

SYMPHONIC
POLYPHONY

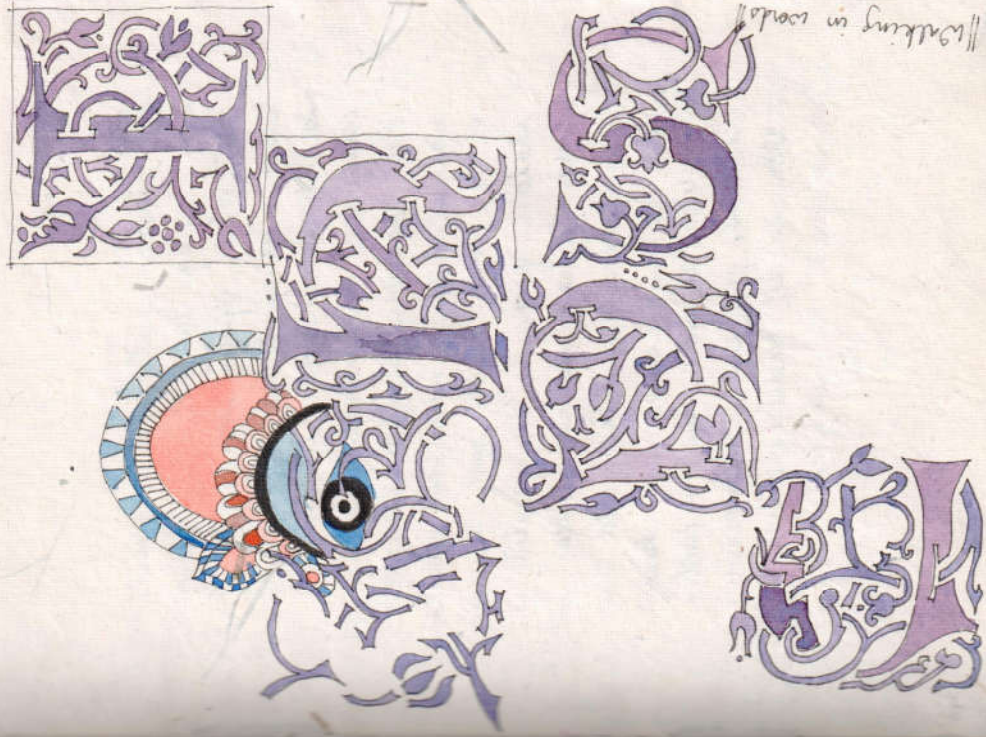
Dear Shūta,

The whispers of Nietzsche's voice will always haunt the pages of the Red Book. Perhaps, you will run into Mathew Spawo while on your excursions into the Red Book. He will tell you that the Red Book is, in many ways, a response to Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra". Murray Stein, another of the adventurers on my pages, will tell you more about all the whispers you heard in the black pools. He called the Red Book a "syncretistic work, weaving together scores of widely disparate intellectual and spiritual predecessors". The white space you

find so calming, yet charged, is that syncretistic space, perhaps. That, it transformed and went deeper into the page, may very well be an effort to reach as many voices.

It seemed to me, at the time of writing, that I was living in an asylum of my own making. I went about with all these fantastic figures: centaurs, nymphs, satyrs, gods and goddesses, as though they were patients and I was analyzing them. They will speak to you, if you are ready to listen.

Dear Mr. Jung,
When I am reading
the Red Book, I can walk out
of myself and into the book,
such that I become visible to
me, walking on the pages of
the book. I become she.
I can see where she
steps, who she talks to and
what she becomes. I can see her
trying to modify the landscapes
you have created on the pages.
Sometimes, she sets up an easel
next to your words and begins
to paint. I see her holding that
drawing against one of yours,
casting sharp lights on both of them



and make shadows. I can see her trying to fill up some of the white spaces between the words using these shadows.

In these shadows, she finds companions to accompany her.

These shadows are often fractals - made of parts of your book, parts of her and largely voids. These shadows speak to her familiar words in an unknown voice.

I see her walking into these voids of the shadows and ask questions, to your nymphs and centaurs, gods and goddesses. Convinced them to sit beside her in the void.

As I see her doing all this, I can step out of myself, this time such that I can see myself, watching her walk, on the pages of the book. I see myself sitting in the library, on the bed, in the corner under my window or crouched under the table-top - watching her become shadows on the pages of your book.

I see myself shivering with all the energies my body cannot handle - such energies it has never contained before. I see myself getting altered with them.

When I see myself walking on the streets, the shadows on the page often accompany me. They change their

form, simultaneously, as I encounter
events on the street, or when I
pick old books from my shelf.

I see myself, holding the
Red Book, watching her make
her landscapes merge with yours.

On the pages, new worlds are
created. I see myself watch
her, trying to fill up the
white spaces with the shadows
she makes. I see myself watching
in wonder, as sometimes these
shadows create more white spaces
on the page, overlapping some of
the black pools of your words.

— One of the shadows had a
companion called Dennis Patrick Slattery.



ending in well

INSIDE & ONWARD

Dear Mr. Jung,

These letters to you are the records of my inner world as I am exploring the pages of the Red Book and then of these letters as a bite for my world to manifest. It seems to be a tense process of manifestation, as my body transforms and its faculties to think and feel are stressed and under observation. Sometimes like I told you earlier, it causes a split in me. Someday, I am afraid that a re-integration may not happen. In the Red Book, you became yourself and your salome, and then the pages of book were populated with various archetypes. Through these letters, I am trying

to reintegrate, or atleast discover a way to do so. While reading the Red Book, there developed a channel between myself and the pages, creating a continuous transfer of energies. As I progressed, I could negate the chronology and pick any points of entry into the pages. The pages, thus, were simultaneous and modular to me, it allowed the white space to emerge - the generative agencies of the content, in the theatre of your archetypes, to activate themselves in my hands. What was I creating on your pages? What are you creating on mine, now?

I am simultaneous,
Not one, never the only!

I am -

here and there,
simultaneously, everywhere.

I am else-where.

I am on this page,

And, I am on that,

living here, being there,

I am else-where.

Am I the voice of the page, or

Is this page my voice?

Am I what is present

on this page, or

Has this page always been-

A presence in me?

Mythically yours,
Tchita



|| Me within me ||

Dear Mr. Jung.

Having discovered a way to inhabit the pages of a book through inhabiting the Red Book, I have been able to make several homes, differently and become me, differently. The other day, I saw a set of sketchbooks arranged on a shelf. Most of them black, a few red and some blue. They were all of the same size, a few exceptions nudging out of the perfectly aligned edges of the arrangement. I sat in front of them to talk. They allowed me to inhabit them without opening. They allowed me to trespass, without inhaling. I did not know what landscapes



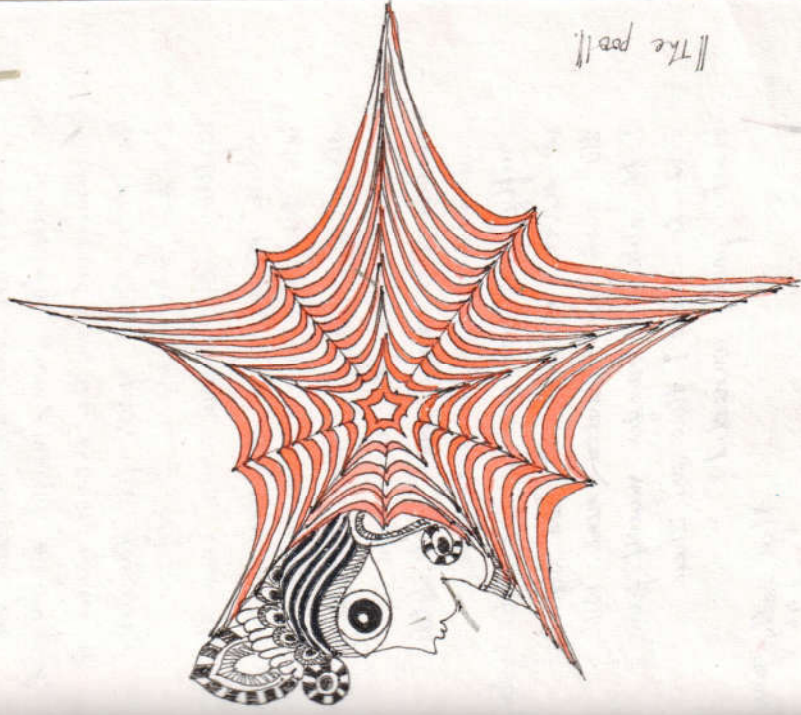
they contained. Surely, they were rich with travels, experiences and internal worlds. I felt sure of this because that's what my sketchbooks at home contained. They lay like that on the shelves at home. I remembered how no one would have looked at them since last September when I left them behind. The Red Book has become a secret tunnel through to them.

To reach my books, fragments of myself inhabiting those sketchbooks, I pass through the pages of the Red Book. They become, through the arrangement of white spaces on the pages, a tunnel. I pass

through your nymphs and centaurs. Sometimes, the spirit of time rushes my passage, at times the spirit of depths makes me pause. In the criss-crossing networks passing through the tunnel, we paused in Bachelard's poetic instant. He arose from a shadow and began to accompany me on my journey. He took me to the first page of the Red Book and began walking with me as I took the journey of walking along the pools again. He paused with me as I stood at the edges of the black pools again. He pushed me in. I got out, after a deep fall, from another

black pool. The pool was the part of an orange scrap paper, I began to walk along the edges, becoming aware of what I was tracing. It took me ~~two~~ a while before I realised that the scrap of paper was from Walter Benjamin's Archives. The post I had emerged from was part of a constellation of words "knowledge from insight or perception", which Benjamin had written down as being "highly enigmatic" and existing in an "ungraspable transition".

I stood there, on an unknown landscape, within the black pool, trying to wonder, whether I could go back the same route.



|| The Pool ||

From the slightly familiar pool
of "knowledge from insight or perception,"
I climbed out on the orange spaces of
the paper. These spaces felt familiar
to the white spaces. I began
exploring the terrain and soon the
white spaces were forgotten. I ran
into Benjamin himself on these
scraps of paper. He offered to guide
me. I became his companion
among the many post-cards, letters
and note-books. The note-books,
briefly reminded me of the sketch-books
in search of whom I had begun
the quest and landed here. Will
I be able to transfer myself from
here to them? How are these
black pools connected?

Mythically yours,
Ishida.