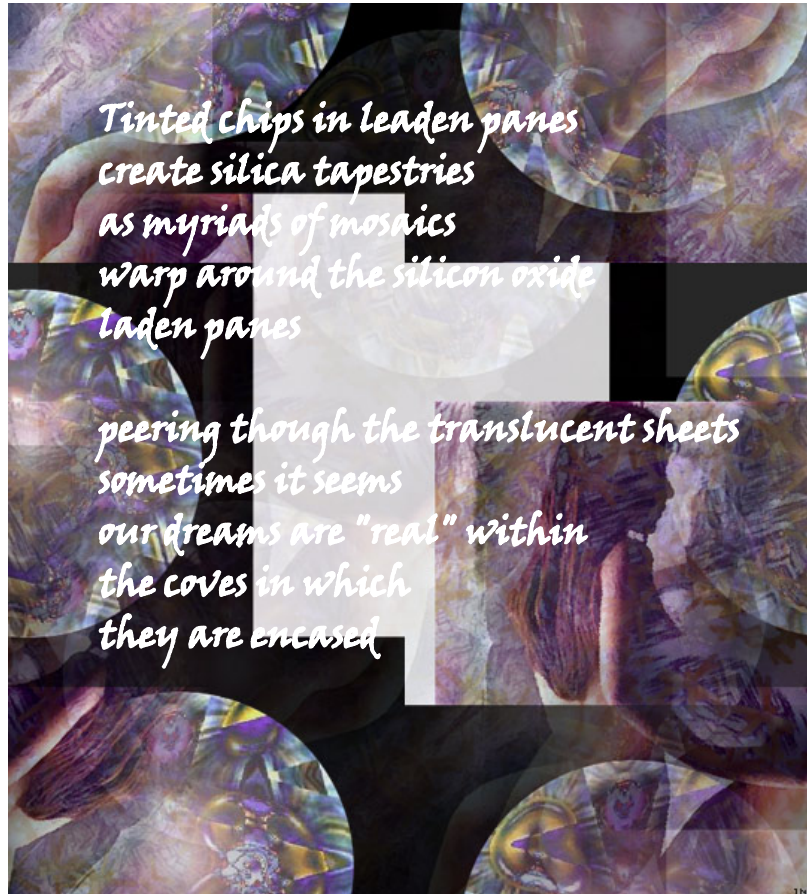


STAINED GLASS:

Reflections on consciousness, perception, and mirrors



Noel : I ain't never seen glass like dis.

Tara : Dat's kus yous lookin' outward, dude. Look inward and dare's all kinds ah sheet yawh'll see.

Noel : I'm afraid ta . . . my heart iz already stained.

Gwen : (winking) Den break dah glass.

- T Newfields

Beg.: 2004 Nagoya ☆ Rev. 2024 Shizuoka