Bowers
PO Box 539
Wolfeboro Falls, NH 03896

e-mail: qdbarchive@metrocast.net

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<th>Per 100</th>
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← Left: Helene Leutner
(German Actress)

→ Right: The Young Velocipedist

← Left: Edward Stokes, who shot Jim Fisk over a woman.
→ Right: View from the wood car, behind the locomotive in full motion.

← Left: Tissue Genre View.
→ Right: General U.S. Grant

...
Nature Rises Up
review by John Dennis

Whatever else it may be, it's clearly the biggest 3-D publication to appear in some time. That's thanks to the 11x14 inch page size in which Phantograms from nature is printed. The large size allows life size pieces of the natural world to literally rise up from the book's pages as they lay flat on the desk or table in front of you.

Like more familiar phantogram images of table top items, posed models, or stereo drawings, these images must be viewed at about a 45° angle with anaglyphic glasses to make the carefully calculated perspectives work their magic to produce the illusion of a standing object. But stereographer Barry Rothstein has abandoned the controlled atmosphere of the studio for the uneven, windy, and overgrown terrain of the natural world to capture carefully selected, small plots of it in phantograms.

(Continued on page 27)