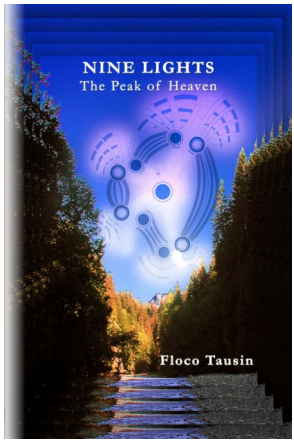
Content and Extract



Nine Lights
The Peak of Heaven

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The four-book series *Nine Lights* is the sequel to *Mouches Volantes – Eye Floaters as Shining Structure of Consciousness*. In this mystical novel, Floco returns to the left side of the Emme to learn once again from Nestor and the seers. Their teachings revolve around developing an inner light phenomenon, the shining structure. To become a seer, Floco must find the center of this structure: the Nine Lights.

The story offers insight into the art of seeing, the worldview, and the practices of seers who intensify their consciousness beyond everyday perception in order to fathom the luminous mystery of our existence.

The Peak of Heaven is the first book in the series.

Order from
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Further information
eye-floaters.info

NINE LIGHTS

The Peak of Heaven

Floco Tausin

Leuchtstruktur Verlag

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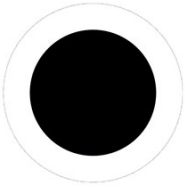
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Extract from Chapter *The Nine Are Nowhere*

One spring afternoon, I was alone with Nestor. Romeo hadn't shown up for several days. Inspired by the Romand, I was now using the greenhouse, too. As a place for seeing, it was indeed ideal: It was bright and sheltered from the wind and cold. And the bench was large and comfortable enough for me to sit or recline in different positions.

There I sat, gazing up at the sky through the glass roof. I had hardly done anything else since morning. My eye muscles and my head were already aching from all the doubling. Even when Nestor entered the greenhouse, I kept on seeing.

"Can you give me a hand with the sowing?" he asked me.

"Later—I'm in the middle of seeing," I replied curtly.

"You'll have plenty of time for that—take a break and help me."

I stayed where I was. I resented Nestor for not appreciating my efforts to find the Nine Lights. But when I noticed my discontent, I realized how tired and dejected I was. Under these circumstances, I knew, concentration couldn't take hold, and any attempt at seeing would be in vain. I closed my eyes, covered them with my palms for a while, and then massaged my temples to relax. Finally, I stood up and helped Nestor.

In silence, we scattered the seeds of root vegetables as well as of some herbs, salad greens, and edible flowers across the two garden beds that Nestor had prepared for them. I went about it half-heartedly. The disappointment over my failure, my dissatisfaction with myself, my fatigue, and the pain were weighing on me. But then it struck me that the beds looked exactly like the upper-left area of my shining structure: Nestor was sowing everything in a wild jumble, without any discernible pattern.

"See?" I burst out in frustration, pointing at the bed. "That's what I see: no pattern, no system, nothing. Just a jumble of small dots—complete chaos."

Nestor found that funny, and when I asked him why he was laughing, he replied:

"The chaos you see is the order you don't yet recognize. That's true of this bed, and it's true of the shining structure as well." What I was overlooking in the bed, he said, was companion planting: Through companion planting, diseases and pests spread less quickly, or not at all, and some plants protected each other from being eaten. He showed me which plants, in his experience, thrived particularly well together and which were best not planted too close to one another.

Nestor managed to spark my interest in the dynamic habitat inside his greenhouse. He pointed to one of the beds and said that the individual plants and animals in it sometimes competed and sometimes worked together for mutual benefit. But if you looked at the bed as a whole, you could see that everything happening in it served to maintain balance. That way, all living beings in it had their place, even the pests, because none of them gained the upper hand. Nature's order always aimed for balance. Human order, on the other hand, created imbalances when it favored only a single crop and eradicated the others. In the long run, this depleted the soil and reduced the yield—the opposite of what had been intended.

"Take a cue from this habitat," he concluded. "It's good that you're making such an effort to find the Nine Lights in the shining structure. But it won't help to get hung up on this search right now. You're obviously not ready to see the Nine yet. Instead, you should go back to focusing on the exercises for building up your inner pressure—working with your body and your breath, transforming your sexual energy. That's how you prepare yourself for the leap into the left side."

I agreed with Nestor that I had been neglecting these exercises lately. But I also explained to him how important finding the Nine Lights was to me. This was precisely the confirmation I needed now—now that I had given up my scholarly work and committed myself to the left side. I simply had to know that my decision was right and that this center within the shining structure was real.

"The center is real, and the confirmation will come," he prophesied. "And in the meantime, work on your inner pressure."

After we had scattered the seeds, we watered the beds with rainwater that Nestor collected in wooden barrels next to the entrance gate. Finally, we made ourselves comfortable on the bench. For a while, I felt calm and content. The simple physical activity of sowing had a lingering soothing effect on me. But then the Nine Lights began to occupy my mind once again.

"Does the path in the shining structure really always lead to the Nine Lights?" I asked Nestor.

"Always."

"I mean, does that apply to all people? Does everyone really see these Nine on their path?"

"Everyone who approaches their Source. The path to the Source leads through the Nine," he assured me.

"But isn't it possible that instead of nine, some people see only seven or eight, or maybe ten lights?"

Nestor laughed. "What do you want me to say? That you don't see the Nine because, in your case, there are seven or eight or ten lights?"

I said that wasn't it. I was simply trying to figure out how essential the Nine Lights really were. After all, I didn't want to chase after something that didn't even exist in my case.

Nestor then repeated something he had briefly mentioned years earlier. He said that there was only a single shining structure and that all living beings shared it. For anything and everything that existed in the universe, there was a Source in this structure. And to

each of these Sources, there was a path. While these countless paths were each unique, they always led through the same buildup of the shining structure: The path always went from bottom to top, from front to back into the depths, and from the right side to the left. And it always passed through the same landmarks—the Bridge, the Nine Lights, and the Three Lights.

"How do you know that every single path leads through exactly the same buildup?" I asked.

"Everything we see and know points that way."

"So that means all the other seers see these Nine Lights, too," I concluded.

"Of course."

"And all of you see them in exactly the same way—just as Mari Egli depicted them on the drawer of the secretaire?" I pressed further.

"I already told you that the positions of the four pairs of spheres can change. But they always move together. So for each of us, the Nine Lights look a little different. But everyone will know them for what they are. It's the same with the connecting strand—everybody sees it a little differently, but you can still tell what it is."

"Fine, so all of you agree," I said, voicing my doubt. "But that still doesn't necessarily mean that every single path in the shining structure looks exactly the same and has nine lights."

"Walk your path in the shining structure. Then you'll see for yourself."

"That's what I'm trying to do," I replied. "But what if I never see the Nine Lights?"

"You'll see them," he said. And, probably in response to my skeptical look, he added, "If not in life, then in dying."

"In dying? You believe people see the Nine Lights when they die?"

"In dying, and also when falling into deep sleep, you enter your Source. And on the way there, you pass by the Nine and the Three

Lights. You'll recognize them—provided you can remain clear and conscious enough."

"And if I can't remain conscious enough?"

"Then you'll simply see them in your next life."

"And if there is no next life?"

He looked at me, shaking his head. "Then you have even less time to doubt, and it's high time you made use of this life."

About the Author

The name Floco Tausin is a pseudonym. The author earned his doctorate from the Faculty of Humanities at the University of Bern. His theoretical and practical work focuses on subjective visual phenomena related to altered states of consciousness and the development of consciousness.

In 2004, he published the mystical novel *Mouches Volantes* about the teachings of Nestor, a seer living in Switzerland's Emmental region, and the spiritual significance of the inner light phenomenon that Nestor calls the 'shining structure'—known in ophthalmology as eye floaters or *mouches volantes*:

Mouches Volantes – Eye Floaters as Shining Structure of Consciousness
Bern: Leuchtstruktur Verlag 2004/2009
[ISBN: 9783907400715]

In 2023, he began publishing the four-book series *Nine Lights*, which continues the story of *Mouches Volantes*:

Nine Lights – The Peak of Heaven
Marbach: Leuchtstruktur Verlag 2023/2026
[ISBN: 9783907400722]

Neun Lichter – Der Kraftort der Seher (German)
Marbach: Leuchtstruktur Verlag 2025
[ISBN: 9783907400128]

He has also authored several nonfiction books on the subject, including:

Mouches volantes im Buddhismus (German)
Bern: Leuchtstruktur Verlag 2022
[ISBN: 9783907400357]

Mouches volantes im Yoga (German)
Bern: Leuchtstruktur Verlag 2022
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Eye Floaters – Vitreous Opacity or Light of Consciousness?
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These and other articles and books by the author, in both German and English, are available from the Shining Structure Shop at *mouches-volantes.com* (German) and *eye-floaters.info* (English). The books can also be ordered from your local bookstore and online booksellers.