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The Sphere of Light

On planet earth there are places where our unconscious mind can project itself, as revealed mythologist Joseph Campbell (65); creating the conditions for each of us to individually discover long forgotten or hidden truths about our existence. One year ago I found myself in the midst of a vast and alien landmark, a place that has been visited and explored by human beings for millennia. It was in what is known today as the Black Rock Desert of Nevada where under the effects of entheogens, I lived what I regard to be the most mythical night of my existence.

The temperature had begun to drop and darkness had fallen upon us. The stars shone brightly and twinkled violently in the sky; a full moon was rising behind the hills to the east enveloping us with its golden rays of light that diffused as a soft halo in the horizon. My sense of time had slowed down short of completely standing still. A sense of anticipation had begun growing within me. In my heartbeat I could feel a deep emotion that stood trembling between fear and wonder.

Yasin stepped out of the RV and found me looking at the stars. He wore a white tunic that together with his long black beard resembled in him the image of a prophet. He opened up with small words, and a teasing tone in his voice that overlapped with his native Pakistani accent. But very soon he would be telling me the most serious words I have heard to this day:

“You have to believe David. You must do anything you have to to believe that you are

worthy of love.” As he pronounced these words and continued, the door opened and she stepped out and hopped playfully a few steps towards us. She stopped dryly one step before us and began listening briefly to Yasin's words. A few seconds later, realizing the spirit of our conversation, she turned on her foot and hurried back inside.

Finally the five of us were ready to embark on our adventure and we set out on foot into the playa. The energy and atmosphere of the night was indescribable. All around us and to the deepest end of the playa a sea of colorful lights of neon and lasers moved slowly and rhythmically to the sound of deep bass and music surrounded us from far away. We did not speak, but were communicating as if telepathically our sense of awe for this moment.

From the distance, we became aware of an object that approached in our direction. A giant sphere of light of changing colors which grew louder as it approached. We continued to walk in its path and it was evident that this would be the beginning of our adventure.

The bus stopped and I was the first one by the door. The man inside opened it and a small group of people stepped off. I climbed aboard, my friends behind me. There was a spiral staircase leading to the second story of the bus and under the sphere of light. I looked back to invite my friends to follow and started to go up. As I reached the top I found an empty spot under the sphere where no people were dancing. I leaned with my back against the rail to see Christie coming up the stairs behind me. She walked toward me and very softly put her hand beneath my coat and around my waist. I did the same, unconsciously.

In the cold of the night her hand felt warm around me, the way her waist felt in my hand. The soft wind blew golden strands of hair over her face. I truly had the impression that we were kids again under the innocence and sweetness of the moment. Painfully shy around each other.

“Hi,” she said to me as she folded her arms around herself.

“Hi,” I replied smiling at her. “You know,” I continued as I looked into her eyes—“I have something for you.”

“What is it?”

“A man on the playa gave it to me today.”

“Who?”

“His name was Frank. You don't know him, but he said I could only give this to you with one condition.” I explained as I removed an amber stone bracelet from my wrist. She held out her hand to me and asked: “On what condition?”

“That I would have the courage to tell you that I like you.”

She held her wrist and touched the bracelet and said: “I like you too. I think you're a really cool guy. But I have a boyfriend back home and—I'm just not that type of girl.”

“I know you're not.” I reassured her immediately. “But the only condition was that I would tell you—nothing more.”

She hugged me and in no moment did the expression of our faces change. Perhaps it was the cold, perhaps it were our hearts. In her blue eyes I could see traces of sadness which she quickly hid away.

I walked with her by the edge of the elliptical staircase and gently let go of my hand around her; that she would descend with care.

Once down our friends were waiting for us, completely oblivious to our story above the sphere of light. We continued to walk aimlessly into the middle of the playa, but each of our hearts had a reason of its own to be drawn towards The Temple of Juno, goddess of marriage and

protectress of women.

Christie walked in front of me next to Faith, who personified a faun wearing a headpiece adorned with goat horns lit from the inside and glowing orange in the darkness of the night.

They entered the temple from the side, and I kept walking straight into the main entrance. I shut off the lights adorning my garment now that I had entered sacred space, stepped up the wooden stairs into the temple and knelt in front of the altar among a hundred other people. I made my offering placing the wooden mala I still wore on my wrist and as I looked to my side could see Faith comforting Christie in her arms.

After loosing each other briefly, we reunited outside. We had already run out of water so early into our expedition, even though it was night and it was cold, the desert demanded that we kept hydrated—especially in our current condition. So we made the sensible choice to go back to camp.

Once there, I became aware that Peter was not okay. He was having a difficult time with his experience. Meanwhile, Faith walked into the RV with Christie and stayed there with her.

Faith stepped outside shortly after and joined me with Yasin. The two of them knelt in front of me and she said: “Christie is not feeling so well and wants to call it a night.”

“Okay.” I said.

“But Yasin and I don't think you should call it a night.” She told me while her horns blinked above her head and her face shone white under the moonlight. “Right now”—she continued—“you are having an experience and if you stay here you may go inward and that's what's happening to Peter, and I don't want you to go there.” She said while reaching to hold my hand.

“I feel like I've known you guys from before.” I said while staring at her face illuminated by the moon, apropos of nothing.

“We have met before!” she asserted.

“Yes, she is an inter-galactic child...” explained Yasin with absolute certainty.

I took their words in with amazement, unquestioningly, and looking up at the Orion Nebula I wondered: “So then, we really do come from up there?”

“Yes!” they both answered in unison.

At this moment, Faith decided that the four of us should go to center camp and have ourselves hot chocolate. By now I was trembling uncontrollably from the cold, and agreed only if I could wear a blanket wrapped around myself.

Several steps behind them, Peter, Yasin and Faith walked on the esplanade towards center camp and I had the understanding then that Yasin had been a prophet all along and Faith had embodied the mythic god Pan. They were the pair of opposites. The orthodox and the pagan; the masculine and the feminine.

They had been my spiritual guides through this night, a marvelous experience that could not have had its meaning without the use of entheogens, leaving me with a beautiful memory that will remain burned in my heart and mind forever. Soon, they would seize the moment to abandon me so that I could wander and discover Black Rock City on my own until the sunrise.

Works Cited

Campbell, Joseph. "The Crossing of the First Threshold." *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*.

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