

Bud — here is my answer to your question.

I did not start with a written credo or manifesto. Nor was there a program to be followed. It all came about very slowly. School days exposed me to the hows more than the whys or the whats.

Encounters with the work of others were stimulants to broader vistas. Childhood memories, mostly happy ones, persisted. Nature as an influence always strong. Companionships, love and family, a measure of fulfillment. Social contact and hours of solitude all ingredients in the process of one's growth.

Enthusiastic beginnings and recognition of failures marking a long quest to seek and sometimes find a form, a structure, a sound or a way. A find that would tend to make me feel what I am or one that would cause a change in me, would simply deepen the mystery.

Facing a problem, yes. Solving it, more often than not, would prove evanescent.

The acceptance of the reality of the dream as a stimulant and propellant toward achieving the other reality generated an atmosphere of involvement rather than passivity. Immersion into the vast recesses of the mind leading to the realization that the inner world is as immense as the cosmos outside.....

At this eternal moment, I have a gut feeling that awareness of the miracle of life is the purpose of life.

I might never know.....

Harry