

The White Horse When I first found photography, it was as though I'd come upon a white horse grazing in a clearing in the forest. I approached the horse, and it let me stroke it. It seemed gentle, and I wondered if it would let me get up on its back, what it might do if I tried.

So carefully I climbed up. The horse lifted its head and looked around, then it began to move, slowly at first, then faster and faster. I wasn't afraid, I just put my arms around its neck and hung on.

The horse galloped away with me, on and on, taking me to places that I had never seen or even imagined.

I began to feel that it was my horse, and slowly I began to train it. I worked with it every day until finally I could get it to do exactly what I wanted. Things went on like that for a long time.

But slowly I began to feel that something was turning wrong. The horse didn't take me to strange places any more, only to places I somehow already knew.

And suddenly I understood. I had to teach the horse to run away again.