



Perhaps Lafcadio Hearn will not protest too much if I paraphrase (almost word for word) from *Kokoro*, his 1895 book of Japanese life. He explains this important Japanese term far better than I ever could:

The entries comprising this volume treat of the inner rather than the outer life, — for which reason they have been grouped under the title *Kokoro* (heart). Written with the above character, this word signifies also *mind*, in the emotional sense; *spirit*; *courage*; *resolve*; *sentiment*; *affection*; and *inner meaning*, — just as we say in English, 'the heart of things.'

#140 Wisdom Inherited

Wisdom Inherited

The Miracle of Literacy

Brooks Jensen



We may have *discovered* fire and the wheel, but we *invented* language and the written word.

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The teacher should Chapter XX out as many of the topics as per-The Teacher Who Gets Ahead The Building of the Northern Pacific Railroad. merely to keep from going reighborhood and county. These thirty Bertha Palmera color key at the bottom of Chapter XXI im to accomplish the above purposes, and Beauty Spots of North Dakota same colors as shown on the guide How James Hill Built the Great Northern. ave been found to make the work on "Our State" Rex Willardpils should never draw something Chapter XXII interesting and profitable. Simple Farm Accounts what it is afterward. They should alway A GOOD EQUIPMENT FOR TEACHING Pioneer Days. Huldah L. Winstedfirst the story of the expedition in "The Story of Chapter XXIII "OUR STATE" America Makes Men and Other Poem The Early History of Fargo and the Larger Towns. Flickertail State," then trace it on the map. By W. M. Wemett In the Land of Dakota These maps have been carefully planned so as wleat; Making Pem-Chapter XXIV The Story of the Flickertail State, 315 pages, Coteau des 1 C. L. Youngto illustrate the various phases of our state's history rrow the Buffaloes Were Ex-93 illustrations. The school should have a The Enabling Act. Government of North Dakota and of the glacial drift, bra and geography. Do not try to put all of the followcopy for each eighth grade pupil. Price \$1.35. Chapter XXV amated; Gathering Wild Rice; Making Maple country between the prehistoric lakes were ing work on one or two maps. They will be so How General Beadle Saved Our School Lands. The Indians of North Dakota, 256 pages, 53 cluttered and confused as to be useless. Have the gin of the glacial drift should be shaded red and Syrup; Copper Mining. Chapter XXVI ions The school should have a copy Chapter X



D. Chrönfur AND COMPANY OF THE STATE OF THE

Syndernes Forladelse og Arvelod blandt dem som er helligede ved Troen paa mig. Es. 35, 5; 42, 7; 60, 1. Efes. 1, 18. Rol. 1, 13.

19. Derfor, Kong Agrippa, blev jeg itte ulydig mod det himmelste Syn; Bal. 1, 16.

20. men baabe for dem i Damaskus først og for Jerusalem og i hele Judæas Land og for Hedningerne forkyndte jeg, at de stulde omvende sig og komme tilbage til Gud og gjøre Gjerninger som er Om= vendelsen værdige. 9, 20. 28. 29. Matt. 3, 8.

21. For disse Tings Styld greb nogle Iøder mig i Templet og søgte at slaa mig ihjel. 21, 30. 31.

22. Saa har jeg da faaet Hjælp fra Gub og staar til denne Dag og vidner baade for liden og stor, idet jeg ikke siger noget andet, end hvad Profeterne og Moses har sagt stulde ste: Luf. 24, 44 fg.

23. at Messias stulbe libe, og at han som den første af de dødes Opstandelse stulde forkynde Lys for Folket og for Bedningerne.

1 Ror. 15, 20. Rol. 1, 18. Nab. 1, 5. Lut. 2, 32.

24. Men da han forsvarede sig saa= ledes, siger Festus med høi Røst: Du er driver dig til Vanvid.

25. Men han siger: Jeg er ikke van= vittig, mægtigste Festus! men jeg taler fra Aleksandria, som skulde til Italien,

sande og sindige Ord.

26. Thi Kongen kjender til disse Ting, og til ham taler jeg ogsaa frimodig; thi jeg kan itte tro, at noget af dette er ukjendt for ham; dette er jo itte ffeet i en Aftrog.

27. Trordu, Kong Agrippa, Profeterne?

Jeg veed, at bu tror.

28. Men Agrippa sagde til Paulus: Der mangler libet i, at du overtaler mig til at blive en Kristen.

29. Paulus sagde da: Jeg vilde ønste til Gud, enten der mangler lidet eller meget, at itte alene bu, men ogsaa alle som hører mig idag, maatte blive slig som jeg er, undtagen bisse Lænker.

30. Da stod Kongen op, og Lands= høvdingen og Berenike og de som sad ber med bem,

31. og be git til Sibe og talte meb hverandre og sagde: Denne Mand giør itte noget som fortjener Død eller Lænter. 25, 25.

32. Og Agrippa sagbe til Festus: Denne Mand kunde være løslabt, om han itte havbe indanket fin Sag for Reiseren. 25, 11.

27. Kapitel.

Paulus sendes til Rom. Stibet farer til Sidon, 1-3, derfra til Myra, 4-8. Sofærden bliver farlig; Paulus giver det Raad, at de stal tage Binterhavn paa Kreta, men til ingen Nytte, 7-12. De kommer i stor Havsnød; Paulus faar en Naben= baring fra Gud og troster dem, 13-28. Tilsidst lider de Stibbrud og strander paa Den Malta; men alle bjerger sig iland, 27-44.

a det nu var afgjort, at vi stulde seile afsted til Italien, overgav de baabe Paulus og nogle andre Fanger til en Høvedsmand ved Navn Julius ved den keiserlige Hær-Deling.

2. Vi git da ombord paa et Stib fra Abramyttium, som stulde seile til Stederne langs Asia=Landet, og saa for vi ud; Aristartus, en Makedonier fra Tessa= lonika, var med os.

3. Den anden Dag løb vi ind til Sidon, og Julius, som var mennesse= kjærlig mod Paulus, gav ham Lov til at gaa til sine Venner og nyde godt af beres Omsorg. 24, 23; 28, 16.

4. Derfra for vi vibere og seilede ind under Appern, fordi Vinden var imod,

5. og efter at vi havde seilet over vanvittig, Paulus! din megen Lærdom | Havet ved Kilikien og Pamfylien, kom vi til Myra i Lykien.

6. Der fandt Høvedsmanden et Stib og han førte os ombord paa det.

7. I mange Dage git det nu smaat med Seilingen, og vi vandt med Nød og neppe frem imod Knidus; da Vinden var imod, holdt vi ned under Areta ved Salmone,

8. og bet var saa vidt vi kom der forbi og naaede frem til et Sted som kaldes Godhavn, nær ved en By Lasæa.

9. Da nu en lang Tid var gaaet, og bet allerede var farligt at færdes paa Søen, fordi det alt var over Fasten, advarede Paulus dem og sagde:

10. I Mænd! jeg ser, at Søfærden vil være et Vovestytte og medføre stor Stade itte bare for Ladning og Stib, men ogsaa for vort Liv.

11. Men Høvedsmanden satte mere Lid til Styrmanden og Stipperen end til bet som Paulus sagbe.

12. Og da Havnen var uhøvelig til Vinterleie, blev de fleste enige om, at de stulbe fare ub ogsaa derfra, om de maaste tunde vinde frem og tage Vinterhavn i

Føniks, en Havn paa Kreta, som vender Stykke derfra og loddede igje mod Sydvest og Nordvest.

13. Da der nu blæste en svag Sønden= vind, tænkte de, at de kunde fuldføre sit Forsæt; de lettede da og seilede nær Land langs med Kreta.

14. Men itte længe efter kom en Hvirvelvind som kaldes Eurakylon, og kastede sig mod Den;

15. da Stibet blev grebet af den og itke kunde holde sig op mod Vinden, gav vi det over og lod os drive.

16. Vi løb da under en liden Ø som kaldes Klauda, og det var med Nød, at vi fit bjerget Baaben;

17. da de havde faaet den ombord, greb de til Nødhjælp og slog Taug om Stibet. Og da de frygtede for at drive ned paa Syrten, firede de Seilet ned og brev saaledes.

18. Da vi nu led meget ondt af Veiret, kastede de næste Dag Ladningen overbord,

19. og den tredje Dag kastede vi med egne Hænder Stibets Redstab i Søen.

20. Da nu hverken Sol eller Stjerner lod sig se paa flere Dage, og et svært Uveir var over os, var det fra nu af forbi med alt Haab om Redning.

21. Og da de ikke havde faaet Mad Køde til sig, de ogsaa. paa længe, stod Paulus frem midt iblandt dem og sagde: I Mænd! I burde have lybt mit Raad og ikke faret ud fra Kreta, saa Ihavde sparet eder for dette Vovestykke B. 10, 11. og benne Stade.

22. Og nu beder jeg eber være ved godt Mod; thi ingen Siæl iblandt eder tal forgaa, men bare Stibet.

23. Thi i benne Nat stod for mig en sætte Stibet paa Land, om det var muligt. Engel fra den Gud som jeg tilhører, som jeg ogsaa tjener, og sagbe:

ig alle dem som seiler med dig, til Gave. ned paa Stranden.

Mænd! thi jeg sætter min Lid til Gud, her stødte de paa med Skibet, og Forstibet

anden D.

medens vi drev omkring i Adriaterhavet, bort og rømme; stjønte Søsoltene midt paa Natten, at bet bar nær mob Land.

ne; men da de var komme et lidet først kaste sig ud og komme iland,

femten Favne;

29. og da de frygtede for, at tunde støde paa Stjær, kasted Ankere ud fra Bagstavnen og onsk det vilde blive Dag.

30. Men Søfoltene søgte at røn bort fra Stibet og firede Baaden n Havet, idet de lod, som de vilde Ankere ud fra Forstavnen;

31. da sagde Paulus til Høved den og til Krigsfoltet: Dersom itt bliver ombord i Stibet, tan Jitte v. M. bjergebe.

32. Da kappede Krigsfolket Baabens

Tange og lod den falde.

33. Da det nu led mod Dag, bad Paulus alle tage Føde til sig, og han sagbe: Dette er nu den fjortende Dag, at I venter og lader være at æde og ifte tager noget til eder.

34. Derfor beder jeg eber tage Føde til eder; dette hører med til eders Red= ning; thi der stal itte falde et Haar af Hovedet paa nogen iblandt eber.

35. Da han havde sagt dette, tog han et Brød, tattede Gud for alles Pine og brød bet og begyndte at æde;

36. da blev de alle frimodige og tog

37. Vi var i alt to hundrede og seks

og sytti Sjæle paa Stibet. 38. Og da de var blevne mætte, let= tede de Stibet ved at kaste Levnetsmidlerne i Savet.

39. Da det nu blev Dag, kjendte de itte Landet, men de blev var en Vig som havde en Strand; der bestemte de sig til at

40. De kappede da Ankerne og lod dem falde i Havet og løste tillige de Tauge 24. Frygt ikke, Paulus! du skal staa som de havde surret Rorene med; saa em for Keiseren, og se, Gud har givet heisebe de Seilet for Vinden og holdt

41. Men be brev ind paa en Grund 25. Derfor vær ved godt Mod, I som havde bybt Hav paa begge Sider; at det skal blive saa som det er sagt mig. løb sig fast og skod urørligt, men Agter= 26. Men vi stal strande paa en eller stibet blev sønderslaaet af Brændingerne.

42. Krigsfoltet vilde nu dræbe Fangerne, 27. Da nu den fjorkende Nat kom, for at ikke nogen af dem skulde svemme

43. men Høvedsmanden, som vilde frelse Paulus, hindrede dem i deres Raab 28. Og da de loddede, fandt de tyve og bød, at de som kunde svømme, skulde

HELLING PHELL CONTINACTOR unter Mela mariana. Injudición de la frasqueta Mante. Tunde fasien, y Massarbora De a de Parco: Materno Franco. esta Crudado, y maturatus el de la Ani Ma de Belbado: que padrino la ser



How is it not a miracle that we can know the thoughts of someone who lived and died a 1000 years ago?



Marine Ma Hattitiet. Spoken wach J JUESDAY JULY 31 = !!! 1/27 1/21. Select 1/21. 3 5 Helen Maken Medicesday I Ching 1th 1918 B the Steel of the Mark E 12/15/6. HURSDAY= AUG. 2. 1917 White Salt Lake Bity 1/ dea Baker Leit Colu Leinem Lane Ma FESorell 1. 7 cesen 1 Tay er Wife Sportain Mai 2011/7/10165-163. 4 6 8 DAY AUB. 5 1917







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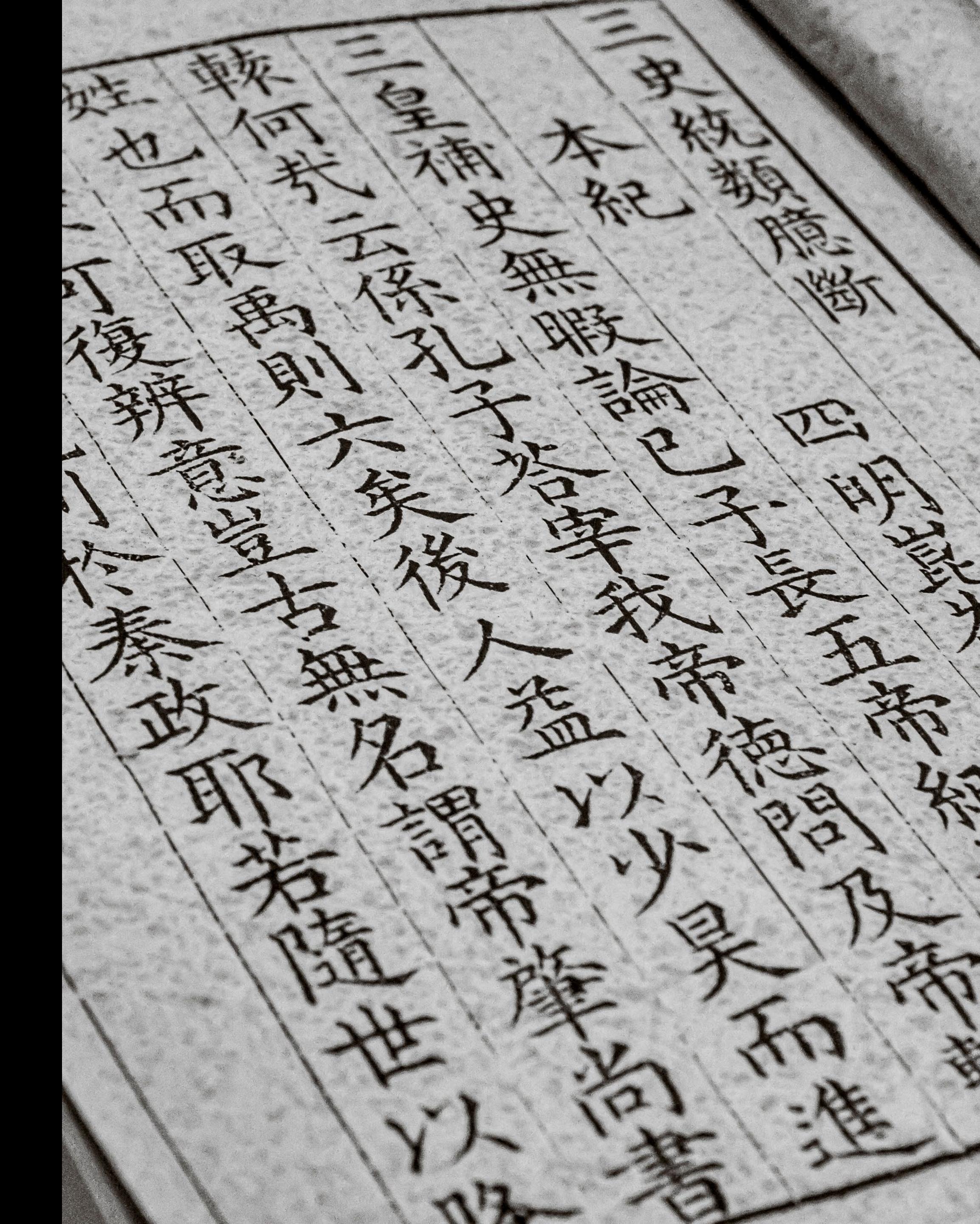




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What the thinkers of old *thought* may be important, but the fact that we can *know* what they thought is amazing.



The Richest Man in the Village

A One-Picture Story



We were told he was the richest man in the village and wanted us to pay him to make his portrait.

My translator — thinking quickly — improvised a white lie: "He has come all the way from America to photograph you."

He looked at me intently for a few moments and said, "Ok, but only if he buys a chicken." We paid for the chicken and then conveniently forgot to take it with us. I had no doubt he was, indeed, the richest man in the village.



#141 Pines in the Sky

(A Seeing in SIXES sketch)



Pines in the Sky

Brooks Jensen









A deep breath of pine and the world rights itself.



Vespers Fruit

A One-Picture Story



It was my second day photographing at this mountain monastery in Lishui, China. This monk was the only person I'd seen all morning and he spoke no English, but he did allow me to photograph and wander the temple grounds at will.

About 4pm, the other monks started to gather in their formal meditation robes for evening service — the Buddhist equivalent of vespers. I had an inkling what was about to happen, so I positioned myself just outside the main temple and started my audio recorder. Wanting to be respectful of their service, I assumed a standing Buddhist position and just listened, without photographing, during the 45-minute ceremony.

After the service was concluded, I noticed all the monks were given a large bag of fruit by the head monk and they wandered off to their dormitory. I turned to leave and was just heading down the steps when the head monk tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around to see him smiling at me with a bag of fruit extended toward me as a gift. I bowed, he bowed, I bowed again, he bowed again and handed me the bag. We said our goodbyes and I left the temple. Perhaps he just had an extra bag of fruit. Perhaps he might have thought I was hungry after spending all afternoon photographing the temple. Or perhaps it was a gesture of inclusion because I had participated, in my limited way, in their daily vespers ceremony. I'll never know for sure, but I also know I'll never forget his smiling face.

#142 Gratitude



Gratitude

Brooks Jensen





We cannot escape the fact that we are all creatures who eat other creatures. To live is to chomp and grind and swallow other living things. We genteelly ignore this undeniable truth to ease our quilt for inflicting such pain on our innocent meals. But quilt and numbing ignorance are not the only responses.





The Buddhist mealtime vow begins, "We must think deeply of the ways and means by which this food has come."

Thinking deeply, with a heart of gratitude toward the plants and animals that are about to become us, and not forgetting all the people in the process who give us the gift of life. Gratitude. Amen.









Some people eat only plants to show their compassion.

How do we know that plants aren't feeling pain or suffering in their own way?

We are left with two choices: stop nourishing ourselves, or cultivate a compassionate gratitude. As Alan Watts once said, "A chicken that is not cooked well has died for you in vain."





























Photographed at the Anchang Village outdoor market near Hangzhou, China

Wynken, Blynken, and Bacon

A One-Picture Story

My brother-in-law, Tom, is retired and now spends his time as a "gentleman farmer." When I was in China and saw these pigs, I remembered Tom's adventure raising three turkeys: he named them Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Lucky. Hence, my title for this photograph: *Wynken, Blynken, and Bacon*. It takes all my will power to not put thought bubbles above these guys.





#143 Fog in the Hills and Aits

Fog in the Hills and Aits



Brooks Jensen

Inspired by Charles Dickens

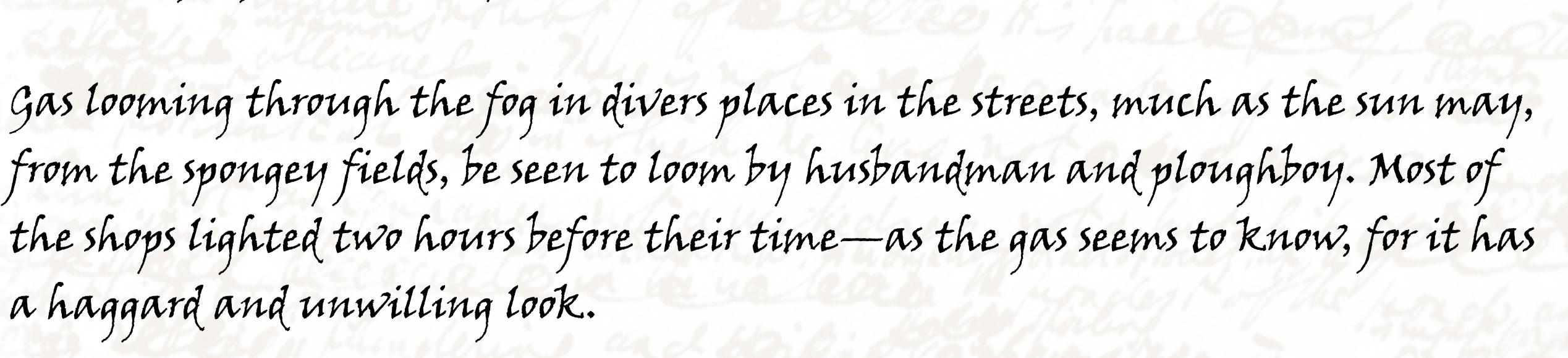
Fog everywhere.

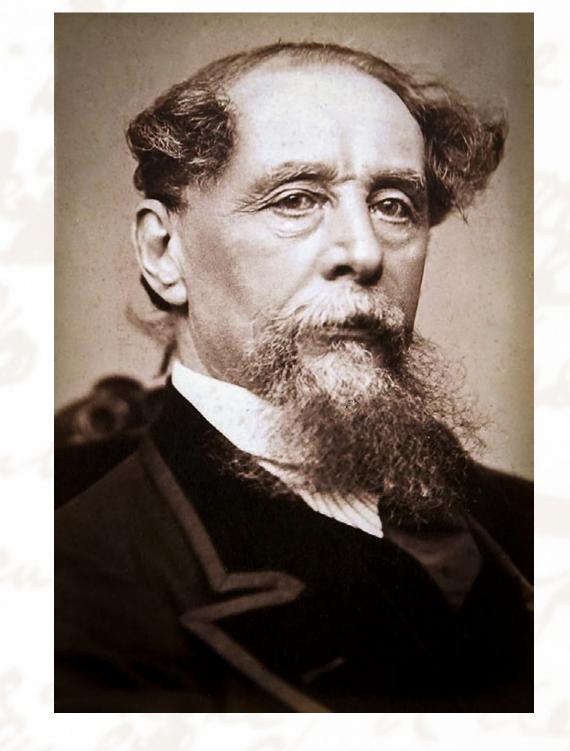
Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls deified among the tiers of shipping and the waterside pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their

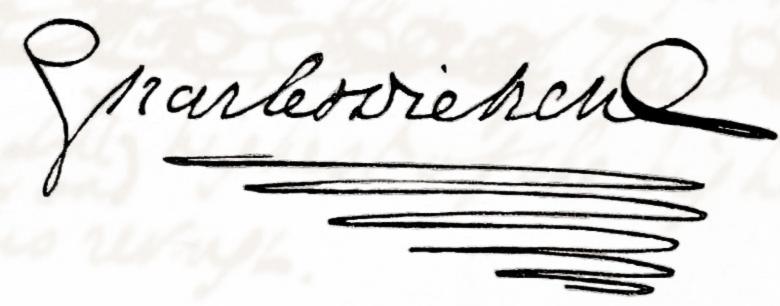


From the opening page of the 1852 novel Bleak House by Charles Dickens

wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were up in a balloon and hanging in the misty clouds.





















Just on the other side, it's just *there*, we know it is, just beyond our grasp, hidden in the fog. Enlightenment, wealth, love, fame, answers — life is lived in the fog.

Dickens used fog in his great passage from *Bleak House* to symbolize the law, but the metaphor goes much deeper, I think. What area of life is not shrouded in a foggy limitation beyond which we cannot see? As it was called by that Christian mystic lost to history, the "cloud of unknowing" — it is the impenetrable mist of our very existence. Perhaps *that* is the innermost nature of life — fog, everywhere we look, everywhere we are, the sun just beyond our grasp, tantalizingly close, yet not quite attainable, glimpsed but not ours.

Basketball Rocks

A One-Picture Story

In 1940, my father was starting his college life at the University of Wyoming in Laramie, where I was born 14 years later. Dad loved basketball. I mean, he *really* loved it. And in 1943 he was a member of the men's basketball team that won the National Championship that year. It was the highlight of his sports life and quite an accomplishment for a guy who started — well, I suppose I should tell his story from the beginning.

On the family farm in Bear Lake, Idaho, he wanted so desperately to learn the game and hone his skills. There was no basketball court in his school, no coach, no chance for him to learn. Nonetheless, he did what he could. Decades later during a family reunion at the farm, he took my brother and me out back and showed us where he'd hung a loop of wire on the side of barn to simulate a basketball hoop. He "shot" rocks as though they were basketballs and used the barn as the backboard. He wore a hole in the barn wood that was still there, forty years later.

Dad died in 1990, but three years later my brother and I attended, in his place, the 50th Anniversary celebration of the University's national basketball victory. I still have the commerative coin and the memories of my rock-shooting father.

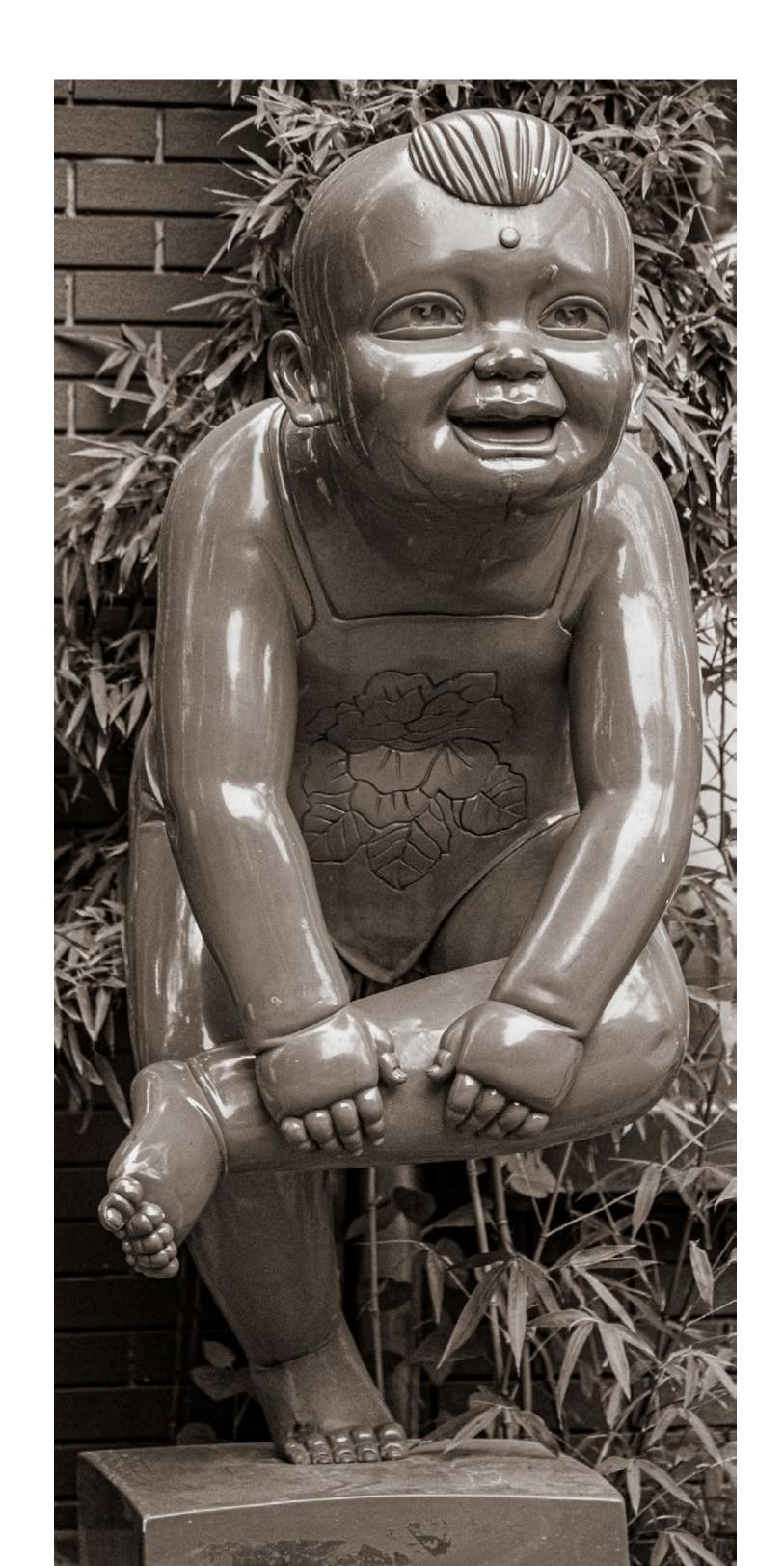


#144 Human, Not Human

Human, Not Human

Brooks Jensen

Why do we humans find inanimate replications of ourselves so comforting, so entertaining, so ubiquitous? We don't sculpt or carve rocks to imitate rocks. We don't imitate clouds or trees — unless disguising a cell phone tower. For reasons that escape me, we seem to love surrounding ourselves with humans that are not human.













Quite honestly, I find it hilarious.





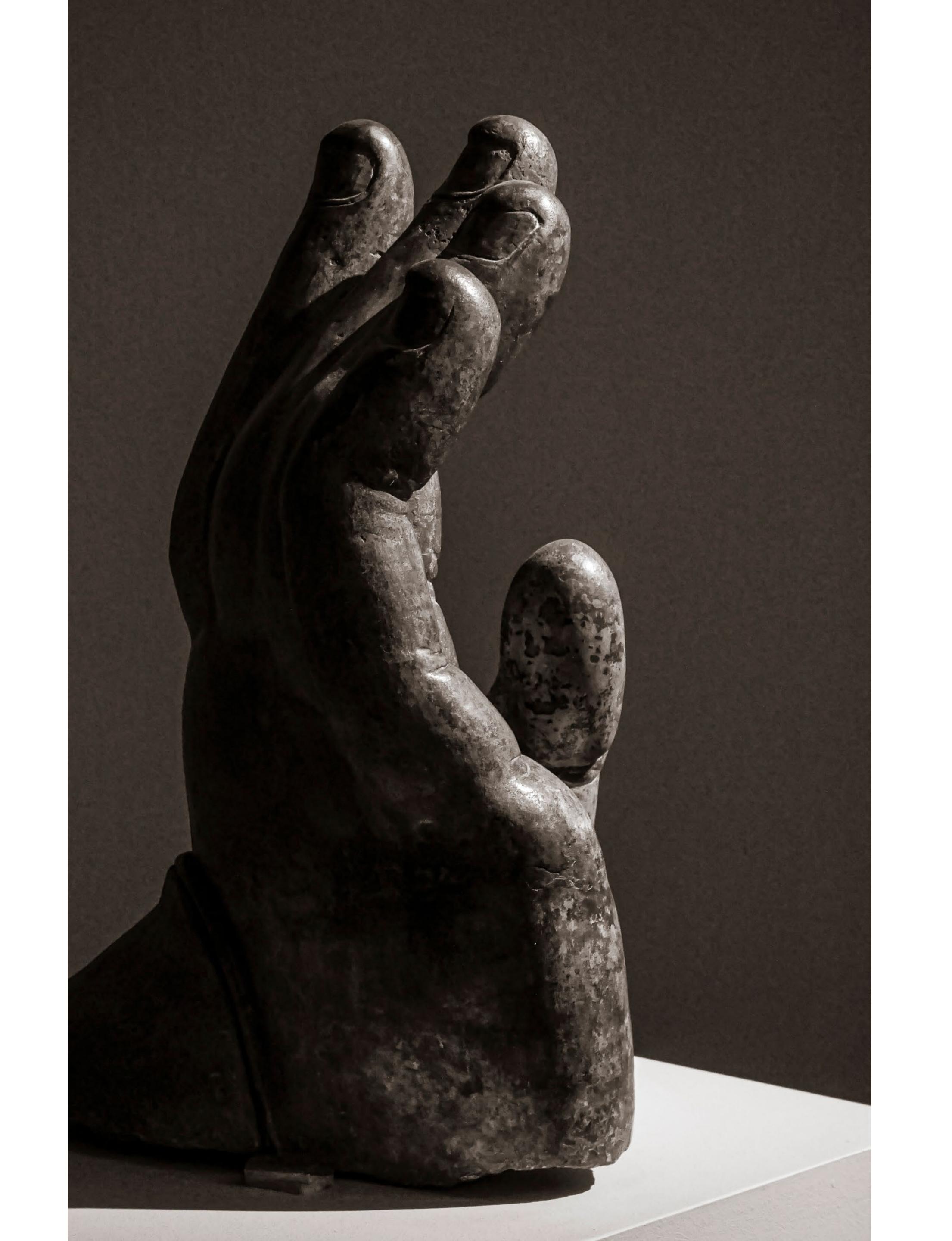










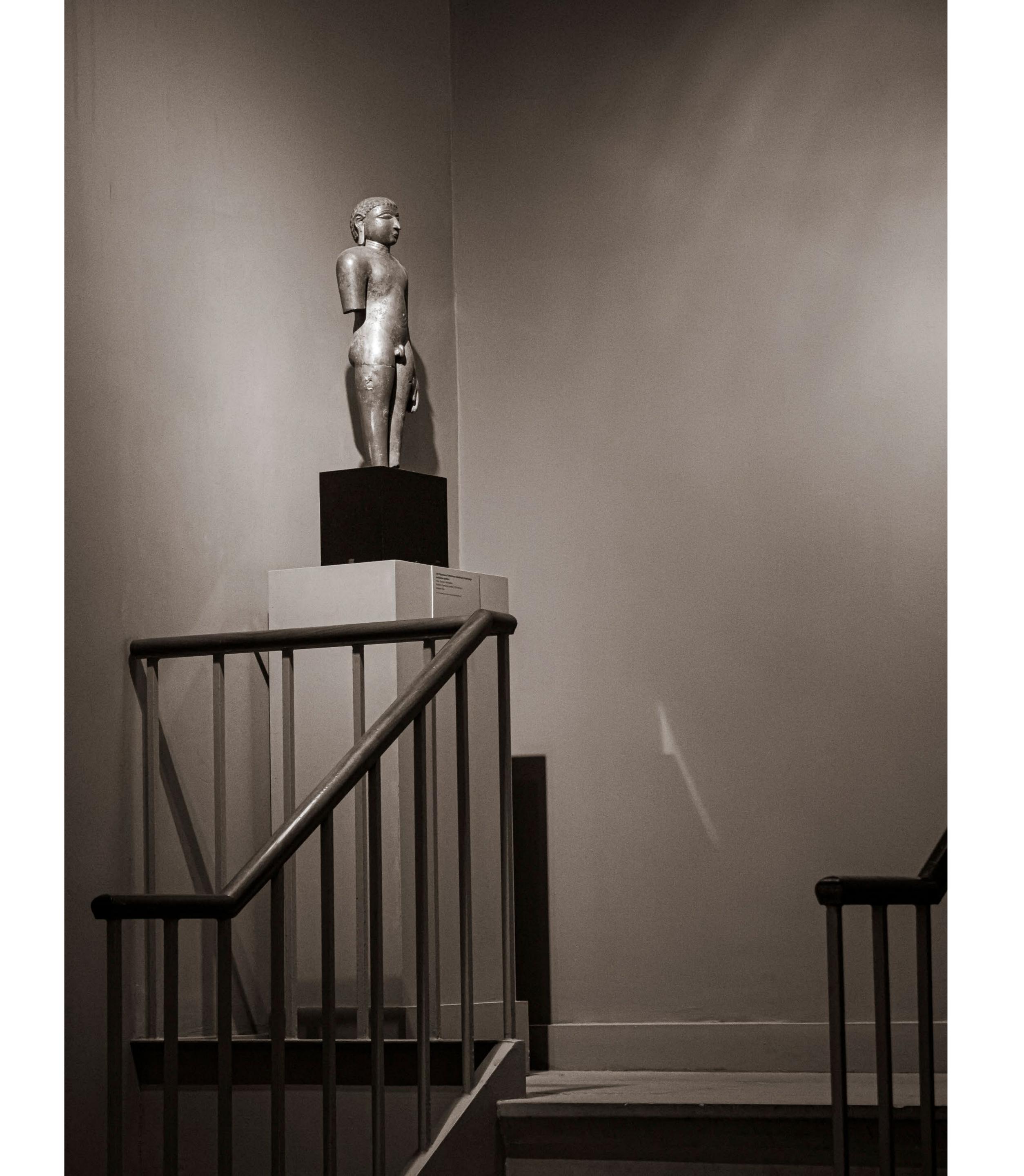












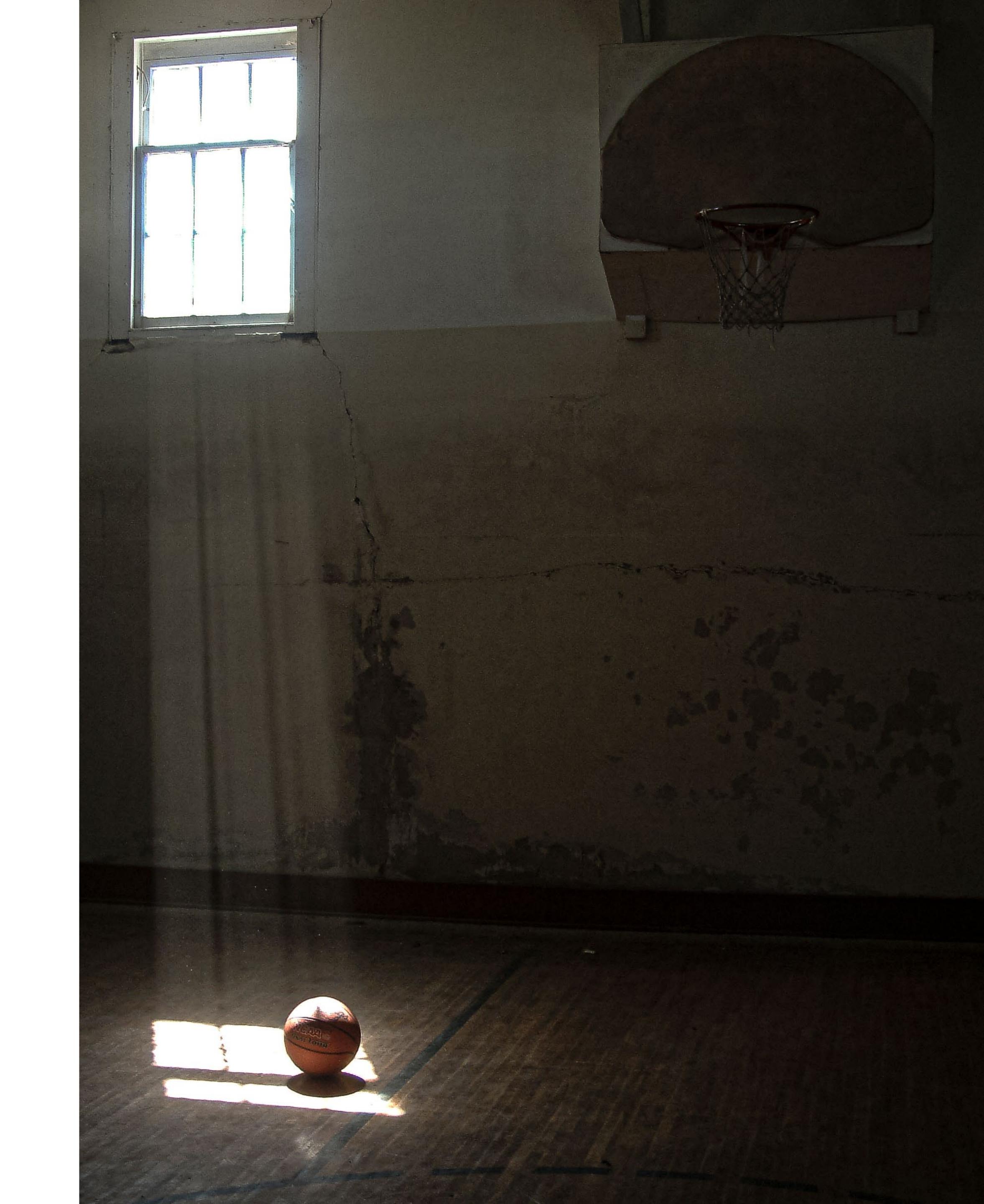
The BB Gun Free Throws

A One-Picture Story

One more story about my Dad and basketball.

He was remarkably accurate at the free throw line. It was his claim to fame. Once, all of us went to a fair — it might have been the county fair in Laramie, or maybe it was the State Fair in Cheyenne, I've forgotten now — and they had a carnival booth where you could win prizes by making free throws. My older brother and I begged him to win the BB gun, but he resisted, explaining that the hoops were just a little smaller than regulation and the balls were over-inflated to make them harder so they would bounce off the rim. It wasn't really "rigged," but it wasn't regulation either. We didn't care. We wanted that BB gun.

At long last, we wore down his resistance and he stepped up to the line, paid for his ticket — and then sunk 27 free throws in a row. We had our BB gun. It wasn't a very good one, and it didn't shoot BBs more than about 20 feet, but Dad had won it for us and we treasured it like it was the best gun ever made.



#145 Protection from Evil

PROTECTION FROM EVIL

Brooks Jensen

Niō or Kongōrikishi are two wrathful and muscular guardians of the Buddha, typically standing at the entrance of Buddhist temples. They are assistants to the bodhisattva Vajrapāni, the oldest and most powerful of the Mahayana Buddhist protectors from evil spirits. They are also known as the Benevolent Kings.













The other common protectors from evil are the dragons and lions dogs that frighten away those who are not welcome.













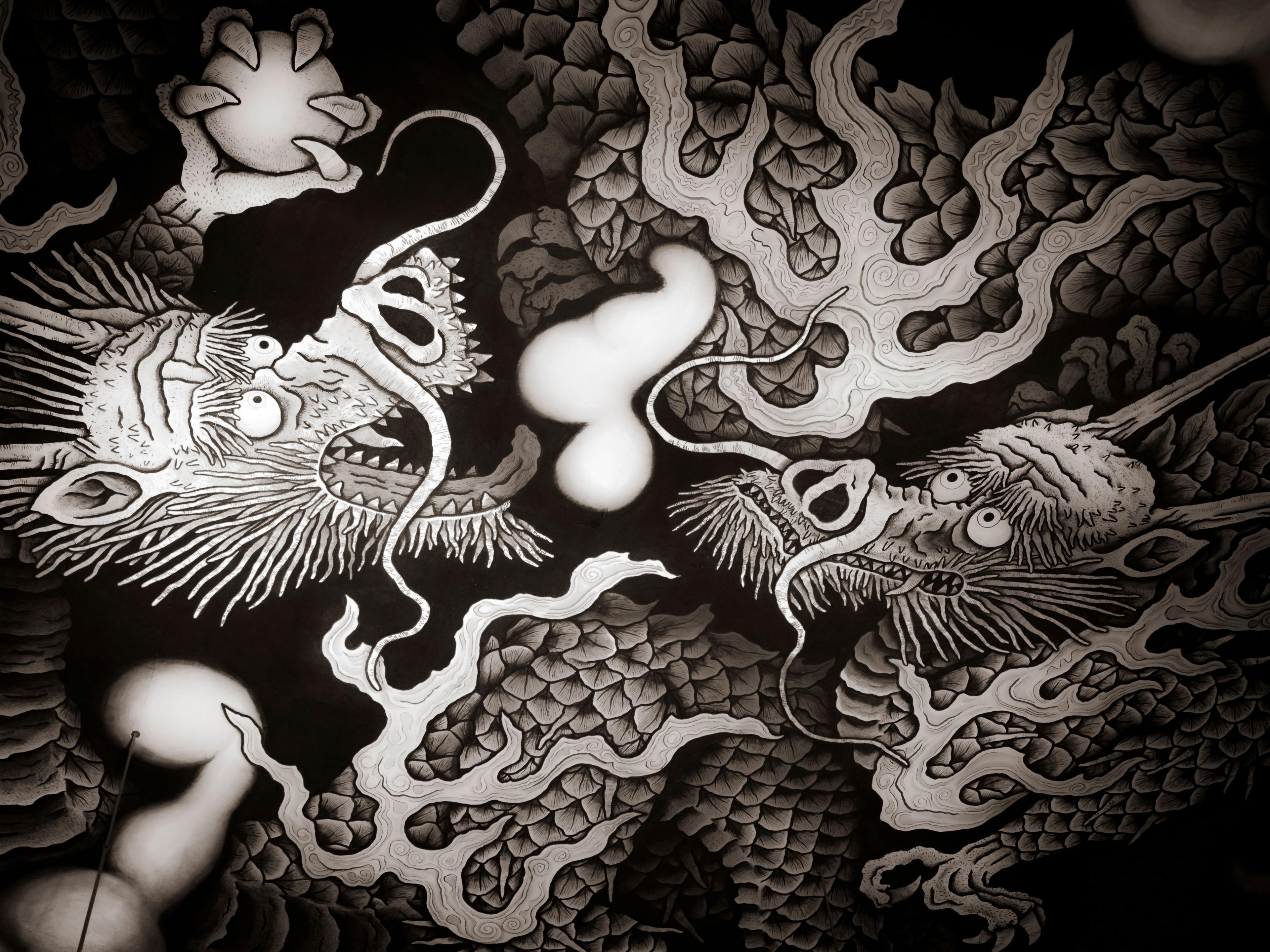














If I were an evil spirit, the Guardians would frighten me away.

Notes

Wisdom Inherited

Just imagine life without literacy – or even language at all! No wisdom handed down unless directly by word of mouth. We are so fortunate that we can read and that though this simple fact, we can know so much.

Tech notes: Four different cameras using three different lenses, shot over a fifteen year period. The only thing that holds these images together as a whole is their content. Imagine that!

Pines in the Sky

Since I was a boy, my favorite colors have always been green and blue. Perhaps that's why I like pines and sky. But now that I think about it, perhaps I have that backwards.

Tech notes: I simply love this idea of a photo project that is limited to just six images. All Panasonic gear. I have no idea what species of pine trees they are.

Gratitude

Last year when I was in China, on the very last day of photography I was driven a ways out into the country from

the city of Hangzhou. I had no idea where we were going or what I might find there to photograph. My host simply said, "Trust me – you'll like this place." He was right. And the best tasting sausage I've ever had!

Tech notes: Funny story — well, not so much to me. During this trip, I was having all kinds of problems with my lower back and my legs going numb. I could walk about 20-30 yards, then have to rest for 20 minutes. Almost all of the images in the project are made from a sitting position, found by just looking once I was stationary. As a shooting strategies, that really works!

Fog in the Hills and Aits

Originally published as a printed chapbook. The background graphic is from Dicken's handwritten manuscript.

Human, Not Human



The seed for this project was planted in China while looking at the red laughing boy. It's in a park near a river and

even my translators had no idea what this was about. The statue is 20-feet tall and painted fire-engine red, standing on a mirrored chrome sphere. Curiouser and couriouser, as they say. I made a few exposures, and then realized I had lots of human figure photographs back home.

Tech notes: Another example of an unconscious project unfolding over time. The first of the images in this group was photographed in 2009 with a Panasonic GM1. The most recent was in November of last year (including the laughing red boy), shot with a Panasonic G9.

Protection from Evil

At first blush, these figures are quite scary looking. After I learned that they are all protectors, they ceased to be scary. Interesting.

Tech notes: Most of these images are from my most recent trip to China and Japan in November of 2019. As such, the are all handheld exposures. I love it.

One-Picture Stories

Memory, like storytelling, is all anecdotes and snippets – the story of our lives.

Folios, Chapbooks, Prints

Support the artist!

For over 30 years, Brooks has shared his photographic lessons, failures, inspiration, creative path — and more than a few laughs. If you've enjoyed his free *Kokoro* PDFs publications, or been a long-time listener to his free audio commentaries (his weekly podcast *On Photography and the Creative Life*, or his daily *Here's a Thought* commentaries), here is your chance to tell him how much you appreciate his efforts. Support the artist!



Choose whichever level of support fits your appreciation and pocketbook. We thank you, he thanks you, and here's looking forward to the exciting content that is yet to come in all our *LensWork* publications and media as Brooks continues exploring this creative life.

\$15 Applause - Thanks!

\$25 Standing Ovation - You'll receive a signed copy of *Dreams of Japan*

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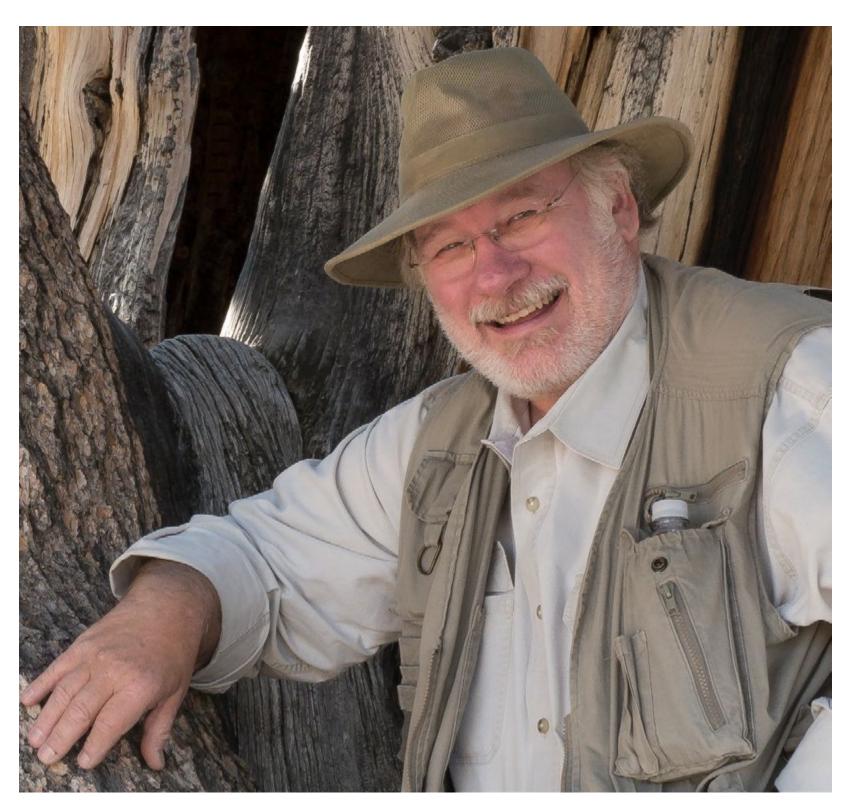
\$100 Essential Support - You'll receive a signed Full Quarto (16-page, 8x11") chapbook handmade and signed by the artist

\$250 Sustaining Support - You'll receive a thank you of an original, signed print + wall hanger

\$500 Friend of the Arts - You'll receive a thank you of a signed original print with wall hanger plus a Full Quarto chapbook

\$1000 Patron of the Arts - You'll receive a special thank you of, well, you'll see!

You can donate to support Brooks' creative life using this link. Thanks!



Brooks Jensen is a fine-art photographer, publisher, workshop teacher, and writer. In his personal work he specializes in small prints, handmade artist books, and digital media publications.

He and his wife (Maureen Gallagher) are the owners, co-founders, editors, and publishers of the award winning *LensWork*, one of today's most respected and important periodicals in fine art photography. With subscribers in more than 70 countries, Brooks' impact on fine art photography is truly worldwide. His long-running podcasts on art and photography are heard over the Internet by thousands every day. All 1,200+ podcasts are available at *LensWork Online*, the LensWork membership website. LensWork Publishing is also at the leading edge in multimedia and digital media publishing with *LensWork Extended* — a PDF-based, media-rich expanded version of the magazine.

Brooks is the author of fourteen books about photography and creativity: *Photography, Art, & Media* (2016); *The Creative Life in Photography* (2013); *Letting Go of the Camera* (2004); *Single Exposures* (4 books in a series, random observations on art, photography and creativity); *Looking at Images* (2014); *Seeing in SIXES* (2016); *Seeing in SIXES* (2017); *Seeing in SIXES* (2018); *Seeing in SIXES* (2019); *The Best of the LensWork Interviews* (2016); as well as a photography monograph, *Made of Steel* (2012). *Kokoro* is a free, monthly PDF e-magazine of his personal work and is available (both current and back issues) for download from his website.

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