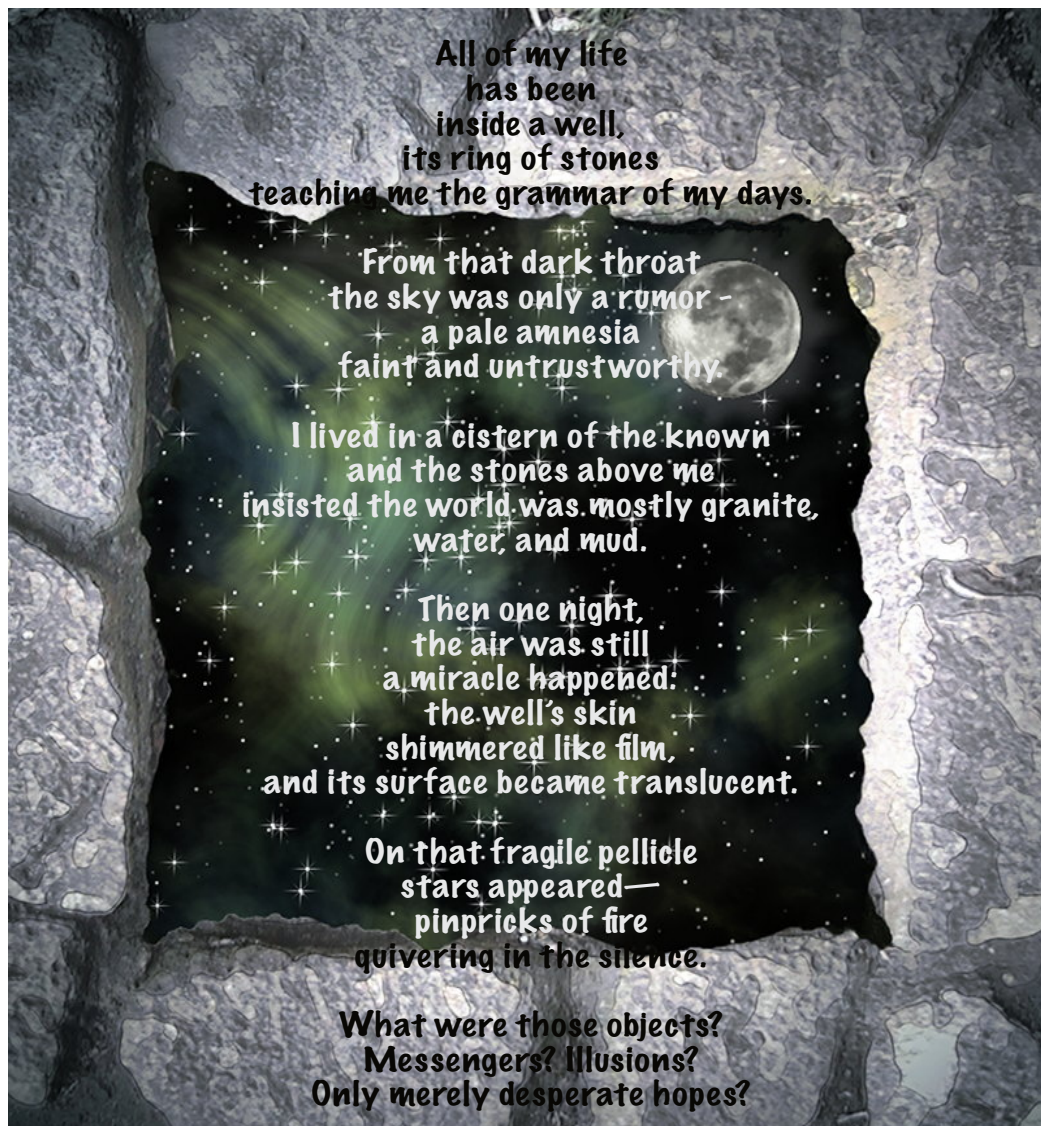


WELL STONES:

A Meditation on Limits, Gravity, and Moments We Look Up



Ellesha: (*nodding to herself*) Don't you see? We're all trapped in our own gravity wells. We are held down by the mass of our habits and the heavy sediment of our histories. We're stare at the stars from time to time, but our feet are stuck in the mud.

Jules: (*shaking his head and rolling his eyes*) God, Ellesha, your words like heavy stones. Lighten up. Enjoy the small joys of life. Anyone care for a beer? My glass is reaching a critical vacuum.

Andrei: (*with a slow, enigmatic smile*) A little lubrication for the gears of the soul? That sounds great! Every philosophy needs some sort lubricant. Since we're fresh out of other intoxicants, a cold lager is a respectable substitute.

Soo: (*folding her arms, unimpressed*) Typical. The moment something feels deep, you boys look for a drink. Is the "infinite" too bright for you, or are you just afraid of the silence?

Jules: (*raising an eyebrow, grinning*) I'm not afraid of anything. Perhaps the "music of the spheres" consists of beer bubbles?

– T Newfields

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