



KOKORO

VOL 2, NO 1 • JAN 2016

KOKORO

Wandering Through a Photographic Life

*An Image Journal
with Commentary, Meditation, Philosophy,
and Unanswered Questions*

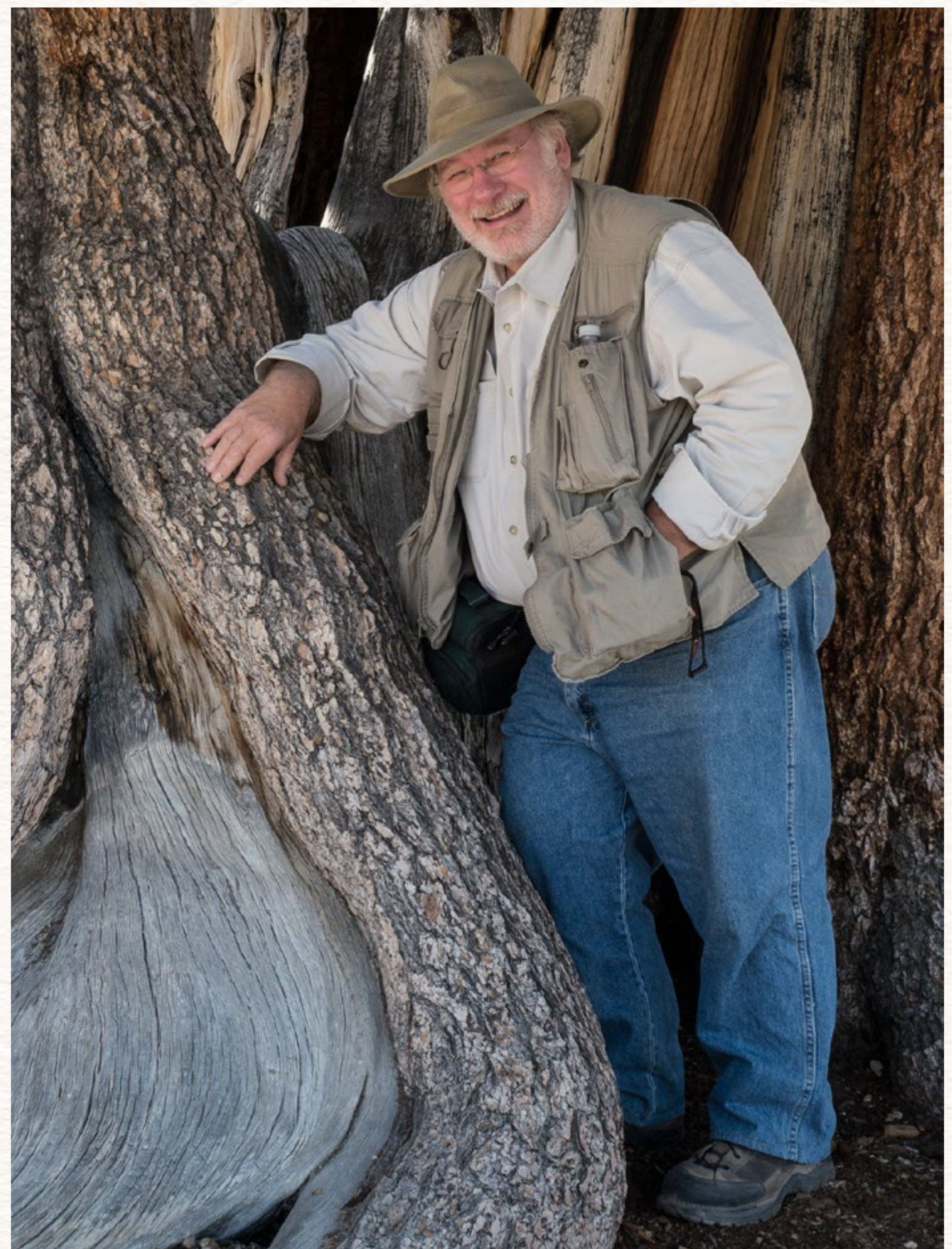
Brooks Jensen

Brooks Jensen

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.’”





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WAITING UNDER A WINTER MOON

Part 2




Brooks Jensen

A Brooks Jensen Arts Publication



*So bright a gleam on the foot of my bed —
Could there have been a frost already?
Lifting myself to look, I found that it was moonlight
Sinking back again, I thought suddenly of home.*

~ Li Po
(1867-1902)



*Autumn is crisp and the firmament far,
Especially far from where people live.
I look at cranes on the sand
And am immersed in joy
When I see mountains beyond the clouds.
Dusk inks the crystal ripples.
Leisurely the white moon comes out.
Tonight I am with my oar,
Alone,
And can do everything,
Yet waver, not willing to return.*

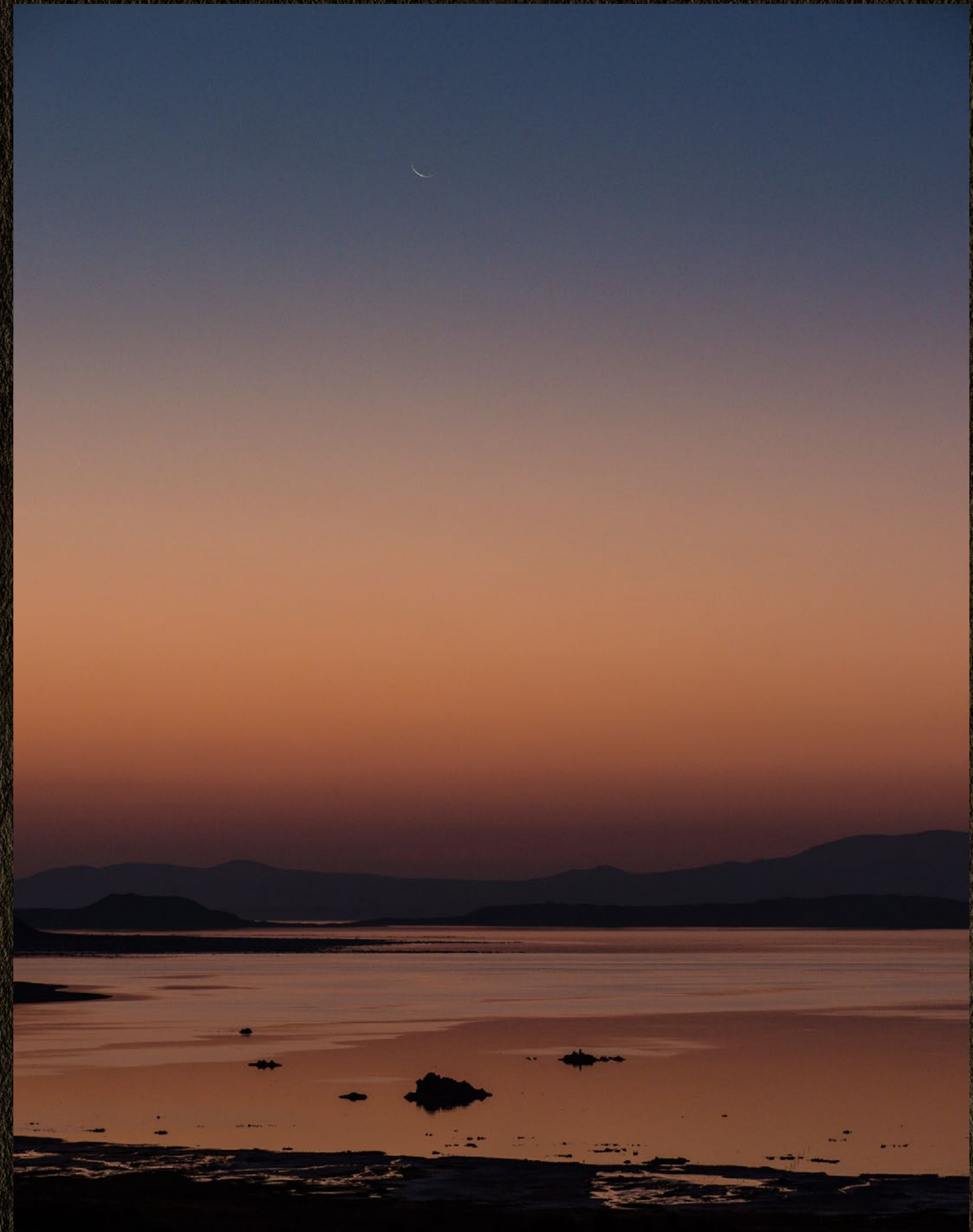
~ Wang Wei
(701-761)



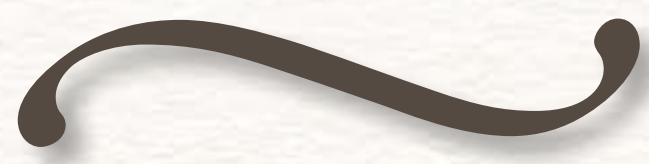
*A hundred thousand worlds
Are flowers in the sky.
A single mind and body
Is moonlight on the water.*

*Once the cunning ends and information stops,
At that moment there is no place for thought.*

~ Han Shan
(b. 1546)



THE SIGNS OF ANGER REMAIN



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Anger is an acid that can do more harm
to the vessel *in* which it is stored than
to anything *on* which it is poured.

~ *Mark Twain*

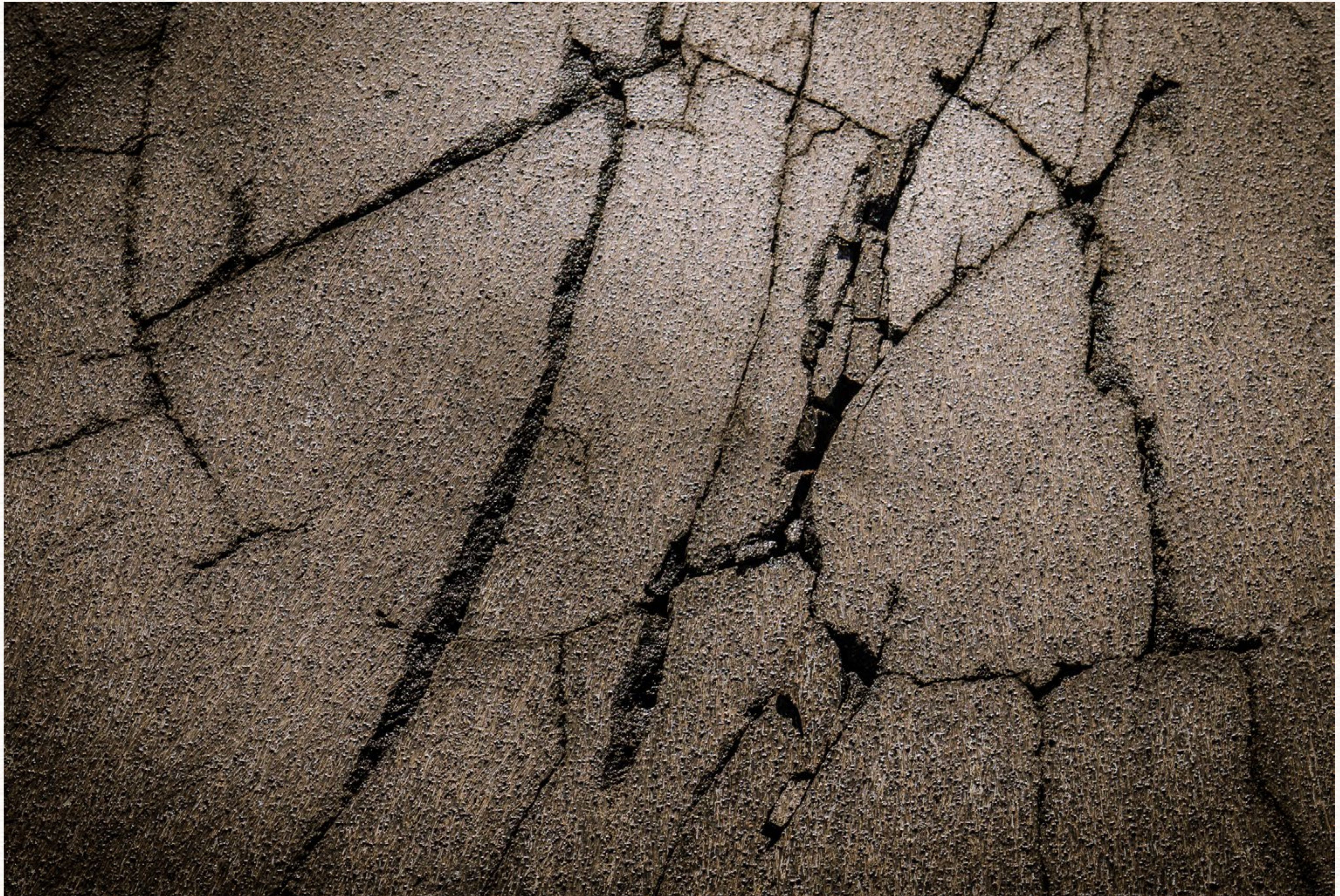
You will not be punished for your anger,
you will be punished *by* your anger.

~ *Buddha*

A broken bone can heal, but the wound
a word opens can fester forever.

~ *Jessamyn West*

*We had been friends for years, but we argued.
We both said ugly things and our anger
spawned cracks.*





Once the cracks had started, mending was impossible.



They were too deep, too real, too inevitable.









*The power of anger, the power of words,
the scars etched, solidified.*

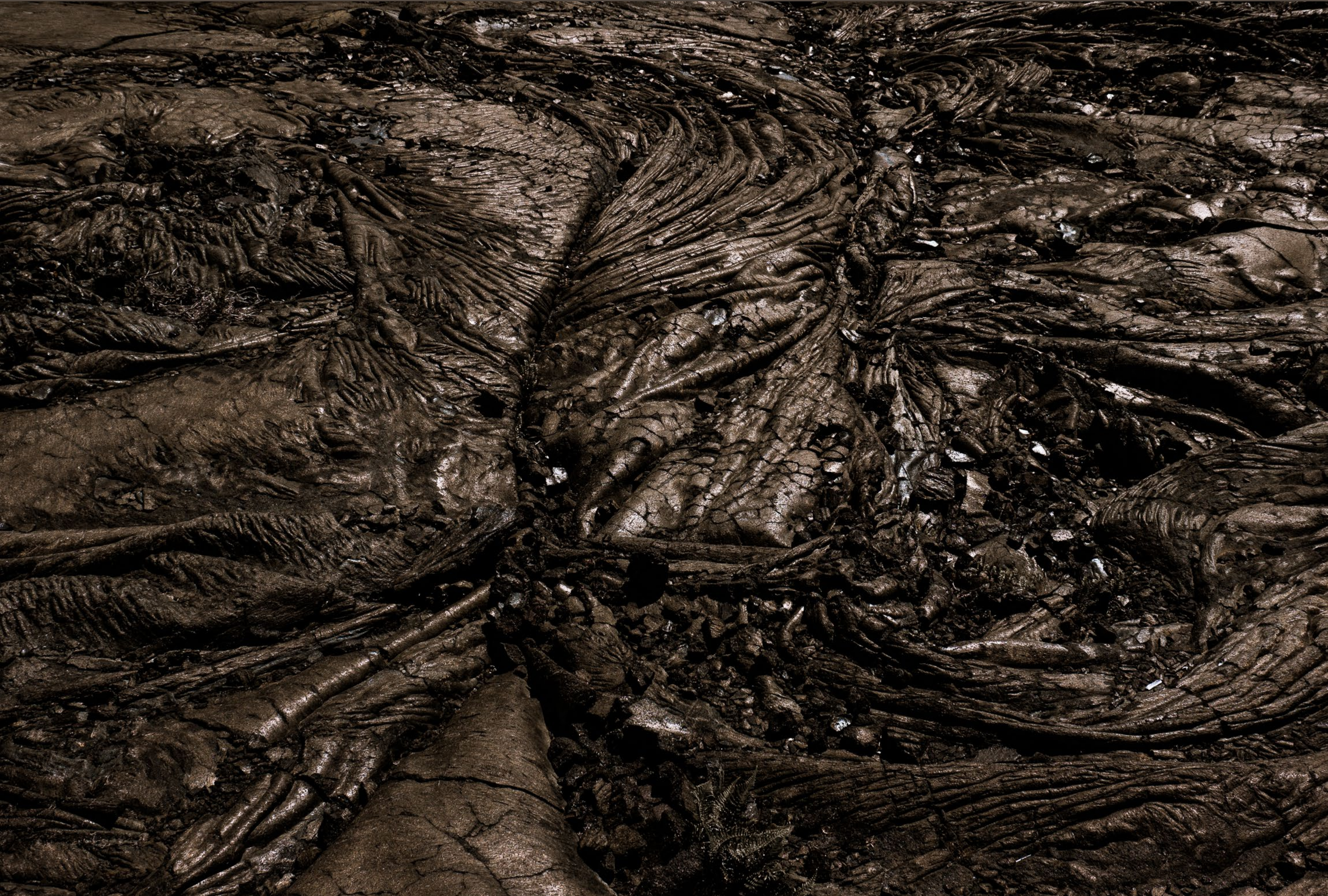














*Was our anger more important
than our friendship?*





If only ... but the signs of anger remain ...



... and overwhelmed us at what cost?



Although you may spend your life killing,
you will not exhaust all your foes.
But if you quell your own anger,
your real enemy will be slain.

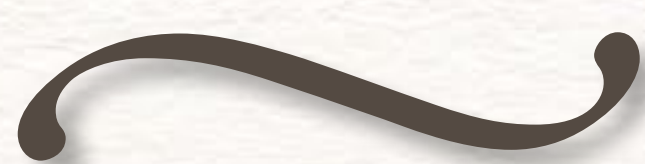
~ Nagarjuna

The opposite of anger is not calmness,
but rather *empathy*.

~ Mehmet Oz

THE CORN WINNOWER

Of Xiang Sha Wan



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When I think of camels,

I think of dunes and heat and thirst. At the outpost of Xiang Sha Wan near the headwaters of the Yellow River in Inner Mongolia, we found plenty of camels at the edge of the massive Gobi Desert. We also found a bitter winter wind that bit man and beast to the bone — instantly freezing every drop of water, every bag of feed.





This is the old Asian Silk Route — a region that has a long history with camels. It's easy to see why they can walk across the desert with such ease; they may be the only creatures on the planet that have flatter feet than me. As a kindred cousin, one of my photographic rules to live by is that one can never have too many photographs of camels. I was delighted to have the opportunity to follow this rule — albeit for the first time in my photographic career.





The herd consisted of roughly 300 camels and three or four horses. Clearly, it takes a lot of work to feed and care for this many animals. The stockyards were large and, although primitive, functional. Those charged with caring for the animals live in sparse apartments that face the camel yards.

In spite of the bitter temperatures, we found a crew working in the clear cold of the morning to feed all these hungry mouths — hauling corn stalks, grinding kernels into corn meal, and doing work that would be so familiar to farm workers all over the world. Western visitors are rare to this remote region of China, but they were welcoming and offered us hot tea while we photographed. We eagerly accepted.





This fellow, I was told, was involved in a process called “winnowing.” Not being a farmhand myself, I was unfamiliar with the process, but it’s apparently just a means to use the wind — a commodity in abundance here — to separate the grain from, I guess, the stuff that is *not* grain.

It looked like fun, so I motioned my request to give it a go. He smiled, handed me the shovel, and watched my feeble attempts to reproduce his fluid movements. He was “winnowing the corn;” I merely flung it chaotically about and made a bit of a mess. Although they didn’t laugh at me, I could tell they desperately wanted to do so.





Over the years, I've discovered that a self-deprecating humor is a useful photographer's tool. My willingness to try winnowing the corn lead to a tender moment.

After I put down the shovel, the fellow motioned me to come with him. Around the corner, tucked deep in the midst of a jumble of old equipment, he reached in and pulled out a newly born puppy that looked to my eye more like a guinea pig. He was proud to show it to me and encouraged me to photograph him in this pose. Why he wanted to share this with me, I don't know, but it was a special moment I was glad to record.



I've experienced a number of these kinds of events in my life as a photographer — a connection across the barriers of culture and language that, for the briefest of moments, allows two strangers to connect with one another over a simple human sentiment. It's one of the reasons I love photography so much. Without a camera and a purpose for being here, I would most likely never have shared this moment with this fellow. I never learned his name, so I shall always remember him simply as The Corn Winnower of Xiang Sha Wan.

NOTHING SPECIAL



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A slant of light, a shadow ...
a moment of *paying attention*.







Nothing special...

Except the extraordinary *existence* of light.

And the miraculous *life*
that animates you and me.

And the wonder of our *eyes*
and their ability to see.

Nothing special ...

Except that it *is*.









慈心樂助
見作修

未福







Nothing special ... except that it *is*.



GLIMPSES OF OLD JAPAN



J Brooks Jensen

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Koshimura had first invited me to Japan in 1990. At the end of our business, I announced: I'm going north, to Tohoku, to photograph.

Koshimura: To Tohoku? But why? There is nothing up there!

Me: I'm looking for Old Japan.

Koshimura: Ahhh. You must try not to get lost.

Me: My purpose *is* to get lost.

Koshimura: Then you will find Old Japan.









醉无佳人双枕
 醒方却道一砂入

京世入言

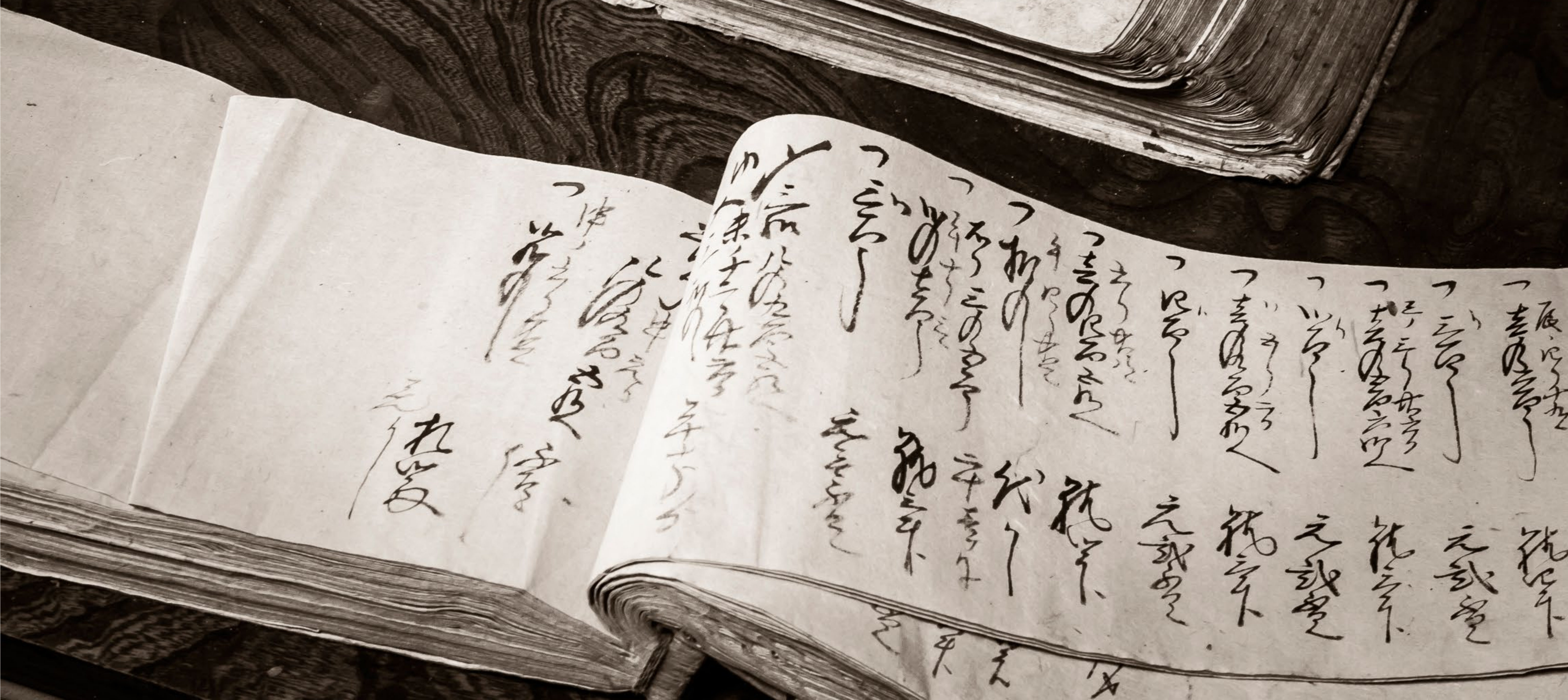
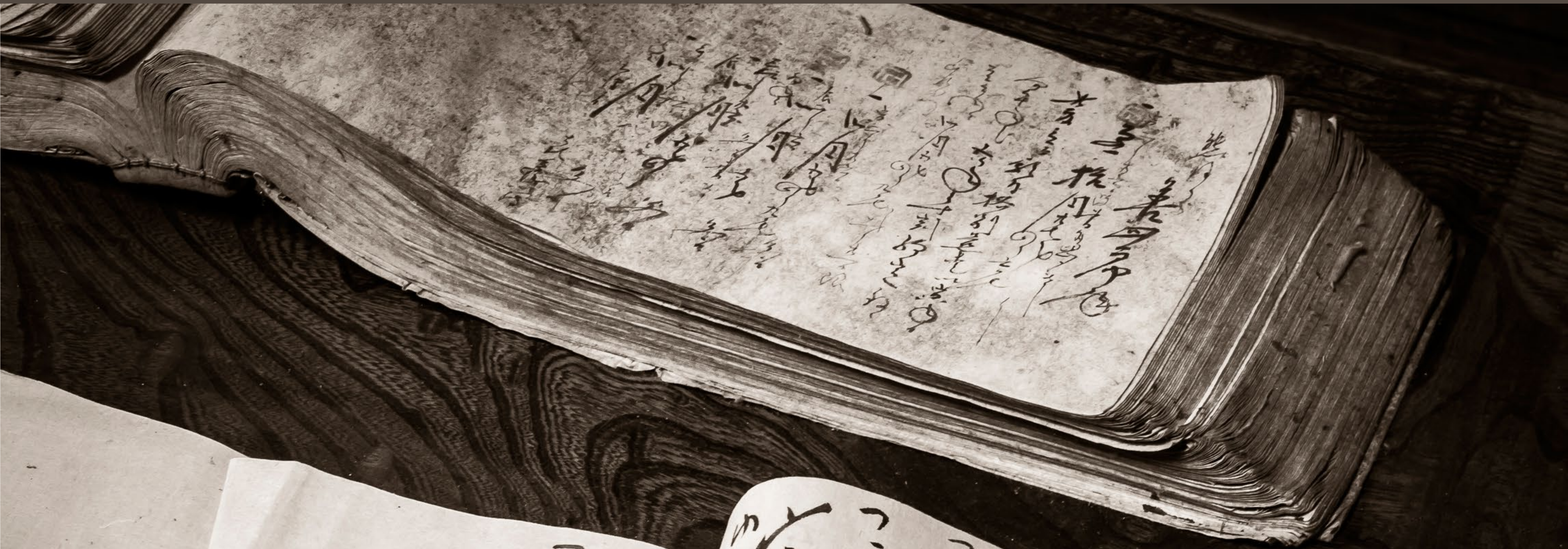
一杯親友良是會
 月小志歸塵十情

京世入言

十里長堤兩岸梅
 飛間流水晚危晴

風波或立及
 漸應別心未出

知身同此沙
 知身同此沙





Handwritten Japanese characters on the wooden frame, possibly indicating the blade's size or type: 45 and 子 (Kotae).

朝日新聞 (Asahi Shimbun) newspaper text, including a real estate advertisement for '朝日不動産' (Asahi Real Estate) with various property listings and prices.

Handwritten character 'H' on the wooden frame.





















































Brooks Jensen is a fine-art photographer, publisher, workshop teacher, and writer. In his personal work he specializes in small prints, hand-made artist's 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 73 countries, Brooks' impact on fine art photography is truly world-wide. His long-running podcasts on art and photography are heard over the Internet by thousands every day. All 900+ 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 seven best-selling books about photography and creativity: *Letting Go of the Camera* (2004); *The Creative Life in Photography* (2013); *Single Exposures* (4 books in a series, random observations on art, photography and creativity); and *Looking at Images* (2014); as well as a photography monograph, *Made of Steel* (2012). His next book will be *Those Who Inspire Me (And Why)*. A free monthly compilation of of this image journal, [Kokoro](#), is available for download.

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