

John was a life-long friend and relative who will always reside in my heart. Not only were we cousins with the same grandparents but we also shared complicated and eccentric pursuits in films and literature. I was living in New York when John enrolled at Columbia and he suddenly escaped what had become a claustrophobic academic grid. Not looking back or feeling any remorse, he jumped on his motorcycle and rode to Argentina, the first of many journeys, both as a filmmaker and intuitive explorer, exploring South America, Africa and Europe, and the deserts and mountains of the far west as well as visiting and hanging out with friends in New York and New England.

There were always frontiers for him to explore. His life was spontaneous, complicated and intuitive, as he searched for ways to join mind to body, as he experienced displays of form and emptiness. His journeys were often solitary, involving writing books and manuscripts as well as scouting locations for film. But not least, he was also committed to a variety relationships including wives, girlfriends and children.

John's family was always precious, and despite his many creative obsessions, it was crucial for him to be a conscious loving father who adored his children and was also grateful for his many friends.

I think of John every day. I'm always grateful for our friendship and I will always miss him.

Rudy Wurlitzer