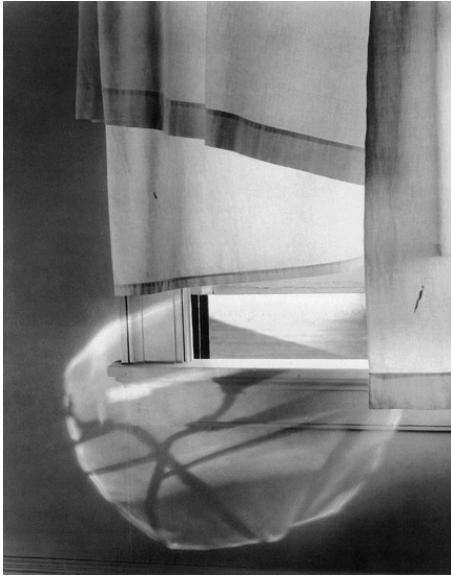


Chapter Three



Windowsill Daydreaming © Minor White

The Creative Response

My first weeklong workshop with Minor White took place at the Hotchkiss School in rural Connecticut in the summer of 1971. For weeks prior, I couldn't contain my anticipation and fear. I knew the outline of what to expect, as I had participated in several weekend workshops, but not weeklong. In fact, this was the first intensive long-term workshop of any type I experienced. We didn't have widespread yoga seminars, meditation retreats, or a thriving industry of art and photography workshops as we do now. Nor were there self-ordained spiritual teachers on every corner. Minor was the real thing—authentic and unique.

As one of the youngest students, I struggled to save face, to not reveal my awkward shyness and my lack of experience in the fundamentals of vision. I realize now, many years later, that we were all in the same sensitive place. It was designed that way. Twenty-seven students were in attendance. As I looked around, I saw accomplished photographers,

teachers, doctors, gallery owners, and designers. I, on the other hand, had not even finished college. One of the participants was John Daido Looi, who went on to become a Zen master and abbot of the Zen Mountain Monastery in the Catskills, and the author of more than twenty books on Buddhism, Zen, photography and creativity. Looi was greatly impressed by Minor and began his lifelong meditation practice through the heightened awareness tools offered by White.

Immediately upon arriving, we were abruptly distanced from our mental anticipation and anxiety through a series of yoga-like exercises on the broad lawn with a movements teacher who was one of Minor's assistants for the week. *What!?* I thought, this is a *photography* workshop. Minor explained, "We work by analogy throughout this workshop. We are trying to escape from just thinking... One of the fastest ways to do this is to use the body in movement." Minor then coached us through the heightened awareness exercise, of meditative seeing, while we were looking at the person directly across from us in the circle. This looking at another took place in silence. I found respect and sympathy for the existence of the others. A reverence descended upon the group—and this began the week.

Minor believed that the body was key in unraveling the mysteries of seeing. He said that we could move and act and see from our generative center, the solar plexus, and, most importantly, he demonstrated, through his assignments, the level of our disconnection and fragmentation of our energies within the body—that we *think* our experiences rather than *live* them. The first photographic assignment was to look at and photograph something stable, a tree or landscape perhaps, while sensing a part of our own body. He further asked us to identify *where* in our body the impression is received. Where do we feel it; in the head, or the gut, or the heart?

My first revelation took place. I photographed a stone post, with grasses growing up around it. As I tried to sense myself and the object, I was startled to realize I was making a self-portrait. I *felt* the great rigidity of the stone and felt the rigid tension within my own body, preventing the flow of life from entering me. This was *me*. I didn't like what I saw. It was one of my first tastes of directly seeing an inner obstacle. But I was grateful for being given an opportunity to witness my true inner state.

The resonant potential found in almost all of White's exercises could not be fully realized by me, or I believe any of us, at the time. It wasn't until years later that I began to genuinely connect with what Minor was offering.

The term he defined for looking—at either the world itself or image—was *creative audience*. The act of looking could be as creative as the action of engaging any art form, including photography.

A photograph—or any work of art, visual, or aural impression—*evokes* something in the viewer, as much as it *communicates* something to the viewer. Impressions enter our field of awareness and strike a chord—simultaneously in our bodies, feeling nature, minds, and souls—on both conscious and unconscious levels. What is evoked? Looking comprehensively within and without at the same time is the key to an expansive awareness and heightened experience of the impression. Many of White's specific exercises were designed to encourage mindfulness and self-remembering, skillfully captivating an unbroken experience between our selves and the object of our attention. We consciously enter an energetic feedback cycle that invites a creative response, calling us to sing or dance, play or paint, activate the shutter—or just be and appreciate. White suggested focusing one's attention on the distance halfway between oneself and the object of our attention, while

maintaining a keen awareness of both. For example, when maintaining eye contact, focus your gaze in the space between oneself and the other—both receptively receiving and actively projecting.



Although I will summarize the exercises White used to encourage *creative audience*, merely knowing the methods is not enough. They are designed as experiential tools—as a genuine discipline adaptable to one’s own specific circumstances and needs. Through persistent experimentation, testing, and verifying continually, we may safely remove our fingers from the dike and unleash the floodgates of perception. Think of them as a practice, not as something to accomplish. You can’t. The meaning is in the trying and what you might learn. Italicized sections enclosed text boxes are White’s own words, drawn from his unpublished manuscript and workshop notes.

White used a flexible variety of means to help individuals earn the gift of awareness. Many of these I have furthered and adapted within my own teaching. His workshop exercises were stunning, multi-dimensional, and engaged the whole person, often like a Zen master’s whack shaking loose the thick crust of ego and conditioning. Participants were challenged—often to the point of humility and embarrassment. All were asked to stretch, to try, to respond in ways that pushed against one’s ingrained attitudes, habitual postures, and tired ways of seeing. White often said that in a workshop environment, the impossible is possible, within one’s reach. He explore multiple dimensions of seeing through a broad spectrum of techniques employed while looking at something, including but not limited to:

- Movement, dance, or body postures assumed in direct response to an object.
- Breathing (speaking) unedited fragments of poetry and words, such as bits of songs or associative thoughts, remembered or spontaneously generated.
- Narrative, verbal descriptions of one's response, identifying the locale in the body where the impressions strike, relating the nature of the feelings evoked, and describing the thoughts and associations that arise.
- Sketching or drawing one's response, not replicating the forms of the object, but sketching one's *response* to it through drawn forms, shapes, and lines.
- Responding to an image through showing or making another, or playing music, or reading passages of literature.
- Using techniques of empathy, sensing the image or object within one's own body, or employing projection, seeing one's own image reflected in the object.
- Exploring mental associations that arise from the image.
- Capturing and tasting first impressions, before the associative and labeling nature of the mind takes over. Witnessing and sharing the conditioned filters that arise from one's opinions, past experiences, and background.
- Examining and sharing the afterimage, the remembered image.
- Discovering negative space, mapping the core shapes and forms, and sensing the dominant movements and rhythms. Feeling the vibrational effects of color and form.
- Identifying the personal and collective meaning of symbols and signs found in an image. Freely reading metaphoric and archetypal content. Writing poetry and stories in response.

- Trying to identify the cultural codes and signs, and meditating on the implicit cultural message found in images. What is expressed under the surface?
- Producing spontaneous theatre and dramatic action in response to image. Using skills in other art forms as a method of response.

I recently witnessed composer and pianist George Winston play the harmonica in response to an exhibit of underwater photographs by Wayne Levin. It was entirely in the moment, an unexpected act reminiscent of Minor White's workshops. Winston proceeded from picture to picture, closely observing each one, while continually interacting with the images through an unbroken stream of music, notes rising and falling as the impressions entered his being, with corresponding subtle body movements. It was unbelievable, magical, and exquisitely beautiful—and I do not use words like this lightly.

The fundamental tool for expanding awareness is some form of inner quiet, an active stillness. Minor emphasized this again and again in his teaching. Entering the body, quieting the mind, and opening to the witness within are universal methods of developing awareness.

My objective is to show that a basis for photographing is some form of silence—exterior and interior silence—a silence which can be used as a starting point for an experience with an image or object which will have greater depth than usual. This experience is an attempt to actually make contact with the image or object . . . so that there is a union or total awareness of it and yourself

Minor gave the second assignment in the Hotchkiss workshop: “Try to work out of a state of heightened awareness so that you have made contact with the subject and are still in contact with it at the moment of exposure.” Minor added, “When I look at photographs, I’m constantly looking for a sense of resonance between the photographer and the subject.” I clearly remember looking at the results of the assignment and seeing the intangible relationship between artist and subject. I could feel a different tone in images where there was a strong contact, an attentiveness on the part of the photographer towards what they perceived. To this day I believe that attention is a fundamental key to any creative act. You feel attention when it exists; and miss it—something falls flat—when it is not present.

Most of the techniques employed in creative audience were designed to help develop one’s attention, toward a marriage of sense and soul, subject and object. White’s teaching and example lead toward a bridged, relational perception, seeing how one thing influences another, and how thinking, feeling, and sensing are different branches of the same stream—the broad current of awareness. His exercises helped us to see from within, deep inside the body, to awaken feeling and open thought, with hints of erotic connectedness to the invisible tentacles of luminous fibers that interweave all living things.

Just become conscious of the solar plexus . . . give your attention there and hold it there. Do this when you are going to look at a photograph, make images, listen to music . . . try to put this into practice frequently during the day. When you are going to start anything, take a few moments to prepare from a state of stillness.... This contact gives you strength which you can extend to whatever you are going to be doing.

Throughout the workshop, Minor coached us through the heightened awareness exercise, both while reviewing each other's image and while in the field with a camera. In looking at each other's images, we would try one or another of the above methods in response to what we saw. Something of our very being was being touched. As we worked in the evening in the great room, with large oriental rugs on the floor, something began to loosen in me, my creative juices began to flow, and I came to a greater connection within and with the others.

The next assignment, given first thing in the morning, was powerful. Nick was one of Minor's assistants in the workshop and gave the exercise. He sat cross-legged in the front of the room, looking like some sort of still Buddha and spoke slowly, carefully.

"I wish to be intelligent, I wish to be, and I ask myself in all of this that is happening here, where am I? Can I find an image out there that in a sense is a portrait, a picture of where I am in truth, not in imagination."

I struggled for most of the day. The world felt flat; I felt flat. I wasn't seeing, and further every image I thought might be a self-portrait was just that: a *thought*. I was thinking my way through the experience and what's more, I knew it. Yet, I could not find anything within except the mind's machinations. Then I decided to try to contact my body. I consciously brought my attention inward and went through the relaxation steps beginning with the top of my head and moving downward into the torso and my whole frame. As Minor had suggested, I tried to be aware of my center, my solar plexus, and this contact, though intermittent, began to change the tonality of the day. I recognized in one stunning swoop that my intuition and contact with my physical body were intertwined. One needed the other. My intuition flashed forth and led me to a shadowed

forest glen with light gleaming through the trees. There I found it: the bird eating its own breast. I saw lichen on a rock, with light illuminating the surface, creating very particular shapes and forms. They appeared as a large bird, in battle with himself, and light coming down as a downward triangle, a sort of ray of creation coming through the crown of the bird's head. This downward triangle of light ameliorating the battle taking place on the face of the rock was me. These shapes, forms, and light directly revealed my inner struggles and the need for another inner force, the force of presence and intuition to enter the scene from above. It was a true self-portrait in the moment. A powerful revelation overtook me; that I am part of a living world, that the world affects me and I, in turn, affect the world—and all of this takes place through a kind of luminous relation of energy from the solar plexus. Don Juan speaks of the luminous fibers that emit from the solar plexus and touch other living things, and visa versa. The world reflects me and I reflect the world. I am a part of it, and it is a part of me.

In encountering the rock and my subsequent experience with this subject, Minor's three "canons" of photography came to mind. I realized these were not only for photography; they were potent metaphors for life.

Be still with yourself until the object of your attention affirms your presence.

Let the subject generate its own composition.

When the image mirrors the man, and the man mirrors the subject, something might take over.



Philip Roth once said of writing: “Don’t invent, remember.”

I find it difficult from my current perspective as a teacher and highly social being to remember and fully cognize how painfully afraid of people I was back then. Midway through the workshop, our work started to directly involve photographing other people, working with a partner, and rather intimately. The first assignment: “Photograph hands, feet, body parts ... no faces yet. Find livingness ... get energy of the subject to move from the solar plexus to the part of the body being photographed or get the person to have a thought (intense state) and think it into the part of the body that is of interest. The photographer is to try to resonate with the livingness of the body whether the person is feeling it or not.” It was a great assignment but caused much suffering for me. I found it extremely challenging to expose myself to another. I sought Minor’s advice. In this moment of blinding fear and constricting anxiety on my part, White offered not consolation, but the empathetic words of advice: “we often fear or resist the very things that we need the most.” I realized that I needed to try in spite of my fear.

Help came from an unexpected place. Nick and I took the afternoon to drive the short distance to the main offices of Aperture magazine, where Nick had business with Michael Hoffman, the editor. I was browsing in the stack of books and magazines in the back room and heard Michael Hoffman say, “Nick, I’d like you to meet Paul Strand.” I came rushing out. Paul Strand was one of the first masters of the medium, a contemporary of Stieglitz and close friend of O’Keeffe’s. Strand was a living legend, one of the last of his generation to be alive and still working. When I was introduced to Strand, he simply looked at me. A deep, generous, attentive look. I felt someone was home, behind his fathomless blue eyes. I knew I was being *seen*, looked at and looked

through. I did not feel the least uncomfortable. Rather, I felt embraced by his close attention and quiet presence. Most importantly, I felt an impersonal and impartial love in the way he took me in and looked at me. I questioned it inwardly. But yes, here was love, one human being to another. I felt my own livingness; I felt the life in him. It was a realization for me, fulfilling Minor's assignment with our eyes and not with a camera. His look changed me. I never knew one could love people like that, and even more, that it could be evident in his gaze. So different than the male gaze we speak of in art history, where the masculine gaze holds the greed of ownership, dominance, and exploitation. He wanted nothing from me, save sharing our common humanity. His unsentimental look of love touched me to the core. It was akin to a religious experience.

When we returned to the workshop and I told Minor of the experience, he looked up from the book he was reading, *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, and smiled broadly.

One of the fundamental lessons, the basic ground, of White's teaching is learning to see beyond opinion, beyond like and dislike, with hints of objectivity—or maybe it's actually a genuine and true subjectivity. Minor respected the tri-part intelligence of human beings: mind, body, and feelings. All of his assignments required equal attention to all three forms of knowing.

An image—or any type of incoming impression—strikes each element in our inner triad: mind, body, and feelings—and each has its own particular response. Depending upon our type and conditioning, one or another of these centers may predominate within us. And we are naturally more aware of the responses of this part of our nature. An emotional person may primarily be touched by the feeling content, an intellectual may favor the conceptual implications, and a highly physical person may

savor the sense impressions. In our culture, the head is often seen as the preeminent instrument and we tend to intellectualize and rationalize our perceptions. Or worse, given the seduction of commerce, greed predominates. The nature of our imbalance will dictate how an impression is initially received.

We strive to complete ourselves, giving more weight to what is unfamiliar and not immediately recognized. A comprehensive understanding of anything can only arise through an awareness of all three layers of response: physical, emotional, and mental. A whole response derives from our entire nature, including the intuition, unconscious, and collective mind. When we are centered in the body, responsive through the feelings, rigorously directed with the mind, and witnessing through the force of attention, an integrative, holistic response may shine forth with lucid clarity.

Because people persist in using “like” and “not-like” to describe their reactions, a more precise and useful set of words was suggested. In saying something about one’s response to an image one:

- a.) KNEW When there was an intellectual response.*
- b.) FELT an emotional response.*
- c.) SENSED a tactile (physical, visceral) response.*
- d.) ASSOCIATED the image with other images, remembrances, and conditions. And finally one:*
- e.) UNDERSTOOD after examining and clarifying all four of these reactions.*

White believed that all visual impressions are food, capable of nourishment or depletion, depending on the object and the viewer. In his autobiography of words and images, *Mirrors, Messages, Manifestations*, he writes, *Let's look at photographs as food. Does an exhibition leave you hungry or fill you with the visual equivalent of a snack or feast.*

Do your photographs offer substance and sustenance? Or a starvation diet? Do your photographs feed another man's body, his emotions, his love, his intellect, his cupidity, his lower appetites, his transcendental hungers? Or leave him drained, depleted of energy? As we know, images which poison one man, vivify another . . .

White perceptively taught that the impressions we receive become part of us. We are what we eat. His metaphoric sequences of photographs in *Mirrors, Messages, Manifestations* reveal the entire range of White's agonies and ecstasies. Some images reveal the transcendent wonder of existence and awaken a longing for consciousness. While others deeply disturb, mirroring our common suffering and shared struggles. Often, we are inexplicably attracted to objects, music, images, or people who reflect core parts of our nature. Some are enlivening, some frightful. Our angels and demons are mirrored, whether we desire it or not. Very often, the impressions which may nourish the deeper parts of our being are the ones that quake our foundations, are the least understood by our conscious minds, and are staunchly resisted at first glance.

Those images which 'haunt' for days and weeks . . . what is being nourished? Maybe something in you that is starved by your inhibitions and perversions has had a tiny bit of food and is crying out for more. Feed that place, or stirring, as often as you can, for it's probably your soul. Open up, take a chance that it is.

He taught a deep sense of responsibility. What are we feeding each other? A nourishing feast for the soul, a vigorous challenge to our shared, entrenched attitudes, or spoiled meat that stimulates the seven deadly sins? White would often ask us to “taste” our images before serving and to observe the quality of our emanations, the vibrations that deeply enter others—and the planet itself—that derive from our very being. “Check your hat before going out the door,” he once said.

By midweek at the Hotchkiss workshop, resistance arose and a mini revolution erupted—against Minor. It’s an inevitable part of the creative process to reach the stage we know as crisis and creative frustration. We were exhausted with the conditions of intense work and little sleep and many who were more worldly than I couldn’t understand the emphasis on meditation, on inward experience, and on seeking something so elusive as awakening to the world and ourselves. They wanted a peak experience—a shared, communal, high like many knew at Woodstock or at Grateful Dead concerts, or with psychedelics. Minor graciously listened and allowed people to go their own way.

Everyone broke into three groups. One group attempted a rave-like dance together and another went into the chapel to find the emotionality of religious feeling. The third group, of which I was a part, retreated to a fountain ringed with meticulously manicured shrubs. Nick led my group. His assignment was simple: We were asked to experience the world anew, with the words “I found a planet.” What does the world look like if you’re seeing it for the first time, as if you’ve time-traveled or are an inhabitant of another planet? We embarked on an earnest exploration. Something opened in me and in all of us. The effort towards fresh perception brought a new respect for the living integrity of the world with a sense of wonder towards everything that exists, all of which is not me in the

small sense of the word. I connected with this living world from something larger in myself that is attuned to life's unity and interrelationship. In that moment, I knew myself to be larger than my shallow self-absorbed ego and to be a part of a consciousness which is life being aware of itself.

What was also significant given my fear and anxiety is that I volunteered to present our experience to the larger group in the evening. It was a breakthrough moment for me. Minor's notes read: "A few words were said... the pictures pinned up were looked at by the rest of us. They waited for responses to their "We found a planet." Drawings spontaneously appeared, writing likewise. The experience became moving... Silence followed around the circle."

"The work of creative audience," Minor said, "is not to suggest changes, but to deal with what is." He further stated in response to those who wanted to affect what they see, the aim of human agency, which the other two groups attempted, each in their own way: "License is not freedom. Freedom comes from the cultivation of the still point within yourself."

Sustained concentration forms the primary tool for seeing and entering the energetic feedback cycle with life's manifestations. Without concentration, we are mere machines, drawn here and taken there as the outer world captures our attention. The developed ability to have and to give attention was viewed by White as integral to lucid seeing and a full engagement with the creative process.

Concentration is a tool. Any tool must be used to keep its edge and to be of value. There are two basic types of concentration you will encounter: voluntary and involuntary. You are probably familiar with the latter, which occurs when something captures your interest and holds you taught. The former is better, because you can retain awareness of yourself and the subject of your interest. In any case, the aim is to increase your ability to see.

In the latter part of the workshop, we were emotionally freer, looser and more open than when we arrived. Minor took this opportunity explore mirrors and windows. Is our seeing, and the resulting images, a reflection of ourselves as looking in a mirror. Or is our seeing a window to the world itself? Or both?

Two modes of seeing were thoroughly explored in the workshop: empathy and projection. In an empathetic response, we stay within our own bodies and sense the features of the object: its weight, lines, rhythms, shapes, textures, its overall feeling, and its intrinsic nature. We attentively enter the object, using our senses and feelings to know its essence, its characteristics and life force. We feel its presence from the inside-out. The mind takes note of the entire experience and adds its knowledge to the mixture. Through projection, we see what the object means to us, projecting our energies and personality on to the object. We note what is mirrored, what parts of ourselves are reflected back to us. This includes though extends well beyond the mere psychological projection of our shadow selves and disowned complexes. We engage our entire being and see the object as a symbol or metaphor for parts of ourselves. This becomes a valuable tool for self-

knowledge; the object teaches us of our essence through mutual mirroring. We discover the shapes and sounds of our true nature, predilections, unique conditioning, and the residue of past experience. White would often say that we might even glimpse a shared “splinter of divinity.”

Minor pushed us to explore these conceptually difficult concepts, which actually became quite clear when trying to see and photograph. He said, “When you try to photograph something for what it is, you have to go out of yourself, out of your way, to understand the object. When you photograph things for what else they are [mirrors], the object goes out of its way to understand you.”

The final assignment grew out of Minor’s conversation about light: “The use of it is how photographers show love. Another out of my bag of impossible assignments.... Photography of light; make love today.”

Steven Baron, a workshop participant and designer with Aperture magazine, remarked, “These exercises can be done once, but only in a group. Here I can always find an answer to the problem.” And I would add not only is the impossible possible in a well-functioning collective of creative minds, but only at the end of a workshop, after entering the flow, after the ground is well-prepared.

Light is love. We understood that in the moment of the end of the workshop. Our fertile ground had been prepared.

Minor closed the workshop with: “Get out into the Light.”



Like a Zen master, Minor reflected an impersonal love for our still-tender identities and a deep acceptance of our flawed and idiosyncratic personalities. He challenged us, gave us exercises and tools, and generally fathered us in our entry into the new world of seeing and expanded awareness. We were his spiritual and artistic children, a condition I embraced but resisted. Minor was single and had no immediate family. Each year, he sponsored a live-in workshop, where young photographers would live in his home and participate in a 9-month artistic residency. Others would come in from the outside to fill out the number of people necessary for a well-rounded workshop.

Minor liked me and several times asked me to live in the house. I declined. The living environment was monastic, with a group sitting in the early morning, communal meals, and an implicit agreement (though it was never spoken of) that one does not bring the members of the opposite sex into your room for any sustained period of time. Minor had a hard time with those who did. While he graciously accepted visitors, one could sense that the zen-like monastic brotherhood nourished Minor's soul. I had great empathy for the fact that his students were his only, real family.

I was a college student and a social being. It didn't make sense for me to isolate myself from the larger world and to take a partial vow of weekly celibacy. I rented a home twenty minutes from Minor's where I lived with other photographers and students of Minor's. This proved to be a great advantage, because unlike those that came and went, living in Minor's house for only a year, I could participate in the resident workshop over a course of five years, during which time I became quite close with Minor. We traveled together as he showed signs of aging. He needed assistance with driving and with handling photographic gear. And as he saw my interest in writing, I became a literary

assistant, helping to edit and revise his many texts. I came to know his thought intimately. I couldn't be writing this text now without the invaluable experience of entering his mind through his writing, many pieces of which remain unpublished. The book he was working on before his death, *The Visualization Manual*, was an attempt on Minor's part to integrate and summarize his complex and multivalent teaching on seeing and awareness. It has not seen the light of day, has never been published.

In the early Fall of 1975, I was back in Ohio and Minor and I were planning a photography excursion to Puerto Rico over Christmas break. We met at Nick's house in Cleveland for a weekend following a demanding schedule of Minor teaching workshops in London and Arizona. The circumstances of this weekend, in retrospect, were a premonition of things to come. On Friday night, Minor, Nick, and I spent the evening together. Both Nick and Minor were seminal influences on me, but it had been years since I was around both of them at the same time. I felt like a lineage had been established: grandfather, father, and son. For the first time, I felt myself as an integral part of this teaching, a necessary member. I intuited during that evening that it would be by task, my necessity to carry on this teaching, and I *knew* in some fiber of my being, that this moment was it, the last time I would physically be part of this artistic and spiritual family.

Minor *insisted* on signing the fifteen or twenty prints he had given Nick over the years, many of which were unsigned. Nick was to realize his early retirement partly on these signed prints. The second strange event of the weekend was late the next morning. Minor and I were sharing the guest bedroom in Nick's house. Minor took a nap. I heard the most unearthly cry utter from Minor while sleeping, a sort of death-sound that still haunts me. The third event that in retrospect seemed prescient occurred when Minor

woke up and asked me to go on a drive with him. We drove to the country, to a rural park with a fountain ringed by large, beautiful, manicured bushes. We sat in the center by the fountain. I felt at the time he was giving me his last words, a kind of last rites. It was a most unusual experience because there was nothing to indicate or even hint at impending changes. Minor seemed in perfect health, even vitally alive following the international workshops. He said to me, "Seek resonance in your life and work. You will not be disappointed." For Minor, resonance meant a state of connection realized through feeling and knowing an object of your perception within yourself, a means of knowing something from the inside-out.

The next Monday morning, Minor collapsed immediately after flying back to Boston with a massive heart attack, which was to kill him months later. He entered a coma, came out for a period of several months, during which time he settled his affairs, and died in the June the next year. The weekend in Cleveland was the last time Minor was in full possession of his strength and his faculties. Though I saw him many more times before his death, this two-day period crystallized my commitment to use whatever powers I have to fulfill my life's work of understanding and transmitting the teaching that came to me through Minor's generous spirit.

A statement he made several years before his death haunts me and continues to remind me of the responsibilities we hold toward advancing knowledge given by generations that precede us: "Some of the young photographers today enter photography where I leave off. My 'grandchildren' astound me. What I worked for they seem to be born with. So I wonder where *their* affirmations of Spirit will lead. My wish for them is

that their unfolding proceeds to fullness of Spirit, however astonishing or anguished their lives.”