



Just like that

A Magician was working at a University lab, on a series of tests designed to explore human perception on a neurological level. Many people came and went from the lab and all sat through carefully devised routines performed by the Magician, mostly ball tricks, disappearing coins, no animals. The scientists were getting some good feedback, answering many questions they had about blind spots in vision, or the brains ability to assume outcomes in the immediate future. Most importantly with the use of some new brain scanners, they could start to see where the mind was being misled, or tricked into making a momentary new reality for itself, before the larger wheels of consciousness kicked back in.

It wasn't a full time job, in fact the Magician had been involved in research for a while, having featured on many panels to discuss the explanations of an art form in-front of academic audiences. It fascinated him that what he had learnt, now an automatic skill set, could begin to be translated into a stripped down sequence of electro-chemical signals, along invisible neural pathways.

Throughout the summer, the candidates kept coming and going, and the Magician had become a little tired of the university work, he was more used to a varied routine, not repeating the actions until they became almost meaningless, unemotional. One scientist kept his mind active, and showed him a paper he was writing on the formation of epiphanies, a neurological journey towards defining the feeling of a fantastic discovery. Frequently, the Magician would bump into this scientist, at the canteen or in the basement bar on campus and they would discuss everything, from synapses to sports.

The final week had arrived, but it was hardly a fanfare event. The research had performed its task, and the data was simply a step towards further research, an endless cycle. There was a small gathering in the main laboratory, and as promised the Magician was to have his turn on the scanner. He had been promised a go from the beginning, and was a little excited as the huge magnet buzzed to life, emitting an almost unbearable drone, the sealed room was locked. From the control room they watched as the monitors cycled through their routine scans, mapping out the structure of the mind sitting in the machine below. As the images emerged on screen something was awry, and the look on the scientists faces was beyond confused. The temporal lobe of the magicians brain, the parts which are thought to house the connections for creative insight, where ideas are constructed was pulsing, slowly but at a regular pace. Shocked, they began to record this incredible occurrence, which indicated huge conceptual and creative insights, repeatedly, rhythmically. As they marvelled at the data coming in the Magician had already put on his coat, and slipped away into the night.

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