



darkroom wanted to meet me and talk. It was very exciting and comforting.

Remember, I was 35 years old when I first picked up a camera; hardly a kid. I had taught college and directed a number of educational programs by then. My daughter Mollee was six by then. I had been writing songs and poetry well over eighteen years. The images on the contact sheets were clearly the by-product of all those years of writing poetry and song, watching film, cooking daily.

Sudden unexpected/a rock thrown through glass/I stood where I just directed/the latest version of all things must pass/One eye on the mirror/the other on the clock/ and the world 'came perfectly clear/in that moment when I threw that rock.

RR: Do film and poetry continue to influence your work?

CK: In a sense ... the way certain tunes run

through your head. I still read poetry, like a cousin come into town, always welcome and affirming of its special attention. I've dropped off seeing films so frequently. In recent years I still see a couple a week, but it's more pleasure than influence. My greatest comfort for years has been the reading of W.G. Sebald's books, which for me come out of the same place I emerged from photographically.

RR: What about photographic influences?

CK: The magic for me took place in film first and foremost; photographic work has been a decided second, but certainly I felt an immediate kinship to Cartier-Bresson, Kertesz, Coburn, Louie Faurer, Frank, Koudelka, Smith, Ronis, Iziz, William Klein.

In the beginning, whenever a new book of an artist's photographs came out I looked at it immediately. I had a voracious desire for mind community. In the first three months of