

Stieglitz's offer to exhibit my photographs took me very much by surprise, and it was some time before I understood its potential significance. But what I did immediately realize was that I was being offered recognition for my contribution to photography, an avocation in which I had been engaged for several years. Success had come here before I had made any significant progress in scientific research. I could now unpretentiously regard myself ^{as} a serious photographer of recognized achievement, something I had never been able to consider before. But achievement and recognition were not the most important benefits to be derived from this showing of my work; what really counted ^{was} the effects ^{it} they had on me, a vindication of the time I had spent, sometimes guiltily, making pictures with a camera on an island in Maine, ^{while} when my conscience told me, according to expectations, ^{that} I should have been pursuing a career in science in a laboratory. I knew now that photography was legitimate for me; that in photography I had more aptitude than in a search for truth in the phenomenal world; ^{and} that truth in the arts has a different dimension. Here for the first time was something I could do with complete self-confidence. I felt released from self-imposed commitments to a specialized education and to the expectations of family and close associates, and at the same time ^{relieved} of the burden of uncertainty about my dedication to a life of fading accomplishments. I could now turn in ^{the} a direction in which I felt most confident. This revelation developed slowly. The Stieglitz exhibition at An American Place was scheduled for three weeks in December 1938 and January 1939. During the weeks that followed I decided not to seek renewal of my appointment as a tutor in biochemistry and to terminate all research work at the end of the academic year in June. ~~THESE ARE THE SACRIFICES~~ Giving up my job was not too much of a financial sacrifice because I received a modest income from a family trust. With my wife, Aline, and our baby son Jonathan we went to Maine for the summer and, since there was no compelling reason for living in Cambridge now that I was an independent agent, I ^{felt free} could ^{to} practice photography anywhere. My wife's brother, Peter, had ~~me~~ recently

moved to Santa Fe and urged us to go there for the winter. Santa Fe, an attractive small town, the oldest European settlement in the United States and the capital of New Mexico, was favored with a very pleasant climate. Since I had become romantically oriented towards the west, first ~~by~~ as a child on camping trips with my family and later on adventures with ~~friends~~ ~~classmates~~ during college ~~years~~ classmates, I was especially eager to try living in the west. Aline, with a more New England conditioning and European orientation, was less enthusiastic but willing to try it for a winter.

1939
 Aline and I drove west (in the fall) and, after we had settled in a small apartment in Santa Fe, Jonathan was brought out on the train by a dear elderly Maine woman, who had ^{Previously} worked for other members of the family with ~~the~~ ~~help~~ ~~of~~ ~~Aline~~ ~~and~~ ~~me~~ domestic responsibilities. New Mexico proved to be a very stimulating place for me as a photographer with its Spanish-Indian culture surviving here in a less diluted form than anywhere else in the United States, characterized by adobe architecture, Indian pueblos, fiestas and Indian dances to celebrate the passage of the seasons ^{or} and propitiate adversities of weather, and a devout Catholic society, unified by many unique adobe churches (each with its bell tower or cupola ^{which are} found in every community, large ^{or} and small, ^{no} matter how remote. And there is ^{Here} the semi-arid landscape, dominated by the valley of the Rio Grande and mountain ranges to ^{the} east and west that rise to over 10,000 feet and generate (in summer) towering thunderheads. The most famous mountains are the Sangre de Cristos, rising directly east of Santa Fe and named for the red light ⁱⁿ by which the last rays of the setting sun ^{envelops} ~~penetrates~~ ~~shows~~ them. But it was the Mexican-Spanish churches in the mountain villages by their exquisite proportions that attracted me most, as they did other photographers who had come to northern New Mexico before me.

~~Before~~ ~~two~~ ~~years~~ ~~before~~ I had decided to give up science for photography, I had been photographing passerine birds in Maine in black and white ^{using} ~~with~~ artificial light by a special technique I had adopted in order

to obtain much higher quality photographs than was possible with natural light. ^{The} Bird photographs I had seen published ^{in publications such as} in places like Audubon Magazine were mostly of such poor quality that I ^{was} determined to raise the standards ~~to~~ by which bird photographs are judged to those applicable ^{obtained with artificial light} to in other fields of photography. I was so encouraged by the results that I began to think about the possibility of a book of my bird photographs and showed them to a publisher. He complimented ^{me on them} ~~me~~ but rejected the idea on the grounds that the birds could not be identified in black and white and for publication would have to be ~~done~~ in color. Eastman Kodak Company had recently developed Kodachrome film, which I immediately adopted for photographing birds in Maine in the summer of 1939. The following ^{spring} ~~winter~~ in Santa Fe I applied for a Guggenheim Fellowship to photograph birds in color. Most of my friends were very pessimistic about a fellowship being granted for such a specialized project, so when in February the next winter I received a letter informing me that my application had been favorably acted on with a stipend of \$2500, I was very ~~delighted~~ surprised. We were then living in Hubbard Woods in the house of my grandmother, who had died at the age of 96. Aline had not been as enchanted with New Mexico as I was and ^{preferred} ~~wanted~~ to try a more urban life style than the west began at the Hudson and was available in Santa Fe. For her, the environment of Chicago was an adventurous ^{of} enough change from the security of New England, to attempt all ^{at} in ^{first} ~~one~~ move.

On the chance that I ^{might} ~~did~~ receive a Guggenheim fellowship, I ^{had} planned early to begin photographing birds as ~~soon~~ as possible, which meant ^{traveling to} in the far south to take advantage of the first spring breeding season; for which ^{this} alone I chose southern Arizona. So early in April I drove to Tucson to photograph the first desert nesting birds; ^I returned to Illinois in June and then we went east together to Maine for the summer. The war in Europe had started in the fall of '39 ^{but} and had not yet greatly disturbed the routine of life in America. I continued photographing birds ^{during the} in summer ^{of} through 1941 and 1942.

in Illinois and Maine. Then the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1942, changed everything. I tried to enlist in the Air Force as a photographer but was rejected and eventually obtained ^{a job} war work ~~at~~ at the Radiation Laboratory at M.I.T. ~~scheduling work in machine shops~~ ^{as} a secret project, described to the inquisitive, for the development of radar where military radar was being developed. ~~My job was the scheduling work~~ in the machine shops. We moved back to Cambridge for the duration.

My job was to expedite the production of experimental apparatus requested by physicists and engineers in the various departments, which involved assigning the work to those shops with the lowest work load. Also at times I was forced to make decisions as to the urgency of the request, which did not always please the person making it, but on the whole there were few complaints and the work got done satisfactorily. Sometimes when the job was small I could do it myself since I had access to some of the machine tools. One day I discovered ^{that} in a shop with which I had a rather limited connection several of the machinists had no work and were passing the time doing crossword puzzles. I assigned some work there, which displeased the foreman, who complained to the head supervisor of all the shops, Mr. Kohler, who, feeling that I was undermining his authority, complained in turn to Dr. Loomis, the physicist director of the Radiation Laboratory. Mr. Dr. Loomis summoned me to his office; Kohler was there. I was told that what I had been doing must not continue, ^{and} that all work had to be scheduled through Kohler. I protested and defended my methods to no avail and then, becoming quite angry, I described the state of affairs, ~~in the shop~~ the waste and inefficiency and uncooperative attitude I had found in the shop from which the complaint came; nevertheless, bureaucratic rigidity prevailed and my responsibilities became much less direct. ~~It had its exciting and rewarding side,~~ ~~the exciting aspect of working for the Radiation Laboratory~~ given to boost enthusiasm and moral ~~was~~ The evening lectures and personal accounts on the progress of the Pacific War were invited to attend; accounts not yet public of naval battles ^{at night} with the Japanese in which radar for gun laying on our warships was the decisive factor.

Working for the Radiation Laboratory had its exciting and rewarding side ~~in accounts of military events before they became public knowledge~~. When, ~~to boost our enthusiasm and moral we were urged to attend evening lectures~~ ^{and} on the progress of the Pacific war, information not yet public and personal accounts of naval battles and night engagements with the Japanese in which radar for gun laying on our warships was the decisive factor.

As moral support and assurance that we were indeed making a contribution to the winning of the war, the staff, from time to time in ^{meetings} evening sessions, was given confidential accounts of naval actions in the Pacific war in which radar was the determining factor in the ~~extreme~~ engagement. An especially dramatic example was a night-time battle off Guadalcanal when out-numbered American forces opened fire on a Japanese squadron, sinking several of their ships before they were aware of ~~the presence of~~ our approach. The enemy was repulsed because the American warships were equipped with radar, which the Japanese did not possess, and ^{which} was used for gun-laying - the precise determination of the bearing and range of the target.

As the war was drawing to a close in Europe with the invasion of late in 1944 Germany, I resigned my position at the Radiation Laboratory and we moved back to Illinois, ^{only} where I was able to resume ^{however} in a limited way, because of gasoline rationing my photography of birds. We were in Maine in the summer of 1945 at the time of the Japanese surrender. Aline had become reconciled to living in ^{New Mexico} ~~Santa Fe~~, or, perhaps more accurately, ^{had given} gave in to my wishes, so that fall I drove out to Santa Fe to find a house and was able to purchase one that was owned by friends we had made in the winter of ¹⁹39-40. The house was particularly appropriate for ~~me~~ ^{us}, my wife being a painter and I a photographer, ^{it} because the two from whom I bought it were also a painter and a photographer. The house had three bedrooms, a large studio, a small darkroom and a workshop, but ^{it} had just been rented for a year, preventing us

us from occupying it until ~~1956~~ 1946.

By this time my family had increased by two and included a second son, Stephen, two years old and Patrick, born in February, 1946. Aline and I with the two oldest boys drove out to Santa Fe in June, 1946. Patrick was brought out on the Santa Fe Railroad as soon as we were settled in the new house. Patrick, who was then only four months old, has always felt cheated out of a western birthright. This summer was the continuation of a new life style ~~begin~~ ^{and occupation} briefly attempted before the war in 1939, when my commitment to photography was unfocused and experimental. In the meantime I ^{was} ~~had been~~ ^{second} granted a Guggenheim Fellowship for photographing birds, ^{a project} ~~interrupted by the war, but renewed this year.~~ ^{+ the Fellowship was} Not only did I have a definite goal, the pursuit of which would keep me occupied for the spring time of many years, I had a new land, ^{learn to know and} the wide open Southwest, ^{to understand,} to ^{embody} ~~incorporate~~ into a subconscious acceptance, ^{a source of} ~~knowing and~~ inspiration; and ^{I had} a ^{new} land to share and explore with my children.

For ten years I continued to photograph birds in the spring and early summer, returning to Arizona, ^{and as well as} ~~going to many different areas~~ in search of local species. I visited south Texas, the mid-west and mid-Atlantic states, ^{went} Florida, ^{seasons} and many times back to Maine. During other ~~times of the year~~ I made trips with my children to the most spectacular canyon country of the Southwest, to Yellowstone ^{we also went} and the Grand Canyon, and on raft trips down the Colorado River. The states of the ^{Midwest} that I visited most often were ^{States in which} are found of Michigan and Minnesota, ^{because there} ~~occur the~~ in greater number of species in a particular bird family [←] ~~of a family of birds that I had become interested in~~ ^{occur} than ~~are found~~ in most other parts of the country. They are the wood warblers, a group with which I had become enchanted and which attracts most ornithologists. They are small birds with colorful plumage and distinctive songs by which they are readily identified ^{there are} and number within the United States some thirty species.

Through ~~my~~ friends in ~~the~~ my field of interest, I was introduced to bird people in southern Michigan who welcomed me into their fraternity.

took me with them on their photographic and bird-watching excursions, and ~~intere~~ led me to the best warbler habitats. We shared all our discoveries and photographic opportunities. I was taken to the nesting area of the Kirtland's (or Jack-Pine) warbler, the rarest of all its genus, found only in one ~~rennityx~~ Michigan county and no where else in the world. Its common name denotes its narrow adaptation to a habitat of young jack pines.

To facilitate the traveling I expected my pursuit of birds would require ~~I was able to purchase with the help of a veteran friend~~ at the end of the war with the help of a veteran friend a field ambulance, a four wheel drive ~~xxxx~~ Dodge truck with a rear entrance to a panel body. I repainted it an earth colored brown, installed two bunks, a water tank, sink and gas stove, so that it ~~was possible to live in it~~ ^{I could be lived in it} for an extended period. I was also able to convert it into a darkroom for changing film.

One of the first people I was introduced to was Edward M. Brigham of the Kingman Memorial Museum in Battle Creek. He was a director of the Michigan Audubon Society, ^{which was} independent of the National organization, (a ^{situation} ~~situation~~ circumstance that many members made sure I was cognizant of,) and an editor of the Society's bulletin, The Jack-Pine Warbler. Ed Brigham, a naturalist in the traditional sense and an enthusiastic wildlife photographer, insisted that I stay with him and his family, a rare example of the kind of hospitality extended to an essential stranger in recognition of shared interests, but without the ~~certainly~~ ^{more than a dilettantish} assurance of commitment beyond dilettantism. I visited the Brighams again the next year, met William Dyer, another Audubon director and Superintendent of Union City Schools, and Dr. Powell Cottrille of Jackson, Michigan, ^{They} who both invited me to stay with them. Powell and his wife Betty, were superb birders, who took two months off ~~every~~ from medical practice every year to photograph birds, both movies and stills. I became ^a regular ~~xxxx~~ guest of theirs, driving to Jackson the end of May, from where we would set off together for different warbler habitats in Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio and the Connecticut Lakes area of northern

New Hampshire. Betty Gottlebe knew all the warbler songs, and ~~once~~ once a bird was located, she had the ^{Persistence} (patience) to watch it for hours until it led her to its nest and mate. ^{follows} "Patience" is the wrong term for this activity, ^{kind of} one which is ^{used} applied usually by non-bird people. ^{Your} One's attention is entirely directed to ^{around you} the events taking place about one ~~xxxx~~, whether ^{they are} related or not to ~~the~~ the ~~principal~~ activity of the principal subject of your search. Everything that is going on is important, because there is no way of knowing the significance of any event until you discover its connections with other events. When attention is completely occupied, ^{focused} patience is meaningless. We were a very good team for finding the nests of many kinds of birds, not just warblers.

Ever since I had been told by Paul Brooks, editor-in-chief of Houghton-Mifflin, that photographs of birds ^{must be in color} to be publishable, ~~would have to be in color~~ I had been working with the goal of a book of my bird photographs in mind. Unfortunately, I had not been able to enlist the interest of any publisher, largely on account of cost. I had, however, ~~photographed~~ ^{color} taken close-up/photographs of other nature subjects, which my wife considered original, and to help alleviate my frustration with ^{my} birds, ^{photographs} she suggested that I concentrate on a different theme. "Your other pictures remind me of Thoreau", she said, "Why don't you do a book on him?" The idea ~~appeared~~ ^{from a field} so remote from all my involvement with photography that I was taken by surprise, but it did appeal to me. I started reading Thoreau, first Walden, which ^{in the beginning} at first I found dull, followed by his other books, Meremac and Concord Rivers, Cape Cod, The Maine Woods and eventually Thoreau's journals. I ^{some of} carried Thoreau's works with me wherever I went and on my birding trips, much to the amusement of my associates. I marked passages (that appealed to me) ^{and} with which I ^{felt I could associate} thought a photograph of ^{Comparable sensibility} similar feeling could be associated, ^{took photographs} and I made pictures of subjects for which I hoped to find a description by Thoreau. Thus I pursued birds and Thoreau simultaneously for several years, and in the end Thoreau won over the birds., but it was not an easy victory without many disappointments. ~~A Thoreau book was xxxxxxxx~~

other publishers had forseen. My ^{first encounter with} introduction to Krutch was ^{through} his first book on nature ^{and} The Twelve Seasons written ~~while he was living in Connecticut~~ ^{and} ~~and a literary critic and contributor to The Nation and other magazines~~ when he was living in Connecticut, ~~reputed for his critical biographies of Poe, Johnson and Thoreau~~ ^{He was} a literary critic and contributor to The Nation and other national magazines, ^{whose} with a reputation ^{was} based on his critical biographies of Poe, Johnson and Thoreau. Shortly after ^{The Twelve Seasons} that book was published

he moved to Tucson, Arizona to devote himself almost exclusively to ~~writing~~ ^{writing about nature and} ~~describing the phenomena and ecological structure of natural regions~~ ^{dynamics the} environment. On one of my bird photography expeditions to southern Arizona I went to see Krutch for his advice and opinion on my Thoreau book. I showed him examples of my photography, and I may have shown him the dummy for the book. He was interested and very helpful, suggesting several passages from Thoreau that I had not discovered, and when I asked him if he would write an introduction ^{for} to the book, he agreed to do so. ^{In addition,} We collaborated on an appeal ^a Congressional committee to ~~Congress~~ concerning an environmental issue, he writing the statement and I supplying color prints to go with it. He was also interested in my bird project and spent a day with me in the field looking for the nest of a rufous-winged sparrow. One of Joseph Wood Krutch's books, ^{along} which together with the advice of a school boy friend, inspired ^{one of my} an adventure, was The Forgotten Peninsula about Baja California. After making two trips into that austere desert with a book in prospect, ^{the} ^{of} I persuaded Krutch to write the introduction.

In the late summer of 1960 I was invited to join a group from Taos, including a very good friend, Spud Johnson, with whom we had toured Mexico by car in 1951 on a raft float down the Colorado River through Glen Canyon. I had hardly heard of Glen Canyon and knew nothing of its scenic wonders, but was eager to see ^{which was} this new to me geological feature of ~~the~~ of the west. I did not anticipate that ^{this} the trip would lead to anything of ^{significance} special importance to my photographic career. We started off in two rubber rafts ^{from} at Lee's Ferry, ^{at} the only ^{possible} crossing possible crossing of the Colorado between Moab and Navajo Bridge,

This was an experience unlike any I had ever enjoyed before; here I was
 at the bottom of a ^{narrow} canyon looking up at vertical walls, ^{rather than} not looking down
 from above, — a more intimate perspective than a view from the top. I ~~felt~~
 was part of the scenery, ^{part of} the convoluted sandstone cliffs and the brown
 river that had been ~~eroding them~~ under-cutting and eroding them grain by
 grain for thousands of years. ✓ Canyon de Chelly (I had visited), but there
 the dynamic forces at work on it were less apparent and less impressive,
 despite its magnificence. The flow of water in Canyon de Chelly is
 intermittent after rain; one can drive into Canyon de Chelly at the risk
 of getting stuck in quick-sand — a blind trap unlike the thoroughfare of
 Glen Canyon. On ^{one} a visit to Canyon de Chelly in my ambulance with ^{my two children} Jonathan
 and Steve, we did get stuck in quick-sand, but extricated ourselves by cutting
 willows to place under the wheels. Glen Canyon was difficult to comprehend
 on that first trip; ^{it was} so monumental, ^{and} so complex, ^{that} I could not focus on its ^{any of}
 features without experiencing a confusing sensation of ^{feeling} ~~losing~~ ^{lost} contact ^{lost}
 with the whole canyon. On subsequent visits I learned that its ^{unique} features
^{were what} ~~were what~~ characterized Glen Canyon.

Every year, [✓] sometimes twice, I went back to Glen Canyon until 1965.
 A group of my early pictures were exhibited in the Sierra Club headquarters
 in San Francisco, where they attracted a good deal of attention and led to
 the realization that this was a place which should have been high on the
 Sierra Club's list for preservation. The construction of Glen Canyon dam,
 which had begun at the time of my first visit would, when completed in ten
 years, flood one hundred miles of the canyon under several hundred feet of water,
 burying for all time a unique geological wonderland and scenic treasure.
 Without any knowledge of what would be sacrificed, the Sierra Club had proposed
 to the ^{Bureau of Reclamation in the} Department of the Interior that in place of ^{the} a dam ^{it was} being considered
 in Dinosaur Monument at the confluence of the Green and Yampa Rivers, ^{the} it
 Department dam Glen Canyon ^{→ a separate} which may have influenced its decision to do so.
 Despite this unfortunate turn of events, David Brower decided to publish a

book of my Glen Canyon photographs, which he named The Place No One Knew - Glen Canyon on the Colorado, indicating a more universal ignorance than policy he wished to admit and thus, perhaps, deflecting criticism for a bad decision.

This was my second book in two years with a conservation message, and the bird book ^{which did not have such an} without that ancillary purpose, was still not even on the horizon. The only success I had had with ^{my} birds was ^{Project} a few pictures in ^{the publication of} Life Magazine, a contribution to Land Birds of America, published by McGraw-Hill, and ^{some} badly reproduced photographs in a ^{entitled} National Geographic publication Song and Garden Birds. ^I I was still going to Maine for at least part of the summer, so to educate Californians about the beauty of another part of the country, I invited David and his family to visit me on Great Spruce Head Island. Aline had decided to stay in Santa Fe that summer. The Browners came for a two-week vacation of ease and relaxation, leaving the house-keeping and cooking largely to me. ^{Brower's sons} The boys went off rowing and swimming every day while I showed Dave and Ann ~~the island~~ ^{the landscape} around the island. Brower was obviously very much impressed by ~~the quality and style of Maine island~~ ^{the beauty of the island, and by} ~~the way of Maine island living~~ ^{living on a} for more than a half century. He asked me if I had ever thought of writing about it, and I said I had, long ago before I became involved with bird photography, but that nothing ever came of it. You must write ^{about} your life ~~history~~ ^{he said} in Maine and the Sierra Club ~~could~~ ^{will} publish it with your early ^{and color and} black and white ~~and color~~ ^{enthusiastically} photographs. And so I ~~did~~ ^{set} about it, right away ~~enthusiastically~~ ^{discovering} how much I remembered once I got started, and how varied and active my ^{childhood} life had been. The book was published ^{with} under the title Summer Island - Penobscot Country.

From the time of my first introduction to Glen Canyon I realized that the dam would be a scenic and aesthetic disaster for every-one who had ever floated the Colorado through Glen Canyon, as well as for all those uncountable numbers of people who unknowingly would be deprived of that experience. I was especially affected by the circumstance that the

Commissioner of Reclamation who was largely instrumental in obtaining the Congressional appropriation for the dam was my brother-in-law. He was a dam enthusiast, ^{vast} committed to a program of hydro-electric power development that would harness most of the rivers of America. He admitted, however, that even if all the rivers were maximally developed for power production, they would deliver only five percent of the foreseeable electric power needs. ^{he asked me} Why are you so concerned about a mere 200 feet of water, ^{remain} when above that level ^{besides} there will still be a lot of natural scenery and it will make a very

pretty lake. ^{conserving} He didn't appreciate what was to be lost; he was blind to when it conflicted with his implimenting ^{believed} natural beauty. ~~His measure of its usefulness~~ ^{Unexploited} Nature he was a waste when prevented from being economically developed, the ultimate ^{phylospphy of the welfare state.}

^{appreciate} He didn't (attach great value to) the natural beauty that was to be lost, because to preserve it would have prevented a development to which he attached greater value. ~~That which produced the greatest good for the greatest number was his measure of usefulness, the ultimate philosophy of the welfare state. An unexploitable resource has no economic value.~~ He believed that ^{resources} their usefulness to man of ~~the natural world~~ is determined by a measure of ~~the~~ material and economic value; ^{for him,} aesthetic considerations ^{being of} (should be relegated to a position of distinctly ^{were of} minor importance.

Steiglitz's wife, Georgia O'Keeffe, had moved to New Mexico in the late forties, taking up residence first in Taos ^{but} and settling permanently in a ^{soon thereafter} house on the Ghost Ranch, ^{near Abiquiu} which she purchased from ~~Arthur~~ Arthur Pack. The ^{under the aegis of} artists colony in Taos ~~dominated by~~ Mable Dodge Luhan was not congenial to an individual with ~~the~~ such a ^{as that possessed by} ~~personality of~~ O'Keeffe's ^{who} who needed complete control of her social relationships. She was attracted to New Mexico by its ^{agreeable} climate, ~~and her art and her~~ ^{architecture} adobe culture, and the warm pastel colors of the desert landscapes that inspired ~~and~~ so much of her painting.

She became a friend of Spud Johnson, whom my wife and I had gotten to know

during our first winter in New Mexico. Of the four of us, only Spud had been to Mexico and on hearing ^{him} Spud describe his trip ^{there} with D. H. Lawrence, ^{together} we cooked up a plan to drive to Oaxaca in ^{February} ~~the~~ ^{red} ~~spring~~ of 1951. We decided to go in two cars, Spud with Georgia ~~in hers~~ and Aline ~~and I in ours~~ ^{with me}. The route we chose was the Pan American Highway from Texas to Mexico City and on to Oaxaca, our southern destination. We had expected to depart from Santa Fe early in the morning, but as so often happens on group expeditions, delays caused by procrastination and inexperience occurred. Georgia had failed to provide herself with the required Mexican tourist papers. Eventually we departed in the afternoon heading south towards Texas. The first mishap ^{occurred} ~~happened~~ the next day before we crossed the Rio Grande at Laredo. I slammed the car door on Aline's finger, severely bruising it and causing her much pain but fortunately breaking no bones. South from Laredo our pace was more leisurely, ^{we had} ~~leisurely~~, picnics at noon on the excellent food that Georgia ~~that~~ had brought, ^{made} ~~frequent~~ stops for photography, and ^{stopped} ~~early~~ at the best hotels for the night. Aline and I wanted to stop early at night so that we could have drinks before supper, but Georgia always wanted to eat immediately, complicating the routine, because Spud, who would have preferred a later supper, felt obliged to accommodate Georgia's wishes. ^{The} ~~It with~~ ^{was} the result that we seldom ~~had~~ dined together. In Mexico City we became separated in our search for hotel accommodations and only got together again ^{briefly} in Oaxaca at the Marquese del Valley Hotel. Our room looked out onto the ~~plaza~~ ^{by the} plaza where ~~a marimba band played~~ ~~every night with haunting, dulcet music~~ ~~for some unknown~~ ^{we were awakened at night}, a serenade for those from far away.

In Oaxaca I photographed the famous ceiling of the Santa Domingo church and several aspects of the cloister and convent. We drove to Mitla and Monte Alban ^{and photograph} to see the Zapotec ruins, and in Mitla I was particularly intrigued by the juxtaposition of sixteenth-century Christian churches ^{with} ~~to~~ pre-Columbian temples. We visited several villages in the neighborhood of

Oaxaca and in an earthquake-damaged church in Maguile Xotchitla, I took several photographs of the interior. I was discovering the fascination of church art both from the exterior architectural point of view as well as that of the interior structure and decoration, especially the latter which ~~manifested~~ expressed a more sympathetic human acceptance of the teachings of the Christianity than the formal sixteenth-century architecture of the building ~~XXXXXX~~ that enclosed it. Much of the decoration was the work of the ~~members of the~~ peasant indian congregation, a simple, often naive expression of reverence for the saints and holy icons on display.

We drove home separately and on the way ^{we} stopped at the cathedral of Yamuitlan standing beside the Pan American highway in ^{Yamuitlan} a mysterious ~~lonley~~ isolation. The nave was a magnificent ~~cavernous interior~~ ^{space} roofed by a high vaulted ceiling which remoteness seemed for due to its ~~narrowness~~ ^{to} in the dim light ~~was~~ beyond reach of inspection. ~~Along the side walls~~ ^{Beside} At Stations of the cross ~~were~~ figures of the saints were realistically displayed in their historic roles and ~~on~~ ^{both} on either side of the altar larger than life-sized ~~crucifixes~~ ^{crucifixes} occupied most of the ~~space~~ ^{space} and ~~supported~~ deep ~~Wall~~. They were ~~both~~ ^{one gold} stationed in blue painted alcoves flanked by columns decoated with and gilded filigrees ~~and other decorations~~ ^{was} The figures of Christ were brown, bore gold crowns and wore embroidered ~~skirts~~ ^{aprons} aprons hung in blue alcoves flanked by columns decorated with gilded filigree. The figures of Christ were ~~a~~ ^{one gold} rich brown, crowned in gold, and modestly clothed with white embroidered aprons. The general effect was one of ~~lavish~~ ^{was} reverence and touching tenderness for the symbols of the Christian faith. I was greatly impressed and moved by this aspect ~~creative~~ of human creative inspiration.

*Our two groups**Aline + I*

we ^{drove} home separately, and on the way we stopped at Yanhuitlan on the Pan American Highway, a cathedral lonely and mysterious by virtue of its isolation. The nave ^{was} a huge, elongated cavern roofed by ^a high vaulted ceiling ~~which due to the dim light and its height was~~ beyond reach for close inspection. Beside the Stations of the Cross, figures of the saints were realistically displayed in their historic roles, and on both sides of the altar ^{which were} crucifixes larger than life hung in deep blue alcoves flanked by gilded filigreed columns. The rich brown figures of Christ bore golden crowns and were modestly clothed in white embroidered aprons. The general lavish magnificence was tempered by tender reverence for the symbols of the Christian faith. I was greatly impressed and moved by this manifestation of inspired creative ingenuity.

Following the war years, Santa Fe remained isolated from the influences and innovations that ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ were producing a revolution in the art world. New Mexico art remained static and tradition-bound. In ~~1956~~ 1955 ^{realizing that} Aline ~~decided~~ ^{as} she required closer association with these ferments for change ~~for~~ ^{for} inspiration in her own painting ~~and xxxxxxxxxxxx viability and~~ ^{few months} decided to go and live in New York for a ^{white} ~~white~~. This was an opportunity for me to return to Mexico to fulfill a desire I had ^{had} held since 1951—to do a ^{major} study of photographic ~~xx~~ Mexican churches. I persuaded Ellen Auerbach, a photographer I had known for many years, to join me on this project. (Aline took our youngest child with her to New York; the two older boys were away ^{at} school, and I rented our house in Santa Fe.) I purchased a Chevrolet van and in that ^{vehicle} we drove ~~to~~ Mexico ^{at Nogales} on December 12, ^{to} south of Tucson. First we followed the west coast highway south to Tepic, where we turned inland to Guadalajara, and after visiting many of the towns and cities of central Mexico north of Mexico City, ^{Coatzacoalcos} we headed east through Puebla to Vera Cruz. We left the car in Minatitlan and ^{flew} proceeded by train to Campeche and on ~~by hired vehicle~~ ^{to Minatitlan} to Merida in Yucatan. On the return ^{trip} by train we visited the Palenque ruins, and drove ^{from Minatitlan} south across the narrow neck of Mexico to Tehuantepec and east into Chiapas and San Cristobal Las Casas. On our way north we explored the area around

Ansel Adams was very good company socially and on photographic outings. He started life as a pianist and became a photographer, the story goes, after seeing his father-in-law's photographs of Yosemite, certain he could do better. ^{and} ~~there~~ ^{there} were, ^{Artists} ~~however,~~ ^{however,} more fundamental reasons for his change of career. We became good friends inspite of our differences which never ^{affected} my

admiration for his photography that had ~~had~~ such a profound influence on my own. I visited him ~~several~~ several times in California, and he and his wife stayed with us more than once in Santa Fe. He was a great showman and ~~entertainer~~ entertainer, and more often than not the life of the party. I remember one hilarious evening at our house when he played the piano with a grapefruit. Ansel was impetuous, ~~and~~ always on the go and at times painfully thoughtless, but when asked for help or advice in photography, ^{he} was unspairingly generous. One time when he dropped in to see me ^{unannounced} ~~in his office~~ ^{he} stormed into my studio ~~looked at some black and white~~ ~~pictures~~ ~~on the wall~~ ~~and said~~ ~~that I had recently hung~~ ~~some pictures~~ ~~on the wall~~ ~~and said~~ ~~"You don't get good whites"~~ ~~and dashed out again.~~ I was very much taken aback and left speechless by ~~by~~ such abrupt ~~brutal~~ criticism, though probably perceptive criticism.

It was hard to pin ulterior motives on Ansel. ⁿ ~~His~~ remarks which seemed at times to conceal devious motives were but frank expressions of ~~a~~ considered judgement. Ansel was a dedicated conservationist who never hesitated to express his opinions on the environment to any official involved with the issues, including the President of the United States, ^{difficult to find} so it was ~~hard~~ to fault with him when his remarks carried a painful bite. On ^{the} publication of my third book ^{Summer Island} by the Sierra Club, Ansel was quoted as having remarked that my exposure was ~~too~~ becoming too much to which Imogene Cunningham, when I reported this remark to her, said with characteristic asperity, "Too much for him". My use of "characteristic" ^{is} ~~was~~ ^{quite appropriate} ~~was~~ ^{not ill-advised} since Imogene, who came to my first exhibition ~~of~~ in New York of Mexican church photographs, asked me rather pointedly what determined my choice of subjects, and when I explained that we photographed everything we could inside the churches, she ^{scathingly} said, "It looks that way". ^{They look}

~~It is a mistake for Critics and reviewers to question artists' ^{mistakenly} ~~own~~ on their personal feelings about their work and is a ^{which} ~~certain~~ way to ^{Card} ~~stimulating~~ that ~~lead to their~~ ego centers which had best be kept buried. If they elicit a response it is more likely to be a contrived fantasy than an inspirational~~

interviewers

I am frequently asked by ~~reviewers~~ and critics to describe how I felt, what emotions I experienced, while taking a particular picture, or what inspired me in the first place. Since one's past emotions can seldom be recalled after a lapse of many years, I try to evade the question by pointing out that the photograph speaks for itself. The kind of response sought by the interviewer would most likely be a contrived fantasy, not an inspirational revelation. I think questions of this sort reveal a lack of imagination, or simply inexperience, on the part of the interviewer, who needs help from the artist to understand the work in question and what motivated it. After all, the perceptions and emotions that inspire an artist are so personal that to translate them into words ~~is impossible~~ may be impossible, with the ^{consequence} result that attempts to do so result so often in incomprehensible language.

About the time of the publication of The Place No One Knew I obtained a small book on the Galapagos Islands entitled Galapagos - The Noah's Ark of the Pacific by Irenaus Eibl-Eibesfeldt, an Austrian biologist. The book is an account of two expeditions to the islands, ~~(the second expedition led by the author to study the conditions of wildlife and to select a suitable site for a permanent biological station)~~. ^{During} the first, as a member of the Xarifa ^{fauna} expedition, ^{evidence of} ~~when~~ the author saw the ruthless slaughter of the unique ~~wildlife~~ perpetrated by the crews of visiting ships, ^(despite Ecuadorian laws protecting the wildlife). On return ^{ing} to Europe he appealed to the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources in Brussels for the establishment of a biological station with a permanent warden to enforce the laws. He was asked by the International Union and UNESCO, in connection with his proposal, to lead an expedition to the Galapagos, ^{to} ~~to~~ conduct a survey on the wildlife, and to select a site for the station. The second expedition was a much more thorough study of the indigenous fauna and flora of the islands, ^{ing} and resulted in his book, in which he told that seventy percent of the animal species and

types

fifty percent (?) of the plants were found nowhere else in the world. It was a dramatic appeal to the conscience of civilized countries to mount a program to ~~protect~~ ^{assure} the survival of this unique biological treasure threatened by wanton and mindless ~~at the hands of~~ ^{being} ~~reckless~~ destruction by the increasing numbers of ~~reckless~~ ignorant adventurers. The response to his appeal was immediate and favorable. ~~The Darwin Research Station was established on Santa Cruz~~ With the cooperation of the Ecuadorian government, the Darwin Research Station, a permanent institution in the service of science ^{and} with a full-time director, was established on Santa Cruz Island. A sailing research ship, the Beagle, manned by a professional crew, was also provided.

After becoming associated with the Sierra Club, I began to understand how my photographs could ~~be used to support~~ be used to support conservation causes without having been made specifically for that purpose. Eibl-Eibesfeldt's book made a tremendous impression on me. The Galapagos Islands were in danger of losing their unique value as a natural museum and laboratory of evolution to thoughtless exploitation; such a fate for this wonderful place must not be allowed to happen and should be ^{made} a major conservation issue of the Sierra Club. A large format ^{photographic} book about the Galapagos Islands ~~similar~~ ^{similar} to This is the American Land by Adams or ~~or~~ my book on Glen Canyon, could have great influence for their preservation, so I proposed the idea to David Brower, who was immediately interested and took the suggestion up with the publication committee. There was a great deal of opposition to the proposal within the Board of Directors on the grounds that the islands were outside the continental limits of the United States, which it was felt ^{that the} circumscribed the legitimate conservation concerns of the club ^{and} ^{consequently} the idea was rejected. ^{was} David Brower, however, was not about to give up and determined to propose it again.

In the meantime, having no project in mind for the winter of 1964, I remembered an account by ^a ~~my~~ boyhood friend, Willoughby Walling, who lived ^{desert} in Santa Fe, of a trip he had made down the Baja California peninsula. For the whole one thousand mile length of the peninsula, few facilities were

available; you had to be self-reliant, he told me, be prepared to make your own repairs and fix your tires, and ^{you had to} (as a necessary precaution) carry with you a plentiful supply of oil, water and gasoline. ^{had taken} He took in his pickup truck 55 gallon drums of water and gasoline. It seemed to me that Baja California would be a good introduction to the similar desert environment of the Gallapagos Islands, so I asked my son, Stephen, and his wife, ^{Kathy} ^{who} they had just graduated from Colorado College, to join me ^{along} with two young men from Santa Fe, one of whom agreed to go on the condition that he would leave the expedition at La Paz on the end of the peninsula and return through mainland Mexico. We ^{set} ^{in February, 1964,} started out with three vehicles, ^{Jeep} two Jeeps and a truck with a camper body equipped with two bunks, a gas stove and an icebox without ice that served as a storage space for provisions. We carried a surplus of gasoline and water in military jerry cans, ^{and} a redundancy of tires and tools for every conceivable mechanical emergency. In fact, we did a valve job on one vehicle during the trip. ~~There was~~ A winch on the front bumper of the truck was a handy machine for extricating us from a difficult situation on several occasions. Tire repair was a frequent necessity, not caused ^{especially} ~~exceptionally~~ by the rough tracks, (called roads) that we followed, but by cactus spines that could penetrate the toughest treads and work their way through to the inner tube.

For camping we all had sleeping bags ^{were brought along} and tents ~~in case of bad weather~~ as insurance against weather that never - hardly ever - penetrates this desiccated environment. Steve and Kathy were given sole use of the bunks in the truck in case they preferred to sleep under cover. Meals were very simple affairs; ^{being} any cooking required ~~was~~ ^{done} uncomplainingly provided by Kathy, ^{with out complaint} and enhanced by Mexican beer, ~~two~~ ^{several} cases of which we had purchased in Mexicali, where we crossed the border from California. Our progress was very slow, since we had purposely decided against a time schedule, and because I insisted on stopping frequently to photograph. Some days we ~~only made~~ ^{made} twenty miles, and then there were places in which we wished to linger to observe special features, as at Scammons Lagoon to see the gray whales, or ~~Texenjay~~ in San Ignacio to

enjoy a ~~respite~~ the comfort of a bed, the luxury of a shower and clean clothes and good Mexican food. We were warned ~~by~~ however, by a party of horsemen we met in San Ignacio to beware of uncooked food served at the little restaurant where we and all travelers ate. Some of their group had been stricken with the ~~kind of~~ virulent internal disturbance that so often attacks travelers in distant lands.

We all got along reasonably well, in spite of ^{such} as might be expected ^{in a situation} on such ^{where there are} close personal relationships, of occasional disagreements. But in La Paz an episode threatened to disrupt the expedition where one of our two companions was leaving us as had been agreed to ^{Tom}. The other young man ^{also} wanted to leave too, ~~he~~ having been invited to sail back to California on a yacht. Without him ~~we~~ Steve and I would have been short of drivers for our three vehicles. I tried to sell the older of the two Jeeps but could find no purchaser because of Mexican import restriction. Tom offered to hire a driver, an arrangement I refused on the grounds that I wanted to drive home slowly and didn't want to have to cope with a stranger of unknown character. There were some pretty frank exchanges of opinions on what constituted obligations based on tacit commitments which persuaded Tom that he could not desert us and we drove home amicably ^{returning to} reentering the United States ^{at} in the end of April.

The year before I had been approached by Harold Hochschild, president of a corporation with extensive world-wide mining interests, to take photographs ^{in the wooded mountains west of Lake Champlain} [in the Adirondacks] for a book he planned to publish which ^{the book} would be a selection from the work of several photographers. He lived in Princeton during the winter and ^{in summer} on his large estate near Blue Mountain Lake in the Adirondacks. Mary, his wife, was a Markwand who had lived for much of her early life in Keen, New York, on the east side of the Adirondack Park, which she loved and ~~was~~ intimately identified with. It was probably her influence that was largely ^{responsible for} instrumental in determining Harold Hochschild's decision to finance the Adirondack book. The proposal appealed to me since the Adirondacks were a part of the eastern Appalachian mountains I had only superficially visited and this was an opportunity to know them better. ^{fall} In the spring of 1963,

I put up at an inn ^{at} in Blue Mountain Lake and devoted the next several weeks ^{to} photographing around that area both ^{in the} on Park ^{and} land on private estates ^{where} in which ^{photograph} through Hochschild, I had received permission to ~~enter~~. The Adirondack Park had been established under a provision of the New York State constitution, ^{which stated} that these lands "shall be forever kept as wild forest lands" ^{private} ~~to be preserved forever wild~~ but had recently come under attack by ~~commercial~~ ^{groups} interest seeking to amend the constitution to permit commercial developments. The Hochschilds had expected me to give them not more than a dozen photographs, but I found such an inexhaustible wealth of subjects that when I gave them more than one hundred, they ~~they~~ were hard pressed to make a small selection. I had been invited to their Princeton house for a review of the pictures, and it was then that Mary Hochschild told ^{me} they couldn't decide which ones to use; ~~except~~ ^{instead they} and then asked me if I would be willing to take all the pictures for the book. I was delighted to accept, of course, and explained that ^{that} would ^{require} mean many trips back to the Adirondacks in all seasons. I returned in the spring of 1964, ~~and again~~ in the winter of 1965 and again in the spring and fall of that year.

I ~~had~~ described the enterprise to David Brower, who immediately attempted to capture publication of the book for the Sierra Club; ^{correct} "capture" is the ~~right~~ description for his action ~~word for the method he used~~, which offended Harold Hochschild's sense of propriety and resulted in his angry rejection of Sierra Club participation. Hochschild selected Harper & Row, a fortunate choice for me, because it led to a long ^{happy} and productive association with the ^{executive} editor, ~~in chief~~ John Macrae. The writings of William Chapman White, a lover of the Adirondacks, had been chosen to accompany the photographs by his widow, Ruth White. I became fascinated by what I read about the origin of the Adirondacks, ^{and} their geological history, that began 1000 million years ago, ^{as} of towering snow-capped peaks, ^{-lad} ^{which were} the inexorable force of erosion ^{of} until only their roots remained, and in more recent times ^{then} ~~of mile-thick ice~~ the grinding and polishing weight of mile-thick ice ^{had} that rounded and smoothed them. And ~~by~~ what I found here in these relics of a dynamic past ~~it~~ was equally enchanted. In the fall of the year the Adirondacks reach their time of greatest

glorypage 3 from The Adirondacks

In the mean-time, ^{persuaded} helped by Brower's persistent persuasion, the publication committee of the Sierra Club had at last agreed to finance an expedition to the Galapagos Islands. I ~~XXXX~~ Loren Eiseley, whom I had met, to join the expedition and to write an introduction to the proposed book. He agreed to do the introduction but declined ~~to join~~ the invitation to go to the islands ^{on the pleading} of poor health. And, as my assistant, I requested that my son Stephen, with his wife, Kathy, ~~XXXXXX~~ with whom I had gone to Baja California, be included in the group. David Brower, who was making arrangements with the Ecuadorian government for our visit to the islands, was in correspondence with Cristobal Bonifaz Jijon ^{conservationist whose advice he sought on} an Ecuadorian biologist ~~whom he asked to contribute to the expedition book.~~ And He ^{also} invited John Milton of the Conservation Foundation as an expert on conservation policy to come along too. Then it was suggested that there ought to be a movie man included, to assure comprehensive coverage of Galapagos wildlife behavior. While photographing birds before the war in Tucson I had gotten to know Tad Nichols, who made wildlife movies and was famous for his extraordinary film of the eruption of the ^{Mexican} volcano, Paricutin. ~~in Mexico~~ I suggested that he ^{and} with his wife, Mary Jane, an excellent amateur birder, be included in the roster. Then Brower, as a parallel factotum to my son Steve, added his son, Kenneth. The party was approaching ^{an} unmanageable size. We had no idea where we would be staying when we got there. The Darwin Station, which provided accommodations for ^{for visiting the islands} visiting scientists and those with legitimate purposes, could not put us all up, but fortunately Mary Jane ^{who} in addition to ~~her~~ ^{her} being a ^{nature} wildlife enthusiast was a Ham radio fan and before leaving Tucson had made contact with Forest Nelson, a ham operator in the Gallapagos Island. He had built a lodge for tourists, recently completed, near the Darwin Station and would be able to put us ^{all} up and feed us for the duration of our stay. Because the ~~expedition~~ had been my idea and because ~~I was covering my own expenses and those of my~~ ~~XXXXXX daughter-in-law I became the person responsible~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ From the start I became the person responsible for organizing the expedition but with the

small interior farms, fish from the sea, and ^{the} meat of ~~the~~ ferel goats. ~~that~~
~~hadxxxxxx~~ ^{they} a menace to ~~were~~ destroying the indigenous vegetation on a few of the smaller
islands. They were escapees from domestic stocks or had been intentionally
introduced by ~~misx~~ misguided individuals as a store for future cropping ^{but}
~~Thexxxxxx Effexxxxxxhadxxxxxx~~ Attempts had been made ~~to~~ by Galapagos
conservation groups to eliminate the goats from a few of the islands where
they had become especially numerous ^{hunting} and ~~them~~ was encouraged everywhere.
Often ^{when} we were off exploring and photographing, Fritz would go hunting
with Fiddi and return with the quarters of a cabrito, which he hung in the
rigging of the Nixe ~~forxxxxxx~~ to age, and the next day Carmen would produce
for supper a delicious goat stew. Fritz was also an expert fisherman and
caught groopers when we were at anchor, a delicate fish that became a frequent
element of our diet. But the greatest delicacy from the sea ~~wasxx~~ ^{that} we caught
under sail on a trolly, it was a dolphin. If one has ~~never~~ seen a dolphin,
its edibility would be considered its greatest attribute, and its food quality
its greatest gift to piscine culinary art. The flesh of a dolphin is light
and sweet, equal in delicacy to Lake Superior whitefish. A dolphin makes a
dish worthy to set before the most fastidious gourmet. But compared with the
living creature, the uses of ~~the~~ a dead one are but dross from smelted gold.
A dolphin is a fish at home on the surface of tropical seas, a fish of speed,
and grace and irridenscent beauty. To catch a dolphin is to commit an act
of ultimate disdain for the miracle of creation, and to ingest a dolphin is
to perpetuate ^{trite or ultimate} a final indignity to the species, ^{just} as great as eating larks
tongues is ^{ultimate} the last indignity to larks. And yet we caught and ate dolphins
without suffering more than a moment of shame. Our dolphin was hauled on
board, fighting desperately against the irresistible steel barb in his lips.
His high, blunt ~~head~~ ^{Will} forehead would plow the waves no more; his dark green,
azure-spangled back has glided unseen for the last time through the blue
watery empyream. His great yellow eyes stare ^{hopelessly} as with a final
desperate effort he ~~seeks~~, by convulsive flopping, to regain his native

element. He soon ~~is~~^{was} clubbed into insensibility, and as he poured his scarlet blood upon the deck, his vibrant, living colors faded to the gray of death. The azure light along his sides became mere palish, lifeless streaks spots. His green and yellow belly, the color of a freshly ~~broken~~^{broken} lemon, that served to make him invisible in the shining surface of the sea to the eyes of his enemies below, changed to dirty slime, slipping from his scales in stinging masses. No longer a dolphin, he has become a dead fish, merely.

I had never had an experience that came close to ^{the} kind of life we had been transported to in these mysterious islands, where ^{all creatures} (the animals and birds) were of men seemed a harmony in nature and unafraid and expected not to be molested, a paradise in which one could feel secure against ^{from the} surprise ^{of} by danger. We wore a minimum of clothing, shorts and sneakers only, and ^{slick} sailed the smooth tropical sea in a quiet, when the motor was turned off, interrupted only by the faint sloshing of the bow wave. I liked to lie way out on the bow whenever a pod of porpoises came by to investigate; they would coast along/close to the stem of the vessel, as though pushed by an invisible wave, and from time to time ^{they} would turn on their sides ^{and} to look up at me to be sure I was still watching. On the few occasions when we sailed at night, a wonderful phenomenon of the sea was displayed; the bow waves sparkled with incandescent points of light from the plankton ^{which had been} violently disturbed, and flowing away in our wake ⁱⁿ a milky stream of greenish light, spinning and pulsing, spread out for fifty yards astern.

For four months we cruised among these "Enchanted" islands, exploring ~~them~~ from cool lagoons to hot, parched interiors. We snorkled in quiet bays, where young sea lions swam beside us, and on a moon-light night we ^{attempted} the ascent of Fernandina, one of the active volcanoes, ^{but} and were driven back by ~~the~~ tropical heat and dehydration. And when we flew ~~back~~ home, I experienced mixed feelings of regret at leaving this ^{so} isolated Eden from all the ~~responsibilities~~ ^{of eagerness to return to home} and country.

all the responsibilities of civilization, and ^{of} eager anticipation ^{to} ~~of~~
return to ^{my} family and society.