

# 340 DMT Trip Reports

## Reports which attest to contact with apparently independently-existing intelligent entities within what seems to be an alternate reality

Compiled by Peter Meyer

This is a compilation of reports of using N,N-dimethyltryptamine (DMT), usually by smoking, mostly derived from a compilation by a person named "Pup" which was posted in 2005-2006 to the [dmt.tribe.net](http://dmt.tribe.net) website as [DMT trip accounts](#). Pup did not identify the sources of these reports, and they remain anonymous, providing raw observational data for reflection upon what the use of DMT reveals to us. If you recognize your words here then you can be proud of helping to bring to public awareness the discovery of an alternate reality and a new science.

A report is marked "entities" if it mentions experience of one or more apparently independently-existing beings which interact in an apparently intelligent and intentional way with the observer. 226 reports are so marked. Thus 66% of these reports (two out of every three) mention these entities, often with detailed descriptions, thus providing confirmation of their existence. They are often seen 'at work', sometimes in maintaining reality — either 'our reality' or the reality experienced by a person in daily life. The entities are in some ways very human, and express apparently human emotions, but they can be (and usually are) totally bizarre.

These reports are extremely diverse, but almost all of them mention amazing colors, mind-boggling fractal patterns and so on. Apparently anything is possible, and many trippers report being shocked, dumbfounded, astonished and totally unable to understand the experience. Fear and terror are often felt, but often also joy, sometimes during the same trip. It is common for a person to feel that they have died, and some even 'know' that they have died, lending credence to the hypothesis (advanced already over 17 years ago in [DMT and the Death State](#)) that the form of consciousness accessed via DMT is what we wake up into when we die (thus suggesting that our physical embodiment is a kind of sleep and that our external-sensory experience is a kind of collective dream). Frequently trippers remember having been there before (perhaps before being born into their present physical existence?). Many people report that the experience is life-changing, and that they will never be the same. For many the experience is an epiphany too profound to be expressible adequately using ordinary language.

Myriad typos and spelling and grammatical errors in these reports have been corrected so as not to distract the reader's attention from what is being said. There is too much here to read in one sitting. It is suggested to read ten reports each day, think about them, and at the end of 34 days reflect on what, collectively, they imply for our conception of reality (this is especially recommended for academic philosophers).

In any scientific body of knowledge 'objective' means [intersubjectively verifiable](#) (by competent observers). The 226 reports of apparently independently-existing entities in the DMT world confirm that the existence of these entities is intersubjectively verifiable, and thus that they have an objective existence. That is the intention of this compilation, rather than to provide a guide for those who would venture into DMT hyperspace (although it does that too).

Individual reports may be referenced as [http://www.serendipity.li/dmt/340\\_dmt\\_trip\\_reports.htm#N](http://www.serendipity.li/dmt/340_dmt_trip_reports.htm#N) where *N* is the number of the report. This compilation was done by Peter Meyer and published on this *Serendipity* website on 2010-08-20.

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## Report #1 — entities

I've since read accounts from McKenna, and Strassman's subjects. I guess my experience was similar, though I didn't perceive myself as being inside a structure — rather, it seemed that the spirits were all around me. Wherever I looked, the swirling patterns transmogrified into these oscillating things which clearly acted independently of my own thoughts. At least that was the overwhelming perception I had. I can't really describe them — they were infinite in their complexity. I can see why people are convinced that they are entities separate from their own minds — it's inconceivable that anyone can imagine such ... I don't know what you'd call them or it.

Anyway, I was there — wherever the hell it was — and all of a sudden each one of my fingers was connected to a spirit. Here's where it gets really strange — there were thousands of them near me now (and millions in the distance — though if I looked at the distant ones, they zoomed up close). So, next thing I know, each hand has thousands of fingers. I had complete control over each one! Like we can move our left index finger, I could control left finger 40,624. It was like I was a conductor — they were dancing and flying around in accordance with what I did with my 'super-hands'. Sound and sight seemed to merge and shift — I was conducting an orchestra of millions.

There was a lot of other stuff too, but I have never been able to recall it. My final memory is being in absolute nothingness, except for one spirit. As I looked at it, it started to oscillate so as I was looking at myself — or what I perceived was myself — I was changing form a thousand times a second. The oscillations became faster — and the spirit wanted to know who it was. It wasn't asked in words, but I knew what the question was — somehow. I said 'I don't know'. This 'conversation' went back and forth at an ever greater speed until, at the same time, we were both saying 'he is you is he is you....'. Then the words converged into 'hue' — literally it was blue. I mean, I became the colour blue. A psychedelic play on words! I was a frequency! Then this spirit rushed up to me from the other side of the galaxy, laughing. He had a present — like a normal box with a blue ribbon, and he said what's your favourite 'hue'? Next thing I knew I'd opened my eyes. The extra freaky element was that I had turned my head around and was looking straight out the window... at, you guessed it, a big clear blue sky!

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## Report #2 — entities

Around me I felt a crowding in of beings as if the Celtic Faerie land of Fay had become momentarily co-present with where I was. I sensed them, but did not experience these creatures. The sucking experience took over for a while then, driving the morphological acrobatics of spacelove that lay before me. There was something about it that makes me think of a voluptuous alien seductress with big, fat lips pulling me to her body in the weirdest feeling embrace ever. It felt like I was being smeared sensually and lustfully around the space in some sort of vacuum-tube funhouse. At this point (maybe a minute into the experience) I started picking up something like the Escher painting of all those sets of stairs with figures descending by all manners of gravity, only its surfaces were emerald isles of what I can only describe as fractal Medusa liquid, serpentine and sexy. There was a thought that I was in a room full of aliens and they were playing with me, but that somehow they had conspired to make me this way — the alien carney music bar on the planet Tatooine in the Star Wars trilogy seems relevant.

Then I had the thought (which just seems to pop up and not really pertain): 'What have I done! How did I get this way?', meaning, how did I come to enter something so foreign that my petty human ontological premises and hopeful body of knowledge seem like a wrench trying to adjust a camel? At that point I lost any touch with my body and was thrust forward into complete and utter amazement. The world became so crammed full of intricacy to the nth that it seemed every nook and cranny in my spacetime was exfoliating little crystalline dancing worlds, bellowing ecstasy. It moved like snakes move: all rippling of muscle and sun glinting scales. I cannot emphasize enough the catapulting, titanic motions of this iridescent zigzag bottle-rocket, this nuanced, whittling circus of form, this Brobignagian roller coaster safari across the jeweled plains of wonderland, straining the limits of the knowable.

This is where I was when I felt a certain sort of shockwave across the dome of the sky which gave me memory of the real world. I then entered this whole journey that I would call extrication. Going in was 'intrication' or delving into intricacy, so coming back out was sensibly extrication. The experience was very literally an incredible groping back out of this wild wooly thing until I made it 'out', which afterwards I realized was only the physical action of opening my eyes. The pipe was in my mouth — its touching my lips had been the reality shockwave I'd felt. The woman who

was handling the pipe for me looked like a fractal Medusa as well, but incarnate — she was buzzing all over with this really freaky energy. I said something like, 'You expect me to call this a mouth?', a comment which was silenced by the stem of the pipe. One toke and I was out of my body again, yanked back through the scrim of the worlds into the blast furnaces of heaven.

I 'came to' in some sense at this point and realized that I could do anything in a space like this, could instantly unfold my richest possible imaginings. 'O.K.', I said to myself, 'What about trying to do what you believe possible by your perceptual theory of higher-dimensional experience?' You see, I got the idea that there is no reason why, in an inner experience, one has to have visions only in front of one. I began to believe this was an imprint that years of bringing the external world into construction of inner spaces had created, but was not necessary. I then tried to imagine what it would be like to see in every direction at once, i.e. what would a ball look like if you could see every side of it at once? I could sense it but not imagine it in my mind. So this is the challenge I set myself. It not only seemed to work (though with everything else going on inside, it was a bit like trying to do a sensitive physics experiment in the midst of a drunken bacchanal) but it did so immediately. I rushed upwards into this superspace that was a spun galactic ecology of stars, a swarming hive of dragonfly constellations . . . This was very profound, but in doing it, it seemed I had reduced the alien quality of what had been going on previous to this excursion.

I let my will go then and tumbled forward into elfland. Terence McKenna is apt in calling these entities 'elves'. They are elves/not-elves. They don't appear, they kind of ooze out of the woodwork seductively and before you know it they're there — the whole realm is infested with these creatures like nothing else you could ever imagine. They do sing things that are like 'self-dribbling jeweled basketballs' or whatever you want to call them. They make Faberge egg concoctions with ingredient lists like: 1) space, 2) lust, 3) politics, 4) circus sideshows, 5) time, 6) gall bladders, 7) existential notions of polyfidelity, 8) cucumbers, 9) Beethoven's 5th symphony, 10) the smell of petunias, and so on. This is somewhat of an arbitrary list, but the point is, all my categories of mind fell away because they were being ceaselessly synthesized and re-synthesized into these hyperdimensional objects, undulating, ululating along. It makes me think of getting home from school when your mother says that she's baked you some treats, only these are like no treats Mom ever made, and when you see them you almost want to say, 'Aw, mom, you shouldn't have. I mean you really shouldn't have'. What you do with these elves is some sort of a game of catch, only the physics of the game has been replaced by the physics of synesthesia. In catching the things they threw, in playing with them, I participated in the ineffable mysteries that they were. This place is the Joycean 'Merry go raum'. Being there I came to understand the Heraclitus fragment: 'The Aeon is a child at play with colored balls'. It is this. As well I understand, 'Still the first day, All Fool's Day, here at the center.' It is this too.

So for what seemed like centuries I played with the trippy freaky elves and they kept bringing me into atrium after atrium in the antics annex, and all I could do was wonder when we would get to their front door. As far as I know, we never did. Instead they said many things, though I can't say they used what we would call a voice to accomplish this communication. I remember only parts of this. At first they said, 'Build this', indicating hyperspace. Later they amended this by saying, 'Build it. He will come.' from the movie Field of Dreams. Very funny.

Then it was as though alarms started to go off, and the whole space was going through these quivering emergency elaborations. I get the image of a submarine movie sequence when I think back on this, just when it has been discovered on the surface, the periscope retracts and the whole interior goes into haywire, preparatory gymnastics as all the hatches are battened down. There is a phenomenally high-energy dynamic associated with this part, as they try to get you out and shut the great bronze dancing doors of hyperspace. It is as if everything is charged with imponderable electricities and is racing around because someone shouted: 'Places everyone!!' They start cramming your soul out of there with a million hands at once, grabbing you by twelve dimensions you never knew your body had. Finally, the thing shuts and there is a sense of finality to that, but just as soon you are on to the next thing.

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### **Report #3 — entities**

It was like a gauze layer of the dream just separated and boom ... it was like walking from a dark night into a brightly lit casino in Las Vegas. I felt like I had walked behind the scenes into a series of rooms. Everything was prime color cranked up to its fullest potential. The images were clear, crisp and vivid. many times more vivid than the early pre-room images.

There were two people a man and a woman or a girl and a boy. They appeared to me like simple balloon computer generated images. As soon as I stepped in the room, they glided up to me and spoke directly to me. They kept saying welcome back and words like: the big winner, he has returned, welcome to the end and the beginning, you are The One! As I looked around the room I felt the sense of some huge celebration upon my entry to this place. Bells were ringing, lights flashing fear began to rise in me as I felt the deep change in my world. The sprites begin to lead me around the room showing me how all my life they had been preparing me for this return. I was shown dozen of experiences simultaneously in my life, that had lead up to and been clues to this moment. I was shown in a flood and a onslaught of images, thoughts, situations, raw feelings that everything had been building to this moment. That this moment had been planned.

They told me it was a gift. That I had been selected to be The One. I felt feelings of huge relief, excitement and fear in the sprites. At this moment in the experience I became afraid for my life. I felt that this gift would cost me my life. I did not want to be The One. The sprites felt this fear in me and begin to hold my hands and arms rushing me deeper into their world. I felt their fear and I began to believe that I had stepped out of the dream, out of the drug, out of my body and mind and into this super world. I began to believe in the transformation.

As I walked deeper I could see standing in the middle of the room, in the center of this place, an object similar to an hour glass. It was slowly turning over. I became aware that this vessel, as it tipped over, transferring its contents from the small red end to the larger blue end was transforming me. I felt my humanity slip out as I was filled with this new powerful light. A light of greater perception, of clarity. It felt like returning home. It felt familiar. It felt like I was waking up from a hollow, pale dream of reality. I felt god-like and omnipotent. I realized the this gift was not only a gift but equally a death sentence for my physical body. I felt like I had been chosen to receive this not out of benevolence but out of a need to release this power and perception There had to be The One, to relieve the others. There had to be The One who perceived completely. I felt like Christ at the moment of realization of godhood and the inevitable moment of his crucifixion. I also felt like all this knowledge and perception was far too large to be processed by my physical mind and that death was the obvious transition.

As this moment of realization hit me I felt the sprites smile and step back. They told me I WAS The One and this WAS real and that it would never end.

They said do you not believe..... then see.

At this moment I sat up (in the real world) and opened my eyes. This moment true panic set in. I was deeply hallucinating. The real world was being covered, transformed into a psychedelic kaleidoscope of energy. Every surface had something like movie film, one image after another lined up like film shown through an overhead projector. These were the prime images of our symbolic nature. Slowly rolling over every surface, like the sprites of the objects. I felt I was seeing time in a singularity. I felt like I was seeing the symbolic patterns like a second perception of true meaning. In the real room there were two people sitting next to me. When I looked at them I felt reassured momentarily. Then they exploded into dozens of two-dimensional layers of light. Looking like computer generated futurists paintings. Wafer thin halos created the shapes of my friends. Dave looked up at me and said Welcome Back causing me to panic. Because when he said welcome back I did not think it was back to reality but back into the fold of this super world I was in. Back as their chosen one or at least one amongst them. I perceived Dave and Poon as personal guides or Guardians or gatekeepers there to welcome me into this new exalted state. That moment stripped me of my world, my truths leading me to believe that my hallucinations were truth. I once again had the crashing feeling of winning, of being chosen, and being forced to receive this unwanted sentence of total vision. I had this crash as I could see once again the cause and effect of my being there and the price I would have to pay. I was the Bean King and the price of my gift would be perceptual transcendence but physical death.

At this time I felt a collapsing feeling as I gave in to the experience excepting my fate. I remember thinking that the hour glass had turned a little farther and I was pouring out of this life into my new one. I said out loud I am dying. Then I lost the support of my body, my self, my existence and I began to drift.

Dave then touched my leg. I remember being drawn back into my body and thinking to hell with this I am not going to die, not yet and I felt the sprites smiling around me looking at me. I felt the fear. I felt the exhilaration of my visions. I was back in the sprites room. Even though this place was vibrant and psychedelic it was within my ability to comprehend. The sprites began there pitch at me being a winner and The One. I felt they were taking me back

down the hallway to open those iconic, electric visions and to my death. I then said out loud again 'I am dying', to which Dave responded, only three more minutes and you will be alright.

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#### **Report #4**

I have no time to reflect on this, because, suddenly, I'm in front of a giant swirling disc, with coloured moving patterns, the "chrysanthemum" that McKenna talked about, and I'm pushed into it. It feels almost too intense and I got the impression that I was definitely heading down the rabbit hole this time, am I dying? I have little time to contemplate this, cause fluid starts coming out of every part of my body, feet, arms, head, ass and heart are all pouring out some liquid substance which is somehow me, I can no longer feel my body. I have the impression of lying in a hospital bed, with doctors watching over me, monitoring my condition, discussing excitedly. Then my consciousness slips, which bothers me today, because something extraordinary must have happened while I was unconscious.

I am first aware of an energy rising up from the base of my spine, hearing some noise that remind me of applause and cheering, open my eyes and see the room I left bathed in semi-liquid diamonds and emeralds. The energy rising through my spine becomes a sound made deep in the stomach and travelling up to my throat where it comes out of my mouth, but also out of my forehead in the form and shape of lightning, slowly moving towards and, finally, into my guide's head, who instantly starts laughing uncontrollably, sending the lightning back into my head. It's like an orgasm within the pineal gland, and I feel free, I am at one with my experience and suddenly know myself, although I can't describe what that self is, it simply is, no words will ever stick to it. Both voice and experience fades, but I do not try to hold on to them, I realize I am going to be inside a human body once again and feel no regret about it, somehow it's the right thing to do.

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#### **Report #5**

Upon entering hyperspace I perceived myself falling through a tunnel in zero gravity at light speed then once again I penetrated a 'bubble/membrane' and was in what I refer to as 'The Dome' or 'The Control Panel' only this time instead of a perceived 'octopoid' redirecting my awareness to various structures there was this huge gelatinous-hexagonal-rubix-cube type machine that would reform itself into structures according to these progressive harmonic tones that permeated my reality causing various emotions to emerge; in addition it was redirecting my attention to various intersections of its restructured embodiment.

Each time my attention was pointed to one of these intersections/nodes a vision followed by a revelation would envelope me along with an emotion I can only describe as pure elation and awe. The only vision/revelation that I vividly remember was one of humanity's history. I recall seeing many people in positions of power from ancient civilizations from all around the globe. I could see a distinct spectrum of colors for each spirit that belonged to each of these kings/warriors/ thieves/martyrs/prophets and shamans.

I saw their entire lifespan from birth to death and then saw how each of these kings/warriors etc. subconsciously chose the exact moment they were going to die as well as how they died and as result of their choices their spirits were reborn into the bodies of the leaders/warriors/shamans of the next generation in order to continue their spiritual development where it left off in addition to being catalysts for events of novelty that were yet to unfold (ie some warriors reborn as leaders etc). This process of reincarnation continued generation after generation up until the present day.

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#### **Report #6 — entities**

Purple fractals flowed through my view of perception. It was as if I was looking through a kaleidoscope and these visions became more and more beautiful as each moment passed. Soon I was greeted by three blue individuals, two seemed male-like and one was definitely a female. The female seemed to be the 'leader' of the crew; she was standing in front of the other two and was waving me towards her. She was not of this world but had a human-like

body, however her head was triangular shaped — almost spade shaped actually — with one angle pointing northward and the other two angles due east and west. She wanted to show me something and was calling me to come closer.

Unfortunately, in the excitement of trying DMT for the first time none of us remembered to turn off the telephone ringer and the phone rang during my experience. This immediately brought me back into reality, but not so far that I could not easily go back. I took this opportunity, however, to tell Brad what was happening. I was so excited to share the experience with someone that I could not wait until it was over to speak. The female was urging me to come back and to stop sharing my experience with others at this point. She was telling me to quiet my mind so that I could fully experience what she wanted to share with me. In fact, teaching me to quiet my mind was the message that she offered and it did not seem as if I would be getting more from her. As I continued to come in and out of the trip I also continued to share my experience with Brad. This angered her because she had specifically told me not to share it yet, and simply wanted me to quiet my mind. I was not ready for this message at this juncture in life, and yet I was totally ready. The beings bid farewell, as they seemed rather offended by my arrogance and desire to control the experience.

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### **Report #7 — entities**

This time I was swept under a door crack and taken into a dark corridor. Everything around me was black, except for the beings, who appeared to be brightly glowing blue light beings. This time I was not greeted per se, but rather they were all doing yoga. There were several of them, poised in mannequin-like yoga positions, and sharing their wisdom through my attentiveness. I felt confused by their desire to teach me yoga, and questioned the message I was being sent. I was shown the door through which I had originally slipped under, but chose to stay and learn from them. However, after several minutes of watching them perform yoga I directed myself back towards the door. It seemed as if I was not quite prepared to hear the message, as was the case with my first trip.

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### **Report #8 — entities**

Patterns and colors of India dominated my visual world and this time there were no beings, only messages. There were glowing lights surrounding me, which were teaching me holistic breathwork techniques. I remember breathing in a hurried fashion, and they were scolding me for rushing to learn. I began to practice the breaths, slowly taking in each breath then feeling it energize and replenish my body before letting it go. At this point, my partner was a bit concerned (he told me this after my return) because I was not actually breathing; although my breath was being guided by the lights I was not actually taking in breath. After several minutes I began to return to my body, however I could come and go back into the trip as I pleased.

Now the lights seemed to take form, not human form but rather life-like forms of some sort. They became brown and reddish in color, and were being quite sultry and seductive while attempting to lure me in to join them. As I turned away I thought, “Well, why not? I am tripping and their energy feels nice so maybe I will just see where this takes me.” I felt some sort of sexual energy passing from them through me.

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### **Report #9 — entities**

Next everything in my surrounding vision started to vibrate with life and energy. Then suddenly, it was as if a flash had gone off in my head, and I left my body. Now I was in a very different place. I could still see the room, but now I was looking at it from a different dimension. I remember thinking to myself, “This is how things really are”. The DMT dimension is not any more or less real than our ‘normal’ world. It is simply different.

I recall closing my eyes and immediately seeing what I can only describe as a female creature that reminded me of a medieval witch. Her head was triangular but her body appeared to have the same shape as a human-like figure. She almost appeared animated, yet I could not call her ‘cartoon-like’. What I will never forget is the life in her eyes. Unlike the visions I’ve experienced with other psychedelics, this vision did not seem connected to my ego in any

way. It appeared to exist on its own, completely independent of myself. She smiled and extended her hand towards me. I felt as though she wanted me to take it but I didn't because it was all a little intimidating. The idea of directly interacting with an entity I was seeing on DMT suddenly seemed very unnerving to me. I don't know why I felt this way because I only felt warm and friendly vibes coming from her. I just did not feel completely at ease with the situation. I rejected her hand and she soon disappeared. I only wonder if I did the right thing.

The next vision I recall was a multi-armed goddess dancing against a golden background. Again there was this life force I could see in her eyes. Almost as if I was looking into the soul of this vision. The manner in which she was dancing, and the feelings I experienced as a result of witnessing this display, was very powerful and emotional for me. Though I can't explain in words what it was all about, her dancing seemed to have a deeper meaning. As though each movement held a new mystery into the greater scheme of things. It was one of the more beautiful displays I have ever seen in my life. The ironic thing is my best friend later reported seeing the exact same vision as I did, and it seemed to occur for him at the same time I experienced it. I believe our minds were on the same level at this point; or rather we were at the same place. When I opened my eyes, I saw him staring at me and then he smiled. He then reached out his hand for mine and I took it. When this happened, our two bodies seemed to form into one object. We hovered and floated about the room in a sea of color and light, spinning into hyperspace.

Shortly after, I can remember looking over my shoulder to see this being dressed in what I can only describe as disco-influenced conquistador clothing, gesturing for me to follow it. It seemed to want to lead me into the bedroom just behind it. Again, what really stood out to me was the life it had in its eyes. This just did not seem like a simple psychedelic vision. As with the first entity I encountered, this was as 'real' to me as anything else. For some reason I did not get good vibes from this thing. I do not know what it wanted from me, but I felt I was wise to ignore it. I recall once hearing from McKenna that not all the entities you will meet on DMT have the best intentions. I sure did not feel this one had, and it soon disappeared. I closed my eyes again to witness multi-colored geometric castles rapidly being destroyed and then recreated right before my very amazed mind.

I opened my eyes and discovered that my body was covered with objects that seemed to be exploring me. These were small machine-like forms that seemed to float just above the surface of my skin, never actually touching it. They reminded me of miniature robotic vacuum cleaners with scanning noses. Advanced mechanical objects, each attempting to report on a different region of my body. Amazingly enough, this did not frighten me in any way. I simply closed my eyes again and let these objects continue to explore me. However when I shut my eyes they were still there! They continued to shuffle about in my line of sight before eventually disappearing, only to be replaced with other visions. I have no idea what it all meant, but everything seemed to have purpose. I opened my eyes again and noticed that around seven minutes had passed since we took the DMT.

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### **Report #10**

Before my eyes were even shut, I was pretty much not aware of my body or what had just happened or anything except massive mosaic patterned matrices, and huge floods of information with maddeningly looping thoughts... I felt quite confined in my thinking and some of my predominant thoughts from the last few days and minutes beforehand were playing over and over. .. definaie aztecy motif to it all.

I opened my eyes what must have been about 3-4 mins later and I could see my reality (living room) but it was just overwhelming liquid colours moving everywhere so I closed my eyes again..

I had lost my sense of time, but when I finally was able to open my eyes and kinda get a grip and focus on things it had been about 5 mins total, and I wasn't able to stand up right away. Over the next few mins, second by second, the visuals receded and I was able to walk around, a bit disoriented, exclaiming 'Holy fuck', 'that was fucked up' repeatedly.

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### **Report #11 — entities**

I twisted into the other dimension, the DMT space of wonderment. I left from my body into a dimensional time-warp, and in this constant dimension shift I saw thousands of entities bursting out, welcoming me and sharing in

the beauty of life, a song of glory. My emotions exploded. I felt mentally sober and aware throughout, despite the worm-hole-like journey. I perceived this world from radical perspective shifts, and yelled 'Oh my god, so good, so beautiful!' Twisting, churning; the world burst into multi-colored energy balls and entities. They formed a ball of blue stonish grey, and grabbed at me but as friends, as the same as me.

Eventually they slipped away, and I was left with a new type of creature, that had a mostly black face but with colorful features. I felt pokes and tugs but it was not at all bad; they seemed as if they were me, and I knew the goodness of everything; goodness was this space. The music was happy music, and enhanced the experience dramatically.

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### **Report #12 — entities**

Colored dancers were pulsing, spinning, making liquid cartoons. Not really animations, but clear shades of color, forming a toy playground. They made this delight of breathing easy. All the playground objects were alive, including the swings and the merry-go-round. A silvery-blue arch of plastic color formed and collapsed in the center. A toy little boy, or maybe she was a little girl, jumped along this object, sliding down it, hanging on with small fingers, leaping into the grass. I felt a sense of responsibility begin to resonate within me, both for the knowledge of my wife and my coming child, and the deep psychedelic responsibility of my shamanic-like path. I glanced away briefly and one of the DMT beings, tall, thin and golem-like, grasped my head and turned it back to see. The shapes kept moving, and the child was my innocence too, and it was asking me to promise to share that innocence completely with our shinebelly baby when she/he births and grows and becomes human. The toy child ran up the blue arch slide, and down the other side.

A starsparkle of love burst in me just then, and my breath followed the divine pattern of the now familiar ecstatic sweetness... the child entity waved and the playground objects tinkled laughter. 'Come play again,' they invited.

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### **Report #13 — entities**

This time when the colors came they were dark and smoky around the edges. And the gargantuan guardians showed up, two of them. They hunkered in front of me, in front of the spinning DMT mandala, and wouldn't let me enter. They sent thoughts to me, and said I should not be so hasty, that I should take my time entering this space. Silvergirl had her arms around my neck, though her flesh was very ghostlike. She said I'd satisfied my question, that smoking the DMT magic in succession in an effort to surf back into the DMT reality didn't really work. Oral DMT is the answer to stay there longer, without the keys being taken away.

The guardians nodded. 'Trust her,' they said. Then they bunched their muscles and the DMT faded into a dream-like sequence, very male and cocky with me and other beings working out and flexing muscles. Silvergirl laughed and that dream vanished.

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### **Report #14 — entities**

As I held in the vapor the entire room began to shimmer. It seemed as if every surface had been polished to mirror shine; clean, brilliant and perfect. Light was everywhere, bouncing off of me and moving through me. The depth and contour of light was so elaborate that every surface seemed to be crawling with life, convecting, pulsing and oozing with its own signature vibration.

I stared up at the stucco patterns on the ceiling and noticed they had begun to crawl. Random bumps became little eyes, pointed noses, giggling mouths. The little people had arrived and were literally coming out of the woodwork. They poked out of the ceiling, waved and made faces. I could make out four of them; a stickly troll, a laughing clown, a dancing harlequin, a diabolical imp.



They were bouncing a spinning object between them, a complex geometrical shape spun like a top. My curiosity about this object grew and the harlequin held it out to me. As its hands telescoped down from the ceiling I could see it was balancing a spinning jewel on its index finger.

I suddenly realized that I was having Terence McKenna's trip. Damn if he wasn't right-on-the-nose about these crazy elves. As this realization washed over me the elves burst into uproarious laughter. They were laughing themselves silly, giggling, rolling across the ceiling and holding their stomachs. But there was something else. I felt there was more to this space than just the elves and time was running out. I pushed beyond elvin mischief deeper into the DMT realm. I did not expect what came next.

Dave had put on some music before sending me up, a tribal thing with lots of drumming and grunting. As the elves retreated the music became alive. Everything in the room reverberated to the sound of the music. A chorus of bongos and erotic moaning pounded through the room. A tightening rush of energy tingled in my abdomen. I could smell my lover.

'It's sex,' I announced to Dave in total awe. It was the first thing I said since inhaling. It was barely one minute into the trip and the room became alive with sex. Images of nude bodies entangled in tantric frenzy filled every spot I looked. Pictures of mushrooms became ejaculating penises. The smooth curve of a beer bottle became my lover's ass, a touch of blue became her eyes. She was with me, inside me, inside my reality.

My body tensed up so tight I felt like I was having an orgasm. Although I never attained an erection, my legs and abdomen suddenly felt covered by a thick, warm, electric fluid. I was startled and stood up. The sensation slid off me.

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### Report #15

I was in a completely different universe — it was in no way similar to reality. Somehow the terror was not unpleasant. The universe I was in did not have room for pleasant/unpleasant, happy/sad, etc. There were 3 types of emotion: terror, euphoria, and the baseline emotion which was like full awareness of the only important universe — the one I had gained access to — the domain of the spirits/mind/consciousness — whatever.

The visual effects were astounding. I wasn't perceiving things through my eyes (I didn't have a body), I just knew what my environment was, and therefore what it looked like. Closing my eyes did not change the scene in any significant way. There were icons and images of things such as a stylised eagle — all reminiscent of Inca or perhaps ancient Egyptian religious art (not that I know anything about Inca or ancient Egyptian art). These images were always moving and evolving in some kind way. These images were like decoration for the place I was in. There were worm/snake-like things inside my legs (which were translucent), but at the time I didn't realise they were my legs. The hallucinations were in no way similar to LSD hallucinations. These things were real, ever present and in perfect clarity. The quality of light had changed in some indefinable way — not more intense colours, but more clear, more real (the most real) — what I was seeing was pure and unadulterated reality, not a rough approximation made by faulty perception mechanisms.

I knew that I, that is, my mind, had left my body and was in the realm of the basic entity of the universe — where consciousnesses reside when they are not tied to a body on our Earthly reality. I was aware that this is where spirits/souls reside if their body dies and probably where they are before you are born. After you are born, it is still there, but your mind becomes solely concerned with your body (until you are released by DMT). I knew that it was possible to enter this 'realm of the gods' without DMT — it just involved losing all beliefs and constructs. At the time I called it 'the realm of the gods' for lack of any other way to describe it, but this is completely misleading as the gods were just human consciousnesses/souls/spirits, and they had no interest in the normal reality — they had not created it, nor influenced it in any way. The realm of the gods involved complete exposure and full awareness of the absolute chaos, power and unboundedness of the universe (not the universe we know, but the one where consciousnesses exist).

The first hour was indescribably intense — an unbounded (infinite does not seem to be enough) number of things were happening at once and my mind was being exposed to information it could not cope with. I knew I was insane,

and I doubted that I would ever recover. I did not even know what being sane meant. I could not remember what it was like to be normal. Most of the time I was not terrified, but terror-full, although this terror was not unpleasant (pleasure did not enter into it) and it did not effect my thinking. It was not bad or good — it just was.

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### **Report #16**

All I saw with my eyes closed were these geometric shapes that were all interlocked and gracefully flowing. The color of these shapes was like clear crystal. Each had droplets of other colors within them: blue, pink, red, green. My vision was in 3-D. Some shapes were in the foreground, others in the background. Slowly they would switch from foreground to background. I was aware of nothing else but this vision. I had no memory of anything else. I had no point of reference anymore other than this vision. Nothing else existed. This was my entire universe at that moment

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### **Report #17 — entities**

Suddenly, my world was filled with incredible multi-colored geometric designs that changed rapidly in a kaleidoscopic fashion. The visions were beautiful and ever changing. I can't ever recall seeing such colorful beauty with a psychedelic before.

I opened my eyes, and the next thing I knew there was this face popping out of a book laying on my desk. It was difficult to make out, but it was clearly a female and she was smiling at me. Most dramatic were they eyes. They seemed to possess a life of their own. Unlike other psychedelics, this vision did not seem attached to my ego or me. Usually, I can see myself instilled in the surrounding objects, and everything appears to be an extension of my ego. I feel a connection to everything. Not this time: this face seemed to exist completely independent of myself. Was this an entity? Was this a connection? Whatever occurred, it was amazing to me. I shut my eyes again for a moment and when I opened them she was gone.

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### **Report #18**

I see extremely sharp and intricate colorful pastel yellow, red, and green geometrical moving patterns all around me. I sense all beings who have ever used, or will ever use DMT are here with me. I did not see any individual people, or hear any words. It was a kind of feeling. This kind of sensing is not available in my everyday unaltered state, so it is difficult to describe in the English language, but it was clear and powerful.

The DMT space has a familiar feel to it. When I go to the DMT space, I often think, now I remember, this is where I have been before. It is a place that cannot be remembered once the DMT wears off, as the space is permeated by some sensory field which is in addition to the normal senses. This sensory field is like thought except the thoughts are not coming from myself. Telepathy, time travel, genetic memory, earth consciousness, all are possible descriptions. This is a new frontier. An unknown

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### **Report #19 — entities**

Suddenly I began to hear a loud, moderately high-pitched carrier wave. Immediately, the room started vibrating in sympathy. The pattern on the wall hangings oscillated madly in time to the buzzing that overlaid the carrier wave's fundamental tone. Simultaneously, a heavy, trembling feeling swept over my entire body as if I were being propelled at multiple g acceleration by some giant rocket engine. My visual field dissolved in the most amazing colors. I could not see the room over the intensity of the visual effects.

The events of the preceding paragraph occurred in the space of a few short seconds. Closing my eyes, I got a glimpse of several entities moving in front of a giant complex control panel. The visions were not crystal-clear and seemed as if I were viewing it through a scrim. The creatures were bipedal and of about human size. It was impossible to say more other than that they did not move like the giant insect creatures I have seen clearly under the influence of

stropharia mushrooms. There was a direct awareness of an overwhelmingly powerful and knowledgeable \*presence\*! it was neither frightening, nor encouraging. It was just mentally there. A thought came, unbidden, into my head. I realized that I was viewing "god central". The central panel I saw was the control panel for the entire universe.

The vision was fleeting and dissolved into a vision of much greater clarity. A gaggle of elf-like creatures in standard issue Irish elf costumes, complete with hats, looking like they had stepped out of a hallmark cards "Happy Saint Patrick's Day" display, were doing strange things with strange objects that seemed to be a weird hybrid between crystals and machines.

This vision was also fleeting, and it dissolved into a visual pattern unlike that experienced by me on any other psychedelic or combination of psychedelics. The visuals were interlocking sinusoidal patterns arranged in a Japanese chrysanthemum pattern that filled my entire visual field. The pattern was ever-changing and the colors of the individual patterns changed independently of the underlying pattern. The colors were intense and came in a magnificent variety of colors: metallics, monochromes, pastels, each flickering in and out of existence as if obeying some undetected ordering principle.

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### **Report #20 — entities**

Within seconds I was shooting through a dimension that didn't involve the physical reality we now experience on Earth. Time, the way we experience it normally, seemed to stop, only to reveal a world of infinite knowledge and beauty. A place where the very fabric of life was flowing through everything. I remember my friend who had already experienced DMT had told me to remember that Everything is how it should be and to try and remind yourself to keep breathing and surrender to the experience.

Once fully immersed in this new world I was astonished to find out that I could communicate with other beings that also seemed to be sharing this experience. Although I had read about people like Terence McKenna seeing gnomes and machine elves as he put it, I experienced orb-like creatures who would come close and then come together in formations almost as if to try and tell me to do what they were doing. I kept saying 'Oh my god' over and over and was completely overwhelmed with infinite knowledge of how the world really was and that the love that was all around us always could bring so much power and manifest into anything we wanted. I also experienced visions of the sacred geometry that I am now finding out to exist everywhere. It is the fabric of these realities that we experience. It represents the perfection in all that we are.

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### **Report #21**

I had left my body & ego, my memories, morals and fears, and I had entered Nirvana. I was home. Flying through a multidimensional place of pure vision and thought, I saw endless arches of golden salamanders, flowing through the very fabric of space & time, their colors changing and rotating like countless kaleidoscopes, smiling and looking at me. My form and vision were shifting all the time, and I saw countless non-defined being, animals, flowers, trees, jewels and crystals, while the salamanders were telling and showing me the secret of life. Heavenly music, harp-strings and choirs ad infinitum were caressing my mental g-spot. There were no questions anymore, all was answered, and there was eternal unity. I was omnipotent. I was the universe. And the universe laughed and laughed, about itself and the joke of life it pulled on it! The most beautiful place in the universe, and I had found it! It's soooo sweet, soooo beautiful and loving, it's magic.

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### **Report #22 — entities**

I open my eyes and look around to see a world quite different to any I've ever seen before. Around me is a dimension where everything seems to be woven into a beautiful psychedelic environment that at first seem to be big blocks of solid colour but on closer inspection are intricately patterned with information.

I see the image of Chris sitting in front of me be dismantled piece by piece by tiny little elf-like creatures who wave at me as they cart away the pieces of the puzzle, revealing yet another dimension beneath.

I lie on my back and become aware of what was once my backyard now appearing to me as these huge planes of living tapestry. I marvel at the beauty of it, repeating my enthralled 'ooooohh's as I exhale. I am enraptured and I like this place, I sit up rapidly to look around more and see the trees and Chris lying in the grass. Then I think 'that's not chris — this is another dimension' and as I look at him he smiles and all his teeth are different, fluorescent colours and each dreadlock looks as if it's made of many colourful beads.

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### **Report #23 — entities**

SYMBIOTIC CRYSTALS ... all around. Always there, since the beginning. They had a lot to tell.

AJLaM was instructed to convey the following information to all sentients in her reality:

Endosymbiotic crystals are the breathing essence of consciousness. They are the living builders of the universal MIND. They have unique identities and funny names. Their language is empathy-based. They can actually speak English ... Very friendly toward anyone who wants to PLAY. Their society is a self-organized dissipative structure driving force of novelty and creativity in the universe.

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### **Report #24**

The couch buckled and I was hurled head first into a world of bright color. I was as if I had just witnessed the disintegration of the known world. This new world was one of geometric shapes, and beautiful creatures soaring through the air. I looked down at my body to discover that I was geometric too. I was made of triangles and squares.

That world began to melt too, until I was forced into a long, dark, hallway-like room that seemed to go on forever. This hallway began to breathe, and each breath it took, a different color appeared. First it was all black, then some gray, then white, then yellow, and orange. It breathed faster and faster, creating different colors that the human eye has never seen before. I floated through this hallway faster and faster, until I was going so fast that the colors were blurs now. I could see ahead of me now, and it was blue colored fire.

When I got to the fire, it didn't burn. It didn't hurt at all, in fact it was soothing. The fire created hands that held and nurtured me. It began to push me down, slowly push me down. I could feel myself sinking in something.

I looked around and all I saw was white. I looked and I looked until I realized that I was sinking in a clock. The clock wasn't your average clock; it had hundreds of hands, moving everywhere, all at different speeds.

I sunk deeper and deeper into the clock, until I couldn't see the clock's surface any more. I was falling through green and blue hues now. I looked down and all I saw was tie-dyed pools of liquid.

I fell farther and farther until I went into the tie-dyes liquid. The liquid was like a thin sheet of glass. When I hit the glass-like liquid, it shattered into millions of pieces. All I saw was the glass, only the glass.

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### **Report #25 — entities**

I saw a giant neon spider-like being from the inside out. I was in its multi-chambered heart, moving outwards through its body. It communed with me, and taught me to surrender. It showed me the part of my brain I needed to exercise to let the DMT come over me. I was surprised at how much control I had over the experience (unlike my one plain DMT experience, which was all about me not really knowing how to surrender, despite my experiences with other psychedelics).

I let the DMT spider 'fuck' me. It felt amazing. I was sad when it left, I did not want to come down. When we did come down, we all had forgotten that we smoked weed along with the DMT. Something in the mixture of the two made us higher by far than we would have been just smoking the weed.

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## Report #26

I felt and heard this buzzing sound/feeling creeping up on me, and at the same time my vision of the world and my two friends started to rise above me, like I was dropping fast! I replied, 'Holy Shit!!' J and S tried to Shhhh me because my dad was right upstairs, but it made no difference, for I felt the buzzing and dropping away increase.

My heart started to race faster and faster, I had dropped off and out of this reality. I started wiggling out, scared shitless! I remember saying to my friends, whom I no longer could recognize, for everything had become electrostatic energy: 'Who are you! What's happening to me!' Then my whole existence zoomed instantaneously to another plane of being. Between the zooming occurrence and approaching this new world, I was convinced I was dying, my death had finally come. I felt so much pain and fear during this zoom, I was totally paralyzed; mind and body. I could not conceive of time or space. When I finally emerged into this vast new world, it felt like I was looking down at our universe. I now knew I was dead, so I decided to stop trying to fight it and let go.

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## Report #27 — entities

The demigod's form was like this — he (I knew it was a he) had a human body, more or less. But rather than a head, he had an enormous flower. I saw this flower as very three-dimensional, translucent, and glowing in neon-like lines of color. And it was not just any flower. The petals rose out and bifurcated in countless tiny petals and leaves, all arranged in a geometric kaleidoscope fashion (though — from my perspective — the kaleidoscope was 'turned' to face the other person, not me). The pistils inside the flower were like bundles of tentacles, each also bifurcating into countless tiny tentacles, the whole lot slowing turning and swirling in precise geometric motion. This flower god was intensely beautiful — more beautiful than anything I had ever seen before. The colors were impossibly vivid. The translucency was magnitudes beyond any Alex Gray painting. The geometry was more crisp and symmetrical than any kaleidoscope. The motions were in beautiful harmony with each other. Yet this thing was also very organic, and seemed like a living thing, with intentionality. It walked over to the other person who was in the DMT space. This person was lying back, inert. The flower god stood over this person, pointing its 'flower head' down at the person, and 'displayed itself' in all its beauty. It was as if it saw this inert person and came over to 'show it something'. 'Hey, take a look at \*this\*'. After just a few seconds, the vision dissipated and transformed into something else.

After it wore off, I was so awed, I quickly wanted to try again. :) I had heard you need to wait an hour or so before smoking more. I waited just about an hour, slightly less. I was kinda eager, in my calm and peaceful way. I smoked until I felt that warm, somewhat alarming buzz. I put the pipe down, laid back, and closed my eyes. And saw \*nothing\*. I thought 'damn, I tried smoking again too quickly'. But there was \*some\* color and geometry behind my eyes. And after a few seconds, it was like a wall of DMT space slid into view. As compared to last time, the colors and geometry etc was less intense, but still very beautiful. There was a lot more 'darkness' in this trip. At some point, the visions formed into a 'shadow lady'. She approached me face on. I could not see her very well. She looked at me for a moment — a swirling kaleidoscope of color. Then it seemed like she took a long tube — like a blowgun — and put one end in her 'mouth', and the other end in \*my\* mouth, and she 'blew' a stream of colorful patterns, like glowing molecules, into me. Although the visual intensity was less than before, it was still beautiful beyond any ordinary vision. Plus, there was the strong sense of there really being a demigod here, giving me a gift. I knew she wouldn't have given it to me had I not been totally receptive. If I had been grasping at all, or if I had had any particular desires for 'getting something' out of the trip, she would not have come to me. While she was 'blowing' stuff into me, I knew, on one hand, that this was 'just a waking dream'. On the other hand, the sense of her being a 'real' entity was equally clear. I felt like what she did to me was equivalent to what the flower-god did to that other person in the previous vision. As she dissipated, I mumbled 'thanks'.

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## Report #28 — entities

At first I saw frowning faces. I saw these when I looked to the right. It was a very symmetrical, fractal image. Then I would look to the left and could see smiling faces, and everything was the opposite of the right side of my vision. The faces were good...and they were bad. They looked at me and asked me to choose. They were two opposite images

that met in the middle and merged. I knew that it wasn't just images, something was showing me the duality of nature. It was like there were two true things and that both were the perfect opposite of each other. They each said, 'the other is a lie', and they were both right. It was paradox. I felt that I was supposed to try to discern which was true (later on I wondered if I was supposed to be able to accept that things were this way, that maybe nothing was true).

I got stuck in the paradox and was infinitely looking left, right, left, right. I kind of screamed inside my head that I didn't, couldn't, possibly know, and that I wanted to return to my room, to my space and time. I could vaguely hear my dog barking on the porch, so I knew that I was alive still. But something (me? the universe?) was like 'Look, back there and here are the same, things are just a lot more clear here. You have always been here; the other is just a representation of this. You will have to solve this puzzle someday. Things are reaching the end and if you aren't careful with what you choose, you'll get stuck here, in the paradox. You asked to come here, so help me answer the question.' It was like the universe itself didn't know what to make of the paradox, so it was asking me. It kept saying, 'Do you see? Do you see why life is the way it is? Do you see now why you can't know everything...because it is unknowable?'

I was terrified because it felt familiar, like it was true that I had always been there. Like maybe the life I've been living was just my escape from that place. The other frightening part was that it (the universe? me? god?) was pleading with me. It was flabbergasted that I still couldn't make a choice. It was like it had ended the experiment too soon and I wasn't ready yet, or maybe never would be.

(By the way, while I was 'there', it felt like I was in a small room, buried in the middle of some huge labyrinth that housed everything...deep underground. Everything was in black and white. There were other beings there. They didn't seem all-wise or anything. They seemed rather mischievous...but friendly.)

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### **Report #29**

I sat on a chair with a large pipe in my hand stuffed with tobacco and 'Divine Moments of Truth' :-). I put the pipe in my mouth and inhaled one large dose. It felt hot but just as I had inhaled it, BAM! Suddenly I found myself sitting on the floor, the whole world around me changed into mosaic almost directly. I looked at the pipe and there were just a large black hole left of it. I closed my eyes and saw large chopping tools like knives and axes chopping up molecules then I understood that the molecules must be the earth. I saw thousands of them and suddenly they had formed a new dimension. This dimension was all made out of colors and you could hear different sound from everywhere in different frequencies. Large choppers now chopped up seven earths at the same time till it reached one billion and then sent out the pieces into outer space to start it all over again.

Suddenly I heard a BAM and opened my eyes, and there stood a large monster in front of me with white huge teeth and saliva dripping from his jaws. This monster started to dissolve into the black hole and I was also sucked into it. The rest of the trip is quite hard to explain but I can say that a lot of love and peace were involved. Thousands of Light beams were piercing my eyes as I was travelling 1000km/hr through the hole after the now almost transparent dragon figure. I could now feel the 'chi' inside my unimportant so-called body, streaming through my veins. ('Chi' is Japanese for nirvana/power).

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### **Report #30 — entities**

Gracie saw none of the visions described below. In fact, she saw no visions during the trip. She was high and the trip room took on a beautiful jewelled quality. She had no tendency to drift into a trance even though she had taken the same dosage of DMT and mushrooms as Zarkov.

Zarkov could not resist the trance. Strangely, he could talk with ease but could not maintain any other semblance of contact with reality. Any attempt to do so resulted in overwhelming stomach cramps, full body shivers, vertigo and throbbing headache. All of these body symptoms went away if he paid attention to the trance state.

Zarkov's first vision was a stadium full of hostile giant insect creatures that he was familiar with from previous mushroom trips. However, immediately the DMT 'banshee' creatures floated in and sang this message, 'Aren't they a dull and pompous bunch! But don't worry, they can't get at you because we are here.' These 'banshee' creatures were a common occurrence in Zarkov's DMT trips.

The next series of visions were of various aliens that seemed to be trying to sell Zarkov various visions. The banshees continued to accompany the visions and offer comment.

At about the chemical peak of the trip (one hour), the house had a rash of poltergeist phenomena that were jointly observed by both of us. Furthermore, the cats noticed them and followed them as they made their way through the house. The banshees advised Zarkov not to worry about them because 'things like this happen.' This was the last point in the trip where Zarkov could maintain contact with ordinary reality.

The banshees formed a gate next to an alien selling visions indicating that Zarkov should 'buy into' this vision.

By 'going' through the gate, Zarkov found himself someplace else.

This some place else was another world. It no longer seemed like a psychedelic vision, but rather it seemed like a real world. The sun felt warm; when it went down Zarkov felt cool. To move around it was necessary to walk. Wherever he looked, there was a realistic amount of detail. No insubstantial visions, just a real world wherever Zarkov looked. He could eat, walk, swim, fuck and talk to the other characters.

The world was Gracie's fantasy world. Even though she couldn't see it, Zarkov's verbal description matched her world. She could give instructions to Zarkov that he could follow to get around.

The world was a bronze-age city. In the background were green and fertile mountains. The architecture was of massive granite blocks with a poured concrete look about them. The style was neoclassical crossed with Minoan with a touch of Jack Vance. The mise-en-scene made sense and did not appear contrived. The aesthetic sensibility, while of the wretched excess school, was coherent. It was the most beautiful place Zarkov had ever seen, in shades of pink, mauve, purple and gold.

The story line was that of the wierdest heavy metal video ever designed. There were barbaric artifacts and luxury items all over. The world was inhabited by buxom, bottom-heavy, voluptuous nymphs. Zarkov found himself in an elaborate caped outfit, somewhere between Darth Vader and Ming the Merciless. His entourage was a group of cretinous, long-haired sleazos in heavy metal dress and carrying guitars. The trip consisted of a tour through the city from the wharf to the main temple where a three-day orgy took place.

The world somehow seemed like an isomorphic metaphor to Gracie's personality structure.

The world was coherent and consistent. It had internal rules as inexorable as the 'natural laws' on earth.

It had its own linear time. Subjectively, Zarkov spent three days in the world. Yet this voyage was encompassed in a normal six-hour mushroom trip. Furthermore, any attempt to reestablish contact with earth left huge gaps in the story since the world proceeded at its own pace, even if Zarkov wasn't paying attention.

It did not seem like telepathy or a projection from Gracie's head. Rather, we believe that somehow the fantasy world was lifted from Gracie's head and placed in the tryptamine 'library of all time and space' where Zarkov 'read out' the diskette.

The only psychedelic aspect to the world was the continual presence of the DMT banshees, albeit they were 'disguised' as a sort of observer/chorus as bats, orchids, etc., throughout the experience.

The DMT acted as a tuner of some sort for the mushroom experience. Certain aspects of the vision seemed characteristically DMT, like the banshees, the extreme time dilation, and the bejewelled colors. The mushroom contributed the epic quality, the exfoliating details and the practical joke quality of the whole set-up.

Such an experience, if controllable, would be extremely useful to a shaman trying to treat mental illness. He could walk through the streets of his patient's mind without the verbal filter of analysis. It might even be possible to make changes in the landscape to effect a cure. The demons lurking in the shadows would be a constant danger, 'You might not come back'.

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### Report #31

I quickly passed through a dense sea of meticulously aligned energy waves/patterns/conduits of life-force. In the middle of it all, there was a neat cubic 'room' cut out, so I could see a good cross section of the vibes. My sense of 'I', if any remained at this point, was totally shattered as I watched/experienced my own birth, death, the birth of my daughter, and the birth of (I think it will be a boy) my son next August, simultaneously, then flitting back and forth between all these different but connected viewpoints.

After a while, my awareness turned back to my 'real life' body, but I was still watching it from my cosmic observation booth, more than actually 'inhabiting' it. The pipe had drooped in my hand, and I was actually starting to drool! The 'observer' is like: 'look at the body! It's actually \*drooling\*!' The meat puppet, like a drunk in the gutter, hears this, belches and sneeringly chortles (actually more of a B. and B. 'heh,heh,heh...').

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### Report #32

It was so fast. As I was inhaling the second hit I was hearing a buzzing tone made up of multiple frequencies. It rose in volume until it was the only thing I could possibly have heard. Layers of overlapping sinusoidal patterns obscured my visual field. I lay back after the second hit, holding my breath. I have a very vague recollection of exhaling. By that time I was zooming hard.

It was sheer chaos. There was an incredible amount of motion and color all around me, seemingly moving at near the speed of light. My mind was completely overwhelmed and I couldn't pay attention to any one thing. It was like going over Niagara Falls in a barrel or being shot out of a cannon. Total sensory overload.

The best way I can think of to describe it was like getting hit by lightning. It was as if a bolt of energy came through the top of my head, blowing me into a million pieces and scattering them to all corners of the universe. Over the next five minutes my being slowly reformed from the whirling chaos it had been reduced to.

My visuals were a jumbled mixture of fantasies, memories and things from the room mixed with strange geometric forms. I don't remember most of what I saw, as it was simply too damn fast. I didn't see any elves or entities, but there was a definite sense of 'other' there. It felt like it was waiting for me, watching and possibly even interacting with me on some level. According to my sitter, my eyes were alternating between open and closed during the 'trance' part of the experience, but I couldn't discern any difference that I recall.

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### Report #33

Instantly the entire physical third dimension disappeared, and what was left was a state of consciousness unlike any other experience. Oils of reddish and brownish hues moved in every direction at the same time in my entire field of vision. Then after an orientaton period (no more than a few seconds, I'm sure) a hole the diameter of a basketball opened up in the middle of this untitled hallucinatory picture. In the center of this hole, was the chunk of rose quartz suspended right in front of my headm or at least where my head should have been, physically speaking of course! I then saw something that looked like the consistency of honey, maybe a little runnier, being poured in through the top of the crystal. This substance had a bright orange-yellow glow to it. When the crystal was full, the fluid began to pulse, not like a heartbeat, but more like a throb. With every beat, I could see millions upon millions of microscopic strands of light pulse from the liquid, and find their way to the outer edge of the rock, whereupon they would refract in an infinite number of directions from the uncut stone. I actually felt them cascading over my face and body as they erupted from within.

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### Report #34 — entities

No words I could come up with could describe the trip I had.



I immediately arrived in the DMT ROOM as it was later described to me, where I was confronted with a host of spirits, who cheered a valient roar as I surfaced into the dark cave from water-like lava, 'You've made it, they roared'. They taunted me and delivered an intense series of energy rushes throughout my body, or my spirit you could say, since I was more like an energy form than a body. (I can't explain.)

Suddenly I realized that I still was holding my breath, and the longer I held it the better the rush felt, and the more intense the vision became until, I realized that even though it felt good, I would probably die if I didn't breath soon. At that point, I was thrown onto an altar by a swarm of pracilitizing evil spirts and confronted with a choice. The master held a sword, and the others held me down with my neck falling back. He said, "If you allow me to cut off your head, you can't imagine the knowledge you will gain, and the rush you will feel, even more than this sample you've had."

At that point I realized where I was, and even though it felt incredible, somthing inside me yelled out NO! Then I gasped for air, and took my first breath. (I don't know how long this was, but it seemed like hours.) Instantly, I felt a warm ooze surround me and pull me from the altar shooting me like a rocket to the most peaceful beautiful place I had ever seen. As I looked around, I saw what I believe to be my guardian angel smile at me as he was wrapped around me taking me to this beautiful place. The music was beautiful, everything was incredible.

Then I felt another rush of beauty, and was told I had transcended the darkness within me. Almost like I passed a test or something.

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### **Report #35**

It was mostly intense flashes of solid pure colours — no pastels or hues, just wham! I described it to Ronny as like being inside a cyber-simulation like 'The lawnmower man', only it had crashed and was throwing garbage at me from all directions.

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### **Report #36**

The effects were almost immediate as I sat back on the ground with my eyes closed. The flowing patterned light started and this time the patterns were much more solid with more complexity and intricate designs like an Indian tapestry.

The rushing walls of designs and patterns flowed through me and they had much more intensity than previously. I gripped my knees as I sat on the ground trying to stabilize the cascading intensity of the vision. Sundance said the experience lasted about 6 to 7 minutes and during that time I was immersed in a world of light and color with three-dimensional designs that were the best I had ever seen.

What was interesting was that I had seemed to break through to the visionary place, but only colored lights in amazing complexity occurred. The visions had not come to me. Was it because I had not stared at the picture long enough, or was it a different DMT "place" I had gotten too? This was by far the most intense experiment that I had done and it was like riding a roller coaster through a fractal. As the trip was winding down I tried to concentrate on the designs as they flowed by and through me to check out the complexities. As one of the more interesting designs flowed by I focused on a circular design that morphed as I focused on it into an eye with a grinning mouth below it. The smile seemed more maniacal than friendly, but was never less an amazing sight.

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### **Report #37**

As my body disappeared I began to see dim colors in geometric patterns on the 'walls' around me, in a tunnel shape. I was moving at warp speed through this 'wormhole' bobbing and weaving in the space that is my mind, as the colors and patterns became brighter and brighter and began to move in a fractalized glow. The only thoughts I was able to have at this point were just total shock and awe at what I was experiencing, which would not leave through the trip.

But it was paralyzing for the first 10 seconds or so though it seemed longer. I'll put \$100 that my jaw was on the ground.

I was beginning to slow down now but still felt the rushing energy through me. At this point I tried to open my eyes. Everything was veeerry strange and moving in a manner so I could barely make out any objects, and it was hard to look at, even a little frightening.

I became aware that my head and arms were dancing and waving around with the energy I felt and it was starting to bother the people on either side of me, so I managed to say, in a very strange voice, 'I'm going for a walk.' I stumbled to my feet with my eyes closed again and emerged into the light.

My first few steps were awkward but it came to me quickly. Seeing nothing but green behind my eyes I felt I was at the end of the tunnel. The initial rush was over but I was still in awe. I opened my eyes, and nothing could prepare me for what I saw. There was no solid matter, only complete, colorful, chaos. The shapes of objects were all there but in the form of bright dancing ... the word just hit me like it was whispered in my ear, 'ENERGY.'

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### **Report #38 — entities**

That swirling, kaliedoscopic thing I've read about encompassing my mind, eyes closed, but not how I thought it would be — not the colors of visible light but a neutral and very pleasant purplish, pink, grey, and the spirals or fractals are amazing, not prism-like like I had assumed but much more symmetrical to a degree, coming out of all planes, perhaps moving to that buzzing but I'm not clear about this. So what, something interesting to see right?

Then comes this sort of feeling, nobody telling me anything, no presence or anything, but as if the whole fractal-type of being was the being itself. And I'm hearing no, seeing no, sensing, really sensing that 'it's okay, lets go, doesn't this seem natural, I'm here, I'll take care of you...', a grandfatherly 'figure' all encompassing telling me how it is. And that is, that to continue forward is the right and natural thing to do. Then I realize that off in the distance, though not distance because this 'space' I'm in, doesn't seem to have any depth to it, though it surely must because I'm way on one side of it and this 'door' for lack of a better word is out there in the distance. 'He's' saying 'lets go, it's good, it's alright...' ABSOLUTELY the most love and caring and safety I've felt in a long time. The 'grandfatherliness' was worth the experience in and of itself — such love and caring, like driving in a car when you're six and you only know that getting from point A to point B is the endpoint — getting there is no trouble. IT WILL HAPPEN. the driver is take-care-ofer. Somebody is there, I think, maybe only in the DMT world, possibly always; somebody is willing and ready and whose big purpose (by no means only purpose) is to help you ... progress?

Things are sticky here. I know that I didn't have enough of a dose, or perhaps wasn't myself willing to go further. but there was without a doubt something a bit further off in the distance, away from my reach because: not enough drug, fear, protector or whoever feels not yet..... who knows.

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### **Report #39**

i had the good fortune of being turned on by someone that I trust. it tasted like I was smoking plastic — very strange. Very quickly the trees outside began moving around wildly, as if I could suddenly see some type of animism, things kinda melted — I wasn't driving, had little control as soon as I started to worry, it started to fade away, then was gone (time for more).

There was something dark about it that bothered me a great deal, mostly in a vague, can't put my finger on it. I know this sounds funny, but it felt like I was tapping into the dark side of the force (metaphor, not literal).

All in all a very interesting experience, not for the faint-at-heart or those who fear being out of direct control.

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## Report #40 — entities

I closed my eyes and was immediately face to face with a supreme being of sorts. It had no face, and its form was like a string of multicoloured lights constantly morphing; like a clown making a series of balloon animals, beginning with a dog, he alters a couple of parts, holds it differently to reveal a dolphin, and so on. It was certainly a living presence, and without a face it was still somehow staring eye to eye with me as though it knew everything about my entire life. There was no sense of emotional attachment, but there was definite supra-linguistic communication happening. This being and I were travelling at great speed through an infinite stretch of deep space — I was chasing it. It stayed the same distance away from me the whole time and seemed to be at ease with the speed, while I was struggling to keep up. It was as though it wanted me there, but not yet, not in this way. It was telling me to come back when I could keep up with it, when I could catch up and pass straight through it.

Fifteen minutes later, and the second attempt was around twice the dose of the first, and began just the same, the visual environment became kind of fuzzy and my body seemed to spaghetti just slightly. But within seconds of this there was a distinct difference. I had only heard this described in other people's accounts once, I think, and I had totally forgotten about the possibility of it happening until it actually happened to me.

Just after I released the toke, I looked around to see what was happening to my senses as I was coming up — when the entire universe began to buzz. It was like a deep bass feedback loop that you sometimes hear in electronic music, like the humming noise of flying saucers in movies, very electronic and computer-like, but unbelievably real and right there — all around me. I immediately thought that the DMT had unlocked a whole new realm of sound that we don't normally hear — a background kind of sound that would distract our ears from 'normal' functioning — the sound that matter makes. I've perceived the vibrations of matter and subatomic particles on other trips, mushrooms, acid, and once or twice even on the old hooch, but now with DMT it was a totally audible reality. And more than just audible, this sharp bassy hum that was coming out of everything made everything vibrate, including myself and my sitter next to me. It was so intense and pervasive that I had to close my eyes to escape the motion sickness of this vibrating mass of existence.

When I did, the buzz began to mutate and break up into all these telephonic/electronic modem-like noises, like a kaleidoscope of sound. The sounds built and built, reaching a peak that culminated in a vortex which sucked everything in existence, the buzzing, the environment around me, and my entire being into a totally foreign dimension: and there I was with total silence.

The buzzing was gone, and I was in a room looking at a wall. The wall was like a complex scaffold of constantly morphing angular prisms shimmering with colours that are completely beyond the descriptions of any language, and totally awe-inspiring. I felt an uncontrollable smile grow across my face — reality-check — but I kept watching. I immediately noticed that there was something more than just the wall. I noticed at first there was something in the wall, popping out occasionally to show me it was there, it wanted me to recognise it before it would fully come out though. It was something like watching the flat surface of a calm beach and seeing a dolphin periodically break the surface for air. When I recognised that there was definitely something living swimming through this scaffold of unbelievable shapes and colours, it came out. It was a non-human female being flying around this hyper-dimensional 'room'. She wore a flowing cape or gown that streamed directly off a big round glowing face, the kind of face that a 3-year-old kid draws — a circle with dots for eyes and a curved line for a mouth.

That's all there was of her. But her face was so alive, compassionate, and enlightened. She was so happy when I realised she was there. Then I watched as a pedestal literally grew out of the floor of this 'room', made of the same unearthly super-brilliant scaffolding. My attention must have been distracted by this thing growing out of the ground because the female being got in my face and communicated to me (not in words) "look at what's ON the pedestal!" I looked up and saw a diamond shaped object that was made of similar stuff to the walls — but infinitely more brilliant, more dazzling, more unspeakably awesome. And as my smile grew and total awe and amazement filled me, this female being began flying around the object at great speed, keeping her eyes fixed on me. She was doing flips and sharp turns and cheering as though she was celebrating the fact that she had the chance to show me. She kept communicating to me, "Look at it! Look at it! Isn't this awesome?!" This continued, and I kept my eyes on that unbelievable object as the scene began to fade.

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## **Report #41**

I visually witnessed the room disappearing like an evanescent footprint on the sand slowly being washed away by the tide. Then there was total and immense darkness. And as though I was propelled by some inexplicable force, my body was rocketed forward in a horizontal motion faster than anything I could comprehend. Swirls of light danced around me and I saw particles of matter all around exploding into multicolored fragments. The terror I initially experienced was unfathomable. I felt like I was dying and that I had no control whatsoever. And at once, I surrendered to this death and in a sense celebrated it. As soon as I did this I saw a strange multi-limbed entity approach me on my left, swooping in and cradling my body as though I was an infant. It did not speak nor do I remember anything other than it had many arms. It was very warm and non-threatening and it spoke to me with its touch and nothing more. Its presence was extremely nurturing and it smiled with such seraphic peace and benediction.

The particles of light exploding around me, soft mercurial waves of color enveloping me and draping me with care, muslin arms holding me gently, the universe expanding and contracting, angels dancing on effervescent stars, galaxies of light, sounds of butterfly wings burning, tendrils tongues leaping like flames from a campfire, all derivations of geometrical patterns making reasonable the irrational.

Dewdrops slipping off of buttercups, a warm desert breeze, a cactus field of great saguaros and ox tongues swaying gently as sheets of stars pass above, careening archetypes appearing and disappearing in front of me: a Pirandellonian clown, a giant black horse with a honey-colored mane, an archer with an inviting grin, ferries with dragonfly wings, a wizard with soft spoken eyes, a lascivious young siren licking my chest with a long slippery buttermilk tongue, a bengalian tiger with piercing luminescent eyes, an old man laughing, a young girl crying, an Indian inside a pueblo praying over a dying boy bleeding through his nostrils, a daft man on rollerskates, and a crone in a purple shroud reaching her old withered hand to me...the whole of humanity dancing naked amongst the gods and goddesses of the storm. These images passed by me so fast yet each intricate contour of their bodies I remember so clearly. This lasted for what seemed hours and I calmly resigned myself to the incomprehensibly beautifully changing aspect of the universe.

The world runs by rhythms we can't possibly comprehend, and to make peace with that is the essence of being human. This I felt like no other time in my life. No other experience was remotely close to this. And the whole time this presence or perhaps God, the Great Spirit was holding me in the warmest of embrace. And slowly it brought me back to my corporeal existence in the room on the couch, so gracefully and elegantly. My body felt like a lithe dandelion floating effortlessly back to the ground. I began laughing joyfully at the unbelievable nature of my experience. I felt like I now possessed an uncanny wisdom so powerful and so essential to my being that I retained a wonderful sense of self-confidence and peace. And as I opened my eyes I saw the room as it once was before. There were strange geometrical patterns all around, yet I knew that I was back from wherever I went. My friends were there, smiling. I thought my god, how long were they there? How could they have waited with me so long, so reserved and peaceful? Hours had passed, so I thought.

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## **Report #42 — entities**

... I'm well into the trip, with lots of strange beings and one of them approaches me, looking like an ugly English football hooligan. He turns around and exposes his bare behind, and looks at me in a hostile way and I get the impression he is saying, "Kiss my arse!" So I'm thinking, "Well, should I kiss his arse?", and then he disappears ...

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## **Report #43**

I held the smoke in for around 10 seconds when, at that time, an immensely different mode of consciousness fully and completely enveloped me in such an acute and abrupt manner that it was as if I had been launched at light speed into an altogether alien dimension, complete with utter time distortion and, around 20 to 30 seconds later, incredibly ornate and detailed full-blown hallucinations. The visual world that engulfed me consisted of nothing less than the most beautiful sights I had ever seen. It was a wholly awesome world that was bizarre, beautiful,

captivating, and infinitely intricate. The unifying characteristic behind all of the hallucinations seems to have been that they were all sharp, angular, geometric forms that stood in stark contrast to the organic and dream-like visions of a mushroom experience. Nothing within my visual field remained unchanged. The experience was not dreamy or slow, although significant time dilation did occur. Instead, the lucidity of the trip was altered in such a way that the consistency and flow of normal consciousness was completely transformed beyond recognition. I remember thinking at once that I would never be able to comprehend this experience completely after its effects had fully diminished.

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### **Report #44**

There appeared in the vastness a tiny point of light. I remember realizing that I had not died at all, but that I had been dead. Then, not dead, but dormant. DORMANT. I was about to be born.

The feeling of flying is not an accurate description of the sensation that accompanied my movement toward the point, which was gold, and, to my surprise, was actually metallic. I came immediately upon the source, which was a DNA scarab, a construct, an insect of impossible dimensions, miles in diameter and circumference.

The skin of the carapace was polished to a high sheen and thin to the point of transparency. I could see tiny, endless arrangements of gears and pinions just beneath the gold wing, tiny points of alien light darted from what were molecular points of cognitive energy, impossible in color and detail, billions and billions of precision gears meshing quietly and generating consciousness, which was traversing a planned route, terrifying in its complexity, but beautiful in its exactitude.

I followed a point, there was warmth, to the top of the scarab's enormous body. It had a tiny human head, the size of a marble, attached via a series of DNA strands that had been transformed into a clear metal. The head was unaware of my presence and it had a small mouth, which opened to speak.

From the mouth came forth the matured beam of thought, which had started from a cog (Cognitive) in the belly of the insect, years ago, and had grown as it rose to the head, morphing into a form of concentrated phosphene light. the beam poured from the tiny mouth, and became stacatto at once, and conical, in sections that grew, as ideas, and hypnotized me into allowing myself to be enveloped by a punctuated green, now a geometry of raw cognition without ego, and with a destination.

I rode in the singular idea, aware of its purity and clarity, and above all, its sense of purpose, as it was not aware of my presence, and fell to a violet montage of heads which were dislocated and ethereal, but awaiting its arrival.

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### **Report #45**

A few seconds later the visual distortions began. Everything became fluid and danced with an enchanting energy — utterly bewitching. Interestingly (and unexpectedly) I noticed many parallels with 2CB including a peculiar effect I experience when perceiving 3D space that is very difficult to explain. The effects were still building fast and I began to see within this 3D space the chrysanthemum pattern associated with DMT. It was very beautiful — crystalline and colourful. At this point I began to hear a wonderful celestial chiming/ringing/singing that seemed to be calling me or was at least directed towards me. I also perceived a very strong presence that to me was a latticework of many things — too many to remember, but my Mum and Dad (or archetypal parents?) were a prominent element of this lattice and I began to feel that this was a perception of all divine possibility. As I contemplated this, the effects began to subside and I began to whisper thank you again and again — I was completely euphoric.

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### **Report #46 — entities**

... so I took more. That's when I blasted off.

I barely had time to put down the pipe. The waves of energy in my body got so intense, I knew I had to ground them out...so I fell off the chair to the floor...very controlled fall, I was in control of it...my friend, S., was worried but I managed to let him know I was OK.

I'm on the floor by this point, sighing and moaning then laughing. I was unaware of the room. the patterns behind my closed eyes were incredibly intricate and beautiful.... concentric circles turning in alternate directions filled with shifting, multi-coloured, serpentine patterns.

Then four elf-like clowns appeared out of the space in the floor. All of them were really friendly. One of these clowns was a pretty majorette dressed in a blue, soldier/nutcracker-like kinda uniform...with big red circles painted on her cheeks and a big, beautiful smile. She had a bag of candy and she was offering it to me. They all seemed to be offering gifts, I felt like they would have given me anything I ever wanted...but this nymph with the candy was extremely appealing...

I saw the 'candy' (symbolic, I'm sure) and the yellow one looked really bright and colourful...but just as I was about to take it... I had an overwhelming feeling of not being worthy to accept what they offered. I felt like I didn't deserve it...wasn't good enough.....so I refused the gift. She became a little snarky and said sarcastically 'Oh, of course, why would you want some of this?' The scene changed to black and white and she took the candy away. I felt insects crawling on me and still felt like I had no business being with these beautiful, BEAUTIFUL beings. The feeling was mine. They were trying to convince me I was worthy, That it was OK to accept the gifts. I felt worthless and guilty that I may have offended by refusing the offer. That's when I said... 'too much'.

I put a cap on it. I limited the experience. I felt I could have gone MUCH deeper if I could have let go. I tried to come back to Earth...tried to stand. I had no balance and my eyes were still closed...but I could see the room and knew where everything was...S. said he wondered to himself how I was doing it...I would stumble and almost crash into the desk, but then I would shift myself at the last minute and grab onto the thing...all with my eyes closed. Subjectively...It wasn't quite like seeing...it was like sensing everything in my proximity so well that I had a perfect mental image of my surroundings...kinda like the superhero Daredevil.

Then I noticed the beings again. They were still right there....with outstretched arms, as if to catch me if I fell...they looked like glowing blue, humanoid shapes at this point, they didn't seem to have clearly defined features. They gestured to my chair, so I made my way over and sat down again.

Now a different one was communicating with me...I had the impression that he was the 'ringmaster' of this crazy clown circus. the others were still there, especially the majorette. She was stroking my face and soothing me, sending me healing energy. They wanted me to know that I was beautiful and they loved me and wanted to help me and I was entitled to everything I ever wanted, I just had to accept it. They were full of such incredible love...I started to cry. I still get really emotional thinking about it. Finally I said 'OK' and the waves of love just washed over me and I felt incredible.

It was crazy...the ringmaster was sitting on my desk talking with me, and the whole time the others were sending me healing, soothing me...I felt like a little kid. I was talking back...saying..'I know, I know...you're right.' The beings were just laying it on the table..like...'here it is...It's what you came for, isn't it?' They told me that they are everywhere all the time and I am never alone.

After the 'lesson', I asked if I could go now, and I made my way back to 'reality?'... I still felt like I was on the wackiest acid trip ever. This lasted for another 10-15 minutes, during which time I alternated between uncontrollable sobbing and euphoric laughter as I tried to make sense out of the experience.

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### **Report #47 — entities**

After two hits, nothing. Third hit, I lay back on the pillow and the curtains opened to a highly geometrical brightly colored scene. I was greeted by a girl-pattern (ponytailed, cheerleader-skirted, Picassoesque hostess type thing) that started off the show, cocking her head and posing her limbs at a jaunty angle as she pointed one way, looking at me — it almost looked like she winked.

(Going into it, I reminded myself of Terence's admonishment to not get stuck in amazement and to not be afraid)

I wasn't afraid, but I did see glimpses of scary hobgoblin faces, grotesques (all in this whimsical geometric way) and felt like there were places where more of them could be, but it was generally like a wacky toy factory. Gadgets, widgets, twirling machines, stair-step pattern, Escher-like "space" and tunnels and chutes. The beings would seem to go "look!" and I felt I was supposed to look. I don't know whether my eyes did it, but I felt my consciousness would just pivot 90 degrees and propel to the right and left and the "landscape" would go on just as far in that direction. I would also "look" up and "whoosh" towards stuff "up there". It was like opening a bunch of doors to witness frenetic activity that was always there even when I wasn't looking. There seemed to be an infinite number of interdimensional spaces to explore, and no symmetry.

"They" seemed to be "whispering" in a soft, intimate way to me. Not to "Samanthe" [I have no idea what I meant by that]. I didn't feel my body, but I did catch myself trying to struggle to "remember" the Observer. I couldn't remember it very well and felt a little confused when I tried — I felt a sense of familiarity at that trying-to-get-my-bearings.

The familiarity was kind of like that infinite return to the now and infinity, the circling cycling merry go round sensation I get from nitrous oxide. I vaguely felt that someone had done something to me that maybe I might start to feel panic about, but it didn't actually happen. [I learned later that one of my sitters sensed I was approaching a fear space, so he grounded me by doing energy work on my heart chakra, for the chakra-inclined in the audience.] I felt briefly a mild paranoia and a stuck-in-infinity sense, like I was lost in a labyrinth with no way out.

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### **Report #48**

I weakly take a second toke, probably half the size of the first one. Looking at Z, I see that he's losing more resolution fast, but becoming VERY colorful and almost geometric, like stained glass. I don't remember exhaling at this point, but obviously I must have.

I fell back onto the bed at this point, my head in D's lap. The world is gone. The popping sound abruptly stops and I am launched through the multiplex at the speed of light, shooting through a vortex, a bit like a black hole, except the vortex is brilliantly colored, again in a pulsing geometric type way. It seems that I'm in this vortex for an eternity. Also, I feel a LOT of fear right now, like my soul is leaving my body and is being taken somewhere else. I remember having a vague notion of 'Oh no, I've overdosed, I certainly can't live through this now.' Time has become meaningless, quick but forever. This is the most alien thing I have ever felt.

All of a sudden the travel stops, or maybe I just got through the vortex and was travelling through open blackness, but there was no point of reference to gauge movement. I'm in the middle of something... Or maybe something is in the middle of me? Throughout the blackness I hear giggling, like children giggling. I can't see them though. But for some reason my fear subsides at this point, I become curious. I want to find the source of the giggling, but can't even imagine how to begin searching. Just then I feel the presence of something, or several somethings. The gigglers?

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### **Report #49 — entities**

Having smoked the DMT in two hits, I lay back and barely had time to close my eyes as an immensely coherent visual trip began.

To start with I was travelling into what looked like a long curved tunnel. The walls of the tunnel were like bright multicolored tiles — pinks, greens and blues especially.

After an indeterminate period of time I found myself in a garden, which seemed to be suspended in a sky-blue void, rather than part of any larger land mass.

The garden had grass, flowers, trees, even a picket fence and seemed quite convincing and solid. I noticed two 'faeries' sitting on a swing hanging from one of the trees. They seemed to be inviting me closer, and I floated in their direction (didn't feel like I had my body with me).

As I approached them I noticed that they were lewdly playing with themselves and each other, I watched them for some time before noticing that there were more inhabitants in the garden.

There were more of the faeries and what I assume were their children (there were no males). The children were walking about with watering cans watering the flowers that grew on the borders of the garden.

Suddenly several of the children started spraying me with something which stung my face with tiny pinpricks of pain. As my mind objected I received the thought that they were spraying insecticide on me to kill the bugs (dunno where this thought came from but I feel it was relayed telepathically to me from the faeries).

After being sprayed, the faeries all formed a group near to me. They seemed to all be adding to some liquid which they were creating inside one of the flowers. They wanted me to pay attention to this, so I watched them all working on their flower thing.

Soon enough they were done, and from the flower head they produced a shiny looking capsule. They told me to eat it, and I felt that it had been prepared with love and that I should eat it.

As I ate the capsule, the thought came up that I was at ten minutes and should be ending my DMT trip, but that this capsule would extend my trip (Of course I didn't know how long I'd been off, although when I later came around it had been 17 mins.)

The final phase of my trip was frankly utterly unexpected. I was surrounded, pleased, rubbed and teased by the rudest, sexiest bunch of faeries you can imagine.

My physical body actually began moving with what I was experiencing inside — my hips were bucking and gyrating. A tiny part of my mind knew that back in the real world my friends were probably seeing something rather odd, but the pleasure was too great not to writhe to.

The trip faded out gradually, and I kept my eyes closed as I tried to gather myself.

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### **Report #50 — entities**

I started to think to myself 'remember to breath, stay calm, you will be back'. Before I finished that thought I was met by a multitude of sounds. (At this point track of time was lost.) It was music-like but it was not music. It was the typical cracking and popping I had read about but did never read that these sounds could be felt. I could feel them in every part of my body and that was when I realized I had no body, I was outside of my body. My soul had separated from the flesh and had transcended to another place I still did not yet understand. I then realized these sounds were not just random sounds but living entities. I did not question what these entities were or where they came from. I did not try to communicate with them for I had no need. They were there and the sound they made gave me more comfort and peace than I have ever felt on this plane of existence. I knew they had come to see me and to guide me to where I was going. We had known each other before and were with each other not to question what was happening or to communicate with each other but just to thrive from each other's energy. I had a feeling of mutuality between us. They were all around me, inside me, over me and below me and the whole time nothing more than content, peaceful feelings were present. I thought this was all there was and I would be returning home soon. I had never been so wrong in my life.

I think the sounds may have been beings sent to guide me to where I was being taken. I had a feeling of movement faster than anything I could have ever imagined. I felt a flood of energy and ultra high and low frequencies weighing on my body similar to a high G-force turn. While this was happening I felt as if I was being flooded with information. It was like other beings trying to communicate with me each one wanting my attention. It was coming too fast and it was the only time I had any sort of panic or fear, I thought or said slow down and was almost annoyed by the speed at which this was coming at me. As soon as I thought or said slow down everything stopped. I had no sensation of touch, smell or sight but was content with this feeling. I had no need for the physical sensations we need in this plane of existence. I was not hungry, cold, in pain, tired, etc... and had no wants or desires for anything, I was truly content and at peace with my surroundings. Once this contentment filled my soul and everything slowed down I heard a female voice as if it was being tuned in on a radio. I could not make out the words but I knew they were being said to me. I only made out 3 words clearly and they were all I was supposed to hear. The female voice



said, "I love you". In those three words I felt more secure, comforted and loved than I have ever felt anywhere, anytime in my life. As soon as I heard those three words I heard a male voice in the same "radio being tuned in" matter. I never did make out any of the words that were said to me but the message was loud and clear. The message I was being given was don't worry, you are with me, you can and will get over anything, there is nothing you cannot handle. Then, suddenly the voices were gone but the sound were still with and within me. I knew I had been given the gift I was pulled to that place for and I knew it was time for me to return to my body and my friends. I had a feeling of opening of a door and walking through it. Before I walked through the door I felt as if I turned and said thank you. The most honest, unconditional thank you I have ever said.

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### **Report #51**

Right as I exhaled, the wind blew, and I felt that it was beginning to blow my body away too. I closed my eyes, and the 'normal' psychedelic patterns evolved into ultra-3d visuals, first of children's hands pouring a white but not white viscous liquid. There was a soothing voice for a second, too, but I could not make out what it said. I lay down on the couch, feeling like I was halfway between worlds. I could open my eyes at any time, and be in a familiar but normal place, or close them and view this ultra 3d world of shimmering silken liquids and beautiful hands. At one point I saw a shadow of a humanoid figure standing above me to the left, and felt that it was looking down on me, but it faded as quickly as it appeared, and soon the 3d was turning back into 2d, and I opened my eyes again, and said something along the lines of 'Well, that was definitely the strangest thing I've ever seen.'

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### **Report #52**

By that time I felt a piercing pressured glow in the centre of my brain and realised I had a short time to take maybe a smaller toke as well which I just managed to inhale and hold in for a few seconds. Next I remember a frequency noise with lots of chrome silver squares spinning and morphing fast with the noise and the visionary chrome squares getting faster and faster within seconds and I was getting to think if I should be frightened but I lost that thought and a sheer feeling of amazement took over me.

I then remember suddenly standing in a chrome room which was a state of more spinning chrome but then the room settled and in front of me was a large cube of light made of hundreds of smaller cubes floating above the centre of the room. I stood in front of this large cube that had started having the smaller cubes shoot out of it with coded encryptons on them and remembering to catch them and put them back into the main cube, knowing that I had to solve this complex alien-like puzzle.

As I did this the pieces came out faster and faster and I made sure I moved my arms as fast to catch every piece of small cube and work out where it was to be put back in light-speed seconds. Once I did this I shot into a room of gleaming bright light in which I felt a huge spiritual presence and I sat there happy knowing I was in the presence of GOD.

As I was saying thank-you for accepting my presence before him, I started coming out of the DMT trip and looked straight at Joanie who seemed to be visioned as herself on four screens rotating round at a pace which slowed down as the rest of the effects were wearing off. I looked down at myself and saw all the clothes I was wearing covered in thin textured orange puke which I think was the Tangy Cheese Doritos I had eaten earlier.

I asked Shane and Joanie if I had taken the experience o.k. and was I told my whole body had been convulsing, I was doing strange fast flickering hand movements and I was kicking stuff off my table, that I rested one leg on the table with it trembling really fast whilst sitting on my sofa and I had curled up into the fetal position all in the space of nearly 20 minutes though I felt the trip lasted only 5 minutes.

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### **Report #53 — entities**

I closed my eyes and focused immediately into the distance, it was very clear, crystalline and symmetric yet totally organic. Out of the terrifyingly complex colours and patterns emerged and formed an entity that sneered at me,

grinning wildly with two piercing eyes, it was free floating and fractalising. Swirling arms and appendages formed out of its now more solid ethereal body of light.

I sensed or imagined that smaller invisible beings were slicing me up across the chest and stomach with laser sharp instruments, it was painful, but somewhat acceptable and bearable. In retrospect, this was perhaps the DMT vapour touching my lung pathways. The Entity became greater within my closed-eye visual perception and was growing more menacing, I felt it trying to attach itself to me, or get inside me somehow. I did what I felt I had to do. I mentally said and intended the thought 'COME ON THEN!' and threatened back at it what it was doing to me. With this, it started to dissipate, in the reverse way that it had formed. As it subsided away back into the colourful patterns and geometrics I pleaded with it to come back, but it had gone.

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### **Report #54**

Seconds later I heard a loud noise that seemed to consume all other noises in the room. Then my vision rapidly faded to nothing but a long grey spiral. I could see absolutely nothing but a dot in space and a grey spiral spinning around it. I could sort of hear my friends in the room laughing at me so I knew that I was OK. Then the spiral turned into an incredible array of patterns. It might sound weird but for the 8-10 minutes I was in this amazing world I was completely part of it all. When the patterns changed I changed with them. It was incredible. And then as quickly as the experience had started, it ended. My vision came back quickly in flashes of the room I had been sitting in. When I had come back completely I noticed that I was still tripping pretty hard with tracers and color patterns on the floor and walls.

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### **Report #55**

I fell back on the couch, gasped for breath a couple times and suddenly boarded a loud locomotive to hell. Shiny black bubble womb-like space with green shiny streaks. No fear, no anger, just intense torturous pain, emotional pain yet with no reasoning behind it. Also physical pain and extreme muscle tension and then nausea, grasping my stomach and convulsing, writhing up down and back and forth. Moaning coming from back of my throat. At no time did I feel fear, or anger. Or unsafe though never felt safe either. I somehow sensed it was a temporary experience though time and space meant nothing. I also felt that it was my own creation and I think that's why it wasn't too threatening. I got the feeling I created the pain so somehow had the power to release it, though not that moment, or that day. How? I don't know, wasn't given that information.

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### **Report #56 — entities**

About 20 seconds later, a tingling feeling rushed through my body straight up from my toes to my head. A colorful, geometric pattern fell over my vision of everything in the room, 'not so bad,' I said. My friend was talking me through it, asking if I was alright, sure, it was pretty and I felt a mild rush of euphoria. Then, I was no longer in the room, all I saw was similar to static on television, with one of my friends in front of me melting into a platinum blob, and reforming into . . . I don't know, an alien, with two black holes for eyes and no mouth or nose, or really a face for that matter. When he spoke, I felt as though he had just swallowed me whole and spit me back out, and the words made no sense, they were echoes. I tried to speak back, to tell him to stop swallowing me and spitting me out, but they say I just stared the whole time, never saying a word.

I closed my eyes to make the craziness go away, but that only proceeded to cause myself to begin falling through space, not knowing which way was up. Opening my eyes, I was no longer in my body, and a rush of random images flashed at me. I was being propelled through time and space, and I honestly felt like I was dead and what I was seeing was a reflection of my life, or human life in general, and a higher power was showing me how delicate life is and how small a piece of existence I am. . . it was bizarre and yet somehow all made sense.

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## Report #57 — entities

The needle jabbed into my arm and the dimethyltryptamine oozed into my bloodstream. At the same time the steam came on with a rhythmic clamor and I remember thinking that it would be nice to have some heat. Within thirty seconds I noticed a change, or rather I noticed that there had never been any change, that I had been in this dreamy unworldly state for millions of years. I told this to Dr. \_\_. who said, 'Good, then it is beginning to cross the blood-brain barrier.'

It was too fast. Much too fast. I looked up at what a minute ago had been doors and cabinets, and all I could see were parallel lines falling away into absurdities. Dimensions were outraged. The geometry of things crashed blindly into one another and crumbled into chaos. I thought to myself, 'But he said that I would see God, that I would know the meaning of the universe.' I closed my eyes. Perhaps God was there, behind my eyeballs.

Something was there, all right; Something, coming at me from a distant and empty horizon. At first it was a pinpoint, then it was a smudge, and then — a formless growing Shape. A sound accompanied its progress towards me — a rising, rhythmic, metallic whine; a staccato meeyow that was issuing from a diamond larynx. And then, there it loomed before me, a devastating horror, a cosmic diamond cat. It filled the sky, it filled all space. There was nowhere to go. It was all that was. There was no other place for me in this — \*Its\* universe. I felt leveled under the cruel glare of its crystalline brilliance. My mind, my body, my vestige of self-esteem perished in the hard glint of its diamond cells.

It moved in rhythmic spasms like some demonic toy; and always there was its voice — a steely, shrill monotony that put an end to hope.... The chilling thing was that I knew what it was saying! It told me that I was a wretched, pulpy, flaccid thing; a squishy-squashy worm. I was a thing of soft entrails and slimy fluids and was abhorrent to the calcified God.

I opened my eyes and jumped up from my chair screaming: 'I will not have you! I will not have such a God!'

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## Report #58 — entities

Smoked the material in two tokes and lay back onto a comfortable mound of throw pillows. Immediately my pulse & heart rate sped up, as did the timbre of my entire level of energetic vibration. I heard a high-pitched whine, and then I saw an archetypal female face, like one would find on the bust of a Greek or Roman goddess, etched in indigo against the blackness behind my closed eyes. The face vanished, and was replaced by a vision of a million tiny s-bends, also in indigo, like miniature sea horses covering my entire visual field. They were dancing and seemed alive. They all seemed to dance together into the center of the space behind my eyelids and blended together into one giant s-bend, which quickly took a more defined shape and revealed itself to be an enormous serpent. It was an anaconda, with a head the size of a human's, located approximately three feet in front of me and staring directly into my eyes.

The expected reaction in a situation such as the one in which I found myself would be mortal terror. However, this was not the case, although I was understandably somewhat shocked at first. There was something I noticed in the serpent's gaze that immediately put me at ease. It was eyeing me with what I can only characterize as maternal affection, like a mother seeing her newborn for the very first time. The anaconda seemed to sense my relaxation into the situation, and when it seemed sure that I was not afraid it quickly darted towards me, entered my mouth, and seemed to swim up into my brain!

As the snake swam around and through my neural pathways, I experienced an immensely pleasurable sensation, like a cerebral massage of sorts. Any talented masseuse, while bestowing a sensually pleasant and therapeutic experience upon their subject, will also pick up a lot of information as they explore the musculature upon which they work. Such was the case, it seemed, with the anaconda & I as well. I felt as if it were scanning my memory banks and assimilating all of the information stored within them as it traveled through my grey matter.

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## **Report #59**

I was distracted from these thoughts by some of the most unusual visuals that I have ever had. Usually, most of the things I see are transmogrified from my surroundings. In this case, however, since I had no raw input, the shapes were freed from this. They were three-dimensional abstract designs, quite angular. I had a strong impression that these were the Riemann surfaces that I had pictured in my applied mathematics course. The colours were purple and yellow, which is typical even for my LSD experiences. I tend to see light split into colour opposites: purple-yellow, blue-orange, green-red. The purple was the dominant color and the edges of the figures were traced in bright yellow.

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## **Report #60 — entities**

The scenes are rich, vivid, emotionally charged, and filled with symbols and archetypal images that feel imbued with deep meaning and significance. The speed at which visual images develop is slower than with those that accompany the 'flash' of smoked DMT. I've found that this allows me to absorb the content of the images more fully.

With ingested DMT I've had visions which challenge Ketamine visuals for vastness and cosmicity. Yet these DMT visuals had a degree of realism I've never before encountered. The images were so real, so alive, palpable, and tangible that I could almost taste them. And I nearly felt that I could reach into their dimension and physically touch them. At times it was as though I was a spectator watching a performance of the grand universal theatre. But at other times entities in the visions were quite aware of my presence, and were able to metamorphose as a means of communicating to me.

The play-like elfin chatter which accompanies many smoked DMT tryps has also been present during these journeys. In nearly all manners, these ingested DMT tryps have exceeded my experience of smoked DMT.

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## **Report #61**

Within minutes, I was completely floored — literally. I writhed on the floor for what seemed like an eternity, connecting to a space that was intensely cosmic, but with extremely dark undertones. We were in a hotel room, and at some point I crawled underneath the sink next to the bathroom and curled up. I have little memory of what the actual 'content' of the flash was, but I suspect the tone is more important than the content in this case: that I was definitely involved in an experience which didn't particularly enjoy me or my involvement in it. I attribute most of the dark edge to the DMT, as I typically find 5-MeO-DMT to be a much more open and vibrant kind of experience, but I couldn't say for sure. It was not so dark or ugly that I wouldn't do it again, of course, and in fact, it was far more enjoyable than many of the strictly DMT experiences I have had.

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## **Report #62 — entities**

Initial effects were felt in twenty minutes or so, building to a peak within forty-five minutes to an hour after ingestion. I wish that I could report a transcendently ecstatic result from this experiment, but that was not to be the case. It was perhaps the most terrifying psychedelic experience that I can recall. The best metaphor that I can come up with for what I went through is that of an alien abduction. It felt as though I was being examined and probed by a cold, unemotional, foreign presence whose intentions were unclear but seemed very sinister at the time. It was invasive and very disturbing, almost like a psychic rape. The predominant feeling tone was quite dark and foreboding. I was experiencing a slight degree of stomach upset from the DMT, and vomited near the hour point. I could see some of the DMT that presumably had not been digested in the container into which I had vomited. After I vomited, the effects gratefully seemed to subside, and I felt as though I was thankfully returning to baseline much quicker than I had expected.

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## **Report #63**

And the vision which was timeless ...

The resonating chimes or aria of this 'soul,' which was I, reverberating through infinite space, centered in a glowing golden orange orb that was as it were the pupil of the Eye, that filled the space where the sky had been. All these impressions are most tentative, for this was not a visual experience but was far, far beyond mere visuals, as far as vision is beyond blindness. Around this glowing orb 'appeared' as it were a number of smaller shapes. I have since imagined them to be globes or spheres of whiteness, simply because this best fits. This vision also coincides with an earlier (also non-visual) impression that I underwent on a previous DMT trip, when I had the sense of being inside a white sphere surrounded by smaller orange shapes (the colors appear to have been reversed). I had thought at the time that this vision (which I opened my eyes too quickly to really undergo) could quite easily have been interpreted (by the senses) as a sort of 'abduction scenario.' But all my earlier DMT experiences were really little more than a warm-up for this last, total abduction scenario.

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## **Report #64**

This must have been 100 times stronger as the last time and 1000 times more than the first. It was only a few minutes into the trip and I was wondering how I was going to make it through. Everything changed colour rapidly and was laid in patterns and hieroglyphic symbols moving at incredible speeds. I felt like I was possessed and was experiencing extreme physical sensations which is what made the trip so scary. I was also totally disillusioned as to what was going on and thought I was somebody else, and took pity on this person.

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## **Report #65 — entities**

This time I saw the 'elves' as multidimensional creatures formed by strands of visible language; they were more creaturely than I had ever seen them before. The message was changing from the initial 'OK, OK, safe, safe . . .'

The word changing suggests that this was a time-linear process. I don't think this is the case. I believe that during the trance the whole message and its variations were there at once, from the start. There is a different meaning to time in the DMT state, and the notion of linear temporal order that we usually believe, is not valid or useful. All the information is always immediately there and the idea of linearity comes from our linear habits of attention and the fact that we do not yet know how to see/hear/perceive several messages simultaneously and consciously, so we string them out for perceptual convenience.

The elves were dancing in and out of the multidimensional visible language matrix, 'waving' their 'arms' and 'limbs/hands/fingers?' and 'smiling' or 'laughing,' although I saw no faces as such. The elves were 'telling' me (or I was understanding them to say) that I had seen them before, in early childhood. Memories were flooding back of seeing the elves: they looked just like they do now: evershifting, folding, multidimensional, multicolored (what colors!), always laughing, weaving/waving, showing me things, showing me the visible language they are created/creatures of, teaching me to speak and read.

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## **Report #66 — entities**

Upon inhalation, the trembling darkness before me crystallized instantly into a shimmering vortex of lime-colored tessera and began a meticulous implosion upon itself. Pulses of sinuous electric energy shot along it from behind me and I could see them disappear down its infinite corridor. Each one came faster and faster and faster until this typhoon-like tunnel was throbbing with supple, supernova pulsations. It was then that I began to accelerate, an auditory drone that seemed to flange at the edges of my being propelling me along. I couldn't believe the breakneck speed with which I was beginning to move, like a proton in a hyperspatial supercollider. The breathtakingly ecstatic sensation of being literally shot out of the confines of my corporeal body was overwhelming, and already my mind was grasping wildly about for some semblance of familiarity. No previous DMT journey had ever moved this fast.

The vortex started coiling then, curling and cycling into its cylindrical self, and I became aware that it was but one strand in a warping and wefting dimension which was now materializing and taking on a thousand outlandish forms all around me. Ahead was an entirely ludicrous, tensile, concentric, mandala-like disco-medusa that wore about it a technicolor dreamcoat of fibrillating antennae, surrounded by an ultraviolet aura. Instantly I could tell it was alive: some sort of a sentinel.

Then seemingly out of nowhere and from every direction at once came these freakish tentacles of liquid lapis lazuli. They began moving together with an almost orchestral hyperprecision, and I was completely mesmerized — it was like nothing I had ever seen. I had absolutely no idea what I was looking at — there must literally have been thousands of them — I was utterly flabbergasted. I knew I must find a way past this creature though, as extraordinary as she was. We were still cruising along at the speed of light, now descending backwards together through an amoeboid, octahedral gallery of iridescent vaults.

It was at this moment that I became suddenly aware we were not alone. The vaults seemed to zoom explosively outward then and the gallery expanded ad infinitum into a gargantuan, labyrinthine, almost interstellar space, and through every vault poured the miraculous and zanyimps who make the tryptamine hyperdimension their home. The tentacles of lapis lazuli gathered these capricious, multi-colored enigmas in towards the center, and became the architectonic scaffolding of their new multi-dimensional reality, a world which I found myself dab smack in the middle of.

It was like a liquid mind ecology of staggering and alien complexity, the mind as it crosses over into quantum warpdrive and migrates ever further out into the oceanic beyond. At this point the glorious geometries transcended what is even vaguely feasible in this three-dimensional mundane world, constantly concreting into new and variegated permutations, exfoliating out of themselves what might be called hyperspherologies of the divine, and to look anywhere was to be shot clean through with scintillating amazement. Crowding and cramming themselves into my field of vision were thousands upon thousands of beings of every imaginable sort and many that were completely unimaginable.

They were everywhere jabbering in indecipherable tongues, juggling incandescent neon microworlds of dancing beings, and morphing with a zen-like, diaphanous fluidity that remains a primal miracle no matter how often you lay your all too human eyes on it. The primordial intelligence being manifest before me was palpable, undeniable, transcendently amazing — it shook me to my core in a more-than-real gleeful profundity. All I could do was sit there in divine liquid awe, my soul gaping wide open, and stare at the incalculable proportions of bizarreness and the downright weird that lay before me. It was like being entertained by the 76,000 piece orchestra of an alien civilization in whose classical music each note is not merely a musical tone, but an entire world, each just as intricate and nuanced as our own.

You have a sense of being swarmed by the whimsical mastermind artforms of an extremely eccentric Boolean contortionist, a diabolical merry go round of linguistic Rubix cubes, 13th-dimensional millipedes saying themselves to themselves as they make love, and impossible Gordian knots dancing the jitterbug at a lyrical lightspeed: a gelatinous ballet of endlessly self-juxtaposing pirouettes. You realize all at once you have arrived and are now having darshan with this gigantically insectoid, otherworldly Oz.

They came at me again and again, a more than possible tsunami of opalescent combobulations, like rivers of music and miracles and clowns, the flood gates of my soul thrown wider than wide with the sheer magnitude of this dazzling, world-devouring spectacle. It was the primal, otherworldly bewilderment of the Andalusian gardens that grow in the antipodes of the mind, the crystalline vegetal perplexity of its delectable ecologies spilling and dripping and pouring like liquid diamonds from my eyes.

The presence of what is awesome, what is wildly and passionately and numinously alive, filled every meridian in the vast continent of my expanded being, an intensity of joy and love and life coursing like heavenly ambrosia through my electrified veins. It was as though I myself was god, moving through liquid ecologies of god, the self-crystallizing emerald labyrinths of the tryptamine dreamtime, a marvelous infundibulum of plasmoidal calisthenics. What occurred was a total meltdown of everything I know and hold dear, utter surrender into the honeycomb lovewomb of the universe reborn, born anew in a thousand unendingly magnificent eyes, and Maya and Lila handheld spinning

in sundream dandelions, my five senses spinning like a zillion gyroscopes round the centripetal amethyst of this all and everything.

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### **Report #67 — entities**

Before me I see an iridescent membrane, taut and gently pulsating, something stretching and pushing towards me, on the other side, straining to emerge. A fissure rends, tears and inside I glimpse the existence of some-thing/place consisting of a dense whirling body of brilliantly multi-colored primordial life/thought stuff, seeping and beckoning . . . I breathe and return into the plexus, center of my being, to witness myself as an outline-constructed 2-D diagrammatic shell of many coherent light-points, revolving quadrated vortices, large central to smaller and then tiny outer, phosphorescent green and I . . . exit into utter emptiness, space matrix.

Impression of basic colors unmuted blue, yellow and red, shimmering into being, depth imperceptible yet defined within the space, endlessly recurring back from/into the corner when, slowly, from around the edges they peer towards me, watching, eyes bright and watching in small faces, then small hands to pull themselves, slowly, from behind and into view, they are small white-blond imp-kids, very old in bright mostly red togs and caps, candy-store, shiny, teasing and inquisitive, very solemn and somewhat pleased (ah, here you are!) watching me as I meet their eyes bright and dark without any words (look!) or any idea remembered, they only want to convey (look!) through their eyes that I must know that THIS is what they/we are doing ...

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### **Report #68 — entities**

Found myself once again in the company of the "elves", as the focus of their attention and ministrations, but they appeared much less colorful and altogether preoccupied with the task at hand, i.e., pouring a golden, viscous liquid through a network of long, intertwining, transparent conduits which led into the middle of my abdomen ...

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### **Report #69 — entities**

Not only did I have what I can only call a "close encounter," I was left with two thoughts. First, they were waiting for me, and they were not "friendly." ... [On the] third attempt [it] seemed like they could not wait for me to experiment. In this event, I did not have actual contact, but rather "felt" them wanting to get into my consciousness. The actual experience was far more frightening than any major "trip" previously experienced. ... I was profoundly affected.

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### **Report #70 — entities**

I was in a large space and saw what seemed to be thousands of the entities. They were rapidly passing something to and fro among themselves, and were looking intently at me, as if to say "See what we are doing!" ... I noticed what seemed to be an opening into a larger space, like looking through a cave opening to a starry sky. As I approached this I saw that resting in the opening was a large creature, with many arms, somewhat like an octopus, and all over the arms were eyes, mostly closed, as if the creature were asleep or slumbering. As I approached it the eyes opened, and it/they became aware of me. It did not seem especially well-disposed toward me, as if it did not wish to be bothered by a mere human, and I had the impression I wasn't going to get past it, so I did not try.

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### **Report #71 — entities**

I took two inhalations from a mixture of 75 mg of DMT wax (less than 100% pure) and mullein. The visual hallucination was experienced as overwhelming, totally amazing, incredible and unbelievable. I could only surrender to the experience, reminding myself that I would survive, and attempt to deal with the sense that what I was seeing was completely impossible. I wondered whether this was what dying was like, and reassured myself, through noting my breathing, that I was still alive. What I was experiencing was happening too quickly to

comprehend. At one point I suddenly became aware of beings, who were rapidly flitting about me. They appeared as dark, stick-like beings silhouetted against a rapidly-changing kaleidoscopic background. Although I could not make out much detail, I definitely felt their presence.

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### **Report #72 — entities**

On the sixth occasion I took two inhalations of about 35 mg of pure DMT in a glass pipe. Immediately upon closing my eyes I was overwhelmed by the usual visual hallucination. This seemed to last but briefly, whereupon I passed abruptly through to another realm, losing all awareness of my body. It was as if there were alien beings there waiting for me, and I recall that they spoke to me as if they had been awaiting my arrival, but I cannot remember exactly what was said. This time, rather than (or as well as) flitting about me, the entities approached me from the front, rapidly and repeatedly, appearing to enter and pass through me. I could make no sense of what was happening. I opened my eyes and made contact with my companions, locating myself once more in the room from which I had begun. Immediately I completely forgot what I had just experienced. The contents of the room appeared stable but weirdly distorted. I was able to recognize and to talk to my companions, but I felt and appeared very disoriented.

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### **Report #73**

I got deeply into the visual hallucination. I was barely able to remind and to reassure myself that "DMT is safe," though I had some difficulty recalling the name "DMT". With eyes closed, I experienced intense, overwhelming visual imagery. I was seeing a large, extremely colorful surface, like a membrane, pulsating toward and away from me. ... I recalled that I had seen this before, on previous DMT trips, but had forgotten it. During this experience I was aware of my breathing and heartbeat, and was careful to continue breathing deeply. The pattern was in intense hues, and its parts seemed to have meaning, as if they were letters of an alphabet, but I could not make sense of it. I was quite amazed. I felt that I was being shown something, and I tried to understand what I was seeing, but could not. I also heard elf-language, but it was not meaningful to me. Eventually the visions subsided, with no breakthrough and no overt alien contact.

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### **Report #74**

Smoked 40-50 mg of DMT wax ... An overwhelming and confusing experience. My heart rate seemed to go way up, which caused me some concern. I had to remind myself that one does not die from smoking DMT. The experience was disjointed and erratic. There were white flashes, like subtitles in a film, except that they were not verbal but rather like a white-energy-being rushing quickly through the scene from left to right (what I now think of as "the white lightning being"). There was a strange, incomprehensible auditory hallucination. Confusing and unpleasant.

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### **Report #75 — entities**

Upon lying back I became aware of brightly colored, moving patterns, which I remembered having seen before on DMT (but having forgotten about — indeed even now, a half-hour later, I cannot recall them clearly). I was then immersed in a totally weird state, like being in a large multi-colored hall whose walls (if it had walls) were moving incomprehensibly. ... Apart from occasional awareness of my breathing I was hardly aware of my body at all. I seemed to be in another world, disembodied, and feeling flabbergasted. I seemed to be aware of the presence of other beings in the same space, but had only fleeting glimpses of them, as if they were shy about appearing to me. In this state I did not know what to do. It was as if I was offered a wish by the dragon but did not understand what was being offered — or even that there was a dragon at all. Throughout there was elf-music, and elf-language in the background. I did not attend much to this since the visual component was so overwhelming. As the effect wore off I felt myself losing contact with this state, and knew that I would forget what was happening. It felt as if there were beings "waving goodbye".

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### **Report #76 — entities**

I smoked 40 mg of pure DMT mixed with some marijuana ... I quickly entered into the trance state without noticing any great amount of the usual patterned visual hallucination ... I seemed to be falling away, spiralling into some large, black void, after which I seemed to be in a bright, open space in the presence of two other beings. Their forms were not very clear, but they seemed to be like children, as if we were together in a playground. They appeared to be moving very rapidly ... The two beings seemed to be trying to attract my attention, and to communicate something to me, but I could not understand. It was as if they were trying to make me understand where I was. One even seemed to be holding up a sign, like a speech balloon but, as I recall, the sign was blank. I attended to my breathing, and with this came an increased sense of self-identity, and with this a lessening of contact with the two beings.

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### **Report #77**

Smoked 40 mg spread over mint leaves, in three tokes, sitting upright. My intention was to see what spirits, if any, are currently about me. As the experience came upon me I managed to keep that intention, or at least, "What spirits ...?", and also remembered to breathe regularly. A strange state of mind ensued, one of dynamic, patterned energy, in which I was not sure whether I was perceiving a scene, with a moving being, or not. I finally realized that the answer to my question regarding spirits was that there were indeed many around me, and that they were merry, hiding and playing a joke on me. However, I did not specifically see or hear any.

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### **Report #78 — entities**

Smoked 40 mg of DMT wax spread over mint leaves as usual, sitting up leaning against a pillow. ... As the trance came on I was overwhelmed with visual imagery that I did not even attempt to make sense of. I struggled to remember who I was. ... [I] turned my attention to the visual component, and what I saw was an incredible amount of stuff coming at me in waves, sort of rolling toward me. There were two beings in the scene, and they were doing the rolling, definitely throwing all this stuff at me — I don't know why. The scene changed, and there was more visual hallucination, but I don't remember the details — all happening very quickly.

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### **Report #79**

After taking a couple of tokes I certainly began to feel weird. I lay back with closed eyes and watched some complex, dynamic geometric patterns. It was hard to make sense of what was going on, but it felt like I was receiving a high bandwidth information transmission.

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### **Report #80**

During this trip (this one inside the house) having taken a lungful of smoke, I did not see complex-geometric patterns, but the effects were so intense that I felt I was going to die. This did not worry me very much, but I felt it would be embarrassing for my sitter to have to deal with my death, so I managed to open my eyes and say: "If you don't get me through this I'm gonna die!" The response was reassuring: "You're doing fine, Peter!".

While coming down from this experience, which was quite awesome, I felt that I had been put in touch with the center of my being, that is, that garbage separating my ego from my core self had been removed. It is hard to explain this in more detail, I simply felt that my everyday conscious ego was, however temporarily, in close contact with my core self, or essence. In the days and weeks following I felt that something had been conveyed to me that was enabling me to live my life better.

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### **Report #81 — entities**

Late one evening I smoked a mixture of DMT and 5-MeO-DMT ("the Maya twins"). As the effect came on I heard the "tearing/crinkling of cellophane" sound which some others have reported. Visually there was a lot going on, very fast. Suddenly I became aware of beings, flitting across the scene. They appeared to be like "stick figures", black and silhouetted against a very colorful background. They were not merely components of the vision; I recognized immediately that they were things in themselves (of some sort).

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### **Report #82 — entities**

Looking back on this session, it seems to me that, upon entering the realm of the alien entities, I was immediately attacked by them — or was it a test rather than an attack? Psychic attacks are apparently uncommon with DMT (although some researchers report several known occurrences), so this probably had more to do with my particular relation to these entities than to the nature of the DMT state. Since, in the trance state, I had no physical body, I was not in any physical danger. Such an experience, however, will seem very alarming to someone not adequately prepared to deal with it. Indeed, some people who have tried DMT regard it with a degree of anxiety approaching terror. The DMT state is certainly one that requires courage to explore, but as shamans have long known there may be considerable benefits to overcoming one's fear of penetrating into this alien dimension.

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### **Report #83 — entities**

I loaded 50 mg DMT into a bowl on top of some the marijuana ash, held the lighter just above the crystals and watched as they melted and infused into the plant matter below. A small amount of smoke came through and I inhaled deeply. My ears began to buzz slightly and the room took on a fine vibration. I mentally tried to prepare myself to leave this plane of existence, focusing on two things: holding the next toke in as long as I could and letting go as the molecule unlocked my mind ... freeing it from the chains tying it to myself ... my perceptions, my memories, my identity.

After exhaling a very dense, white cloud of DMT smoke I almost immediately began rocketing upwards. Every muscle in my body had tensed with so much energy that I thought I was going to explode. My senses felt completely jumbled. My last instinct was to lie down, grab a pillow and cover my eyes and ears. I wanted no distractions ... nothing to tie me to the world I was leaving. I could even feel the muscles in my inner ear tensing, perceived as shaking, rocky auditory sound similar to that of a rocket ship blasting off. I felt my body expanding and stretching out ... it was as if I was approaching the speed of light. I felt like my solid form had lost its integrity and I was existing as pure energy, massless, zipping through space. This space seemed empty in that there were no solid objects, but full with energy that created incredible kaleidoscopic and geometric images.

I felt like I was approaching the end of this worm hole that I had been rocketed through. Even with a pillow covering my face, and my eyes closed, there was a brilliant shimmering light in front of me. No external sensory perception necessary, neurons firing uncontrollably. A scene started to take form. There were no faces, but the geometry, composed entirely of iridescent wire frames, bending and warping, seemed to be communicating with me, inviting me in. I felt that these "creatures" were waving, and dancing, conveying to me a sense of happiness and welcome. I don't remember mistaking these things for living beings, but at that time beings didn't have the same meaning to me. These images somehow communicated, or if it doesn't qualify as communication, I'll say that they affected me deeply without any language, symbols, or conventional thought. These seemingly external geometries were transferring to me, raw emotion. No information necessarily, but emotions (all good ones ... love, happiness, safety, togetherness, etc.) were coming into my awareness from an external source. This was an absolutely amazing experience.

I remember literally writhing in ecstasy ... I couldn't control myself, well at least I didn't want to. That was the first indication that I was coming down, I noticed that I'd been moving, tensing every muscle in my body. The glowing forms dissipated as quickly as they'd arrived. I felt my mind come rushing back into my body.

I'd tried DMT twice before, and I tried it again later that night, but this was "the DMT experience" ... the one that defines my memory of the substance. It was a rocket ship, or rather I was one for a short time, and I was transported to a place where language is of no use, and all that exists is deep, raw emotion. That was such an odd experience primarily because as humans, we can't directly communicate emotion. We can do so indirectly, but only through words, expressions, and actions. We cannot take an emotion that we are feeling and make another human experience that exact emotion. The feeling of having an emotion coming from outside you is indescribable. I think I finally experienced the magic of DMT. It will take me a while to process this experience, but there's no way I can forget it. I still don't know what to make of it.

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### **Report #84 — entities**

I took six inhalations from the glass pipe and fell back. There was some rapidly moving visual pattern, in very subdued colors. I did seem to get a glimpse of some gleeful, dancing beings in a room, but this was brief. I had a sense that I was being asked what I wanted, and I replied. ... Again there was a vague awareness of distant chanting. Clearly I did not get enough DMT.

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### **Report #85 — entities**

As I entered the trance it seemed as if my hands were twitching involuntarily. There was an overwhelming visual hallucination of a complex, moving pattern, but not vividly colored as on some other occasions. I became concerned as to whether I was dying, and concentrated on my breathing. There was a kind of elf-music in the background, slow, electronic and repetitive. I could not make sense of the visual hallucination. There seemed to be personal entities emerging from the patterns and returning to them, but I was less concerned with observing them than with reminding myself that I was not going to die. Some of the DMT got into my mouth from the pipe, and there was an unpleasant taste as I emerged from the trance. I cannot say that this was my most pleasant DMT trip.

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### **Report #86**

Smoked 30-40 mg. mixed with mint leaves in a short-stemmed pipe ... Dynamic swirling geometric patterns, not particularly colorful. A strange melody, heard at a distance, a repetitive elf-like music. No fear. A fairly peaceful experience. Cannot recall everything. No sign of alien entities.

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### **Report #87**

I inhaled as much as possible and held the smoke in as long as possible. The effect came on quickly, and for a short time I was aware of an intricately-patterned geometrical visual hallucination, though not colorful. Then I was swept away to the extent that for a while I did not know who I was or what was happening, and could hardly think. Whatever was happening certainly felt bad. I felt that I had to struggle to survive. I reminded myself "One always survives", although there was also the doubt: "But this time?" After the initial geometric hallucination I did not experience any visual hallucination, just an awareness of unpleasant bodily sensations and some confusion.

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### **Report #88 — entities**

I laid down the pipe, the objects before my eyes became brilliant in their cartoon-like clarity, still, absolutely static, nor were my pupils moving. The absolute stare. It occurred to me to try closing my eyes, but what I saw wasn't the gently decorative eyelid movie of yore: it was a fairground with ferris wheels, cotton candy and the whole works, including the employees in animated discussion, happily busy and involved in the business of communicating with each other, building and running this carnival world; no second without activity, no word without purpose. A clean, clear, open-eyed world.

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### **Report #89 — entities**

There followed a series of tests: what the first ones were I can't say anymore, only that I must've passed them to go on to (and fail) the test of courage. I was led to believe that They (i.e. the enemies of the beings, of enlightenment and revelation, of the meaningful secrets) had caught me, found me, broken into my apartment to question me (and to do even worse to me, of course, unless I was ready to name names...).

Though I resisted believing that this could actually be happening right then during my trip, I finally became convinced that, yes, by nefarious coincidence or nefarious design they had invaded me with their threats of very real punishment right here and now during my trip, when I was least able to stand against them. And I immediately proceeded to turn everything over to them: Drugs, information, people: I saw the backs of the heads of my victims as they were led away. They (my betrayed victims) and They (the entities) were then so thoroughly gone and vanished that I doubted their former reality, but meanwhile I think that those backs of heads belonged to the beings filing out after the completion of the test.

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### **Report #90 — entities**

Why do things keep getting in the way? First myself, then this time some celestial imp wanting to show off, showing me high-flying gorgeous pictures. Absolutely mind-bogglingly gorgeous pictures. Then a sharp withdrawal and curt apology when I asked what the sense of all this was. She (the imp was a lower celestial female being) hadn't known I was being serious about it all.

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### **Report #91 — entities**

Full contact. They landed and took parts out of me and/or put parts in. Or — another possibility — they showed me the performance of such an act, whether it was physically carried out on me or not. But being shown something is equivalent to its happening. The whole of our experience is a long-flung fireball illumination of what's shown to us. This is a UFO landing: when someone is open for contact (through DMT or whatever). I wonder if anybody else saw them. I wonder if they put things into me (those insects they were talking about last time). I wonder if they can now contact me at any time now or just when I'm high. I wonder if they actually take people with them, I wonder if they'll take me with them.

There were sloppy serpentine parts hanging out of buckets — revolting, although I felt oddly calm about it, considering they were parts of myself. Mildly interested in the process, despite the fact that I felt I was being victimized, no matter how you look at it: lying there amidst a mass of extraterrestrial thighs, being operated on.

UFO phenomenon, electrically buzzed and illuminated by my own pulse, all the while coming of its own volition, each and every time and as often as possible, instant response to the invitation. Maybe even when not summoned? Now that's the edge of fear that I feel: That I'm way out of my depth, that I haven't got a clue as to what I'm doing, that these beings have thus far avoided fully exposing themselves to me — so far I've seen backs of heads, thighs and the wasp they sent ahead — while they are subjecting me to their tests and operations.

Who knows where it'll go next? We're travelling faster every time; this is the eighth trip and the leaps and bounds towards DMT space increase between each one. When I say DMT space, this is not a contradiction of the fact that this apparent operation took place in my room, as my surroundings were transported toward DMT space.

Scarier and scarier, but I wouldn't dream of stopping now.

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### **Report #92 — entities**

My transformation continues, meaning the operations. This time: I was filled up, meaning the insides were replaced. The skin was left: first time I looked, these marks were shining through my translucent skin, pale

rectangles with round, freckle-colored centers. The second time I looked, the marks had faded, the dermis showing through was a little uneven in color (or maybe in consistency, not having "set" yet), the skin a bit crinkly and waxy, like a new plant or an emerging locust — but probably more insectoid than plant-like.

Going back to the operation: When I returned to my body (I don't know how many minutes into the trip) the operation was already underway. An ET was speaking with me, answering questions, soothing my doubts. Once I realized what was happening, I wanted my companion in the room with me, to leave — please, no eyewitnesses to this ugliness, or possible ugliness. I was aware that he wouldn't be seeing the physical operation, but I didn't want him watching me in such an unguarded moment, when the neck isn't stretched to smooth out the wrinkles and saliva drips out the corners of the mouth. But she (the female entity working on me) said that they had no problem with that, that it was my problem and an illusory one at that. When someone is there for reasons of good will, there's no reason to hide, to act as if he's watching for you to slip up. And in fact, when I looked, he did appear good-willed, surrounded by a light blue aura.

I saw their faces for the first time. As they were going, the last one lifted the trapdoor through which they were leaving and peeked back at me, obviously to satisfy my curiosity and to allay my concern about never seeing their faces. He had a small, very triangular, face, dark with enormous almond-shaped eyes, black and opaque. An imp and looking very much like one.

Not really insectoid, despite the triangular face, and without any plates. His face looked fairly immobile, yet somehow still managed to appear kindly, teasing despite the opaque eyes and unmoving features.

This time I feel less dubious of their motives — up to now I'd had the feeling that they might be up to no good with me, since I had no way of knowing what was going on. But this time I have the feeling that this transformation is a positive development. A very positive one — they're making me into one of them.

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### **Report #93**

In the '60s, I took DMT. DMT was a wax that you could smoke that gave you a 20-minute psychedelic high. You'd inhale it. And then when you'd exhale — poof, you'd be high. I saw Buddha, man. I know that sounds like no big deal. But I saw a gigantic holographic Buddha — correct in every way! Buddhas can be very intricate — these drawings that you see in books. Thousands of details were included in this Buddha. Where did they come from? I didn't make them up. I can't even draw, you know. I could barely spell 'cat', you know. And there it was. And I thought, Wow — the power of the mind, you know.

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### **Report #94 — entities**

The next batch was very weak and despite my friend telling me about "aliens" (I imagined him to be talking about extra-terrestrials, hah, and was extremely skeptical) I never got more than light images, nothing like the first flight of beautiful horror. Though I saw "beings" they were always dream-like and very much imagination-born, I felt. They moved in that quantised fashion but were certainly not overpowering in experience. Some of these light trips included a space-age-looking being taking me down a river of geometry going past other beings in their "street". Quite pleasant. Also very faint impression of a short being with stethoscope-type instrument made of light which was placed on my forehead; very inquisitive little fellow but very faint, dreamlike.

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### **Report #95 — entities**

Trying to take another toke, I felt it coming on stronger than ever. I began to do what we affectionately call "alien speak", that is, uncontrollable stoppage of the exhalation of breath mid-exhalation, so as to make a type of reverse hiccup.

This was my first very real alien encounter. The being was controlling the way I was breathing almost as some esoteric pranayama to lock me into a different form of consciousness. (This is how it felt anyway.) With each

stoppage the geometric patterns which were very strong , bright and solid, were relaying information through my voice box, though my biological meat couldn't relay their meaning, so all one could hear was this strange gulping. The being, thin, multi-coloured, with an unwavering grin, was moving its hands down my head controlling my breath. My fingers began curling into spontaneous mudras in conjunction with the grinning aliens. It had a sort of Hindu feel about it but, like, the REAL STUFF. Whatever gesture the being performed, I was helpless but to do exactly the same thing in PERFECT sync.

Needless to say this was very freaky, with the alien also splitting its head in front of me (still grinning) with my own mind being warped left into right and right into left > <. I was quite gripped at this stage and my awareness felt as though it was being kneaded like dough — then the whole thing got even weirder!

I found myself being driven into this small square room with very real walls made of continuously changing, sharp, perfect geometry. Everything was backlit like a fluorescent tube of pure cold light. So much movement. I began to realise that there was a wheel about two feet in diameter to the left of me. It was like a swastika with its outer arms rounded to form a wheel with four extra spokes in between. It also had a depth of about eight inches but this kept changing as it spun one way then the other, its geometric patterns also changing like a cuttle fish. Though it did not look like a being, I could feel it had personal intent, it was conscious! In fact, its movements seemed intended to fill me with one-way non-verbal information! Scary.

I then noticed in front of me more movement. (This all happened very rapidly.) I looked to see a little round gnome-like being, more like Tweedle Dee than like a gnome, about chest height, trying to jump up to face height in order to freak me out. He was holding back an almighty laugh behind a quivering, thin smile. His hat (and his whole body) was moving geometric patterns, but his hat spun around in multi-coloured forms, a little round skull cap (no propellor!). He knew I was there in his space, he was very, very aware of me being there and took great joy in teasing me. He knew I was not understanding, nor handling the situation and enjoyed this immensely. This was not some smoky dreamy hallucination. It was more real than where I'm sitting right now!! IT WAS SO REAL! I willed my way out and was still tripping for the next 20 minutes with the lights now turned on. My friend had a strange colour to his body. It was like he had an aura very close to his skin.

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### **Report #96 — entities**

I packed my own pipe. I saw two demons, the Balinese type, amidst the usual sharp shapes and patterns. They did not seem to be aware of my existence or at least did not try to reach me in any obvious way. They were symmetrically opposed and dancing perfectly. Their fingers were performing mudras which were drawing laser sharp lines which combined to form mathematically pure angles and shapes. These shapes were amazing in their perfection. They were so fine that they conveyed a highly unsettling feeling. I felt as though they were spinning laser sharp visual spells which were penetrating straight into my psyche without me having a say in the matter. They were wielding these like one would wield a samurai sword. I recall reaching out to the outer world with the word "amazing", the only word I seem often to be able to mutter in these trances, and only towards the end when it's losing its power. The flash lasted 2-3 minutes.

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### **Report #97 — entities**

I put a small pinch of crystals in the glass pipe for a light trip. I didn't even get halfway through the toke before I felt a strong shift occurring. As I handed the pipe away, with the lights going off, the shift came on rapidly. Different to how it usually manifests itself. Instead of my vision being overtaken by geometry, I found the outside world being broken up into little digitised squares. (Looking at a window with a streetlight until I could do so no longer.) So quickly, from the outer periphery inwards. It was like glass shattering. I immediately I knew I was where I always go to, but always forget about. Like a corridor that I always go through but never can pull the recollection out of the trip. (I don't know if this is true or a synthesised recollection like *deja vu*.)

I am outside in a very futuristic patterned garden with bright coloured, very small, dots over everything, which are all flowing in certain directions. No plants as such but garden nonetheless. There is a corridor with a very tangible

ambience, one can feel the space around. It now appears to be a temple structure of some futuristic sort, like some space age Hindu/Mayan temple with the walls displaying architecture similar to the Pyramid of the Sun at Teotihuacan except the walls are inverted to angle outward with the terraces reversed. It seems very real but also very fleeting, changing rapidly. There are beings that are here the whole time from the very moment I entered the trip right to the moments of trying to get out of it. They seemed to have been waiting for me. It has taken me some time to come to terms with what they look like. For weeks I was sure they were Hindu deities until I saw a poster of Egyptian figures which woke my memory. They were very colourful, had strange relentless grins, very slender and could move their arms around at strange angles. Despite the high-frequency quantised pulsing in which they moved, there was still a very fluid flow to it. It was very "cyberspace".

Their fingers moved very rapidly into mudras which they again paralleled with my own movements as rapidly as a Huntsman spider, moving with the exhalation until the middle of the exhalation where all movement stopped then reversed into another mudra form with the rest of the exhalation. These movements were highly spiritual and esoteric, made yoga postures seem like egotistical naïve poses.

I felt like I was being indoctrinated and it did not feel good. These beings just kept on grinning. They knew that I knew that this was the price paid to enter their "special" world. They were very keen to show me their magic. I would try to look away but each time I tried, they would stop my breath and do some amazing transformational magic which I simply can't describe and was so amazing that I was prevented by awe from looking away. Sorry, I can't even hold it in thought for more than a fleeting moment. It was very beautiful and totally bizarre. It was as though the strength of magic taking place was way too much. Solid forms of colour and shape, way beyond the geometric forms. In your face. They kept on fanning out this magic like opening one of those decorated hand fans. They knew that this was the only place that I could experience it. Not even in memory could I see this stuff. I couldn't take it back with me. They were going for it big time. It was a really solid reality but constantly changing. I finally began to reach the surface. "I'm not going to do ..." I started, but they dragged me back in and flipped my words upside down so as to form strange hiccup words. "... this again." I said it again and the same thing happened mid-sentence. I said it a third time and they began to let me go.

When I came out ... I had thoughts that I may have been shifted into this strange awareness forever. ... I felt I had taken on the same consciousness as the aliens, that they had shifted me as their "gift". Of course, I eventually came down after about thirty minutes, but when you're there you just don't know.

That was the last journey I took. I'm still very interested in it but have come to the conclusion that each time you go in you are taken further, and with less quantity of freebase, so I'm gathering my thoughts while I await the right time to do it again. I'm in no hurry.

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### **Report #98**

I inhaled ONE toke of DMT (about 25mg), and was immediately catapulted into another dimension. I did not see any elves or anything, it seemed to me that I had shot straight into the depths of the DMT experience without having to be introduced to them. Now, I am not a religious person at all, but I found myself (or what I had become rather) in what I can only describe as "The Temple of Life". I was in a sort of white dome, with jewelled walls, covered with liquid diamonds. I felt overcome by an enormous sense of maternal love. I think it was coming from my girlfriend. Confusion set in and I started to question the validity of all this. I could not recall how I had gotten there, or what I really was. In fact, when I opened my eyes, reality was utterly transformed, beyond all my powers of description. "Biosphere" is the word that comes to mind. My girlfriend looked like a machine-goddess, her face glowing with iridescent patterns of symmetrical color. I kept looking out the window, as the scene out there was not as I knew it to be. In fact the landscape was so completely alien that I couldn't except it and kept saying, "This can't be real". It was NOT 'psychedelic', this was something VERY, VERY different.

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### **Report #99 — entities**

As with OEVs, the CEVs at this stage became very difficult to describe exactly, but I did spend more time in the CEVs when I was at this stage of a DMT trip. I saw alien beings with ellipsoid bodies running around the insane roads, rooms and corridors that seemed to dominate my visuals. They were looking at me constantly. I didn't feel threatened by their presence, I just accepted it and watched them with a curious look.

At this stage of the CEVs I had completely forgotten that I had a body. My mind had detached itself from it and become a point in virtual brainspace. My field of vision increased significantly, and I believe the reason for not being able to remember a majority of these visuals is that there was just too much information to remember; it was too detailed, too intense and was arriving at a frightening rate.

I have only been at this stage once, and that was during my first ever psychedelic experience. I intended to place myself here again on subsequent trips, but never managed to. All I remember from this stage is the alien beings, staring at me, examining me, and allowing me to examine them.

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### **Report #100 — entities**

About 10 seconds later I saw a small humanoid-shaped distortion in my visual field come strolling from the left to stand in front of me, seeming to be about ten feet away. The distortion resembled the effect used for the alien from the film Predator when that character had its cloaking device activated. As it walked its legs would lengthen, like a Slinky® descending stairs, and the arms swung at its sides, yo-yoing back and forth.

It faced me, wound up like a baseball pitcher — with wild stretching effects resembling the antics of Mr. Fantastic of the Fantastic Four—and heaved something at me, striking me in the head! Ecstasy followed as I came down from the small dose quickly, dazed by the euphoric tryptamine afterglow. My first thought was that Cupid had hit me with one of his arrows.

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### **Report #101 — entities**

There's an impression of timespace crinkling and morphing, pulling away somehow in some non-timespacey way, to reveal ... a different timespace. It seems to be a complete universe, but I can't really confirm that suspicion. Frantic noises and striking forms assault my senses. I'm completely disoriented, really scared. Form starts organizing. Now I see there are people, they seem to be people. I'm apparently behind a crude chickenwire fence with some wooden framework, like something in the ozarks. I'm right by the fence, and on the other side is a dense group of people yelling and making noises and waving objects, shapes, at me.

They seem to be jeering and teasing me. I get the impression that it's like "ha! look! it's another one of those tourists! Let's scare him!"

I see more detail. I'm inside some kind of small building, like a shack. On the other side of the fence, beyond the people, are two open doorways onto what looks like a dirt road. My impression is that this is some kind of streetside shop. The noise is continuous and disorienting. Then I notice that one of the people is on \*my\* side of the fence. He's telling me, nonvocally, that they're not trying to scare me; they're trying to show me things. He slows down his presentation, showing these unknown shape-objects in less rapid succession. They make just as little sense to me as they did otherwise. I catch a glimpse of what I think is frustration on his part; like he's disappointed at my inability to calm down and try to understand. Beside him there seems to be a makeshift gate through the chickenwire and toward the jabbering crowd. Behind him is a door, which he may be edging toward ... then I started reintegrating and slipping back to the old familiar home spacetime.

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### **Report #102 — entities**

This time I felt prepared. Not so nervous. So I close my eyes to see what's going on back there and I don't see anything particularly unusual, which is a particularly unusual thing to find under these circumstances. Then I've got



that familiar "in your face" feeling with a rapidfire changing mosaic of "symbols" (mostly seem to be multicoloured shapes, like coloured boards cut into triangles and rectangles and such) percolating before my eyes. I'm trying to think: "who are you?" "where is this?" but I don't read any responses. I feel like "someone" is flashing these images at me. Then I sense (like last time) an individual paying particular attention to my needs, slowing down the pace of the display until SHE's seemingly flashing these symbols maybe two-a-second or so. I'm frustrated because it still just looks like triangles and rectangles. I seem to be standing in a short hallway. I get more of that impression as I (apparently) back up a "few feet" to find myself standing in a crowded kitchen-like area. Now no one's really paying particular attention to me at all, but I feel they know I'm here. There seem to be ten or fifteen (that's completely a guess) people in the room, moving about and taking care of some chores. It really seems like a kitchen. I don't remember seeing sinks or anything cooking, however. So they seemed to just let me be there and take in whatever I could take in this time. I stood there looking for awhile, then came home. I was struck and thankful that they seemed to let me into a "home" or whatever, despite my apparent knuckleheaded lack of ability to understand them.

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### **Report #103 — entities**

I went first. It took a few seconds and the room started to swim so I told my friend to turn off the light. Closed my eyes and left. I could not hear the music any more. The only thing I could hear was my own breathing. The noise of breath consumed my very being and I felt that I had to focus on the process of doing it or I would cease to exist. Meanwhile I'm in this place that has turned me into a shape kinda like a 'Z' and there are millions upon millions of circles without limit constantly shifting a rainbow hue of colors and I'm distinct as a shape diferent from them but at the same time the circles are shifting over my surface. It went on for what seemed like a long time and then I started coming down so euphoricly.

The second hit that I took we were listening to "Ambient Temples of Imagination". I put a little more into the pipe than before. I could hear the music this time and had no breathing sorta side effect. I was jetisoned into a fractal cathedral which shifted into an entity that was communicating with color and shape. The entity was the language and was self-replicating. I understood everything it was telling/showing me. It pictorially told me that I had been here before and that I had come this time to assist it and give it access to the third dimension. I was so overwhelmed. It was the most meaningfull peak experience of my life (as an artist). It also is incredible that I could talk coming down out of this and tell my friend what had happened. I was stunned and had to wait at least 10 minutes in thought before I could load the pipe for her. I was ecstatic.

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### **Report #104**

An invisible horn section mounted a rapid crescendo as my body began to vibrate symphatically. Ontological warp speed arrived in a startlingly immediate flash as the universe quite literally deconstructed itself in front of my eyes into a complex green and red geometrical grid that artist Alex Grey has rendered as the "Universal Mind Lattice." An impossibly elaborate onrush of candy-colored, chaotically presented patterns of pure visual information then ensued as the intergalactic Wagnerian horn section continued to blow a spectacular fanfare. The emotional content was one of genuine awe, a briefly terrifying integration of my neurology into the submolecular fabric of the universe. Regretfully, there was no encounter with tryptamine Munchkins. But I did feel recognized, perhaps even initiated, into something bigger and weirder than my acid dreams ever suggested.

Following this convincing brush with eternity, or something suggesting death, I was transported into an cunningly decorated alien spacecraft of insectoid design, perhaps a gigantic beetle carapace. Located somewhere in the cosmos, it seemed as empty as a parking garage. A distinctive elvish giggling could be heard as I glanced around the premises, which drifted apart as I began to come down. After a pleasant three-dimensional stroll through some of Jackson Pollock's finest unpainted works, I returned to my livingroom sofa with both a chill of regret at coming down and a renewed fondness for terra firma. I enjoyed a few minutes of mild euphoria before my body returned to a nontoxic normality. I had tranced out for about 15 minutes.

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## Report #105

I was instantly alive in the most vibratory, colorful, red, blue and yellow of existence in a carnival mask. I uttered a laugh of surprise and release of fear as I was propelled through all preconceptions and as the first attention shattered and was replaced by a hyper-real, fluted and ruffled multiplexed continuum, where every edge was connected, reflective and even recursive of every other edge. The simple thought, DMT is the most powerful psychedelic I have ever experienced was beheld. Stunned, part of me felt myself holding back, I relaxed and noticeably the environment began to change. I knew I was going through the first bardo of death, that I had been here many times before, and it was OK.

All of a sudden I entered a white cube space, which was perfect, and reminiscent of a space from a distant planet where beings were only concerned with being and enlightenment. Rick and IO were there, as distinct entities: colorful, distinct from the perfect white cube space — but G was not there. Through my head I realized:

THIS IS JUST LIKE THE LAST TIME. Enough continuity with my waking consciousness gave me this thought next: BUT THIS IS MY FIRST TIME CROSSING OVER WITH THESE TWO. I concluded I had broken out of time and space and WAS experiencing either my "normal" pattern of dying, or was connected to a time in the future when, once again, I will experience, THIS IS THE TIME I WAS IN BACK THEN NOW. Awed, and slightly confused, I stored this thought for recall upon reentering baseline.

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## Report #106 — entities

It took me a while to really figure out what was going on, and what I was viewing. Actually, I still haven't really figured it out. The best (inadequate) way that I can explain it is that I was viewing a series of rapidly changing bright green hallways. They were like square tubing with variegated medium green and lighter brighter florescent green stripes. They seemed to be about five feet square, and while at first it seemed like I was just viewing them, shifting in front of me, it later seemed like I was actually traveling down them at a really rapid rate. The feeling was similar to being a pin-ball in a pin-ball machine, or being washed down a drain through pipes at a really fast rate, with lots of twists and turns.

And then I remembered the thoughts "pay attention" and "look for the elves." Another reason that it reminded me of a pinball machine was the sounds. High speed bouncing spring noises. Then I realized that this was the elves talking. They were like excited children who had inhaled helium. I didn't see them, but boy did I hear them. They were bouncing off the walls. They were saying "C'm here, C'm here" over and over again. Behind me, to my side, in front of me. When I focused on looking at where the voice was coming from, my vision shifted to a different green tunnel.

The voices were frantic, happy, silly. At one point I felt like one of them had hit me in the chest — knocking me flat, and then happily bounced out of me again. Then, something really weird happened. In the lower left hand corner of my vision an object appeared. The whole time I was looking at it I kept thinking "What the fuck am I looking at?" My inadequate description: It looked like a flower, sort of. It was a white/cream color. It was shaped like a clam shell — hinged like two hands placed together at the wrists. Where the fingers would be, were thin white tendrils or filaments that looked like the plumes of ostrich feathers. At first it was a closed clam shell, but as I stared at it, it opened up.

Inside were very tiny creatures. I can't decide if they were living or mechanical, but they moved like slow insects. Visually, they looked a lot like ants, except that the three sections weren't connected (and I think perhaps there were only two sections per bug). They were very brightly colored blue and red... sort of like a hard enamel paint-job. They were moving in the manner of ants, except much slower. And, they were moving in space (they weren't necessarily walking on the flower). They were sort of circling the center of the "flower" which seemed to be an antenna, or some kind of robotic stamen. The movement made me think of an assembly line, or the inner workings of a mechanical watch. The creatures reminded me a lot of the tiny human figures in some of Salvador Dali's paintings. Hell, the whole experience reminded me of a Dali painting.

Even as I made this connection, some of them looked more human. These creatures now seemed to be flowing into a tiny tube, each of them equidistant inside the tube, slowly moving in a blue oily liquid. At this point what I was looking at seemed very tiny, and sort of started to fade.

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### **Report #107**

As I exhaled, I heard the distinct loud ringing of chimes, accompanied by a violent visual shattering of the room around me. It was as if the chimes were the sound of the reality surrounding me shattering into pieces. I was no longer "here". I know there was a blue and a green light in the room, and my hallucinations initially at this point were bizarre fractals in those colors. It is difficult to describe, but it seemed "fourth-dimensional". Meaning I was in a place at once both outside and inside the 3rd dimension, and I could see all sides of everything (and the inside) simultaneously. Layers of these fractal patterns kept peeling outwards and inwards at the same time (very confusing) and this continued for some unknown period of time, getting more and more intense as though I was flying through a tunnel of these patterns at an intense velocity. Suddenly I shot out into "space". I say space because it was black and void, and I looked down and saw myself falling onto an IMMENSE planet from high above. I mean it was BIG. REAL BIG. The most fascinating part of it all was the fact that the planet itself was the head of a blue and purple lion. It wasn't a planet that "kind of looked like a lion", it absolutely WAS a lion's head so immense as to be a planet. I kept falling and falling towards it, and as I fell closer, it opened its mouth and let out a ROAR unlike anything I have ever heard. Risking sounding cliché, it was like the roar of God. Mighty and awesome and triumphant. Its teeth were literally the size of entire mountains, and I saw that I was falling into its abyss of a mouth. Strangely, I felt no fear at all, because "I" was not "me". I was completely detached from my ego. I fell into its mouth and the teeth started that strange "peeling outwards and inwards at the same time" pattern again as I became totally enveloped by it and was deep inside its "mouth". This continued for some amount of time, and I don't recall much after that except suddenly coming out of the trip, very disoriented.

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### **Report #108 — entities**

I smoked a what was describe as a 'large hit' of DMT crystal at home a few weeks ago, the results suprised me greatly and in retrospect I thought my experience could be of interest to others. As the first wave of DMT shot over my consciousness I became instantly aware of what could be described as the 'greys' your classic alien, much to my surprise they came running over and started to perform a series of tests as if to moniter my trip. As I slipped under the membrane between ordinary reality and DMT reality I was aware firstly of the whispering of many beings and entities almost whispering, 'You've always wondered, you've always known you would come.' All of this was most interesting, except the greys were very much involved in messing about with my ethereal body of which through my fear I had lost control over. They inserted a probe into my spine, and then as I was really losing it some other being came to my side and I shot off through hyperspace down a very long incredibly complex tunnel at vast speeds.

I appeared to be rushing past designs like the Tibetan monks have drawn, I seemed to travel for a long way at vast speeds through what seemed a guided tour of the religous consciousness of humanity, my brain seemed to be ripping itself apart as I experienced total reality. I then left the tunnel and seemed to be in deep space far from human consciouness; here I seened to play with strange apparitions like molecular building blocks before returning to the greys who seemed almost excited. At this point I was very frightened and was fighting to return to my body. Straining to sit up I saw the room through bright psychedelia but then fell back to the greys for a while until they could no longer keep me and I gradually returned to existence giggling with the shock of the actuality of existence.

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### **Report #109**

It came on very quickly, as advertised, at first acidlike distortions of the walls and surfaces, patterns swimming and the like, but very hot or intense. I then lost visual tracking of the room, but went to another place of somewhat similar dimensions, that I called a cathedral when I came down, due to the bells, "dong, dong, dong, dong" in increasing tempo and volume. The place was like a square room with windows, large and gothic. Something was

going on up on the ceiling, but I don't remember what. In the windows things would change from a lot of colorful things half made out that sort of scrambled around in the window frame to a sudden expansion out the window into halls or tunnels with electric cream white walls with rapidly cycling color strips.

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### **Report #110 — entities**

Lay back, burst into a 'new' world. Took a while to orientate myself. A 'sexy' being, very Giger in nature come to me at once, and wrapped itself around my chest/upper body, turning around and coming back through my chest. Told me of love, not to worry.

Then it was gone. I noticed the world I was in had a psychedelic boundary (like the sky, but trippy). Had control over movement. Could fly at the thought of it. I flew forward and noticed the music that I had playing ripped through the boundary and came at me.

I pushed it back and "repaired" the tear in the boundary. Cruised around, saw some more beings from a distance. They communicated with me telling me that this is what it is being "dead" is similar to. I then got stuck on the idea that I was dead/not coming back etc. but did not really believe it.

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### **Report #111**

The (paper- this is an ancient Japanese house) walls were throbbing with new color. For a moment, I watched the landscape painted upon them morph and cycle, and briefly studied them inside their cultural context, thinking about art in general and how Japanese art got to where it was when these things were painted. That fell apart like an antique rickshaw on a rocky road as the DMT took its course. The walls became more and more WEIRD as the passing of time continued. I felt perfectly normal, but felt like I was inside some spacecraft, or chamber, a heart perhaps. I'm not sure what the two atmospheres have in common, but I had no other models handy to drop this experience into. The corners became very rounded, it reminded me of some tube-like passageway in the movie "Krull" which I barely remember. Things took on a very light color, though still rainbow and vibrant, like pastel rainbows perhaps. Grotesque yet amusing textures appeared on the walls, making me feel again as if I was inside the bowels of some giant creature. There were veiny things, ripples and folds, and irregular protusions.

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### **Report #112**

In front of my closed eyelids the creative force was generating intricate visions of beauty at a rate approaching a billion per second! I saw harmonious and magically charged scenes which intermingled nature, plants animals, spirits, people, and what I took to be ancient Hawaiian Gods.

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### **Report #113 — entities**

I've often found myself transported to a fairy tale world where little gnomes pop out of nowhere, laugh, and smile at me.

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### **Report #114**

I see more swirling, kaleidoscopic universes per square millimeter of visual space than on anything else. The detail and intricacy of the patterns and the brilliance of the colors are also unsurpassable. The visuals are usually a mixture of kaleidoscopic-geometric forms, archetypal symbols, and outlandish and unimaginable images of people, places and things. The images also "move" and are arranged in a manner which is different than the traditional psychedelics and in keeping with DMT's enchanting nature.

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## **Report #115**

Following is a friend's description of DMT visuals produced by smoking 20 mg. doses every 20 to 30 minutes.

The vibration is still very strong at this level and objects in the room become cartoonish and jeweled with rotating 'pools' of interlocked spiraling gems on wall surfaces and ceiling. At the peak of the 20 mg. toke, brilliantly changing latticework becomes apparent within. A gooey liquid of phosphorescent brilliance knits itself into neon lattices of emerald green and iridescent blue against a molten gold background. Always changing, always new, always novel, these geometric storms of shape and color never cease to amaze me with their beauty and intricacy; something one can FEEL as well as see. Clouds of molten gold liquid, boiling, seethe into arabesques and chainwork networks. Each node of each net and lattice form a jeweled point of incredible pure color, all rotating and pulsating through the eyes, brain, and stomach, as one becomes a transparent electric ghost deciphering mysto-glyphs for eternity!

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## **Report #116 — entities**

The stuff hit me instantaneously. MILLIONS of brilliantly colored little 'skull clowns' swarmed me in a most visionary way while emitting crickling, tingling sounds which looked like violet sparks coming out of their mouths. These tiny skull clowns were laughing most musically as I died in the light. Melt down — feels like drowning and being electrocuted at the same time. Some fear is good though, and pretty soon the skull clown swarm had laughed me through death to a place of jeweled coiling roots and capillaries, swaying endlessly in a gem lit sea... The glowing, ember-like afterimage instantly swirls and shatters into blue and red sizzling domes that pinwheel ecstatically into a Creative, God-Thing with a trillion jeweled eyes that dissolves into an atomic ocean. This is the multi-eyed God that is my Creator, Master, Destroyer. I am nothing compared to this Thing which has no ego boundaries whatsoever and can turn into anything it damn well wishes, even death itself if it wants to!

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## **Report #117**

(With 60 mg, intramuscularly.) I don't like this feeling — I am not myself. I saw such strange dreams a while ago. Strange creatures, dwarfs or something; they were black and moved about. Now I feel as if I am not alive. My left hand is numb. As if my heart would not beat, as if I had no body, no nothing. All I feel are my left hand and stomach. I don't like to be without thoughts.

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## **Report #118**

The third or fourth minute after the injection vegetative symptoms appeared, such as tingling sensation, trembling, slight nausea, mydriasis, elevation of the blood pressure and increase of the pulse rate. At the same time, eidetic phenomena, optical illusions, pseudohallucinations, and later real hallucinations, appeared. The hallucinations consisted of moving, brilliantly colored oriental motifs, and later I saw wonderful scenes altering very rapidly. The faces of people seemed to be masks. My emotional state was elevated sometimes up to euphoria. At the highest point I had compulsive athetoid movements in my left hand. My consciousness was completely filled by hallucinations, and my attention was firmly bound to them; therefore I could not give an account of the events happening to me. After 3/4 to 1 hour the symptoms disappeared, and I was able to describe what had happened.

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## **Report #119**

My perceptual distortions were visual in nature and with my eyes closed I could see colored patterns, primarily geometrical patterns moving very fast, having sometimes very deep emotional content and connotation. My blood pressure went up and my pupils were dilated.

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### **Report #120**

Swift entry — head overwhelmed — elaborate and exotic. Slightly threatening patterns — no insight — slight sense of cruelty and sharpness between us, but enjoying. His face, as before with MDA, demonic but pleasantly so. He said he saw my face as a mask. He asked me to let him see my teeth. I laughed — aware that laughter slightly not-funny. Heavy, massive intoxication. Time extension extraordinary. What seemed like 2 hrs was about 30 minutes

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### **Report #121**

(With 100 mg, smoked.) "As I exhaled I became terribly afraid, my heart very rapid and strong, palms sweating. A terrible sense of dread and doom filled me — I knew what was happening, I knew I couldn't stop it, but it was so devastating; I was being destroyed — all that was familiar, all reference points, all identity — all viciously shattered in a few seconds. I couldn't even mourn the loss — there was no one left to do the mourning. Up, up, out, out, eyes closed, I am at the speed of light, expanding, expanding, expanding, faster and faster until I have become so large that I no longer exist — my speed is so great that everything has come to a stop — here I gaze upon the entire universe.

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### **Report #122**

(With 15 mg, intravenously.) An almost instantaneous rush began in the head and I was quickly scattered. Rapidly moving and intensely colored visuals were there, and I got into some complex scenes. There were few sounds, and those that were there were not of anyone talking. I was able to continue to think clearly.

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### **Report #123 — entities**

I sucked down the acrid smoke of maybe 20 mg in far too many puffs and felt my body slide back to the pillows. colors of burnt amber, tangerine, ochre, and black were a coalescing congression of a rose window-mandala of complete improbability: Oh shit, McKenna didn't make this up! hahhhhhhhhhhh breaths pulsating the most incredible patterns of these colors past the blood-brain barrier and I was thru----angular geometrics of brilliant hues formed sharply distinct cartoon (yes!) elf-like creatures. I was entranced and greatly amused by their playful seductiveness and batting eyes, "Yes, yes, you are all so beautiful but I must go on." The elves pouted and I passed to an immense space that seemed to have no end and lit by a means I could not discern. Something to the right caught my attention and I approached a vertical column that contained what felt like a tree lord. Tremendously awed and certain that this was an information portal of some sort, I asked to be shown the mechanism that toggles the reality slices and could I see a map of hyperspace????? Something appeared like a Michael Moschen miniature model that had continuously morphed little balls(?) of frozen time and space, each ball separated by a membrane of verticality. It disappeared in a flash and then I felt my breath and body and returned.

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### **Report #124 — entities**

Another later, approximately 20mg, my reducing valve opened as fully as I could manage, I again encountered the orangy circle of pulsation and tried to just observe. I drew closer and closer and as it completely filled the totality of my being, some sort of shift of perception occurred and it became a spherical geometrization model of Thanatos held by a regal feminine arachnoid presence. What I understood (and I do not know how this was communicated, it just WAS), was that I must drink of this commensurate with the pain I had experienced in life.

I also felt that my heart, my intention of purity, was being tested by this queen. I think I chugged for awhile. At any point during this, I had the opportunity to follow a line into this model and leave my body forever. I made a very concrete decision to stay and understood that the way out was to produce a 'yum' diapason and as I sounded that tone, I moved out and into surprise!! the elf land again.

I just watched them and laughed. So cute, so funny, so sweet! One slipped over the edge of a doorway, looked down at me, and made a sort of whoop! sound that created a jeweled ball. I opened my mouth and it slid down my throat. The elf laughed and said, "There's your tone!". Giggling, I felt the return and lay quietly for a few minutes and then opened my eyes. The openly compassionate face of my psychopomp was now a bit different. Tectonic plates of backlit jeweled mosaics were sliding up and down his face.

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### **Report #125 — entities**

Liftoff into the tryptamine hyperdimension. The room I was in was shimmering even more brightly. The brightness was growing. At this point I can only recall small details. Those of you who have experienced this trip know what I mean... For I entered a dimension that words have not yet been invented to describe. The brightness and the raging rocket sound grew so intense that I feared that spontaneous combustion was very possible... I have no recollection of exhaling this last toke. I remember holding in the smoke, then this: Something that I can only figure was good ole Terence's Chrysanthemum pattern materialized.

It was all I could see, as far as my visual plane would stretch. It was beautiful. All kinds of indescribable movements and interlocking patterns were appearing in front of me, and the patterns seemed to stretch out toward me. It seemed to turn into a tunnel formation, and the tunnel not only appeared in front of me, it WAS me. I was this tunnel, my mind and body existed no longer. The tunnel stretched and stretched, with remarkable blues and greens appearing very grainy, yet very solid at the same time. Then suddenly, I experienced a "sucking" feeling, that I can only describe as my soul being completely pulled from my body and placed somewhere totally new. The roaring sound disappeared completely. All was white (if that's what you call it) :). All was calm. It was like I had just experienced the Big Bang from a first 'person' point of view. Things started to materialize in front of me, like gigantic multicolored blankets of smoke (kinda like smoke bombs) were unfurled in front of me. Every time another blanketed unrolled, I heard what I can only describe as the sound of a mighty trumpet being blown. These blankets of smoke were creating a totally new universe in front of me. It was truly amazing. This world was being created so fast that I could no longer separate one blanket/trumpet sound from another. Eventually the whole world was formed in front of me. It was full of the brightest, most intense pastel colors I had ever experienced. Everything was dripping, swirling, meshing into everything else.

Then came the "elves." They didn't look like elves at all ... But they could communicate and turn themselves into anything they wanted. In their true state, they looked kinda like the effect you get when you take several colors of playdough and mix them all together into a single blob. These blobs would bounce around and create new blobs from themselves. They could turn into anything (and of course the things they turned themselves into were like nothing of this world). I saw the most indescribably beautiful "objects" here. I was fascinated. The 'elves' seemed to want me to do the same thing that they were doing. It was frustrating. I couldn't do what they were doing no matter how hard I "tried". They seemed greatly disappointed by this, and they hopped on away from my ignorant ass and went on partying and turning into things without me.

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### **Report #126 — entities**

It came out upon me like a firestorm rushing in from the distance. the colors of the room began to get glasslike and gaudy, but that was hardly interesting enough to hold my attention because in the distance, THROUGH the walls of the room there was a fire coming at me, eating everything in sight, and as it came to me there was a buzzing noise louder than I thought could possibly be safe, and I thought that I must have disinhibited enough neurons that I would have a seizure. The fire looked so real, and was coming in so fast. My friend reports that I said one last thing for the next ten minutes: "It's going to burn me." She thought that I meant the pipe but to me the fire was an imminent threat. I knew that I was going to die, and I started to think what would my family think of this, and just as a dream fades as you wake up, my life was fading and I could not think of what my family looked like or who I was in relation to them. At the front of the flames there was a large puma running, she led them, and the flames followed her, and I thought: I have seen this before, it is only what I am supposed to be thinking, it's not really my idea, this is just what they report as happening. But I couldn't remember who they were or what I was even supposed to

remember this as having come from. Just as the flames were about to engulf me, I had no fear at all of death, and I noted that this in itself was odd, but then three angels appeared in swirls in front and all around me, and somehow I knew them. They were here to serve me, and I somehow had helped them at sometime in the past. They would give anything for me, and somehow I had been responsible for their very existence.

Speaking amongst themselves, they said: 'She is in between now, hold her to the other side before she falls through and is lost', and then they surrounded me and told me that they were glad to see me again, and that no harm would come to me as long as they could help it. I got the impression that they would destroy themselves before they let harm come to me. They seemed quite powerful, and I could not imagine why they had such respect for me.

The fire and the angels were all that I could see (in this world I probably had my eyes closed at this time and was having CEV) and the fire overtook us, but instead of flames, it washed over the four of us, and I became even more disoriented, with bizarre jumbles of unintelligible geometric lines and circles becoming the entire world. I could not think as I can explain it now, and all dimensions were gone. Even the angels had disappeared although I knew that if it had not been for them that I would have been burned instead of just being washed over by this maelstrom of color, and I knew that outside of my bubble of color, the fire raged. This color storm seemed to last about fifteen minutes, then slowly I began to feel as if I were waking up from a dream

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### **Report #127 — entities**

I was about to open my eyes when ...

ffffffsh ... FAZZAM ...

the two stars unfurled and expanded in beautiful purple fractals which smeared and spread liquidly over the field of vision behind my eyelids, morphing and melting into the Crysanthemum Pattern. Beyond this point, any attempt to linguistically describe what is totally alingual. Moving too fast for description at first and then too fast for conceptualisation in the deeper stages, but I will try to describe the things I saw and heard and interacted with during the trance.

The crysanthemum pattern enfolded me and a shimmering horizontal bar distinguished itself from the background. As I watched it, it flipped up to reveal itself to be the bottom-up view of a face moving up to look me in the eye in the reverse movement of my lying back. I recognised the face as a version of the Green Man archetype with which I am familiar and comfortable. We held eye contact for a short time and I felt a very strong pull which I can only describe as being dragged sharply out of my body. The Green Man dissolved into constituent lights which opened into a stupendous flight through visual arrangements and patterns composed of highly solid-looking substance and odd metallic pastel illumination.

These became more coherent until I understood the interconnecting tubes through which I was flying as representing realities, my turns at the junctures and branchings of the tubes indicative of my selection of reality by conscious choice of environment. Running down the centre of some tubes was pendulum-like machinery composed of chains of Wellsian equipment and miniature tube structures.

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### **Report #128 — entities**

The second trip was rather more dramatic :) I was at first overwhelmed & couldn't sort out the jumble of impressions. As I came to, I found myself lying on my back (as in fact I was), with the music (Garcia/Grisman's "Arabia" this time; its almost demanding quality may have contributed to the flavor of the experience) again washing over me in exquisite waves of sound and touch. I suddenly realized I was not alone. An extremely alien alien was sitting on my chest with its hands (claws? metal pseudopods?) reaching deep into my body.

Needless to say, I was terrified. The alien was strongly insectoid in form, and darkly metallic in texture, like hematite. Its head was wedge-shaped and tripled. Three images of its head shifted in and out of each other with a constant frequency, like a television representation of drunken double vision. Each image was slightly different in color and shape, though, and I wondered if each represented a different way of seeing.



At the same time I was reminded of the Egyptian falcon-god Horus. Its eyes were like those of a predatory bird: cold, unblinking, acute, and above all, merciless. It was dissecting me from the inside without actually physically ... Within another ten minutes or so I felt stable, sane, and rather energized, and have experienced no sequelae.

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### **Report #129**

By the time we reached the third inhalation, we were already flying high, but managed to accomplish the third with each other's encouragement.

For me, there were four most interesting aspects of this material. First of all the trip is extraordinarily visual in nature. I saw a tunnel open, the same one I have seen on large doses of gaiahuasca, which was rapidly flowing by me. It originated from a sphere of bright light located toward the upper right hand corner of vision. Secondly, the feeling tone was exactly similar to many experiences I have had with the mushroom, and is, I think, the extraordinarily sweet feeling that arises at the moment of death. It is feelings like this that lead me to feel confident that, at the moment of death, DMT must be released into the brain. Third, there arose the sense of being suspended in deep space, even with imagery flowing past one at an incredible pace (or as one was moving at an incredible speed through space); a sense of spaciousness that was very familiar from experience with the mushroom. The flowing imagery then opened up into a vast silent emptiness, and there dawned the Void which is at the heart of the cosmos.

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### **Report #130 — entities**

It didn't matter if I opened or closed my eyes, I was still in a technicolor world, everything bright and dripping with beautiful color, I shook forward laughing and felt my teeth come together, touching, breathing. I could feel my friends in the room, and S was laughing too, "I know..." and he had just been here.

Then a flower formed, the most indescribable and beautiful flower, and the little beings bobbing around said excitedly, "This is it," and it was, I can't completely wrap words around what \*it\* is, but I understand it with part of me, and this was familiar, a dipping into beauty, into what it is all for. It was like going home.

The flower spun, the stamen tossing and singing red and orange and yellow colors from the center, sparks of light kicking off from it and shining, skidding, maybe making new elfcreatures, I'm not sure. The petals were blue and indescribable other colors, the leaves green, the whole flower moving and alive. The flower was made of color, it didn't look like an ordinary flower, it was so much more fluid and loose and liquid and distinct and unimaginably alien and real. A godthing. A wish. The little balls of light, the elfbeings, the laughing ones who kept telling me things danced around the flower with sheer delight. I caught words like, "oh, isn't it beautiful... isn't everything... watch closely, right here!..."

I was so close from being overwhelmed with joy, beauty, astonishment... I just kept laughing, this was so pure, so clear.

I understood. Though they (the beings & the flower) expressed it so much more fantastically.... The DMT space started to contract, to go, I could see edges of the room forming, and the flower was fading.... "No," I whispered.

"Don't worry," said the little voices. "It's always here." And then I watched them go, waved, "Bye." I love that flower, I love the little elf-whatevers. They were going and I laughed again and breathed and waved.

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### **Report #131 — entities**

It comes shooting at me like a matrix wall of pulsating neon flouro pink, white, blues. Each bit is talking/ moving backwards and forwards. 'Look around, look around...' I put my hands through my bodies. Floating in space with all the rest of me's into infinity. No time to think.

I die from astonishment. My ego freaks in. Fear of mortal loss. I make sound with hand raised in 'pinchlike o.k.' mudra. nyow nyow... They all press closer peering in, chiding ignorance 'What's he doing?' I am going to stop the universe, "He's going to stop the universe." I stop. Everything melts, and again.

Years later, them patiently waiting for me to see them, panic starts up, again I scream, 'Where the fuck am I...'

My hands grab at the floor which is now grass like lawn. I am in a tipi. Hands are on my shoulders, kind female voices say, 'We love you.'

All the "chirping fractal denizens of the unconscious" are making a greater stereogram. Refocus your I.

A row of bare-chested men in tunics, looking Canadian Indian, lean over me. They have reptile/birds heads/masks.

The room starts to appear again.

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### **Report #132 — entities**

In the past, I have always closed my eyes immediatley. This time, and I don't know why, they remained open.

A very physical change in head pressure occurred, and I started to zone very hard. My perception was locked onto the futon in the middle of the room. The hills and valleys of the fabric were morphing in typical psychedelic fashion. This became so intense that I think I closed my eyes, maybe not.

Soon enough, I was staring into a black space populated with all kinds of autonomous colorful visual and aural objects. These things were silly, sproinging around and saying "ppppphhhppp!" a lot. They also said things like "grglesprzrdl" and other gibberish, trying to get me to laugh, I think. They had wiggly edges, like jellyfish tentacles or those things from the old McDonalds commercials that loved french fries (now that I think about it, Grimace and the Fry Goblins are very psychedelic... combine that with an evil clown, and you have McDmT!).

Just beyond this visual space, I could make out some sort of object, which appered very solid and "hard", when compared to these vapory little spirits who were gizelbing around. It looked like a rounded, polished stone, slowly rotating. I've seen many things on many compounds, but this was one of the most compelling. This rock was illuminated from within, and had a marbly pattern on the outside. I have no idea what it was or why I was viewing it, but it was impressive. Around the time I started to realize how incredible this object was, I noticed I was sitting in a room in Kyoto, Japan, Earth. I took a deep breath.

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### **Report #133**

Time draws itself up into a tight knot, much as a New Year's Eve telescoping party toy coils upon itself. I am terrified. Never have I had my perception just completely fall to pieces like this in so little time. The monkey in me is holding on for dear life, as the higher parts try to calm it and look toward the Light. I writhe on the couch, my heart pounds with fear, the sound of my breathing fills my audio world. Incredible.

I feel the weight of the focus of my consciousness. I feel like I am a tiny thing, being studied carefully under an observing device that is tremendous in comparison to my size.

I am adrift with my eyes closed. The feeling is like flying, like levitating, and like falling. I'm zooming along to someplace at tremendous speed, but I can't really see any of the territory that I pass. There is much that is subtle and unfamiliar.

I feel/see Light. Warm, effusive, profound Light, with a bright halo around it. \*Nice\* Light. I see a black field studded with thousands of tiny mirrors, each seeming to reflect some part of something.

I feel/hear/sense my body emit a moan: ecstatic pleasure, release of tension. I know there's some ambient music on, and there are parts of it that strike me as the wierdest things I have ever heard. It's very faint, but every so often some living tendril of it laps against my sensorium, and I am stricken by its strangeness.

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## **Report #134**

The buzzing starts almost immediately, before I can exhale. It resonates between a vibration in my body and an aural sensation until there seems to be no difference between the two. The flash from baseline consciousness to intense psychedelic state is similarly abrupt and quite impressive.

The visuals manifest almost immediately and consist of abstract, rapidly morphing geometric shapes. The colors are very bright, but not completely saturated ... oranges and lime greens. At a finer level the visuals are fantastically pixellated and aligned along a well-defined horizontal and vertical axes. Are my eyes open or closed? It doesn't really seem to matter. My thoughts, however, are remarkably clear.

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## **Report #135 — entities**

When the tryptamine rush hit, I was surrounded by a colorful geometric spiral. The spiral formed a passageway into a giant temple church. There was a very tall layered spire up near the roof. Inside the roof was very tall too. Below it was an entity looking at me. He was huge and took up most of the huge temple. There were cartoony figures near him. When I looked closer at the cartoony figures, I saw that most of them were angels. However, one figure was of a dog too. One of the angels came in front of me. He had very tall wings stretched upward.

As he came closer he became realistic. Then a vision of a mirror came to me. The mirror was on a stand. It rotated back and forth. As it did such, it produced waves of geometric patterned light. The mirror looked like one I had seen in another tryptamine mix trip I had had in the past.

Then I saw a shower-like room with a naked brunette woman standing in it. Then it came to me that the room was more like a portal. At that point, the woman turned into an angel. She was then in a whiteish colored dress. The dress reflected light like a pattern of prisms, and it seemed to be made of a crystalline matrix. The dress sparkled with blue and violet light upon it. Her hair also turned white, and she grew a pair of white wings as well.

After that I was hit with a cartoony geometric-patterned aurora. As that faded, I looked at the clock. Only 15 minutes had passed.

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## **Report #136 — entities**

The first thing I felt was an acceleration in momentum. Like tumbling down the first drop of a roller coaster head-first. Then, with amazing simultaneity, all physical sensation (except for a rapid heartbeat) proceeded to disappear as I began to hear the classic noises spoke so frequently of in most vaporized DMT sessions. Insects chittering, a high-pitched rising frequency, water crashing, humming, etc.

Then visions of zooming through a hyperspatial kaleidoscopic tunnel of triangular webwork. Then these whisps of violescent waveforms started shooting toward me in spectacular geometry. Rotating and fractializing in genesis and decay. Behind all of it was an entity. The "webweaver". Translucently smokey, like a ghost made of ice, communicating with me through the symbols I was zooming through. Communicating with me through his juggling act.

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## **Report #137 — entities**

The intensity continued to increase until, I feel, I entered a 4th Dimension. I found myself in a world of infinite points of perspective. Everything was composed of triangles... or slinkies... a cross between the two if you can imagine. I was in a hallway and this entity (which looked a lot like a cross between the AOL Instant Messenger icon guy and the State-Puff Marshmellow Man) seemed to formulate right out of the "woodwork", so-to-say, and opened a door before me. For some reason I was unable to see its head. My spectrum of "view" was limited to below its neck.

It then began to enter through the doorway as it spoke in a breathy, echoing voice, "Cuh-cuh-cuh-come insi-hai-hai-haide." Then I saw trails of its form repeatedly entering the door in sync with the echo in its voice.

I began to think "What does this mean? Is this going to end soon? Where am I? What is inside that door?" Then I began to actually move about freely through the door into a brightly lit room. The entity was standing behind an empty table in the center of the room. It had an end of a double helix attached to each palm and was expanding/contracting/rotating it as though it were playing with it. I then tried to get closer to the entity to, hopefully, see its face but halfway across the room the double helix disappeared and it said to me, "You! Thing of meat! You are blood and bone and you deserve to leave now!" I then apologized. To which it said, "Because you are a dog in shame! In shame of yourself! Goodbye!" I was then shoved backwards and a door of darkness was slammed into my face. The visuals ended.

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### **Report #138 — entities**

I felt like I was folding up into this cube and hurtling upwards. Eventually, I hit this point where I was a really small cube, and I seemed to break through some boundary. And as soon as I was through that boundary, it was... out of the darkness and into the light. Like being in the middle of a painting or a mosaic — but in the middle of it, everything three-dimensional; you are actually there, like you're in the bedroom. That world is as real as this world, but it's like something you've never seen before.

I was me, flying. Actually flying through the air as me, but flying like Superman (laughs). It was really mad, 'cause I broke through into this mosaic of colours... really, really amazing colours, all my favourite colours, really bright colours. I had a sense of smell as well. I could feel the wind going through my hair, I had all my sense of feeling, like I was actually there. It is so real. Quite amazing... At first, you're really scared when you do it, 'cause you really don't know what to expect, so I suppose you really have to control yourself, maybe calm yourself. Your brain stays really normal. It is really normal, it is like you, now.

Everything you see is totally different, you're just put somewhere else. It is so real, everything's three-dimensional. It's not like... when you're on acid, things wobble. But this was really different. After a while of getting used to flying, it was like, "Right! I'm gonna see where I can go! I'm gonna check out a few places." I was flying through this mosaic of colours, lots of cubes and things, passing around me, and through me as well — things would go through me. Eventually, I reached this massive mosaic archway; almost like what vines would grow over, an archway into a garden. I went through it, and it was an orchard. It was timeless when I was in there, I can't say how long I was there. I was just flying through this orchard, and I could smell all the fruit — there were apples and pears and plums, and they were really big, as big as me. Really bright, ready to be eaten. I wanted to eat them as well — I could smell them, and feel them, I wanted to eat them as well. It was really good fun, just flying amongst these trees. For ages, it seemed like.

And then... then suddenly, I got grabbed from that trip, from the orchard — it literally seemed like being grabbed, and picked up and just chucked into another dimension. I landed in this dimension, and I wasn't free, I wasn't able to control where I went — which really scared me. I was held down, bound down, and I had absolutely no control of where I was going to. In the distance I could see this grid-like structure, a three-dimensional grid, and it was really massive, like the size of a house or something. I was being pulled towards it. When I got so close to it, I became really scared, because there was nothing I could do — these things were holding me down. And although I was floating towards it, it was like I was on a conveyor belt. I started trying to struggle. I was really, really scared. I gradually started floating into the middle of this grid-like structure. It was grid-shaped, but it wasn't a continuous grid.

At the end of some of the grids were sort of spikes, almost arm-like things. I think it was bright fluorescent blue... really blue-or really pink — I can't remember now. I looked at what I'd written down... I'm sure it was blue, a fluorescent blue colour. I got into the middle of it, and I was still struggling — and by then, I was really, really scared. It looked like... it didn't look man-made, but it didn't look like anything I'd seen before. I stopped, and I really started freaking out, and then I felt something trying to calm me, nurture me — saying, "Don't worry, you're alright. Relax, it's alright..."

It was something in my head. When you do [DMT], you really become aware of every little particle inside your body... all my 'muscles' in my brain I could feel working, everything in my body I could feel, I was really conscious of

my whole body, instead of just my body as a vehicle. I could feel all the 'muscles' in my brain working, so it was... telepathically talking. During the whole time of all my trip, I could hear another noise, which I was hearing through my ears. That was like... it was almost like... The noise happened in, I suppose, 30 second intervals, or something... It was keeping a pace going. That was like a banging noise, say like a drum banging; and then there was this grinding noise, like a grinding metal noise. Like a cog, I suppose, turning.

So I knew I was hearing through my ears, and I knew I was hearing sort of telepathically through my brain. This voice was saying, "Don't worry, I'm not gonna hurt you, I'm gonna help you, I'm gonna make you feel better... I am good for you." I don't know... it was just a really comforting person, entity. And it was from this grid-work structure. It was male, definitely, I know it was male. And it did have energy, as well, I know it had energy. Before, I looked at this grid-like structure from a distance, and I thought it was... not man-made, but could be man-made. But when I was inside it, it had energy like other people do. It was just really nurturing to me, so I suppose I relaxed, and was comforted by it, and trusted it. Then it carried on talking to me, saying, "I will heal you. You won't have any problems, forget everything that you're thinking at the moment, you shouldn't be thinking it. Just trust me and you'll be fine, this will be like nothing you've ever experienced before in your life." I relaxed into it and I found myself suspended in mid-air, in the middle of these points which were leading off this grid-work structure. Once I was relaxed enough, it sent out this ectoplasm... Well, I call it that 'cause that's what it's called in Ghostbusters! (laughs) It was this silky, creamy stuff which came out of its points, and it covered me totally, I was completely covered from head to toe.

It was just silky, creamy, but it totally covered me, it was like a gunge that covered me, really smooth, though. I was cocooned in it, I suppose. Then started... Cor, this is where it gets mad! (laughs) I was suspended there, totally nice, totally comforted... Nothing could hurt me, nothing could harm me, it felt like. And this entity that I was with was everything that I wanted, everything that I needed. There was nothing bad about it, it was like someone I'd known for years. It was my entity, it seemed like, it knew me, knew what I wanted, knew what I needed.

I think it just picked me up. I was in the middle of an orchard, just feeling fucking wicked, feeling totally free, feeling I could go anywhere, do anything, having real fun, really good fun flying around smelling fruit, in and out of the trees... It took me when I was having most fun, if you get what I mean. I don't know why that is... Maybe because you'd be least scared by it. But I didn't wish for it, didn't even know what to expect. It was really familiar, he was really familiar.

Anyway, I was suspended in the middle of him, and then he started saying, "This isn't going to hurt, just trust me. What's about to happen will probably quite scare you, but trust me, it won't hurt you, it won't hurt you." Then I felt my leg come away from my body — he ripped my leg away from my body. And then all this stuff ran out... I felt all my troubles, my aches and pains, my paranoias, come out of my leg, dripped out.

Then he put my leg back on. I was like, This is nice! Then he did it to my other leg, exactly the same thing happened. Then he did it to my arms, did it to my body, then pulled my head off my neck, it all came out, came out my head. When he put it back on, I just had the most amazing feeling I've ever had in my life. I just felt fucking excellent. Really, truly me; free of all paranoias, ego, anything, just me, my true self. And at this point, as soon as he put me back together, it was just like... Rrrraagghhh! I just jumped up in complete ecstasy, just like, Wow!

This is fucking amazing! I jumped up, yeah, and opened up my eyes — before I was lying down — opened up my eyes and jumped up, and sat myself up on the bed.

I jumped up and pushed myself forward and opened up my eyes, and I could feel all this ectoplasm stuff, which was like this sheet of velvet coming off my face, and I was pushing my way through it, and I pushed my way through it, and I was sat in the bedroom with my eyes open. But I was in fact in the middle of an orchard... It wasn't the bedroom that I recognized, I couldn't recognize any of the room, not at all. I looked around and I was sitting in the orchard again.

And then my friend spoke to me; it was like, "Amy! Amy! You're only half way through the trip, what're you doing?" (laughs) Then I heard where the voice was coming from, and looked at him, and worked out what was energy and what wasn't energy, and saw my friend. He looked like... loads of oranges and reds, like a cubist painting, really three-dimensional. I wouldn't have recognized him if he hadn't spoken, or maybe I would have felt it was him, but it

wasn't until he spoke that I realized that it was him. He was like a cubist painting, and his eyes were like target ranges, red dots. I spoke to him and told him what I was seeing, what he looked like, where we were, in the orchard. And he went, "Just relax, shut your eyes. You're only halfway through the trip."

So I looked around the bedroom, and then shut my eyes, and I went back into the middle of this grid-work. This entity started talking to me, really soothing me, really comforting me... I don't know, it was really weird, he was almost like a lover or something... really, really weird... a really close encounter. And then I felt this mad feeling again, going up through my little toe, and it crawled all the way up my leg, and up through my body, and it felt like when it hit my heart, there was a massive explosion, and he was like, "You're well now, you don't have to worry about anything, you don't have to fear anything." And it was just... I've just never felt so amazing in my life. It felt like a complete cleansing process. And then we talked for while, and then he let me off on my way, and I went back to the orchard, flew around there, and I gradually started to come down. I could feel myself dropping downwards, a sensation of dropping downwards. And I felt myself come into the bedroom and gradually come down into my body... and then you open up your eyes and there's cubes and colours and things going past you. And then you gradually come down.

I actually felt myself leave my body at a hundred miles per hour, hurtle out of myself, go into a small cube and then explode outside the... whatever. And then when I came back down I felt myself falling back down through... whatever... and then gradually into the room, gradually down to the bed.

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### **Report #139 — entities**

I know it might sound funny but at this point I came into contact with the classic elves that Terence always talked about. They are real. They came tumbling across my vision, morphing into themselves. Some of them came towards me, and entered my being. Their voices were high pitched and their song sounded very alien like and very old.

At this point I would say no more than two minutes has passed since blastoff. The elves' presence continuing to build to an unbearable frenzy is the last thing I remember before I died. I didn't think but I KNEW that I had in fact died. I entered into what I would call a eternal loop. It never ended. I feel a piece of me is still THERE.

In my next memory I am in a very colorful, futuristic, busy place. I have no memory of living as a human. Everything from this reality does not exist in this place. DMT brings you to a completely different reality. I can't explain it. Nothing could have prepared me for that.

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### **Report #140 — entities**

During my first big DMT trip (one in which, if I had any expectations, would've been a "breaking through hyperspace" experience) I was immediately overcome by a very very foreign (the closest approximation was hindu-india-ish) and this strange noise-music that permeated the entire experience — the sound like of wind blowing interspersed with a nasal bee-like droning (pinch your nose and go "nnnnnnhhhh" in that bottom of your throat). There was also a strong feeling of a presence of 2 or 3 "things" — one distracting me with images while another one felt to be doing something to or observing my heart. very strange.

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### **Report #141 — entities**

... immediately my ego shattered, A being came shooting at me across the water of the river, and flew right up to my face poking my third eye with what looked like fingers, I let it do something to my third eye chakra, it feels like or a sense of "resequencing of my DNA, to a higher level of light activation". The spirit thanked me greatly for not smoking cigarettes anymore, like I mean I felt this total sense of thankfulness.

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## **Report #142 — entities**

The normal DMT landscape that I'm familiar with tore a hole. I could see through it. It was the greater level. It was like the DMT world that I knew was just the curtain covering something far deeper. There were creatures surrounding me. I had hallucinations, not just visual, but auditory, and other. The main thing I remember was a robotic octopus with a million tentacles. There were people, aliens and symbols (hearts, skulls, stange letters) cut out of these rings rotating about the tentacles. I saw these beings that looked like old fashioned lamp-posts with spherical heads and cut-out eyes. I tried to open my eyes, than I realized my hands were covering them, so I removed them from my face. But my hands where still covering them! Were my eyes open or closed? Was I even interacting with my body? I learned what people mean by ego loss. It's not an empty phrase. DMT does not just effect the visual part of the brain, it grabs the inner core of your soul. People sometimes get the belief that they are disconnected from their brains, like it is just another organ. They think, sure I'll get high, but I'll still be me. They forget that they are their brains. It's like a computer or any other machine, if you alter the hardware/software, it will change. I was lost. I forgot WHAT I was.

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## **Report #143 — entities**

Last night I went back three times. I have a family in hyperspace. They are golden people, a family scene of golden people in a kitchen or something. Understanding what is going on (that you are a human on DMT) fades in and out.

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## **Report #144 — entities**

The usual start, rushing flow of eidetic images unfolding into DMT space, but I am still accelerating.

Into Tron-world, but I am saying, seen this, interesting and pretty, but let's get on. Just as well, because looking back at it, I was powerless to resist the acceleration. Shot through and out of Tron-land into Kindergarten space (these are precisely the same places I saw in the last three trips), but only for a moment, before being propelled into...

... the machine room. It's loud and hectic, everything is moving so fast, and it's so bright and clear, real-er than reality you might say. Whole 'visual' field is flooding in as an entire gestalt. I am utterly disoriented, not frightened, but hanging on to my somatic reality as hard as I can. Two entities in the Machine rooms (machines themsleves?) being very persistent in trying to communicate important things to me, but I am confused, disoriented

Everything is SO COMPLICATED! The entities are large, part machine things. Their surface is made from a grid/matrix of flattened spheres, metallic in appeareance but UTTERLY OTHER AND UNFAMILIAR. Their whole surface is made up of thousands of these spheres, some in a partial casing as if on gimbals, others free-floating. Interior of entity is suffused cloud of light, pulsing in synch with its intent/actions.

I can feel some nausea in the pit of my stomache (lack of food, hunger) — I indicate my overwhelmedness to my new friends, and my intention to open my eyes. All hell breaks loose! Alarms Klaxons, lots of red warning glyphs everywhere. The surfaces of the entities light up (GOD IT'S SO BRIGHT) telling me (not ordering me) that to do so would be inadvisable. Now I am frightened.

Open my eyes. Living room is still there, but only just. Machine room is there too — brain hurts from seeing two realities simultaneously and eyes go closed. Gradually I get the message. Your autonomic system will take care of everything, don't worry.

Become conscious of my breathing and start to try and take control of it. More klaxons, red alert symbols. Enities try and show me (using stuff that looks like its from Kindergarten space) a device that is monitoring/controlling respiratory function.

I keep thinking that this must be over soon, it's been ages. I start to calm down and all I can do is gawp like a country cousin. Everything is moving fast with a real smooth motion, stuff happening everywhere, superfast machine noises and sussuration.

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### **Report #145 — entities**

He put out the joint and pulled down the eye shades and lay down. Nice rush. Some kind of bright bright curved-geometry clown filled entire field while constantly turning inside out and stretching in multitude of dimensions, seemingly with intent to communicate---something. Then brief visual and physical sensation of a huge maternal presence pressing against the whole front of his body. He imagined it's what a newborn feels with his mother. Yummulishious! Then back down.

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### **Report #146**

Took a hit. Bang! usual build up to speed, intensifying, can go no weirder visions until whap! through into the space where everything is real-er and clearer and sharper. I was watching a process unfold where one undulating carpet of small silver/technicolor/shimmering with activity pods started 'zipping together' with other 'carpets'. Everything OK up to a point, but then the zipping stops ->here and the littl orbs all turn to me and light up with strange blue light....

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### **Report #147**

As I lay down my entire consciousness dissolves into my self. My body becomes so numb that I forget about it. I become completely disembodied. At this moment I can see myself in an area that seems to have depth, there are no walls but it seems to be 3-dimensional. I can see facets, planes or surfaces and on these there are dense geometric lattices, designs twirling into themselves, constantly changing colors and shapes. These surfaces are at the perimeter of my field of vision. Then out from ahead of me comes this constantly changing shape separate from the others. This object is made up of strings or tubes which are twirling and poring into itself. These tubes seem hollow or transparent, with an iridescent color kinda like an oil slick on water. This object is very multi-dimensional and fantastic.

This is the most intense part of the experience and the visuals are the most fascinating. I think to myself, can this be an entity of some kind? But I get no communication, or none that I can comprehend. This thing definitely wants my attention as it is very close to me and apart from everything else. I have also seen an insect looking creature thing. It looks kinda like a lobster, but it's made of these dripping red tubes almost like melting plastic. Its tentacles keep dripping off and it looks like its moving around. It then morphs into something that looks like a crab then into something more like an insect. I think to myself is this an entity of some kind? But I get no reply.

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### **Report #148**

I was BLASTED out of my body, and felt completely defenseless. I was terrified! thrilled and utterly terrorised! Swirls of bright flashing colors suddenly appeared EVERYWHERE. It was like being ripped to pieces by a huge colorful flash that exploded inside me.

I didn't have the ability to resist at all. The whole 'ME' was shattered away, and I was 'extracted' to a mere point of consciousness. Soon the fear was blasted away too, swept away with all the rest of 'me', leaving nothing behind.

I started to feel 'nothingness'. I was completely transported to another place, into which I had nothing of myself to bring. Nothing, except one phrase that suddenly came to me in the form of pure knowlence (not in language). The phrase goes like this:

'Sometimes, the forces of the yin and yang are speaking to each other through the inner flows of one's soul. People often mistake these messages as something that was meant for them. So they 'tighten up', actively trying by force to grab ahold of these messages, and thus cutting off the flow, creating a great inbalance.'



So I let go. And the blackness transformed into a vast, endless, deep ocean, and I was racing down deeper and deeper, breathing. I felt as if I'm travelling to the far edges of my existence, to the place where the 'flow' of the soul springs out of the 'flow' of other, much greater, forces (like a plant growing from the earth, from the planet).

Quietly, I stream through blue and black liquids of being, on the edge between my soul and the rest of the world. An unbelievable serenity has come over me, but passively.

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### **Report #149**

Very quickly my eyes closed, involuntarily as I simply wanted to view the world around me in a new light, I was moved into a strangely designed venue, with checkered walls, ceiling and floor. I was convinced that I sat in the corner of this plane, as quickly lights shifted back and forth and over me. The place looked like an empty swimming pool, but had the feeling of plush. The colours coming forth at me were quite dull, and my mind convinced me that it was too dark outside to be truly enjoying the DMT. I turned the thoughts off and the colours shifted until a mist rose around me.

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### **Report #150 — entities**

The DMT comes on very subtle... There is no body load at all... On a very clear feeling of lightness and radiation beginning to spread from my solar chakra. I move very quickly through the early stages of DMT ascension... The veils of various realities peeling back very much like the chrysanthemum which is so highly regarded in DMT literature... And then I am there.

Where is here???

I see four blocks that have symbols inscribed on them... The blocks are made of a type of black gold. That is, it is black but also it is gold. The blocks are flaming and spinning in circular formation in an anti-clockwise direction. I watch as they all spin and click together in the form of a cross; it forms a small rectangle opening in the middle which is black with gold running through it. Guarding the configuration I notice an eagle and a lion at two of the corners and I realise that they are two of the Elemental Archangels as talked about in western mysticism. When the blocks click together the background flames up and I feel like I have reached perfection. I realise this is the LOGOS that is so talked about in Gnostic and other paths. As I start to lose my objective view, the blocks begin to issue forth other blocks in complex spiralling emanations that vaguely resemble the merkabah and they fractal out in different patterns based on combinations of symbols. I try to stop the fractal of the LOGOS from spinning out of control and for a brief while I maintain the original four in perfect harmony. The intensity, however, is pushing me beyond this point and moves me down a spiral of coded blocks and I am then in a place.

I can still hear the psychedelic music in the background however it is now a tool of the tryptamine awareness. I am in a space which is made up of the spongy green/yellow energy that I mostly see under bulbs and DMT... It is a pliable background of tactile energy... And in this situation I sit back as a definite presence uses this tactile energetic interface to basically put on a show for me while it uses the energy of the psychedelic music coming from the stereo. After that the trip moves upward and outward and I am now suspended in the void and it feels like I am straddling the space. There is a thick cord of yellow/green energy which is inseparably plugged into what is usually the back of my head and there is also the sensation that I am plugged in at my back and where my arms and legs are. I feel like I have been here forever. There is a powerful, constant surge of highly concentrated energies being exchanged here. And a voice tells me that I am a hub, a focal point of consciousness energies and evolutionary force.... I notice in the distance that there are junction points which are blue balls...but I am unable to think of moving.... The site is too bizarre...the reality much too real and I have never seen this before... Maybe next time...

After seemingly being in the String suspension world for eternity... I begin the descent...and I am spiralling down a Crystal Shaft and then I am back in my body.

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## **Report #151 — entities**

The intensity grew until I saw myself looking down a hallway type of structure. It tapered down to a point kinda like I was looking down through a cone towards the point. Now from this other end I saw the elves coming up towards me. As if they were coming through a worm hole from another dimension! One looked just like a leprechaun, with the top hat and pointy red shoes. One of them was carrying a big red Santa Claus bag full of tricks. They told me get ready cuz they were coming. Behind them came a circus full of activity. (This circus theme pops up a lot in other people's trips.) This is what you have been waiting for! So they marched up towards me and as they reached me what was behind them oozed up and all over me. It felt like I was being dipped into this paint like substance made of colors and patterns. Pure psychedelia. I love it!

Then one of them proceeded to show me the most incredible scenes and landscapes. Everything had a yellow green hue to it. I thought, what was the purpose of all this, what was I to learn from this? Then they told me stop trying so hard to make sense of anything. That the purpose was just to accept it for what it was, to stop trying so hard. One of the elves had this device in his hand that looked like a remote, and he was controlling everything that I was seeing! He was definitely in control of everything. They were very eager and ready when they came but calm and focused. I realized that I had seen them before but did not realize it until now. (I think from all the other trips I have had where I didn't remember most of what had happened.) They had a lot for me to see, and this one in particular had great enjoyment in showing me all these extraordinary visions and things. Everything folded out for me to see right in front of me. Unfortunately I don't remember most of what I saw. The trip faded really fast after this. Next time I will remember more. Frigin awesome!

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## **Report #152 — entities**

As soon as I took the second hit and exhaled, the walls of the room were suddenly covered with ancient runes, and my friend sitting next to me turned into something like a wooden and liquid-in-nature Native American. He turned into his "true" form. My eyes were wide open during almost the entire trip. During every second of the trip I began to see many dimensions that didn't exist in real life. I could see brand new spatial dimensions, including the original ones: length, height, and depth. Finally all space collapsed and time ceased to exist. I was stuck in the "real" world, the world that lasted for eternity. I closed my eyes in complete awe after realizing that I was dead. I found out that the living world was actually illusory, and that space and time did not even exist. At this point I was worried if I would ever come back to real life, after realizing that space and time were illusions.

The world was very elephant-like at this point. Then I saw the architect of the universe. It was a goddess, in the form of the Indian deity Ganesha. The mere sight of this goddess gave me so much bliss that it was too difficult for my mind to comprehend. She was the soul of the universe, and she was constantly creating very intricate Indian-like structures out of thin air. She showed me the doorway to eternal bliss (heaven), and she invited me into her kingdom. I pleaded with her to take me back to the real world, because I needed to make sense of all this before I make such a decision. She was sad, but she let me go. Slowly time and space appeared again, and I came back to the realm of the living.

I'm not sure exactly what happened, but now I know that I have nothing to worry about when I die. To experience such dimensions and such bliss from a drug-induced trip was quite amazing. To this day I refuse to believe that what I experienced was merely a hallucination. I was stuck in that realm for eternity, because time actually didn't exist there. But the trip, in reality, only lasted about five minutes.

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## **Report #153 — entities**

I never would have imagined it would be like this. There was no transition. There was no universe with stars and a pinpoint of light like last time. You know what happened? I was on a merry-go-round! There were all these dolls in 1890s outfits, life-sized, men and women. The women were in corsets. They had big breasts and big butts and teeny skinny waists. They were all whirling around me on tiptoes. The men had top hats, riding on two-seater bicycles. One merry-go-round after another after another. The women had red circles painted on their cheeks, and there was

calliope music in the background. And there were some clowns, flitting in and out, not really the main characters, but busier, somehow more aware of me than the mannequins.

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### **Report #154 — entities**

Last DMT trip was full on. Two tokes & boom! Actually forgot I had smoked anything & came to in a weird space being shown extremely weird machines by a coupla DMT entities. At this point I was already on my way back. Glanced at a clock & twenty minutes had vanished! More like alien abduction than a trip. Not exactly pleasurable but I did feel amazing afterwards. Psychic spring clean & then some...

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### **Report #155**

It's like a bell being struck in reverse, the vibrations settle back into a crystalline surface like glass. Brain and DMT cease to exist, although this is a paradox, because it is the brain that is being exposed to the gas. But there is no brain, or anything else there.

What is the difference caused by death? Time is removed. You no longer experience time, so everything but It disappears. It is outside of spacetime. That's where you meet It, but this feels like deja vu. That's the part I can't get over. I don't know what It is, but you become It. It is what we are all experiencing. You become the thing that is experienced.

I don't know how things would operate there. I'm just an infant there. I don't know how anything can grow without being exposed to time. Back there, it's like drowning in a river of ghosts. A bell is struck in reverse.

My thoughts during the trip were: "This is it," "I love you," and it felt like being Born. I think It has something to do with light. Light moves at the speed of itself, and does not experience time, but probably contains information. Does time or matter move through it somehow?

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### **Report #156**

There were spirals of what looked like DNA, red and green.

The visuals were dropping back into tubes, like protozoa, like the inside of a cell, seeing the DNA twirling and spiraling. They looked gelatinlike, like tubes, inside which were cellular activities. It was like a microscopic view of them.

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### **Report #157 — entities**

The room broke apart into a spiral of fractals and suddenly collapsed into a tiny dot. Everything went dark inside of me — I was terrified. Suddenly the dot exploded into a tunnel of colors that I never knew existed. I felt as if I were moving at light speed through the collective consciousness — it was a lot like the last 20 minutes of "2001: A Space Odyssey".

When the two entities appeared inside the tunnel, I already knew what they were going to ask based on other experiences that I had read. Before they even communicated with me, I submitted. I wanted to go all the way. One tunnel broke into the next and the shape of It kept changing — my body had been left so far behind. It was forever inside of an instant — all of infinity compressed into about five minutes. I gradually returned to my body one tiny fragment at a time, but it happened quickly. There was so much more that happened inside of that tunnel that I can't even describe with the primitive language of English. My life has been changed forever — I will return soon.

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## **Report #158 — entities**

I felt the DMT release my soul's energy and push it through the DNA. It's what happened when I lost my body. There were spirals that reminded me of things I've seen at Chaco Canyon. Maybe that was DNA. Maybe the ancients knew that. The DNA is backed into the universe like space travel. One needs to travel without one's body. It's ridiculous to think about space travel in little ships.

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## **Report #159**

There were visuals at the peak, soft and geometric. They were 3-D circles and cones with shading. They moved a lot. It was almost like looking at an alphabet, but it wasn't English. It was like a fantasy alphabet, a cross between runes and Russian or Arabic writing. It felt like there was some information in it, like it was data. It wasn't just random. Like seeing panels with a cut-out shape, rounded edges, hieroglyphics of some sort. They weren't painted on but more cut out, through which I saw the colors.

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## **Report #160**

There was a woman speaking Spanish all the time throughout the trip. She had quite a unique accent. Maybe it wasn't Spanish, but it sounded like it.

She threw a white blanket over the scene and then pulled it back repeatedly. It was really weird. There were numbers. It was like numerology and language. There were all these colors and then there were all these numbers, Roman numerals. The numbers became words. Where do words come from? The woman would cover them with her blanket — the words and the numbers.

It started out typically as DMT but then I went past it, beyond where I've been on DMT. There is that ringing sound as you're getting up there, and then I went to the language or number thing. It was totally inexplicable. Maybe it was trying to teach me something. The first number I saw was a '2' and I looked around and there were numbers all around. They were separate in their little boxes, and then the boxes would melt and the numbers would all merge together to make long numbers.

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## **Report #161**

What's interesting is that I began experiencing sets of hallucinations, and then I said to myself, "Ah, this is the Logos." There's the blue-yellow core of meaning and semantics, basically.

I laughed at his use of the word "basically": "That's easy for you to say." / know! It's like threads of words or DNA or something. They're all around there, they're everywhere. After the blue amoebic shapes, there were several pulsating places.

I thought, "There are lots of these." It's a good feeling. Then it breaks into a ruffled reality. When I looked around, it seemed like the meaning or symbols were there. Some kind of core of reality where all meaning is stored. I burst into its main chamber. Trying to keep up with Eli, I wondered, "It seems like some kind of membrane you break through, into a feeling of meaning and certainty." It is! I don't know if it's because of my interest in computers or not, but it seems like it's the raw bits of reality. It's a lot more than only ones and zeros. It's a higher level, very potent bits.

Eli went on to describe the "room" into which he burst. With this report, the view DMT provides now starts enlarging.

I was in a white room, experiencing certain emotions and feelings that gave me an intense feeling of being a co-reality. Like a dream I had of bumping into some Hispanic kids with my car, into their car. They were really mad at me. I said to them "If you hate me, you hate yourself. Our cultures are merged, so there's no defending against that." Their culture, our culture, they were co-real, existing simultaneously. The white room consisted mostly of light and

space. There were cubes stacked with icons on the surfaces, like a Logos of consciousness. It was light but there was a lot of other information coming in.

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### **Report #162**

There were some scenes or forms like in a nursery. No babies, but there were cribs and different animals, vibrant. I went to a childhood scene, or feeling. It was like I was in a stroller, kid images. It was sort of scary. I can't describe it. I could draw it maybe. It was like being in a room, as a child, with a stroller. There were cartoonlike people in the room, but they weren't what I wanted to see.

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### **Report #163 — entities**

There are no doors, there's nothing to go through. It's either over here — it's dark; or over there — there are images. You just can't do anything with them. It was Mayan hieroglyphics. It was interesting. The hieroglyphics turned into a room, like I was a child. There were toys there, like I was a kid. It was like that. It was cute.

There was no turning back. After a moment or two I became aware of something happening to my left. I saw a psychedelic, Day-Glo-colored space that approximated a room whose walls and floor had no clear separations or edges. It was throbbing and pulsating electrically. Rising in front of "me" was a podium-like table. It seemed that some presence was dealing/serving something to me. I wanted to know where I was and "sensed" the reply that I had no business there. The presence was not hostile, just somewhat annoyed and brusque.

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### **Report #164**

It was a scene of apartments from the future! He laughed at how unexpected it was. Like living quarters, they were gorgeous. Pink, orange, those kinds of colors, yellow, real bright.

I asked, "How did you know they were of the future?"

The places to sit, do things, the counters, they were molded out of the walls. I've never seen anything like it. It was really modern looking. The almost organic nature of the apartment was beautiful. It wasn't just functional. There was life in the furniture, like it was molded out of something alive, an animal, a living being. I felt in awe of the apartments. An artistic appreciation, like looking at a beautiful painting and getting lost in it, lost in the happiness. At the end I went past, beyond the apartments. I entered into a space, a crack in the earth. It wasn't horizontal, it was vertical. A crack in space.

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### **Report #165**

The relentless scratchy, crackling visuals didn't last long. Then I was above a strange landscape, like Earth, but very unearthly. Mountains of some sort. It was very friendly and inviting. It was so real I had to open my eyes. When I did the scene was overlaid on top of the room. I closed my eyes, and that removed the interference with what I had been seeing. It was like a super-bright Day-Glo poster, but much more complex. I was hovering miles above it. I had the very distinct sense of doing this, not just the visual perception. There were some telescopes, or microwave dishes, or water-tower things with antennae on them. I wish I could take you by the hand and show you. A vast expanse of horizon. The sun was different, different colors and hues than our sun.

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### **Report #166 — entities**

Oh yeah, there were people and guides. I was with a Mexican family, on a porch of a house in the desert. There was a garden scene outside. There were kids and stuff. I was playing with the kids. I was part of the family. I had a sense of an old man standing behind me or around me someplace. I wanted to talk with him, but he let me know somehow

that it was more important to visit with the young girl. It was pretty laid-back, benign. It seemed so natural and complete as it was happening. It wasn't a dream at all. I thought, "It seems like a pretty common day," and then I stopped and thought, "No, I'm tripping." There were some black people, too, sort of pulling at me. There was a curious feeling of being extracted. It was a jarring feeling. I was being called away.

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### **Report #167 — entities**

I saw such strange dreams, but at the beginning only.... I saw strange creatures, dwarves or something, they were black and moved about.

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### **Report #168 — entities**

I was in a big place, and they were hurting me. They were not human. ... They were horrible! I was living in a world of orange people.

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### **Report #169 — entities**

That was real strange. There were a lot of elves. They were prankish, ornery, maybe four of them appeared at the side of a stretch of interstate highway I travel regularly. They commanded the scene, it was their terrain! They were about my height. They held up placards, showing me these incredibly beautiful, complex, swirling geometric scenes in them. One of them made it impossible for me to move. There was no issue of control; they were totally in control. They wanted me to look! I heard a giggling sound — the elves laughing or talking at high-speed volume, chattering, twittering.

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### **Report #170 — entities**

First there was a mandala-like series of visuals, fleurs-de-lys-type visions. Then an insectlike thing got right into my face, hovering over me as the drug was going in. This thing sucked me out of my head into outer space. It was clearly outer space, a black sky with millions of stars. I was in a very large waiting room, or something. It was very long. I felt observed by the insect-thing and others like it. Then they lost interest. I was taken into space and looked at.

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### **Report #171 — entities**

There is a sinister backdrop, an alien-type, insectoid, not-quite-pleasant side of this, isn't there? It's not "We're-going-to-get-you-motherfucker", it's more like being possessed. During the experience there is sense of someone, or something else, there taking control. It's like you have to defend yourself against them, whoever they are, but they certainly are there. I'm aware of them and they're aware of me. It's like they have an agenda. It's like walking into a different neighborhood. You're really not quite sure what the culture is. It's got such a distinct flavour, the reptilian being or beings that are present.

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### **Report #172 — entities**

There is nothing that can prepare you for this. There is a sound, a bzzzz. It started off and got louder and louder and faster and faster. I was coming on and coming on and then POW! There was a space station below me and to my right. There were at least two presences, one on either side of me, guiding me to a platform. I was also aware of many entities inside the space station — automatons, android-like creatures that looked like a cross between crash dummies and the Empire troops from Star Wars, except that they were living beings, not robots. They seemed to have checkerboard patterns on parts of their bodies, especially their upper arms. They were doing some kind of routine technological work and paid no attention to me. In a state of overwhelmed confusion, I opened my eyes.

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### **Report #173 — entities**

There's this whole different world with architecture and landscape. I saw one or two beings there. The beings even have gender. The skin was not flesh-colored. I communicated with them but there wasn't enough time. I was so strung out, excited, agitated when I arrived there. They wanted to try and reduce my anxiety so we could relate.

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### **Report #174 — entities**

There was an initial sense of panic. Then the most beautiful colors coalesced into beings. There were lots of beings. They were talking to me but they weren't making a sound. It was more as if they were blessing me, the spirits of life were blessing me. They were saying that life was good. At first it felt like I was going through a cave or a tunnel or into space, at a fast rate, definitely. I felt like a ball hurtling down to wherever it was.

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### **Report #175 — entities**

There was a set of many hands. They were feeling my eyes and face. It was a little bit confusing. There were more individuals. They were recognizing and identifying me. It was more intimate. At first I thought it was the eyeshades on my face, but it definitely was not!

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### **Report #176 — entities**

It was wild. There were no colors. There was the usual sound: pleasant, a roar, a sort of an internal hum. Then there were three beings, three physical forms. There were rays coming out of their bodies and then back to their bodies. They were reptilian and humanoid, trying to make me understand, not with words, but with gestures. They wanted me to look into their bodies. I saw inside them and understood reproduction, what it's like before birth, the passage into the body. Once I established what they were communicating, they didn't just fade away. They stayed there for quite a while. Their presence was very solid.

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### **Report #177 — entities**

They were trying to show me as much as possible. They were communicating in words. They were like clowns or jokers or jesters or imps. There were just so many of them doing their funny little thing. I settled into it. I was incredibly still and I felt like I was in an incredibly peaceful place. Then there was a message telling me that I had been given a gift, that this space was mine and I could go there anytime. I should feel blessed to have form, to live. It went on forever. There were blue hands, fluttering things, then thousands of things flew out of these blue hands. I thought "What a show!" It was really healing.

It was part of me, not separate. It was a reassurance that this wouldn't go away, that it was mine, that a connection had been made. The whole thing was really crucial to my spiritual development. It's what I tried to do with LSD, a sort of self-initiation. With LSD, it worked in some ways and didn't in others.

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### **Report #178 — entities**

I was once encountered by some what I believe represents the idea of the elves. This entity was what appeared to be made of stone or granite. They had cherub like faces, but spikes on their heads. They were a beautiful dark blue. They were very mischievous! They told me they were gods and I should come play with them in their stone garden. I believe they were a distraction somewhere on the membrane of consciousness, and they were holding me back from completely transcending. Silly elves! I don't think they wish to harm us, they just like to play.

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### **Report #179 — entities**

It was a nursery. A high-tech nursery with a single Gumby, three feet tall, attending me. I felt like an infant. Not a human infant, but an infant relative to the intelligences represented by the Gumby. It was aware of me, but not particularly concerned. Sort of a detached concern, like a parent would feel looking into a playpen at his one-year-old lying there. As I went into it, I heard a sound: hmmm. Then I heard two to three male voices talking. I heard one of them say, "He's arrived."

I felt evolution occurring. These intelligences are looking over us. There is hope beyond the mess we are making for ourselves. I couldn't change the experience at all. I couldn't have anticipated it or even imagined it. It was a total surprise! I tried to open to love but that was silly. All I could do was observe it.

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### **Report #180 — entities**

That was much more intense than the first major dose. It's a different world. Amazing instruments. Machine-type things. There was one person operating some of this stuff. I was in a big room; he was in another part of it. I feel a little shaky... a little hypersensitive. ... there are little tremors going through my body.

There was one big machine in the center, with round conduits, almost writhing — not like a snake, more in a technical manner. The conduits were not open at the end. They were solid blue-gray tubes, made of plastic? The machine felt as if it was rewiring me, reprogramming me. There was a human, as far as I could tell, standing at some type of console, taking readings or manipulating things. He was busy, at work, on the job. I observed some of the results on that machine, maybe from my brain. It was a little frightening, almost unbearably intense.

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### **Report #181 — entities**

There were four distinct beings looking down on me, like I was on an operating-room table. I opened my eyes to see if it was you and Josette, but it wasn't. They had done something and were observing the results. They are vastly advanced scientifically and technologically. They were looking just over the traction bar in front of me. I guess they were saying, "Goodbye. Don't be a stranger."

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### **Report #182**

It's totally unexpected, quite constant and objective. One could interpret your looking at my pupils as being observed, and the tubes in my body as the tubes I'm seeing. But that is a metaphor, and this is not at all a metaphor. It's an independent, constant reality.

... DMT has shown me the reality that there is infinite variation on reality. There is the real possibility of adjacent dimensions. It may not be so simple as that there's alien planets with their own societies. This is too proximal. It's not like some kind of drug. It's more like an experience of a new technology than a drug.

You can choose to attend to this or not. It will continue to progress without you paying attention. You return not to where you left off, but to where things have gone since you left. It's not a hallucination, but an observation. When I'm there, I'm not intoxicated. I'm lucid and sober.

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### **Report #183 — entities**

The first thing I noticed was a burning in the back of my neck. Then there was this loud intense hum. It was like the fan at first, but separate. It began engulfing me. I let go into it and then . . . WHAM! I felt like I was in an alien laboratory, in a hospital bed like this, but it was over there. A sort of landing bay, or recovery area. There were beings. I was trying to get a handle on what was going on. I was being carted around. It didn't look alien, but their sense of purpose was. It was a three-dimensional space. I expected cartoonlike creatures, like a commercial for LSD, but this was "Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!" It was unlike any other DMT experience I've had.



They had a space ready for me. They weren't as surprised as I was. It was incredibly un-psychedelic. I was able to pay attention to detail. There was one main creature, and he seemed to be behind it all, overseeing everything. The others were orderlies, or dis-orderlies. They activated a sexual circuit, and I was flushed with an amazing orgasmic energy. A goofy chart popped up like an X-ray in a cartoon, and a yellow illumination indicated that the corresponding system, or series of systems, were fine. They were checking my instruments, testing things.

When I was coming out, I couldn't help but think "aliens." I am so disappointed I didn't talk to them. I was confused and in awe. I knew that they were preparing me for something. Somehow we had a mission. They had things to show me. But they were waiting for me to acquaint myself with the environment and movement and language of this space.

The atmosphere in the room was surreal. It was bursting with people and a very strange story. I hoped Dr. V. and Mr. W. were all right. I also wondered if I might lose my funding the next week. Or see it doubled. It was not like any UFO abduction I've heard about. These beings were friendly. I had a bond with one of them. It was about to say something to me or me to it, but we couldn't quite connect. It was almost a sexual bond, but not sex like intercourse, but a total body communication. I was filled with feelings of love for them. Their work definitely had something to do with my presence. Exactly what remains a mystery.

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### **Report #184 — entities**

There was a humming sound. I couldn't tell if it was the air conditioner. Then I felt like I was suddenly in the presence of an alien or of aliens, vaguely humanoid. There were serpentine colors surrounding them, producing an outline of their shape. Based on my reading, I expected leprechauns, not anything like this.

The bed was spinning, rocking, it was uncomfortable, alarming. There was some constriction in my chest. That feeling then turned into the alien presence. I tried to make contact and relax into it. It seemed a lot more in control than I was. It was interested in my fear and in me. I remember that feeling from when I was a kid. When I was scared I would relax and say to myself, "The worst thing that can happen is I'll go to God" when I was afraid.

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### **Report #185 — entities**

One of my many memorable DMT trips (at about 0.9 mg per kg of body weight, intramuscular of the HCl) was sitting on a Persian carpet listening to a recording of Sharan Rani playing a love raga on a sarod. I had my two trip buddies with me. There were candles and incense. The room was set up as a temple space for tripping. As I arrived at my internal trip space, I was filled with overwhelming feelings of womanly love and sensuality. I looked down and was very surprised to see myself dressed in filmy harem pants and no shirt on. I had a beautiful copper-colored female-body-breasts and all. I had many bangles on my arms, and ankle bells on my legs. I looked around and found that I was dancing a seductive love raga to the two musicians facing me playing sarod and tabla. We were performing in the courtyard of a beautiful Indian temple similar to Bubhaneshwar Temple, famed for its erotic sculpture and soaring towers. My dancing was an exact counterpart in rhythmic motion to the melodies and rhythms of the music. It was an exquisite act of love. It was so beautiful that when I came down, I declared that if I died right at that moment, I would regret nothing as I had experienced beauty more exquisite than I could ever imagine. Perfect love and unity. As I came down, I saw my beautiful breasts shimmer away and the bangles slide off my arms twinkling into nothing. There was a momentary ache in my heart as all of this love withdrew. As the room reappeared around me, I experienced a confusion; I could not remember if I was a sacred temple dancer dreaming I was a man, or if I was a man dreaming I was a female dancer. This was obviously a very touching and profound trip that infused my being with a new appreciation of love and harmony, something I carry as a memory and a perspective on life to this day. Obviously, I am not a woman, but I was so profoundly influenced by a woman playing a love raga that I created myself in accordance to what was entering into me from my environment. So it is apparent that set and setting are extremely influential in acting upon the DMT state, which is clearly a magnifying, creative, and sensitizing medium.

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### **Report #186 — entities**

When I was first going under there were these insect creatures all around me. They were clearly trying to break through. I was fighting letting go of who I am or was. The more I fought, the more demonic they became, probing into my psyche and being. I finally started letting go of parts of myself, as I could no longer keep so much of me together. As I did, I still clung to the idea that all was God, and that God was love, and I was giving myself up to God and God's love because I was certain I was dying. As I accepted my death and dissolution into God's love, the insectoids began to feed on my heart, devouring the feelings of love and surrender.

It's not like LSD. Things really closed in around me, in comparison to the spaciousness that I feel with LSD. There was no feeling of space. Everything was in close. I've never seen anything like that. They were interested in emotion. As I was holding on to my last thought, that God equals love, they said, "Even here? Even here?" I said, "Yes, of course." They were still there but I was making love to them at the same time. They feasted as they made love to me. I don't know if they were male or female or something else, but it was extremely alien, though not necessarily unpleasant. The thought came to me with certainty that they were manipulating my DNA, changing its structure.

And then it started fading. They didn't want me to go. Remembering many previous stories, I said, "Yes, they are interested in us and our feelings. And, no, they don't want us to go." The sheer intensity was almost unbearable. The forms became increasingly sinister the more I fought. I'm going to need therapy after this — sex with insects!

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### **Report #187 — entities**

I realize the intense pulsating-buzzing sound and vibration are an attempt by the DMT entities to communicate with me. The beings were there and they were doing something to me, experimenting on me. I saw a sinister face, but then one of them somehow tried to begin reassuring me. Then the space opened up around me. There were creatures and machinery. It looked like it was in a field of black space. There were brilliant psychedelic colors outlining the creatures and the machinery. The field went on forever. They were sharing this with me, letting me see all this. There was a female. I felt like I was dying, then she appeared and reassured me. She accompanied me during the viewing of the machinery and the creatures. When I was with her I had a deep feeling of relaxation and tranquility.

They were pouring communication into me but it was just so intense. I couldn't bear it. There were rays of psychedelic yellow light coming out of the face of the reassuring entity. She was trying to communicate with me. She seemed very concerned for me, and the effects I was experiencing due to her attempts at communicating.

There was something outlined in green, right in front of me and above me here. It was rotating and doing things. She was showing me, it seemed like, how to use this thing. It resembled a computer terminal. I believe she wanted me to try to communicate with her through that device. But I couldn't figure it out.

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### **Report #188 — entities**

There was one that was with me by my side. There was the same pulsating vibration. They wanted me to join them, to stay with them. I was tempted. ... I was looking down a corridor that was stretching out forever. That may be where I lost it. The buzzing and kaleidoscopic shifting was intense and went on for a long time. Then it let up and I was in that hive. There was another one helping me, different from the one I saw earlier this morning.

It was very intelligent. It wasn't at all humanoid. It wasn't a bee but it seemed like one. It was showing me around the hive. It was extremely friendly, and I felt a warm sensual energy radiating throughout the hive. I decided it must be a wonderful thing to live in a loving and sensual environment such as that. It said to me that this was where our future lay. I don't know why it said that or what it meant or if that's a good thing or not. I recall telling myself as I was coming down, "I want to remember. I want to remember, " but I can't.

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### **Report #189 — entities**

There was a sound, like a hum that turned into a whoosh, and then I was blasted out of my body at such speed, with such force, as if it were the speed of light.

The colors were aggressive, terrifying; I felt as if they would consume me, as if I were on a warp-speed conveyer belt heading straight into the cosmic psychedelic buzzsaw. I was terrified. I felt abandoned. I'm completely and totally lost. I have never been so alone. How can you describe what it feels like to be the only entity in the universe?

There are sounds: high-pitched singing, like angel voices. But they aren't comforting. They are very impersonal and don't care about me. They are simply part of the background noise of blasting through the void of the universe. It felt like going backward from life in a physical body to life as simply an energy form with no body. The essence of who I am was alone in the void, back in the staging area for life where souls wait to incarnate.

I was in a place where there are no physical life-forms, only colors and sounds. The singing angels were there only to observe me, not to comfort me. But even though they didn't comfort me, I did bring back an incredible sense of Love.

A male presence tries to communicate with me, but I don't understand. I use my mind to ask, "What?" The reply is garbled. It (he) is trying to tell me I will see something. But what? I try to ask, "Will I know it when I see it?" The presence tells me I will see something. Is it by the horizon's light I see in the vast darkness? There is a great roaring sound. It interferes with the voice because I know it is a jet "out there." I'm coming back. The Voice is gone.

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### **Report #190 — entities**

The first trip was lots of spinning colors. I was scared, but I kept telling myself, "Relax, surrender, embrace." Then I saw what I can only describe as a Las Vegas-casino type of scene, all flashing and whirling lights. I was rather disappointed. Here I'm expecting this profound spiritual experience and I get Las Vegas! But then, before I had much time to be disappointed, I "flew" on and saw clowns performing. They were like toys, or animated clowns. I had the overwhelming urge to laugh. I was kind of self-conscious about it at first, but I couldn't contain myself and I laughed out loud watching those clowns.

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### **Report #191 — entities**

This time the aggressive spinning colors were almost familiar. Suddenly, a pulsating "entity" appeared in the patterns. It sounds weird to describe it as "Tinkerbell-like." It was trying to coax me to go with it. At first I was reluctant, because I didn't know about finding my way back.

By the time I made up my mind that I did want to go with it, I could tell the drug was starting to wear off, and I wasn't "high" enough to follow it. I told it, "I can't go with you now. See, they want me back." It didn't seem to be offended and, in fact, "followed" me back until I sensed it had reached its boundary. I felt like it was saying good-bye. Reentry was slow, and I was reluctant to take off the eyeshades.

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### **Report #192 — entities**

This time, I quickly blasted through to the "other side." I was in a void of darkness. Suddenly, beings appeared. They were cloaked, like silhouettes. They were glad to see me. They indicated that they had had contact with me as an individual before. They seemed pleased that we had discovered this technology. I felt like a spiritual seeker who had gotten too far off course and, instead of encountering the spirit world, overshot my destination and ended up on another planet.

They wanted to learn more about our physical bodies. They told me humans exist on many levels. I needed to reconnect with my body in time for the blood pressure check and blood sampling. It was as if they, rather than

Laura, were collecting the information, and they appreciated my doing it for them. Somehow we had something in common. They told me to "embrace peace."

I could feel myself begin to slip away from them as the drug wore off. As I started to come down, I saw these things from their world that I really can't describe. I thought of how the South Pacific natives could see only Captain Cook's small boats, and not his big ships, until they actually climbed on board and touched them.

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### **Report #193 — entities**

I went directly into deep space. They knew I was coming back and they were ready for me. They told me there were many things they could share with us when we learn how to make more extended contact. Again, they wanted something from me, not just physical information. They were interested in emotions and feelings. I told them, "We have something we can give you: spirituality." I guess what I really meant was Love. I tried to figure out how to do this. I felt a tremendous energy, brilliant pink light with white edges, building on my left side. I knew it was spiritual energy and Love. They were on my right, so I reached out my hands across the universe and prepared to be a bridge.

I let this energy pass through me to them. I said something like, "See, there I did it for you. You have it." They were grateful. I was coming down off the DMT, losing altitude. I would have to go back.

I was a little disappointed that experience was spent "giving" when what I wanted was spiritual enlightenment. Should I have asked for something to take back first? I guess I don't feel comfortable in my role as an earthly spiritual emissary. But I did my best. I always knew we weren't alone in the universe. I thought that the only way to encounter them is with bright lights and flying saucers in outer space. It never occurred to me to actually encounter them in our own inner space. I thought the only things we could encounter were things in our own personal sphere of archetypes and mythology. I expected spirit guides and angels, not alien life-forms.

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### **Report #194 — entities**

It's a very enchanting place. I almost don't want to leave it. Transitions are completions. How I am. Who I am. First I saw a tunnel or channel of light off to the right. I had to turn to go into it. Then the whole process repeated on the left. It was intentional that way. It was as if it had a source, further away. It got bigger farther away, like a funnel. It was bright and pulsating. There was a sound like music, like a score, but unfamiliar to me, supporting the emotional tone of the events and drawing me in. I was very small. It was very large. There were large beings in the tunnel, on the right side, next to me. I had a sense of great speed. Everything was unimportant relative to this. Things were flashing, flashing by, as if from a different perspective. It was so much more real than life.

The left and right tunnels joined in front of me. There were gremlins, small, faces mostly. They had wings and tails and stuff. I paid them little attention. The larger beings were there to sustain and support me. That was their realm. A sort of good and evil thing: the gremlins versus the tall beings. The tall beings were loving, smiling and serene. Something rushed through me, out of me. I remember thinking at some point, "Here comes the separation." I felt my body only when I swallowed or breathed, and that really wasn't a physical feeling as much as a way of setting ripples through the experience. I felt strongly, "This is dying and this is okay."

I had heard of the bright light tunnel, but I didn't expect it to be the way it was here today. I thought it would be primarily in front of me, but this took turns on both sides and then joined in front. Nor was it as bright as I thought it might be.

I'm amazed DMT is in the body. It's there for a reason. It's there for dying today. I had a sense of dying, letting go and separating, after the beings in the tunnel helped me along. "How do you feel about returning, being back in your body?" It's okay for now.

The other side is very, very different. There are no words, body, or sounds there to limit things. I first saw deep space, white with stars. Then there was this multidimensional experience starting. It was alive. It was the aliveness that I heard. My body was trying to say, "Remember the body" as I was going into that place. It wasn't a desperate

cry, but an attempt to keep it real, make the experience real from the point of view of the senses. The body wanted me back.

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### **Report #195**

There was the sound of the entire universe, more like a hum. It was pervasive, overwhelming. I thought, "Holy moly, how did I get into this?" Things weren't right and were getting more wrong all the time. Then my ability to perceive as a human being winked out. There were no more emotions, because emotions work only up to a certain point.

I saw a man lying in a hospital room. He was naked with a person on either side of him, one female and one male. At first they didn't look like anybody I knew. They were perfect generic human beings. I recognized, in context, that they were me, you, and Laura. The way of knowing was totally different from this reality. I didn't know I was in a study of any kind. There was something wrong with him. He was there to get better. The hospital was a healing center. What was wrong with him was death. The naked person was dead. What killed the person was the stress from the DMT. None of my guardians or protectors made an appearance. They were out of the loop.

He was healed, more than healed. He was reborn. He got cured from death, healed from death. And then he became the creator of a whole universe. I gradually became more and more solid and moved toward my everyday presence. I watched the universe's creation down from fundamental mental energy to a vibratory rate to material things. I realized I was recreating the hospital and the room. As the world jelled more and more, I wanted to see it and asked to have the eyeshades taken off. I became fascinated with my fingers, like a newborn.

I've taught classes on how the universe is a construct of your own mind. And here it was happening. My attitude was different when I knew you were my creations. I felt as close to you as to my own son and daughter. I would have to say my experience was a classical death/rebirth experience. I had done it before, but never in the same way as with DMT. It was spectacular in imagery, texture, and atmosphere and had incredible lighting and effects. Boil it down and it's very, very classic.

The 0.2 was harrowing — this was way beyond. I knew the boundary beyond life existed. I never thought I'd be there, though, at such an early age. It's one of those things that old men talk about, like "once I got there." It's just the wrong place and time. I expect these sorts of things in the mountains with my friends in a more ceremonial setting.

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### **Report #196 — entities**

There was the lightest feeling of a beckoning for me to follow something. It was like a light on the horizon, like two roads merging with the horizon. There were some eyes looking at me, friendly. They wanted to see who was there, and seemed to say that I would follow them later.

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### **Report #197**

I felt the DMT go in and it burned in my vein. It was hard to breathe into it. Then the patterns began. I said to myself, "Let me go through you." At that point it opened, and I was very much somewhere else. I believe it was at that point that I went out, into the universe — being, dancing with, a star system. I asked myself, "Why am I doing this to myself?" And then there was, "This is what you've always been searching for. This is what all of you has always been searching for."

There was a movement of color. The colors were words. I heard what the colors were saying to me. I was trying to look out, but they were saying, "Go in." I was looking for God outside. They said, "God is in every cell of your body." And I was feeling it, totally open to it, and I kept opening to it more, and I just took it in. The colors kept telling me things, but they were telling me things so I not only heard what I was seeing, but also felt it in my cells. I say "felt," but it was like no other "felt," more like a knowing that was happening in my cells. That God is in everything and that we are all connected, and that God dances in every cell of life, and that every cell of life dances in God.

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### **Report #198**

The swirl of color reminded me of the visual experience the day before, but multiplied a millionfold. I could only hold on, remembering not to fall off into the distracting light show. Then everything stopped! The darkness opened to light, and on the other side of space all was utterly still. Then the words "just because it is possible" emerged out of nothingness and filled me.

The great power sought to fill all possibilities. It was "amoral," but it was love, and it just was. There was no benevolent god, only this primordial power. All of my ideas and beliefs seemed absurdly ridiculous. I never wanted to forget this. I was aware I could open my eyes and relate to those around me. But first I had to wait for all this to solidify, to allow the fullness of the experience to congeal, so I could bring it back to the others. I wondered, "Why come back?" I was reluctant to open my eyes. When I did, the room seemed very bright, but otherwise quite as I had left it.

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### **Report #199**

It came on fast and big, and an incredible pressure arose in my head, pushing me back. It blasted me into the realm in which pure living energy begins to take form. As it began to slow down, I saw the process of separated awareness. This slowing down creates form and consciousness. Before the slowing down, it's not there. It's not unconscious, but not conscious. It's real, of its own substance, not fragmented. It's amazing how slowly things move here on Earth!

Going out and slowing down into the periphery, to the fringes of it, into form. There is the endless outflow of creation, effortless, and then this vast process takes it back in. My little piece of energy goes in and out, too, not more or less than any other piece. You can't die. You can't go away. You can neither add nor subtract. There is a continual outflow that is immortality. The "I am" notion goes around and around. I have the certainty of that.

There were loads of paradoxes. I was not disoriented but there was no orientation. I didn't know where or who I was, but there was nothing to know who or where it was. I didn't have to wonder what to do next. There are no empty spaces, they were all filled up.

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### **Report #200 — entities**

The first session was a lot of fun. I felt myself lifting off the bed three or four feet. The visions rapidly developed into an almost sparkling electric blue-green light pattern. I asked, "Are you here again?" No answer, so I watched a low-lying city on a flat plane on the far horizon mutate through a variety of colors and hues, with many ill-defined "things" floating in the "air" above the city.

Then I noticed a middle-aged female, with a pointed nose and light greenish skin, sitting off to my right, watching this changing city with me. She had her right hand on a dial that seemed to control the panorama we were watching. She turned slightly toward me and asked, "What else would you like?" I answered telepathically, "Well, what else have you got? I have no idea what you can do."

Then she stood up, walked up to my right forehead, touched it and warmed it up, and then used a sharp object to open up a panel in my right temple, releasing a tremendous amount of pressure. This made me feel much better than I'd felt before, even though I realized I'd felt fine in the first place.

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### **Report #201 — entities**

For the first time ever, I went into a blank state before the DMT injection. I had no thought, no hopes, no fears, no expectations. The trip started with an electric tingling in my body, and quickly the visual hallucinations arrived. Then I noticed five or six figures walking rapidly alongside me. They felt like helpers, fellow travelers. A humanoid male figure turned toward me, threw his right arm up toward the patchwork of bright colors, and asked, "How about

this?" The kaleidoscopic patterns immediately became brighter and moved more rapidly. A second and then a third asked and did the same thing. At that point, I decided to go further, deeper.

I immediately saw a bright yellow-white light directly in front of me. I chose to open to it. I was consumed by it and became part of it. There were no distinctions — no figures or lines, shadows or outlines. There was no body or anything inside or outside. I was devoid of self, of thought, of time, of space, of a sense of separateness or ego, or of anything but the white light. There are no symbols in my language that can begin to describe that sense of pure being, oneness, and ecstasy. There was a great sense of stillness and ecstasy.

I have no idea how long I was in this confluence of pure energy, or whatever/however I might describe it. Finally I felt myself tumbling gently and sliding backward away from this Light, sliding down a ramp. I could see myself doing this, a naked, thin, luminescent childlike being that glowed with a warm, yellow light. My head was enlarged, and my body was that of a four-year-old child. Waves of the Light touched me as my body receded from it. I was almost dizzy with happiness as the slide down the ramp finally ended.

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### **Report #202 — entities**

There were wire people everywhere riding bicycles, like programmed people, like video-game people having fun. I watched them. They were blue-green, running all around me. Like being in a parking tower. I forget what happened at the end. They did it for a long time! I kept wondering if anything else would happen. Slowly the trip ended, but I can't remember how.

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### **Report #203 — entities**

There were two crocodiles. On my chest. Crushing me, raping me anally. I didn't know if I would survive. At first I thought I was dreaming, having a nightmare. Then I realized it was really happening.

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### **Report #204 — entities**

That was a real gift, this last one. I was in such angst and pain for the first doses, especially the third one, and I thought, "Oh God, am I going to do this again in this last dose?" and I thought, "Yes, I'll do it again." I just never gave up. And then it was easy.

There was literally a flood of beings saying, "Okay, remember when you were young and idealistic and wanted to learn how to do bodywork?" There's no reason I can't do that now.

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### **Report #205 — entities**

The little people (elves) don't bother me, but when I do see them they put trinkets into my body, then they do their crazy little dance. Their arms wiggle like the robot in "Lost in Space". But anyways, the aliens to me are more like shadow people, but I can see the out-lining of their bodies and head.

They do scare me. One time I was lying down and energy shot straight up my spine and I sat up quickly. My spine was stiff like a sword and there was no fighting it. My vision was all black, and a multi-colored hand reached out of the darkness and laid its hand on top of my head and all that energy went up my spine and into his hand. It took my information/experiences in life... that bastard, I was raped I tell ya. And another time I was lying down and the shadow people lifted up my shirt and all their hands were digging into my belly button and every time they pressed on it an image of my mother would appear. When it was all over it was my hands, but I know it was them. Were they working through me?

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### **Report #206 — entities**

I feel a tingling in my body. A strange lifting sensation. I see colors coming at me in the darkness. Then I see a light, a matrix of cells that looks like skin under a microscope, with white light behind them. All of a sudden off to the upper right I see a figure. She looks like an African War Goddess. She is black, carries a spear, a shield, and appears to have a mask on. I have surprised her. She takes a defensive and aggressive posture. She says, "YOU DARE TO COME HERE?!" I mentally reply, "I guess so."

The scene before me erupts in a way that I can only relate to what it looks like in the TV show Star Trek when the spaceship shifts into a faster-than-the speed-of-light acceleration. I feel a tremendous rush in my chest. My heart is hammering. I feel waves coursing through my body. I think, "This is it. Rick and Laura have killed me." Then my subconscious or someone said to me, "You're dying, don't die."

Far away I hear what sounds like an alarm. I think something's gone very wrong. I think of Sara and my little son. I fight.

I'm not going to die. I feel as if I've dived off a 10-meter platform, hit the water, and am at the bottom of the pool. I swim for the surface. The effects are wearing off. I am hypersensitive to people in the room. I can hear their breathing and their movements. I feel their tension.

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### **Report #207 — entities**

The empty space in the room began sparkling. Large crystalline prisms appeared, a wild display of lights shooting off into all directions. More complicated and beautiful geometric patterns overlaid my visual field. My body felt cool and light. Was I about to faint? I closed my eyes, sighing, and thought, "My God!"

I heard absolutely nothing, but my mind was completely full of some sort of sound, like the aftereffects of a large ringing bell. I didn't know if I was breathing. I trusted things would be fine and let go of that thought before panic could set in. The ecstasy was so great that my body could not contain it. Almost out of necessity, I felt my awareness rush out, leaving its physical container behind.

Out of the raging colossal waterfall of flaming color expanding into my visual field, the roaring silence, and an unspeakable joy, they stepped, or rather, emerged. Welcoming, curious, they almost sang, "Now do you see?" I felt their question pour into and fill every possible corner of my awareness: "Now do you see? Now do you see?" Trilling, sing-song voices, exerting enormous pressure on my mind.

There was no need to answer. It was as if someone had asked me, on a blazing cloudless midsummer afternoon in the New Mexico desert, "Is it bright? Is it bright?" The question and the answer are identical. Added to my "Yes!" was a deeper "Of course!" And finally, an intensely poignant "At last!"

I "stared" with my inner eyes, and we appraised each other. As they disappeared back into the torrent of color, now beginning to fade, I could hear some sounds in the room. I knew I was coming down. I felt my breathing, my face, my fingers, and I was dimly aware of an encroaching darkness. Were there flames, smoke, dust, battling troops, enormous suffering? I opened my eyes.

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### **Report #208 — entities**

I was taken up into a multicolored geometric spiral that led me up to some multicolored clouds. As the clouds faded, I felt glazed over. Then I noted that the trails coming off of my hands were forming elves inside them.

As I made more trails with my hands, I tried to see and hear the elves better, for they seemed to be trying to say something to me. However just as I went to listen closer, the tryp came to an end. Dang, and I did not even get to hear what my little friends had to say.

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## Report #209 — entities

I was out of body, my body felt disconnected, as the night before, somewhat tingly this time, like when a limb falls asleep. Direction, orientation, gravity, etc., became meaningless in this completely abstract work of visual art.

I found myself lying down in a room, surrounded by alien 'presences' standing all around me in my peripheral vision. The presences appeared to me as alternating black and white outlines and I could only see their heads peering down at me. They were featureless except for color and shape; a black head shape, next to a white head shape, next to a black head shape, 6-10 of them, very interested in me but trying to stay out of my field of vision.

In retrospect I felt like I was lying on hospital bed as a patient of these presences. Straight in front of me or above me in the distance was a rectangular box, slowly approaching. It was my reaction to the box the presences were most interested in. As I studied the box I started to make out details. I was looking into the open side of the box and along the top edge were about a dozen or more dancing snakes, weaving rhythmically back and forth, like sea grass rippling under the sea, and pulsating in rainbow psychedelic colors, mostly reds.

It was absolutely hypnotic to watch as they slowly approached with the open box below them. Slowly, my attention moved from the snakes to the contents of the box. On the left was a circular disk, quartered, with a black dot in each quarter, also pulsating and with rainbow colors. On the right was a round flask with a long neck, and I quickly realized this was the most important of the objects being revealed to me. As I drew my attention to it, it slowly came towards me, open end into my mouth. I could feel the flask on my lips, in the physical realm, which surprised me, and suddenly and involuntarily, I began to swallow, again and again, drinking what felt like pure energy.

As I began drinking from the flask, my field of vision was drawn into the contents of the flask. I zoomed in, closer and closer until I realized with a start that I was drinking DNA; I could make out the strands and then the double helixes and then as a single strand loomed to fill my vision, it began to unwind, and I followed the strand simultaneously in both directions at once, forward and backward in time, a strange but pleasant sensation.

What followed was an incredible experience; I felt myself morphing into various species, all feeling very familiar. It was not so much visual as it was what it actually felt like to be in the mind and body of first a fish, then a frog, then a snake, an eagle, a lion ... I was experiencing the unfolding of life itself, and realizing, as I had realized the night before and on other trips and meditations, that the story of life is not one of simple chance and contingency influenced so much by natural selection, as we observe in the greater physical realm, but rather it is directed by a simple life force of pure energy which operates on the smallest of conscious, sentient levels, down to the very molecules, atoms, even quarks and smaller where matter and energy blend and are really one and the same.

All of it is conscious, the entire universe is conscious and connected, at every level and every size, and we are nothing more than manifestations, physical packages, containers of that pre-existing everlasting all-pervading consciousness. DNA strands are nothing more than books, physical mnemonics, stable energy forms of ideas and patterns, that worked and are written, saved and read back by this all-pervading life-force.

Working patterns of DNA are not simply selected by pure chance, as classic evolutionary theory would have us believe, it is being written and directed by something much greater, much more pervasive, and much more subtle than we've ever till now supposed, and this all-pervasive awareness is finally being realized in the West through quantum mechanics, evolutionary theory, mythology, psychology, synchronicity, and most especially, psychonautics.

But I digress. Slowly, my field of view returned back from the contents of the flask back out to the snakes, approaching ever closer, until I realized they weren't just snakes but sharp scythes, lashing out at me, cutting at my chest, my heart, dancing ever so rhythmically, gently but necessarily, telling me to let go, open my heart, let go, let myself feel. I opened my eyes. The room was nothing but paisley patterns and paisley people. My body was somewhat tense. I closed my eyes again. The snakes were gone, I couldn't see the presences, but I knew they were still there, watching me, protecting me.

In the distance a different presence began to approach: a large red demon-like creature with a knobby bulbous head and bulging arms and fierce but nonhostile eyes. His right arm and hand was outstretched, reaching for my head. He gently reached through my flesh, my skull, and gently palmed my mind, like a blanket wrapped around my

brain. Then he faded into dozens of eyes, peering, turning, twisting, watching, which in part slowly faded into darkness.

I opened my eyes and met the gaze of everyone else's eyes in the room. The feeling of the demon's palm and the presence of the protective entities didn't fade — they were meant to stay with me and they have, even now. 30-40 minutes had passed, the longest that evening by far. I told my story quietly and slowly got up.

I felt much relieved from my previous night's experience; the Glory of DMT was ever so gentle, tender, compared to the Power of 5-MeO DMT. After the experience, incidently, I ended up having to piss again and again that night, although I had not drank more liquids than usual, other than the contents of the flask in the vision. Weird.

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### **Report #210**

At this point I was sure I was going insane, but did not focus on this thought. My body felt as if it was shaking and peeling away from my consciousness. I could hear childlike laughing, and what sounded like rubber shoes being dragged along a tile floor. These sounds got progressively louder until I was sure they were going to take me over. Just as I felt they were becoming too much for me, they stopped.

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### **Report #211 — entities**

I found myself in a void. I couldn't feel my body, and felt as if I had died, and gone on to a higher existence. There were other consciousnesses present, though I was unsure if they were human or not, or even if they were those of others, or branches of my own that I'd never had the ability to sense. These consciousnesses helped me look at myself in ways impossible to fully explain. I was able to analyze my basic human condition from my current point of view, as well as the opposing position, and in two ways that I can't even fathom, let alone explain.

I came to understand that there is order to our existence, but not an order that is visible to our severely disabled minds. I could send thoughts to parts of my mind that I was generally unable to access when in a normal state of consciousness.

I began to hear other voices, but couldn't pick out any words that I understood. I started to hear voices I recognised, but couldn't match up with memories of who they belonged to. The voices started telling me that I was OK, and that I was going to be back soon.

With that, I started to see what looked like paint, swirling in front of my eyes. The paint started looking like snakes and vines climbing up the insides of my eyelids...

Finally they all eventually reached the top of my vision, and disappeared; the next thing I knew, I was done.

It was about twenty after eight, and I felt shaky and enlightened. My arms felt sore, and my legs were weak, but I felt as though I'd experienced something I couldn't ever fully explain, or even want to fully share.

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### **Report #212 — entities**

Soft humming noise... eyes closed... suddenly, as if someone touched a button, the static darkness of retina is illuminated... enormous toy-jewel-clock factory, Santa Claus workshop... not impersonal or engineered, but jolly, comic, light-hearted. The evolutionary dance, humming with energy, billions of variegated forms spinning, clicking through their appointed rounds in the smooth ballet..

Open eyes... there squatting next to me are two magnificent insects... skin burnished, glowing metallic, with hammered jewels inlaid... richly costumed, they looked at me sweetly...

Dear, radiant Venutian crickets... one has a pad in his lap and is holding out a gem-encrusted box with undulating trapezoidal glowing sections... questioning look... incredible...

And next to him Mrs. Diamond Cricket softly slides into a lattice-work of vibrations... Dr. Ruby-emerald Cricket smiles... TIM WHERE ARE YOU NOW... moves box towards me...

Oh yes... try to tell them... where... At two minutes, the subject was smiling with eyes closed. When asked to report he opened his eyes, looked at the observers curiously, smiled.

When the orientation question was repeated he chuckled, moved his finger searchingly over the typewriter and (with a look of amused tolerance) stabbed at the "cognitive activity" key. He then fell back with a sigh and closed his eyes. Use mind... explain... look down at undulating boxes... struggle to focus... use mind... yes COGNITIVE... there...

Eyes close... back to dancing workshop... joy... incredible beauty... the wonder, wonder, wonder... thanks... thanks for the chance to see the dance... all hooked together... everything fits into the moist, pulsating pattern... a huge grey-white mountain cliff, moving, pocked by little caves and in each cave a band of radar-antennae, elf-like insects merrily working away, each cave the same, the grey-white wall endlessly parading by... infinity of life forms... merry erotic energy nets...

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### **Report #213 — entities**

I did see intelligent insect alien god beings who explained that they had created us, and were us in the future, but that this was all taking place outside of linear time. Then they telepathically scanned me, fucked me, and ate me. But...no elves. In other words, try not to define the experience in other people's terms, and let it unfold as it does.

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### **Report #214**

Then, just as suddenly, it stopped. Alpert found himself in a dome that was luminously white. The light wasn't inside or out — the whole thing was luminous. A more intense light seemed to emanate from the center skylight. There were many people in the room, gathered mainly in the center and looking upward.

Alpert crowded in to see what they were looking at. Finally, he reached the center and could look up. He discovered he was "looking up into absolutely clear light. I'm looking directly at the light. And it's totally purifying me." At the most ecstatic moment in this experience, Alpert heard a laugh. He turned to look, and at the edge of the crowd there stood Timothy. He realized that Leary was telling him that this was ecstasy too.

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### **Report #215 — entities**

Everything in the room had a kinda "squared" surface, breathing by its own... As soon as I felt that I had observed this, I started going through a tunnel filled with squares in colors which slowly became more and more colorful... Constantly changing and creating new shapes and colors...

There was this extremely crispy sound that also influenced my body I felt, but soon that body didn't exist anymore...

First I had to give myself loose to this sensation, and struggled a bit (I think that's quite naturally) but when I finally gave in, I "entered" the realm of DMT...

I was greeted by a being in a room where everything was made of full-colored squares... ( They followed me all through the "trip" ) so full of incredible love and it reached out for me and bid me welcome... It had this huge kinda clown-mouth all red, and somehow it communicated to me, that everything was alright, and that there was space for me as well...

Suddenly the word "Nirvana" entered my "consciousness" (or what was left of "myself" floating around somewhere) and kept echoing all around me, and for one blasting moment, enlightenment came to me, why we are here, the purpose of it all, etc...

I had absolutely no track of "time" whatsoever, and basically I didn't care... I just floated around with all this love...

Then it changed, and some other kind of beings came to me... first a few... Then more and more (basically they looked a bit like "gremlins", although I wasn't really afraid of them at that time). The clear and beautiful colors changed to some kind of muddy greenish and yellowish ones, and I felt that these creatures wanted to "take me over" in some way... First I just thought they were funny, and had a kind of "dance" with them... I would form clear colors in the center of my mind, then they would heap muddy colors over the colors that I'd just put...

Everytime I thought of the word "love", they would make fun of it and say "noooo" ...

We "danced" like this for a while, and suddenly I became aware of myself somewhere... (which I shouldn't have... I should just have given in) I suddenly got this kinda paranoid idea, that I'd been there for a month or so, and that somebody was trying to wake me up from that state of mind I was in... Kinda like when you see people who've been blasted out in space on a heavy dose of acid, and they don't know how to get back...

I remember wondering if I'd already been sent to a psychiatric hospital \*LOL\*... and I thought that if that was the case, I better try to get out of it... The next moment I wouldn't care... Simply because this was a blast! Then I'd try again, but mostly because I thought of my family and the people that love me... (I never knew I was that stubborn until then \*LOL\*.)

Apparently I grabbed my friend in order to have something "real" to hold on to, since I thought (somewhere) that I might be in a mental institution \*G\*... At the same time, my hair seemed to be something to hold on to, and I have to say, that I'm quite relieved to find, that I didn't pull it all off.

It went on like this for what I thought was some time and suddenly my visions changed... I went back into the room with the loving being, floated around there "watching" the colors and tunnels and then it all changed again...

I saw all these clusters of "eyes" looking at me from all around me, leaping out towards me, then withdrawing, coming, going... The most trippy thing I've ever experienced... and probably ever will... even if I've heard that it gets wilder and wilder everytime!

Suddenly I had the sensation of knowing that I was in a room in our 3-dimensional world, and could see a tiny bit of the furniture in the room, it would be there, then disappear... Apparently I'd been quite "wild" while I was out there... I "woke up" on the floor!!!

There are absolutely no words that could possibly explain what I saw ... you couldn't possibly "prepare" other people for what they might experience... It just has to be tried... there's no other way!!!

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### **Report #216 — entities**

Nothing I say at this point will do justice to the indescribable world beyond the membrane to ours. Let me preface by saying that there is a hyperdimensional reality out there every bit as real, complex, and inhabited as our own. While there, I was aware that I'd smoked DMT and that I'd only be allowed a few minutes. I was also aware of Terra taking notes, the veritable mission control for my space shuttle.

The trip felt like a flashback to a powerful dream — elusive, familiar, and full of potential. Some part of me recognized this alien landscape. The first words I sent back to Houston were, "Ohhhh, this!"

I found myself in a courtyard in front of the Egyptian pyramids or perhaps, more accurately, the pyramids after which the Egyptian ones were modeled. Above me hovered a metallic "halo" of the approximate consistency of a ring-shaped air bubble rising through water. This halo, if seen over an Iowan cornfield, would no doubt be described as a UFO. I realize this does not speak well for my sanity. Nevertheless, this is what I experienced. And I say experienced because everything I saw, I also heard and felt which makes it all the more difficult to describe.

Inside this halo, as if on different screens, floated archetypal "judges" that seemed to be watching me. The only one I could readily identify was a many-armed, profoundly Hindu, avatar which I later identified as the Destroyer's wife, Kali. The other judges were three-dimensional "glyphs" of pure meaning which defy my every attempt to describe them. It occurred to me that I was auditioning, in soul form, for a role in some future play.

I felt suddenly nervous and underprepared, like I'd arrived at a pot-luck dinner empty-handed. Then I remembered a question I'd brought to the conference, one that had never been adequately answered. Trying a singsong voice of my own I asked, "How can we reconcile wilderness with technology?"

This was an extremely difficult undertaking because every syllable's change in tone altered the landscape's features dramatically. It was hard not to get distracted by these new patterns and ask, "How can we dub-a-wub ook zawa ook-wah." Furthermore, each syllable manifested itself as a corridor, as if my sentence was a path through a labyrinth. By the time I reached a resonant "wild-er-ness," refreshingly green with concentric wave-like borders, I saw the question mark stretched like a ribbon at the end of a marathon, and knew that I would make it.

After I uttered the final inflection, I burst forth from the labyrinth onto the pyramid's moonlit stage. Then the whole scene rippled, rose up in front of me, and smashed my mind with a tidal wave of beauty. I staggered backward bewildered, then realized the answer. Aesthetics over everything was my take-home message. This truth coursed through me with what felt like affection. An immense, lasting smile spread over my face. "Can I bring my book into it?", I asked, hopefully.

Then I thought to myself, "Wait a minute, these people aren't publishers." Suddenly I was looking down an undulating tunnel that formed a 'T' along the horizon. From both sides of the 'T' I heard "them" approaching, a rising crescendo along the periphery. At that moment I turned and went back to the pyramids, not ready I guess to have to say I'd seen aliens. Besides, I already had too much to contemplate: pyramids, UFO's, and streams of pure beauty.

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### **Report #217**

I turned my attention to the hyperdimensional "wallpaper," a fractal, unfolding, crystalline lotus blossom. It both reassured and mesmerized me until, moments later, I opened my eyes to see house plants. When I closed them again and tried to go back, I realized I couldn't then returned to the living room. Physically, I felt perfectly fine and turned to my newfound friends and said, "Okay, I'm back. Let's talk about it."

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### **Report #218 — entities**

For me it was an enormous amount of DMT, and I immediately had a sense of entering a high vacuum. I heard a high pitched whine and the sound of cellophane ripping as I was transformed into the ultra-high-frequency orgasmic goblin that is a human being in DMT ecstasy. I was surrounded by the chattering of elf machines and the more-than-arabian vaulted spaces that would shame a bibiena.

Manifestations of a power both alien and bizarrely beautiful raged around me. At the point where I would normally have expected the visions to fade, the pretreatment of LSD synergized my state to a higher level. The cavorting hoards of DMT elf machines faded to a mere howling as the elfin mob moved on. I suddenly found myself flying hundreds of miles above the earth and in the company of silvery discs. I could not tell how many. I was fixated on the earth below and realized I was moving south, apparently in polar orbit over Siberia.

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### **Report #219 — entities**

I have heard several tales of psychonauts taking DMT and then seeming to break into a place where they were not only unwelcome but also unexpected. One person in particular, a composer, was literally thrown back to the beginning of time by an astonished and irritated Jabba the Hutt type whom he surprised at its meditations.

I have never been told that I am not welcome but I find that it is harder and harder to get up the raw courage necessary to make the trip. It is almost as though a secret hides in and behind the DMT state and that secret is both real and so unexpected that it would leave nothing of reality intact.

The secret cannot be told of course, or I would have told it. But it is something like: We are all gods, with the knowledge of gods, we are all omniscient, except for the fact that we are so damn stupid. It is interesting that you

were told "Use what you have been shown, don't seek for more." It uses us, some of us, to transfer information into the world, but with very little concern for what we, the carriers of that information, think about it.

It is a kind of hyperspatial muse. We become carriers of some force we don't understand, bearers of the Logos, I would say, others see us as the Typhoid Mary's of meme pathology. But left unanswered in all of this is the question, Why? Why does the alien presence intrude in DMT, why does it appear as it does? Is that how it wishes to appear? Why? etc. etc.

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### **Report #220 — entities**

1,2,3,4 puffs... hold...

The room begins to transform, it shimmers with inconceivable colors like a billion jewels each reflecting their beauty off of one another. The brilliance grows and permeates my vision until I am engulfed by the ever transforming patterns, my body vibrating in sync with the patterns until there is no distinction between myself and the patterns, trans-geometric trans-dimensional indescribable glory, dissolving.

I become the experience. The perimeter goes black, speckled with light, and from the center the chrysanthemum machine begins to unfold from the distance, approaching faster, using every color and hue of the spectrum, brilliant metallic golds and silvers, morphing and coalescing to show me the most indescribable organic yet machine like beauty, until once again, I become the chrysanthemum and am projected seemingly upward at an unimaginable velocity until I break through and all is silent.

I'm in a childhood friend's backyard (an aspect of the Salvia I mix the spice with) but the scenery is overlaid by a million billion tiny vibrating cubes, each their own individual color, no two the same... and then they appear. Two undoubtedly male entities. They are humanoid in appearance but they are wearing the most fantastic eyewear or goggle type apparatus on their heads, I can tell that in their dimension these are the coolest pairs of eyewear possible.

I can tell by their demeanor that in their world, these two guys are the definition of hip, they're cool no doubt and before I can process that thought, they show me just how cool they are. They are vying for my attention, the taller one gets it and when I look in his direction, he gives me a serious look and telepathically says, "Look at this!" He waves his hands toward the sky and tosses up a blanket or screen that unravels to become the sky and this thing, this pattern, this machine flower starts to coalesce that makes the chrysanthemum look like child's play.

I'm stunned and I think that was the point at which, my wife tells me, I muttered "Oh my god..." Then I sense the utter annoyance of the other male presence. He was irritated and said "No, try this!"

And he threw up his own little display into the phosphorescent vibrating sky, even more brilliant than his competitor. And that's what they were doing... they weren't concerned with what I was experiencing, they were competing, they were trying to out-do each other. This went back and forth 4 or 5 times, each display out-doing the previous one until I felt myself being sucked back as they just stared, sort of smirking at me as if to say, "Huhh, and you thought you knew what was up?!"

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### **Report #221 — entities**

Definitely more than two doses of DMT here, perhaps three. I smoked just under half in one toke and \*kazaam\* I had a breakthrough experience. I passed out before I could fully take another toke was taken to this place that seemed like a busy market place in DMT land. There was the most beautiful music I think I have ever heard like harmonious bells and stuff. I was kind of walking along, more like floating along, through a busy narrow street of humanoid beings, some with children, some interacting with others.

It was completely dark when I smoked it so the whole trip seemed quite dark. The most notable aspect to my experience was that beings were materializing and dematerializing around me, just like I had popped into this dimension. The other beings seemed like they were used to this.

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### **Report #222 — entities**

The first few times I broke through, I was greeted by numerous beings. One particular time there was excess of forty of these creatures that seemed individual but morphing from one source at the same time. They were so excited and were diving into my body and whizzing around it, recharging it. This was an amazing experience, but not so long after, I returned and it was a completely different story.

I met the same creatures except they were together as one; she was a lot bigger but staying in the corner curled up and turning her back to me, pretending not to look at me. This freaked me out cause I was so used to being greeted by these really excited high-energy beings, trying to show/build me things out of their space of existence.

The last time I actually broke through to that place, it was empty. Just the space covered in morphing intricate geometric patterns. What did I do wrong? Why won't they come to greet me anymore? Aren't I welcome there anymore?

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### **Report #223**

Smoked my way through the looking glass. I didn't see any machine elves but I remember vividly... This dome surrounding me, it was like a fractal dome, immensely complex, it was like an MC Escher artpiece multiplied astronomically with the most brilliant technicolor. I saw a rather large praying mantis that also resembled a fractal. One thing I can surmise, possibly, is that our universe and fractals are interrelated.

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### **Report #224**

I've experienced DMT one time, and I saw four women with purple faces, black hair, black lips and black pointed tongues who just mocked me with their tongues.

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### **Report #225 — entities**

SWIM smoked ~45mg of DMT for his first time a few nights ago. Within five second SWIM's vision had completely changed. SWIM saw orange and green forming in patterns all around him. SWIM then saw what he believes to be animals of some sort. The animals appeared to be intelligent and were looking at SWIM. They were in no way threatening. SWIM is going to go back in the next couple of days.

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### **Report #226 — entities**

SWIM traveled through a red maze, made up of thousands of diamonds of red and green, which changed to purple too. SWIM could also hear a woman's voice, trying to tell him something. The experience was very euphoric and very visual too, but it wasn't quite hyperspace, just below it. One more hit would have done it for SWIM. SWIM also felt like a bunch of people were surrounding him, giggling at him. Whoever these people were, they were very welcoming, and didn't mean any harm. SWIM felt euphoric throughout the whole experience, which was only about 5 minutes. This world was more serene than ever..... SWIM will return

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### **Report #227 — entities**

SWIM took about four huge rips outa the base pipe. By the third hit he was in DMT land, definitely broke through, but he felt like he could take in another hit. He took it in, held it, and his friend turned out the light. Suddenly he closed his eyes and was greeted by the female presence again. She was dancing around, waving at him. She was very happy to see SWIM again.

The music in the background was so crisp clear. Every lyric, every beat began to reveal its true meaning. SWIM could feel the music inside of him but it felt like the music was going in and out of his body. SWIM was traveling at light speed through a tunnel composed of bright yellow and green diamonds. This was the first time SWIM had seen such bright colors on DMT. The transforming entities were dancing all around him in a uniform manner.

They were all quite pleased to see SWIM and presented him gifts. SWIM had never felt such a deep feeling of love before. He was in a realm where nothing else mattered, just love. The only present emotions were peace and love. There was no fear, no hate, no anxiety, just pure compassionate love. There was an overall female presence as before. The ruler of this realm is definitely female in SWIM's experiences. She has many assistants, some male and some female, but mostly female.

When SWIM opened his eyes, shadow people were coming out of the walls. SWIM looked next to him and there was another person sitting next to him on the couch. SWIM could only see the silhouette of this person though. This person was neither happy or mad to see swim though, he was a bit surprised just as SWIM was. The entities danced around in a circle ensuring SWIM that everything was okay and will always be okay. It was definitely an OBE for a little while. SWIM's mind left his body and he existed in a dimension where time was meaningless.

My theory is that time is really just a perception that our minds make up. When your mind leaves your body, you enter a dimension which is controlled by a completely different set of rules. What is in front of you, behind you and to the side of you can all be perceived at once. Our eyes make it possible only to see what is on the surface, and what is directly in front of us. When you leave your body, leave your eyes, you are able to see the true meaning of things, and what lies beneath the surface.

The overall message of this DMT trip and most of SWIM's DMT trips is that there is something much bigger out there. Something that SWIM is really unable to comprehend although it has clearly been presented to him. When the experience ends, it's like it didn't even happen.

To anyone but SWIM's self, the experience is quite meaningless, but to SWIM the experience holds millions of facts about the world that are invaluable to him. The entities always assure SWIM that he is a good person and there is a better place than this. Once we are not able to perceive time, the past and the future, we live as we were meant to be, random as particles. Basically that's all we are and all we ever will be, we just happen to be composed in a way that enables us to experience life. In this life, we are given the chance to learn the true meaning of things. Although a hard task, we are given many hints as to what else is out there.

Hell, SWIM doesn't really know what the hell he is talking about, but that's what happened to him. If he could be anywhere, it would be in DMT land, forever. What blows his mind is that these sensations are actually possible. The scenes we can perceive in DMT land are much different than those in our regular state of mind. Very alien, but very familiar. SWIM wants to stay in that place forever and ever and never return here. There is so much bullshit in this life, none of which carries over to the DMT land. I shall return.

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### **Report #228 — entities**

SWIM's friend held the pipe as he took the third huge rip from the small, glass freebase pipe. SWIM accelerated into shards of orange and green. The triangles of beauty continually pummeled him until he saw a foreign world. ... Colors were everywhere. Everything was everywhere. It was amazing. SWIM remembered thinking, "This is not for human eyes... This is mind-shattering... What am I going to do?"

'They' were there. They gazed at SWIM invitingly. He looked back but couldn't move. He feared he was dead, but became indifferent, thinking, "If I am dead, I am dead; if I am alive, I am alive." Everything seemed to be moving at incredible speeds. SWIM could not keep up. Entities and objects were flying by... so fast he could not make out what they were exactly. SWIM seems to remember a half-horse half-man attempting to communicate with him. The entity invited SWIM to follow him. SWIM did.

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## Report #229 — entities

As I ignited the material in the bong, I was careful not to burn the DMT crystals, vaporizing it by heating the Pyrex bowl of the bong as much as possible with the primitive tools I had.

I drew long and hard on the bong and absorbed the entire amount. I held the hit for at least ten seconds and then ultimately blew out a rather huge cloud of pot smoke, liberally mixed with DMT vapors. Then I quickly took one more small hit finishing the entire amount I had placed in the bong.

Layers of caramel-brownish-colored patterns began to emerge and form around me. ... As I lay back on the small mattress on the floor, I noticed that the caramel-colored patterns had fully encompassed my field of vision. At first there was one layer of patterns, and then another and another, until even with my eyes open (and although I ultimately closed my eyes, I had no conception of whether or not my eyes were open) I had become enveloped in a thick web of layers of color and patterns that were unlike anything I had ever witnessed. I wondered if this was the Chrysanthemum effect that I had heard of, but I wasn't exactly positive what a Chrysanthemum looked like so I just assumed that it probably was.

Now the DMT had my full attention. I fully realized that it was too late to reverse the decision I had made regarding smoking the DMT, so I resigned myself to relaxing and enjoying the experience.

One of the first sensations I experienced was I thought that within the now rapidly streaming neon energy clouds and vortices I was hurtling through I perceived the "Other/s" as some sort of "Alien Researchers". This "Other" appeared to "rush in" to my brain as soon as the DMT provided them access. I remember thinking to myself; "Why did I want to do this so bad?" and the "Other" in the form of the "Alien Scientists" answered me, not in words but in thoughts that I was having: "It wasn't you who called Us — it was Us who came to you" and then suddenly I pictured all the machinations I had gone through to obtain the material from someone who had kept it buried for several years, and I seriously wondered if I had been manipulated.

The colors and jagged clouds of turquoise, pink and green steamed past me at an incredible velocity. I began to see my body "open up" like a "field of wheat" and it was almost like my body had transformed to a complex garden of aquaculture, where the liquid silky strands of my being were being "harvested" by what I thought at the time were beings that actually have an objective existence via what I intuitively felt were "hyperdimensional ecologies".

I felt as if they were analyzing me for some research they did, or some project "they" were involved in. I didn't feel as if it were hostile but it definitely didn't feel very friendly either.... They appeared to be in total control of my body, and the vast majority of my mind. I also perceived a garden-style ecology of what I felt at the time were "Bejeweled Electroforms". I also had a word going through my head which sounded like "cosmunal".

My physical body had become extremely cold feeling, although the room I was in was still moderately warm. I had never experienced this sensation before, and it felt as if my body temperature had dropped significantly... It wasn't the sort of cold where I felt chilled or was shaking. It was colder than anything I had ever felt and the sensation appeared to come from inside my body.

I continued to lay on my back with my eyes closed and the hallucinations continued to flow from an endless fountain of bright streaming, morphing clouds of neon color which were notable not only for their intensity and optical beauty but even more so for the velocity which they went flying through the screen of my perception within my mind. The "Others" instructed me that that they were done with my body but had more things to do inside my head and that somehow my refusal to fully surrender to the "Other/s" was somehow inhibiting their exploration and necessary "research".

This is probably the point where the hallucinations became most intense and I began to see a vision of what appeared to be an almost fully yellow egg with slight green overtones. The egg was pulsing behind what appeared to be amniotic veils and inside the egg I could see what appeared to be a human embryo. I had the definite impression that the yellowish green egg was something "important" and the "Other/s" appeared to be instructing me that unless I basically voluntarily opened up my brain fully to their disposal that there was no way I would be able to penetrate the "mystery" of the Yellow Egg.

At this point I thought "What would Terence McKenna do?", and I sent a thought to the "Other/s" that I wanted to know what it would be willing to give me to get inside the parts of my brain that they wanted so bad. At that time my body appeared again as if it was a field of wheat waving in the wind and that the "Other" was somehow "harvesting" me somehow.... I had the distinct impression that they were showing me colored mudras and hand positions that were expressions of visible language!

Eventually the Yellowish egg that I was so curious about seemed to drift away and begin to fade from my view. Slowly the hallucinations began to subside. ... My body still felt cold for probably a half an hour after the hallucinations ended, and I slowly warmed up. It was interesting to note that at no time did I lose cognitive functioning even while I was blinded by the most intense hallucinations... Also I felt little or no actual fear throughout the experience, although the "Other/s" did leave me feeling slightly apprehensive at times when they were making their demands and shredding through my genetic records or whatever they were up to.

Overall I think that this was my most enjoyable and profound DMT experience so far.

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### **Report #230 – entities**

I held the hit for 5 or 6 seconds.

I pretty much knew I had overdone it as I semi-voluntarily exhaled a relatively huge cloud of smoke

I realized I had crossed over some kind of threshold within a few more seconds. I could feel a tremendous amount of energy beginning to flow through my body. I could only remember having felt this particularly intense loud buzzing sensation at one or two other times in my life and that was under the influence of large doses of DOM (STP).

I often get these feelings like the atoms in my body are blowing apart but this was more than just thoughts and sensations, I suddenly "experienced" an explosive universe within my body and considered the possibility that there was no way I could have prepared myself for the accelerated semi-violent expansion of consciousness I was beginning to experience .

I also, perhaps out of a feeling of having frivolously forsaken myself to the ravages of a potentially hostile cosmos, quietly cursed myself for having even wanted to try it in the first place. But I knew it was too late, and I was somewhat, but not totally, resigned to my fate.

The walls glowed "menacingly" red. The only reason I suggest "menacingly" in that they somehow reminded me of the way the walls looked and felt during a particularly traumatic experience I had undergone on STP almost 26 years earlier. It was a feeling of total helplessness and vulnerability, which had been followed by unmentionable horrors. There was no way at that precise moment that I could remember the "safeword" – 'DMT only lasts 3 to 5 minutes.'

These observations occurred within 2 or 3 seconds of the time I exhaled.

Then the entire view of my reality imploded as if the universe was getting instantly sucked into a microscopic black hole. My perception of form collapsed and exploded simultaneously. It was sort of like when a TV turns off. Everything just instantaneously shrunk into this black infinitesimal speck of energy. Or else every thing was black and it shrunk into this tiny white speck. I can't exactly remember, but that is the best description I can think of; a television set being turned either on or off, or perhaps achieving neural "warp drive" or something.

The explosion (or a vast "scaling" of my range of conscious awareness) seemed to hyper-inflate my self-identity into multiple dimensions of the universe simultaneously. I was stunned; petrified . At the same time I was well beyond my "ordinary" sense of fear and was actually feeling almost "shell-shocked" or in a state of awe and wonder. It was so much more all encompassing and fast than I could have ever anticipated. I remember a sensation like claws of a vicious monster reaching in and tearing my brain out of my head and then ripping it to shreds. Whereas under the influence of many psychoactive substances I may have experienced merely anxiety over the thought that I might be hallucinating so intensely that I would never be able to drive again or figure out how to get food into my mouth or whatever. Sometimes if trips adhere to freaky personal global or cosmic themes I will undergo some anxiety as a result of the physical/psychic and/or "mythic" intensity I would experience.

I had planned on sitting on my couch in a dimly lit room and closing my eyes. I forgot to close my eyes. I assume I would have gotten better visuals with my eyes closed, as I often do, but under the circumstances I had no real conception of differences between internal or external "reality" at the time and as far as I know my eyes remained opened.

There may have been a slight feeling of "if I close my eyes I won't ever find my way back". In this case it was irrelevant. Since I had just arrived in the "DMT space" in a few seconds, I was too stunned to fully comprehend the enormity of what I was experiencing.

Following the hyper implosion of the world form was a tremendous expansion that was quite unlike anything I had ever experienced. As the "hyper-inflated" universe of images congealed, it appeared as if my identity had shattered like a giant cosmic mirror. Shards of my existence could be "seen and felt" as if scattered throughout time and space, in infinite manifestations. The universe had broken into a multi-tiered garden of hyperdimensional identity. I could perceive various aspects of my consciousness all over the place: in trees, in stars on other worlds, in other dimensions of time and space.

My living room resembled a multifaceted hyperdimensional version of a Picasso painting. I hallucinated what seemed like infinite levels of self-awareness, which seemed to be coming from inside myself as well as outside myself.

All this seemed to occur within 5 seconds from the time I exhaled.

It wasn't a matter of letting go. Everything was ripped and torn into particles of existence that were scattered throughout time and space. I could see it. I was part of it. A form of some kind began to appear in front of me. I could see beyond the form, outside the living room window and across the street. I could see ribbons of myself winding through the streetlights, the sky, the trees, the stars, etc.

As this visual form materialized in front of me, it appeared to be an Arachnid-Crustacean type entity who was communicating to me through some sort of hyperdimensional portal or gateway.

The "voice" spoke to me (as thoughts in my own head).

"DMT is the gateway.

'Self' is transpersonal and hyperdimensional.

Tell others what you have experienced.

DMT is the gateway."

That's pretty much it.

I was down within two to three minutes. I was still affected for 5 or so minutes more, but the trip was over. I felt relaxed and experienced neither nausea nor headaches afterwards.

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### **Report #231**

Unfortunately I saw no panoramic vistas of chromium-sculpted alien machinery like my "babysitter" saw when I administered him a 30 mg. dose. I saw no hyperdimensional machine elves or living crystal chrysanthemum palaces or anything like my S.O. experienced when she tried it.

Although the hallucinations were intense, the colors and sounds were not the most beautiful or intricate I had ever seen. They did occur faster and with more velocity of expansion than I had ever experienced. I think speed is a real factor in the smoked DMT experience. The entire expansion and decompression of consciousness takes place from seconds to minutes rather than hours as is usually the cases with moderate to high doses of other psychoactive substances I have experimented with.

There was a feeling that I would never die, and that death doesn't even "exist". I experienced a feeling of direct perception of extraordinary awareness of transdimensional, transpersonal existence, i.e., knowing timelessness.

The feeling of "knowing" that life and death were misperceptions as I had previously experienced them, has had a residual effect on my life.

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### **Report #232 — entities**

Perhaps the most explicit trip I've had occurred when I smoked some DMT and felt like a rubber band pulled back as far as it could go. Just as it was about to snap, the tension in my head was so strong I thought it was going to explode. But then the rubber band was released and I was fired out of my body through a spinning tunnel. The interior walls were emblazoned with Aztec figures, chattering very fast, and I was rocketing out through them. Then I entered into a vast blackness where I saw many symbols of the world's religions.

A telepathic voice informed me there was an immortal component of the human being. It explained that the deathless soul was continually reborn in many different times and places and in many different bodies on a variety of planets over the course of a vast intergalactic adventure.

Earth was, apparently, just one stopover in space, and a lifetime here was just an instant in the limitless span of time over the course of the immense enterprise of the soul's journey. I was quite impressed, and took a moment of reflection. I thought, "Okay, what's the point of all this? What does the soul's journey mean? Why do we keep getting reborn?"

So I posed the question, "What's the point of all this?" and got this wonderful answer. Chiding me in a punitive but jocular tone, the voice said, "You idiot. Here I've just shown you that your soul is immortal, that you don't have to worry about dying, that the adventure is immense, and you still want to know what it means? It doesn't work like that. There is no meaning that you can put into words. The only thing that means anything is what's happening right now. Stop looking for ultimate meaning. Fix your attention on the present moment."

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### **Report #233 — entities**

As soon as the colour and grid formations formed, an entity flew up from below and stopped no more than a foot in front of me. It was about a metre in length and was comprised of nothing more than a head and a body. It was made up of almost pure light. The light radiated causing a flame of royal blue to occur that swirled and flowed around and above both its body and more prominently its head.

The light became brighter and pulsated around me a feeling of joy and delight for my presence. Within the light of its face I could make out two eye like shapes. Whilst bigger than human, they were nothing more than one shade darker than light. They were kind. Two more entities flew up from behind and stopped on either side of the first. They remained a little farther back, but were just as delighted to see me.

I see the entities as being the inner consciousness of what is or was once another physical body. Whether they were human or alien is irrelevant, they would have seen me in exactly the same shape as I saw them. When viewed within a human body they would appear in the same way I saw Dan during my first DMT experience. In other words, these entities are consciousness that has, or is able to, transcend the material reality where we exist. Whether they exist completely outside of, or pass back and forth between, the material plane and the DMT-induced world is still a mystery to me. It could be that they are simply other beings that smoked DMT at the same time as I did."

And then:

"The entities flew back in from the right. As they did, their bodies flapped behind them like tails. They stopped in front of me and tried to make light of the situation. They gave me a thought, I don't need to worry. They thought to each other, It's got to learn to give that up. I opened my eyes. Purple grid formations, filled with no colour had replaced Terry's room. Terry was sitting on the floor across from me. His skin was transparent revealing his muscular system. A misty circular formation, about the size of a cd was present just left of centre at the top of his head. Another near his heart. I thought about where I'd been.

"Oh my God, it's so wonderful, oh my God. My God!" The floor became visible, I swayed and threw myself at it. I wept."

and then:

I turned, crawled back across the room and laid my head on the ground. I closed my eyes and found that the entities were still there. They communicated to me, again through thought, that they had to go. I said out aloud, "That's okay, I know you have to go... yes, I will see you again... bye."

The entities flew back a little. They dropped beneath my line of vision and came up from below me. Like comets, tails streaming with sparks of light, they flew up my body and past my head. As they did, a physical feeling of absolute ecstasy started in my feet, rose up my body, peaking in my mind. In the non-material reality I tried to rise with them, but they were gone in a flash. In the material plane I jumped up off the floor, into the air and screamed in joy.

My eyes opened, I fell to the floor and began laughing. "It's so wonderful, it's so wonderful," I said. I rolled on the floor for a moment and then sat up. Though the temperature was warm, I began shivering, as though I had just stepped out of a hot shower and into cold breeze. With the exception of a few residual effects, the DMT in my brain had been neutralised.

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### **Report #234 — entities**

I've never had anything resembling an elf, but I do often get weird tripod plant beings with feathery vines supporting the bulb at the top. They might be manned craft of some sort though, designed for interaction with beings from earth. I'm not sure. Sometimes it appears there is a single eye on the bulb that glows or radiates some kind of plasmatic prismatic gas. There is a snakey reptilian feel to it, but that might just be the vines.

Weird junk, but they never seem pissed that I'm there. Just curious, and welcoming. Really welcoming, like coming home to grandma's for thanksgiving kind of stuff. Like I'm family or a welcome guest. Sometimes probing and studying, looking over me and my insides and thoughts. Sometimes advising about situations in my life, guiding gently. Never really forceful. The transmission of information between these perceived, possibly imagined, beings is not exactly telepathy as I've understood it interpersonally but more like having blocks of data downloaded. Comprehension and everything, bleep, right there.

They might be some kind of amalgam between plant and machine, or biologically fuelled machines with plant parts, or something. Again, maybe I'm just seeing their innerspace suits. Hell, I honestly don't know what to think about a lot of it.

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### **Report #235 — entities**

I managed to take three very deep tokes, and I was gone. I remember that the room instantly turned to rotating fractals, tiny little ones, that grew as they rotated towards me, and finally took over my vision.

There was still smoke going down my lungs, I was still inhaling when this happened, and then I was propelled into another universe... I smoked six further pipes of DMT that night, the journeys were all very different, I will post more about these at a later date. However one of them stuck out in my mind, and it is the one I told everyone about for months after.

I was floating in blackness, but had a feeling of sensation, great speed, and then an outline only of a bright neon pink pyramid, a pyramid which I was "shown" by rotating 360 degrees around it, in perfect circles, like a 3D computer model, I can remember the shock of suddenly zooming forward towards where the wall of this black pink-outlined pyramid should be, and as I approached it, a neon line turns into a hatch way /entrance, and I am suddenly inside the pyramid, in a corridor, travelling down, and then I am on the bottom level, and I am meeting friendly elf-like beings.

I remember them being soothing, intelligent beings very easy to communicate with, we had a telepathic communication, and then without warning I was on the move again, being propelled through the corridors of the pyramid, a sudden left here, a sudden lift up to another level, and then swwwwssshhhh stop, and another being, friendly still, but perhaps surprised to see me... and not so easy to communicate with at first... but I believe I had more of an in-depth communication with this entity.

The process happened again, I was propelled to another part of the pyramid, further in, further up, and then to another being, the further I went the faster / more chaotic it seemed, and the shorter time I seemed to spend with each being, to the point where I was meeting beings rapidly and the further I got in, the less friendlier SOME of them seemed.

I remember meeting some entities, that where not very friendly at all, and I could not communicate with them, they where very alien, and a little scary... There where gangs of elves/imps, some funny/mischievous, some not so. But the journey was chaotic, and harder to remember /integrate at the top levels, and as the experience accelerated and got more chaotic, it carried on faster and faster, until I was literally blown out of the top of the pyramid on a bright white light/beam of energy... straight back into my body.

I did have some very long and deep communications, and some not so. This was on smoked DMT. It was an experience I will never forget.

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### **Report #236 — entities**

It was more visually amazing than any of my previous DMT experiences..... Byzantine faces attached to one another in neat rows, dancing and morphing in front of my eyes. It looks almost like they are on the walls, but when I really focus, I see that they are on the walls, in the air, everywhere. I can move through them, and they appear to be three-dimensional, not just drawn patterns.

The faces have one blue eye each, which looks almost as if it is radiating with a phosphorescent light. I close my eyes and the faces begin to change and move independently of one another. They appear to investigate me, like they are curious. It was almost as if their initial appearance was a greeting, and after investigating me they go back to their business, paying me no attention. They are clearly working, doing something, but it is completely unrecognizable to me — nothing I have ever seen before, so I could never describe it.

The "entities" begin to fade away, everything around me turns white, and I feel almost as if I'm zooming backwards through a tunnel. In front of me I begin to see a large blue eye, just like the ones on the Byzantine faces, but with lotus-like blue eyelashes emerging from its pupil. The eye was strangely beautiful, had a distinctly feminine presence, and I could sense it radiating an intelligence far beyond my own.

I tried to ask it what it was, but I found myself unable to talk. Instead it seemed that this eye, or whatever it was, knew exactly what I had just thought, and replied "Does it matter?" No... I thought to myself, feeling slightly confused but satisfied. Before I had a chance to really form another thought, the eye said "Let me show you something"..... and suddenly the white light is gone, and I feel and SEE myself rising out of my own forehead, upon which lies the blue eye with the lotus flower. As I emerge my body dissipates into the room around me.

My vision zooms in, like my eyes have become microscopes, and I see molecular structures piecing together to form matter on the most basic of levels. It looks almost like a computer program, pieces of information attached to one another in certain ways to collectively form an information database — as if something our brain registers to be "real" is nothing more than information sent to our brain and put together in a manner which best satisfies our brain at a given moment.

Quantum physics and mechanics appear to be playing out a wonderful dance right in front of my eyes, and while I can't grasp most of what I am seeing, it is all so amazing and beautiful that I am awestruck. It is as if the secrets of life are being shown to me, but I don't have the capacity to understand what it means or what to do with it, except to just be a part of it, be fully immersed in it in this moment, this intense simple beauty that is beyond all human thought, dream, or perception.

We are far too simple as humans to grasp this universe of all that is, all that surrounds us, and all that is a part of us. It exists without our acknowledgement or understanding, yet it is not independent of us..... it IS us. Which is why it can be so hard to grasp, because after all.... how much do we really know about ourselves, actually KNOW about ourselves?

Its so amazingly beautiful, I get my first sense of myself back in the physical world, and I'm crying and saying (apparently out loud) "It's so beautiful..... so beautiful.....", and at this point I can feel the DMT world begin to fade and the display of color and wonder of DPT begins to take hold.

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### **Report #237**

The third toke pushed itself deep down into what had once been my lungs, for I was no longer a creature with lungs, or indeed one capable of breathing. My body expanded, or dissipated, or unfolded into some totally different space with totally different properties, yet there I was, on the floor, head on a pillow.

Maybe it was my mind that was unfolding. The first few seconds were sheer blinding intensity. I did not know whether my eyes were open or closed, so intense and impossible were the pulsating mandala visuals and the sensation of pure, pure speed. I tore through space and time, into a timeless knowledge, a vast, horrifying understanding.

I saw myself as an arbitrary ego-bound cluster of social conditioning and reactionary over-generalised programming. Little more than an automated process. Yet here, outside of linear time, I could see something else. The space around me and inside me had been recontextualised — there was an aesthetic grid placed over mine, and it was not from this world. This strange futuristic mayan/egyptian theme had infiltrated my reality and I could almost grasp how it was related to the mystery I was experiencing. Indeed, there was a strange familiarity to the whole experience, as if I knew this space absolutely, and was trying to remember.... Millennia passed.

I sat up. My sitter and his friend seemed alien and archetypal — they had been placed into the contextual grid I was experiencing too. Perhaps it was the music I was listening to — The Black Dog's 'Spanners' album....This definitely wasn't like acid. Nothing could have prepared me.

"How long has it been?" my scared tiny voice asked my sitter, hoping to itself that the experience was over.

"You only just put your head down 10 seconds ago", another tiny oscillating voice offered back.

I had destroyed time. I was destined to remain in this mysterious state of terrible knowing forever, and I wanted to forget — I wanted to go back to playing the small and silly game of being alive.... After a moment, or another thousand years, I was thrust back down into my everyday space. Objects faded back into familiarity, the understanding I thought I had acquired slowly disintegrated, fragment by fragment, as my identity slotted back into place, the self-metaprogram restabilised.

Within 20 minutes I was totally back. I had forgotten everything, except for the vague memory of having seen something I couldn't possibly have. And yet, something tiny and magical remained.

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### **Report #238**

First I saw a tunnel or channel of light off to the right. I had to turn to go into it. Then the whole process repeated on the left. It was intentional that way. It was as if it had a source, further away. It got bigger farther away, like a funnel. It was bright and pulsating ... I had a sense of great speed. Everything was unimportant relative to this. Things were flashing, flashing by, as if from a different perspective. It was so much more real than life.

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### **Report #239 — entities**

My only experience of 'passing through' a membrane or through a 'portal' involved a blue chrysanthemum which opened to a white, infinite bright place within which 'fractal elves' showed me how the universe is always "on", death was not an ending, but instead just a return to this "on" state.

This was a very quick transition, the 'lights of the lower Bardo' didn't stay, and it was blue then white. Too bad I opened my eyes since this brought an end to further 'travel' or further 'questions' ... in seeing and hearing how fractured my surroundings were, I did back-down, and ground-out into gravity-bound reality ...

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### **Report #240**

One such experience was in my co-teacher's room, lights off, two deep tokes. I went quickly through the chrysanthemum phase into what I would call pure vision, or dream vision. It was the same way you see things right now, not a reality constructed of colors and geometries like I would usually get in DMT.

So the vision was of my girlfriend at the time, and I saw her clear as day, on my bed, at my house, with our dogs. She was looking up (as I was viewing this from the ceiling) and talking to me, asking me why I wasn't there, I should be there, Why am I over at my friend's house? She seemed desperate and in pain. I instantly felt confused and guilty. I came back out into the living room where he was waiting and told him, a bit reluctantly at first, what I saw.

He thought it was interesting, and told me that the night before, our other friend had a similar type of vision experience. We couldn't make heads or tails of it, and I ended up going home. When I got home, which was only a block and a half away, I found my girlfriend, doubled over in pain from gall stone attacks. She tried to call me, but since I was journeying and desired no distraction, I turned my cell phone off. It seems that even though my phone was off, the call still got through. This obviously shook me for a while, and I was hesitant to go back to this realm, feeling I had gone perhaps a bit too far? Finally, I remembered there was nothing to be afraid of and had a few good experiences since.

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### **Report #241**

Almost immediately I started feeling it. The room began to hum and buzz and I set the pipe down and got horizontal. The ceiling imploded into a riot of color and I felt like I was flying through space. Everything was in motion, writhing and squirming and folding into itself. Unlike 5-MeO-DMT it was quite colorful. While the pretty light show played itself out inside my head I could literally feel my tension drain out of me. In addition my awareness seemed to be turned up several notches as I became aware of a variety of sounds smells and textures that had escaped my awareness only seconds before. I felt charged, alive, powerful.

As I returned to normal consciousness I definitely felt much better. As I had hoped I had found some release. Unfortunately there was no insight, but the simple fact that I felt better, comfortable and not sick with confusion was enough.

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### **Report #242**

I set down the pipe with my last vestige of control. A moment of near panic, "I think I must have gotten too much!" flashes through my head as reality implodes into the space behind my eyes. The room twists and vibrates so much I have no choice but to close my eyes. I feel like I am shaking along with everything else that makes up my reality.

I see faces around me, looking at me. Fantastically strange until I realize that most if not all of the faces staring at me are my own at which point it becomes even stranger! I have to laugh at loud at the absurdity of it. I open my eyes for a second, but the picture isn't much different. Faces swarm around me and every time I bring one into focus it turns out to be myself.

My eyes alternate between open and closed as I begin asking myself what I am experiencing. Some part of me knows I am on a drug, name unimportant, but what I really want to know is "What the hell!?" Theories present themselves rapidly. Maybe I am experiencing multiple parallel realities simultaneously. Perhaps time has folded itself until I see it overlapping past and future into one. Fleeting ideas that only leaves me more amazed. More laughter bubbles out of me.

I am returning now. I still feel the DMT strongly, but reality is coalescing into its familiar shape. I can recall almost all of the experience, I am still up, glowing fiercely and stunned by the elegant chaotic beauty of it. I feel cleansed and happy, a ball of explosive joy. The next twenty minutes are blissful but much of the detail seeps away quickly. I am left with the highlights, vivid memories of an incredible, strange and beautiful peek into another form of



reality. I smoke most of the residue left in the pipe, which helps me maintain my elevated state but fails to propel me into anything visionary again.

My thoughts later go to the inevitable comparisons. It has characteristics in common with 5-MeO-DMT and Salvia and high mushroom doses. They are similar but not the same. The DMT is strange yet intimate, like a very dear old friend you haven't seen in many years...

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### **Report #243**

At higher doses, what is occurring is primary forms of precisely transpersonal information, and it can be like one is rushing through a multidirectional tunnel and the information is pouring through you, flickering very fast, morphing and changing in relationship to what you are being... at this point the REALITY can appear to be something of a primary reality or place from which everything we know on earth is a replica of... or our minds have created our world form based on the forms we can experience in this 'place'... which could be only said to be the primary foundation of mind or direct conscious proximity to the divine mind or primary mind of being.

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### **Report #244**

I took the second hit and instantly heard that carrier wave that McKenna talks about. It sounded similar to the sound of a camera's flash at the moment of taking a photo. Then, my body was almost completely overwhelmed by a tremendous energy surge.

I was lying there going, "My god, I'm about to take off here!" And then I did. I found myself losing sensation in my body until it felt that I had just dematerialized or something, although I consciously knew the whole time that I was still just some human that had taken DMT and was lying on a bed ... But as I lay there, with my eyes closed, I saw the most amazing visuals unfold right before my third eye.

I saw very exquisite geometrical patterns, morphing in and out, and "breathing." There was no fright or fear of any kind, even though this was a surprise trance. The visuals were very detailed, and very three-dimensional. It was as if I suddenly found myself in a vast 3-D space with geometric landscapes that move and undulate like ripples on water. It was beautiful.

All the while, I kept experiencing some sense of déjà-vu, as if I had been in this space before, only I knew that I hadn't. This was the first time that DMT has been this intense for me. Upon return to this reality, I remarked to myself that what I had just experienced was very similar to a previous salvinorin journey. That confused me a bit, as I've never heard of any comparison between the two drugs' subjective experiences. But nonetheless, it was a similarity that I had no choice but to admit to myself.

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### **Report #245 — entities**

My turn again, I want to break further into DMT-space this time so I load the pipe with 40mg. My hands are trembling when putting the pipe to my mouth, same procedure as last time. Heat, inhale, hold, exhale... I hit it again, then reality blurs into a transparent flowing wire mesh. Before I realize what's going on I find myself in hyperspace again, did I finish all 40mg? Did I hit it a third time? I'm not sure about anything anymore. I find myself falling between dimensions as they merge, exchange information and disappear into nothingness.

The worries I felt last time are gone... replaced by a comforting feeling of giving up reality to gain an understanding of everything. I feel calm, I can feel my body against the bed as I physically 'pass out'. I look around, amazed at the impossible DMT-space. I see the multidimensional strings tying the multiverse together. Then it hits me, there are squid-like fractals crawling up my body making strange clicking and humming noises! As I investigate them closer I see anatomical parts forming, eyes, mouth, tentacles. I realize that this is a lifeform completely independent from me, it seems very friendly and makes sure not to scare me. It works its way up to my head where it opens its mouth and puts its tongue through my head, ear to ear.

The feeling is undescrivable, so surreal and bizarre, I can't help but starting to laugh. The entity seems very excited that I'm laughing and joins me in laughter as it continues to lick the inside of my head, I can feel how I'm being filled with energy and happiness. I open my eyes and the consensus reality in which my body resides is completely spectacular. I exchange a few words with my sitter and close my eyes again. The entity is gone. As I slowly head back for baseline a strong feeling of satisfaction and excitement fills me, as if I'd just had sex for the first time in a year.

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### **Report #246 — entities**

Among the plethora of beings I have encountered I have only ever encountered one angel... It was incandescent blue with very large wings. It was very powerful in its own way, a bit like the angel in "Barberella", and kind of flew over me and blew what looked like a trumpet which was very startling... I felt the sound could shatter me if he kept playing! So it just one short, sharp sound and then he left.

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### **Report #247 — entities**

My friend has had quite a few experiences with aya and DMT but only one time he saw an elf. Elves seem to be very different to other meetings with spirit beings, as there is a peculiar sence of reality associated with it, anyway this is what my friend told me.

He saw this alien gigantic machine, it somehow reminded him of a tank with wheels. The structure showed some wierd details which hardly can be compared with anything we have on our planet. Than suddenly a feeling of being watched overcame my friend. The thing that watched him was of a mischievous nature, without being bad.

I know it sounds funny to say that a person can feel some spirit being's character and intent, but that's exactly how it was. That elf was perving on my friend and its (the elf's) cloaking device failed, because the observer BELIEVED there was something. First, only the eyes of the being where noticed, but than once the "I accept there is something" message was realized by the brain, the whole face appeared for a brief moment. It was a face sharing some characteristics with the face of a huntsman spider!! You know how ayahuasca patterns look, diamond, oriental carpet patterns, everything beveled and so on — imagine the face had the same features.

Anyway apart from sensing that this elf's nature was mischievous, there was a very strong sence of "it" being very well natured, innocent and truthful, likes to tease without hurting, and being the cutest thing! Somehow the observer seems to associate everything he sees on tryptamines with things which left an imprint in his mind in real life.

Anyway elves, you are cute, and if you are real and the inhabitants of another planet or maybe even of our beloved earth then I have to say only one thing, "Insectoid elves, you rock", and obviously your technology is ahead of our humanoids' one.

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### **Report #248 — entities**

Never met a mantis being! Only ever met one angel! Many of them are like amorphous shape-changing beings who can shape themselves into living works of art...

Right from the first time I began breaking through... I was always told... "Well, this is this, and now you know that, at least as a reference, but you have a life to live, that is not based in this domain or any domains like what we are showing you!"

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### **Report #249**

I know quite a few people who have smoked DMT 100+ times, who just get turned back "at the gates" in a little bit of a menacing way... as if to say, "Haven't you got the message? What are you doing back here?"

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### **Report #250**

The first experience was enlightening, yet horrifying. I held in the hit and within a few seconds my vision was overwhelmed by visuals. I closed my eyes, and I thought I had died. I came in contact with some other life form, but the whole experience is hard to describe in words. Basically, I left my body and became one with my surroundings. I became part of the energies which I will one day return to, hopefully.

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### **Report #251**

The second time I smoked it I was welcomed back by my friends, and whoever was there was very happy to see me. It was the most euphoric feeling imaginable IMO. I have done heroin and almost every other drug, and no euphoria compared to this. In my experience with the drug, it lasts about 20 minutes tops. I trip uncontrollably for about 5 minutes, then for 5 minutes I am in total awe of the experience, still under the influence slightly, and by the 20-minute mark I am sober.

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### **Report #252 — entities**

I placed about 50mg in a tin foil pipe I constructed and took 3 large tokes. My previous trip I had kept my eyes closed for fear of what I would see. This time, I kept my eyes open the entire time. Or at least I THINK I did... Anyway The world melted away and I was suddenly plunged into what I now think was hell. Lots of blacks, browns, and dark reds. Black entities were running everywhere, so many things were happening at once.

Then I was rushed up to a wonderful, serene, peaceful landscape, heaven, I think it was, and plunged back down again into hell. I "remembered" what I had heard someone say about their experience. "I went to a different place. COMPLETELY different." I was there in this different place. I wasn't scared of hell, because I had no concept of fear. I had no emotion. I was just observing. I found that I was able to move back and forth between heaven and hell, and I chose heaven because the visions were much brighter there.

It wasn't because I was scared of hell, or what I might find there, I just enjoyed the colors heaven provided me. Suddenly I felt as though I was surrounded by my entire family. "Did I freak out?" "What are they doing around me?" "Am I dead?" "Am I completely fucked?" As soon as I started worrying about whether or not my parents were around me I was plunged back into hell again. When I accepted that whether or not people were around me, I was okay, I flew back to heaven.

There I saw thousands of entities performing tasks too complex and colorful to describe with words. I stayed there until my back porch materialized out of the background. I remembered that I had taken a drug, and that nothing was any different than before I had taken it. I'm still a little shaky and overwhelmed, but I will most definitely find that place again...

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### **Report #253 — entities**

SWIM was launched down a tube full of colorful dots, super fast. When he came out on the other side he was on a table. With a bunch of the "elves" running all around him... jumping in him, running up to his face, and checking on him. He returned back to his home planet with strange orange and green overtones but classical "tripping" visuals for the most part (swirls and patterns). He couldn't see the faces of these elves, he just knew they were there and looking at him.

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### **Report #254 — entities**

SWIM this time decided to keep his eyes open... On exhalation his world became blocky. Everything was perfectly straight and had its place. The walls then formed 4 blocks, just 4 cubes, 2 side by side on top, 2 side by side on bottom. The top left block folded over the top right, then this folded down onto the bottom right then over to the

bottom left, continuing in this pattern for a couple of seconds. Then they appeared, running all around SWIM, then he had one on each side of him. They were throwing something SWIM couldn't focus on back and forth but he knew in his heart it was beautiful and amazing.

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### **Report #255 — entities**

This time when SWIM entered DMT land he was greeted by a female elf. He could see her pretty clearly. She led him to a hall and showed him many beautiful flashing objects. Also showed how things could again stick to the wall and flip. Almost like sideways gravity. When SWIM came back this time, he felt great love for his best friend, who was being his sitter. This was one of the most intense feelings of love... not gay or anything but true in the heart, I'm here for you kinda stuff.

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### **Report #256 — entities**

This trip is a bit faded for SWIM. He remembers seeing someone whom he thought for sure was Terence McKenna (SWIM had been doing a lot of reading about Terence/DMT). Terence and the female elf were showing SWIM something but it really is fuzzy for him. When he returned back to his body he realized that his best friend and sitter was actually him. SWIM had the realization that he and his best friend were connected in some way other than on this plane of existence.

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### **Report #257 — entities**

This time SWIM was with a different friend, a friend of similar mind though. This friend is probably about twice as old as SWIM, and an experienced psychonaut/deadhead. SWIM wanted to show him the powers of DMT, which he was successful in doing, and SWIM's friend had a great experience.. but back to SWIM's. After his friend got back SWIM decided to launch.

Swim exhaled his last hit and lay back looking up at the ceiling fan. As the world started to change the blades of the ceiling fan were flashing all sorts of colors and almost looked like a flower. Then the blades began flipping off the ceiling fan... across the ceiling... down the wall... When SWIM describes this flipping it's like the object is flat against the wall then flips end over end but sticking to the surface too. The elves were back, too, running all around doing their thing. When SWIM came back he felt an amazing love for this friend too.

This friend expressed to SWIM that SWIM was a true friend to him not just an acquaintance... This made SWIM feel even better...everytime SWIM comes back from this world his body is in pure euphoria. SWIM then realized that this friend too was him.

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### **Report #258 — entities**

After over a minute and a half, he exhaled. He claims that during that time, the normal spray of colors he would see on DMT intensified exponentially until he found himself "hanging out" with two Aztec people, a guy and a girl. The guy was wearing ceremonial-looking dress, with pastel pink and seafoam-colored armbands and feathers, and the girl was wearing a red dress with a halo of white flowers in her hair. The girl seemed to be patting something in her hands, which he assumed to be some sort of food. By this point the male had left, and the girl motioned for him to enter a darkened space, presumably a door.

As he realized her invitation, my friend also realized that he was laying on his bed with his eyes open staring at the ceiling, and that these people were not real. He realized what a magical moment it was, and rode the rest of the trip down with a feeling of utmost inner peace. From this point, shadows became vines and moved around, and a black light poster became very bright, and within ten minutes he was back to reality.

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## **Report #259 — entities**

I took this HUGE toke of acacia extract. There was tons in the bowl. Immediately my ego shattered. A being came shooting at me across the water of the river, and flew right up to my face, poking my third eye with what looked like fingers, I let it do something to my third eye chakra, it feels like, or a sense of, "resequencing of my DNA" to a higher level of light activation. The spirit thanked me greatly for not smoking cigarettes anymore, like I mean I felt this total sense of thankfulness. My lasting impression is that I can't even bring to words the experience I had last night. I felt my grandfather's spirit with me, and felt what it truly was to be dead or OOB. I transcended 10 years of heavy shamanic exploring, on the banks of that river. We are so blessed to be alive and I take life to be so sacred. And it is the DMT that really drives it home. It set for me a template of consciousness that I can now live with. I broke through by surrendering my mortality to this energy that just reassured me. It said yes, the books, the trips, the lessons, the joys, the sadness, this full spectrum of the sense experience is an incredible introduction to terrestrial life. With all due respect to our earth, I really feel that we have done irreparable damage to our home, and I really don't see a bright future run by our friendly war-mongering political figures. I look to the stars, cause after last night I'm ready for anything...

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## **Report #260**

Instantly the room froze as if the atmosphere was made of ice. I heard announcement trumpets and the ice lifted like a curtain, which for a brief moment exposed my friends and lover as holograms. I could see through them, and I saw their light bodies and chakras. Through the walls I saw into a new dimension of space, and saw hieroglyphic equations revealing themselves to be intelligent processes of the wiring under the board. The geometric formations that appeared superimposed over my friends shifted and morphed with each breath I took. I came down as quickly as I went in or up (whatever way you look at it), and that was the first taste of DMT I ever had.

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## **Report #261 — entities**

Lying in bed I had eaten about 250mcg of Alice Dee. I had rolled a joint laced with Acacia tree bark resin and got comfortable. I began to slowly take deep pulls off the joint, as my world slowly whirled into a fractal bliss, with three quarters of the joint gone, it went out, but what happened next was amazing.

A female entity appeared floating above me horizontally it was made of the most finest subtle energy plasma which was translucent and flowing, what appeared to be hair flowed down through her body form she took her left hand and put it in my heart, and held it there. With her other she gently caressed my face and spoke to me softly through the telepathic frequencies. She told me not to be sad and not to hurt and that it was okay. I began to cry.

It was a very intimate moment with DMT and AliceDee. One I will never forget.

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## **Report #262 — entities**

I know the 'coming on' well, it's familiar. But while seeing the mother-of-all veils being pulled up all at once very fast, I think something like; "oh oh... there's been an accident" ... everything and everybody is in here now...?! ... oh, yeah, ... (I open one eye... I'm still OK...) Eyes closed is essential to keep the information 'flow' ...

There is an amazingly busy 'place' ... I'm hovering over a planet-sized surface that's teeming with activity; the universe I'm in is 'busy keeping away from itself' ... no collisions of the things going on are to be allowed! Conduits in the space and on that background 'planet' surface are teeming with moving interacting 'stuff' . I can remember saying, "...hey this place again, ... now see it all so remember it all.." The traffic teeming on the planet is mindboggling!

"Traffic cops' directing the flow of activity occasionally look over at me and say "Hi, we're just too busy to come over, can't you see..?" ... and they go right back to preventing the universe from prematurely 'combining with itself' . These traffic cops were familiar, very people-like with faces. Except there was one which I had not ever seen before;

I'd say it reminded me of a male guardian angel, with a fancy-hairstyle in a suit ... He gave me the most direct greeting; almost a handshake, but then said also ... sorry I'm busy, ... but watch, ... glad to see you again, I'm watching you too (so I wouldn't collide with something..?)... and he went back to juggling these things so that they "didn't ever touch" ... He was the traffic cop that was 'closest' to me in that space... I could see his 'juggling' better than the rest of it all.

My memory blanks out, but after that space there were the "Hula Dancers" ... back again! Day-glo ink-drawn figures that know I'm watching them, ...showing me the wiggle-dance; hips flick left right... everybody's doing it..! ..."you're supposed to do this too" is the implication. And funnier yet is when they say (by dancing) " and have sex" ... some of them, not all the dancers, got into a hip thrusting forwards and back motion.. Humping their dance moves... "you must do this too!.." they are implying

... our corporeal existence is critical to the ongoing of much other universal activity; so much else has put us here, and is keeping us here in this body! We each have, for 'good' reason to be born and to have to endure this life. The needs of the universe are served by our lives being what we are. There are impossibly numerous 'other' things going on, which we do not need to know about to 'succeed' with our corporeal purpose; just be born, live, reproduce and die from your body... And that's our job, well done!

But, in addition to other methods, through DMT we might be glimpsing that smorgasbord of activity that the universe is! Our bodies and minds are vessels for some amount of that smorgasbord. The smorgasbord of life and consciousness was served up into our bodies and minds when we were conceived. So how freaking precious it is that we can look upon the world, and have this momentary combination of the elements to give us the experience of life ... Being alive should make one feel awe at the sight, smell, touch, taste, feel of any thing, let alone sensing another person, another God-creature sharing the smorgasbord with you!

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### **Report #263**

Physical symptoms appeared, such as a tingling sensation, trembling, slight nausea, widening of the pupils, elevation of the blood pressure and increase of the pulse rate. At the same time, eidetic phenomena (after-images or "trails" of visually perceived objects), optical illusions, pseudo-hallucinations, and later real hallucinations appeared. The hallucinations consisted of moving, brilliantly -colored oriental motifs, and later I saw wonderful scenes altering very rapidly. The faces of the people seemed to be masks. My emotional state was elevated sometimes up to euphoria. My consciousness was completely filled by hallucinations, and my attention was firmly bound to them; therefore I could not give an account of the events happening around me. After 45 minutes to one hour the symptoms disappeared, and I was able to describe what had happened.

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### **Report #264**

The whole world is brilliant... The whole room is filled with spirits. It makes me dizzy... Now it is too much!... I feel exactly as if I were flying. . . . I have the feeling that this is above everything, above the earth. It is comforting to know I am back on earth again. . . . Everything has a spiritual tinge but is so real. . . . I feel that I have landed. . . .

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### **Report #265 – entities**

How simple everything is. . . . In front of me are two quiet, sunlit Gods. . . . I think they are welcoming me into this new world. There is a deep silence as in the desert. . . . I am finally at home. . . . Dangerous game; it would be so easy not to return. I am faintly aware that I am a doctor, but this is not important; family ties, studies, plans, and memories are very remote from me. Only this world is important; I am free and utterly alone.

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## Report #266 — entities

I was ambushed by these little pixie elf-type entities. These little guys were very mischievous, cheeky, funny and good-natured. There were about 10-15 of them; they were sneaking about me doing things to my soul or something like that. They never said anything they just did what they needed to do in a cheeky manner. They were all good-natured and possibly were there to prepare me for the night? They stayed for about 15 minutes, I suppose, and they left as quickly as they came. I don't know where they came from but I felt they came from behind a veil that was slowly becoming transparent. I felt like I was in the story Gulliver's Travels, where the giant is asleep on the beach and the little people explore the sleeping giant.

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## Report #267

Everything became sharp-looking, colors looked so intense I didn't recognize them as normal and everything seemed to have a new dimension, like everything consisted of its own universe. I could only lie back and feel energy shooting through my body, but if I concentrated on something it "talked" to me, everything felt alive, and if I focused on it I understood it more... kind of hard to describe. I had about 2 or 3 trips like this and was left feeling slightly confused, certain things didn't make sense.

In another trip which was about 3 times as much (freebased again), I took the hit and a few seconds later "shot" through the mindset of colors that I had been in with the lighter doses and went into an extremely peaceful place of relaxation. I could move but I decided to lie still and just be present. I didn't hallucinate but the room had a warm glow to it like it was full of candles (there weren't any) .... I felt child-like and wise in a humble way, complete ego-loss, and I could observe things from a point of view that was pure consciousness, no mind intervention. I felt so much love and peace that I think I had tears in my eyes. It was a very beautiful experience. It felt like the DMT pronounced my essence.

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## Report #268 — entities

The launch process goes off without a hitch... one huge lungful, and then a second to finish the bowl, but it's not as 'cloudy' smoke. But I go through the 'entry' of hyperspace like a 'blip' ... I'm just there, in a room, the playpen. It wasn't frenetically busy this time, but there was something going on that my arrival 'interrupted' ... like a class and I just came up through the floor and spooked the class!

I am now feeling very 'recognized' — there are young child-like beings expecting me. They show themselves as children, but this could be a disguise to 'buffer' the real form they have. They are totally non-threatening that way; cute, shy, but very explicitly 'there' and showing themselves. Still, some hide away in the background, but many sort of 'bask' in my gaze, letting me see.

Imagine a shrine-like space carved out into the wall; inside sits a child. I'm in the room looking at the walls, mesmerized but watching intently, as the wall is covered in 'hyperspace decor' ... coloured dots and bumps facets all over. This child is the least shy and I get to 'greet' it very deliberately, but it never leaves the altar space in the wall.

'Kids' run about pulling veils off all sorts of things, even showing themselves veiled and then covering up again. The kid in the shrine is the main one looking at me, the most completely 'unveiled'. What used to be a 'sneaky' way of revealing with the veil, now is more like "Ta dah!" ... See ... ! Kids curled up, hiding, crouching under veils... The playpen is occupied by kids 'in the walls' and running around the room.

The room is also occupied by the presence of a snake, flicking a tongue, and hiding behind the kid in the wall. DMT space has always had this flicking presence. I call it 'the snake' since it's taken on that image too, and flicked its tongue. The snake and kids are so familiar, and a constant in all my recent hyperspace launches.

I say "please let me watch" ... and all that I know is that I'm not supposed to wander off too far, it's OK to watch what's here in the play pen ... An adult female being also appears and is like the 'caretaker' of the playpen... makes sure I don't 'wander' off... BUT I try to! and so we end up playing 'keep away' ... I'm like a bratty kid in the play pen wanting to run amok too!

Now outside, the play pen seems under a trap door, I emerged above it by going through a roof, that has now become a large, mirrored, pool table sized altar. Outside, since I see trees or jungle behind what appears to be an Aztec monument I am standing on, and I've emerged out of the top of it. The guardian figure chases me around the altar on top of this monument, which had become a huge mirrored table, and I try not to get caught ... then it's a game of 'woo hoo' look at me ... I'm here and I'm going to run around while I can ...! She quickly engages me in the game of catch, which has me going in circles anyways so I'm really 'caught' in this game of keep away. It's her job to keep me occupied... and she plays my game to get me back in her 'control' ... The altar-table is my portal back out, and I have to thank everyone again, for being so permissive of me ... I was disruptive, but I amused them. And it's OK, ... they'll have 'more' for me next time...

The re-entry is rapid, and I can't recall the actual exit. I know I was "there" quite clearly ... I had arrived in the play pen and immediately knew that place. I descend to after-images in 2D, feeling warm and somewhat satisfied I got to see and remember so much this time ...

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### Report #269 — entities

Two tokes, lungs full, maybe 35- 45 mg in the bowl. I vapourize most or all of it ... and then I'm in that familiar place; kids, in the play pen. They all knew me this time, absolutely saying "Hi!" and "look" at us.

It was 'calmer' than last time I was there; the previous time I ended 'running around' like a brat, getting somehow led out of the 'playpen' by that behaviour. This time I stayed longer. I watched, the 'toys' that were being shown to me. And they were some toys! "Toys" were those "Logos"-covered creations, being held on outstretched hands or even worn as "hats" The children that were showing these amazing "blocks" seemed older than the rest; 8- or 10-year-olds, not toddlers and 5-year-olds. The older kids didn't run around and hide, they stood and showed me their "hats" and toys... I knew enough to think they're 'the toys' ...

Hyperspace 'music' was being played and 'portrayed' in the designs on the toys, that moved and changed; I had never seen music like this. The "music" was more like resonating harmonic sounds made by a metallic sounding 'instrument' ; coded harmonies. The snake in the wall was also still there; again I'm sure the snake is what some of the kids transform into. The kids seem 'real' or realistic, the snake is jewel-encrusted, semi-mechanical, in-organic or not a traditional "lifeform".

The transition to the next phase I can't recall; don't know if I went "up" or "down" ... Typically this has been a space that's 'up' again, that is incomprehensibly busy, and I have one guardian with me. This time it's not busy, but instead it was "crowded" ... I had different entities than the "kids", they flitted about like ghosts, or cloud-beings. They 'see' me and "want to play" with me. Whispering kind of greetings, pressing up against me as though I was in bubble that separated me from them with an invisible membrane. They surrounded me, and laughed at my comments.

I wish I could recall what I said that got them all laughing. This was not the play pen any more, or that "set" had been removed. I mused that these were the beings that used to be busy at having to "run the universe" on a lunch break or something, they had time to tease me! At one point I even clapped my hands to see if I could "shoo" them away, all pressed around me, doing that face to face, sucking thing. ... I recalled the story McKenna related about certain entities becoming "pushy" and "wanting to make a deal". These were pick-pocket entities smothering me. That's why I clapped, and "shooed" them.

Then, once I had made a sound, clapping, I used my voice ... and holy moley did things 'respond' to my humming and clicking! These smothering entities hung around for a while, danced or somehow responded to my imagination. Synesthesia like that is awesome! I forget so much, I know, ... I remember saying "This I'm going to remember" ...! ... but nope.

Then I tried to cleanup the left overs in the bowl; two more harsher tokes ... in just 20 minutes since the first launch. This was a lower level launch... I saw the 'door to the playpen' open slightly, with golden light pouring out, but I didn't make it. I felt I could crawl towards it. Instead I rolled around in the warm, luscious "surf" of my synesthetic



mind. Visual orgy, unrolling all over me, with no sense of 'entities'. Very luscious "lights of the lower Bardo", surfing on my imagination. I was 'underwater' and any entities were outside of this layer...

So the two trips were overlapping; this second attempt with my magic pipe just had me peeking through the door of the playpen. The first launch was "zoom to the playpen"; and then somewhere else... then synesthetic surfing, then utter gratitude, laughing to myself... marvelling at what expanses sit just inside our heads.

The non-breakthrough kind of trips could be perceived as "just your mind on drugs" ... clearly a nice show (awesome show!). But they don't leave you as shaken by the awe and joy that you get when seeing the implications of us just "being of this universe". The breakthrough could still be "your mind on drugs" ... but it doesn't matter. Breakthroughs, are essential! ... It is our evolutionary duty to do these things! At least once a month for me!

Now I'm boasting! ... No, instead I should be humble and clear in my 'reportage' ... this "telling all" here is a little catharsis for my reshaped ego... ... soon It'll be less exciting to tell, I'm sure. ... you know, like when someone wants to tell you about a dream they had; yeah interesting but, ... yawn, ... yadah yaddah yaddah, not my dream, what can I know about that..... how could I know your dream...? ..... Heh ... Then just try smoking my Aladdin's Lamp!

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### **Report #270 — entities**

I lost all my bearings; I knew I was once again in that familiar place known as hyperspace but I forgot who I was and how I got there. I was in absolutely awe as this 'web' morphed into what appeared as a plasma octopoid with flailing appendages similar to tentacles that were moving VERY fast and appeared to be tending to some task quite dilligently. In addition when these tentacles would move they would emit a reverberating set of tones each movement produced a unique set of harmonic audio expressions. Soon I became aware that this 'octopoid' was actually redirecting my awareness to these \*incredible\* structures that were made with his appendages/harmonic manipulations. Each time my attention would come to rest I would suddenly feel my awareness redirected to another structure being built that was more spectacular than the last. Before long I noticed a pressure in my center and I realized once again I was contained in a physical vehicle and that I was perceiving the weight of my hands interlaced on my solar plexus. My ego was reassembling itself and the web/octopoid simultaneously was losing its animate life-like qualities.

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### **Report #271 — entities**

From lower level experiences using 20-30 mg inhaled with variable efficiency in 1 to 3 hits, so far I could list these encountered representaions of entities:

- 1) Small, 2-dimensional homunculi that 'hump' or flick their bodies all over the 3-dimensional vision. They chase a part of the vision around, humping it robotically...? These are sometimes black-and-white joker-like 'moving drawings' or other times coloured Aztec-like drawn figures. These 2D creatures have some tongue type appendage that 'flicks' or clicks. These seem remote in some way, cartoons I draw with my mind maybe, but they behave as if they are involved in a process, flicking, clicking and humping... I'm not close to these and they can ignore me.
- 2) One level up in intensity is the fractal 'imp'; I am way closer to this 'being' ... and it's leading me or pulling my attention 'around'. Mirrored hallways hide these imps, there are only a few, or one I follow with my attention. They have no shape or take any shape; a folded part of the vision moves independently to 'pull off' the cover of another part. I have on a few occasions felt blocked by a bunch of mirrors, and these imps know how to get past and are sitting above them, and behind them. But either my dosage, or my 'preparedness' is not enough to 'break through'. These fractal imps might be trying to keep me in the halls of mirrors...?
- 3) The most vivid and intense being I met once was a multi-eyed, multi-serpent vision' that pressed over me; it was warm and loving like Gaia's Bosom pressed onto me. With my eyes closed, She came face to face with me...! But she had all sorts of deep, dark eyes (very alien snake eyes), a tongue and a mouth that then sucked at me! Of course I let her!! I coined the word Brain-lingus after that experience!

I think that the field of vision is sometimes so full that anything that makes sense or has intelligence about WTF is going on, could be concrete enough to be seen as an 'entity'. But the autonomous actions of these 'entities' means whose intelligence or what intelligence is showing me this? Who is saying "Let's go!" ...? The attention these beings focus on us is apparently one variable that changes; some don't care; others have a "job" to care about, distracting or enticing us further.

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### **Report #272 — entities**

My last try on inhaling Alladin's Lamp, I came upon the "playpen" experience. And its set of 'entities' were familiar; their joker faces, laughing, waving, flicking things 'up', wagging something, peering from underneath and behind mirrored surfaces. I recognized all the mirrored halls etc. I had seen before, so now all closed in, the playpen was there! All the time, toyboxes were there 'from before' too ... I somehow knew to move on, and the playpen gave way to the 'main-floor library staircase' which I was gliding up as a larger 'crowd' of people waved me up, like I was going up with the veil.

Trying to recall, so much is really cartoonized ... and 'reflected' in perfect images of spaces and mirrors reflecting all over! I remember simple messages like 'be without having' ... the only words I could summarize some trips by... cling to nothing, and you end up going 'higher' ... hyperspatially speaking... maybe true in real life as well. Speaking of dark or black backgrounds and black obsidian mirrors, instead of 'regular' white mirrors... on another occasion, in the 'black space' again I guess, objects or beings appeared outlined in bright fluorescent lines. I had heard of this before I found the words 'appropriate' for calling it the "Gumby" ...! Or what I would call the Gumby family! The outline against the blackness was day-glo lines shaped like Gumbys, big and little, like mom, dad and kids... Now I can't recall what we did, said, or what the exchange was about, I can't embellish unfortunately... My attention was 'directed' at the kid-Gumby which 'looked up' and gave me the longest stare. It's disappointing I can't recall anything other than 'watch out for the little ones' as the message...!

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### **Report #273 — entities**

I packed the pipe with weed and then on the dope I placed with my brother's miniature pocket knife blade, what I thought to be a little bit of the brown crystalline goo (about 3 matchheads' worth). I torched carefully above the cone and sucked for all I was worth. First, before anything, I noticed that my head had disappeared. Well, rather it was more like it no longer had boundaries as such... then the ringing in my ears and the hideous rush of a vascular headache... The ringing deepened and became richer, louder, then... A GREAT BELL TOLLED... ask not for whom it tolls — a terrified attempt to calm myself failed miserably as the vibration shattered me into an infinitum... I was still sitting there in the garden so I knew I could go further. Lacking bodily coordination I dumped roughly half of what I had left on the foil (I had been told it was a gram the whole thing) on a similar cone to the first and repeated the torching. This time, because I could no longer tell if I possessed lungs I must have pulled down the WHOPPER of a hit and what happened next is very hard to describe... The fear went up 1000 notches, my knuckles (if I still had them) would certainly have been white... like the light all around me... blazing white light. Fortunately the headache subsided with the second hit and I felt ready to extend my senses to feel where I was and what was happening.

I remember the veil, like rubber, or the surface of jelly stretched in front of me. There were no geometric patterns but a few weird fractals burned like green fire from every surface I could see in the garden.

I was in two places at once... so odd... and this veil like the surface of some deep pond before me. Then... something moved beyond it... was that some sort of dorsal fin?? I leaned forward to touch the surface of the membrane and then what happened next I swear nearly killed me from its sheer bizzarity.

From behind the white chair (or was it from inside it?) a creature emerged. It was not a happy, smiley elf. Tell you the truth, I cannot, will not describe what I saw. It had innumerable tentacles, like a cross between some weird octopus or jellyfish — and the EYES! OH MY GOD THE EYES!!! I froze on the spot thinking, shit that's it, I've gone and done it now, I'm fucking toast. I never believed. I should have believed. And now I'm at the mercy of something much, much, bigger (and complex, and clever and definitely malevolent) than myself.

I asked it its name. I wish I had not asked. Its voice utterly destroyed me. It was like being caught in a storm of psychic noise — a whirlwind of deadly electrical shrapnel. I think I shuddered and started to drool uncontrollably at this point. I think I also urinated in my jeans.

With its innumerable eyes it gazed at me steadily and extended a tentacle. At the same moment it fired a beam of light directly between and above my eyes. The alien laser was pinkish-green. It hurt. I begged it to stop. I whimpered. please stop, you're hurting me. I'm fragile. Please be careful — I am sentient and mean you no harm...

It seemed to consider this; the laser was withdrawn but the tentacles (there were more now) still held me in place. I was trying to make out details of its shape or structure but the closer I looked, the more it slipped away from me. It seemed to tell me in some weird non-verbal fashion not to struggle and to stop making noise with my eyes. I took this to mean, 'Be calm, do not struggle, clear your head, see but don't look.'

Then it became a little clearer. It seemed to be cloaked in some way — some sort of organic hood and covering was wrapped around it — some sort of armour or protection. The tentacles had no substance as we know it and the eyes were the most awe-inspiring/terrifying thing I have ever beheld. They defied counting. They defied reason. The whole thing was too much and I felt myself losing my mind.

I...JUST...LOST...IT...gooooooooooooooooooooo...

I can't recall all that much after this except it rifling through my mind like it were a chest of drawers, some 're-wiring', and awesome amount uploaded to my cortex and a sensation not unlike being at the dentist while being semi-conscious from nitrous; the sense of voices telling you it'll all be over soon and you've done really well...really well...hush now...

Then, when I was able and the pinkish/greenish light was withdrawn, I felt I could once again move. The creature had split into 3 (or had it always been 3??) and several smaller 'blobs' were crawling around my feet and seemed to be trying to sneak up on me. Fuck that, I thought, and kept a close eye on them lest they molest me like their larger, scarier accomplice... I realized at this point that the blobs were not the same as the other creature(s?). They were different entirely and extremely tricky and fast-moving.

One crawled up my leg and sat on my knee and frankly I was too horrified and fascinated to stop it. I noticed it had a little hat. And little stripey white and green trousers. And pointy, curly shoes. At this point, well let's just say I just wasn't at home anymore. They seemed friendly enough and I let them crawl inside my nose and ears and chest and legs and ass and everywhere. I just couldn't care less anymore. I laughed the scary laugh of the terminal psych patient and let them do whatever it was they wanted.

Eventually it all faded and further attempts to enter the world were prohibited — it seemed I had been barred... for now. Just a headache and a sensation of 'NO'.

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### **Report #274**

The last two times I've used DMT, I've found myself in a hyperspace-type realm, traveling happily around the structures behind the fabric of our reality, when I'm almost immediately struck with confrontation causing a great fear. I think I see a figure sitting, legs crossed, as the fear strikes and I feel as though I (and still do) understand the connectedness of everything and how it would be possible for me to transcend reality forever. I then get the feeling that everything in my life has led to that one moment where I smoked DMT and that it was meant to happen. At the time no amount of reasoning can deny this feeling of destiny. I then realise that I don't want to let go of all the things I care about, that I'm not ready to transcend forever and then spend the rest of my trip scared, trying to return and hold onto our reality.

I believe it is possible that what I'm experiencing is a confrontation with my ego and that the fear of losing me forever in the DMT world is unjustified. However, knowing this is not enough for me to get over the fear and I'm hoping that there are others out there who have faced such a confrontation and can tell me what their experience of it was.

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## **Report #275 — entities**

Two hits from a waterpipe. Unknown amount, it may be described as "a lot". The Breakthrough was instant, I looked around and I was in the middle of the biggest rave/party/festival I have ever seen. The "crowd" went for miles in all directions it seemed. When I decided to pay attention to anyone in particular in the crowd I noticed they all wore the most ornate clothing made of shifting geometrics, and they had pointy ears! They all danced with rave toys of the future: I can describe one mechanism perfectly. This elf holds two wands one in each hand, on the end of the wand glistened a gem of spasming colors. With these wands an elf was controlling a shifting geometrical shape around, the wands are like devil sticks if anyone knows what that is... throwing instead of another stick around effortless in the air, would be a circle, that turned into a square, that turned into a hexagon, a pentagon, etc, etc, etc, etc. This toy was completely captivating... I was tranced up until I noticed the music of this party was INCREDIBLE!!! the bass was poounding and the grooves where out of this dimension for sure. I took quick notice that I thought some elves wore skirts. I thought, "Does that one have a skirt? Is it a female?" ...I suddenly noticed myself flying towards a huge temple in the distance. This next part is hard to describe but I'll do my best. I was initiated through a ceremonial "rite of passage". They had the same ornate clothing as the elves from the festival but this time they had very tall Egyptian-pharaoh-looking hats with a Golden Serpent coming from the forehead of the headdress. I can describe the initiation like this, you know the child's game London Bridge where you send a person through an arch made by two people holding hands? This is exactly what I went through, elves on either side of me were forming an arch by holding the hands of the elves across from each other. I flew under maybe a couple hundred thousand sets of elf-made archways before I hit the temple gate... The second I hit the gate there was the white light; at this point I opened my eyes and gasped for air... I was looking at the grass and the sun had just set.

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## **Report #276 — entities**

Unknown amount, another large pile in waterpipe. I was servely intimidated by intensity of the last experience that I chickened out at the last second, a friend who was watching reassured me all would be fine.... This time it was taken in one hit. The first thing I noticed was a quick flash of patterns, than I noticed there were hands holding a tool, twisting a pixel as if it was a screw and ratchet. It occurred to me during the experience the tool being held was the same "tool" they used for the rave toy from the previous trip. Now that I had noticed the tool I noticed the tool's owner: an elf (garbed in clothing that was very much apart of the patterns going on around it) with pointy ears was weaving the fabric of reality together. Once I noticed him weaving the fabric of existence, I saw them all, creating. This was when the mother of all things presented herself. She was gorgeous, her skin sheening gold, and hair vibrant shades of blue and green. She floated/hovered (all I could see of her was from her upper chest and above, just like a puppet master working above the scenes) above all the elves that were busy weaving and creating micro-universes. She flew in and told me to not be afraid, that she loved me very much and she said "This is all going to happen very fast, you don't have much time here and we have so much to show you: pay attention." With this I noticed the long cords that ran from the elves to the mother's fingertips; she was bending and manipulating her fingers which caused the elves to move and function. I followed a cord from her fingers to an elf, where my vision zoomed in and I saw this elf creating a perfect sphere out of cogs. It was amazingly complex with many layers of cogs that had their own shifting geometrical patterns. Past this part of my experience is a complete blur. I was shown many many things at the speed of light. The next thing I remember her saying is "We've shown you all we can" and I was floating away from her, she was growing smaller, fainter, and soon she faded into the already fading geometrics.

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## **Report #277**

Unknown amount in conjunction with mushrooms. One lungful from a waterpipe: I am inclined to believe the amount I had on this experience was far less than what I had done previously, but my mind set may have played a large role. I missed the breakthrough, but the visual pattern created for me is beyond words... I was truly flabbergasted by its beauty.... it moved and shifted to enchanting harmonics. I remained in a trance for a good hour because of the mushrooms and literally just laid down and fell asleep afterwards.

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### **Report #278 — entities**

Before this experience I felt like I had made some of the utmost progress, I had been given sacred knowledge and initiation, made contact and communicated with the entities. I felt "accepted" by this point and any anxiety or fear I had of the experience had left. One lungful from a waterpipe of unknown dosage. I held this one in as long as I could, per recommendations. I blew the smoke out and saw shifting squares. I looked at one particular square and it opened like a door, very tiny, and a road was created instantly and a female elf with (I'm not kidding) a plaid skirt came running up to me, at first she was small because the doorway she came out of was far away, but she ran down the road with super speed and ran right up to me, with the biggest smile on her face and she started waving at me. I looked from her to the doorway she had come out of and it appeared to me that she came out of ... a bathroom?! but...that didn't make any fucking sense. So I said, "You have a bathroom in here?" ... She laughed and ran back into the door she had come out of (the bathroom) and as the door closed the entire vision turned into another vision of an elf playing a game of pool! 8-ball side pocket kinda pool. As the vision appeared I felt them say "Yeah, we have a bathroom, we play this game too."

And then the vision returned back into shifting patterns. I took no notice of these patterns and said to myself "Pool?!", and then the vision flashed BACK to them playing pool and I heard "Yes, pool" ...and as quick as it shifted to them playing it went back to patterns. This cycled about 3 or 4 times before instead of going "Pool?!" I thought "Why do they play pool? Pool (I think) is a horrible game" ... vision flashed back to them playing pool and they said, as if I was unaware, "Because! IT'S SO FUN!!!!" I did not have any time to register this before they said "And by the way, all that chakra stuff is real, see look", and they showed me all of my chakras working together in harmony, sending energy around the matrix of my body. As I was shown this my jaw started to hang open and I heard an elf say "If it helps you cope with our existence you can just let your jaw hang in astonishment" .... Boy did that freak me out to be suggested to do something as I was in the process of doing it. With that last tidbit of advice they left me ... completely bewildered.

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### **Report #279 — entities**

I can't describe the experience much at all, they formed themselves with less detail.... more like shadows amongst the visual patterns. I tried to do a 3rd-eye chakra meditation (with closed eyes you stare at the point between your eyebrows) because I thought it might bring them into the forefront with clarity. As I did this I felt a painful surge of electricity shoot out of my brain and run down my spine and through my body and I received a message which was, "You don't have to think that hard here, be easy." My mind relaxed at this point and I focused in on the buzzing and the full body massage I was receiving from some sort of sexy tentacles (felt like an orgasm) for the rest of the experience as I base-lined.

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### **Report #280 — entities**

One lungful from a waterpipe, was 75mg. Before I went into hyperspace I heard my friend say "there's still more in here, take another hit" but it was too late... My eyes shut and I saw them "crawl out of the woodwork" as Terence described once. They were jumping and doing triple backflip twists from one side of my visual field to the other, having a gay time dancing all around. My vision zoomed back and I noticed that the elves that were dancing and jumping around formed the body of a very large elf. I had to look up at him to see his face. He zoomed in close to me and I saw a huge smile on his face. He said "You're going to put your hands on your face", but he said this to me just as I was putting my hands over my face to hide from him! He was kinda scary-looking, he had the most mischievous grin on his face. My astonishment grew. How did he know I was going to put my hands on my face?!... He then said "You're going to look left", and as he said this I turned my head to the left, every visual pattern behind the elf turned into ARROWS pointing LEFT!!! ... He suggested that because I had looked left, looking right would be the most obvious and relevant thing for me to do next. As I did so the arrows turned from pointing left to pointing right.

I looked back at him and I was astonished and horrified at their ability to do one of two things. They either had the ability to a) read your mind, and control your mind; they know what you are going to do before you do it, and they are the instigators of thoughts and actions, or b) they know what you're thinking as soon as you think it.... Either way I was dead set on being completely beside myself with this notion. Before the elf left he said "Your jaw" and I noticed it was hanging wide open... At this point I opened my eyes and my friend who had blasted off before me was sitting there smiling at me.

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### **Report #281 — entities**

Dosage was 75-100mg, one lungful from a waterpipe. As soon as I broke through I saw them. They were doing truly the most amazing thing I had ever witnessed, specifically the thought I had was, "Wow this is so incredible, I can't wait to tell xxx about this". With this they sort of mocked me and said, "You think THIS is incredible? Wait till you see... this", and with the word "this" it was beyond any comprehension all that was displayed...

I had been listening to a song that I will routinely use for psychedelic excursions, so I'm very familiar with it. If I'm listening to any part of the song I know exactly how much time is left before it ends, so I clued into the fact the song was almost over! It had been about 3 minutes and I did not have much time in this most sacred of places. An elf floated up to me and counted down on his millions of fingers "You have 100 seconds with us, 99 seconds with us, 98 seconds with us..." I sat, entranced as he put down a finger for each second remaining. When it was all done he said "Time's up, but before you go we wanted to give you something." A hand reached out from behind me, over my shoulder, a very blurry thing was being held in the hand of the outstretched arm. This "thing" was placed exactly in the center of my focal point. As it was placed into my focal point it went from being an indescribable blurry mess to the most beautiful ornament I've ever seen. If the DMT elves have Christmas trees this is what they decorate them with. It glistened with such beauty I was filled with tears until it faded.

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### **Report #282**

I instantly felt an extreme rushing engulfing my body. A high pitch crackling/sizzling noise could be heard behind and above my head. My vision suddenly blurred and I set the piece down gently upon the carpet while my body felt as if it were going to levitate up out of the chair and fold in to oblivion, never forgetting "Keep breathing, keep breathing". When I sat up the first thing I noticed were the intensely electrified phosphorescent geometric shapes illuminating the walls of my room and casting a golden, shimmering aura about the floor and ceiling while I felt as if I was being pulled away from my body. The shapes began to move along the corners of the walls similar to a Ferris wheel's lights would appear to be moving along its structure at night. I closed my eyes and a plethora of light and pulsating shapes consumed my mind. I remember feeling an extreme sense of déjà vu... to the point of which I had actually been in that very spot of transdimensional phantasma.

After opening my eyes again, which made visible a combination of floating, neon shapes and steady vibrations, I felt a large purge in my chest. Sitting forward suddenly and coughing out to release some unknown material from within my body, I felt exorcised and vindicated. I remember smiling and laughing joyously and feeling the most impassioned love and kindness. About this point I noticed a mild, warm glow spreading out across my body and slowly intensifying and a feeling as if I had urinated myself completely. I was conscious enough to know that wasn't an option but more and more it felt like warm water had been poured all over my lap and shoulders. I closed my eyes again and was transported to a spiraling chasm aflame in light and glowing shapes. Before this, a slight detection of another's presence was present but if it peaked anywhere, it was at this moment. At the end of the rotating tunnel an extremely bright light source was beaming a signal of peace and prosperity. Suddenly everything became apparent to me: Why I ran off with the recliner I was situated in, why I went to the game last night (April 13), why I felt the severe déjà vu and most importantly, why I am who I am. Every question ever pondered and dreamed instantly possessed an answer as if the universe itself was in perfect equilibrium. This final culmination of intense emotional and visual perception was indeed a climax of my journey, similar to Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit". A sense of removal was instantly felt and I fell away from the perch of spiritual superiority gently to open

my eyes and witness steady vibrations in my furniture and walls. The geometric shapes had subsided and the fleeting coast of spiceland drifted away into abeyance.

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### **Report #283**

I obtained some DMT extract and smoked it in a pipe with some smooth skunk. I took 3-4 inhalations and sat back. I was outside at the time and was surrounded by nature. It was marvelous, the sun was out too and everything was in harmony. However I thought it would be better to go inside with less light pouring into my eyes. I staggered into the house and barely made it to the couch where I slipped into a hallucinogenic wonderland. Marvellous shapes and geometric patterns were gobbling up my field of vision and catapulting me into an intense altered state. My very being was ripped out of its skin and my consciousness was projected all over the room.

I felt as if I had layers, above my physical body, on top of my skin, four different levels of unseen mass. I was able to switch between them instantly, and each dimension of consciousness had a different feeling. I could still feel my physical body, but it was deeply buried under these layers. I came to the realisation that we all have these layers of consciousness.

It was amazing seeing my life flash before me. An extremely detailed and intense internal dialogue took place. I felt as though I was being cleansed. At this point I decided to take another toke on my pipe and inhale a big gulp of smoke. I wanted to experience a darker atmosphere so I went and lay on the floor of my jam room. I looked up and the ceiling and my whole field of vision took on a very psychedelic effect. Millions of eyes started coming down on me in the shape of peacocks' feathers. I sank into myself and I believed I had died. My soul was ripped out of my body as I listened to the "om mani padme hum" mantra come out of my PC speakers. The utter peacefulness and clarity of the whole situation was amazing. This is in stark contrast to the usually fast-paced and hectic situation that goes on in our craniums. My whole life flashed before my eyes and I was able to see through the game. I was able to taste a sample of heaven, which is undoubtedly here on earth if you know where to look... Monotheists (Jews, Muslims and Christians) mess things up with the notion of heaven being so far away, and that we have to toil through life like a bunch of work horses to get there. DMT proves this isn't true.

I began to have my final vision. My eyes were closed and a pair of hands slowly lifted me back into normal waking consciousness. I was alive. It's great to be alive. But you can never truly appreciate life until you experience ego death. We must transcend the bonds of our egos.

This substance is special. Sacred. DMT is by no means a way of getting a kick. It is serious stuff only to be used by open minds and sensible users who are willing to learn something from the experience.

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### **Report #284 — entities**

ok, here is my DMT experience & I'm feeling rashes of chills just trying to type this... I'm soon to be 45 years old & in the past have used a lot of LSD, mainly when I was younger, & a few more times in my adulthood ... I have had many fine trips of various intensity in the past ... several days ago I had the opportunity to try this substance, my share was reputed to be 1/10'th of a gram (100mg) & looked like two small muddy brownish rocks ... fool hardy & excited (mistake # 1), and totally unprepared & I did a small bit of surfing on the web (not enough about effect, mainly about methods of smoking, etc...) there were two of us inside the living room of my house, myself sitting on a tall stool (mistake # 2) we agreed for me to take the 1'st hit & I wanted to make sure I got it right without possibility of any kind of the "misfire's" that I read about ... so using a glass pipe I placed my two DMT crystals (total dosage 100mg? ... mistake # 3) onto a small bed of cannabis ... with a long-stemmed lighter & a very gentle inhale I gently top heated the crystals just enough to melt them down into & be absorbed by the cannabis ... then I took my hit, drawing as slowly as possible through the stem of the pipe & gently continuing to top heat the contents resulted in a thick white vapor of which I filled my lungs to total capacity, & I held it in ... sort of remember trying a slow controlled exhale, but I heard a musical sound & instantaneously an inferno of psychedelic explosion erupted, I could physically feel a shockwave of energy shoot right through me from all directions, high speed geometric shapes & shifting patterns swirled around in furious eruption, mainly intense neon red, gold, & green's, & then I was gone,

& I mean GONE ... everything around me went pitch black ... I had the sense of my own self floating in a void ... in the center of this void there was a "big bang" that paled the 1<sup>st</sup> flash (this one was like a subtle camera flash in a dark room, but it had a sense of totality that was all-encompassing) then a pinprick of light ... I'm not sure, but I think there was another grand flash of energy, but in any case the pinprick of light slowly started to grow & I was in a totally alien place, I had the sense of distance, of being beyond space & time & I was awed & frightened ... either I was traveling to the source, or the source was traveling to me. The pinprick grew & it formed into an entity ... I felt the entity was the master controller ... I was in the presence of this "nameless entity" ... I will try to describe what I witnessed, but words don't exist for it. The entity was somewhat floral in shape, there were no hard angles, there was a large circular revolving center (sort of like a disco ball) but the surface was smooth, on the surface of the sphere was a world of 1000's of colors running in streams & rushing in a frenzy, a FRENZY ... past the entity's center (where the flower petals would be, and symmetrically spaced out along the perimeter were spinning globes revolving in opposite directions. These globes had rings around them sort of like the rings of Saturn ... everything was stationary, yet spinning and revolving, it was sort of the shape of a perfect compact & symmetrical "solar system", in between the "outer globe petals" were large oblong objects that contained their own worlds of activity, yet it was all connected somehow into one central entity ... this entity was beyond intelligence, it seemed mechanical AND alive & pulsating & energizing .... So here I am, just seconds ago I was at my table in my own humble home, & now I am in the presence of this entity emanating a total power & I was in shock ... I was scared & insignificant & my mind was a struggle ... it was beyond overwhelming ... all the while I was in "audience" there was a thumping rhythm and a building crescendo of sound, the sound was a combination of a shrilling high-pitch whooshing, windy, musical-type of sound, & the "rhythm" was what I am now convinced is/was the extreme pumping of my own heart ... this was building, and building, and building ... and NOW the freaky part of the whole experience ... my friend (who had responsibly not done his hit yet & was watching me from across the table) told me that as soon as I exhaled I went into a trance & started to hyperventilate. I was seated & facing the table with my left hand on the table leaning into it for support, & my right hand was digging into the center of my chest, this went on for about 5 minutes and I think he grew alarmed and said something to me while I was in the "trance" ... this is what I experienced ... I heard a voice call me & I opened my eyes .... I had the sense of being in two places at one time, in TWO completely different spaces AT THE SAME TIME ... I did not like it & my brain was not working in the "normal world", I was able to stutter out words to my friend "don't say a word!" that is what I told him .... at this point I had a sense of my own body & I realized that my breathing was out of control & I could control it ... when I made that connection my breathing returned to normal ... since I was still in two places at the same time when I closed my eyes the entity was there in FULL force, when I opened them I was in a nether world inbetween the planes, but my friend's words did disturb me & yanked me back (thankfully) ... still seated in the same stool I was just 5 minutes before, I had the sense that I was "away" for all eternity & yet only an instant ... I wobbled off the stool (see mistake #1) I should have been lying down for the whole time, because when I started to come out of it, I could hardly talk, or move... the trip now was very different, much more like LSD. I had the sense of being free of my ego, I was euphoric, I was having insights, I was peaceful, I felt reborn, I had a sense of wonder & I had a sense of love, the world was beautiful and glowing with colors swirling & dancing gently as slowly the trip dissipated ... total time was under 50 minutes ... I have not been the same since ... NOTHING could have prepared me for what I experienced, I went to a completely different place & was in the presence of an entity that cannot be described ...

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### **Report #285 – entities**

After breaking through on DMT my first time I found myself in a bright white room surrounded by beings in grey jumpsuits/chemical suits with big white Mickey Mouse gloves on their hands. I can't recall what their faces looked like but they walked/moved very fast around me. I was sitting on the side of a metal table freaking/frozen in fear because I couldn't have imagined this before it happened. All of a sudden I began to fall over off the table and I hit a small rack with odd-looking tools on it. This sent tools flying all over the floor and before I fell to the floor the beings rushed up to me and pushed me back upright. They held me there and without saying a word they told me "everything is going to be alright", "you're safe". I then began to cry and tell them "thank you" over and over. About that time I noticed the white room strobing around me and it began to fade back into the pitch-black bedroom I had begun my trip in.



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### **Report #286 — entities**

We smoked and perceptual roller coaster ride ensued, the motion was making me sick so he handed me an eye-pillow and I lay on my back in the yard. All of a sudden I am floating or flying with a bird's eye view of the place downtown that I worked at, it was pretty amazing! Then two African women were there flying with me, they were dressed in traditional colorful African sarongs and their hair was wrapped like a big easter egg on their heads ...

They showed me this place and then they folded the three-dimensional space into a little ball like a piece of paper and threw it away, saying this is not what you are... this is what you are! and then — bam! — colors and patterns of energy I was not aware of in my physical body. As I breathed this energy in I started splitting down the middle as my central channel opened up all of my chakras at once, it was amazing! I had at that point never really had an experience of my self as this at this time of my life and it was exactly what I needed to know at the time. I opened my eyes and I saw animal spirits (they count as entities as well) floating about doing their work in nature. I could see all this energy that I saw behind my eyes interacting and moving physical matter. It was quite amazing.

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### **Report #287 — entities**

I got glimpses of "biomechanical" beings, they didn't say anything but I felt like they introduced themselves in a kinda freaky way, like a test. Then there was like a pause or wait for a confirmation from me, I nodded ... I felt like I was being tested. There was more music this time, louder... maybe not so much music as a rhythmic pulse, I can't really describe much of it in words but it was like a blueprint of sorts was laid out in front of me, not that I understood much of it... kinda like they were showing me with a "do you see how this works?" attitude. Despite the awe, I felt strangely comforted. I'm still a bit confused by it... the way emotion and beauty was melded seamlessly into efficient biomechanics. I could see them all around me watching casually, some were different than others, some were like total bio-machines and others seemed like insectoid, or larvae... The only one I can really describe was a dark figure, it had a body but it was completely dark and the rounded face had a big orange spot that moved around like an eyeball... its neck and other features I could make out were segmented, it seemed very worm-like... it was the one closest to me, in fact it was practically sitting next to me... like looking over my shoulder at the designs set forth in front of me. I felt it watching me more than the others who were busy showing me... almost as if it was learning from the whole thing as well. Surprisingly, I didn't feel uncomfortable by it being so close at all... strangely comfortable in fact, like sitting next to someone in school. They didn't need to speak at all ... the "blueprint" they were showing me would transform according to the questions and thoughts pertaining to it in my head. I somehow felt it was answering each question and was designed to do so, yet I'm still left with no answers... because the language I speak is unable to describe the question.

What I was being shown very much resembled H.R.Geiger's artwork ... although there are aspects to it which I don't think could be properly visually represented even by him.

Time didn't really seem to exist, I had the feeling I could take as long as I liked with the toy they handed me, and it would only end when I wanted it to ... which it did. It started with the appearance of just one ... like poking his head through in a "?", then when I nodded like saying I'm not scared... they all came in, quietly and without disruption... my attention was not directed to them though, it was what they had for me... like a toy you give a baby to stimulate it.

I definitely have a new perspective on things after that. At first I felt all of it was cold and devoid of emotion because of the mechanical aspects of it all, but I was shown quickly that there was strong love in it all, pure and childlike... very simple... I really wish I could describe it better.

And I do get chills and shakes when it's over, talking or thinking about it makes my nerves act up and I begin to shake a little even then.

Amazing is the only word for it, for lack of a better one... I get the impression that this is what it will come to... whatever that means.

All this was open-eyed by the way, I've still yet to be able to keep my eyes closed.

Who are they? I don't know. Just hallucinations? I don't believe so. I get the impression from them it's not them that's important here, it's what they have to show us ... I'm thankful they are so friendly, in their own way.

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### **Report #288 — entities**

After my last ride I was almost terrified to go back. To be honest I wasn't sure if I could handle what else they wanted to show me. That changed last night. I had a feeling they were waiting for me, so I geared up, took a hit, and there they were, mocking and laughing at my fear. I could see 20-30 dancing and flying around me but I could feel the presence of thousands all laughing and mocking me. At first it made me uneasy but within seconds I was laughing uncontrollably. At one point one of them flew right up to my face and stuck his tongue out at me. That image will stick in my mind as the funniest goddamn thing I have ever seen.

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### **Report #289**

As soon as I felt the rush (for lack of a better term) I leaned back and closed my eyes. Within seconds it felt as though I was being pulled into myself and at the same time my entire being was expanding out through the universe. The visuals at this point seemed to match this feeling, as if traveling through space at warp speed with far off galaxies rushing by. The expanding feeling stopped rather sharply and was replaced with a sense of ease that I can't even begin to describe. As this new feeling settled in I began to see myself among the swirling images racing by. As the feeling of peace got deeper and deeper my form sitting across from me began telling me that everything was OK, life is life, it was nothing to fear. It's crazy but this was exactly what I needed to hear, and, as soon as the words were spoken a rush of happiness/love overwhelmed me. It felt as though my body was going to explode into millions of pieces from the emotions building inside.

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### **Report #290 — entities**

My dose was somewhere between 25-30 mg, a medium-size dose. I lit my lighter and began vaporizing the now liquid DMT, and inhaling my first hit deeply into my lungs. I think I actually got most of the dose in, on that hit. I held it in for 5-7 seconds, and an octagonal pattern emerged out of the darkness, in front of me. Immediately after blowing my hit out, I took a second inhale, as large as possible. Felt my self slipping away, must take another hit. I had trouble taking my 3rd hit, but I finished the dose properly. Immediately after inhaling, I closed my eyes and my head tilted upwards of its own accord. My breathing became INTENSE through my nostrils, oh god, I have never breathed so deeply and hard, I could not control it. At this point, I was not aware of any part of my body, except for my heart and my brain. I could feel intense energy projected out of my heart and head, forming what I was about to see. A large wall or tunnel, consisting of the chrysanthemum pattern, appeared in front of me, quickly morphing and changing, BRIGHT colors flashing and moving, just intense energy. Hearing the melodic autechre track in the background, I focused on the pattern. A little circle emerged from the 'chaos netting', and it was spinning as it expanded. It then appeared to be a sort of yin-yang, with a male and female aspect to each side. Two beings emerged from this circle made of light and energy and kept spinning about, knowing I was there, aware of my thoughts and actions. Many beings then emerged from the netting and started running towards me it seemed. I couldn't really focus on what they looked like, but they didn't seem elfish really, even though it was them. They then grabbed these bright yellow 'slabs' of light out of the chaos netting chrysanthemum pattern, and began bending them and dancing to the autechre it seemed (light bending light, as I have heard it described by Z before). I then became aware of my INTENSE breathing through my nostrils again, and a few giggles in the room, still with my eyes closed. The song changed into a different autechre song, and when trying to focus on the experience, I felt the beings leave and I could no longer see them dancing or bending light. I was left with intense closed-eye visuals, still very ecstatic. I broke out in laughter, because I had seen THEM!!! More giggles in the room. I opened my eyes but only for a second or two and closed them again. OH MAN!

- Insectoid aliens were examining me at one point. Think human body with a mantis head. Very impartial to my presence. One of them reached into my body around the pelvic area and readjusted something, and I actually heard my body respond (ie that liquid moving around sound).
- I felt like I was travelling at the speed of light. I was in bed and I was clutching my blanket near my chest for dear life. Something kept telling me to "let go" and "relax", and just smile. When I did smile everything turned teal and slowed down, while something smiled back at me. When I returned to bitch mode the rollercoaster started up again. I continued to do this slow down and start up cycle for a bit.
- The experience only lasts for five or so minutes because that's all you need to experience eternity.
- Alien. That's probably the best word I can use to describe. The whole thing is just alien as hell.
- I have to admit, I didn't go into this totally relaxed or with the greatest intention. Curiosity made me forget that this isn't a toy. I got this message not to come back with that same attitude next time. I tried to give myself the whole "don't give in to astonishment when you get there" spiel. No use, I was fucking astonished!
- And all the usual about fractal geometry, more aliens, time condensed, reality being fragile, thinking you must be dead, etc., etc.

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### **Report #291 — entities**

I hit it and felt like my body was buzzing and kind of floating off and sinking into my seat at the same time. There were bright colors and interlocking triangles moving up and down everywhere. My depth perception seemed to start messing up, objects that were further away appeared to be closer than objects that were near me and the corners of the room didn't seem to meet up how they were supposed to. I remember lying back and looking at my friend's poster on the wall that said "sweet dreams are made of these" and thinking in my head "1700 Spain". I remember it getting really hard to breathe and shutting my eyes. After that I'm not sure how to put anything into words at all. First something was speaking to me through a floating cube. Then there was a deep darkness that completely swallowed me and it felt like I was being launched through space. Then there was a bright flash that turned into static that was surrounding me and a loud noise in every direction. I was frozen in the static and my body felt like it was starting to disintegrate. I could feel every molecule that made me up vibrating. Then I began seeing thousands of images. Flashing by as if I was watching a projector slideshow moving at the speed of thought. Lots of images of hospitals and factories and classrooms. There were voices the entire time telling me things, all of the voices seemed to come from a single source, and everything they said made complete sense, but were hard to accept as truth because of how much sense it made perhaps. The things it said were frightening, inspiring, confusing. They made me feel as if I was everything and nothing at the same time. There was a spiritual context to everything I heard. The voices whispered and yelled and sung, most were female but there were some male, speaking at different speeds but they seemed to interweave as if they were telling me a single story or teaching me a single lesson.

Then the scrolling images ended and I was instantly in a world made completely of simple geometric shapes and colors and I was floating towards a golden circle. I was afraid, but not sure of what. The voices kept telling me there was nothing to fear and to just go with it. Every time I would start to relax something would come flying towards me and I would freak out, but it would fly straight through me as if I wasn't really there at all. The last of these shapes did hit me and I was then in a tunnel with flickering lights and a bright golden light at the end of it. There were robots walking back and forth and in circles throughout the tunnel and it felt as if I was being watched from above. The voice was still there and it had begun telling me some sort of love story about time travellers. The golden light had been growing larger and brighter until I finally noticed that this wasn't because I was getting any closer to the end of the tunnel but because the light was coming to me. It hit me and I was floating in darkness looking at myself in the mirror. My reflection kept changing. I'd look once and all of my flaws were gone, then I'd look again and find myself monstrous and everywhere in between until I felt as if I had seen every aspect of my appearance from every angle. Then I disappeared and there was only static reflecting back from the mirror. I fell into the mirror and back into the static. Then I zoomed in on a single dot until it became the static itself. I kept going through layers of static while listening to the voices explain various parts of my life and how I was connected to all life and how I could keep passing through the layers of this static forever and it would always be the same unless I opened my eyes. I could

feel my body for the first time and realized that the static was on the backs of my eyelids. I tried to open them for a long time, but I couldn't. I couldn't move and was still fighting to breathe. The last thing the voice said to me was "this is your life", I saw the golden circle again behind the static and I opened my eyes.

I had been screaming, my friends were all circled around me and I was still getting some visuals, perceptual glitches, things shifting back into place, things changing colors. I could still hear the voices whispering somewhere in my head, but couldn't hear what they were saying. It felt like an eternity had passed and I had died and been born again back into my body. Time had slowed down to nothing. I was just wondering if long lasting confusion and synesthesia are normal side effects or if someone could give me some advice on making sense of an experience like this because it's left me a bit shaken. Not that I would ever take it back, in ways I feel as if it saved my life. Helped me find my place and my peace. Maybe I just need to do what the voices told me and let it go. That is the best I've been able to put all of that into words and it still is not an appropriate representation of what happened, but I guess it is the best I am going to be able to manage.

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### **Report #292**

Three large tokes> hey this is happening fast> eyes close, flying through large psychedelic kaleidoscope> disembodied now, hovering hundreds of feet above, watching myself and all the movement around me> what sounds like intelligent language of super low frequency coming from below (earth?), but I can't understand it> what sounds like intelligent language of super high frequency coming from above (space?), also can't understand> re-embodiment now, eyes open slowly, my body is in wave form, looking at my arms which have no definite form, a continual ripple> this slowly fades and I awaken to normal consciousness.

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### **Report #293 — entities**

I was in Delhi and had a hit on some Acacia DMT. The first entity I encountered was after the audios started (a na, nan, nan, nan... sound) and the world began to get red streams... this spinning red ball manifested and came towards me.... Inside was a sitting 'buddha'.. I reached up and touched it and it exploded into a completely different world... it was cartoon world; like something road runner would have felt at home in... and along bopped these cartoon characters and they seemed pleased and beckoned me on...

I began to follow them but the world, whilst colourful, was flat; it was devoid of detail (like a cartoon) I stopped and shook my head and remember telling them that I was looking for somewhere else but they just continued to call/wave me in. That's when I became suspicious of them and began to look for a way out. I spotted a yellow door (best description I can give) and as I reached up for it they began to get angry and grew teeth! But it was all mouth and no trousers and I laughed at them then touched the 'door' and bang I was in casino world... no beings just hundreds of spinning purple drums (like slot machine drums). Again I spotted a 'door' this time purple and reaching up touched it and I was in space..... here I met some other beings...

This was most strange... the beings were a cross between lizards and birds having beaks but no feathers and completely green. Although I couldn't see all of the beings' bodies, because they were wearing purple cloaks and sat in large floating chairs. These beings were 'basking' in the light... the light was an ice blue light having a UV type of effect and was originating from behind me. I wanted to turn to face the light but as I did the space moved or rotated with me so that the light remained behind. I spoke to the beings saying "let me see the light" but they just shook their heads... then I dropped out and the room came back..

The trip wasn't over because my friend handed me the pipe saying, "You didn't finish it. I tried to offer it to you before but you were having none of it."

Desperate to go back to the space place I sucked the dregs up and again the 'buddha' came. I touched and again I was in cartoon world. I began laughing at the beings and again they grew teeth before reaching up for the 'door'. I was seriously laughing and woke up half the hotel!!!

Unfortunately I didn't make it to space. Instead a large black hooded serpent appeared. I would have said it was at least 10ft in length with its tail coiled and its head raised 5ft or so off the floor. We had a conversation in which I accused it of being a fraud and began laughing at it. It hissed and I hissed back.. I was still hissing at it when the room began to come back into focus... my last words were "next time ..."

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## Report #294

The effects built very fast. I told myself, "You can handle this, take another hit". That was it. I don't remember finishing the hit or putting the pipe down. An insanely intense rushing sensation and sound overcame me. The sound of the river kept getting louder and louder, until it was almost unbearably intense. I was sucked away from my body at lightspeed, a part of my consciousness transported to what can only be described as another dimension of such immense bliss and beauty that no words can relate to it at all. A vast expanse — somewhat reminiscent of a desert. The horizon stretched forever. The proximal location of where the tree I sat in front of was now inhabited by a white-energy stick-figure Saguaro cactus-like something. There was another farther off in the distance. Both remained still the entire time, but were glowing very brightly. The 'sky' of this place was made of an incredibly bright, flashing, swirling gold/red pattern, which also stretched forever. It was alive and immensely powerful. The sound I was hearing was originating from it.

I had totally lost all sense of self, body, identity, life, everything — all utterly obliterated before I had any realization of what was happening. All that remained was a paralyzed awareness, not necessarily mine, far too shocked to attempt any interaction with this place. This sounds crazy, but I know I have been to this place before. I can't really explain what makes me feel this way, but I have no doubt in my mind. I felt as though I was shown my place of origin.

An eternity passed. This was deeper than I could have ever imagined anything could ever be. At some point I started coming out of it, realizing what I had just experienced, when what I can only describe as a cosmic orgasm came over me. I started moaning and then howling. I couldn't control it. It felt incredible, far and away the best feeling I have ever had. It was not brought on by the DMT itself, but what I had seen and how INCREDIBLE it was. I honestly feel that this was necessary to cushion my reentry back to the normal world. I was beyond overwhelmed. What I had experienced left me in a state of incredibly immense awe, confusion, and other deep emotions for which there are no words. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry or crap my pants. I was coming down fast but I was terrified. When I was tripping, all my emotions were annihilated, but getting them back sent me into a state of shock. Everything I ever thought I knew was now basically nothing compared to all the things there are to know.

I had to talk to someone. I needed some sort of reference to reality. I headed for a phone but I was stumbling badly, still in the tail end of the trip, and scared shitless. I called my friends and tried to explain but it was mostly futile. I had no idea how to explain what happened and it was very hard to even talk coherently. I came to realize after awhile that this experience was my own, that I would be okay, but that I would forever be changed by this trip and would hold a deep reverence for this divine gift. I have also come to believe that if only one person was ever able to experience DMT in today's world, they would eventually go crazy and kill themselves, provided they had some experiences like this. I felt very alone in the sense that nobody could ever relate to what I went through. I had no idea what this substance was capable of, and I'm positive that I still don't. It is the most powerful tool of the mind. DMT is not a drug but a technology, the universal tool capable of instantly unlocking the mind. For me, it is proof of a creator. Man did not create DMT and DMT knows the workings of man far better than man himself.

I really wish I could remember more, but those of you familiar with DMT know the difficulty of taking back the experiences with you. Sometimes I can almost see this place in my mind. I can hear the sound. But it was SO much more than sights and sounds. Words are so worthless for describing DMT. DMT experiences are extra-sensory. Your entire brain is awakened to its full potential, and you would be surprised at how great that potential is. I yearn to return to this place, but at the same time I know that somehow I am a part of it already. I have since had no trips that were anything like this. I'm not sure I need to though... seeing this once was really enough for one lifetime.

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## Report #295

I hold the lighter over the pipe and slowly lower it until the crystals begin to melt. After it is mostly melted I move in more and light the marijuana. No strange synthetic taste like I normally have. However, I had just smoked about 15 mg before, and was still feeling slightly intoxicated. Not feeling any different so far. I quickly take another hit and this time I get that strange taste. I exhaled and got the physical vibrations feeling but much stronger than normal. I torch the bowl and ash the rest of it with this last hit. Right as I'm finishing exhaling I get an immediate warning in my mind telling me PUT DOWN THE PIPE. I realize that I haven't taken a breath yet except for hitting the pipe. I start breathing deeply and focusing on my breath. Just breath.. in.. out.. I set the pipe down and lean forward in my chair and stare at the floor.

The rug is morphing into itself in so many ways with separate layers that obviously never existed before. I fall back into my chair and look up at the ceiling. There are layers of visuals running all over the wood and wrapping around everything in the room, coating it. It's impossible to describe how it looked. It was very intricate and detailed, more so than seems possible to visually comprehend.

Around this time I began to rub my chest and stomach and I realized the reason I was doing it was because I wanted to make sure I still had a body. It grounded me somewhat. I ran my hand over my stomach and all of the sudden it felt very sticky and wet like I had gotten something all over my hand. I then lifted my hand up and looked at it. I could see all of my veins and just an indescribable visual of seeing what my hand actually is. Something straight out of an anatomy book. I looked over to my right and looked at a poster of Bob Marley. There appeared to be a layer streaming across it that looked very similar to water with chemicals in it — that rainbow hue on the surface of oil slicks. I looked over to my left where I had a beige blanket covering some large windows and I could see lines and intricacy in this plain beige blanket that totally blew me away. Not going to even attempt to describe them.

Then I felt like everything suddenly became alive. The beige blanket was swirling around with incredible speed like it was being flushed down a drain. I knew that everything was alive around me. It was always there and observing in a way I would never know. It was as if I was communicating with everything and it didn't really care about me. I tried to "ask" what is "wrong" and what is "right"? The sense I got back was that NOTHING was wrong or right and I was being silly to try to form a question like that. Everything was laughing at me. Then I saw my room split in half and open up. This occurred as if it was nothing unusual. Like a door had just opened that was always there but it was painted the same as the walls in such a perfect way you would never know it was there. Behind the door was amazingly detailed machinery but it looked very similar to a brain in overall structure. It was the most intricate detailed machinery ever but it wasn't quite real. The machines weren't physical but they existed. They were the most perfect mathematical equations that governed all of reality. They didn't exist in reality but dictated what reality is just the same.

I understood very, very well that I was looking at the "rabbit hole". This is why people lose their minds. This is where the danger lies. I had a sinister vision of some random person falling through that open door and being shown what they always wanted, "What is the meaning of life?", but they didn't think about it being so impossible that it pulled their minds apart. What did all of this mean really? What was happening? I have no idea. What I did know is that I could go a lot deeper through that door if I wanted to but it just might change me forever. I was being let go with a warning, "Only the brave dare go here, but I will take you no matter who you are."

The door closes and reality resumes. Have I been breathing? Did that really just happen? This shit is fucking INCREDIBLE. I look over at my fish tank and there is a gel-like substance flowing all over the glass. Everything is continuing to morph slightly and there is still the same 'veil' of patterns flowing around things. I know I'm coming down though and I lie down and just think about things. I don't remember much now about what I was thinking, I think I was mostly just in awe.

I lay there for about 30 minutes I believe. Looking back ... wow, wow, wow.

I never saw the "crysanthemum" that people talk about. I had my eyes opened the entire time not because I was trying not to close them or anything like that but what was happening was so amazing that I forgot to even look for closed-eye visuals. I must have been right at the dose of breaking through. I didn't imagine I would have such intense open-eye visuals with DMT from all the trip reports I've read. Nothing could have prepared me for this

experience and it was very different than any trip report I'd read before, considering I had my eyes open the whole time.

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### **Report #296 — entities**

SWIM broke through this weekend like he never broke through before. He was in the country, outdoors in a place where there is next to no light pollution and the night sky is filled with millions of stars. He packed the pipe with about 100 mg of DMT and hit it. Exhaled and then hit it again, didn't have time to hit it a third time cause he was no longer able. That place where the elves are is only the beginning of hyperspace and this time he went beyond elfland to the void. His spirit totally left his body and travelled around the world riding on the magnetic field lines of the earth. All forms of transmitted frequencies were heard like TV stations, cell phones, radio stations and he even was able to tune in to a radio station from Venezuela (he is in Canada though). The beauty of this place he was at was incredible. He had no body, he was just another one of these electromagnetic lines. Suddenly he finds himself among these strange people dressed like Vikings, all with blue hair, and one of these guys in particular was staring at SWIM with a grin on his face as he walked passed him. This guy had blue hair and also a blue beard and was pretty clean-cut. The detail seemed more real than reality itself. The beauty of this place was so that he didn't care if he never came back and let himself go with it without any resistance. Then he started coming back and passed through elfland again and finally arrived at our 3D reality in one piece with nothing but awe! All he can say is, too fucking much! He can't wait to go there again, probably next weekend.

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### **Report #297**

I take about 3 medium-sized hits, and upon the blowing out of the 3rd EVERYTHING GETS HUGE!!!!

The backseat of the car expands to the size of a massive room...

There is a faint Egyptian feel to this trip, being in the dark in the car is a little overwhelming, I see hieroglyphics in every strand of D's hair.

I have my left arm up on the seat, but it looks and feels like I have 2 arms on my left side, one in the seat and one in my lap. The wind rushing by makes a massive white noise, the intensity is scaring the living shit out of me, but I love it.

Just when I thought I couldn't take anymore, I start to come down....

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### **Report #298**

I blow out the smoke, it looks like mesh against the patterns of the ceiling... the ceiling is moving perfectly in time to the chanting of the vocals in the music (Oliver Shanti and friends).

I decide to close my eyes... I see this warm-colored pinkish-orangeish structure, comprised out of things that look somewhat like a cross between diamonds and triangles, begin to wrap itself around my head. I'm terrified, but I let go of the fear... and then it happened ... The structure wraps itself completely around my head, and I begin to feel the most all-pervading sense of bliss and joy I have ever felt. I catch a glimpse of what it is to be one with everything around you, a glimpse of wholeness... I melt flat into the air mattress, the structure moves in time with the music, I'm sure my jaw is dropped at this point... this feeling continues for what seems like forever... I sit up...

Open my eyes... B. is holding the pipe for J. ....I close my eyes again..... B. is hitting the pipe at this point, and the way his face is distorted and how he's saying, "Just a li'l bit, just a li'l bit", brings the most intense feeling of déjà vu I have ever felt..... I have dreamed this moment months ago..... I ask "What the fuck are you guys doing?", and close my eyes again.... I open them back up and everything is so geometric it shocks me.... B. looks around at the room and says, "What a crazy fucking hobby", which prompts HUGE laughter from everyone, and becomes my favorite tripping quote ever.

I'm almost down now, but the sense of joy and bliss will stay with me for a long time, always reminding me that there IS more to this reality than we know.... I'm ready for more DMT and in a single night it has become my favorite compound ever.... I must say DMT is not for everyone, as the rush is extremely intense and could easily scare ANYONE... it scared the shit out of me, and I consider myself pretty experienced.... The terror stems from how unprepared you are for a shattering that deep... DMT is the single most intriguing drug in existence.

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### **Report #299**

It was the first time I had the revelation that time isn't linear — that it's a conglomerate mass that we travel through, and we only perceive this small string of what's actually going on. So while I thought, 'I'm going to die today', I realised 'today is every day'.

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### **Report #300 — entities**

Getting over the onset of the DMT trip always felt like dying to me. Intelligences of uncertain form beckoned me through a lighted tunnel. The belief that DMT turned me into some intergalactic telepathic gateway, through which I could commune with 'higher' alien life forms, was so strong and fascinating. When I caught myself slipping into this alien philosophy at my then workplace, I thought it was time to stop. But the impression of being in the presence of a curious gentle alien intelligence has never left me.

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### **Report #301**

During one DMT trip, I had a vision of the state of planetary affairs. According to the cosmology of this revelation, more and more people were becoming aware of the dire state of things, and many would soon wake up to the essential divinity of the human being, but it might be too late. Humanity would wake up at the moment it would become extinct! Those souls who'd attained a certain level of integrity, enlightenment and right conduct, the ones who lived their lives with respect for the whole of life and not just for their own petty parochial interests, would be transported to a dimension ahead, while the selfish, ignorant, greedy, exclusively materialistic, violent, less evolved ones would become like fodder or compost for a new generation of consciousness.

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### **Report #302**

So suddenly I get this intensely psychedelic feeling... Visuals inflate themselves right out of the real world and overlay an entire catalog of alternative "NOWs" that have led to this point. It always seems like things have been going on in these other realms that have much more to do with me consuming the substance than me in my normal everyday life.

I'm sure this all sounds insane and it surely is, as there is no way for my mind to really grasp what it is experiencing while on this tryptamine.

So I meet up with these alternate realities (dreams? plausibilities?), and this "presence" seems to be sending vibes to itself similar to, "OK, he's here! OK, it's happening! Start the presentation!"

I am presented with a spectacular extravaganza of sensual overload that ties everything creative about my mind into one small 5-10 minute package. It is made clear that the world around me (visible or not) is doing a whole lot of work behind the scenes for me to even be able to be alive and sit in a chair and experience this kind of thing.

I leave with the impression that I should be doing more with my life. Several small "chores" usually come to mind; chores that, if not completed, will haunt me on my next trip. I still have a couple things left to do from my last one and will not be partaking until they are taken care of.

The best trips come when I have been satisfied with my place in life and think things are going as well as they could — DMT (for ME, anyway.... hell, going to church could do the same thing for others I would imagine — not me



though) reminds me that things are not always as solid as they appear, and that there is always room for further refinement, further perfection, and further improvement in every aspect of everything that I ever do.

I would not recommend this tryptamine for those who have not done any psychedelics and feel that their belief systems and lifestyles are as good as they can get. DMT will melt down and reshape even the most solid of minds — be prepared to have been unprepared.

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### Report #303 — entities

I am back at it. Yes, it does beat up on you, it does and it doesn't. Everything about it seems to come packaged with its opposite. One of the weirdest impressions that I have, and it took me a number of trips to put this all together, but in my own experiences at any rate, it became clear that weird as the place I was carried off to was, nevertheless it was someone's notion, someone very peculiar, of just what a human being like me would prefer. It was an alien effort to make an environment that was comfortable and reassuring to human beings, but as if they/it had only studied human beings from a very different perspective than the one from which we know ourselves.

This feeling of important process with grown-up overtones and yet with an element of the childish and silly came to remind me of the vibe of a maternity or pediatric ward; high tech, life-and-death stuff is going on. But they have closets full of teddy bears and the wall paper patterns are all dancing bears and mice in tutus. I have wondered if the wondrous objects offered by the tykes in the DMT encounter, for all their power to stand our world on its head, may be, in that world, no more than plastic geometric shapes strung on a rope and hung over an infant's bassinet for its amusement and to teach it spatial and color coordination. They are no more than toys.

But the maternity ward metaphor goes deeper. There is a feeling of arrival, of anxious doctors, and a sense of enormous decompression and relief. Come to think of it, decompression is a good metaphor for how DMT makes me feel, it is as if I had returned at last to my natural medium of existence, having left a zone of constriction and pressurized limitation, hence I feel inflated in every sense in that place. And then there is the language lesson that they always insist on giving me, and insist is the entire point of our little meetings, though no-one else has ever described the stress on language and poetics and linguistic skill that seems to fill my trips.

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### Report #304 — entities

Behind the white chair  
The Self-Transforming-Machine-Elf.  
I asked it its name  
And its Voice made my brain melt.

And I knew that I didn't have long, Lord,  
Yeah I knew that I didn't have long.

She gazed at me steady  
and extended a tendril.  
I met her gaze and  
Went right off my spindle.

And the walls of my world they came down, Lord,  
The walls of my mind they came down.

I joined with the thing in a Lovecraftian mindmeld.  
She was a slick sub-terrestrial  
But not real good with the clientele.

And I went away right there, boys.  
Yeah the carrier wave rang like a bell, boys,  
The carrier wave rang like a bell.

Once in the encounter I feared for my safety  
A Neurological meltdown had been on the cards lately.  
Yeah the Alien-Mind-Probe was swell, boys,  
The Alien-Mind-Probe was swell.

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### **Report #305 — entities**

As I finished my inhale, I spotted the amber light dancing over her shoulder. My vision went into the kaleidoscopic crawling patterns, and everything seemed connected by bands of energy, particularly between Alaura and myself. It appeared as though the space between us was filled with a dizzyingly complex energy pattern cycling between us. Her face seemed to be crawling with the three-dimensional writing I saw in the temple.

Looking into one another's eyes, we drifted closer to one another, and it was like our bodies merged, melting into one another. It felt as though our cells were fused together. There was a flash of light and we were in a domed room, sitting closely together. It felt different than the place with the jeweled entities, and we hadn't smoked as much as I had in the cave. This was different. Alaura was gazing about and looked at me somewhat concernedly. There were two entities there. Very thin and tall with upside-down pear-shaped heads and almond-shaped black eyes. I was still hallucinating vividly and didn't know if this was really happening or if it was part of the drug trip.

I didn't have time to think about the ramifications of what was going on, for the DMT pulled me further into the drug experience, and I felt my consciousness slipping into that other world. In the place of the aliens, I saw the jeweled entities telling me they loved me while bouncing in and out of my chest. They emoted, "Welcome home chosen one." Alaura was there with me, and we touched hands. It was electric and the jeweled entities reciprocated great joy. It was like a celebration and they were very glad we had met and were here with them.

There was another flash of light, and Alaura and I were back on the path, hallucinations wildly superimposed on everything. She had somewhat of a shocked look on her face. I ran the back of my hand across her cheek and she smiled. We embraced fervently, bonded somehow by this bizarre experience.

My roll was still somewhat in effect, and with the remaining DMT, conversation was out of the question. I saw the amber light in the sky dance around. I pointed it out to Alaura, and as if it were waiting for her to see it, it danced even more wildly for a minute, then vanished into the night sky.

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### **Report #306 — entities**

My field of vision went dark ... there was a rhythmic pulsating sound ... there was a dot of light ... there was a feeling of traveling through space and time ... the light grew into an entity ... a living intelligence that was without a doubt the "master controller" ... my mind was on fire ... I felt that I was gazing at a supreme being ... I felt insignificant ... I felt smaller than an atomic particle in comparison to this "thing" I was gazing at ... it was a psychedelic inferno ... very much like a perfectly symmetrical compact "solar system" involved in a universe of activity and intelligence ... there was an overwhelming sense of "divinity" .... I hope to convey the intensity of this "presence".

My partner (who provided the DMT) called out my name ... I became aware of the fact that I was hyperventilating and I opened my eyes ... the experience was of being in two distinctly different worlds and dimensions simultaneously ... my mind could not interpret, nor make sense of what I was seeing and feeling ... I struggled to tell him NOT to say a word or disturb me ... I was blinded by psychedelia with my eyes open, and when I closed my eyes I was back in what I felt was the center of the universe ... I was startled and afraid ... my motor skills were worthless ... I felt like I witnessed "the master creator" ... I felt like I was reborn ... I crawled my way out the door and onto my lawn, where I lay down ... I was in my own body and that felt like a good place to be ... slowly my mind came back to me, but I was extremely confused ...the trip became somewhat LSD-like as it dissipated ...

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### **Report #307 — entities**

Smoked synthetic DMT and soon found himself in “bejeweled ‘gardens’ filled with dancing fairies and elves.” Although it seemed like an hour had passed, he writes that only about ten minutes had elapsed. “It did not seem imaginary or hallucinatory at all.”

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### **Report #308 — entities**

I put the pipe down. I knew that I was in my friend's bedroom but at the same time I felt like I was somewhere else. I closed my eyes and I was looking into another dimension with my eyes closed and there were beings there and they were somewhat humanoid in shape, wearing robes, with long flowing bodies of some kind, they were much more bell-shaped than humans are. And they were doing something amongst the vibrant multicolored shifting background and the colors were also swirling over them as well, and they turned their attention towards me and I said out loud "Hello" and they took me or guided me through some tunnels, portals and passageways. It felt like I was moving through their dimension.

I came to a place where there was a being which they introduced to me as a baby or I felt it was a baby of some kind but it looked to me like two blue flat ovals intersecting each other in kinda a crossed butterfly pattern with all kinds of inter... you know how you take paper and you cut out snowflakes, like that, those kinds of patterns all over them, intricate, repeating mirrored symmetrical patterns with kind of a jeweled sort of pattern going on around the edge and two red things, two flat red rings going round the top of them, also some hieroglyphs and symbols and patterns around them which seemed to have great meaning but which was beyond my conscious comprehension. And I felt like the beings sort of were around me and this baby being, and this baby being gave me something or transpired something or passed some kind of information to me through my belly on a kind of an unconscious level but something important passed between us and I said "Thank you" out loud again and then I felt like the trip was done.

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### **Report #309 — entities**

In my most recent DMT trip I had an amazing vision of sexual ... this great vision where I was looking through a portal or a window. The first time I took DMT I was actually in that realm but this time it was like I was looking through a window into this other world, and there was all these naked psychedelic girls there. All these girls in there were like pink with blue hair and their nipples were like red and pink psychedelic colors, and there were these noodles of colors swirling between them, and they saw me and they were looking back through the window at me and one of them was flashing her tits at me and one was bending over and showing me her ass, and it was very playful and erotic and sensual and it made me feel really good and loved by the universe and the psychedelic angels or whatever they were, I don't know, but it was a pretty cool experience, pretty pleasurable.

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### **Report #310 — entities**

The initial comeup was extremely quick and the pattern that I'm used to seeing on entry was shimmering in a sort of berserk kinda way. The pattern wasn't so much 'clicking' as much as it was going to have a seizure. I knew I was in for a ride. Before I knew it I was in candyland. The pattern swirls and electric colors and jewels were everywhere. I do remember roads and structures, but explaining their architecture would do them no justice. Only adjectives like 'fantastic' and 'oh my god!' really come to mind. But it didn't end with just one landscape as I was seeing all sorts of places, sometimes simultaneously. It does seem true of all the other stories where they say, "It was just as real as this reality." They aren't making it up, it is really there. It just doesn't have the same dimensions as this 'real' world. The efficiency there seemed immaculate. Everything was in perfect time/tune and there was, dare I say it?, a celebration. The elves they speak of didn't seem to actually have a form as much as they were entities swimming around my head, spewing volumes of information that seemed the key to everything. I still don't know if the entities are just a subdivision of my own personalities in my head or actually aliens from a different dimension/dementian.

Yaa its sounds pretty crazy to think that aliens are for real, but then you are shown and forced to decide; it isn't that easy to draw a conclusion.

The 'entities' are there, but the sheer pleasure is the beauty of the understanding that seems to be accomplished with getting into the candyland. It's hard to explain. Yes, the movements and the colors are so spectacular that I might say they exceed all expectations of beauty. But the deeper understanding of ultra-life is a feeling of utmost contentness. I was given the information that there is no life and there is no death in the 'orthodox real' way of thinking. This is what for sure I could retain, but the rest of the formula was of course lost in translation.... sorry I'm still trying.

I had a feeling of no fear. It all made perfect sense and there was harmony among the interdimensional races. It was real that all worries of this earth seem inconsequential and moot. I did find this a little disturbing afterwards, as the notion of karma was seen as futile in this foreign land. To think that all I've done in good heart was irrelevant in the grand scheme of things. But what a relief of the wrong things I've done. I felt absolved and given anew. Born again of drugs??? I don't know, but I definitely felt that psychedelic profoundness in an exponential way. It goes into if it was really a 'drug' at all, but more of an awakening pass into the world so many claim as the hyperspace.

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### **Report #311 — entities**

The spaces open — this is like my own mind and feels like home. The breath so pure, the DMT-familiar consciousness, like there is no transition, except I am more calm, relaxed, open. I can feel myself in a trance and my eyes rapidly moving beneath their lids. DMT has a strange taste but it is so pure to breathe, like air... I don't even think about coughing or anything of that sort.

"Hello!"

Smooth out — silver coming

silvergirl and the pool

green transform — green sensuality

pop — pop

green alien elves dancing

everyone dancing dervish-like, maybe at a rave, their hands in the air,  
and the way forming above their heads, the tunnel in.

Voices. "go."

"Trust this," she says.

The plastic frog is alive and hops from the bed to my knee.

the blue pulsating balls...

they are only visible for a second, but they say,

Don't be astonished... Look...

The crack in the stone

green light slipping from it...

The crack is where the edges of the stone doors meet.

They are partly open, but for some reason will not open more.

This seems important!

I try to open the door

do I have enough DMT breath? or rather,

do I have enough me?

pull at the door... almost... pull again.

Green light scatters.

I want to look inside... try again... it opens.

Green light spills.

Stairways, green glowing, rising into something.

Greencatgirl. she purrs. she is liquid and sexual and she kisses

with wet green. more purr. her fur falls in a tumble from her head

and neck and the center of her back. smooth green skin everywhere else.

The voices laugh.

I am there.

The towers loom. switch. silvergirl.

The edge where the cataract pours into never.

Rainbows gleaming from the spray. unicorn girl is here.

Kiri. Maia. she laughs in the best way.

Trey. Gingko.

"Trust them," someone says.

Yes. I know... and it expands.

Whoosh... everywhere... and then I am back.

It is like I have not gone anywhere, but suddenly I know something I didn't know. Just a sweet DMT breath. There are no words. But there is a kind of language. I try to talk, and nothing comes out. Exactly. I smile and laugh.

Silverlove. Love love love.

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### **Report #312 — entities**

I smoked the substance in a ritual manner as I had the utmost respect for what experiences that would result from its use.

During my initial encounters with the entities in the substance I smoked only a little and they taught me the way to smoke and began to 'speak' clearly to me as I was using the substance. They taught me the importance of the communication that is available when you are inside their space. A language based solely on love.

Over a period of months they led me through several shamanic initiations culminating in two that I will explain here.

The classic shamanic experience of being dismembered and reassembled happened during the peak stress intensity of the computer work that I was doing.

I smoked and was instantly wheeled into an operating theatre where I was casually torn apart in a comical manner by several attending entities who had comic-surgeon-like appearances, who then proceeded to reassemble me with new shiny parts.

Upon reentry I knew that something was wrong with the work that I was doing. The entities always told me that I should not be doing it although I was ignoring their warnings like I had to learn some extreme lesson.

Another experience told me the truth of this. I smoked and entered the space. Only this time I realised the exact nature of the space.

The space was the underside of 'our space'. They construct 'our space' from our beliefs continuously and are what everything is made from. Suddenly the depth of the Australian Aboriginal understanding of the creative ancestors really hit home.

I had been diving into the 'ecology of souls' that Terence McKenna had mentioned in his books, and this ecology is the substance reality is made from. All dreams coincide continuously to create reality. The synchronicity of Dreamtime has never really ended!

Then things only got more strange and wonderful.

We were communicating in the only valid communication here, Love. All types of love is talked about continuously with openness and complete understanding. I was then prompted with the idea that I knew something that I should relate to the entities about me. It was something that I knew intimately although had never really admitted to myself.

I am God/dess! I am that I am!

All happiness broke loose with this utterance. I was crowded as if I had understood the most intimate feature of the ultimate game, being placed on the shoulders of all the other beings. I was atop the pyramid of loving understanding when everything again changed.

Led through a veil of sorts into a wonderful chasm-like enormous womb. My intuition that the universe was female was confirmed. And in this womb lay enormous spheres in a tree-like pattern spiraling up toward a point of fertility that was signified by a cross that was everchanging and radiating creation.

This is the Tree of Life in all its GLORY!

I 'flew' past the cross into the white light and lost all identity in the clearlight forever... until I was being delivered back to now. I passed the cross and sphere tree and went on through the creative ancestor space landing back in my room.

Upon entry I said to my partner... "this is God/dess!" while grabbing at things in my room. I wanted to tell her that everything is God/dess all the time including our beings and our thoughts.

I knew that I had to change my life dramatically.

I quit my job and came to the North Coast to breathe and live in this love of creation.

The crux of everything is that I know now that we are all God/dess in God/dess experiencing everything for God/dess.

All moments, places and events are sacred.

Every thought, every word and every act is a prayer.

So watch what you pray for... God/dess will provide for you whatever you want.

Be your own God/dess.

Love and Light!

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### **Report #313 — entities**

On my last breakthrough, interestingly enough, I was told NOT to speak of what I was shown, telepathically and with the "shhhh" sign which they did to me several times. When the entities communicate with me it is always telepathically or with signs, never verbally.

I don't remember exactly what I was shown anyway.

OR the "shhhh" sign could have meant something else... like how you would tell a baby to shush. The experience was much like being a baby in this ridiculous alien playroom made of those awesome patterns. For some reason, birthday-cake-type candles were a prominent part of the trip, and I actually saw one in my open eye field of vision as I exhaled my 4th hit and INVOLUNTARILY fell back and into a trance.

DMT is WEIRD!

I also experienced some ego loss.... and it kind of upset me. When I came back, while enjoying the relatively mild open-eye stuff (the plaid pattern on my pajama pants moving like little highways, with an eye or mouth at each intersection, and wine bottles in a rack moving like elephant trunks) I didn't remember who I was... and as I remembered, at first I thought I was about 10 years younger, still in my teens. When I realized I wasn't, it upset me.

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### **Report #314**

I was dosing way way way too low, I put a monster amount on there and lit it up... what the fuck?!

My room completely dissolved into patterns and I was hearing this shit kinda like cicadas, except they were making music... all open-eye shit couldn't even close my eyes, I'm still shaking from it. Whistling and insectoid music ... My

room was totally gone — it was like I went to dimension X or some shit, I got a li'l scared and fought it off a little but it came full force.

I'm shaking too much to keep typing this — that was fucking great! ...

It's like the room plastered itself to my face then morphed into these crazy gridlike patterns, then the music started and it's like the patterns were dancing along with it, and even though my body just lay there I felt like I was voluntarily dancing with the patterns to the music, just not moving at all... I dunno if I broke through but I got the distinct feeling that just a bit more and I'd be somewhere I wasn't prepared for yet. What I was experiencing was already freaking me out and I felt myself pushing it away. When I could finally move I stood up quickly and tried to maintain my balance on the liquid floor. For about 2-3 minutes though, the room was totally gone, I was not here... Crazy shit man, can't wait to try again.

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### **Report #315**

My first time it felt like my spirit/soul/consciouness was being sucked through a tunnel then — wham! — DMT hyperspace. I expanded out through space/time until I was a part of everything.

This last time I thought I would be more "prepared". Wrong. This time the sensation was of a black curtain being pulled closed in front of me. As soon as it closed I felt/saw hands (but as shadows) plunge through it into my chest. They ripped my consciouness from my body and threw it to the other side.

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### **Report #316 — entities**

I am convinced this is so much more than just a drug. Last night a friend of mind wanted to go through. I could tell she was hesitant/scared though. Her boyfriend went first and after witnessing it she said she was good to go. After her third hit she was gone, pulled into a trance. Within ten seconds she was pushed back out though. She swears "they" where waiting for her but they released her because they sensed her heart had not accepted them.

If it is just a drug, how is this possible? She should have been floored like the rest of us.

She said, "I get the impression from them it's not them that's important here."

I get that impression too. They seem honored to be able to spend time with us. They seem so excited/giddy you can feel it radiating out of them. I also get the impression that they would like to do more for us but they can't until we (as a people) become more open and accepting. I almost get the feeling that they are proud but somewhat disappointed parents watching over their children.

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### **Report #317 — entities**

I definitely experienced the "peak"... both times really, the room was pretty much gone, I was aware that I was in some form still there... but my vision was not seeing anything that is here now. I didn't get the inner high quality stuff either, although I'm anxious to try that .. I got 1 kilo of just the regular. I didn't notice how long the peak was, but like I said it was like time wasn't a factor. I didn't feel rushed or hurried, in fact I think they made it a point to let me know I have as much time as I like with the toy, it was only when I was ready for it to go away that it did. It was a lot to take in and I wasn't freaked out, it was just alot for my brain to process.

I had tried my product before washing, very harsh... but after ammonia wash and mixed with parsley you don't taste anything harsh really, just the wonderful smell of spice, which I associate with the smell of dimension X, hehe, I know what you guys mean by getting to like the taste. Smacked, you're right on it man... I really am very eager for more sessions with them, they seem to see a LOT of potential in us.

One thing I left out, that I think was particularly cool, is when I was looking at the "blueprints". I thought, "But is this really how it works HERE, is this the the nature of things?" My hand quickly rose, half voluntarily and my sight was directed towards it; I saw the bones inside it glowing, the muscle structures attached to them began to show,

very much resembling the biomechanical structures... I felt I had my answer. Very strong sentience, and it's almost like they had a sense of humor, a very innocent and childlike sense of humor. I have trouble remembering it ALL, but as I contemplate on it bits and pieces return to memory... that's why I felt they were giving me the "take your time" feeling, only bite off what you can chew... there's no rush.

I began this by trying to end up with a drug. What I ended up with is a key... I not for a million years imagined it was going to be like this... This is the modern day "philosopher's stone" spoken of so much by alchemists in the past, as far as I'm concerned.

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### **Report #318**

I felt \*something\* coming on strong, put the pipe down and lay back and closed my eyes. I saw the inside of a beautiful cathedral or palace or something like that with lots of stained glass windows.... but it was very fleeting. It then twisted into beautiful, complex, colorful geometric shapes, still having a stained glass kind of look. If I opened my eyes it would disappear for a split second then superimpose. I felt a "presence" that seemed to be beckoning me to go in deeper (not in any kind of words... it was just a "feeling"), but I couldn't. I felt this feeling of pleasure in my midsection, and then the images turned slightly darker, and I got a feeling of an evil presence. Then it ended. I opened my eyes and had intense euphoria for a couple minutes, then back to completely normal. Oh and one thing I noticed about the palace and the patterns, they had a videogame feel about them, like the princess's castle in the old mario games.

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### **Report #319 — entities**

DMT wasn't something that I had any real interest in trying.

I love LSD but the smell of DMT smoke turned me off initially.

Funny story on how I came across some — A total stranger in a bar was talking my ear off about NYC Sour Diesel — he mentions how he was on LSD and cocaine and just smoked DMT. I inquire about the LSD — he says 'be right back' — runs out the door and comes back with a bunch of hits of LSD and a rock of DMT for free — I never knew this guy or have seen him since. Must have been fate ...

Of course over the next few weeks the LSD got eaten but that DMT just hid in a little box going untouched. But that's when I began to do some deep research on the substance and started going to any websites I could find on the subject.

Many things I've read said that you should be with someone who has done it before. I only knew one person who has done it but he lives on the other side of the country and only comes back to this side ever so often. Eventually another friend of mine told me that he tried some. He told me it was pretty crazy — but just light hallucinations. So being extremely curious — I got in contact with my other friend and he told me a way to smoke it and one day after work I tried it by myself.

I broke up a little rock into powder. Not sure exactly how much — but little less than a match head's worth. I got out my big glass bowl and placed some weed ash on the bottom. Then I placed the powdered DMT on top. I lit it by holding the flame slightly above the DMT. I took my first hit — a very small hit. Nothing really happened, but I felt a warm buzz in my body. I was going to stop there because the smell was bad and it seemed to me like smoking crack. Dirty.

But my curiosity wouldn't let me stop. I took a big hit and the room turned yellow — I saw some weird patterns and fractals. Like a strong LSD trip. I came down rather quickly but the fact that it hit me so fast made me laugh — and I did get that sense of euphoria. I didn't smoke anymore but I knew I didn't cross that plane — I knew it could be way more intense. I really wanted to try again but I decided to wait.



So perhaps a week later when I was telling my friend about it. She wanted to try some so we go back to my place. I packed myself a bit of a bigger hit than the first time. As I took a big hit and exhaled — the last thing I heard was my friend asking me 'How long does it last?'

A crazy buzzing sound filled my ears — That's when the Earth stopped — Time stood still. I felt like I stopped breathing — but it didn't bother me since I've read this is a common feeling among users. That's when I felt like I was shot out of a cannon at a million miles an hour. Into a dimension of a billion colors and extremely complex geometric patterns (the best way to describe it would be to tell you to look up Alex Grey's 'Transfiguration' painting). Colors more intense than anything I've ever seen. The world then turned some what cartoonish — like the Simpsons. I saw creatures (elves I guess) smiling at me. But I was so pre-occupied by the colors and how alien this place was I didn't really pay attention to them. I saw a house — the colors of the house kept changing — it looked like a computerized paint drawing.

That's when this dimension turned blue — a sentient being appeared — a blueish, somewhat formless, faceless figure. He looked at me and then flashed hundreds of hieroglyphics by me like an electronic ticker tape in Times Square, nearly too fast to recognize — some of the symbols were Egyptian — but some of the symbols reminded me of Alison Grey's secret language. This part of the experience effected me the most.

That's when I had an overwhelming sense of concern for my friend. I felt that if I was this astonished at what I saw how could she ever handle it. She hadn't tripped in many years. So this sense of worry snapped me out of the trance — I stood up and walked into the other room still tripping really hard. I asked her, "Did you smoke any?!" She said, "No." I said firmly, "Well DON'T smoke any!" Then I would look at my cellphone. Then ask her the same question. This repeated a few times like a time loop. It started to worry me a bit but I knew how to end it. I asked my friend, who was sitting on the bed the whole time, to stand up. This broke the loop.

As I started to come down I started to remember what I saw — A supreme sense of Euphoria swept over me. I started laughing. I couldn't believe what I had seen. It was unbelievable. I'm not the type of person who gets humbled often. But this humbled me more than anything else I've ever experienced in my life. I can say it changed me — but in a positive way. My perception of this world has changed — I guess that's what happens when you break out of the physical realities of this Earth.

I haven't done it since — I cannot wait to go back and explore this dimension more...

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### **Report #320 — entities**

You're literally in another dimension, no furniture bro, there's fucking complex geometrical patterns moving in synchronous order through the air all around you in 3-dimensional space and it's like they're arteries except there's not blood pumping through them there's fucking lights, pulsating lights with no boundaries, and you can't really understand it, and there's an alien communicating with me, a dude who looks sort like a Thai Buddha except he's made entirely of energy and there's no outline to him, he's just one thing and he's concentrating on {incomprehensible} and he's trying to tell me not to give in to astonishment, just relax and try to experience this and I'm like you gotta be fucking shitting me. It's just insane cause there's like a beat going woo doop woo doop woo doop and there's all these fucking complex patterns moving around, and this guy (Buddha) is looking me in the eye and I am fucking freaking out...

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### **Report #321**

Having read many of McKenna's books and hearing some of his interviews over the years I recently decided to peek through the doorway to see for myself what he was talking about. When doing so for about five minutes I found myself viewing a scene of unexpected elegance surpassing anything experienced through the use of an entheogen before as the blackness produced by my closed eye lids in a darkened room became an offering of gorgeous brightly glowing crystalline neon light filled jewels. Lovely deep ruby red, golden yellow and rich green self-transforming jewels which changed shape and shades of color from one to another. The reds becoming a brighter shade of red, the

yellows becoming more golden and then green, the blues more towards violet. The largest of them all in the center was a slowly rotating yellow-golden colored flower-like crystalline form.

All of the transforming-morphing jewel-like objects were contained in the frame of a multi-partitioned and open box-like container floating in the center of my vision, each section within it randomly containing a collection of different sized jewels which was turned towards me giving full view of its contents of living light forms. At some point I noticed that the background behind the box of jewels was no longer black and as they faded from view I could see a tall majestic domed cavern imbedded with hundreds of equidistant points of light which appeared to be both a dome and a dark blue star filled sky at the same time. This whole vision was outlined by a delicate black filigree around the edges similar to what might be found as a highly detailed and finely cut decorative border mat for a work of art which after a few minutes all slowly faded back into the darkness of my closed eyes.

The scene was as if I had been greeted by some kind of living art which said WELCOME to the living light! What a beautiful experience to spice up my life, amazing beauty. After the experience all I could say to myself about it was holy, holy, holy... the short lasting vision had a look and feeling of an extraordinary holy divine nature.

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### **Report #322**

I raised the volume on my surround-sound system to the perfect level, with the music I had carefully selected: Beethoven's Tempest, the third and final movement, Allegretto. I sat in a comfortable chair, reclined, and took a few deep breaths. I am ready for this, I half-heartedly told myself, as my still-trembling hands raised the pipe to my lips in a slightly mechanical fashion. As the acrid vapor swirled into my lungs I thought, This is it. This is what we have been waiting for, questing for, and no one can ever be ready for this! Then it happened. The physical world dissolved before my eyes. It felt as if the entire universe had been compressed down to the size of a pea, and then placed in the center of my brain. Time stopped, and I ceased to exist. In that timeless moment, I was everything and nothing, all knowledge was mine, but I had no thought. I observed all matter and energy in the universe swirl together, swept into a mandala that included the energy formerly known as Scott. I was simply one element in this universal, homogeneous solution. Then a startling truth became known: This is death.

I was instantly overcome with the most paralyzing, all-consuming terror imaginable. As my ego struggled to regain control, I became separated from the mandala and spiraled down into darkness. I knew I was dead and this was eternity. There was no possibility of return, because all things exist in the mandala, and I was far away from it, in the void, in hell. I had visions of my children growing up without a father, of the machine of Western society turning them into materialistic consumer-drones because I am not there to guide them. I saw my friends and family shaking their heads and sighing, saying, "What a tragedy," then continuing on with their lives as if I had never existed.

I would exist only as a memory. This fear was the fiber of my being. I experienced this for what seemed like months or years; there is really no time in that dimension, so it could have been an eon. Finally I realized that my body was not dead and I could return to it and my children, friends, and family. I remembered: I wasn't dead permanently, I had simply smoked DMT. I became aware of my body once again, my eyes snapped open, and the objects of the physical world hurriedly jumped into their places in my field of vision, as if they did not expect me to be observing them at that moment, and frantically scrambled back to the places I expected them to be when I opened my eyes.

Everything was normal and tangible again. I have never been so grateful to be here, in this body, alive and breathing, as I was in that moment. Life-affirming is a gross understatement. I had been reborn. I shouted out a tearful "Thank you" to the cosmos, because I realized that each moment is a divine gift to be cherished, and I knew I would never again take my life for granted; I would live each moment as if it were my last.

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### **Report #323 — entities**

After smoking 80 mg of DMT in a single bong hit, there was a strong sense of 'alien-ness' to the whole field of view almost instantly. Looking to the left there appeared an intelligent-feeling being emanating from a rather large and reaching epiphyllum that grows in the living room. There was a certain menacing feel to the visions from this area and the subject looked back and forth to see if the 'creature' consistently showed itself as the epiphyllum.

Now, here's where it starts to get really interesting... Looking further left (almost completely behind the chair), there was a guy standing there in a white shirt and tan khakis with his back turned putting away what looked like surgical instruments... all gleaming stainless and sharp. Upon asking him who he was and what he was doing, he responded, "That's all we have time for now". "What have you done?" "We fixed some things and now we have to go..." "Who are you?" (question asked directly of the 'we presence')

At this time a very clear mantis image appeared and took a long hard look at the experiencer. "Really?!" was the only response the experiencer could come up with. "No, not really, you could not truly understand what we really are and so we appear like this to you..." (this from a mantis!)

At this point the mantis-dominated visions gave way to a triangular imagery that emanated from the area of the third eye. The feeling was one of receiving huge amounts of raw data in a purely visual form. Open the eye — visions gone — close the eyes— visions instantly just as strong as before. It was at this point the voice from the mantis (or the guy in khakis — who knows?) said "If you keep focusing on these images you will die." OK, eyes open. He elaborated further, "You must learn to see with your blind spot for that is where reality truly manifests from. See what you cannot see and you will know."

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### Report #324

I waited a moment, then I inhaled rapidly. I felt my head hit the back of the chair as I exhaled my entire life back out to the universe..... In about 5 seconds, I heard/felt this freight train like!!woosh!! flying through my body/energy! (It's so hard to put this into language!) I had this thought like OH MY GOD! I JUST OVERDOSED ON SOME EXOTIC DRUG, AND NOW I AM DYING!!!! I guess I was supposed to feel like I was dying, since that is the "experience" DMT is for naturally... But then I basically had to give in to what was happening, because I just couldn't care about dying anymore — not at this speed. But seriously, I was catapulted out into the universe and felt (somehow) like I was expanding in all directions at the speed of light. At this point, I remembered I was still on earth, and that I wasn't breathing! I began to breathe in and out, and it sounded like Darth Vader's kahhhh.....kahhhhhh..... breath sounds.

I also could tell that my breath was its own vortex of energy. There were constant whoosh sounds coming from all directions, and the crazy thing was... (since this was 5-MeO, not the regular DMT) there were absolutely no visuals. Instead, my sight/smell/taste/touch/hearing were all combined into this one sense. Like just having a perfect "knowing" about all things. I remembered so many "personalities" I have experienced, and I kept feeling like 'YES! Finally I'm back home!' I remembered only nostalgically, the life I was in as "Travis". It all felt warm and funny and "cute", like all my earthly trials were embraced with a smile, and everything was "good", even when my little human ego had disagreed/disappeared.

I even tried to think about the wars on earth, and the current conflict, but when I did, I could only just understand that "Everything will be OK." I was floating in space, and sensed these gridlines flowing through all things, like a universal fabric, I suppose. Some people call this "the void" — a limitless experience that feels more like infinity than eternity. I felt the most orgasmic, humbling, pure, nurturing, blissful warmth imaginable! It was engulfing my entire experience, and makes me tear up, just trying to even remember it! I felt, and believe strongly that this is what is meant by being "cradled in the loving arms of GOD."

After what seemed like forever, I began to relax back into my body. It felt so new, like I had been reborn. I was agnostic/atheistic before I had this experience, and afterwards, I felt like a freakin' spiritual guru by nature! I could read the thoughts and feelings of my close friends that were in the room. I gave them all hugs (which felt amazing), I cried a little (kind of whimpering, I think cause it was so intense!). And I decided to remember the one main piece of info I managed to grasp. EVERYTHING WILL BE OK!!!! Everybody makes it, eventually.

There is no thing to fear at all, and the only "sin" that leads to all other "sin" is entertaining the illusion that we are alone in this mess. My "GOD," I feel, was everything involved with my experience. And I feel like at that ultimate reality, one's consciousness finally figures out that itself is actually the deity it prayed to for so many years/lifetimes. That's why I never feel wrong when I say things like "You are GOD", and "I am GOD." I believe it is one of the most sacred truths we could ever know!!!!

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## Report #325

The second I exhale, the 3D world collapses, or better, dissolves into geometric spheres of the utmost beauty. Blair takes the bong from me. The altar turns into an energy portal of dancing colors. Everything seems to slow down. This moment always reminds me of the end scene in "The Matrix" combined with the slow motion sequence, literally.

I close my eyes and feel my body dissolving into light, leaving my body, stepping over into another realm or Dimension. The sense of "I" is present, yet without the restrictions of the body/ego. I am not aware of any physical surroundings, I feel light, not constricted in a body anymore.

I lie down, or better, fall back, carried by a web of energy (that process seemed like an eternity). My eyes closed, a new world opens up. I see this gigantic flying ship/castle of light with swirling geometric spheres coming over me. Words cannot possibly describe the visuals because I'm not only seeing them, I AM them. After the initial intensity of the Cross-Over, I feel a warm energy descending on me, coming from this light "structure".

It feels so comforting and nurturing. My chakras are fully open, connecting with this source of energy. The intense feeling of love and ecstasy is beyond words. Not a personal love as one experiences in intimate relationships. It is a universal love, the galactic orgasm, the power of our sexuality beyond the physical realm, the Essence of creativity. This castle of dancing energy comes down on me, seems to go through me and I start to feel so nurtured and cared for, like in a mother's womb. I'm in complete Awe and Bliss.

There is no fear. There is Trust and Caring, Compassion and Love. The feeling of a presence is intense, a presence of an Intelligence, far beyond the current evolutionary state of man. Language and Time lose their meaning. There is instant Knowing and communication through energy exchange. This goes on for a while (I can't say how long) as I bathe myself in this light.

Very slowly I start to come back into my body, literally molecule by molecule, as if I'm being re-arranged from the inside out. As I open my eyes I see energy in the form of geometric spheres dancing in front of my eyes. I lift my arms and look at my hands. Lifting them is completely effortless, as if their weight was reduced.

Looking at my hand, I don't really see any flesh but can literally look through it. The skin is just a swirl of energy and I can see my hand bones shining through, vibrating with energy. A powerful reminder that matter is just energy condensed and appears solid in our density, but is in reality not solid at all... nothing is.

Slowly I'm back in 3D world. My body feels extremely light and flexible. I start doing some yoga which becomes completely effortless. Yoga makes total sense at this point. The poses distribute the energy around the body and vitalize the Light Body. I get up and walk and jump a bit. I feel recharged and energized, content and relaxed, my mind wide open, vibrating on a higher frequency it seems.

The music coming from the speakers is touching me on the deepest levels... Levels I'm not aware of in the Five-Sensory realm. Music has an amazing effect on our ethereal body. It is cleansing and soothing. It is a healing art as well. This was quite evident for me in the experience. The first words I remember saying were "I'm so light".....

It was an amazing reminder of what we really are beyond this physical world. There is so much more to this experience called Life than what we have been told or taught. A bit of resentment comes up. We are heavily being cheated on life. This becomes very obvious. At the same time it was a great reminder that there is no fear and no death, and I start laughing out loud about my own fears... fears of the ego and our fears as humans trapped in this Five-Sensory prison in general.

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## Report #326 — entities

The first time I smoked DMT I was living in a commune of sorts located deep in the Tennessee mountains. I was led to a large magickal circle in the woods where surrounding me on all sides were tall tree stumps in a circle much like Stonehenge. I took one hit and felt a little funny, I then went for the second hit... As I exhaled the 2nd hit I heard a

high-pitched frequency sound in my right ear, and simultaneously I saw with my psychic sight a ball of light located in the area just below my feet.

From this point as the sound increased in vibratory pitch the entire spectrum of rainbow light shot through my chakras from bottom to top. As this sound/light exploded out of my crown chakra I was catapulted astrally into outer space. I was flying out and out, expanding into sky and the infinite ocean of space. As I continued upon this invigorating astral journey I had my first fully conscious thought of recognition for the experience I was in.

The thought was something like "I am as far as I can imagine, the continuity of consciousness, the omnipresence of my body." At just the same eternal moment I heard the words in Hebrew "Lih-Oh-Lahm", which means "forever and ever onto eternity." My vision became defocused and I looked down below to where my body lay within the sacred circle, I saw my companions doing a Kabbalistic ritual called the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram, which I am familiar with.

As my attention was drawn to earthly work I swirled down in a spiral fashion reentering my physical body. I lay in awe and physical ecstasy for the next ten minutes or so, laughing and crying with overwhelming joy. I feel that this experience has crystalized in my consciousness the knowledge that there is no Death and that we ultimately are pure energy, just as all that appears to be divided from us as individual beings is part of us, for we are in all and forever, consciousness is continuous.

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### **Report #327**

I was reclining comfortably in my own bed when the second draw failed to reach my lungs. It was if a gate had been slammed in my face. I clearly remember the last coherent thought being, that I had simply passed away and that whatever was to come after my death had reached me. It was comfortable and and overwhelming.

The face of the gate was dark and vibrating and patterned only for an instant before I entered that place. That place with no depth or time or dimension. It was if I were seeing into a distance, yet I felt that there was no dimension or time between "myself" and all of this wonder that "I" was experiencing. My ego was gone. My mind and body simply ceased to exist. This entire scenario could only take place in my memory's clumsy reconstruction. I was not there as I am here. I was part of a singularity. I only experienced as a self in that I had a point of perspective. A position that I was experiencing this place from. All other reference to this reality were dissolved.

I saw rolling masses of vibrating energy and in the distance a source that seemed to have a control or organization too it. Possibly the "Chrysanthemum". I can only describe it as seeing the universe, right through the earth and air and atmosphere and distance, as unfiltered energy. As if I were experiencing the world without filtering through the senses or psyche. I simply took it in... but more than that ... I was not separate from any part of it.

I believe what I experienced is a truth. A version of this 'situation' beyond our perceived reality. Since that single occasion nearly 10 months ago, not a single day goes by that I do not think of visiting again. I have changed from a card-carrying atheist to a man with no preconceptions or false beliefs. I simply do not know what it is that I experienced. But it was real, and it has become the only spirituality that I have ever known.

The experience is more profound than you can possibly imagine. You will never be the same. Absolutely.

I look forward to the day I find this place again. Before or after nature removes this world from my eyes.

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### **Report #328 — entities**

I had an experience very recently in which the spirit of the *Acacia obtusifolia* came upon me. The buzzing was intense as it entered me and I felt it take me apart. It analysed my thoughts, it analysed my being but mostly it analysed my intent — the reason I was there.

It expressed how I had disappointed it the last time we had met. It had shown me great love and beauty but I got greedy. I went further than I was ready to, and further than it wanted me to see. For this it was disappointed.

But this time it wasn't going to show me anything until I had proven a pure intent. It (although unimpressed) acknowledged that I could come back again soon if I was ready to do things properly. It left me just as soon as it had come. Following it were mischievous sensual female beings waving joyfully at me, giggling that they would see me again soon.

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### **Report #329 — entities**

This time the spirit didn't come upon me like before. I felt it open my eyes and it was as if I was walking down a street and there were many obscure faces/beings all around. Some were beautiful and friendly and some were ugly and horrible. I felt very much separate from them all though. I felt as though I could engage with any of them if I wished but chose to keep 'walking'.

I was allowed to see again, and I became aware of many sensual female entities around me. I engaged with them and they treated me to all manner of pleasures. I felt their 'hands' (?) stroking my neck and head. I felt rush after rush of ecstatic serotonal releases into my synapses. It was beautiful. I played erotic games with the brugmansia that hung over my physical body and she showed me her song. I began to tap the beat of the song on my knee. I giggled with joy and ecstasy, reveling in the exotic beauty of it all.

This time the spirit of the obtusifolia returned. Its presence was overpowering. All beings in the vicinity including myself were made to cower in its almighty presence. A great darkness came over me and I was allowed to see no more while it hovered above me. It seemed to be discussing me to another being of equal stature. It seemed as if they were there to decide if I was allowed to continue further into my initiation. They must have agreed that I was 'worthy' of continuing because they left soon after and I was allowed to see more. This time there was no 'street' filled with beings. There were no sensual female entities. Instead I was shown things that go much deeper than my understanding.

I was shown (again) that my physical existence is threatened but that I had still enough time to do the things needed. A star directly in front of me began to shine very brightly and grew to an enormous size. It sparkled blue and red and yellow, and I was told that this is my home. This star is where I will be going when my physical existence comes to an end. I was OK with that. I have come to a place of peace with my inevitable physical death.

I began to ask questions. I asked about this girl that has come into my life with whom I have deep feelings. I asked if she is the one. It kinda laughed and told me that I knew the answer already. It told me to trust my heart. But it also told me that I have some healing to do within my self before I can have something to offer her. It showed me visions of us as very primal beings like monkeys. I began to laugh heartily as it showed me visions of some of the monkey-like body language we express to each other. It was beautiful, I wept as it confirmed what I already knew to be true — that she is a soul mate.

I asked about my uni work. I asked if I was on the right track and again it laughed and said that I already knew. TRUST YOUR HEART! It showed me my potential and showed me that I am not even beginning to fulfill it because I do not try.

At another point in this particular journey I experienced a process that is somewhat beyond words. I experienced what I felt to be a process of karmic resolution. I saw bad things in my karmic history and I saw a little of this bad karma neutralised. I can't describe the process that took place or what it looked like but I had the distinct feeling that it was indeed a positive thing and that I had come to a point in my initiation where I was able to receive this grace.

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### **Report #330 — entities**

I had an experience recently. I had consumed a fairly mild but effective dose of ayahuasca and decided a few hours in to smoke some acacia spice. It was beautiful! So very beautiful. I made love to a plant, I think; with every essence of my being I swirled in ecstatic alignment with it. As I returned I was compelled to smoke more. I took a big hit and held it in and straight away the sky darkened rather ominously and the buzz began!! I/it vibrated so furiously that it

threatened to burst my ear drums. As the buzzing deepened I went further and further into layers and layers of visuals. They were moving far too rapidly to make any sense of.

Soon I was travelling so deep that I became curious as to the whereabouts of my body (big mistake). Basically as soon as I thought I was back in my body but it wasn't my own! I had this weird feeling in my throat that felt like something being pushed down it. I poked out my tongue to make sure that I wasn't choking on it and was horrified to see that it was extremely long and reptilian-like! I tried to ignore this so again closed my eyes. The feeling in my throat didn't leave me and I 'realised' that there was indeed something being pushed into me. I suddenly had the feeling that something very alien was implanting something in me. I had the distinct feeling that they had seduced me to come deeper so that they could implant a communications device into me!

A very bizzare experience, and I am finding it difficult to make sense of. So far I have many possible 'explanations' but really they are just possibilities. Has anyone else had similar experiences? How do we know whom to trust in hyperspace?

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### **Report #331 – entities**

My first DMT breakthrough was one of the most profound experiences I have ever had. And I was thinking, how many times in a person's life do they get such a feeling of complete shock and amazement, so much so that it's beyond words. It may never happen to some people. But anyway, I've been smoking DMT since the beginning of this year, so I haven't been doing it for that long. I don't know what it was, maybe I thought I was breaking through at first, but my last experience ousted all the others before it. It's unforgettable.

So I smoked it out of a regular glass pipe, with some parsley so I didn't burn it and it wouldn't fall out if I dropped it. I don't know remember how many hits I took, but I remember somewhere in the back of my mind I was saying to myself, "Keep smoking! You can do it!" So of course I kept smoking. And I don't remember when or how, but I was "there" surrounded by people. Their skin looked like mine so I guess I could say they looked like the normal people I see everyday, except for one, who was red and looked almost amphibian-like — it could have been an object and not a person.

Then I became a part of something else. Maybe a part of a universal consciousness like they say. But I remember "them" telling me something like, "Don't worry about not being the superior race or person, next time around I may be on the top." They kept telling me this somehow, without words, I just knew it. Everything. It was like I knew what I am, that I am not just a body here on earth, I'm much more. And then almost as fast as I was there I was back here.

I had completely forgotten that I had a body, that I was on earth, and I definitely didn't know I had smoked DMT while I was on the peak. When I came back I couldn't say anything, I wanted to explain it to my girlfriend but I didn't know where to start. I haven't broken through since but I want to. There's a certain fear I have of going on a bad trip. But it's hard to go into without any anxiety, seeing how profound my last experience was.

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### **Report #332 – entities**

Walls of lights, big room, with interlinking eyes and geometric patterns, breathing in and out, and pulsating, and the faces, sort of tribal faces coming in and out, really strong physical in and out effect and the pulsating, like a drum, like the skin of a drum combining with the music, and the breathing in and out is continued even...

Wow, it's a really strong experience... and this room... rainbow colors. I mean incredibly intense colors changing geometrically emanating from a sort of central point with all these sparkles and spheres and hmmm... feels sort of like I'm rocking backwards and forwards, and all these tiny little eyes in everything, very friendly, inquisitive, but feel myself strongly swaying back and forwards, intensely powerful trip, really quite unlike anything else, and I feel like it's just in front of my head, this mad ball of fantabulous trippy energy slowly receding, but still there, like this massive party, these fucking crazy little gnomes. Yeah, that's why people talk about gnomes or elves, spirits whatever you like to call them, but they are there, that is their world, do you know what I mean? I mean you talk

about your trip going to the land of the gnome king, you know, fairies and pixies and gnomes and elves — they're all real they just live in different worlds.

Sort of rapidly approaching baseline... but... WOW... that was intensely... intensely pleasant. At the very beginning of the trip I had my eyes closed and um in a musician's sense it was a reverb chamber and there was a central point in the middle of an hourglass, but I mean I felt very powerfully being tugged along physically by a lot of energies going on at the same time, but the actual room itself was then sort of.. these geometric sort of wallpapers of eyes... sort of these inquisitive eyes... and then the community started to build up this sort of world inside my head, and as the trip was receding in the end I could feel it floating away, just gently floating away, and there was this little party, this little crowd going dit dit dit dit... and I was thinking, WOW, it was really really beautiful.

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### **Report #333 — entities**

I saw a tunnel, which I flew down at great speed. I approached the end of the tunnel, which was closed by two doors on which was written *THE END*. I burst through these and was carried up through seven heavens, breaking through each one in turn. When I emerged at the top I was flying over a dark landscape (it seemed to be Mexico). I felt that this was all so weird that I should be scared (perhaps I had died), but I did not \*feel\* scared. I continued to fly on, over a ravine, leading up to a mountainside, and eventually saw a campfire. As I approached this, cautiously, I saw that on the other side of the fire was a human figure wearing a sombrero, whom I intuitively knew to be don Juan. He invited me to come closer, and spoke to me.

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### **Report #334 — entities**

I put about a tenth of a gram of the orange crystals on a little herb in a bubbler. This was the second time I smoked DMT. I had been drinking and I didn't feel it would be good to smoke under the influence of alcohol, but I let two incredibly curious friends talk me into it. We went down to the basement into an empty, carpeted room. We turned the lights off so that only the light from the hall came through the door. I packed hits for them first and then packed a bowl for myself. I put a large moth-ball-like crystal on top of some crystal dust on top of the herb in the bowl. This was a lot, and if I wasn't intoxicated, I probably would've reconsidered my dosage. We were all going to be 'in the zone' together, staggered by about ninety seconds, the time it took me to pack each bowl.

I normally say a prayer before doing something like this. Having experience with *salvia divinorum*, I know that this helps prepare me and perhaps has influence in the spiritual dimension as well. I was, however, not in the best state of mind, having come back from a bar late at night. I said a quick prayer about learning but didn't really give it a lot of attention. I'm not really sure why I was doing it.

I took a large hit, as usual, and held it in as I lay back on the floor. I knew instantly that this was a really big hit. I heard a large buzzing which was getting louder and louder, as if I was standing on train tracks and the train was coming. I could hear it buzzing and now crackling. I was about to be struck by this train and I couldn't move to get out of the way. I had my eyes closed but as the sound got louder the light got brighter, it was blinding me... then BOOM! I broke the dimensional barrier and produced a psychic boom of some sort. I really didn't know what the fuck was happening, it was all coming so fast I could hardly handle it. I was dumbfounded.

The room in the basement was gone, as were my two friends. There was not one recognizable item there. It seemed like I was in a dark cave, although I could not see any walls, or floors for that matter. It was just some space with darkness everywhere, yet light enough to see the entities that seemed to live there. I wish I had gotten a better look at them, but as far as I know, they were elf-like creatures, only a sixth of my height. They were like children.

Immediately after 'breaking through' into the DMT zone, I encountered this group of little elves. They began leaping into my chest, one at a time. They would just jump up and land inside me somehow. Each time an elf entered into my chest, what looked like a film projection would appear from my body out, filling the scene and replacing it with the new projection. New realities seemed to be beaming out from my chest, one after another. I hardly had time to comprehend one reality before an elf was jumping up on me and a new projection was beaming out of me.



I just tried to observe what was happening. It was like trying to watch TV on a roller coaster, a little too much to take in all at once. I couldn't make out what these elves looked like nor could I put together any of the scenes that were flipping in front of me. Perhaps I could have if I was sober going into this, but I doubt it. I watched the elves and the reality beams for a long time, which was actually probably only a minute. Then things really started to get strange.

My entire life began flashing before my eyes. Thousands of memories from my childhood to the present literally zipped through my consciousness so fast that I couldn't actually see any of them. It was like my life was playing on thousands of huge screens and I was quickly zooming past them, really quickly. Then clear as day, I heard one of my best friends voice say, "All I know is that when my friends smoked it they said they died." Panic rushed through me. "I'm gonna die!" I realized this the instant before it happened. It was as if I had been falling this whole time and now I had hit the ground. It was all over. The moment of truth had arrived... I was dead.

I instantly accepted this fact and watched my dead body lying on the floor as I floated above it. Then I began to move through dimension after dimension. The further I travelled, the less I remembered who I was, until finally my identity dissolved and there was no longer a 'me'. I saw nothing because there was no 'me' to see it. Black... void.

I opened my eyes to find myself back in my body on the floor of the room in the basement. I was still hallucinating intensely, seeing everything as a flowing movement of colored energy, but I was back in the room. I didn't remember anything at first, I just knew that I had lost consciousness and was now regaining it.

"Holy shit!", I managed to say out loud. I began to put together what had happened. At first, I remembered the elves and the reality beams and got incredibly excited and enthusiastic. Then I remembered the death and became freaked out. I couldn't decide if I had really died or not. Neither of my friends had had an out of body experience or had seen any elves. It was a while before I smoked DMT again.

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### **Report #335 — entities**

After the psy trance club night on Friday, my roommates and myself puffed DMT. The first puff was amazing. It was in the dark. Immediately I was enveloped in a colourful sphere... We came down and the next thing I remember is being at the kitchen table, I packed another bowl, of organic DMT, with another 30mg crystal synthetic on top. I hit it hard and passed the bowl. My roommate slid straight off his chair and onto the floor... he was making his usual moaning and laughing sounds, but suddenly I noticed a presence on top of my buddy's body and I realized that he was being vamped or actually attacked by an invisible force, I could see it as a holographic shadow. My first instinct was to load the pipe and hit it as hard as I could... I yelled out to the spirit to leave this house, and to get off my brother, announcing that we would not tolerate any astral parasitic forces... Immediately silence blanketed the room, my other roommate opened his eyes and looked over at me and said, "That was fucking incredible!" I'm still totally vibrating off this experience, and it showed me that strength, practice and study are essential to deep DMT states.

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### **Report #336 — entities**

We each had taken 150 mg of pure MDA. ... About hour 4, I decided to try smoking some DMT. ... This time I saw the "elves" as multidimensional creatures formed by strands of visible language; they were more creaturely than I had ever seen them before. ... The elves were dancing in and out of the multidimensional visible language matrix, "waving" their "arms" and "limbs/hands/fingers?" and "smiling" or "laughing", although I saw no faces as such. The elves were "telling" me (or I was understanding them to say) that I had seen them before, in early childhood. Memories were flooding back of seeing the elves: they looked just like they do now: evershifting, folding, multidimensional, multicolored (what colors!), always laughing, weaving/waving, showing me things, showing me the visible language they are created/creatures of, teaching me to speak and read.

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### **Report #337 — entities**

It started with a sound. It was high-pitched like a tightly taut wire. There were four or five of them. They were on me fast. As crazy as this sounds, they looked like saguaro cactus, very Peruvian in color. They were flexible, fluid,

geometrical cacti. Not solid. They weren't benevolent but they weren't non-benevolent. They probed, they really probed. They seemed to know time was limited. They wanted to know what I, this being who had shown up, was doing. I didn't answer. They knew. Once they decided I was okay, they went about their business.

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### **Report #338 — entities**

It was past 3 a.m. at the Chan Kah hotel in Palenque. I was with John and Sara, two attendees at the conference. I held the long glass pipe to my lips, watched as the small beige clumps began to release themselves into the air. I inhaled—one, two, three breaths. The dry smoke was wickedly noxious and bizarre, with an extraterrestrial plastic tang. As I had been warned, it was like smoking a shard of lawn furniture. With the next intake, the unfolding, the unveiling, began.

Runes and geometric patterns filled the air, hovered around me, tattooed themselves over the walls, the furniture, the other people in the room. These images were copper- or golden-colored and I had only a few seconds to look at them. In those few seconds I saw an intricate interweave of sacred geometrical motifs — pentagrams, seals and symbols, golden triangles — drawn from every mystical and traditional source.

As I was sucked into the golden funnel it seemed startlingly clear that all of those symbol systems were not just metaphorical codes but actual gateways to literal dimensions outside of our own. John, a video art student from San Francisco and DMT veteran, had described these patterns as the entry point, once you saw them, you were just one breath away. I'm going to get there, I thought to myself, surprised, even shocked. I took in one more deep plasticky breath and held it, and I started to go.

John took the pipe from my hand. I fell back on the mattress as I shot out of myself like a rocket. How to explain the rush, the terrifying and ecstatic trauma, of leaving your body, and your brain, and everything that is you, except some infinitesimal tendril that has no existence in space or duration in time, which is an astral probe spiraling out into the infinite, far beyond the shell you left behind?

I seemed to be projecting forward at an incredible speed. At the periphery of my vision I saw twisting white columns like high-tech swizzle sticks, as if I was following a ladder or lattice up, or in or out or all of the above, to hyperspace. I had the sense of floating through a fractal tapestry, a curving and infolding plane of synthetic, plastic, fantastic whiteness and gleaming colors in endless vibrant hues.

This extradimensional realm I had pitched into was made, I felt certain, of data, of quantum equations, visible shamanic harmonics, and the self-weaving fabric of extradimensional superconsciousness.

It was science fiction made fact. A dimension devoid of natural things, of plants and human need, of our weak and imprecise symbol systems. DMT land was an interweave of tantric mandalas, virtual reality fantasias, stained-glass aureolae; a ten-dimensional Walt Disney World projected into some far-fetched and far-flung future.

There was, in that place, rushing toward me, an overwhelming force of knowledge and sentience. I knew it was impossible that my mind, on any level, had created what I was seeing. This was no mental projection. This was not a structure within the brain that the drug had somehow tapped into. It was a nonhuman reality existing at a deeper level than the physical world.

Suddenly I was rocketing through their cities. Multidimensional, jewel-faceted, hard and immaterial palaces where geometrical and tentacular constructions were being taken apart and reconstructed at such lightning speed that I cannot recall more than a tiny and trivial fraction.

I was taken on a flyby at a tremendous velocity. There were beings in this place. They were humanoid, as far as I can remember, which is unfortunately not far enough. I recall a blue entity (a blue the color of certain celestial Buddhas in Tibetan thangka paintings), gesturing—in my memory I see him with one hand raised, waving at me.

There were fountains and spinning mandalas like lit-up roulette wheels or flowering chakras that seemed organic as well as mechanical. At the center of the city there was a great fountain, like the fountain at the center of a Renaissance town square, where bits of data or perhaps mathematical potentialities or burbling new test tube universes were flowing in rainbow patterns of ultraviolet froth.

This realm was in a state of continual transformation, yet solidified in synthetic matter. Everything I "saw" glittered with an artificial sparkle. There was something impersonal, detached, about my visit. It seemed as if the entities were tranquil, even unemotive, as they went about their work of cosmic supervision.

Everything seemed to be communicating to me a chattering greeting. Although I can't remember sound, I felt there was sound all around me. Weeks later I began to recollect it as high-frequency buzzing, clicks, and trills. As I recall, the beings in the DMT universe were saying to me, over and over again: "This is it. Now you know. This is it. Now you know."

I began to remember that I had a body, although it was lost to me. I felt myself breathing. Every now and then I would swallow involuntarily. My breathing and my swallowing seemed like a program they were running. "I" seemed to be exactly like a program they were running in their fabulously impersonal cosmological system: As I breathed, they were breathing me.

"Now you know. This is it. Now go back. Now go back. Now you know. This is it. Now get out."

As soon as I recalled my human identity, I was flowing back into this world. I noticed there was something ... a room containing me. I was lying stretched on a hotel bed. Then the engulfment quickly receded, returned to morphing geometric gold forms that spun down, quickly whirling out of existence as I returned to who I had been.

I was left with little doubt that I had visited what we, for lack of a more accurate word, traditionally call "spiritual reality." The trip supported the idea of a soul existing outside the body, woven into the extradimensional fabric of the cosmos. The cosmos, what McKenna called the "cosmic giggle," is something they were spinning, or we were spinning with them. I had been given more than I ever expected. I had been shown the hard kernel of everything that I wanted to know.

The DMT realm is "next door," behind every billowing curtain, hidden inside the dark matter of consciousness, now playing every night in disguised form in our dreams. It is so close to us, adjacent or perpendicular to this reality. It is a soft shadow, a candle flicker, away.

DMT is Direct Mystical Transmission. Drastic Magical Transport. It is, as McKenna put it, just too much. Once you have had the experience, you are permanently rewired. You can consign existentialism to the scrapheap as you wrap your old ontological constructs around this new pole. Of course, many questions are opened by the jolt, while only a few are answered.

For me, the DMT vision suggests that we are incarnations in some way, sent from that place of boundlessness to this one of sticks and stones and hard knocks, perhaps over the course of lives ping-ponging back and forth between the dimensions with certain tasks to perform, or with knowledge to learn. Or perhaps what is happening is more ambiguous and multipurposed than we can put into language.

The experience called to mind Mircea Eliade's book "The Eternal Return", in which he analyzes the consistent belief held by archaic cultures that all places in physical reality have a double in the spirit world. Every temple and city built by human beings actually relates to a "celestial archetype." Eliade writes: "Not only does a model precede terrestrial architecture, but the model is also situated in an ideal (celestial) region of eternity."

The DMT city seemed to be something like a celestial metropolis, a fabulous ideal that our physical cities are a feeble attempt to imitate, utilizing blunt matter rather than bright magic.

For many people, ayahuasca — a slowed-down low-res interface of the DMT flash — seems to convey strong messages from the natural world, of nature as sentient energy and spirit matter, of the need to protect the planet we have been given. Yagé whispers that human beings are meant to be gardeners of this reality, journeyers, storytellers and singers, weavers of the sacred. DMT, on the other hand, conveys no overt human or humane message.

It is a doorway you can step through to greet the beings who run the cosmic candy store. Spinning down from the immersive matrices of DMT, I suspected those beings were, in some way or other, superconscious entities who created and maintain our universe.

They made us for some purpose, to play with us or to be us, to tantalize or teach us. But of course this raises only more questions: Who created them? Is that the only other dimension out there? If not, what other dimensions, what other forces, are acting upon us or seeking to communicate with us?

I was left with the notion that creativity is one purpose of existence; we are meant to evolve toward them, become like that, entities beyond the physical plane, and make universes, palaces of thought, gnostic hieroglyphs of our own, as they made this one. Building another universe — it would be the ultimate act of creativity we could imagine. But perhaps it is just one of their parlor tricks.

Beyond all of this, I mulled over the old litany of questions anybody would want to ask the spirits, if they could: Why so much suffering down here? Is this life a test in some way? Why are we, so often, so forsaken? And why is the DMT dimension so synthetic, as if it were built out of mathematics and machine logic, out of language evolved to some ecstatic equation? Are those beings like us, in some way, but perfected to a point where they dream-engineered themselves out of the time-space continuum?

Are they, perhaps, ourselves, evolved to a point of disembodied immortality, having learned to bend and snap the time-space continuum like a twig? Are they ourselves so far in advance of where we are now that they can only communicate with us in orthogonal fashion, the way a three-dimensional being might try to express itself to a two-dimensional dweller of flatland in a language of incomprehensible dots and lines? Am I, are you, just a program running in some alien supercomputer? Is that what this universe is?

We have the DMT receptor. It is a trigger placed in our brain to launch us out there — try to get used to the idea. It is there so we can commune with that (or with it, or with them, whatever) — a trip that will eventually force us to revise our science texts and rewire our way of conceiving reality. Why has this experience been allowed to emerge into the modern consciousness at this precise time?

To put it another way, why am I the first, after untold numbers of dreaming ancestors, to return to this startling source? As technology turns ever-more treacherous and our weather gets weirder, I suspect there is intentionality to it.

DMT flashes the question of free will: Is there any such thing? I still suspect there is — however much spiritual hierarchies are running this show, each of us can choose to create our role in it with the theater props lying around this quaint little planet. There may simultaneously be free will and a knowing of everything that happens and can happen; all kinds of paradoxes may coexist in those quantum interstices, those tiny curled-up dimensions of vibrating superstrings that physicists found, to their own surprise, hidden within this one.

With DMT, once we know it is there, we are left with a choice that is itself a classic test of free will: All of us can choose to go there, push to activate the circuits that give us access to that impacted labyrinth. Or we can avoid it, cut ourselves off, deny its existence out of a completely sensible cowardice.

Personally, I don't think the pure DMT flash is a journey we should take too many times; it feels intuitively threatening. But certainly we are meant to go see for ourselves, at least once or twice. The fact is that the portal exists. Not to explore it would mean denying our heritage of human curiosity.

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### **Report #339 — entities**

I was in a large space and saw what seemed to be thousands of the entities. They were rapidly passing something to and fro among themselves, and were looking intently at me, as if to say, "See what we are doing!"

I noticed what seemed to be an opening into a larger space, like looking through a cave opening to a starry sky. As I approached this I saw that resting in the opening was a large creature, with many arms, somewhat like an octopus, and all over the arms were eyes, mostly closed, as if the creature were asleep or slumbering. As I approached it the eyes opened, and it/they became aware of me. It did not seem especially well-disposed toward me, as if it did not wish to be bothered by a mere human, and I had the impression I wasn't going to get past it, so I did not try.

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## Report #340 — entities

Intention is everything. The more care and love and consciousness that you put into your preparation, the better the results, of course ... but only those truly seeking self realization will have the courage to go beyond the veils to the center. ...

My experience has shown me three distinct levels. The first level is the region of incredible design. Multi-colored grids flexing and slowly twisting, carnivals of colorful patterns, and little people peering through fences; hieroglyphs of arcane and hauntingly familiar aspects, but not quite decipherable. Floating spheres of lambent iridescence descending through diaphanous veils of woven infinity and passing away leaving a poignant feeling of missing, of not quite understanding, and aching to find the meaning behind it all. Although something is definitely indicating a deeper level, this region is incredibly beautiful and worth the trip just for this. ...

At some point I had gotten sated with all of these beautiful patterns and designs, and I understood that there was a much deeper level of knowledge that I could access. I had also gathered my courage and was ready to look at myself in a deeper way and see how I was the only obstacle in my path. I became aware that self-realization meant going deeper, and all I had to do was give up this exquisite layer of beauty. ...

Inside I said, "Let all these pretty baubles be gone, and let me see beyond," and immediately the beyond opened as the pretty designs disappeared. Suddenly, I was walking up a steep road carved into the side of a sheer, jagged wall of grey rock. On my right was the mountain, on my left a cliff that dropped straight down into a huge canyon whose other side was a range of these jagged mountains. I was hiking up this steep mountain to a higher place of knowledge. I had penetrated the veil of superficial distractions of the lower mind, and I was approaching the region of the higher mind — a land of magic and realization. As I trudged along this road I saw a gate — a huge ornate rusty portcullis beside which stood a small but very nasty looking beast with piercing red eyes, no neck, large fangs, and an obviously very bad temper. This demon or demigod was without doubt the guardian to the gate of higher knowledge. Humbly, I begged permission, "May I please pass?" The guardian choked and snarled, then fixing me with a penetrating stare, nodded unpleasantly while he hauled laboriously on a chain that slowly lifted the gate. As I passed through, everything faded away and I was back sitting with the pipe in my hand. I was totally disappointed that I had gotten through the gate but had not made it to the magic land just beyond.

In my ignorance I did not realize that I had passed from level one to level two, and the gatekeeper was my initiation. This was the first of many encounters with various teachers who were all symbolic representations of an immanent state of realization of a higher order of understanding and interpretation. ...

The beings and creatures I've seen have been curious and various, but ... never did I feel that they were strangers. I recognized them immediately. They had a bizarre but faintly and curiously familiar feeling to them. I think that this is significant, in that the lesson is one of personal responsibility. These are our creatures created by the infinitely capable creative force to teach us about ourselves. They are mirrors that help us to do the difficult job of looking at ourselves, and remembering who we are. ... The denizens of these netherworlds, although symbolic, do not resemble those of the DMT worlds — they differ. This mind we wear has infinite creative abilities. ...

The road was the same rocky road through a dangerous mountain, defiled on either side of the gate, so what was so great? This precious entry into a place so fascinating was the entry into the inner world of spiritual messengers, the land of teachers ... and on that road I had my first touch of the whisper of creation that underlies all things. This is to me the point about DMT. It can be a doorway to the Divine. On this path, when we are ready, we meet the Gods that live deep within all of us. In that meeting we experience intense recognition of the oneness of all things. We receive true and simple instructions. We experience such poignant realizations that we are swept away by the exquisite beauty and truth of this inner knowing, which is utterly undeniable.

Dimethyltryptamine ... opens the doorway to the vastness of the soul; this is at once our own personal soul, and its intrinsic connection to the universal soul. When the underlying unity of this fictional duality is seen and felt, one experiences a completeness and interconnection with all things. This experience, when we attain it, is extremely beautiful and good. It is a song that rings and reverberates through the lens of God. Now we know why we were born; to have this intense experience of the sacred, the joyous, the beauty, and the blessing of just being alive in the arms of God.