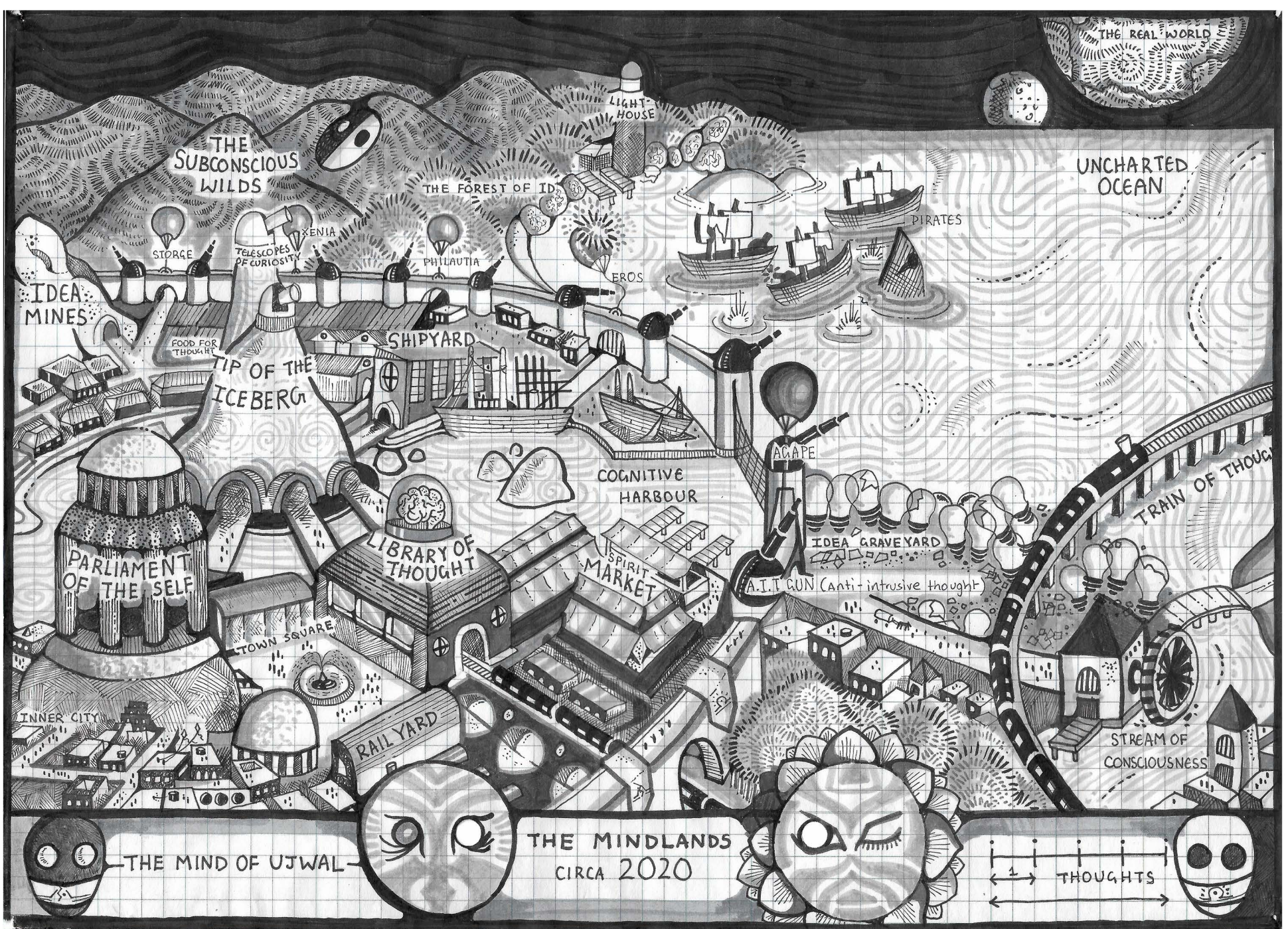




Wandering the Mindlands

a “photo” essay
by Ujwal Mantha



Map of the Mindlands
Distances are never to scale

► TODAY I VISITED : The Mindlands

DATE:

Just before
quadrantine
completely
sapped my
sanity.

I've never wanted to travel more than when the entire world is locked down.

To satisfy that uncharacteristic urge, I'm going to travel in words. I booked the INTROSPECTION TOUR, a fun, week-long vacation that'll take me to scenic spots and landmarks across the mindlands.

(a week being 5 days, apparently the weekend costs extra and the mental wallet is a bit tight right now)



DAY 1 : I'm attaching a map of the mindlands that I found in one of the brochures.

(apparently as the mindlands are constantly changing, the map is already out of date but I guess it'll have to do)

→ Bought a new camera to document the journey, it's a state of the art model : 1D3A - 100.



Inside the Parliament of the Self

TODAY I VISITED: The Parliament

when it was late but I still had work to do. so I stayed up and did nothing

DAY 2:

why a parliament?
why isn't my head a monarchy?
Perhaps if I was born in a different time?

of the self

if I'd grown up in Tenochtitlan, I might have had a mental high priest.
if I'd lived in renaissance Naples (the plague would have probably killed me) I might have had a Brain Pope.
or if I was in England, during the middle ages, I would have had a feudal lord.
Maybe at points of time, I was all of those things?

The Parliament was big and I imagine it could grow depending on the decision being debated.

I got a good photo of the empty hall but they wouldn't let me sit in on any of the debate sessions

(no outside thoughts allowed, just overthinking occurs)

I'd shot the three main pillars, each symbol refers to a delegation that participates in the parliament.

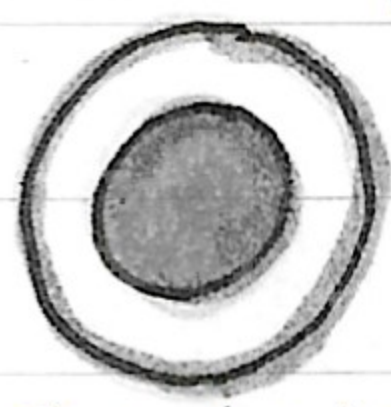
It begs the question, if I wasn't a "democracy", which one of those three would take charge?



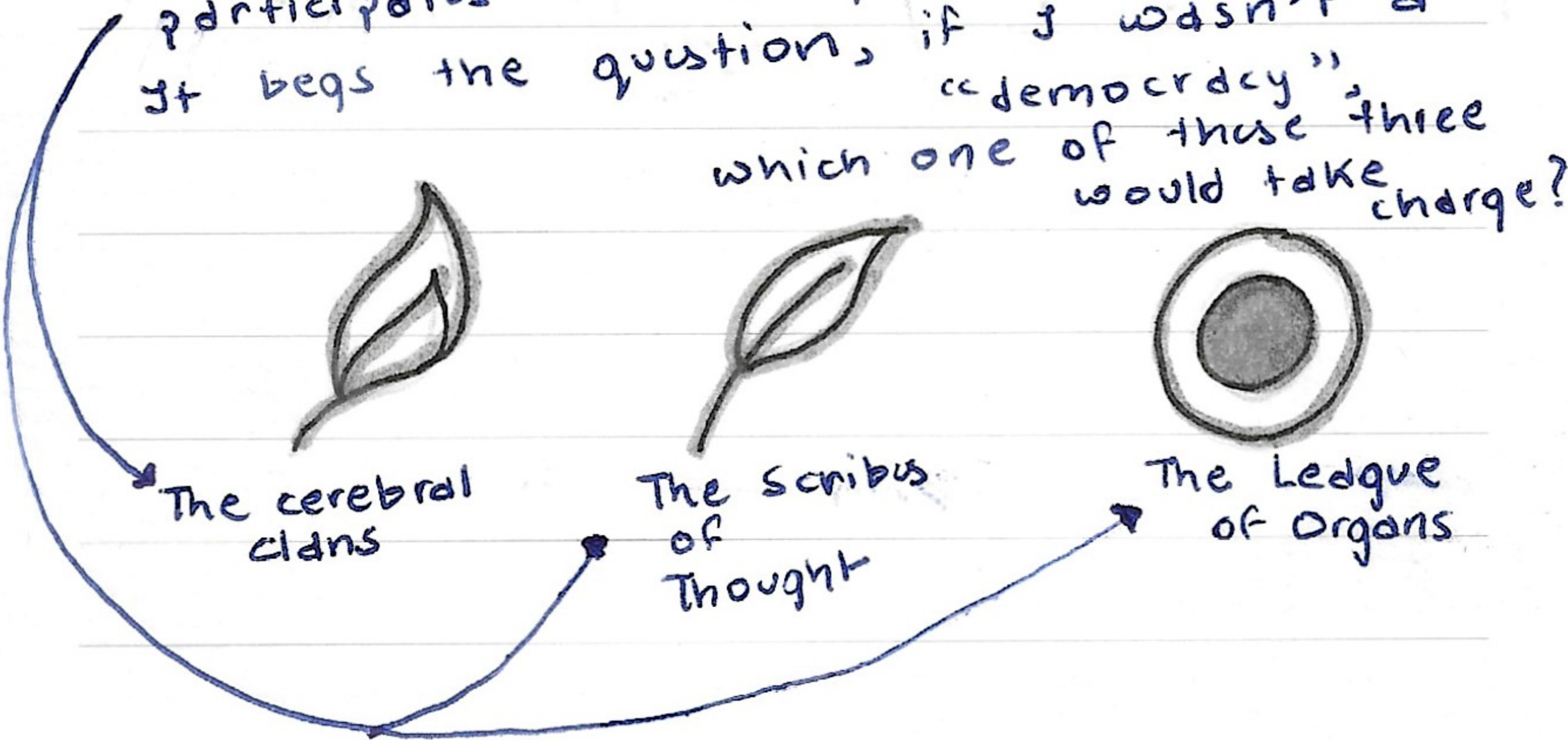
The cerebral clans



The Scribus of Thought



The Ledge of Organs





An A.I.T gun fending off a routine incursion

TODAY I VISITED: THE WALL

DATE: when i was feeling a bit insecure.

They made me sign a waiver which is never comforting. It wasn't too bad though. I got to see a skirmish. Intrusive thoughts whipping around, A.I.T guns blazing away, it was a bout of really violent fireworks.

I singed my shirt. (but the photo was worth it)

The gate system is pretty cool actually

DAY 3:



→ BALLOONS HOLD GATE UP

In the case of invasion, the Balloon deflates and the gate slams shut.

Whilst skirmishes and rogue attackers are ~~not~~ common, full blown invasions are thankfully not.

↪ On that note, high school was apparently pretty rough.

ROUGH

Pardon the singeing, book caught on fire



Routine Train Stop at Day-Dream Station 7797

TODAY I VISITED : I took a ride on the train of thought
DATE : Just bored

DAY 4 :

Well, it's been an eventful couple of days, I'm almost done. Just off to visit the forest of Id.

I noticed that the Train of thought which was supposed to take me there was going off into the opposite direction according to my map. When I asked about this, the guide just chuckled and called me a tourist.

I rode on that train for somewhere between a couple of minutes to several decades.

Just staring out of the window into the uncharted ocean.

So much of life is empty, uncharted ocean.

Nothing eventful, just still, ordinary water.

However, the moonlight dancing over gentle ripples as creatures of the sea pirouette in and out of the water... I could watch that for hours.

In the end, when I sink into oblivion, I think I'll value these uneventful, long trips just as much as my loudest adventures.

Took a photo when we stopped at platform -

People stretched their legs.

Stalls sold snacks, I'm going to

buy some, there's this fried conundrum that looks

inviting -

- Diarrhed -



The ticket disappeared when I got off the train. Here's a sketch.



Looking for Moonflowers in the Forest of Id

TODAY I VISITED: The Subconscious

DATE:

So I won't be writing in this wilds when that
while I'm inside cause apparently nightmare
coherent thoughts are hard to piece woke me
together in the forest of ID, will be back up

Well, that was something.

The Forest of ID is apparently the farthest
a rational thought can go before becoming
something else.

It was a sobering experience.

I think I felt (well I felt a lot of things) but
I think I mainly felt how early humans must
have.

When they looked at the deep, unknown forests
beyond the light of their campfires.

Definitely scared but also earnest and subtly
excited. I took a photo, though I honestly don't
remember taking it.

It's intriguing how much of myself I may
never know about.

I'm coming back to reality in
the evening.

They gave me a moonflower
to say goodbye.

I dare say I'll be back
though the maze is
effectively obsolete.

I'll hold onto it though,
maybe I can return
in a few years

and sell it as a historical antique.

