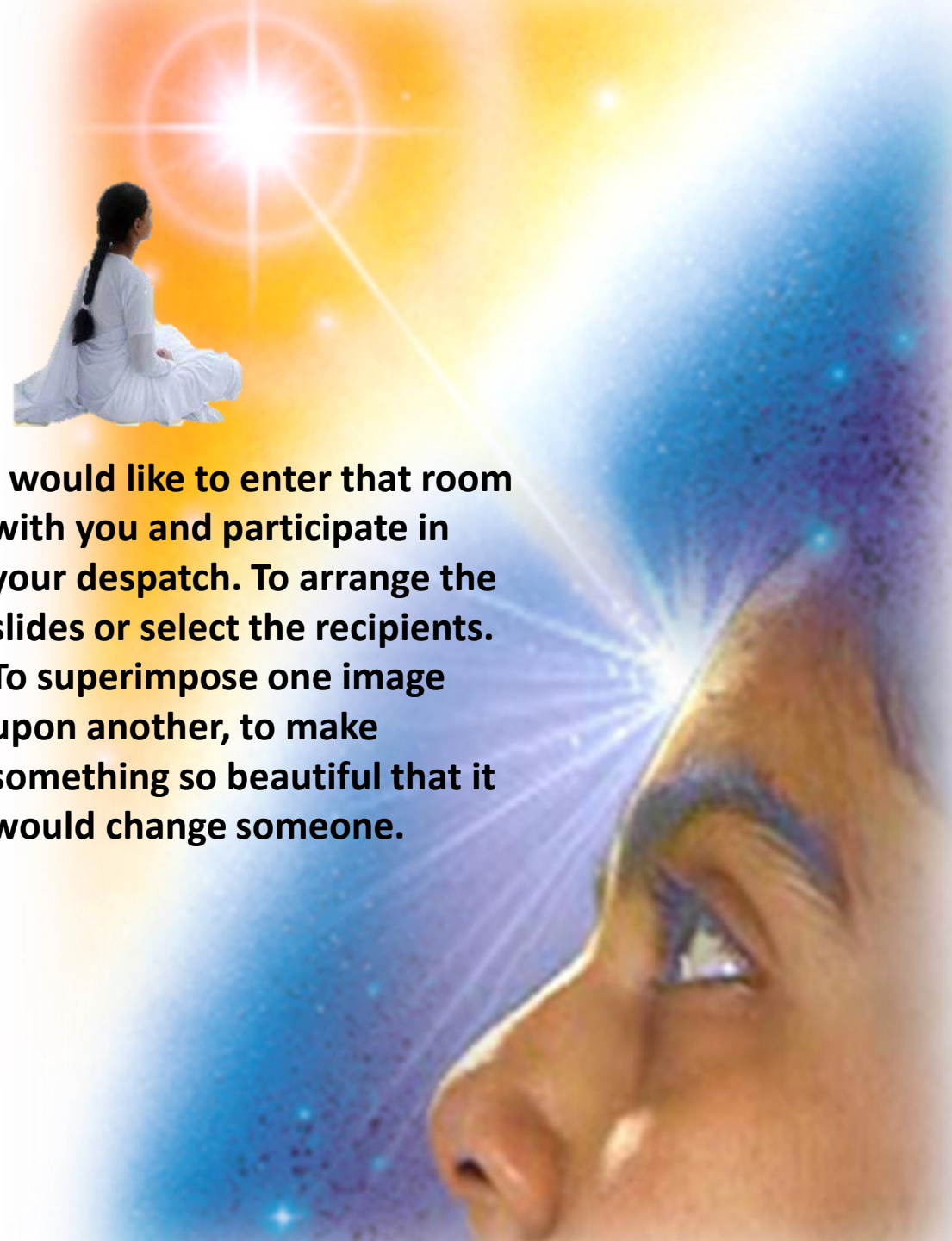


ONE WHO GIVES VISIONS

Visions. What is behind that door which you hold locked? An image bank, a subtle cinema, what is it? More than to receive a vision, I would like to enter that room with you and participate in your despatch. To arrange the slides or select the recipients. To superimpose one image upon another, to make something so beautiful that it would change someone. Better, I would love you to make a room of my house for this task: a dark room for developing pictures to send to people.



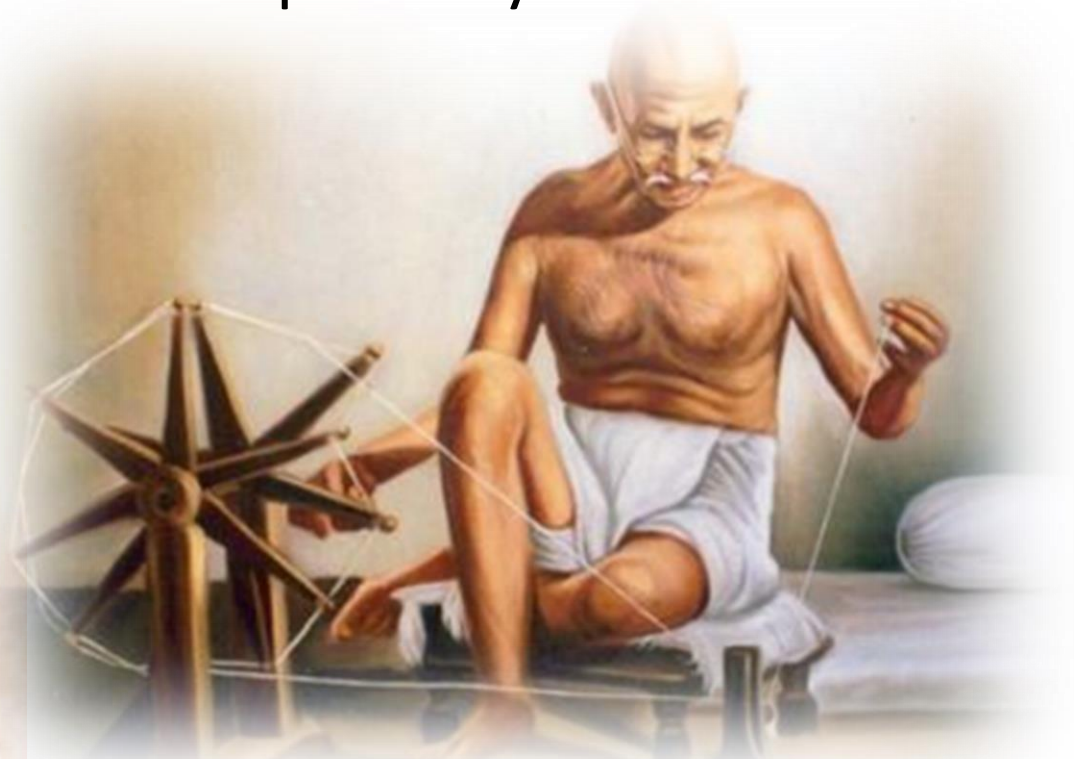
What is behind that door which you hold locked? An image bank, a subtle cinema, what is it?



**I would like to enter that room with you and participate in your despatch. To arrange the slides or select the recipients. To superimpose one image upon another, to make something so beautiful that it would change someone.**

I have a feeling that this part of your work is deeply personal. Maybe it is the private pleasure you keep for quiet moments between your other obligations, like a hobby, a sport. Maybe doing this gives you the same feeling as spinning cotton gave Gandhi, the activity he returned to in the peace of his evening verandah after too much publicity.

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Maybe doing this gives you the same feeling as spinning cotton gave Gandhi, the activity he returned to in the peace of his evening verandah after too much publicity.

I should like to be one of your family, like Gandhi's wife, and watch you as you do this. If I could not participate, I could promise quietness and an appreciation of the pictures you make.



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