THE PHOTO: Journey of life

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The world has speedily changed in the last century but for some it has been a long journey…

When this man was born, there were no such avenues in Tokyo. Neither in Tokyo nor almost nowhere. One reads stories by Japanese writers from the early 20th century and catches a different image of that city. There was another concept of monumentality, another notion of time.

This man lived the tough years of war. He was very young, of course; probably, he did not have to go to the front, like so many millions of his compatriots did. But most likely, he suffered the rigors of war. Maybe, he lost hope.

But time passed. Many wounds healed and others opened. Changes sped up in the last century…. the world is different now.

This man walks with a stoop (the weight of his own existence) and must protect himself from pollution with a mask (the empire of his circumstances). If you watch closely, he does not seem spiritless, he walks with determination. And nevertheless, it is not a happy image.

It’s the metaphor of our smallness before the great paraphernalia of our essential loneliness. We may have many occasional companions, but make the great journey of life alone. And sometimes the set overwhelms.

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