

David Sylvian (b. 1958, Kent/England) first became known in the late seventies as the lead singer, songwriter and composer for the legendary English 'avant-glam' group 'Japan', with which, to his regret, he is to this day still most identified. Since the group disbanded in late 1982, Sylvian has embarked on a series of ground-breaking solo and collaborative albums (with Ryuichi Sakamoto, Robert Fripp, Holger Czukay et al.). He made the solo albums 'Brilliant Trees', 'Gone to Earth', 'Secrets of the Beehive', as well as 'Alchemy - An Index of Possibilities' and recently - twelve years later - brought out 'Dead Bees on a Cake'. Two books of Sylvian's work have been published, 'Perspectives', a selection of Polaroid montages and collages, which have been exhibited in the U.K., Japan and Europe, and 'Trophies - the Lyrics of David Sylvian'. In 1984 Sylvian visited Nepal for the first time. In an interview he said "It appears this experience lit something of a slow burning fire in me. It certainly stayed with me and was a source of comfort and inspiration for years to come". For this issue of janus, David Sylvian has selected poems, not all published, to accompany the photos by Carl De Keyzer.

# A Shaman's song

by David Sylvian and Carl De Keyzer

Carl De Keyzer (b. 1958, Kortrijk, Belgium) has published several books of photoreportage, such as that on India (1987) and the extraordinary 'Homo Sovieticus' (1989) on the Soviet Union (awarded the Prix du Livre as the best photo-book of the year) and 'God Inc.' (1992). This last book shows scenes of extreme religious experience and mania in the United States. With 'Images of Power. Historical Pictures of the End of the Century, part 1' (1996) he has consciously experimented with colour photography, which further refines his trade marks of using flash in daylight, the panoramic image (wide-angle), and monumental and controlled compositions with dramatic and poetic elements. Carl De Keyzer has for several years been a member of the influential Magnum photographers collective.

Carl De Keyzer's series included here - 'The Seven Oracles of Ladakh' (1993) follows those specifically gifted and respected men and women, 'oracles', who do healings, exorcisms and predictions under trance in the villages of Thiksey, Sabu, Choglamsar, Leh and Stok. These Buddhist rituals take place every morning in the oracles' houses and are attended every day by about twenty people. The patients of the family pay a small sum for their services. These rituals last several hours.





There is a heart-space  
Remember?  
Inside the heart-place  
I wait for you

There is a heart-space  
Where all are waiting  
Attending your return

The wait is endless

already done

We afford you a glimpse  
But your back's towards us

turn to

face us

remember

All your mothers and fathers  
Children and grandchildren  
All here

turn

Great  
Great grandchildren  
Surround you

The once mother  
Now child  
You walk amongst them

There is a heart-space  
I wait without candle  
For you know your own way back

When the little one came  
A hole was blown open  
A partial surrendering in the midst of knowing  
And for an instance the constant heart shed its own tears  
Wave upon wave carried me over  
Beyond the peripheries of hope and fear  
Deadening the voice of relentless biography  
I stood at the centre and danced at the extremities  
Mapping the city as subtle as silence  
Then on, outwards, into the darkness

When the crazy one came  
She placed her finger on my forehead  
And pushed on through  
I woke up, face on fire  
Spitting out diamonds  
Thoroughly lost to logic  
Craving her madness



The gold and crimson tulips  
Brought forth a goddess  
She stood before me  
Bees buzzing beneath an evening sky  
All time  
Here  
As the rose reaches the hand  
A thousand voices sing the silence  
The work of planets unfolding  
A glimpse of the map of destiny is mine  
My feet burn their imprint in stone  
Now it is done

She blows a hole through solid air  
Whispers my true name  
A calling card from the heart of prayers

She is all mountains  
Her black eyes fathomless  
Absolute stillness  
Silver shooting stars garland her hair  
How could this house contain all she is?  
She stands neither within nor without  
Soothing fire  
She's in the belly, the head, the heart  
Her laughter pervades everything  
Cleansing fire  
Leave not one stone unturned

Queen bee  
She pollinates the hearts of all who come  
She is all suns

I will learn to walk  
I will learn to breathe as I once did  
I will learn to sing  
And singing I will worship you

