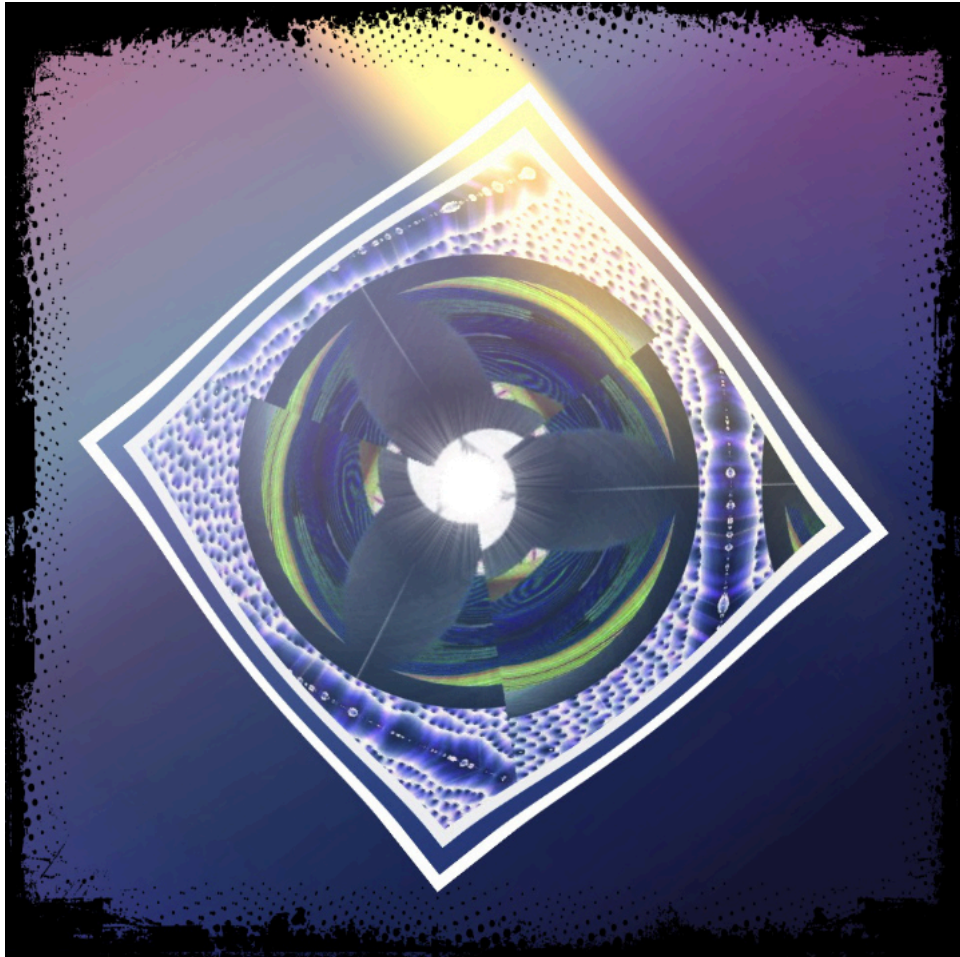


WHERE FEATHERS MEET:

Reflections on Evanescent Encounters



Carla : Feathers do not last long in deserts.

Carlos : (Shrugging his shoulders) What does?

Carla : Bones. Sands.

Yahui : (nodding) Indeed. All that is superfluous gets stripped bare.

Reed : (winking mischievously) And what are we? Are we any different?

- T Newfields

Beg.: 2005 Tokyo ☆ Rev. 2024 Yokohama