

Chapter: „Dancing out of Mind“

I told Nestor of this cloudy spot. He was unusually interested and asked me quite a few questions, for example if that thing was rather bright or dark; what form it had; whether I could see just one or more of these spots. I described to him, as best as I could, what I had perceived.

»Is this spot in constant motion?« he kept asking.

»I'm not sure but I believe so.«

»Beliefs won't do for us here,« he replied sharply. »If you don't know it, just take a look at the spot.«

»Why? Is this important in some way?« I asked, irritated over his rebuke.

»It could change your life,« he answered.

Somehow his words had something threatening. At this moment I would have preferred to clarify the situation and ask him what exactly he meant. But Nestor urged me to keep on looking at the spot.

Again I looked into the rising sun and tried to concentrate on the afterimage. When I shifted it back and forth across the sky, the dark spot soon swung along with it again. Immediately I tried to look at it, but that didn't work out as it flowed out of my field of vision right that moment. I tried some more times but became desperate after a few attempts. It seemed as if I myself wiped away that spot with my eyes as soon as I wanted to take a look at it.

»I can't really see that spot, Nestor. It escapes me time and again.«

»Try to hold it in suspension just like the afterimages,« he advised me.

»Push it upwards vigorously. If you see it, shift it back and forth so that it'll remain in your field of vision for as long as possible. Watch how it flows.«

Gradually I was able to keep the spot in my field of vision for a longer time. In doing so, I realized that it was an overlay of rings and dots in different sizes – partially blurred, partially more in focus. I could only recognize them because of their more conspicuous contours, because they were colorless and completely transparent.

I told Nestor my observations. He seemed satisfied, smiled and found that this was actually a small realization of consciousness. He asked me to direct my attention to these spots from now on.

»But what is it?« I asked him.

He remained silent and seemed to take some joy in it before he finally answered.

»What you've seen,« he explained it with a mysterious tone of voice, »is a small detail of the picture's basic structure.«

»Basic structure?«

»Basic structure,« he replied laughing and mimicked my puzzled face. »The scaffold, after all, that holds the entire scenery here in suspension.«