

Dear Vocano Lovers,

I am assailed by a sense of exaltation when I see images of the scene of a catastrophe; ruins from a great earthquake, floods, a tanker burning on fire and eruptions of volcanoes, and so on. Is this emotion shameful and forbidden yearning of human beings? Inconsistently, does that scenery stimulate our Faustian impulse? Memorial places, topography under the crustal movements and inscribed in numerous names on a stone are still only found in the park in as far as it is separate from the place you live. The desire of possession is confiscated at Customs there. I may check inside your backpack. Which intelligence still remains inside yours? But everybody should not feel any stress. Because we just need to remove contamination of language, for entering, over the gate. As one step forward, do the project of collecting pieces from 'more than two' collided with head on altogether. When the wind streams over the tree, our earthly existence unfolds a worn-out story about a nascent journey.