

## FEBRUARY FANTASIES

5th of February 1997, Sapporo.

... It is snowing.

Furrows and ripples are drawn on the superficially frozen streets,

Taxis advance in a meandering way,

The red and green traffic lights are hard to glimpse.

...

The words of Pamen Pereira - "ten" is "mu"- transport me.

I think that the place of the exhibition is near;

...

I alight in good time to avoid slipping.

...

I begin to walk... Recent Gallery "Iwasa Build"... it is not there. I thought the gallery was nearby but no, I can't see it. I cross the alley to head for the main street.

...

Snow!

...

Cars are circulating, people are passing me;

...

Buildings,

Labyrinth,

The present,

...

The city.

Standing up in the middle of the street, white mistiness.

... tired of walking; From the Labyrinth of time?

...

( it's impossible for me to get lost in this city!... I've been living here for over fifty years ... and I find my self wandering around this labyrinth of time...).

I feel stupidly amused.

The snow is piling up on the epaulettes of my coat. How could the building have slipped out of my sight so cunningly?

Could it haven hidden itself behind some dead angle? ( The building is enormous, it's of the "meeting - point" type; in addition, one of its sides stands right in the middle of the main street.) The colour of its walls is reddish brown.

I see... "ten" is "mu". I seem to have made it. I have reached Pamen Pereira's labyrinth.

Pamen Pereira.

From west to west of country of the Occident ( light rises towards the Orient ), to the east of the east of the country of the Orient ( the sun sets towards the Occiden, it is paradise I believe).

3rd of September of 1996. End of the summer in Sapporo. Did you come chasing the star of the East?

... you are in Sapporo resting peacefully. You arrived at Sapporo.

...

Time passed freely, you look at light

...

And you became acquainted with its colours. From the 3rd of November you practised Zen at the Ei Hei – Ji temple. You rose at three in the morning. You cleaned the floor of the precincts and the garden. Then you practised *Za-zen*.

You emptied your heart's interior. You abstained from eating meat (*shou- jin cuisine*). And you ate in moderation. You went to the bed at nine in the evening. You emptied your heart's interior. You noticed the cool floor,

...

The feel of the wood. During these eleven days and eleven nights, what did you see? The figure of Buddha, the light of the altar, practising *Za-Zen* with eyes closed; In the darkness of silence what have you heard? Your own pulse was dissolved in darkness, your respiration no longer formed part of your will.

You became “mu”.

“Mu” is infinitely fertile. The microcosm expands infinitely in your body. By your will. In the east of the east of the country of the Orient the autumn is ending, leaves are falling. It is snowing

...

In a corner

...

Of the foot of the mountain of Sapporo. Pamen has begun to perform “mu” Bearing a candle in one hand. Snow has already covered the city and the wilds.

Will, Action, Undergo mutual influence and expand

...

Enthusiastically.