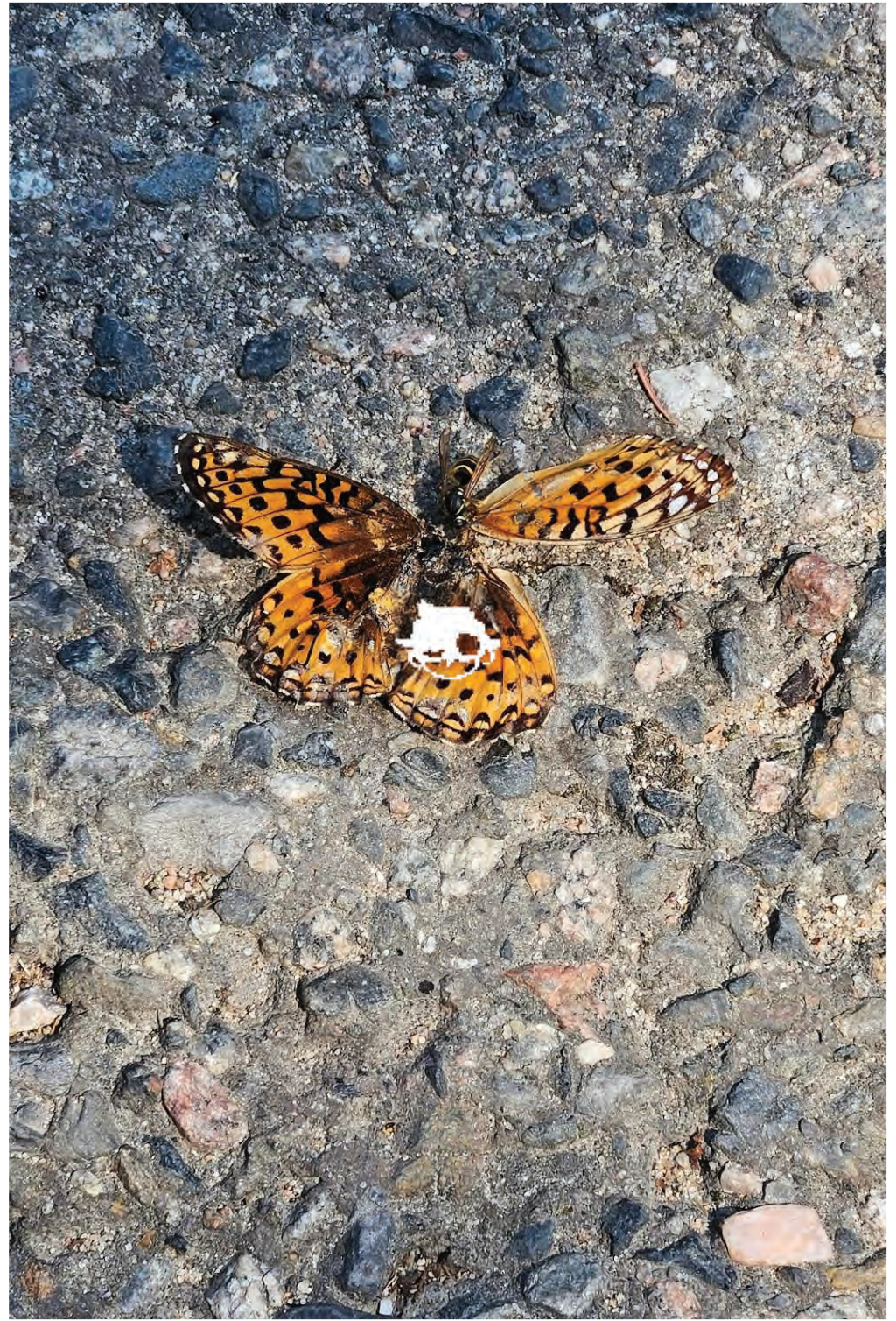




This was written on the homeland of First Nation, Métis, and Inuit peoples, including Anishinabeg, Anisininew, Nehiyawak, Nehinawak, Ininewak, Dakota Oyata, and Dene Chipewyan. Trying to compose an encompassing list of peoples, from my specific perspective as a diasporic immigrant, intimates histories of harm and violence that have involved the occlusion of certain groups against the centering of others—all of whom became and continue to be marginalized in “normative” settler colonial society.

The first issue of the series *status report* failed to include an acknowledgement such as this one. I apologize for this oversight.





Samuel Rowland Morgan, *Thomas Glendenning Hamilton*, in *Index to Psychic Science: An introduction to systematized knowledge of psychical experience* (Swarthmore, 1950): 55. Accessed 15 December 2025, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Thomas_Glendenning_Hamilton.png

it is September 2025. the leaves are taking on the same colour as a wildfire does in the middle of the night in the middle of June. it is 29° celsius and i am on a new prescription. my contract was extended past the end of summer, meaning that six months have passed. the sky is still there.

with the new fall semester a month in, my schedule has started to find a familiar rhythm of reading during the day and writing at night. i try to gather myself and take stock of what i'm thinking about right now. also the state of my life. it's a demanding activity that's easier to manage within a given medium's established format. because it's so terrifying, i flee from the responsibility it demands. wow, what a didactic way of saying that it takes effort to be self-reflective, and that i don't want to do it.

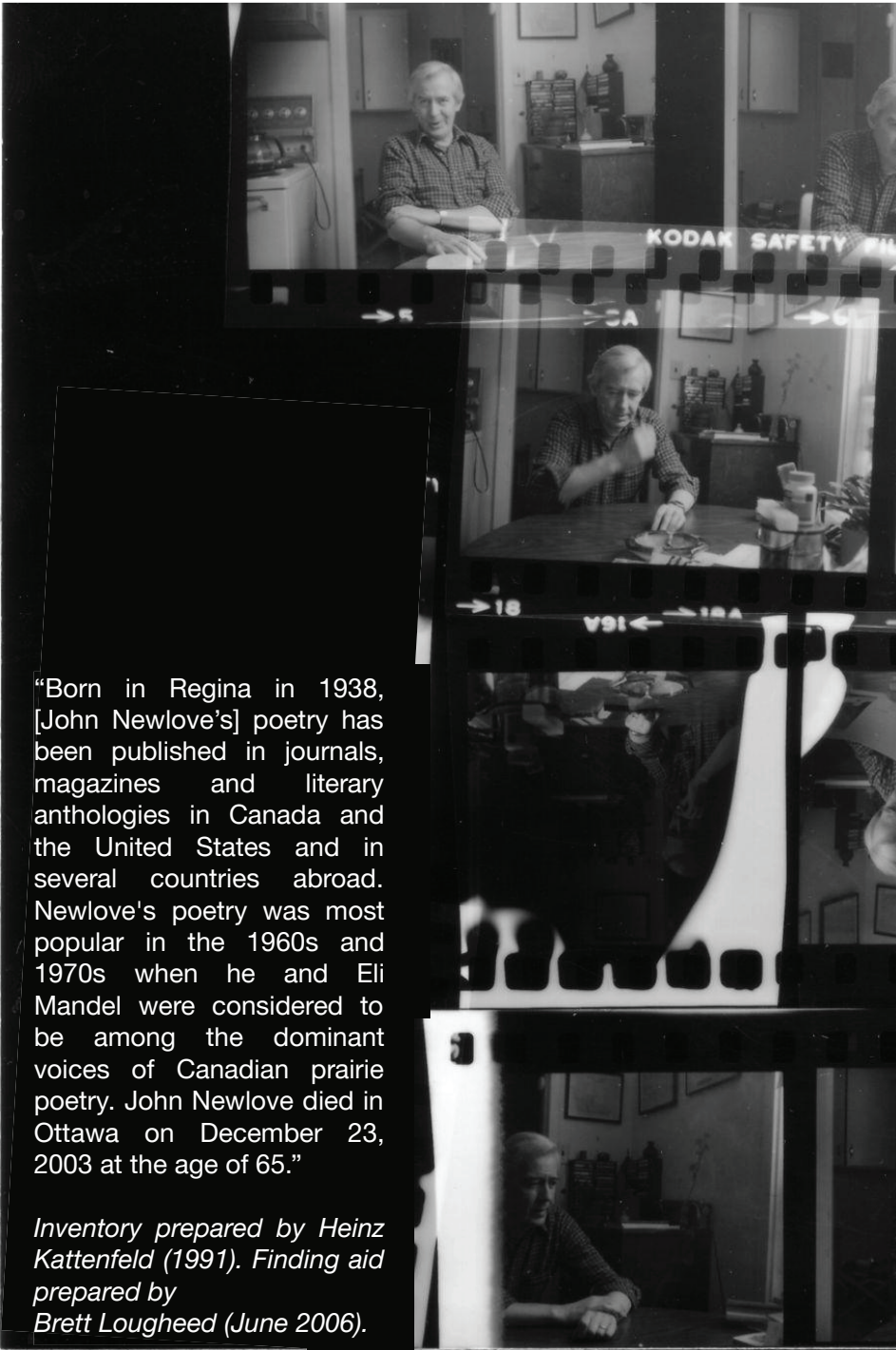
my work hours got reduced from full-time to sixteen per week. that said, i'm registered for five courses right now so it's not as if i have more rest ~~leisure~~ downtime. starting the graduate program proper has helped reframe many of the initial questions in the previous issue, as well as how i'm moving forward with the internship. for instance, my last use of **Seeklight** was on June 25. the amount of born-digital assets on **JSTOR DSS** has remained at **2.4 GB** (corresponding to sixteen accessions composed of 3 213 individual items).

what a waste of an opportunity! this is true. it is also true that i have not had the time to read up on the usage of generative AI, cases of its use in actual archival preservation workflows (analog and digital), and the ethical standard with which doing so should be upheld. One survey conducted by Pendergrass et al. (2019) on the term "sustainability" in cultural heritage literature identified that concerns on the subject were centered on funding, staffing, and environmental impacts. All three of these need to be explored as it relates to Seeklight and the backlog. Financially, it's [redacted] the University of Manitoba: [redacted]

[redacted] but [redacted]
[redacted], while I get [redacted], according to the contract i've signed with the Libraries' RSDS unit. i hope that helps illustrate the legal dimension for you.

Tracking the data use of my workstation from June 1 to July 2, when most of the work on JSTOR DSS was done, revealed a total of **788.77 GB** in network traffic (data uploaded and downloaded). The typical Canadian Internet service provider (ISP) subscriber uploads and downloads **549 GB** in a month. The figure I produced includes other steps involved in the preservation process, such as uploading large dumps of files to the local server, as well as general work stuff like emails and Teams.

Admittedly, this is a less comprehensive measurement than desired; it still provides a decent representation of preservation work in all of its functions and activities. When you include the fact that 788.77 GB does not include my personal use (and I do love my 4K enhanced-bitrate streaming services), the total grows. But no way in hell are you getting my personal use data.



"Born in Regina in 1938, [John Newlove's] poetry has been published in journals, magazines and literary anthologies in Canada and the United States and in several countries abroad. Newlove's poetry was most popular in the 1960s and 1970s when he and Eli Mandel were considered to be among the dominant voices of Canadian prairie poetry. John Newlove died in Ottawa on December 23, 2003 at the age of 65."

Inventory prepared by Heinz Kattenfeld (1991). Finding aid prepared by Brett Loughheed (June 2006).



Interlude, On Sufjan Stevens' *Carrie & Lowell* (2015)

Sufjan Stevens' seventh studio album, *Carrie & Lowell* (2015), is named after his mother and stepfather (respectively). Stevens described Carrie in a published interview with *Pitchfork*:

“She left when I was one, so I have no memory of her and my father being married. She just wandered off. She felt that she wasn't equipped to raise us, so she gave us to our father. It wasn't until I was 5 that Carrie married Lowell. He worked in a bookstore in Eugene, Oregon, and we spent three summers out there—that's when we actually saw our mother the most.”²

Carrie died of stomach cancer in December, 2012.

The album itself is less a memorial and more a representation of the complicated and messy unfolding of grief. Stevens uses song to recall the tumultuous relationship he shared with his mother, who he refers to only as “Carrie” in lieu of a more familiar, informal term like *mom*. Like his sixth album, *The Age of Adz* (2010), Stevens blends themes of real emotion and lived experience with mythological symbolism, epic in scale, to convey intimate and precious meaning in *Carrie & Lowell*.

Carrie was mostly absent from Stevens' life. In spite of their bond, the two lived largely estranged until her death; the news of her deteriorating condition brought Stevens to Carrie's side one last time. The point where fiction makes contact with fact in *Carrie & Lowell* blurs like the faces in a childhood memory.

Spirit of my silence, I can hear you
But I'm afraid to be near you
And I don't know where to begin
And I don't know where to begin

Somewhere in the desert, there's a forest
And an acre before us
But I don't know where to begin
But I don't know where to begin again
I lost my strength completely
Oh, be near me, tired old mare
With the wind in your hair

Amethyst and flowers on the table (on the table)
Is it real or a fable? (Is it real or a fable?)
Well, I suppose, a friend is a friend
And we all know how this will end

Chimney swift that finds me, be my keeper
(be my keeper)
Silhouette of a cedar (silhouette of a cedar)
What is that song you sing for the dead?
What is that song you sing for the dead?

I see the signal searchlight strike me
In the window of my room
Well, I've got nothing to prove
Well, I've got nothing to prove

I forgive you, mother, I can hear you (I can hear you)
And I long to be near you (and I long to be near you)
But every road leads to an end
Yes, every road leads to an end

Your apparition passes through me in the willows
Five red hens, you'll never see us again
You'll never see us again

“Death With Dignity,” track 1 on Sufjan Stevens, *Carrie & Lowell*, Asthmatic Kitty Records, 2015, accessed September 27, 2025, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JTeKpWp8Psw&list=RDJTeKpWp8Psw&start_radio=1

“The Never Ending Road,” track 13 on Al Simmons, *The Truck I Bought from Moe*, MNRK Music Group, July 4, 2005, originally published 1997.

“Al Simmon’s CD with Warren’s voice as radio announcer,” 2000, TC 62 MSS 087 a2001-012, box 10, folder 7, Peter Warren fonds

Warren’s lines are **written in red.**

i bet you we’ve been drivin’ now for seven hours steady
i’d consider turning back except we’ve come so far already
i’d stop and ask directions but i’ll bet they wouldn’t know
and anyway i haven’t time, we’ve got too far to go

the perpetual path of pavement that’s unravelling before us
has a panoramic vista that there’s nothing more than forest
fence-post after fence-post pass like seconds on a clock
we’re reading ads on billboards and graffiti on the rocks

we’re on the never ending road (we’re on the never ending road)
we’re on the never ending road

we should’ve been there long ago by my calculation
the seat that i am sitting on’s cut off my circulation
i better concentrate, i better drive for all i’m worth
i think that we’re about to circumnavigate the earth

i’m running out of patience
and water’s even stranger [?]
i’m running out of gas
i guess i’m running into danger
i’m not concerned i’ll doze off or take a little nap
i’m worried if this road ends we’ll drive right off the map

we’re on the never ending road (we’re on the never ending road)
we’re on the never ending road

I think that road construction crew was very

inconsiderate
all they’ve gone and done is build a highway that is infinite
it doesn’t matter anymore (a-lee-da-lee-da-lee)
this isn’t highway ten
this is a sideways figure-eight

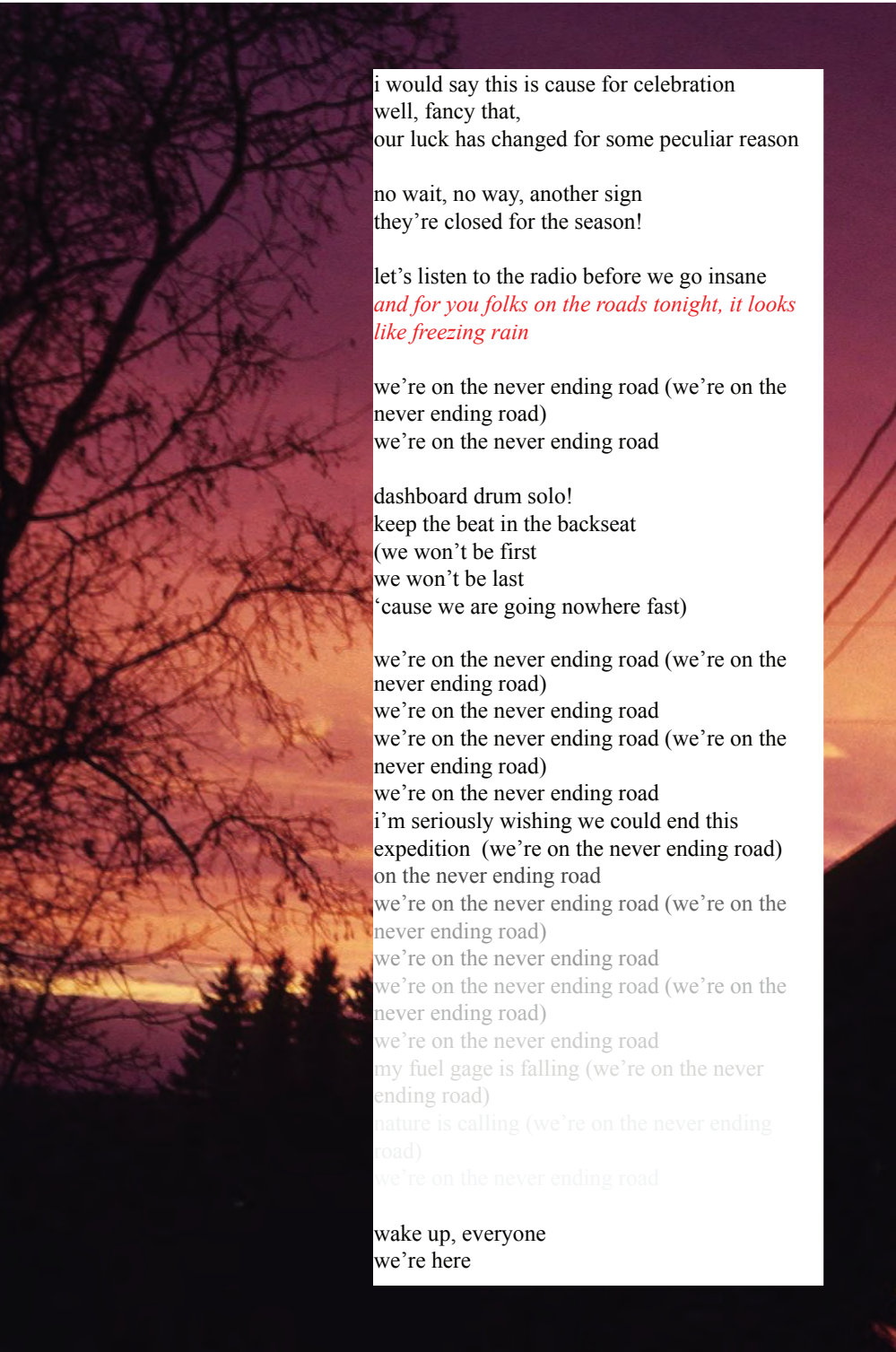
we’re not only not arriving
we’re not in the vicinity
yet i know where we are going
we’re driving to infinity

it’s like we’re walking up an escalator going down
like a hamster in a wheel
we’re going ‘round and
‘round and
‘round and
‘round and
‘round and
‘round and
‘round and
‘round and
‘round

the road continues to unravel
does it lengthen as we travel
no! the pavement’s turned to gravel
will this nightmare ever end?

i’m staring at the center lines,
just looking up to read the signs
only you can prevent forest fires
come on down to moe’s garage for winter tires
proceed with caution
deer crossing
soft shoulder
falling boulders
do not pass
last chance for gas
tourist information
hydro station

ah, tourist information? tourist information



i would say this is cause for celebration
well, fancy that,
our luck has changed for some peculiar reason

no wait, no way, another sign
they're closed for the season!

let's listen to the radio before we go insane
*and for you folks on the roads tonight, it looks
like freezing rain*

we're on the never ending road (we're on the
never ending road)
we're on the never ending road

dashboard drum solo!
keep the beat in the backseat
(we won't be first
we won't be last
'cause we are going nowhere fast)

we're on the never ending road (we're on the
never ending road)

we're on the never ending road

we're on the never ending road (we're on the
never ending road)

we're on the never ending road

i'm seriously wishing we could end this
expedition (we're on the never ending road)
on the never ending road

we're on the never ending road (we're on the
never ending road)

we're on the never ending road

we're on the never ending road (we're on the
never ending road)

we're on the never ending road

my fuel gage is falling (we're on the never
ending road)

nature is calling (we're on the never ending
road)

we're on the never ending road

wake up, everyone
we're here

newlove's fonds are not the only situation where born-digital and digitized items have not been distinguished. Items labelled PC and TC in Marvin Francis' fonds include mini-cassettes and CDs. Items labelled EL in the same accession refer to 3.5" floppy disks and not the CDs. Sorry, that was cheap. I'll try not to do that again.

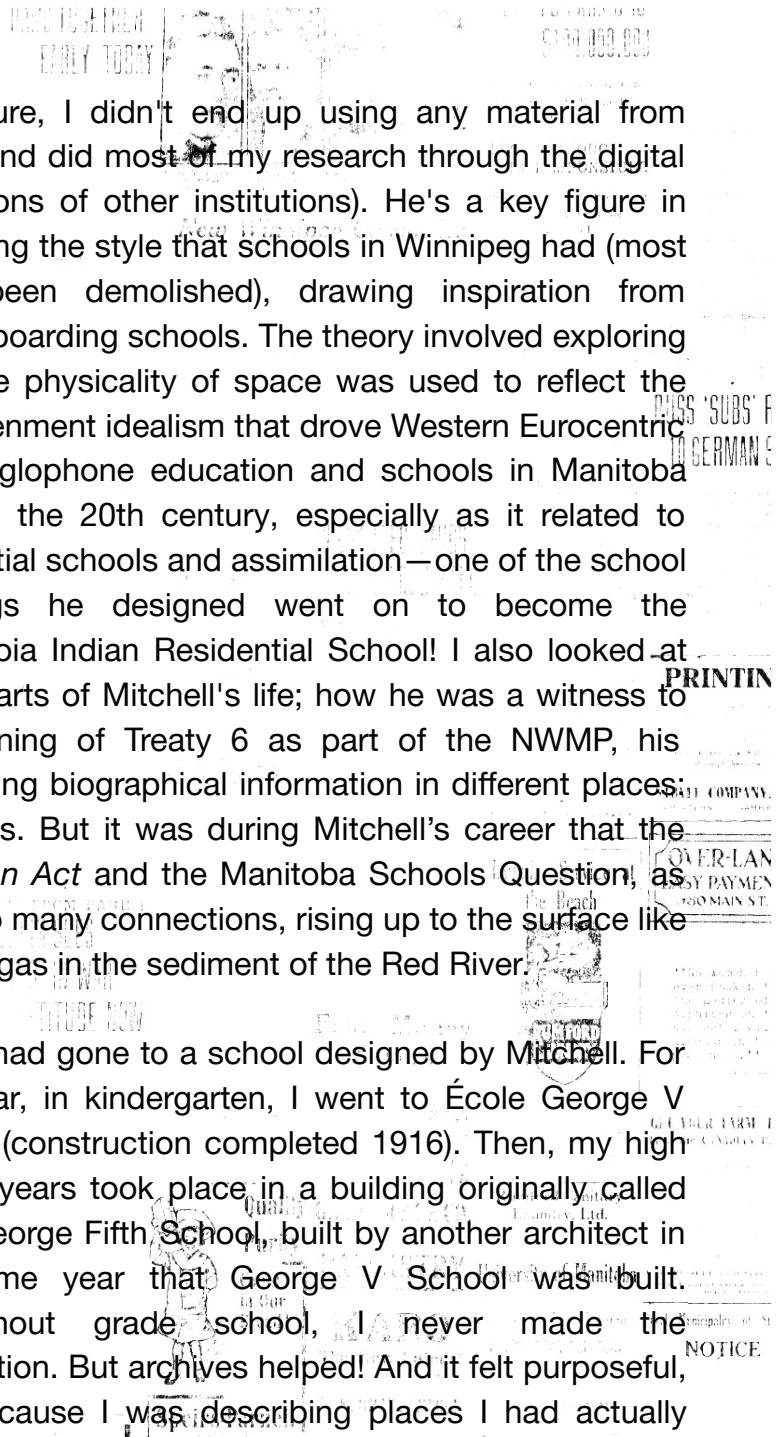
This confusion extends from mislabelling to the organization of digital storage. Returning to the distinction between digitized and born-digital material, digital items are stored in separate servers corresponding to their given origin. Given both digitized and born-digital material share the identifier EL, assets listed on the digital asset register (which, as was mentioned in the previous issue, is meant to index born-digital assets), may be digitized and thus stored in the digitized server. This is important to note; prior to accessing the digitized server, the location of these assets were unknown.

I want to make clear that this isn't some scathing review. I work for the Archives, you know? And I actually really like it. My first archival encounter involved a project on school-building architecture in Winnipeg. I called it "Space of Learning/Space Unlearning: School-building and School Buildings in Winnipeg, from George V." It involved an architect named James Bertram Mitchell who served on the Winnipeg School Board at the same time Daniel McIntyre was superintendent. Some of the records related to his work are in the Archives of Manitoba (full

disclosure, I didn't end up using any material from there, and did most of my research through the digital collections of other institutions). He's a key figure in designing the style that schools in Winnipeg had (most have been demolished), drawing inspiration from British boarding schools. The theory involved exploring how the physicality of space was used to reflect the Enlightenment idealism that drove Western Eurocentric and Anglophone education and schools in Manitoba through the 20th century, especially as it related to residential schools and assimilation—one of the school buildings he designed went on to become the Assiniboia Indian Residential School! I also looked at other parts of Mitchell's life; how he was a witness to the signing of Treaty 6 as part of the NWMP, his conflicting biographical information in different places; I digress. But it was during Mitchell's career that the *Thornton Act* and the *Manitoba Schools Question*, as well. So many connections, rising up to the surface like natural gas in the sediment of the Red River.

I had gone to a school designed by Mitchell. For one year, in kindergarten, I went to École George V School (construction completed 1916). Then, my high school years took place in a building originally called King George Fifth School, built by another architect in the same year that George V School was built. Throughout grade school, I never made the connection. But archives helped! And it felt purposeful, too, because I was describing places I had actually

This page and following: "City Briefs: New Elmwood School," page 5, *Winnipeg Evening Tribune*, June 9, 1915, Winnipeg Tribune Fonds, UM Digital Collections, UMASC, Accessed October 18, 2025, hdl.handle.net/70719/1598202.



been in. I was doing my best to return to my memories and make meaning where there hadn't been. But I've also been taught that that's impossible. You can't return to memories. It technically wasn't the same school; just the same building. The iterations of the place I was talking about were separated by over a century. It's like a metaphor, sillyhead.

What did Heraclitus say again?

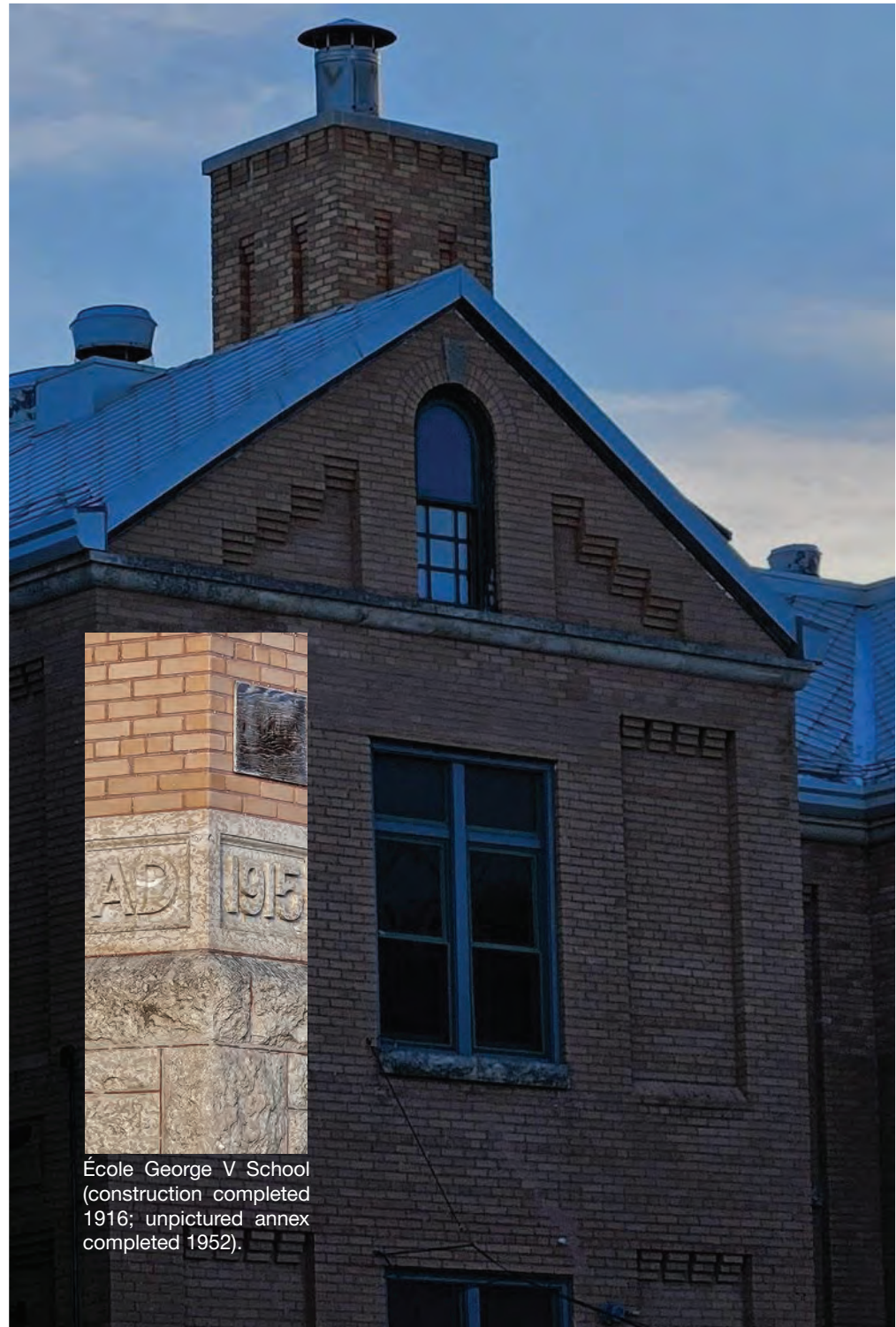
cropped images from a caricature of J. M. Mitchell riding a horse and carrying a smoking rifle; the body of a bison and an RCMP Stetson hat are visible in the background. Hay Stead & Donald McRitchies (illustrators), Manitobans As We See 'Em, 1908 and 1909 (Winnipeg: Newspaper Cartoonists' Association of Manitoba, 1909), last revised August 14, 2024, mhs.mb.ca/docs/people/manitobansasweseeem.shtml

"a. Non-Commercial Use Generally

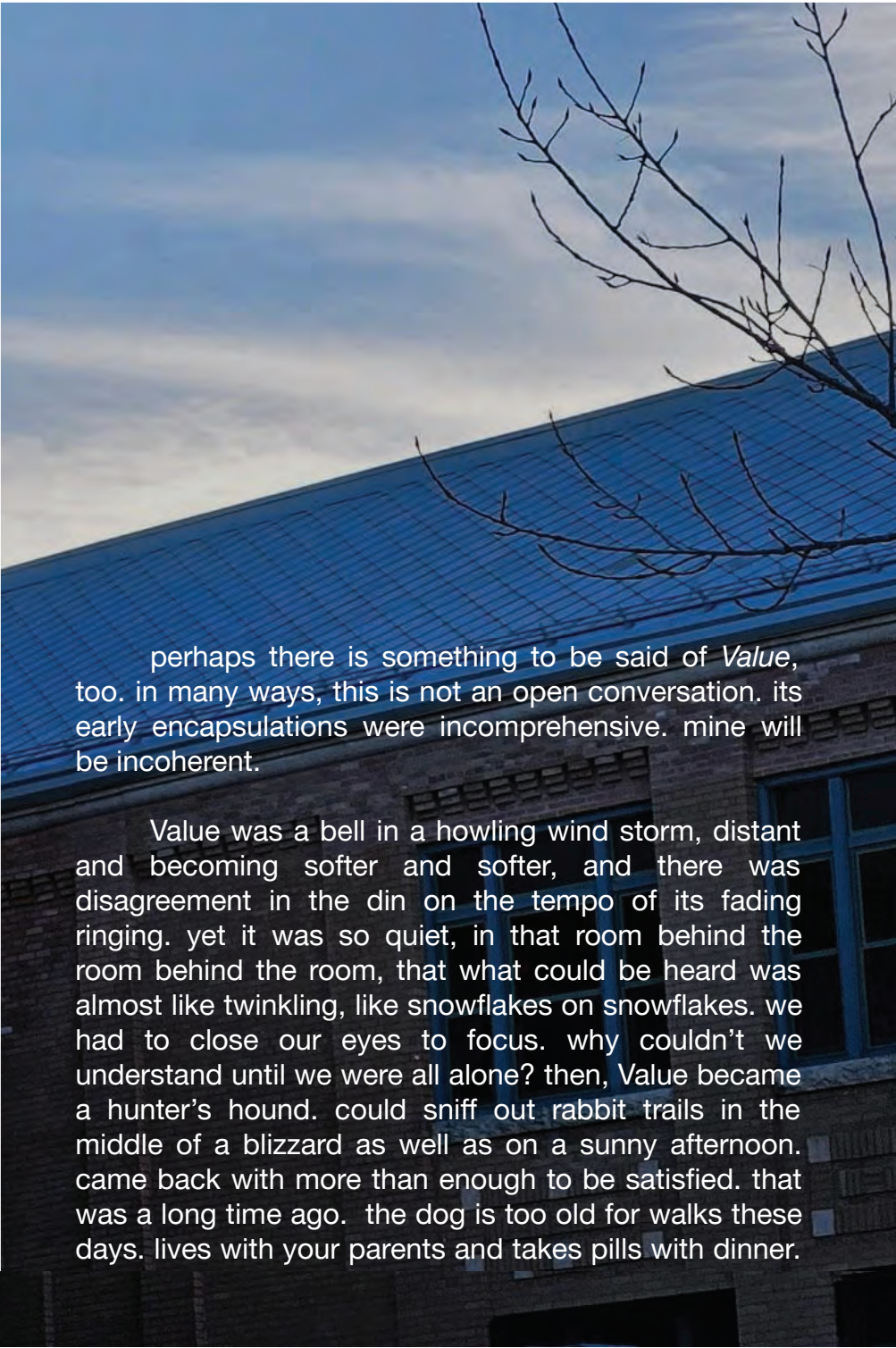
The [MHS] Website was created to foster the widespread distribution of information about Manitoba's history. As such, except for archival content (see below), you may use the content on the Website (the "Content") for non-commercial purposes without charge provided that you explicitly acknowledge the MHS as the source of the information using the following citation:

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Manitoba Historical Society, "Terms & Conditions," last modified September 17, 2019, <https://www.mhs.ca/terms-conditions/>

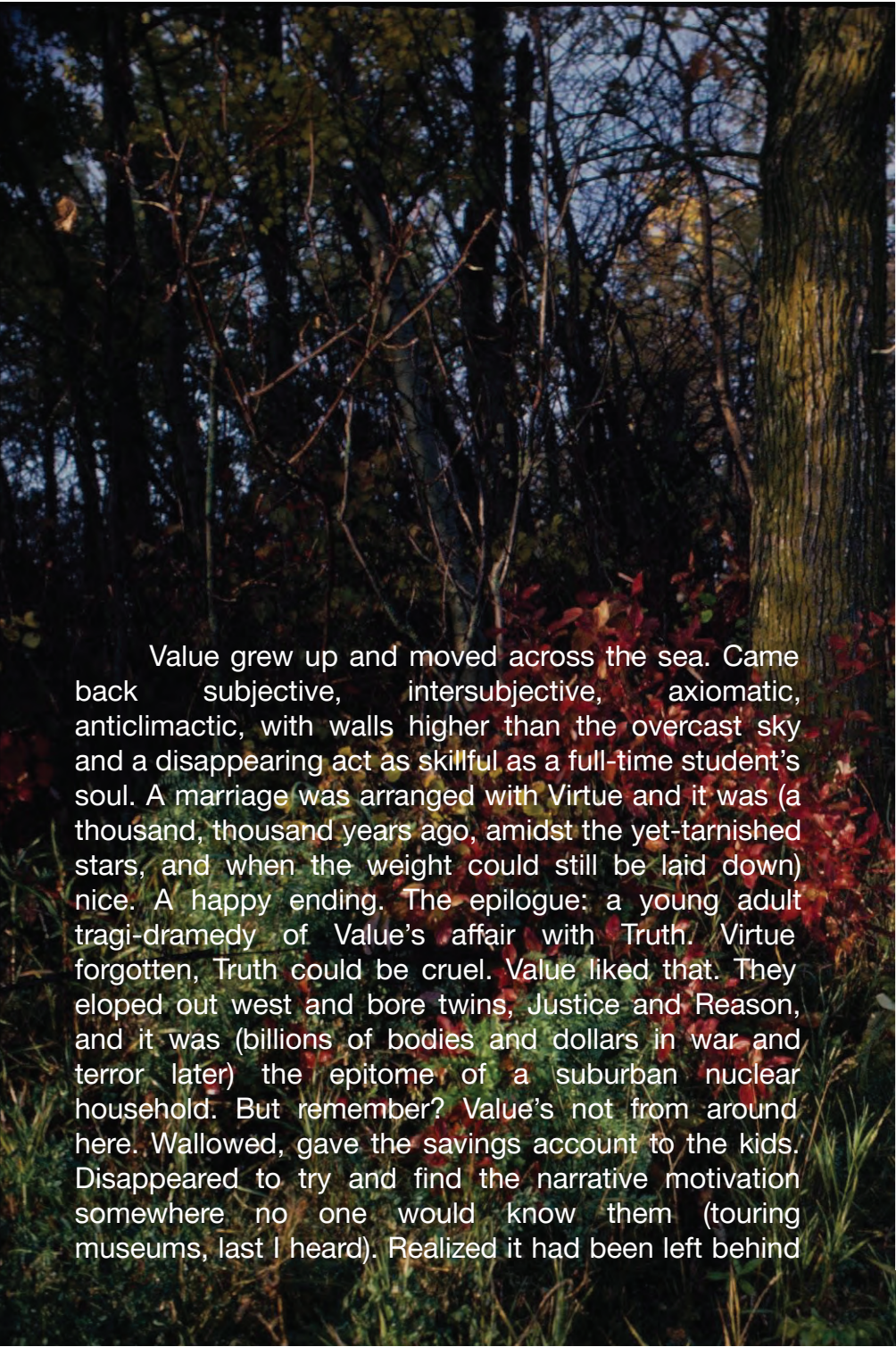


École George V School (construction completed 1916; unpictured annex completed 1952).

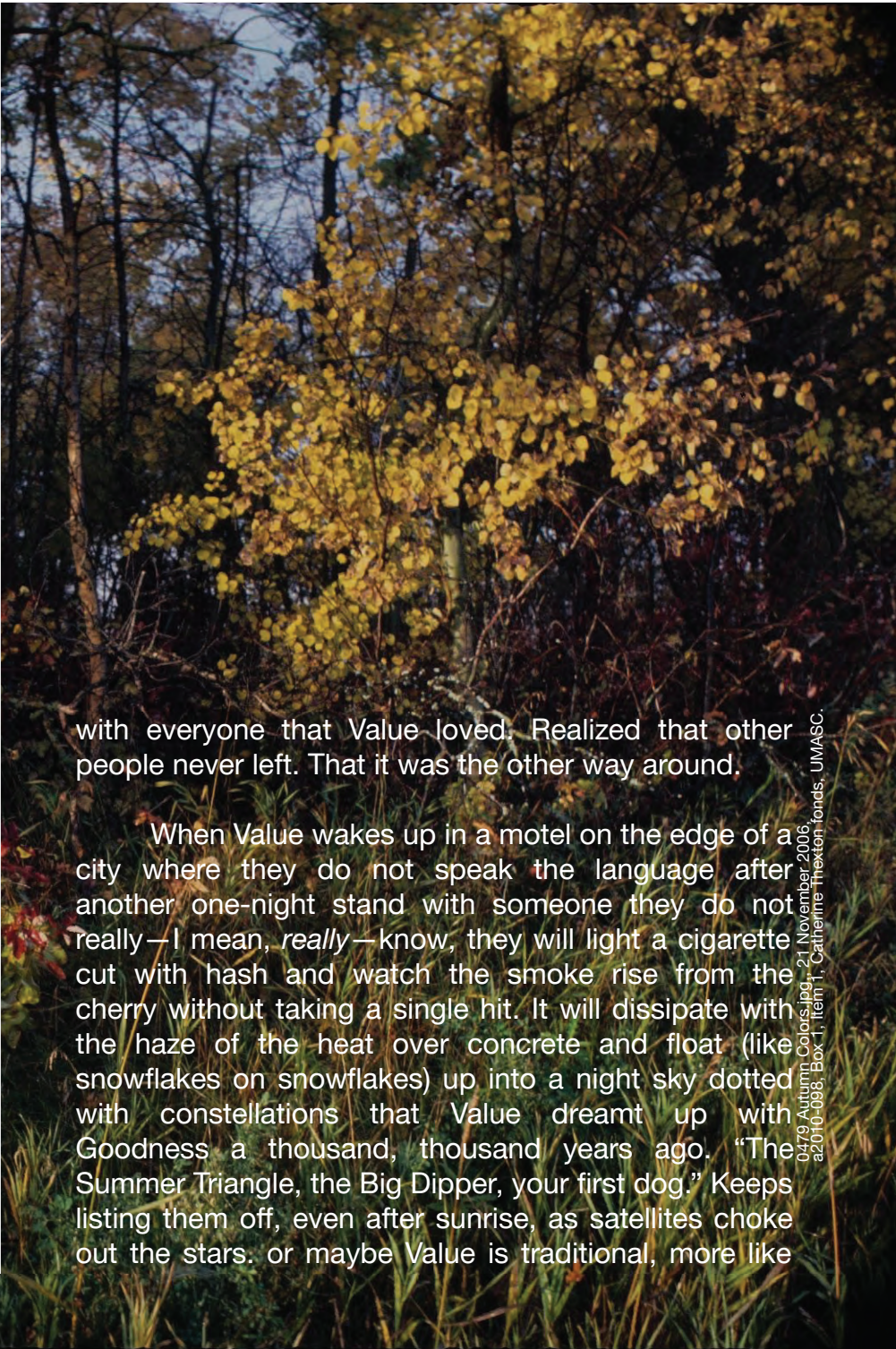


perhaps there is something to be said of *Value*, too. in many ways, this is not an open conversation. its early encapsulations were incomprehensible. mine will be incoherent.

Value was a bell in a howling wind storm, distant and becoming softer and softer, and there was disagreement in the din on the tempo of its fading ringing. yet it was so quiet, in that room behind the room behind the room, that what could be heard was almost like twinkling, like snowflakes on snowflakes. we had to close our eyes to focus. why couldn't we understand until we were all alone? then, Value became a hunter's hound. could sniff out rabbit trails in the middle of a blizzard as well as on a sunny afternoon. came back with more than enough to be satisfied. that was a long time ago. the dog is too old for walks these days. lives with your parents and takes pills with dinner.



Value grew up and moved across the sea. Came back subjective, intersubjective, axiomatic, anticlimactic, with walls higher than the overcast sky and a disappearing act as skillful as a full-time student's soul. A marriage was arranged with Virtue and it was (a thousand, thousand years ago, amidst the yet-tarnished stars, and when the weight could still be laid down) nice. A happy ending. The epilogue: a young adult tragi-dramedy of Value's affair with Truth. Virtue forgotten, Truth could be cruel. Value liked that. They eloped out west and bore twins, Justice and Reason, and it was (billions of bodies and dollars in war and terror later) the epitome of a suburban nuclear household. But remember? Value's not from around here. Wallowed, gave the savings account to the kids. Disappeared to try and find the narrative motivation somewhere no one would know them (touring museums, last I heard). Realized it had been left behind



INTENTION AND SURVIVAL

by

T. GLEN HAMILTON

Edited by

J. D. HAMILTON, M.A.

with everyone that Value loved. Realized that other people never left. That it was the other way around.

When Value wakes up in a motel on the edge of a city where they do not speak the language after another one-night stand with someone they do not really—I mean, *really*—know, they will light a cigarette cut with hash and watch the smoke rise from the cherry without taking a single hit. It will dissipate with the haze of the heat over concrete and float (like snowflakes on snowflakes) up into a night sky dotted with constellations that Value dreamt up with Goodness a thousand, thousand years ago. “The Summer Triangle, the Big Dipper, your first dog.” Keeps listing them off, even after sunrise, as satellites choke out the stars. or maybe Value is traditional, more like

0479 Autumn Colors.jpg, 21 November 2006, a2010-098_Box_1_item_1, Catherine Thektion Fonds, UIMASC.

OH, YES.



Doctor Thomas Glendenning Hamilton,
1873-1935.

Title Proper Hamilton Family fonds

Custodial history "The fonds was donated to University of Manitoba Archives & Special Collections by T.G. and Lillian's daughter, Margaret Hamilton Bach, and her daughters in several instalments between 1979 and 1986. A further [accession] was donated in 2012 by Dorothy Reynolds Bach, Margaret Hamilton Bach's Daughter, with Walter Meyer zu Erpen, President of the Survival Research Institute of Canada, acting as the [transferring] agent."



The photo previous was produced by Christopher John Abbott. The online finding aid indexing the items in his fonds on the Archives' Access to Memory (AtoM) site describes the scope of its content:

Scope and content "Fonds consists of digital and print 'spirit breath' photographs created by Christopher Abbott, and digital versions of the Fall 2013 and Winter 2014 issues of the Association TransCommunication NewsJournal. The photographs were taken by Abbott in Burnaby, British Columbia from 2011-2013, and some were subsequently illustrated by artist Christine Dennett in California from 2013-2016. The digital files include the original photograph, the enhanced photograph (where one exists), and occasionally a markup or otherwise altered, but not illustrated, version. The printed photographs include both the original and illustrated version of each photograph. The journals contain articles by Abbott about his breath photography."

Dates of creation, revision and deletion Modified by Samantha Booth on October 17, 2017.

Spirit breath photography (Abbott's term) is the practice of taking photos of the condensed water vapour in one's exhaled breath to interpret and identify potential manifestations of spiritual phenomena. The University of Manitoba Archives & Special Collections houses the digital records of Abbott's spirit breath photography. Now, there's a lot to unpack here. What are spirit breath photographs doing in this Archive? Who were the Hamilton family? Am I allowed to use these records in this way?

A good place to start is policy and mandate. The University of Manitoba Archives & Special Collections' acquisition policy and mandate highlights records produced by the organizational units within the University

of Manitoba itself, as well as private records related to University life, that have *permanent value*. As defined by the policy, "University records" are governance records of the Board of Governors, the Chancellor, and the Senate; administrative records of Officers, support units, faculties, and departments; official publications; and any other record identified by the Archives as having permanent value. Some examples of non-University records listed in the policy include those of faculty members, staff, students, and alumni. While originating from private donors, the reflections on the University and local community provided by such records are what constitute their permanent value. The Head Archivist and/or the College of Medicine Archivist (depending on the case) also possess the discretion of identifying other University records with permanent value and non-University records which align with the University's overall academic policies.

The Christopher John Abbott fonds have been acquired, accessioned, and described, but only at a folder level. Original versions of the born-digital files are stored on a secure server. Evidently, it's on AtoM (fun fact: this orange is #f6ac17). It remains in the backlog due to the final problem of access. Well, that's part of my job. Can you believe this is the last week of the contract, already? September came and went—at the time of writing, it is now the end of October. Still not accessible. Sorry about that!

The end point for a born-digital asset, where restrictions don't apply, is to be readily available in some form of repository. Ideally, this is online. The end of our fool's journey is the UM Digital Collection. But the

confusion from before persists. The Digital Collections hold mainly digitized material, and will need to identify between digitized and born-digital material once records from the backlog have been ingested. Since the Abbott fonds have been archived to the extent that they have, a person could ask for copies produced from the secure originals. In the language of Carroll et al.'s 2011 *Archivaria* publication on the Emory University Manuscript, Archives, and Rare Book Library's (MARBL's) processing of Salman Rushdie's electronic records, the secure file represents the "dark archive" of Abbott's fonds. Extending Carroll et al.'s framework for processing the Rushdie material to Abbott, it has not reached the stages of "grey archive" (internally-available working copy) or "white archive" (public access copy). Here, we can talk about permission:

I'm not supposed to use material from the backlog that isn't publicly available. This is very fair; however, the reason I decided to use the images in spite of this decision is pretty simple. The specific photograph from Abbott's fond was taken in 2011 and entered the UM Archives in 2017. Without breaking down the phases of its custodial history, this means the digital file has existed in the Archives in its original format for eight years. I guess on analog terms, that's not extremely long. But through those eight years, my usage of the file is the most access it has seen. Yes, it may be possible for someone to ask for copies of these records—but who will, when the "permanent" value of a record ascribed by the mandate that called for its acquisition is obscured by the state of its existence? This is the *coup de grâce* of the backlog: when digital records are left in the backlog long enough to rot, has not the value they were

acquired/chosen/accepted for been infringed upon? I won't use decay to change topics anymore. Neither a University record nor directly affiliated with local community life, where does the value of a spirit breath photograph come from?

Now, we can talk about intention and survival.

This is my interpretation of a story. It's about life and death and an interface for communication between them. It almost feels like the most important part of this whole affair. Like I'm channeling something. That's okay. It makes sense. I've only ever really been concerned with sharing something good with you.

Let us speak of **MSS 14**.

Since moving to Canada as a child in 2005, I have always lived in the Elmwood-East Kildonan ward of the city of Winnipeg. It sits on the eastern side of the Red River. My family always took Henderson Highway and Disraeli Bridge to get downtown. I loved watching traffic go by from the backseat, especially in autumn—those fleeting weeks when everything took on the shade of my favourite colours—so the image of that manor house across from the namesake trees in Elmwood Cemetery is engraved deeply in my mind. I still pass it, even more than I did as a kid. Everything I do now takes place on the other side of the river.

A cousin once told me that the house was full of ghosts and dead spirits. We were in the backseat together while my parents were driving back home. The radio was playing “Ironic” by Alanis Morissette.

“Sometimes,” they said, “you can see the members of the family looking out the window.” A mother. A father. A daughter. And a host of every other kind of malignant entity you can think of. I was familiar enough to know where it would appear in our line of sight. A tingling sensation started up my spine from my lower back as our vehicle, a van, passed Chalmers Avenue. A green light let us straight past Johnson Avenue and, there, with its name emblazoned above the front door, was the Hamilton House. A cold pair of hands grabbed my shoulders and my cousin cackled as I jumped from the attack. The house disappeared with the rest of Elmwood as we rounded the apex of the bridge.

The tall tale lingered, survived by my daily

commute.

Then, I got hired by UM Libraries to work through the Archives’ digital backlog.

“There’s some *weird* stuff in there,” someone warned me. A mass of records, all online through the University network, never processed in full. It was kind of exciting. My standard of weird is out there, to say the least, and it was the University of Manitoba. What could be weird enough to warrant a disclaimer?

MSS 14 corresponds to the records created by members of the Hamilton family—Thomas Glendenning and Lillian May Hamilton, along with their daughter, Margaret Hamilton Bach—documenting their experiments on spiritual/psychic phenomena and their belief in the continued existence of life after the expiration of the physical body. After death.

The Hamilton House, completed by Dr. T. G. Hamilton for the family in 1910, sits on the intersection of what is now Henderson Highway and McIntosh Avenue. It would remain the household’s primary residence until the end of his life. By 1910, the doctor had been running his practice for six years, served as a church elder at King Memorial Church for five, and representative on the Winnipeg Public School Board for four.

Concurrent with his career, T. G.’s marriage with Lillian May Forrester in 1906 preceded the birth of Margaret, the eldest of the Hamilton children, by three years. Glen Jr. followed in 1911 along with the twins,

James Drummond and Arthur Lamont, in 1915. Until her death in 1912, Thomas' mother Isabella lived with the Hamiltons in the upstairs suite of their newly-built home. Thomas' father had died when he was a child, while the family lived in Saskatoon, which spurred Isabella to bring her children with her to Winnipeg. The reasons for the doctor's presence in the city had both passed. In the same year as his mother's passing, Thomas began teaching jurisprudence at the Manitoba Medical College.

As the world carved itself with war, Thomas busied himself in Winnipeg. Continuing his medical practice, he resigned from his seat on the school board in 1915 to run for the Manitoba Legislative Assembly as the provincial M.L.A. for Elmwood. A brief stint at Harvard (a dating error provides the time for this interlude as either 1917 or 1919) cemented Dr. Hamilton's status as one of the first plastic surgeons in North America. The war ended.

On January 27, 1919, Arthur Lamont died at the age of three. He was a victim of the influenza epidemic that muddied the end of the first world war.

The following year, Thomas failed to be re-elected for the provincial government. In spite of this (or as a result), he was certified as a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, resuscitated the Manitoba Medical Association as president, founded the Manitoba Medical Bulletin journal, and also became the president of the Canadian Medical Association between 1920 and 1922. As an individual figure, Glendenning's portfolio became vertebrae in the spine of Winnipeg's medical accreditation and shaped its political interneurons. But

on this page, Group I,
#5a - Mass on Left
Cheek (Side View),
1928;

on the previous page,
Group I, #4 - Small
Masses, 1928;

on the page before that,
Group I, #5c - Mass on
Left Cheek (Wide-Angle
Camera View), 1928;

and the one before that,
Thomas Glendenning
Hamilton Portraits -
Non-Autographed
Portrait, n.d.;

MSS 14 PC 12
a1979-041 Hamilton
family fonds, UManitoba
Digital Collections, UManitoba

the black box of the human brain is curious in its process of grief, and the Hamiltons' lumbar would not play a role in its manifestation.

The doctor's interest in the psychic and spiritual preceded Arthur's death. In the previous year, he and Reverend Daniel Normal McLachlan began experimenting in telepathic communication in 1918. It was more like play; no publication, no media outlets. It expanded to include the child Lucy, who could supposedly channel an Indigenous spirit named Bluehide, the conjuration of an entity named Philip, and Ouija. McLachlan and the doctor's game continued until the latter received a divine message. Although undocumented verbatim, it was something along the lines of:

HARK;

THERE SHALL BE A GREAT REVELATION, ONE OF LIFE'S PROCESSION AFTER DEATH, WHICH WILL BE REVEALED THROUGH THE WORKS OF YOUR HANDS. AND YOUR NAME WILL BECOME KNOWN, FOR THE WORK YOU DO, IN MANY COUNTRIES, AND YOUR WIFE WILL BE COUNTED AS BLESSED FOR THE SHARE OF THIS WORK THAT WOULD BE HERS.

Thomas was struck with such shock that he fell ill for three days. The secrecy that had cowled the early experiments led him to believe that these words could only be malevolent in nature. Fearing for his sanity, wellbeing, and soul, Dr. Hamilton brought his brief story into the unseen world to a premature end. Death has a funny way of bringing to life concepts and memories that one arbitrarily confines as over in their life. This is not to say that endings are not real. I raise it here to highlight the mortal human sin of purporting to be able to know when those moments are.

In the months following Arthur's passing, there is no notable mention of Dr. Hamilton stepping away from his various functions and offices for an extended period of time. Lillian began reading a book by Frederic W. H. Myers entitled *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, prompting experimentation to resume.

I used to be scared of my parents dying (I still am). I have no idea how much grief the death of a personal family member might incite in me. I have no idea when, or if, my imagination becomes real life. I have no idea if ghosts are real, but I would like to believe in something spiritual. I have no idea if humans are capable of extrasensory abilities. I have no idea how far grief, idealism, or any affect (professionally, privately, supernaturally; to anything or anyone; to tether one to another or to break apart) might push me to go.

The work of the Hamilton family's complete psychic research was printed in 1942, seven years after the doctor's death, by James Drummond Hamilton. The book, *Survival and Intention; Psychical Research Studies*

and the Bearing of Intentional Actions by Trance Personalities on the Problem of Human Survival, is addressed to Lillian.

I've torn this history to lovely shreds in order to write a sentimental parable. It's almost like a cat, covered in blood, happily padding up to you with a dead rat in its mouth. This is based, in part, on my reference of an unpublished manuscript indexing the MSS 14 records by a Winnipegger named Walter David Falk. His work included the transcription and photographic duplication of the Hamiltons' research notes, resulting in the production of a video series and its own acquisition by UMASC. Falk's biography is more explicit than the Hamilton family's.

History

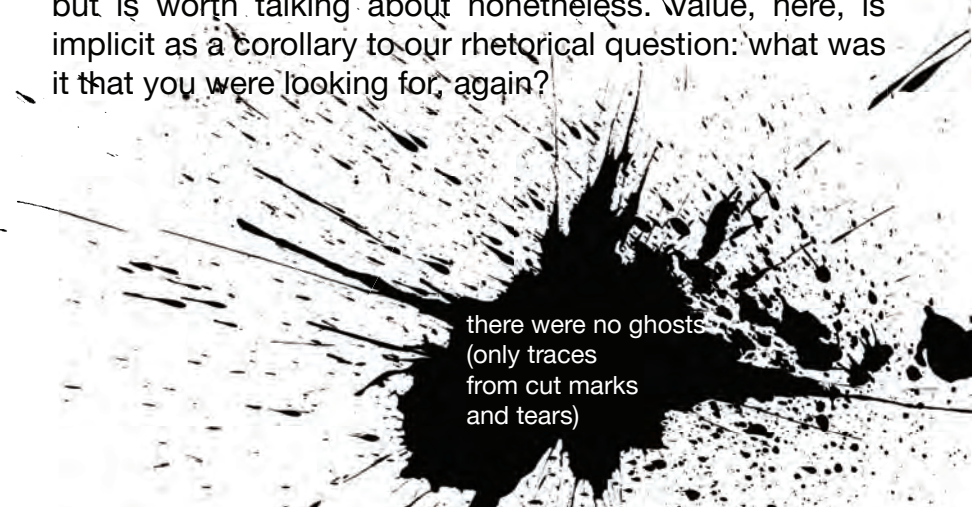
"Walter Falk was born in 1933 on a farm in Manitoba near Winnipeg. He attended the University of Manitoba and graduated with a degree in Mathematics and Modern Physics in 1967. After graduation, he taught math, physics, and later computer science at a secondary level until his retirement in 1993. Upon the death of his wife Mary, he began exploring the field of spirit communication, including séances, which he participated in from 1991-2007. Through these séances, Falk was encouraged to study the notes of Dr. Thomas Glendenning Hamilton (1873-1935), held in the University of Manitoba Archives & Special Collections, which he eventually did in 2004. Over the course of six years, he photographed and transcribed the notes, and created a website, videos, and ultimately a nine-disc collection called "The T.G. Hamilton Files" using both the notes and photographs of the Hamilton Family fonds (MSS 14). Falk is also a member of the Manitoba Hypnotherapy Association (MHA), currently (2015) an emeritus member, and has written and

facilitated courses on hypnotherapy and past life regressions, including the MHA Certification Course in hypnosis in 1998. He has continued to work on various topics involving the survival of consciousness and past lives, creating documentary films and other files for future research.

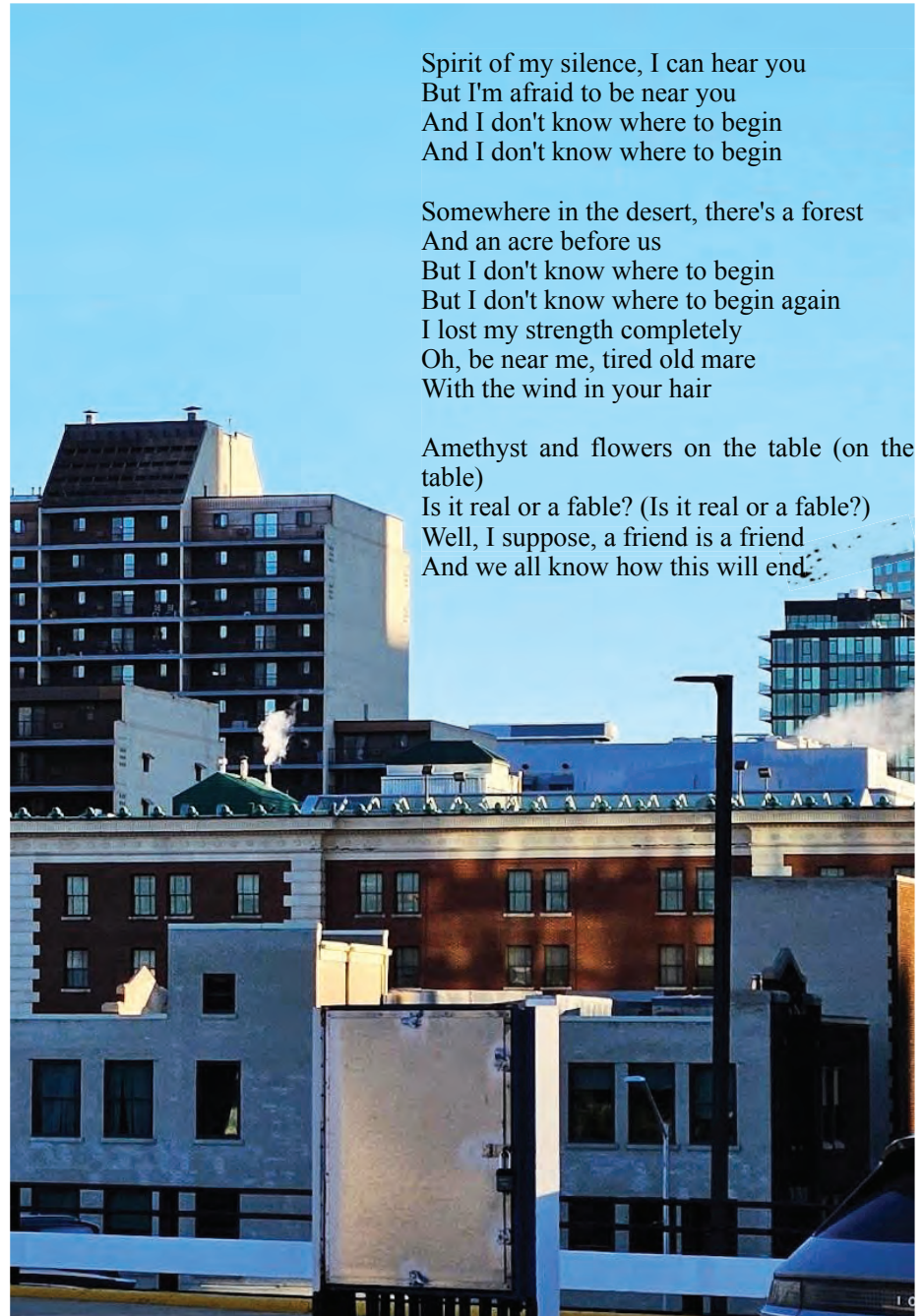
"Walter Falk passed away in 2016."

Guess that makes this an interpretation of an interpretation of a story. Turtles all the way down, isn't it? This can, at the same time, be read as an application of value. The Hamilton family's research as well as Falk's can be localized to Winnipeg. However, consider Christopher John Abbott, whose spirit breath photography has no direct link to the community beyond the archive itself. Where is the boundary drawn (so clinical)?

All things are connected. It's December now. At which point can we sever the interrelationships that compose all things? At secondary references? In the third person, the fourth wall, the major fifth? How many degrees of separation can you accept? This is the kind of rhetoric that doesn't need/cannot have a definite answer, but is worth talking about nonetheless. Value, here, is implicit as a corollary to our rhetorical question: what was it that you were looking for, again?



there were no ghosts
(only traces
from cut marks
and tears)



This is an aggressive background colour, but I gave AtoM orange a full-page; thus, I may be contractually obligated to use this one for a brief AI update. Its hex code is #990000. We can call it JSTOR red.

Only one additional project has been processed using Seeklight since the previous status report. The records therein consisted of a selection of digitized subject photography from the Winnipeg Tribune fonds. The decision to use digitized material, rather than born-digital material, reflects the availability of digital files in the specific formats that Seeklight is compatible with. While the project involved reformatting from TIF to JPEG, JSTOR has since updated its service to accept TIF image files (as opposed to the iteration RSDS first used over the summer, which could only process JPEGs). The photograph subjects are as follows:

- AircraftTypes
- AnimalsGeneral1936-1980
- Computers
- Folklorama1976-1980
- ParksRecreation
- UniversityOfManitoba
- WinnipegBuildings
- WinnipegHistory

We were interested in testing Seeklight's computer vision and whether it was capable of generating subject-specific technical information as part of its description; for instance, the identification of animals by common name or the models of computers and airplanes. Seeklight did include this prompt as part of its generation, with caveats outlined further. With respect to the fonds' material itself, the digitization of photography

scans of each photograph's reverse, *verso*, side. These backsides (haha) have the Tribune's original call numbers inscribed, which were maintained by the Archives when a sample of digitized photos were published on the the online Winnipeg Tribune Photo Collection. Additional information (in the form of explanatory notes, captions, photographers' stamps, and/or newspaper clippings) can be found sporadically on the reverse of some photographs. Including both sides,

The survey of the generated metadata appeared promising at first. An example:



Taken on 11 June 1949, this digitized photo from the Tribune's "AircraftTypes" subject heading was assigned the call number PC 18/115/18-46-010. See the reverse

below. There is no textual evidence that directly ties this photograph to Walter Christopherson on the physical or digital image; its attribution is based on a set of four images depicting the same event (including this one), as evidenced by handwritten notes and the photographs' consecutive call numbers from 115/18-46-007 through 115/18-46-10 ("PC 18" comes from UMASC and prefixes every image from the Tribune's subject photography). Christopherson's signature is only found on 18-46-008.

Seeklight generated the following description for 18-46-010 (italics mine):



Two black-and-white images documenting Royal Canadian Air Force (R.C.A.F.) officials examining a Vampire jet aircraft that safely crash-landed after its landing gear jammed on take-off. Four uniformed men, including Squadron Leader T. G. Anderson, stand by the nose of the aircraft in a grassy field. The first

image is a clear photograph, while the second is a halftone newspaper clipping with a typed caption. Handwritten notations and a stamped word 'TRIBUNE' are visible on the verso.

At first glance and with no context, this isn't terrible. However, most of its information comes from the newspaper clipping's typed caption without indicating as such. The other three photographs in the set do not include a clipping (see next page for the images). Respectively, Seeklight generated the following descriptions for 18-46-009 through 18-46-007:

A black and white photograph showing a jet aircraft, marked with the number 17031 and roundel insignia, parked on a grassy airfield. Two uniformed individuals are standing near the cockpit, and a car is partially visible at the left edge of the image. The sky is overcast, and the photograph exhibits some visible stains and marks. The reverse side of the photograph is inscribed with 'Jet plane. 11-8-49.'

A black and white photograph showing a jet aircraft positioned on a grassy field, viewed from the front. The aircraft is flanked by a metal stand labeled '402 SQDN.' and a rectangular object on the ground. The sky is overcast with scattered clouds. The reverse side of the photograph bears the handwritten note 'Jet plane 11-6-49' and a return address for Walter Christopherson, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A black and white photograph showing the rear view of a jet aircraft positioned on a grassy airfield under a cloudy sky. The aircraft appears stationary, with its tail and engines visible, and the wings extending horizontally. The back of the photograph contains a handwritten note reading 'Jet plane, 15-6-49.' No people are visible in the image. The photograph is part of the Winnipeg Tribune Photograph Collection.

I'm not sure whether the error comes from its OCR or the AI generation of descriptive metadata, but four different dates came out of four images of the same event. Also, note the ambiguity between how the aircraft itself is described between the latter three outputs and the first in conjunction with the attachment of a clipping.



(115-004)

18-46-9

Jet plane.
11-6-49,

(115-003)

18-46-8

Jet plane.
11-6-49

Return:
Walter Christopherson,
Winnipeg, Man.

(115-002)

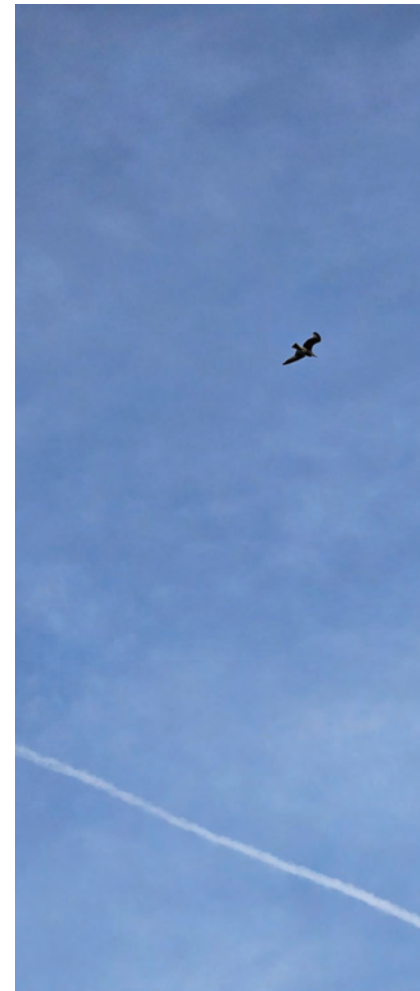
18-46-7

Jet plane
11-6-49

we tried comparing the time spent on archival description between using Seeklight and not using it. i'll probably break this down in a more official publication, but an AI-modified workflow will always take more time and effort due to the current state of its generative capabilities. every single metadata element—every row, every column—that Seeklight generates must be reviewed. Where errors are obvious, they need to be edited.

The same can be said of description written by humans. Both AI and “intelligence” are artificial. What cognitive processes are we **seeking** to describe? What empirical metrics can we use to define the extent of an individual human being’s knowledge? What anatomy in the brain? In the nervous system? In the body and its environment? “Artificial intelligence?” Why the hell are we still using this term? The reason I take issue at all is because a prominent principle in the application of AI technology is “human-centered.” Beyond the typical calls of anthropocentrism, it raises the question of whether humans are actually centered in the relationship we speak of, and what humans are being centered. Artificial intelligence and human thinking are interconnected; the former’s operation is dependent on variables and higher-order instruction that will come from the latter, regardless of how automated a process becomes. But is this human-centered? People become the middle managers of their own work. With AI, the task/event/instance/experience/joy is taken from the human; at the same time, the mechanism by which this occurs is also not in human hands. Design is the domain of an industry whose human desires, regardless of how overlapping or relatable, is necessarily distinct from the human desires of those incorporating AI into their lives/works.

But the agency of a person’s life being taken for granted—of being obscured and misrepresented as autonomous—is not novel. There are canons of stories of iron and historical conflict and powerful people that attest. I think citing examples would be depressing, so I won’t. it’s something i think about a lot. like how ghosts and AI are inhuman in the sense that “inhuman” can only be clarified against a specific, particular idea of what a “human” is. neither can escape how human (whatever that means) they actually are. just like us.



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So you live of the sea;
and I am the dry acrid land.

You have the sweet fish swimming
and dull mannerly grain grows in me.

Your blood shines in curving darts;
I grow in calculated rows.

So I say I love you,
and you say, Why do you hate me?

I speak in a foreign language.
You don't know what I say.

John Newlove, **Why do you hate me?** in *Apology for
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