

Score for self-abstraction

Find a windowless room with a door that closes, a mirror and a light.

Go into the room, turn on the light and close the door.

Look at yourself in the mirror for 5 minutes.

Turn off the light and continue to look at (or for) yourself for 5 more minutes.

Describe what you see.

Turn the light back on.

I stood outside myself and looked at myself through the eye of that lens, taking a view other than my own, a cold, distant dispassionate view. From then on this viewpoint inside myself, that I look out from, would appear more and more often, until finally it would start to change me; I would start to be unsure who I was and where my centre was, the point around which everything else was arranged. Each time I looked at the same things, I would see them differently. At first I would get lost in it all, I'd be terrified, desperately searching for constancy. Finally I'd realize that constancy really does exist, but way beyond my reach, while I'm like a stream, like the river in Nowa Ruda that keeps changing colour, and the only thing I can be sure of is that I'm flowing through a point in space and time, and I'm nothing more than the sum of the properties of that place and that time. The one advantage to emerge from this is that the world seen from a different viewpoint is a different world, so I can live in as many worlds as I am able to see.