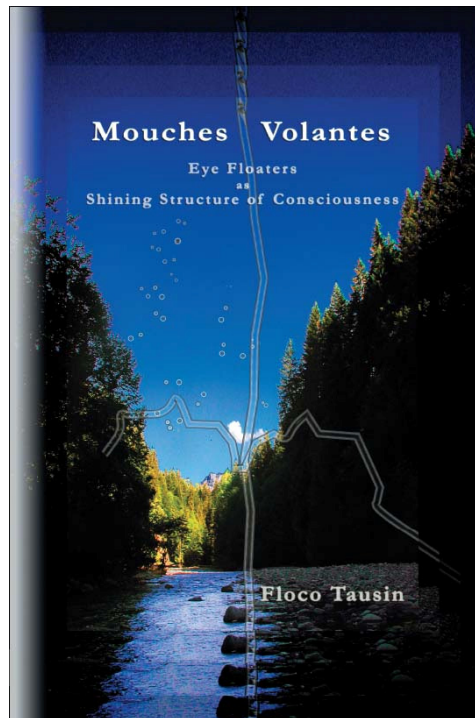


Synopsis and Extract

Mouches Volantes

Eye Floaters as Shining Structure of Consciousness

Floco Tausin



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Basic Information

Titel: Mouches Volantes
Subtitle: Eye Floaters as Shining Structure of Consciousness
Author: Floco Tausin
Translator: Andreas Zantop, Berlin
Genre: Spiritual fiction
Format: Paperback, 15.2 x 22.9 cm / 6 x 9 inches, 368 pages
ISBN: 978-3033003378
Price: 35.90 \$ / 25.90 £ / 26.90 €

Original: The original German edition was printed by Books on Demand (Norderstedt, Germany) and published by Leuchtstruktur Verlag (Bern, Switzerland) in 2004. Original title: „Mouches Volantes. Die Leuchtstruktur des Bewusstseins“, paperback, 13.5 x 21.5 cm, 388 pages, ISBN: 978-3-033-00205-0

Further information

www: www.eye-floaters.info (English) / mouches-volantes.com (German)
e-mail: leuchtstruktur-verlag@bewusstsein.ws

Abstract

Floco Tausin tells the story about his time of learning with spiritual teacher and seer Nestor, taking place in the hilly region of Emmental, Switzerland. The mystic teachings focus on the widely known but underestimated dots and strands floating in our field of vision, known as eye floaters or *mouches volantes*. Whereas in ophthalmology, floaters are considered a harmless vitreous opacity, the author gradually learns about them to see and reveals the first emergence of the shining structure formed by our consciousness.

»Mouches Volantes« explores the topic of eye floaters in a much wider sense than the usual medical explanations. It merges scientific research, esoteric philosophy and practical consciousness development, and observes the spiritual meaning and everyday life implications of these dots and strands.

The author

Floco Tausin is a Graduate of the Faculty of Humanities at the University of Bern, Switzerland. In theory and practice he is engaged in the research of visual phenomena in connection with altered states of consciousness and the development of consciousness.

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Characters

Main characters

Floco: First-person narrator, student from Bern, restores pieces of furniture as a sideline. Learns from Nestor the *perfect restoration* in order to restore a mysterious wooden piece of furniture he has found in Nestor's house. Floco is impatient, overcorrect and minimalistic. He initially resists Nestor's teachings which threaten to capture his entire life. But a certain blend of profit orientation and naïve ambition makes him visit Nestor time and again so as to continue the perfect restoration. This alternative way of life, as well as repeated visionary borderline experiences, do not just change his worldview and moral concepts but his direct perception as well.

Nestor: Knower, seer. Teaches Floco the perfect restoration, that is, the restoration of the piece of furniture that goes hand in hand with Floco's development of consciousness. Nestor, articulate, sovereign, uncompromising but full of humor at the same time, convinces Floco of the seers' alternative way of life and accompanies him through various altered states of consciousness. Gradually, he initiates Floco into the true meaning of the entoptic phenomenon called *mouches volantes*.

Minor characters

The farmer: Acquaintance of Nestor, seer, tall and burly, tight-lipped but jovial. His culinary skills call Floco's attention to the incorrect handling of his sense of taste.

The danseuse: Seer of advanced age, petite but strong, graceful and awe-inspiring. A woman with a stern look, cracking derisive remarks and crude jokes. She »smells« Floco's character, in particular his wasteful handling of sexual energy.

The thinker: Seer, former linguist, of advanced age, wiry, sunburnt, childish. He discloses the meaning of words and feelings to Floco and teaches him their correct handling with respect to the perfect restoration.

The hearty one: Young seer lady, Nestor's neighbor, attractive and hearty; Floco calls her »Iris«. She enlightens Floco about the love of a female seer and the relative position of a one-on-one relationship within the system of the perfect restoration.

Contents

Floco, a young student from Bern, is visiting several scattered farmhouses in the Swiss Emmental in order to find pieces of furniture that he can restore and resell. In doing so, he comes across an old disused 19th-century secretaire with strikingly unusual forms and adornments. Nestor, the owner, doesn't want to hand the secretaire over to Floco until it is fully and completely restored, even though Floco has paid for it in full. He demands that the restoration work be done on his premises exclusively. Floco agrees, but soon he notices strange and mysterious phenomena every time he starts to work on the secretaire: a certain anxiety and agitation sets in as soon as he touches this piece of furniture, affecting his physical condition adversely and keeping him from continuing the restoration. When Floco is just about to give up, Nestor lets him in on a secret: the only way to be able to restore that secretaire is by applying a special technique: the *perfect restoration*.

Floco is skeptical but curious at the same time; he agrees to learn the perfect restoration from Nestor. Soon it turns out that this particular method of restoration is, by far, not restricted to physical handicraft activities on the secretaire only; rather, Floco is supposed to learn to deal with the objects in his field of vision, called the *picture* by Nestor, in a more conscious and attentive way. Because according to Nestor, it is the *small world*, that is, one's own intentions, feelings and thoughts – in part unbeknownst to oneself – that are clouding and dimming the picture, thus impeding the restoration of the piece of furniture.

Floco starts to practice the perfect restoration: he learns to be constantly alert and attentive in everything he does; he finds out about correct and favorable nutrition, knowledge imparted to him by the *farmer*; and he continuously works on focusing and seeing the picture as a whole. All this is supposed to put Floco in a position where he will be able to dissolve his small world in the picture and to restore the secretaire.

After some partial work of the restoration turns out to be surprisingly successful, Nestor directs Floco's attention to the *afterimages* he has perceived on that occasion. Nestor interprets the appearance of these afterimages as an advancement in the perfect restoration because, according to him, they indicate a progressive dissolution of the small world in the picture. The concentration on the loosely moving afterimages appearing in complementary colors, as well as the attempt to hold them in suspension, are supposed to unstick Floco from his small world, thereby facilitating his restoration work on the secretaire.

Soon Floco begins to interpret Nestor's perfect restoration as an old religious belief system, with its obvious origins in the Emmental, aiming at a mystical goal: the perception of the picture as a whole. But his research into that mystical tradition that he presumes to be existing yields no result, and for reasons unknown to him, Nestor is rather tight-lipped about the whole subject as well.

Meanwhile, Floco is further being initiated into the perfect restoration, but when he undergoes a frightening visionary borderline experience, Nestor advises him to practice physical and breathing exercises – not just to be able to stand up to a higher level of energy, but also to be able to use that energy in a creative manner. And *the danseuse*, another of Nestor's neighbors, calls Floco's attention to his wasteful handling of sexual energy which – if he intends to consistently perform the perfect restoration – has to be transformed to a higher, more subtle, level.

Even though Floco defends himself, time and again, against such radical intrusions into his private life, he gradually falls for the charm and refreshing spontaneousness of the *left-sided people*, as Nestor calls himself and his neighbors. And his observations of the picture, as well as his successes and failures during his work on the secretaire, make him arrive at the conclusion that the perfect restoration is not some hogwash or idle talk but something whose effects are more and more unfolding, albeit very slowly and spanning over several years.

After a second visionary experience and an adventure phrased by Nestor »dancing out of mind«, transparent dots and strands begin to show up involuntarily in Floco's field of vision which Nestor calls the *key* to the perfect restoration. Unsettled and concerned about the phenomenon, Floco starts to engage in another research and comes across the so-called *mouches volantes*, in ophthalmology a term for vitreous opacities, harmless in most cases. Nestor listens willingly and patiently to the medical explanations Floco presents, but he cannot be deterred from his original viewpoint, and step by step he initiates Floco into what the people on the left side do and who they are.

Nestor and his neighbors call themselves *seers*. This term refers to the process of *seeing* with the *inner sense*. Nestor describes this process as the ability to perceive the picture in its direct and immediate reality. That which we can see in concrete terms, according to Nestor, is the light of consciousness flowing in the tracks of a structure, with our small world – well known from our everyday experiences – forming at its brims. This *basic structure* is subdivided into a left and right half of consciousness, moving in a multi-layer space. By practicing the sophisticated exercises of the perfect restoration, and through the ecstatic release of energy into the picture as a whole that goes along with it, the seers manage to move through these layers of consciousness

and overcome their distance to individual dots and strands – and thus to the sensual-material world as well. In other words: seers project their picture onto layers closer and closer to them, and in this way they strive towards their mystical goal: consciously entering into the picture as a whole so as to free themselves from restrictive human conditions. On the path in the structure, leading from the right over to the left half of consciousness, the seers orient themselves by means of constellations of spheres and strands they call *landmarks*.

The conversations with Nestor and another seer, *the thinker*, as well as a series of intense experiences of extraordinary states of consciousness, make Floco continue the practices of perfect restoration. He learns to better concentrate on the dots and strands in the basic structure, and to make them light up this way. And he finds the first landmark in his structure: a strand with two arches, located in the right half of consciousness, which Nestor characterizes as a connecting strand, calling it *the bridge*. While trying to find this bridge in the structure, Floco is successful at further restoration steps on the inlay work of the secretaire which turns out to be a depiction of the path in the shining structure.

A little while later, Floco gets to know *the hearty one*, as she is called by Nestor: a young seer lady, soon coveted by Floco. She gives him insights into the significance of sexuality in a one-on-one relationship with respect to the development of consciousness, and Floco is unable to anticipate that something unthinkable is in store for him – an event offering him the possibility to live a life as a seer: *the leap into the left side of consciousness*.

In order to loosen his fixation in the right half of consciousness and to be able to move through the various layers just like the seers do, Floco engages on a hiking trip, accompanied by Nestor, to the bottom of a natural rock bridge in the Emme Canyon which is supposed to be identical with the bridge in his shining structure. Floco is supposed to cross that bridge, but at first he cannot find an ascent. A thorough and serious inner debate with himself concerning his motivations and shortcomings eventually enables Floco to reach a state of consciousness at a higher energy level. He lives through a series of visions and finally wakes up on top of the bridge – where Nestor informs him of his failed attempt to cross the bridge.

In the three days after this event, Floco experiences a transition period in which he finds himself confronted with his deeply split personality. He starts to rebel against Nestor's mystical world and tries to invalidate it with his rational mind, but at the same time he is unable to escape his own mystical reality. He wakes up a second time after having taken another hiking trip to the bridge.

In a conversation about Floco's dream, Nestor opens up to him what he should have seen – instead of the visions he had experienced – when he tried to take the leap over into the left side

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of consciousness during which he was not aware enough: a certain constellation of shining spheres deeply located in the left side of consciousness. According to the seers, these spheres point to the origin of everything existing and the source point of all that can be perceived. Among these spheres, the ultimate goal of the seers can be found: the navel. Being able to reach this particular sphere is equivalent to overcoming duality and leads to a liberating perception of the picture as a whole which is linked to the experience of direct knowledge and ecstasy.

Extract

Introduction

The search for an old, no longer used piece of furniture which I intended to restore and sell led me to the upper midlands of the Bern region in Switzerland, that hilly landscape which connects the lowland with the Alps.

There, in the most remote part of the Emmental, near the headwaters of the Emme River, I hoped to find such a piece of furniture, no matter if it were a small cupboard, a chest of drawers or a little table, like they often stand around unused in the attics and sheds of the scattered farms.

As I drove up the valley on that Sunday, to the small remote village at the foot of the Hohgant mountain where I wanted to stop over and begin my search, the first thing I realized was that the land on both banks of the Emme River was unequally developed and populated. On the right side of the Emme, still »young« at this particular point, was the village, and the hillside had been cleared to make space for single farms and pasture farming.

The sloping hillside on the other, the left side, however, was virtually uninhabited. Instead, large areas of woods indicated extensive forestry use; only sporadically, bright green spots with a timber structure in the center stood out from the dark green surroundings.

In the village itself there wasn't much to find: a bus stop, a hairdresser, a small shop, a sawmill, a school with a gym and a few farmhouses – all close together.

One could literally smell that everyone around here knew everyone else. And when I met a villager of the elder generation on the street, I was immediately involved in a casual chat about all the world and his wife, after

which I knew: in comparison to the lowland, the winter arrived here earlier, brought along more snow and lasted longer; and in the summer, *Höiete*, the Swiss term for haying, took place only twice. The people up here were not as spoiled as those on the broad valley floors who were able to harvest hay three or even four times a year.

Some of the older inhabitants seemed to cherish the peace in this remote valley. The majority of residents, however, actively participated in the ongoing club life of the village, of which all the trophies, medals, carvings, tin cups, photos of proudly posing yodelers and choristers in the glass cabinets of the only pub in the village gave testimony. In the evening, I visited this pub and asked the guests on what farms I might be able to find a suitable piece of furniture which would conform to my ideas. This I did after I had canvassed the widely scattered farms in the vicinity of the village all day long, only to meet cautious reluctance and distrust. Either the people had no time or no piece of furniture they were willing to let go of, or they had neither one of these.

The only visitors at this early evening time were sitting at a round table in the corner – four older gentlemen who had come together to play cards and exchange news. Contact was quickly established, my request swiftly explained. The gentlemen were glad to help me with their knowledge, but at first they only named farms I had already visited. This went on for quite a while until one of them came up with the idea that I should try my luck on the other side of the Emme. All four of them started laughing so that I had to inquire how serious they were with this particular tip.

»Out there on the other side are only woods and stones and marshy meadows,« one of them said with a loud voice, dismissing my ideas and aspirations.

»And goblins,« his neighbor joked, a man who was called »Hänsu« by everyone.

The man who gave me the tip explained that there are indeed a few houses on the other side. »There are five properties,« he knew and took a big puff from his fat cigar. »But the people living there rarely show up. Those are townspeople who only spend a few weekends out here in the summer.«

Another man whose face was visibly reddened vigorously threw down one of his playing cards and disagreed with the first man: according to him, he had seen these people in the village during the deepest winter months as well. He also knew that one of them was an artist who used to exhibit, every now and then, paintings and sculptures in this pub and others in the region.

»Anyway, they own the entire land over there,« the man added who so far had said nothing. »But they don't do anything with the land. They just leave it fallow.« He seemed uncertain with his words and, while speaking, looked over to the man with the reddened face. The latter took the bait and got all worked up about the fact that these people would not even clean their woods – which in turn caused all the other gentlemen to join in and rant about the disrespect and laziness of those people on the other side.

»Guess they're staring into the blue all day,« Hänsu called out, to the amusement of everyone present. In any case: at the end of this short discussion they all agreed on the fact that it was a *cheibe Züüg*, a *nuisance* with tourists of that kind, and Hänsu, reminded by the others that it was his turn, ordered four more glasses of beer.

The next day I decided to drive over onto the other side of the Emme and to try my luck there. Perhaps I was

encouraged by Hänsu's remark that the people on the other side might leave their furniture in the same unused state as their land – which he didn't mean serious of course. I crossed the Emme, and for a while I drove on a narrow, untarred road through thick fir woods. Eventually, the way led me to a smaller farmhouse which looked visibly different from the farms on the right side of the Emme: no open doors and gates were to be seen, no equipment was standing around, no orderly heaped-up dunghill could be smelt, no geraniums were gracing the windows – the property yielded an unusually empty and vacated impression. Instead, a large window pane, obviously built in some time after the house had been erected, extended nearly across the entire façade of the house facing the valley.

I knocked on the door. No one opened. I peeked through the tinted window pane, but all I could see was a closet and a bed next to a tiled stove. Then I opened the door to the stable and looked around. There was no cattle inside, just a few bales of straw and a workbench with all kinds of tools covered with dust on it. A strangely familiar smell entered my nose – an aromatic scent like perfume.

The moment I wanted to leave the stable, my eyes were caught by something dark which was concealed behind the bales of straw – the contours of an object which I couldn't identify from the distance.

Seized by an insatiable curiosity, I moved the bales towards the side and revealed something which struck me at first glance: it was actually an old piece of furniture in need of restoration. But it was so unusual that I had a difficult time to determine what exactly it was that I had there before me.

The striking feature of this piece of furniture was that its upper part consisted of three steps with rounded edges.

It reminded me of a stepped pyramid resting on four legs: from the bottom up, length and width of each step were shortened, whereas the height, in turn, increased; the uppermost part was the highest. Way over on the left side, a large sphere was prominently projecting out of the wood, giving this piece of furniture a striking asymmetry. Its back side was flat – a step pyramid longitudinally cut in half.

So, according to its form it was most likely a secretaire: one could sit down in front of it and use the lowest part as writing surface. But there were no small doors or cabinets, no shelves for books in the upper parts, and the piece of furniture didn't keep its width upwards, either. Instead, in each of the three parts of the secretaire two drawers were built in side by side – so it could have been a kind of commode as well. The strange thing, though, was that the handles of five drawers were missing. There were no signs, either, that these drawers ever had a handle attached to them in the past. Only the drawer way down on the right side had such a handle, but it couldn't be pulled out. Same with the other drawers: they couldn't be opened. My guess was that they simply jammed because they were warped due to old age.

The secretaire was made of massive oak. And, aside from the delicate inlays and legs adorned with elaborate carvings which obviously were added later, it was made of one single piece of wood – the trunk of a gigantic oak tree. This was extremely rare, and I knew that this rarity could be sold at a high price. There was hardly any practical use to this piece of furniture, though: a commode with six drawers which became smaller and smaller on the way up, with only one drawer designed to be opened, did not really imply the intention to optimally utilize available

stowing space. No, this piece of furniture was solely an object of art.

The thick layers of dust and cobwebs indicated that the secretaire had been standing in this corner for quite a while. Put aside and then forgotten. But, as far as I could judge, it was still in a fairly good condition: here and there, some holes and scratches were visible; a few pieces of those prominent carvings on the two right side legs were broken off, the inlays were damaged in a few spots, the only drawer handle was rusty and had to be replaced. The whole thing was about a one-week job, perhaps ten days, I estimated.

When I glided over the secretaire with my hands, I revealed the name of the former owner and a date under the dust and dirt covering the lowest right hand drawer, written in dark-yellow German type letters and surrounded by lavishly elaborate flower ornaments:

Mari Egli 1888

My heart started pounding. I was convinced that I had made the discovery of the century with this extraordinary piece of art. Absorbed in my thoughts, I walked towards the stable door, and only then did I see the man in the door frame which I suddenly stood right in front of. I was startled and cringed which in turn made the man laugh. In my embarrassing confusion I started to stutter out excuses for my intrusion.

The man, however, didn't seem to be interested in my explanations. Instead, he noticed that this particular piece of furniture might have a certain appeal to me. I confirmed this and hastened to enumerate the amenities of that beautiful secretaire – until I recalled the reason for my being there. Consequently, I also pointed out all the

deficiencies and relativized my interest in the object so as to be able to beat down the price, in case we would arrive at a purchase agreement.

The man was silent. For a moment, we looked each other over. He was of middle age, slim, but made a physically strong impression. The most striking features of his face were his pronounced nose, his full lips and his three-day beard.

Black curly hair protruded from under his gray brown felt hat. The clothes he wore were different from the common collar shirts and woolen pullovers of the local inhabitants. He was wearing a white long-sleeved undershirt with a dark green, sleeveless jacket over it. His hands were hidden in the pockets of his white jeans. And the black rubber boots, stained with soil, indicated that the man sometimes moved around in marshy terrain.

I introduced myself and told him that I'm living and studying in Bern. With a certain feeling of pride, I added that restoring and selling furniture would be a part-time occupation of mine. He replied that his name was Nestor.

For a while we informally talked about furniture and its restoration. In the course of our conversation, it turned out that he was the owner of the house, and that he himself also was familiar with furniture restoration. He didn't seem to know much about Mari Egli and the piece of art in his stable; it had already been there when he purchased and took over the house, he added.

Finally I told Nestor that I would be interested in the secretaire. I deliberately did not mention anything about purchasing or paying, because I knew that people sometimes appreciate it when they can get rid of their rummage for free. Nestor, however, did not want to give the object away. He explained that Mari Egli's secretaire belongs to this place and nowhere else. I tried to talk it

over with him, but he was stubborn and didn't want to change his mind. When I started to mention money and payment, he abruptly ended our conversation by wishing me a good evening and disappearing in his house.

On this day I returned to the village with empty hands, but I decided to stay another night. I was confident that I could persuade Nestor to sell the secretaire, after all, because my impression was that he was not really interested in that piece of art, and that he simply tended to stick to his possessions – even if that was old useless rummage.

So, on the following day I again drove up the left side of the Emme, to that piece of furniture that I wanted to have, by all means. Nestor, however, rebuffed me another time.

»I don't understand you,« I told him, »you could benefit from it.«

»You really don't seem to understand,« he replied.
»This particular piece of furniture is not restored that easily. It requires a high degree of attention to handle it correctly. If you are missing that attention, this piece of furniture would rather cause more harm than benefit.«

»I'll take care not to damage it. I'm always alert and mindful,« I assured him. Nestor remained silent, and so I kept talking at him.

»You don't have to make a decision right away,« I finally said. »I can come back later, once you've made up your mind. I can wait, no problem.«

Nestor looked at me inquiringly. »You can? How long can you wait, what do you think?«

I shrugged; his question came as a surprise to me.

»Well, let's say till tonight?« My idea was that I would spend the intervening time down at the pub, getting a good meal and reading some papers.

»That's not much time.« Nestor shook his head, then he said it would be time for me to go.

To me, Nestor's attitude was somewhat provocative. I wanted to show him that I'd be able to wait for a longer period of time. So, a week later I returned to the Emmental and asked him once more to sell that secretaire. Nestor was, in my view, a smart wheeler dealer: he kept me in suspense so as to push up the price of the object. He could afford it because he had quickly realized how much I cared about that secretaire.

Consequently, Nestor was not surprised at all when we met again. I tried to convince him with logical arguments, explaining that he'd no longer need that piece of furniture, anyway, that it would just rot in this place, that I could restore the secretaire to something valuable and useful, and that I would pay generously for it.

And as I expected, he finally relented. We agreed on confirming the deal in writing. However, Nestor named two prerequisites that had to be fulfilled, no fail, before he would sell the secretaire. The first prerequisite was unusual and laborious: he insisted that the restoration be done here on his property. This meant that I would not be able to have the object at my disposal until the restoration would finally be completed. In addition, he demanded that no one else than I was supposed to work on it. I pointed out that it would be too expensive and time-consuming to me to drive from Bern into the Emmental every day, but Nestor offered me a room on the upper floor of his house where I could live for free as long as I would work on the restoration. To me, this was an inconvenience I readily

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accepted, knowing the secretaire would be mine once the restoration was finalized. Nestor's second prerequisite, however, was not the least bit surprising to me: cash in advance.