

ENTER THE EXPERIENCE VAULT

A collection of first-person psychoactive
reports, compiled from The Erowid Center
Experience Vaults.

Edited by
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DISCLAIMER

This is a catalog of subjective experience reports curated by Aarya Kini from the Erowid Experience Vaults, which can be found at erowid.org/experiences.

Experience Reports are the writings and opinions of the authors who submit them. Some of the activities described are dangerous and/or illegal and none are recommended by the Erowid Center or the editor.

These narratives are not meant to substitute for the advice and recommendations of licensed healthcare professionals, and are by no means a comprehensive or objective summary of the side-effects of any of the substances mentioned in them.

Always do your own research, empower yourself with a range of information, and never hesitate to seek the advice of an expert.

If you or someone you know is in an emergency, please dial 911 or seek the attention of an authorized medical provider.

THE VALUE OF EXPERIENCE

Erowid's Collection of First-Person Psychoactive Reports

By Earth and Fire Erowid, June 2006

Over the past six years, the Experience Vaults have become a major cornerstone of the Erowid library. When we began Erowid, we never imagined how valuable these experience reports would become. Thanks to a robust triage and review system for submissions, both the quality and popularity of the Experience Vaults continues to rise.

Since we first wrote an introduction of the system in October 2002¹, we have received a number of questions and criticisms about the Experience Vaults. We hope this article will help provide some answers to the criticisms as well as insight into why we consider experience reports to be so important to our ongoing work.

Design Goals

The purpose of the Erowid Experience Vaults is to collect, review, and categorize a large compilation of first-person reports about the use of psychoactive plants, chemicals, and technologies.

In 2000, when we initially launched the software used to manage these reports, we had in mind moving from several hundred

reports to a goal of 100,000. We saw several benefits to publishing this many reports:

- Reduce the likelihood of presenting an unbalanced picture due to having only a few unrepresentative reports;
- Create a common format that can be used to describe hundreds or thousands of different substances;
- Help document and communicate why people use psychoactive substances;
- Allow users to describe, in their own words, the experiences they have and the impact these substances have on their lives;
- Permit visitors who have little or no knowledge of a substance to learn about it from those who use it.

The Review Process

Erowid currently receives more than 25 experience reports every day; only a portion of these contain useful descriptions. Because of this, each submitted report is read and reviewed by knowledgeable peers--people well-read about a wide variety of psychoactives, their dosages, and their effects. The goal of this process is to check each report, before publish-

¹ Erowid Reviewing Crew. "Experience Report Reviewing: The Good, the Bad and the Ugly". Erowid Extracts. Oct 2002;318-20.

ing, for interest, quality, accuracy, and general believability.

When a report is submitted, it enters a “triaging” system where it is read, graded from A to F, and commented on by at least two trained triagers. There are currently 36 volunteer triagers working on this process. Once a report has been triaged by two individuals, it is then edited by a reviewer who categorizes and gives a final rating to each report before publishing. It is the triager’s job to wade through incoming submissions looking for the gems, so that the painstaking task of editing is not wasted on poor reports. Reviewers are selected from the most experienced triagers who have shown dedication and attention to detail during the triaging process. There are currently five active reviewers.

**“Opening each report is like
unwrapping a little anonymous gift
with all the little thrills and surprises.**

**Many are so difficult to rate that I
hardly know what to do with them.”**

– William (Triager)

The triaging process was added to the review system in 2004 and provides several benefits. First, it allows new crew members to more easily get involved by creating an entry-level position that requires less training. It also creates a self-selecting process by which motivated volunteers can become reviewers. The triage system improves the overall quality of published reports by allowing reviewers to focus their attention on fewer, higher-quality reports. This shortens the time between the submission and

publication of better reports. Finally, the triage system provides a feedback loop that allows administrators to keep an eye on whether the ratings of individual crew members are inconsistent with others, possibly indicating a need for more training. The review process allows us to verify that submitted texts are believable first-person experiences, remove intentional or inadvertent product endorsements, and ensure that no one’s privacy is compromised. All of this helps improve the quality of the collection.

Speak for Yourself

With few exceptions, the Erowid Experience Vaults consist of first-person descriptions of the use of psychoactives. Our editorial policy is to reject most third-person descriptions of other people’s experiences, impersonal descriptions of psychoactives and their use, instructional articles, or other writings that are not first-hand accounts.

Statements people make about their own experiences have an inherent validity. After all, answering the subjective question, “What is your experience like?” requires a first-person point of view. Because people want to contribute to the growing field of knowledge about psychoactives, many are tempted to write “authoritative” articles that require a great deal of research and fact checking in order to be validated. However, most people do not have the required knowledge or resources to add to the literature at that level.

Experience reports provide an outlet for people to share their knowledge in a context where readers are primed to understand the article for what it is: a personal, first-person account. One may

I'm Glad they Write...

Feedback from an M.D.

"I appreciate the Erowid site and the way it is run. I take no mind-altering substances. I am a doctor--specifically an emergency room physician in rural Illinois. I have to take care of people who take all kinds of substances: created chemicals, prescription and non-prescription medications, herbs and anything that will alter their experience of the universe. Unfortunately, of course, lots of them don't think, and don't read, and mix things that shouldn't be mixed. Most of the time they come in because they are too stoned to respond or are having a panic attack (or equivalent). Most of them can't even remember (or won't admit) what they took. But when they can, it's nice to be able to type it in to the search on Erowid and see if anyone else has had the same experience.

Just today, someone took 200 mg Zoloft thinking it was Tylenol (after all, it was in the Tylenol bottle). Nothing else showed up in his urine. Poison control was worthless--they told me the amount he took didn't even qualify as an ingestion since it could have been prescribed in that dosage. Then they faxed me 13 pages of information that was worthless because it was too verbose to read. But all of the symptoms he had were described on your site. Succinctly.

Having found your incredibly useful site, I have recommended it to other physicians and law-enforcement. They are all grateful. This sounds sarcastic, but I'm serious.

Anyway, I'm sorry anybody takes mind-altering substances, because I consider it a preventable cause of a trip to the emergency room. But if they do, I'm glad they write about it."

Sign me,
Clean enough to sell pee

disagree with their statements or have conflicting experiences, but, at a fundamental level, a first-person description of an experience cannot be argued with.

Peer Reviewed Self-Case Reports

Experience reports offer a direct way to document the use and effects of psychoactives. Individual reports can be compared to medical "case reports" that are commonly published in peer-reviewed journals. The Experience Vaults are a hybrid between a survey and a peer-reviewed collection of articles.

Often dismissed as "anecdotal", self-reports highlight the fundamentally subjective nature of having one's thoughts and feelings influenced by taking a substance. As with medical case reports, a single

experience report can not be assumed to be representative of the wider population; it is an individual data point about what happened to one person, who used a particular psychoactive, on a particular day, at a particular dose. In isolation, any single report is just one person's opinion, but en masse those opinions can be discussed objectively, in the same way that surveys can transform personal opinions into quantifiable data.

In some ways, first-person experience reports are weaker than medical case reports, which are generally written by an attending physician. Most of Erowid's experience reports are anonymous, for legal and privacy reasons, so there is no way to contact the author for follow-up questions. It is rare for experience reports

to include toxicology information validating the identity of the substance(s) taken.

But experience reports are more valuable than medical case reports in important ways. Case reports are usually restricted to events that resulted in a medical emergency; this leaves a huge void in the collected data. Experience reports are not limited in this way. Experience reports provide greater insight into the thoughts of users, the way they make choices, and the meaning of their experiences. They provide the intimacy of the personal subjective narrative as well as the value of an objective collection. As the number of collected reports increases, one can make better generalizations about the range of doses used, how dose relates to subjective effects, the range of effects, and what doses or substance combinations are most likely to lead to health problems.

“A catalog of activities isn’t really a report. Yes, provide set and setting, but also tell the story explaining how the substance affected you mentally, emotionally, physically, visually, psychically, spiritually, sexually, etc.”
– Crayon (Triager)

Long-Term Open Format Survey

It is important to remind people that the Experience Vaults cannot, by themselves, be assumed to be representative of the general population. Not only are Erowid visitors likely to differ from the general population, but people willing to describe their (sometimes illegal) psychoactive use may not be characteristic of even the psychoactive-using public. Furthermore, our peer review process inevitably intro-

duces biases that will affect the collection in currently unquantified ways.

Yet, despite the problems with making valid statistical extrapolations from the Experience Vaults, they can be compared to a long-term, ongoing, open-format survey. The individual submissions form a collection that can be analyzed to provide an outline of substances, dosages, contexts, and routes of administration, as well as the resulting range of effects. Sophisticated textual processing of the reports (see “Surfing the Matrix”) may be able to quantify additional complex relationships between these factors.

Why Not Multiple-Choice Surveys?

The experience of using psychoactives is quintessentially subjective. This type of subjective data is extremely difficult to collect with a standardized set of multiple-choice questions.

Simple surveys collect aggregate data that tends to focus on majority and common effects. Numerically oriented surveys and research “instruments” (formalized survey-like forms filled out by research subjects), often lose or even intentionally remove unusual or unique reactions as “outliers”. Most surveys result in distilled summaries that discount and flatten the value of unique experiences.

Small populations and niche groups often have their views better communicated through narrative experience reports. These reports spotlight individuals and emphasize the primacy of each person’s experience, regardless of how uncommon that experience may be. A single eloquent description of an unusual reaction or experience can go a long way towards

making that experience more “real” in the minds of those studying the subject.

In the late 1990s, we helped work on a research protocol involving the administration of a psychedelic to healthy adults. We read and discussed with researchers the existing “empirical instruments” that had been used to try to formally quantify psychedelic experiences. These include Strassman’s Hallucinogen Rating Scale, the Piedmont Transcendence Scale, Hood’s Mysticism Scale, and the Psychedelic Experience Questionnaire, among others. In 1998 and 1999, we also experimented with multiple-choice and short-answer surveys created and distributed at Burning Man.

It became clear that attempting to record and measure people’s experiences with psychoactives is a very rough science; all of the available measurement instruments are flawed or limited, especially when trying to explore and study areas that have not already been well documented. Checkboxes, scales, and short-answer questions constrain responses, resulting in critical elements of an experience being missed.

While there are certainly great opportunities to collect interesting data through multiple-choice and numerically-oriented instruments, these do little to communicate the experiences themselves.

Useful to the Audience

There is nothing quite like reading a large number of experience reports to get a sense of a given substance or the ways that people put it to use. The main reason many people write about their experiences is to share their hard-won knowledge with others. A huge portion of psychoactive users who visit Erowid want to be careful

about their use, and reading reports can point out the difference between sloppy users and meticulous ones, or between careful and careless practices. Readers can quickly ascertain the potential dangers associated with a substance based on the bad choices that others have made and documented. Many people can learn from the mistakes of one individual. Reading these reports is also a stark reminder that it is impossible to capture the full spectrum of experiences in a single document or a single voice.

Over the last five years, we have been encouraged by an increase in the number of physicians, nurses, and teachers who tell us how Erowid’s Experience Vaults have been useful in their work. Even experts who have read the available mainstream literature about a drug’s effects can gain new and important insights through the reports.

A recent article published in *Drug and Alcohol Dependence*², by EJ Cone attempts to describe the various routes of administration that people use with psychoactive pharmaceuticals. His research was made much easier, in part, by the detailed categorization of Erowid experience reports by route of administration and substance. Unfortunately, while Cone cited sixteen individual Erowid reports that he used in his analysis, he did not acknowledge the painstaking work Erowid has done to make this type of research easier.

Useful to the Author

Beyond being valuable to others, writing an experience report can help the author more fully integrate and learn from their own experiences. By recording their thoughts, an author can solidify an experience in their memory and work through

² Cone EJ. “Ephemeral profiles of prescription drug and formulation tampering: Evolving pseudoscience on the Internet”. *Drug Alcohol Depend.* 2006;83(Sup 1):S31-9.

life issues that arise. Writing about one's experiences promotes a meta-awareness of the choices one makes about psychoactive use. Over time, this should increase the care with which people use psychoactive plants and chemicals.

author can help peer reviewers assess the validity of what the author describes.

We understand that some visitors would prefer not to read poorly written reports, and over time, we hope to improve filtering and sorting interfaces so that individuals can avoid reading reports that fall below their specified quality thresholds.

On any given day around 12,000 unique Erowid visitors read at least one report and more than 72,000 reports are viewed in all (approximately 14% of the site's overall traffic).

Cross-Cultural Communication

Well-written experience descriptions can compellingly communicate to those outside drug-using subcultures. They can put a personal face on psychoactive use that is more detailed and nuanced than the caricature of the drug user portrayed by the mainstream media. A multiplicity of voices describing personal experiences can help provide insight for those who want to understand the broad diversity of people who choose to use psychoactives.

Poor Quality Reports

The primary complaint we receive about the Experience Vaults is that we publish too many poorly written or dull reports. Although quality of writing is one factor used in grading reports, we feel strongly that reports written by less educated or less skilled writers should not be excluded: accepting only erudite, articulate reports would introduce its own bias. This goes hand-in-hand with a decision not to completely correct and standardize grammar and spelling in reports. Writing skill and style are important elements that help convey a sense of the author. The style, tone, and word choices made by an

Do Reports Dilute the Science?

Some visitors express concern that experience reports dilute the value of other documents Erowid publishes because many reports seem trivial and uninteresting. These people complain that our What's New page is too dominated by the constant flow of reports being published. While a single report of LSD taken at a mall certainly is not as valuable, on a per-document basis, as a well-edited overview of the pharmacology of hallucinogens, it is significantly more accessible for the average person. We continue to work to improve features such as the What's New page, search engine, and indexes to make it easier for visitors to avoid wading through documents that don't interest them. But, we do not feel, as some have suggested, that it is inappropriate to display experience reports side-by-side with scientific articles.

"Don't You Have Enough?"

Some visitors have asked "Don't you have enough?" But in our view, the answer is clearly "No". Even with a large collection of reports, there are many substances, sub-sets of users, or types of use that are inadequately represented. Of 10,299 published reports, only 61 describe absinthe use, less than 100 describe ayahuasca experiences, and only around 150 involve nitrous oxide. For truly obscure psychoactives, the numbers are tiny: only

fourteen 2C-T-21 reports, two reports of TMA-6 use, and no reports about pure psilocybin. Although we have over 800 reports involving psilocybin-containing mushrooms, there is very little depth in certain areas: only 12 involve family themes and only one includes the combination of fluoxetine (Prozac) and mushrooms. If the goal is collecting enough reports for each substance to allow for the meaningful study of sub-categories such as gender, dose, setting, and drug combinations, even 1,000 per substance begins to seem like a small number.

We occasionally have members and visitors tell us that too much of Erowid's resources are focused on Experience Reports. Because of the review system we have developed, the triaging and reviewing of reports is done largely by volunteers. Although the process does require some management, we view it as an extremely effective use of the crew's time.

Art as Experience

No description of experience reports would be complete without mentioning the value of visionary art created to express or depict these experiences. For those more visually inclined, art is a more accessible representation of experience. Art can give a strong sense of emotion and mental state at a single glance. We continue to be excited about the Visionary Art Vaults, both for their pure aesthetic value as well as for their ability to represent psychoactive experiences very differently from the text-based Experience Vaults.

Historical Record

We often think about how valuable it would be if we had large numbers of experience reports from times past. Imagine if there were 100,000 experience reports from

the 1960s. And how fantastic it would be to have those same people write follow-up reports forty years later.

The Experience Vaults are contributing to this historical record. We hope that in the future, Erowid's collection will act as a powerful tool to communicate how psychoactives have affected hundreds of thousands of individuals throughout their lives. In the meantime, it serves as a unique way for people to share their experiences and add to the historical record.

Future Directions

We have many ideas for the Experience Vaults, from streamlining submission and review systems, to improving search and display features, to facilitating related research.

"I like to think portions of my past experiences have prepared me for being able to critique reports about drug use. I consider triaging a community service for the scientific and drug culture communities."

– Biglo (Triager)

In particular, the list includes adding a structured experience report form to collect a larger standardized set of data about each author and experience, a more formalized system for reporting drug interactions, and a visitor/member rating and comment system to allow readers to provide quality commentary about published experiences.

The Present

In most cases, it is no longer necessary for people who intend to try a psychoactive

material to do so without knowing what their peers and elders have to say about the experience; from errors to triumphs, warnings to suggestions, the people who take psychoactive substances have a lot to share with those who come looking for the information.

For more on Experience Reports from Erowid Extracts Issue 10, see “Surfing the Matrix” and “An Insanely Large Suppository of Knowledge”.

Erowid E, Erowid F. “The Value of Experience”. Erowid Extracts. Jun 2006;10:14-19.

THE SHULGIN RATING SCALE

The Shulgin Rating Scale (or “quantitative potency scale”) is a simple scale for reporting the subjective effect of psychoactive substances at a given dosage, and at a given time. The system was developed for research purposes by the American biochemist Alexander Shulgin, and published with co-authors Ann Shulgin and Peyton Jacob, III, in a 1986 issue of the journal *Methods and Findings in Experimental and Clinical Pharmacology*. It was later described in the Shulgins’ popular 1991 book *PIHKAL: A Chemical Love Story*.

Plus / Minus (+/-)

The level of effectiveness of a drug that indicates a threshold action. If a higher dosage produces a greater response, then the plus/minus (+/-) was valid. If a higher dosage produces nothing, then this was a false positive.

Plus One (+)

The drug is quite certainly active. The chronology can be determined with some accuracy, but the nature of the drug’s effects are not yet apparent.

Plus Two (++)

Both the chronology and the nature of the action of a drug are unmistakably apparent. But you still have some choice as to whether you will accept the adventure, or rather just continue with your ordinary

day’s plans (if you are an experienced researcher, that is). The effects can be allowed a predominant role, or they may be repressed and made secondary to other chosen activities.

Plus Three (+++)

Not only are the chronology and the nature of a drug’s action quite clear, but ignoring its action is no longer an option. The subject is totally engaged in the experience, for better or worse.

Plus Four (++++)

A rare and precious transcendental state, which has been called a ‘peak experience’, a ‘religious experience,’ ‘divine transformation,’ a ‘state of Samadhi’ and many other names in other cultures. It is not connected to the +1, +2, and +3 of the measuring of a drug’s intensity. It is a state of bliss, a participation mystique, a connectedness with both the interior and exterior universes, which has come about after the ingestion of a psychedelic drug, but which is not necessarily repeatable with a subsequent ingestion of that same drug. If a drug (or technique or process) were ever to be discovered which would consistently produce a plus four experience in all human beings, it is conceivable that it would signal the ultimate evolution, and perhaps the end of, the human experiment¹.

¹ Erowid. “Shulgin Rating Scale,” from *PIKHAL: A Chemical Love Story*

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MDMA

Empathogen

The Rave Rolling Was Definitely Positive

Personal Data

User	Soma91
Experience Year	2024
Age at Time	32
Gender	Female
Body Weight	60 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	MDMA	0.5 tablets	Oral
T + 1:20	MDMA	4 bumps	Oral
T + 4:30	Cannabis — High CBD		Smoked
T + 0:00	Cannabis	Repeated	Smoked
T + 21:00	Alprazolam	0.5 mg	Oral

New year’s eve was coming up, and my boyfriend (MD) and I had no plans: we did not intend to spend the evening with our families as we did for Christmas. Soon enough we found out that our friends D and A were hosting a couple they had met in Europe and were visiting our city, and they were planning to see a local psytrance DJ at a rave after midnight. And so we were in, knowing that mind-altering substances would be undoubtedly present — in this case, pills and crystalline MDMA.

2023 had gone by with few psychedelic experiences for us. We had both taken some P. Cubensis mushrooms back in April and October with some friends, and that was it for me — apart from one short, glowing experience after being administered propofol for an endoscopy study in September.

My partner had used mushrooms a few more times, and had also taken MDMA on one occasion. For NYE’s dinner we had another friend over, M. We drank one bottle of wine and one bottle of cider, and shared a joint between the three of us from

8:30 pm to midnight, so it was not much. We had prepared a lot of delicious food, and so we were pretty full when midnight arrived — and we also felt tired. The previous day I had attended a big lunch with my coworkers, and my stomach felt uneasy since then.

It was the first time taking ecstasy in a pill form, I had only taken crystalline MDMA before on various occasions.

So, after NYE’s dinner my belly did not feel good at all, I felt so full that I thought I’d explode, which worried me. I told myself that if the pain continued the following day, I’d go get it checked out. After toasting we drank some coffee, and later I took a hepatoprotective pill¹ (cynara scolymus). At about 1:30 we headed out to D and A’s place, leaving our friend M at her house on the way. After a few minutes, D, A, the Europeans, my boyfriend and I headed out to the club, not before distributing the MDMA powder in small, handy Eppendorf tubes². We got there at about 3:00 am and

¹ Hepatoprotective drugs refer to drugs that can improve liver function, promote liver cell regeneration and/or enhance liver detoxification, and there is no unified understanding in regard to its classification (National Institutes of Health).

² Eppendorf tubes are small single-use micro-centrifuge tubes used in laboratories to store liquid samples.

met up with another friend, N, who had already bought lollipops and bubblegum for all of us. The set was only beginning, and most people were just getting there. After about 30 minutes, we took our pills, which were shaped like Rolling Stones' tongues and metallic orange in color. I took one half; everybody else took one. For me, it was the first time taking ecstasy in a pill form, I had only taken crystalline MDMA before on various occasions.

It was also the first time I took anything besides cannabis and alcohol at a club, with strange people in a 'public' setting. I did not know how I would react to taking a pill with an undefined amount of undetermined substance in a relatively crowded place with strangers, and that is why I decided to go with half. At this point it is worth to note that, although these particular pills had not been tested, they were most definitely MDMA, maybe with added caffeine. N was the one who got them from his reliable life-long dealer, and most people in the group had already tested other batches from the same source.

00:30 – 4:00: Although psytrance has never been my music of choice, I am having a good time dancing and enjoying the light show. It's been a long time since I've been out dancing anyway so it feels nice. I notice that my tiredness is gone, and I am fully awake, so the stimulation is there. I do not feel any other effects of any kind. Also, my stomach is not bothering me anymore. A is anxious about his high and already takes a MDMA redose with his wet finger.

00:30 to 1:00 am – 4:00 to 4:30 am: Most of the group redoses with MDMA crystals. I am still feeling nothing besides the mentioned stimulation but decide to hold

on for a while. We keep properly hydrated with icy water, the atmosphere is a bit hot so we are all sweaty.

1:20 - 4:50: I decide to redose. I dampen my pinky finger with saliva and put it inside the Eppendorf tube to get some crystals stuck. I do this 4 times as both my finger and the tube are small. I get out a lollipop to get rid of the bitter taste and keep myself entertained.

1:30 to 2:15 am – 5:00 to 5:45: Still dancing, feeling good, but definitely not high. The rest of the group are going for their 2nd or 3rd redose and their pupils look very dilated: they did get there. They are sweaty and begin expressing their empathogenic³ feelings, we hug each other forming a circle and then dance caressing each other. MD is smiling broadly and his pupils are huge. I think of doing another redose at about 6 just to see if I get to feel that too. I get out a new lollipop to prepare.

2:20 – 5:50: Just as I am about to redose, I feel it coming full-on all at once. I immediately decide not to dip my finger into the tube. I feel waves of heat and sweat, my body suddenly feels too light, and dancing is like floating. I went from nothing to everything in less than a minute: the steepest come-up hill I have ever experienced, even if the previous lag-time was probably the longest. My body had become weightless, and this messed up my balance perception, so I felt a bit dizzy for a few minutes. I had to keep my eyes closed most of the time, because the overstimulating light show did not help. I felt a slight nausea that thankfully went away quickly — I was somewhat worried because of my earlier bellyache and did not feel like vomiting in the club's bathroom. For a brief moment I also felt like I had to go

³ Empathogens, like MDMA, increase a person's feeling of empathy and benevolence towards others, as well as feelings of being socially accepted and connected (Alcohol and Drug Foundation).

urgently to use the bathroom, but this also faded away almost instantly. In spite of all this, I was invaded by a very positive feeling, now feeling more in tune with everybody else. We kept dancing, hugging and rubbing ice cubes and cold water bottles all over our bodies.

As in previous occasions using MDMA, the high came in waves, each initiated by sudden, copious sweating. Luckily, there was plenty of water. I do not recall jaw-clenching, but I was consistently going back to my lollipops, and later, some mint bubblegum. I was profoundly enjoying the dancing, and I moved smoothly at a slow pace — or at least thought I did. I felt that most people around me were more intoxicated than me, and they seemed to be dancing more vigorously. I could only do it slowly, because I felt I'd become dizzy if I moved too violently. I felt like I was the perfect amount of high, and was really glad I did not get to redose. Most of the group kept redosing, although I did not really keep track. Someone got glowsticks for everyone and we made ourselves bracelets, then we moved our arms back and forth to admire the effects. My friend D told me she loved me and admired me, I said it back to her and we hugged for a sweaty minute. My boyfriend and I also kissed, hugged and spoke at times. We also chatted about other friends that were not there this time and realized how much we missed them. I could also observe it at a bigger scale, watching different groups of people hugging each other and talking in each other's ears, smiling. At one point, N asked a random girl who was carrying a fan to push some air in his direction. She happily did, and he closed his eyes to enjoy the breeze. A dude I did not know rolled a cold water bottle on my back, without saying anything, and it felt great. Every-

one was super kind. These scenes beautifully accompanied the dancing, until the end of the set, at 7 am. Interestingly, time seemed to be slowed down this time, opposite to what we usually experience on MDMA. Interestingly, time seemed to be slowed down this time, opposite to what we usually experience on MDMA.

3:30 – 7:00: The set ended at 7 o'clock, so we put our dark glasses on and exited the club, hoping to find a taxi to go back to D and A's. It was broad daylight, as the New Year is in the middle of the summer in the southern hemisphere, and the sun begins to show itself before 5 am. I was feeling high and at peace. My legs felt tired, though, and so while we waited I sat on

Interestingly, time seemed to be slowed down this time, opposite to what we usually experience on MDMA.

the curb. The Europeans were really happy, telling us that they thought our city was beautiful — to which we all agreed, we did indeed think that our city was amazing. I was feeling pretty content as well, I had enjoyed the music and the atmosphere more than I would have initially guessed. Eventually the cars got to pick us up. Our driver seemed incredibly nice to us, he asked how we were and confirmed the address by asking very politely in a smooth tone. We later talked about this and came to the conclusion that he probably gets a living from taking druggies home every weekend and so he knows how to treat them.

4:00 – 7:30: We arrived at the house, and this time I definitely had to use the bathroom after the false alarm at the club. I

then felt relieved that we were again in a private setting — particularly a setting in which we had already tripped together. N put on some more psytrance music and everyone went back to dancing, not before redosing. I did not redose, since I was still happy with my high. I chose to lay on the floor and feel the cold tiles on my legs and arms while I listened to the music and chewed gum. I was not in the mood for dancing, in fact I would have prepared some yerba mate brew right on the spot and transitioned to a psychedelic breakfast. But I was lazy to do so and also understood that the rest were probably much higher than me and wanted to dance, so I immersed myself in the contemplative state. At times, D and A's cats came by and let us pet them, which felt great. The dancing would stop periodically for group hugs.

4:30 to 6:00 am – 8:00 to 9:30: We smoke a CBD⁴ blunt that MD and I had brought from home. It feels great, so familiar and comfortable. I continue to lay on the floor and close my eyes, at times we all massage each others' legs, arms, and heads. We talked briefly with each other, I would have liked to talk some more. I did not feel glitchy at all and could decently follow my train of thought. I realized that this was not the same for the rest, although MD later told me that he did not feel too glitchy either. D quits the dancing and we sit on the floor with the cats. Some people kept redosing until all the stash was gone.

6:00 – 9:30: We needed to smoke some protective weed and did not have any more pre rolled joints — a marked difference to what I would usually experience when tripping with my regular crew — we make sure there is at least 1 pre-rolled joint per person for the comedown, and they are all rolled before dropping with

no exceptions (see Golden Toke report, exp 116565). This time we had to endure the near impossible task of rolling joints while high. To make matters more difficult, there was no grinder available, and we had to cut the buds with a scissor (this would *never* happen with my usual trip group!).

MD was the first to try, he is the expert roller — he had rolled the Golden Joint. After trying for a few minutes he announced he could not do it. He managed to create a cardboard filter and put some weed on the cellulose paper, but the final rolling step was impossible to perform, as his hands were sweaty all the time and the paper kept slipping. D and I then began working on it, and after a lot of effort we were able to produce two very soft, precarious joints. I still do not understand why I could not roll it as effortlessly as I usually do, because I was not sweaty or trembling, and felt focused; there's evidently some underestimated effect of motor coordination. We had saved the comedown for everyone. We smoked the joints, and the music was changed for something less intense. MD's hands were so sweaty that he could not even use the lighter, as the flame could not ignite near his fingers. I was feeling great, just on the verge of being fucked up, and I wondered how the rest were feeling after taken 2x or even 3x what I had.

7:00 – 10:30: Gradually everyone stops dancing and sits or lies on the floor. D says that she should be going out for lunch with her little brothers at noon (that is, 2 hours later) and so she went upstairs to get some sleep. I went with her, as I figured that I would be able to drive home after a couple of hours of rest. As usual, D fell deeply asleep straight away. I rested my

⁴ CBD is a chemical found in marijuana. CBD doesn't contain tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), the psychoactive ingredient found in marijuana that produces a high (Mayo Clinic).

eyes and my body, but I did not feel like I fell asleep. I could hear that not much later the music was turned off downstairs. Eventually D's alarms began ringing on her cellphone; she was so asleep I had to wake her up multiple times. I also had to pee a few times during this period; the one truly unavoidable annoying MDMA effect. MD later told me that A offered the Europeans some ketamine to get to bed, but they refused and I think none was taken after all.

9:00 to 10:00 – 12:30 to 13:30: D got up and went for a shower, and I told MD to get ready so that we could also leave with her. I was definitely feeling off — baseline, but not high, and felt like I could drive, so we said goodbye to D and got in the car — the rest of the people were sleeping or had left. Although my mind was clear and relaxed, my body was physically tired, and I could not find my sunglasses at the time, so the short drive under the scorching midday sun was still challenging.

10:00 to 13:30 – 13:30 to 17:00: We showered as soon as we got home, and smoked a few tokes of a CBD blunt as we laid on the bed and talked about our experience while listening to music. I canceled dinner plans I had made, because I did not feel like going out during the rest of the day. I took 500 mg naproxen⁵, because I began having a strong headache after driving under the sun, and then we napped for a while, using our dental bite plates to avoid any remaining teeth-clenching. I rested lightly, getting up a few times to pee and not falling asleep completely. I was feeling absolutely soft and relaxed, like I was resting on a cloud — very similar to how I felt while I was still under the effects of propofol⁶ after the endoscopy.

13:30 to 18:00 – 17:00 to 21:30: Still in bed, we woke up, and smoked some more while watching some football. Eventually we moved to the living room and prepared some yerba mate. I was feeling a strong afterglow, which I loved. Personally, I consider it the most beautiful part of the trip — still high, but on the ground, with a clear head, enjoying the little things in everyday life like they were holy traditions being rediscovered. I have never felt the much dreaded bad comedown, so commonly reported with MDMA. The strong physical relaxation and the marked appreciation for music was not different to psilocin⁷ afterglows. I would say the main difference in this stage between these two substances are the food cravings. With mushrooms we get strong munchies, and the food-related sensory experience is definitely enhanced. This time, we had not eaten anything besides the lollipops for about 18 hours, and did not feel like it either. However I prepared some smashed avocado to eat with toast, because I felt like our bodies still needed it. We played music constantly and even danced, the lightness was still there. We played with our cats, I read some excerpts from PIHKAL, and we just relaxed as we watched the sunset, which was decorated with thunder lighting.

⁵ Naproxen is a nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drug used to relieve symptoms of arthritis such as inflammation, swelling, stiffness, and joint pain (Mayo Clinic).

⁶ Propofol injection is used to help you relax or sleep before and during surgery or other medical procedures (Mayo Clinic).

⁷ Psilocin is a psychedelic substance present in most psychedelic mushrooms together with its counterpart psilocybin (Psilocin — Wikipedia).

I was feeling a strong afterglow, which I loved. Personally, I consider it the most beautiful part of the trip.

18:00 to 19:00 – 21:30 to 22:30: My boyfriend said he wanted to give me a massage so I complied. We set on orange-tinted lighting and some electro-disco beats, and he massaged my entire body using essential oils. I will not get into details, but we

ended up having very stimulating sex after a long, nice warm-up. At some point, when I was well over, he got a bit rubbery, and so I helped him with a handjob which got him there in a few minutes. Then, the most tranquil, blissed relaxation took place. We listened to music and cuddled under the orange lights.

19:00 to 21:00 – 22:30 to 00:30: We got out of bed, had some soft nougat to eat just out of gluttony, and watched some TV as we smoked another CBD joint. We were not feeling tired; in fact we felt smoothly stimulated. However, we knew that once we fell asleep it would go on for a while, and we had to work the following morning. So we decided we should be getting to bed. At 12:30 am we took 0.5 mg alprazolam⁸ each, and went to bed. We fell deeply asleep shortly after and got a solid rest until 8:30 am when the alarm went off.

The afterglow persisted for the entire week, in many aspects. The following day, the only physical discomfort was in my neck, keeping it up was pretty tiring. I did notice that my bellyache was completely gone, which surprised me. I assumed that consuming psychedelics that usually make me nauseous would, in any case, worsen the problem. Later I figured that the MDMA-induced lack of appetite probably helped, allowing myself more time to digest what was already there before eating some more. I was eating normally by Tuesday, although I felt full with less food. I had an enhanced appreciation for music, and listened to synthesizer-based dance music almost every day. I also felt full of energy, I biked 80 km total during the working week, and also hit the gym three times. My performance at work was pretty good, I managed to successfully carry out a few synthesis and purification

steps at the lab. My sleep was excellent all week, probably the best in the last year. This is wishful thinking — but it seems like the sleeping problems I've been having for the last couple of years may be subsiding. Finally, I found myself thinking a lot about the experience during the week, reestablishing a strong respect and appreciation for psychedelic exploration. I discussed the trip with friends who were and were not there. and felt so glad to have them around me.

All in all, the rave rolling experience was definitely positive. The atmosphere at the club was nice and I felt comfortable all the time. The comedown was smooth, and although I would have enjoyed a little more talking closer to the peak, I enjoyed it thoroughly, and I am especially thankful for the long, mellow afterglowing state, which has definitely had a restoring, lasting effect on me.

⁸ Alprazolam, commonly known by the trade name Xanax, is the most prescribed psychotropic medication in the United States, used to manage panic and anxiety disorders.

Soma91. "The Rave Rolling Was Definitely Positive: An Experience with MDMA (exp117799)". Erowid.org. Jan 10, 2024. erowid.org/exp/117799

Showed Me What Was Possible

Personal Data

User	Bodylove
Experience Year	2020
Age at Time	40
Gender	Female
Body Weight	110 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	MDMA	100 mg	Oral
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I am 40 years old and I have had MDMA many times in the context of parties and festivals. I have never done MDMA assisted therapy and here is what happened to me.

I found a therapist that is willing to do this underground work. We had 3 sessions before the MDMA sessions, to build trust and to discuss my intention and what to do in case of emotional distress. Her role as a therapist and any question I had was answered during these sessions. We talked about how to focus on the theme I wanted to work on, which was accepting the shape and size of my body.

On the day, I had to bring my drug as she didn't provide it. I have a really good source of MDMA, and I brought 100 mg of crystal MDMA in a capsule. I tested it before and the quality was really good¹.

Her room was set up very nicely. There was a comfortable couch, nice dim light, cushions, blankets and music, which I brought with me in case I didn't like her choice. I had a light breakfast and I took the cap around 11 am. I then laid down on the

couch and we did some breathing exercises for relaxation. Around midday I started feeling it coming on. As I was breathing it was a slow progression. I started feeling a warm sensation around my body, but it wasn't too strong. The music was enjoyable and I was feeling super nice.

Around 1 pm I began to peak. I felt strong tingling around my entire body and rapid palpitations. I was used to dancing by now, so laying down was a completely differ-

¹ Even if you believe your source is trustworthy, it can never hurt to independently test your drugs. Also, remember that the potency of the effects of a drug are not a reliable indicator of the sample's purity.

I have never done MDMA assisted therapy and here is what happened to me.

ent experience. I had the realization that I needed to trust being in my body, which I have never really done. The therapists helped me by reminding me of some of the breathing we have been practicing. I felt scared, and I felt I didn't want to be "in" this body. I started feeling an intense energy in my abdomen, it started radiating to my chest. I kept reminding myself

of my mantra “surrender”, which at that point made so much sense, surrender to this body. Letting go, let that energy flow freely, to all my cells and all my muscles and veins and organs. That energy which felt like shame at the beginning has been there for as long as I can remember, but I was never quite able to identify it. All I knew was that it was familiar.

I felt the need to apologize to my body, for everything I have done to it.

I started thinking about my body, and how much a part of me has been trying to change it all my life. I never felt enough, no matter what. I started to remember all the diets I did, all the sacrifices, all the fastings, and exercise routines. All the “magic” pills, and magic cleanses, and magic “lifestyle” changes. All of that was rooted in this shame I was feeling. It was the first time I “saw” what I have been doing to my body. All those decisions were never from a place of self love or self care, but from self loathing. I started crying uncontrollably, it was a bit scary, but also felt like a purge. As if I was crying out the hate, the shame, all the messages I have received every day from the media, from friends, from family, that I have to shrink my body in order to be accepted and respected. As I was crying the shame started to feel like love, and compassion for what I have been through. Not self pity, but self compassion. This body has been with me every second of my life, and I have done nothing but tried to change it. I felt I wanted to love this body with all my heart. I wanted every single pore of my skin to irradiate love, gratefulness, and compassion. I couldn’t stop crying, it was the most powerful experience I have ever had.

This intensity lasted around 90 minutes, and I slowly started to return to a more calm state. I felt my body to be much more than an object to please others, but a vessel of life and love. As I was breathing deeply I felt the urge to take care of this body, to nurture it (instead of starving it), to move it in a way that felt good (instead of punishing it with intense exercise), to rest and to fill it with air and water and love from others. I felt I wanted to stretch, deep stretches, as if with every stretch I was making more space for loving energy to flow around. It felt amazing. I felt the need to apologize to my body, for everything I have done to it.

I know it is so cliché, but I have been expecting others to accept me, and I never accepted myself. I thought of my mother, and her own disordered relationship with food and her body. She hated herself, and she put all that hate on me. I know she loves me, but I think she always saw herself in me, and hated my body, because it was “her” body. I felt compassion for her, for the little capacity she had to work on herself, and to be unable to be the loving mum I know she would have wanted to be. I felt like letting go of that mother figure and I felt it was now on me to be my own mother. My body felt ready, I felt I created an inner space for that loving energy to stay with me forever.

The next couple of hours I felt swimming in this love balm, feeling more embodied than I have ever been. Feeling from toe to head, and feeling so grateful for this body, for not giving up on me.

This was the most meaningful experience of my life, it’s hard to express how meaningful it was. Around 6 hours later I left the therapy room and went home. The

next few days were a joy, but slowly that love bubble started to disappear. I follow up with 3 integration sessions, which I totally recommend. We discussed the experience, and how I can integrate the MDMA experience into my life. How to maintain that feeling of self-compassion and self-care without feeling the explosive loving energy that MDMA brings.

I actually decided to continue doing therapy after the 3 follow up sessions. It's been 6 months since this experience and I still have "bad days" but something shifted. Feeling love for my body was something I never thought possible unless I lost all the weight. The MDMA experience gave me that [and] showed me what was possible.

Bodylove. "Showed Me What Was Possible: An Experience with MDMA (exp115280)". Erowid.org. Mar 11, 2021. erowid.org/exp/115280



Monochromatic Mischief

Personal Data

User	Anatoli Smorin
Experience Year	2011
Age at Time	21
Gender	Male
Body Weight	78 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	MDMA	1009 mg	Powder
T + 1:20	MDMA	500 mg	Powder
T + 4:30	MDMA	104 mg	Powder
T + 0:00	Alcohol (Beer/Wine)	Repeated	

Erowid Note: The doses described in this report are potentially life threatening. The amount taken is beyond a heavy dose and could pose serious health risks or result in unwanted, extreme effects. Doses such as this have been known to cause hospitalizations and/or deaths. Sometimes extremely high doses reported are errors rather than actual doses used.

Personal

I consider myself an experienced experimenter. In the past I have used benzodiazepines, opioids, opiates, a variety of psychedelics, and an array of stimulants. Many of these experiences include less common research chemicals, sometimes in unusual combinations with other substances.

This report is unique from most of my other experience reports in two ways. The first large difference is that tolerance is a factor. When planning on fully documenting an experience I generally ensure tolerance will not affect my dosages in order to provide more useful data to readers. I will discuss tolerance in more detail shortly.

The second difference is that I am formalizing notes into this report long after the experience occurred (more than seven years after the event). Generally, I begin the writing process in the days directly following an experience in order to have things fresh in my mind.

I was reflecting on this experience in a nostalgic manner a few months ago. My memory is generally below average, but the smells, sights, and sounds of this experience flood back with very little effort. This is what initially triggered the idea of writing about this day so long after the fact. I figured it would be an enjoyable project if only for myself. I knew I had handwritten notes from the experience in a journal, but I feared they would be far too sparse to put together something I was comfortable sharing with the internet.

After a few weeks I find my thoughts returning to this day in my past regularly. There is no specific intention or direction of these thoughts. I just find myself recalling the afternoon randomly, almost daydreaming. I decide to hunt through my

old notebooks and eventually the search is fruitful; I locate the pages describing the experience I have been remembering. I am proud of myself! The notes are far more detailed than I anticipated and there are even comments and bits of information I did not remember.

The journal provides important information regarding my tolerance at the time. I am able to conclude that I was ingesting stimulants, predominantly MDMA, via various routes of administration

Without my built up tolerance, the dosage described in this report would have been extremely uncomfortable, and even more unsafe than it was.

¹Snorted

² Even if you trust your chemist or dealer, it never hurts to independently check your drugs.

³ Routes of administration.

anywhere from two to five days per week for over a month leading into this experience. The insufflated¹ dosages ranged from 100 mg to over 500 mg at one time. On many occasions I was dosing multiple times per day. Without my built up tolerance, the dosage described in this report would have been extremely uncomfortable, and even more unsafe than it was. The MDMA used in the experience was sourced from a highly vetted and trusted chemist². The material was of high quality: reagent and lab testing proved it to be true and pure MDMA.

It is a Friday afternoon in mid September. The crisp cool autumn air has me energized and in a good mood. I slept well last night and gave my room a much needed tidying up this morning. I had one class I was supposed to attend but I deemed cleaning and vitamin D collecting more important.

Eager to kick off the weekend I sat at my desk rifling through a container of substances. I already knew what the choice would be; who was I kidding. MDMA has been the material of choice lately. I have had the idea of a very large MDMA experience in the back of my mind for a while now. Through all my recent usage the substance has not lost its magic, but it has certainly lost some of its sparkle and shine. I decide to mix ROA's³ at high dosage levels to try and get a real rush and liftoff to a heavy roll despite my current tolerances. A euphoric fun time is the extent of what I hope to achieve. My attention is drawn to round numbers, and I elect 1000 mg oral, 500 mg insufflated and 250 mg intravenous as my target intake. I analyze the safety of this dosage using several harm reduction websites as well as consulting my recent experience journal entries. I discuss my intentions with a knowledgeable friend. We specifically examine the potential physical risks I might be opening myself up to. Although tolerance is a bit of a mystery factor, I decide I am comfortable to proceed as planned. My recent dosages (including the day before) have been increasing drastically in recent weeks, from what I would consider my normal comfortable amounts (0 – 250 mg). I take comfort in knowing that someone is aware of my plan in case things go south and they are prepared to act as necessary to assist in my safety. I select a large crystal chunk to start with on the scale. After some small additions the numbers settle at 1009 mg. I take this off the scale tray and crush it up as finely as I can. I pour the intimidatingly large pile onto a piece of single ply toilet paper and wrap up the powder.

14:19: I gently place the parachute onto my tongue and swallow quickly with a large

gulp of water. I am able to avoid too much of the familiar chemical taste from escaping the thin paper that is struggling to contain the pile of material. I immediately turn back to the desk and begin preparing my insufflation dosage. An exact 500 mg is settled on. As I did before, I grind up the crystals into a fine powder. As I cut out the line on a clean portion of desk I realize the absurdity of this dosage. Even cut fairly fat this line is ostentatiously long.

14:26 pm: I blow my nose and retrieve a fresh straw. Committed to the cause; I sniff confidently. I have a bit of a leather nostril from my current habits so the sting is not terribly unpleasant. I pause about a third of the way through the line to take a deep breath. I am already off baseline. My mood is synthetically lifting; I'm smiling without cause or reason. I can feel warmth starting to develop within my body. I switch nostrils and complete the rest of the insufflation. I can feel a fair amount of powder that is caked onto the insides of my nasal passages. I fill a bottle cap with water and insufflate one capful through each nostril to aid in absorption.

14:31: I take a moment to wipe down my desk with a cleaning agent. I retrieve a piece of Thera-Band (my tourniquet), a new packaged syringe, some bio-stat water, several cotton balls, and rubbing alcohol. I lay out these items on the desk neatly. Intravenous dosing is something I do not do often, but have leveraged recently to combat the cost of stimulant material required to achieve my desired level of effects as my tolerance increases. I also have used this method to explore compounds I know well, and wish to know more completely. The process still feels intimidating to me.

14:38: I tap the baggie once again to drop MDMA onto the scale; I begin to develop a sweat. The window is wide open allowing cool air to flow into the room. I feel the breeze across every goose bump on my skin. My sense of touch is already sky rocketing in sensitivity. I shudder as the first major wave of euphoria crashes over me. I feel real nice. My awareness of the synthetic nature of the effects has disappeared. I sit and revel in this liftoff moment that feels just oh so good. I am a solid + on the Shulgin Rating Scale⁴ and rapidly heading upwards. I can feel my connection to reality slipping. Even so, I am growing concerned that I am overdoing it. Maybe I have already overdone it? This will certainly be the most I have ever consumed of this substance in such a short period of time. I decide to cut short of the intended 250 mg. Instead 104 mg is ground up then stirred into one milliliter of room temperature bio-stat water. This amount dissolves easily without strong agitation or any additional heat. I wrap the Thera-Band around my left arm just above the crease of my elbow. This is getting very real now.

⁴ The Shulgin Rating Scale (or "quantitative potency scale") is a simple scale for reporting the subjective effect of psychoactive substances at a given dosage, and at a given time. The system was developed for research purposes by the American biochemist Alexander Shulgin (Wikipedia). See page x for more information.

⁵ Bacteriostatic water is a solution of sterile water and benzyl alcohol used to dilute medications for administration via injection (Farris Laboratories).

**I take comfort in knowing that
someone is aware of my plan in case
things go south and they are prepared
to act as necessary to assist in
my safety.**

14:44: My veins are protruding plenty; it is time to move forwards. I pause to take stock of my condition. No nystagmus⁶ is present yet. I'm actually a little surprised that the effects have leveled off for a moment. Time seems to be moving slowly but I attribute that to my nerves.

14:46: I open the packaging on the syringe and needle. The MDMA solution is drawn up through the cotton ball. I am at 100% focus as I steady my right hand with the tip of the needle hovering just above my median cubital vein about an inch and a half below my elbow's crease. I insert the needle at a shallow angle. No pain or other sensation is noticed as I break the skin. I register the plunger backwards and an immediate swirl of crimson in the barrel tells me I have successfully accessed the intended vein. Using my teeth and left hand I awkwardly loosen the Thera-Band until it falls to the floor. I administer the injection over 10 seconds.

⁶ Nystagmus is a vision condition in which the eyes make repetitive, uncontrolled movements (American Optometric Association).

The moment the plunger is completely down I am all business. As quickly as possible I remove the needle and place it in my temporary used needle storage container. I wipe the injection spot with rubbing alcohol and press a fresh cotton ball over it. I let out a large sigh of relief. I think I've achieved proper sterility and safety measures. The process is over. I flop onto my bed glancing one more at my phone to document the time.

I let out a large sigh of relief. I think I've achieved proper sterility and safety measures. The process is over.

14:48: With my mind now free from the clenches of anxiety, nerves, and intense focus relating to the IV dosage, I realize a tidal wave of MDMA is roaring through my body. I am feeling a rapid release of cares and worries, something that typically accompanies MDMA ingestion for me. Most notable however is the physical sedation. I can barely lift my arms from my side. Not that I would ever want to — I

feel perfect. Beyond perfect. I blasted past perfection what seems like ages ago.

I'm not rolling though. Perhaps I've gone past that. I really don't feel stimulated at all actually. My eyes are wide open, I can feel that: there is no need to check a mirror to know my pupils are extremely dilated. Even so, I feel more like curling up and relaxing with a vinyl playing than I do dancing or partying.

I didn't have any pressing concerns or worries prior to ingestion but somehow I feel massive emotional relief. An all-encompassing knowledge that everything will be all right dominates my thoughts. A wide grin is plastered across my face. I roll my head slowly from side to side. I flex and stretch my appendages, arching my toes and clenching my fists overhead. Goddamn I feel amazing. Every inch of me is radiating euphoria. My forearms and chest have a strong buzzing sensation that emanates from my innermost core out towards my skin. This internal glow is not dissimilar from a strong dosage of morphine or oxycodone but there is not even a hint of nausea or other discomfort of any kind. I don't feel hot or sweaty but I'm losing touch with my body. As the internal physical pleasure continues to build I notice that I can no longer feel the breeze. I'm becoming numb to external stimulation.

My mind caves inwards. My thoughts are not racing or scattered as I had expected. Instead I am processing thoughts slowly. Almost molasses paced. Maybe I'm thinking fast but disconnected from time? I can't really tell. I don't really care; I can't really care. I'm feeling a strong disassociation between my mind, my body, and the outside world. All three seem to be their

own separate thing. I am aware each exists, but can't connect information from one to the other in a normal or efficient fashion.

I notice an unsettling silence developing. It's not as though my hearing is muted like when underwater or using earplugs. There is literally not a sound existing in the world. Maybe time has frozen and thus no sound can occur? I'm reeling underneath an ocean of sedative pleasure as I try to put together a coherent analysis of my condition.

I turn my gaze out the window. A beautiful oak tree sits just outside my window with some of its branches reaching out above me, resting on the roof. I feel intimately connected to this tree, the squirrel I can see scampering along the branches, the air, the fluffy white clouds that dot the bright blue sky, the sun; all of nature seems like a part of me. My mind, body, and outside world are molding together in new ways. The outside world is forging with my mental being while for now; my body remains on its own, separated.

The beauty of the nature outside the window is blowing my mind. I am overwhelmed by the raw energy and emotion circulating through the air, exchanging between myself and the landscape outside. I am not seeing any physical manifestation of the connections being formed, only feeling them in my emotional core. The ideology that "humankind is one with nature" is making more sense than ever before. I can't even say that I am amalgamating with the trees, bushes, dirt, and air because the sensation I am experiencing is more a realization that I have never been different or separate from these things. I don't literally think, "I am the same thing as a squirrel or tree". Rather, I am simply

more aware of our similarities in existence than our differences. The feelings of oneness and interconnectivity bring me happiness and a comforting sense that I am never alone in this universe.

I am entering a state of pure relaxation. This is going beyond the "everything will be okay" sensation that I often feel on MDMA or benzodiazepines. I can't comprehend negativity and have no interest in worries about the past or future. I am only processing the "here and now" as it drips past. The concept of time has melted away to the point that I can't grasp the concept of a "now" or a "then". A moment is eternity; eternity is a moment. As such, I am incapable of thinking of the past or the present. I can only witness what is happening in each moment | eternity as it occurs. This is a blissful state of existence.

I lean my head and upper body out the open window, which has no screen in it. The complete and utter silence remains. Even my movement on the bed produces no sound. As I gaze outside my breath is taken away as the first visual effects of the day take hold. Static visual noise: a shimmering of black, silver, and gray akin to an old television set with no signal, is growing stronger and stronger. The effect is covering everything I see. Each leaf, the ground, the walkway, and even the air is somehow wrapped in semi-translucent static. The visual noise grows in intensity and each block of static grows larger, pixelating my vision to increasingly lower quality resolutions. The static is starting to play tricks on my mind. Is it white or is it black? Is it a large number of small pieces or just a few big chunks? The latter of those questions really starts to become a difficult inquiry as the noise increases to the point that it is hiding objects behind it. Objects turn into

shapes, which are then further disguised as my depth perception pops them in and out of the vibrating background. I feel like I can't focus my eyes correctly and have the sensation of each eye focusing in a different direction. I am overwhelmed and begin to hold my breath as I wait to see what happens next.

I am pleased to see the static bits becoming more granular; the world is re-emerging from behind the veil. As soon as I let out a sigh of relief, I must once again suspend my breathing. Everything in my visual field is draining of color. The saturation is slowly disappearing. After about 30 seconds I am viewing the world in monochrome. Only blacks, whites, and grays remain visible. I pull myself back into the room and find my black and white room concerning. This doesn't feel like any visual I've ever experienced before. It is so real and authentic. There is no breathing, patterning or other effect: just a complete lack of color. The only other minor difference is that my vision is soft; the edges of objects are not as defined and sharp as normal. A brief worry flashes through my mind: did I really fuck up? Am I overdosing right now? I'm a strange mix of excited, scared, and confused. My concerns are legitimate; I know that I've ingested a potentially dangerous amount of MDMA and currently my eyes can no longer perceive color. That is not normal and seems like a bad sign. Even these serious concerns don't overpower my positive attitude. I know I should be concerned, but I'm having trouble not being intrigued by what I am experiencing. I am oddly at ease with the extremity of the effects; this lack of worry is clearly an effect of its own. There is a moment where I debate with myself whether I should contact my "remote sitter" to provide an update

and get a sober opinion. My gut tells me I would know if this was a serious health concern and I elect to put off the phone call and see how things develop.

I lie back down and look out towards the Oak Tree once again. The beauty of the monochromatic nature scene is astounding. The blacks are as pure as the depths of a midnight sky and the whites as crisp and bright as newly fallen snow shining with the sun's glare. I peer around, inspecting the view outside my window top to bottom and left to right. As I shift my gaze around I have the surreal sensation that I am in a black and white photograph. Nothing seems to be moving or changing besides the focus point of my vision. It is hard to place my finger on the proper words to describe how I feel but I feel like I am not a "being" in the world any longer. I seem to be a piece of this new world that feels almost two-dimensional and three-dimensional at the same time. Shifting my gaze around seems to move my physical body around the scene it is taking in. My physical position doesn't necessarily feel as though it is maneuvering or changing position, but I seem to gain a new perspective or vantage point as I shift the focus of my eyes.

The world, and the way I am interacting with it, is stupendous. I feel very at home and comfortable in this oddly familiar, yet foreign version of existence. Taking in what my eyes are showing me feels more like viewing art than it does existing in what I have come to know as my first person point of view. The gradient, or transition, from black to white is so perfect that I almost cannot comprehend the polarity of the two colors given how well they blend together.

The concerns about overdoing the dosage have melted away. I still cannot feel my body. In fact, I am not really aware of its existence. I am also not very present in my own “first person” mind. The “me” that is currently melted together with the nature in front of me, is not “me”. This is not the same “ego-death” I have experienced on other substances before. I’m more present than that, if only by a sliver. In this second-hand existence my “I” (whatever I am), consists of my vision and a highly altered version of my mental being, but not my hearing or physical body. Inside this monochromatic world there is only silence and a physical sedation that is so strong I cannot register sensations of touch. There also seems to be no time here, at least not in the linear measurable sense of hours, minutes, and seconds. All I know for sure is that time feels timeless: simultaneously endless and instantaneous. My visual field contains almost no movement of any kind. I don’t get the sense that my vision is frozen, but the scene outside my window is eerily still. I haven’t seen a person or car pass by. Even the breeze has disappeared, leaving the foliage suspiciously stationary.

Although time is a foreign concept to me, I estimate I am colorless for a total of 3 – 5 minutes. Slowly, color begins to return to my vision. It looks like someone is gradually increasing a saturation filter on my visual field. About halfway through the transition from black and white to normal color vision, a process that takes several minutes, I distinctly notice the first instance of motion in quite some time. A small bird glides silently through the air in front of me. Witnessing this silent path of flight marks a progression from one stage of the experience to the next.

I continue to soak up the present. I don’t care about checking the time, as this relates to “future” and “past” thoughts — something I still don’t have desire for, but am more capable of now, should it be required. Euphoria is ever so slightly leaking back into my mind. This is my first measurable awareness of my physical and mental body reconnecting since things went colorless. It’s not overpowering, or even intense, but it is powerful. This is one of the most spectacularly pleasurable moments of my life. Certainly ranking near the top among the chemically induced experiences. The simplicity, cleanliness, and purity of my happy contentment are ineffable and immeasurable in their endlessness.

My awareness of “I” has comfortably returned. I lie motionless, allowing my eyes to drift between open and shut. Whenever I have my eyes open they seem to navigate themselves around the scene directly outside my window without real purpose. I’m lost in bliss.

“HEY, Anatoli, yo bud!”

I register the voice and break from my trance. I slowly focus or open my eyes (I can’t tell which) and find myself looking at my roommate Jean-Ralphio.

“Are you all right?”

The concern in his voice is obvious, but I don’t understand it.

“Y e a h “ I respond slowly. “W h y ?”

Jean-Ralphio informs me that he entered the room over a minute ago and greeted me. After I failed to reply he asked several times if I was okay. I have no recollection of

these inquiries; I would have bet anything he had just walked into the room when I snapped out of my trance.

15:20: I informed Jean-Ralphio that I had taken “a lot” of MDMA with a dopey smile draped across my face. I assure him I am feeling fine before I lie back down on my bed and close my eyes. No visual effects are present but I return to a trance-like state almost immediately. My mind is unusually calm and thoughts flow through my mental space at a manageable pace. In fact they float into my mind at a relatively slow tempo, slower than when I am sober. Topics of thought are unfocused and not particularly noteworthy. No revelations are arrived at.

My eyelids are not interesting or colorful. I see a formation of dull rainbow colored circles rotating slowly when my eyes are closed. The circles emerge from darkness and then fade back into the same cloudy obscurity. I don’t care to pay much attention to the dull shapes.

15:37: My focus is drawn to my physical body. I haven’t been paying much attention to it since prior to my visit to the monochromatic world. Suddenly I am very aware of it. Aware is a mild word; I feel like I am shaking with pleasure. Full tilt, unbridled euphoria thunders through me from head to toe. Despite the enormity of these feelings, they still feel manageable. Concerns of dosing too aggressively have essentially left my mind completely. My special connection to nature is diminishing but I have tremendous connection to the world outside my brain: every person, plant, and animal are my siblings and friends. I’m overwhelmed with happiness, joy, and love. As cheesy and cliché as this sounds, it’s exactly how I feel. There is no

synthetic nature to my positivity — I feel like I have come out of a cocoon of anxiety, worry, and negativity. An entrapment I was unaware I was being restrained by. By no means have I been in a poor mood lately, but in this moment I am realizing I have forgotten what pure happiness feels like. I bask in the sunlight that is now perfectly shining through my window, soaking up the rays and the perfection of this moment.

16:06: I am grounded enough to check the time: a habit I traditionally try to keep when taking notes during an experience. I scribble a few comments down about the past hour. My handwriting is messy and my spelling questionable. There is no frantic rush to get down every minute detail (I often try to do this on a wide variety of substances). My written comments focus on the big picture; broad and clear thoughts such as “Be happier more often — just choose to be.” The simplicity and absolute correctness of these thoughts are existence-shaking in a very positive way. I couldn’t be in a better mental place than this.

I decided to sit up and see how being upright and mobile feels. I have not had any water since prior to ingesting the MDMA and I know I should start hydrating. I stand and walk downstairs to fill a glass of water without any discomfort or difficulty. I step outside and take my first sip. Wow, I am thirsty! The coolness of the water combined with a light breeze felt across my exposed legs and upper body makes me shudder with pleasure. The breeze across my chest makes me realize I have lost my shirt since the beginning of this adventure although I can’t recall when or where.

After drinking two large glasses of water I return upstairs and begin chatting with Jean-Ralphio and another friend who has stopped by. Conversation is not as addicting as I often find it when on MDMA. I excuse myself and sprawl out on my bed. I reflect on the experience thus far. I'm shocked by how *s l o w* it has been in almost every regard. Time seems expansive; the sober morning feels like ages ago. My thoughts and general state of being are pleasantly lackadaisical. I slip smoothly from active thinking to a mental state where I'm empty headed. I drown out Jean-Ralphio and our friend Jerry without effort.

A medium-pitched tinnitus buzzing noise assists me in my efforts to not hear the conversation in the room. I don't meditate often and don't know if I've ever achieved a completely meditative or Zen state. I imagine it is similar to what I exist in now. Time seems to disappear in chunks that I cannot define the size of. A second passes but it feels like several minutes. Next I find fifteen minutes has melted by in the blink of an eye. I'm aware of the continuing glow of euphoria within my body but I'm not focusing on it. I'm physically still, not fidgeting as I sometimes do on stimulants. I'm essentially in a trance — letting the MDMA soothe my mind and body.

16:36: I emerge from my introspective focus to once again join the conversation that is taking place in the room. I'm startled by the fact that I had not been physically hearing the words being spoken for the past 30 minutes or so. This went beyond a “normal” ability to tune out things. When I tuned out and drifted into my personal zone the sound in the room actually disappeared: it went to zero and I was transported to my own little bubble of

pleasure and happiness. I find this slightly unsettling, but mostly intriguing and enjoyable.

16:51: My mood is impeccable. I love the authenticity of my emotions right now! My ego is slightly inflated — I feel enlightened and am aware of my newly acquired clairvoyant abilities. I feel incredibly in tune with both Jean-Ralphio and our other friend, reading every tiny facial cue with a higher degree of skillfulness than normal. I no longer feel the intense physical interconnectivity to nature although I am acutely aware of what I perceive to be “absolute truths”: simple yet grand idealistic concepts such as “If I maintain awareness of the big picture; nothing should ever be worth stressing over.” I have the intrinsic sense that I should be teaching or demonstrating these ideas. The universe's functionality is obvious and clear to me. What I consider to be the crux of existence, “how to live life happily”, is no longer a mystery. I later was able to confirm with Jean-Ralphio that I was never rambling, preaching, or acting too far out of the ordinary. According to him I was a bit more reserved and quieter than normal. He did note that I spoke at a slower pace than normal which mirrored my interpretation of the experience. Rather than feeling lit up and speedy, I was seemingly elevated beyond stimulation to a meditative condition where things felt best when slowed down and processed in utmost peace and tranquility. My thoughts and my speech reflected this attitude in their lowered tempo and volume.

17:01: I put on some music and find it pleasant, as long as the tempos are slow and the genre is relaxing. The actual sounds and tones of the music (mostly low-tempo electronic) seem more exact and pure than

when I am sober. Typically on MDMA my mood adapts to enjoy whatever music is on. I am struck by the fact that only this specific niche of music is enhanced and attractive to me at this point in time.

17:35: The intensity of the experience has dropped down from the peak it reached in the first few hours following ingestion. I still feel deeply under the influence but in an enlightened and natural way. I'd classify this as a very unique and strong +++ on the Shulgin Rating Scale. I'm calm and not feeling overwhelmed or over stimulated in the least. I feel incredibly peaceful in my mind, body, and movements. My physical body is wrapped up in a beautifully balanced mixture of sensations. There is a warm flow that emits from my bones and pushes slowly out to the edge of my skin. On the surface, my arm hair and skin are hypersensitive but not uncomfortably so. I possess no excessive energy. Sedation swirls through my veins and saturates my muscles. My comfort is ultimate no matter if I am standing, sitting, or lying down. My eyes focus normally and I have no nystagmus. The effects my body feels are steady and constant. There is no pulsation, no coming and going of intensity. Much like my mental state, the sensations are even keeled and steady, although very strong. Strong is perhaps the incorrect word. Deep. Powerful. Magnificent. These words seem closer to correct . . . and yet none seem to capture the collaboration of delicacy and sheer mightiness of what my body is feeling.

17:49: Time continues to march on without me paying much attention to it. I feel like preparing the dosages at my desk happened ages ago, but at the same time it seems to be only moments since I embarked on this journey. I make my way

downstairs to once again refill my water. My motor skills are normal. No difficulties or enhancement can be definitively felt. The air feels thick as I move through it. My temperature is fine, and the air is cool, yet somehow I have the sensation of extreme humidity: the air molecules are more tangible than normal as I pass through them. I drink a large mug of water and then refill the vessel to bring with me back to my room.

18:09: I'm well past the peak of the experience now for certain. The intensity of the effects is hard to judge. I'm not really "rolling" and I feel more relaxed than I do stimulated. In that sense, especially in comparison with the first hour or so of today's venture, I'm somewhere near a +. In comparison to my true baseline self however, I'd certainly place myself at a minimum of a ++ and likely at a +++. The intensity is smoother and calmer than I ever anticipated. I liken it to moving water. I was expecting to get tossed by the frothing white crashing of waves, like the rapids of a river's surface. Instead I find myself in the grips of an ocean's depths: slower paced, yet tremendously more powerful.

18:50: My arm is cramping from writing notes about the experience into my notebook. I pause to rest my muscles and take a sip of water. The last hour has passed in a "normal perception speed": not seeming fast or slow.

I am feeling continually closer to baseline. Much like a full-fledged DMT blast off experience (or any other high intensity psychedelic experience), the effects after the peak are strong compared to sober, but pale in comparison to the height of the experience.

19:20: As the relative intensity decrescendos I find it less important to keep detailed notes. I am simply repeating myself and not gleaning any new perspectives. I continue to talk with Jean-Ralphio until he leaves to attend a night class. I have no appetite or strong desire for social interaction outside of my close friends. Based on this, I decide to not go out for dinner and opt instead for mild conversation and a beer with one of my good mates (who also lives in this house) who has arrived home.

Additional Comments:

I made several notes throughout the evening following the last timestamp included in the report. I ended up staying awake until about 15:30. Given my previous experimentation with MDMA I was surprised at my ability to sleep so early without using Z-Drugs⁷, benzodiazepines, or excessive alcohol. I consumed around six beers during the course of the evening (nothing unusual for me around the time this experience occurred). I never felt much of the traditional alcohol effects but I did detect some extra physical sedation. As I alluded to above, the effects of the MDMA had a long slow decline. I chose to not elaborate fully on my evening (past the last timestamp) because I don't believe there was anything particularly unique or useful for others to read. Detailed commentary from 19:20 to 3:30 + 1 would have been several additional pages that I believe would have provided little to no additional data.

The next morning I did not experience any negative hangover type effects. In fact, I felt well rested and filled with positive thoughts and feelings. Stress was nowhere to be found. I continued to experience abnormally high levels of happiness and abnormally low amounts of stress for over

a week. Anhedonia was not present during this elongated “after-effects” period. I felt almost the exact opposite. I was motivated and engaged in both physical and mental activities. Most notably I found myself mentally rejuvenated: excited to be a positive force of energy in every interaction I encountered.

After this experience I took two weeks off from MDMA usage. The break felt healthy and I didn't experience any cravings to take more during this stretch of time. My next MDMA ingestion was documented in my notes at 250 mg and I had a darn good time. No loss of magic was felt and my tolerance seemingly dropped back down to nonexistent.

During the experience I did not take my temperature. My body felt flushed at times and chilly during others. I was feeling hot for the first hour and a half and then after hour three I felt a bit chilled. My pulse did elevate but I never became truly concerned. I checked my pulse a number

The gradient, or transition, from black to white is so perfect that I almost cannot comprehend the polarity of the two colors given how well they blend together.

of times throughout the afternoon but only properly measured and documented it twice. Once at 135 BPM at T + 00:41 and again at 104 BPM at T + 02:17. Both of these are notably high for me. My sober resting heart rate is around 65 BPM. At no point did I have any chest pain and irregular heartbeats. My breathing remained normal throughout the experience.

⁷ Z-drugs (zopiclone, eszopiclone, zaleplon, and zolpidem) were developed as alternatives to benzodiazepines, and are FDA approved to treat insomnia (National Institutes of Health).

Overall I am surprised by the presentation of the intensity of effects. While truly “record setting” on my personal scale, the effects were deep, powerful, and insightful. There was no fast paced “rolling”. I do not believe tolerance kept me from the jaw-clench, chatterbox, overly lovey sensations, or regrettable “under-the-influence decision making” that often occur when I take medium to high-level dosages of MDMA. It felt more like I got in the fast lane of the euphoric stimulant superhighway and blew past my previous “all time highs” with this substance. The surpassing of previous thresholds was so quick that I found myself immediately transported into a one-of-a-kind transcendental form of existence.

The duration and comedown were also surprising to me. The lengths of each portion of the experience were not as extended as I anticipated. The overall experience did not last much longer than when I dose far lower. The two departures from my normal MDMA “effects intensity chart” (duration on the x-axis and intensity on the y-axis), were the intensity of the peak and the rapidity of the come-up. The peak of the intensity was more concentrated than many other previous MDMA experiences (regardless of ROA). Rather than an extended plateau at the height of intensity I seemed to have a relatively short “top of the mountain” moment that was followed by a marked downward trend towards baseline. The second difference was, my departure from baseline was lightning quick during this experience. Before the administration of my second dosage, I was well into a + level experience [T + 00:07]. Upon completion of administration of my third dosage, I was essentially at a +++ experience [T + 00:29]. These are far faster than my typi-

cal departures from baseline with this substance. I attribute this to the combination of high dosages and the intravenous route of administration.

Despite, or perhaps because of, the faster acting (insufflation and intravenous) routes of administration on my second and third dosage events, I never felt the oral dosage ratchet up the extremity of effects. I suspect some of the “ocean depth” power was a result of the large oral dose. I hypothesize that without the first dosage, the experience may have been more pushy and stimulating.

I had hoped for and expected a heavy roll when I set out weighing and ingesting this dosage of MDMA. Instead, I received a slower paced and far more meaningful experience. The visual effects at the beginning of my afternoon were some of the most unique I have experienced on any substance. The mental condition I found myself in for the duration of the experience was equally special. Years later I reflect on this day and observe pangs of desire to feel this way again.

Will I do it again? Probably not. I don’t like to say things definitively, but unless my life course changes drastically I doubt I will ever develop the tolerance for MDMA to make such a dosage remotely safe or enjoyable. With less tolerance, I have attempted to replicate the magical mental space I achieved during this experience at smaller, safer dosages. Several of these attempts were enjoyable, but they were much more “standard” in their qualities (high energy, big euphoria, conversation fiending, music enhancement, insomnia, etc.). Other attempts were uncomfortable both physically and mentally, leaving me paranoid, dehydrated, and feeling

like I poisoned my body. I tried to find the sweet spot, the point where I skipped over traditional “rolling” effects and reached the beautiful enlightened space I found myself in during this experience, but never succeeded. I either fell short or went too far into uncomfortable intensity. Although I did not scientifically titrate dosages while resetting my tolerance to try and duplicate this experience, I sense this afternoon was, in many ways, unrepeatable. This experience was a perfect concoction of time, place, tolerance, material quality, set, and setting. The unrepeatability, rather than the intensity or anything else, allows me to categorize this as one of the few personal experiences I would label as a ++++.

I will never forget the experience described in this report and I hope to continue to draw inspiration from it in the future. In some ways that fateful afternoon where I skipped class to ingest powders reset my personal scale for happiness and interconnectedness between other people, the planet we live on, and myself. I’ve experienced relief from anxiety and stress through a number of substances before but this provided more than temporary suppression of negative feelings. This obliterated them to the point that I was able to re-realize how wonderful living can be.

Anatoli Smorin. “Monochromatic Mischief: An Experience with MDMA (exp112960)”. Erowid.org. Mar 16, 2019. erowid.org/exp/112960



Not Nearly as Mindblowing as I Thought

Personal Data

User	Dolores Haze
Experience Year	2001
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Female
Body Weight	68 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	MDMA	1 tablet	Oral
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[Erowid Note: to date, heroin has seldom, if ever, been identified as an ecstasy adulterant, as alluded to in this otherwise well written report]

I had been wanting to try ecstasy since I was 17, but never quite got around to it. I'm now 25, a grad student and teacher. For information, I have never done any drug except for pot and nitrous. A friend of mine does E quite regularly. She was coming to visit and had two tablets of MDMA (rolling stones) for me and my fiancé. She likes pills with small percentages of heroin in them, but I told her I wanted pills as pure as possible. She tried the ones she gave us before we did them, and said they were very pure. My fiancé and I were very nervous before we took the pills. I thought that there would be a sudden head rush, and that it might be a very intense experience. I'd heard that people got nauseous and just felt like it was 'too much' when the effects were coming on. In reality, it was nothing like this. We made sure our living room was dark, lit aromatherapy candles, put on music...it was a calming environment. At 9:45 my fiancé and I each

took one pill. My friend and her boyfriend split another pill and each took another different one (a green one which had some heroin in it).

I didn't really begin to feel anything for about 45 minutes to an hour. We just hung out and played a game while waiting for the effects to begin. About 45 minutes later I began to feel a little jittery and yet relaxed at the same time. My friend encouraged me to stand up and move around, and this did feel nice. I felt a little dizzy and movement just felt...fun. I petted our cats and smoked. My friend suggested menthol cigarettes, saying that non menthols just wouldn't taste good. She was right. They didn't. The menthol just tasted nice in my mouth. I also chewed a lot of peppermint gum and drank water. We just sat around and talked.

About the effects that I'd heard of...I heard that touch would just feel FANTASTIC! I heard that I would feel incredibly loving and just feel at peace with myself — like I could see what was wrong in my life and just accept it and move on. I also expected

to feel sexual in some way. Well, touch did feel nice. I gave my fiancé a backrub, and I did enjoy the way his skin felt. He gave me one, and it was also enjoyable. His touch felt warm. I did feel comfortable with my friend and her boyfriend. I felt open, but not extremely open. At one point we were sharing embarrassing stories, and I was conscious of the fact that I could censor some of my thoughts. I felt nice, but the experience was not nearly as intense as I expected. In general, I felt mellow and relaxed. We all talked a great deal about going somewhere or doing something, but no one really had the energy or desire to actually go somewhere or do something. The farthest we got was walking around our apartment looking for nice things to touch and play with. I took several sweaters out just to touch them. I also did not really feel sexual at all. I felt totally asexual, actually, just enjoying being a human being. I would compare the feelings to a nice beer buzz without feeling unable to think or move clearly. My fiancé wanted chocolate at one point, and really seemed to like the taste, but I desired no food whatsoever. We talked about various kinds of drinks we might like, and when someone mentioned milk, this seemed like the most disgusting thing in the world to us all.

I felt nice, but the experience was not nearly as intense as I expected.

Before my fiancé and I went to sleep, as the effects were wearing off, we all smoked some kind bud, which definitely seemed to bring back the effects. I got very silly, and I was not sure if this was because of the pot or the ecstasy or both. This was about 2:30 in the morning. (We took the pills at

9:45, so the effects lasted about 4 hours for us.) We went into our bedroom, got into bed and started to touch one another, and then we did feel sort of 'sexual.' We really enjoyed the way each other's skin felt, and we started to mess around, and soon had sex. But this seemed to be a rather pointless exercise (sort of) because though the sex felt good, there was no way either one of us was going to have an orgasm. I'm still not sure I really felt aroused. Touching just felt good. Not really arousing like on pot, just warm and pleasant on the skin. I liked the closeness and intimacy. Eventually we just stopped and went to sleep.

I'm writing this the day after, and so far I feel no after-effects whatsoever. No jaw clenching (I did chew a lot of gum.) No back pain. No nasty feelings or depression. My friend says that I may expect some tomorrow. I noticed no side effects when on ecstasy except that I had to pee a lot. I probably peed 6 times in 4-5 hours. I drank a lot of water to prevent dehydration, so maybe that's why. There must be a long line for the bathrooms at raves!

Overall, I would have to say that though the experience was pleasant, I still much prefer pot. I would not really be tempted to try ecstasy again. It was not the 'life changing' experience I thought it would be. I did not really learn anything about myself or my friends. Though I was lucid, I had no real desire to think intensely about anything. Even talking for too long about serious things seemed to bore me. I did feel close to my friends and my fiancé, but I usually feel close to them. I simply was not judgemental. I felt eager to please them and make them happy. I found E to be a very mellow relaxing experience, but I enjoy the sensual intensity that pot provides to be much more enjoyable. It

makes touching much more pleasurable than E did.

I just wanted to write this, because I've been looking at these experiences while researching E, and I wanted to contribute my own experience so others might benefit. My friend says that any experience on E is different because of different circumstances. She seemed to have a much more powerful roll than me, she said because of the contents of her pill.

Dolores Haze. "Not Nearly as Mindblowing as I Thought: An Experience with Ecstasy (exp6128)". Erowid.org. Apr 10, 2001. erowid.org/exp/6128



Very Much Feeling The Vibes

Personal Data

User	Jewels
Experience Year	2018
Age at Time	21
Gender	Female
Body Weight	50 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	MDMA	100 mg	Oral
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The experience I am about to describe is not my first with MDMA but is definitely my most intense and the highest dose I have ever taken. My few previous experiences were pleasant, but this one came with a mixture of emotions, mainly airing on the negative side. I am writing with a fresh perspective, as the experience occurred yesterday.

To set the scene: my friends and I had planned to attend an EDM concert on a boat (extremely fun in theory) and had had high expectations for a long time prior. Many of us listened to the artist and we would be celebrating a friend’s birthday — something fundamentally very positive. A few drawbacks, however, made this experience stressful from the get go:

1. Only a few of us were planning on taking MDMA - which I will refer to as ‘rolling’ in this piece — with the rest of the group either adamantly adverse to the drug or apathetic towards it. Because many people did not take the drug, they did not realize how the drug would affect us which may have skewed their impressions of us while we were rolling.

2. My friend’s (whose birthday it was) girlfriend was planning to come with us. My friend was planning on rolling while her girlfriend fell into the category of those adamantly adverse to MDMA. She debated whether or not to take the pill up until the moment we took them, ultimately taking them.
3. I had been harboring negative feelings toward a good friend in the group for a while, but had repressed the feelings and given her the benefit of the doubt for behavior I found questionable or unacceptable. I will call her Miranda for the sake of anonymity.
4. Our group was an odd mishmash of everyone’s friends, and friends of friends, from various places meaning that many of us had not met before. I am typically skeptical of new people and shy around them.

The energy was generally good when we entered the boat. Spirits were high and everyone who wasn’t rolling was drinking. Members of our group were generally

positive. Miranda was repeatedly making snide comments and jokes about the fact that we were going to take molly, but I just brushed her aside telling myself I would ignore her and enjoy the music once the drugs kicked in.

The crowds on the boat were pushy from the start, and our friends were situated right by the bar. I hate being cajoled, especially when I am rolling, and like plenty of room to dance and do my thing. Because of the crowds, my friends were also repeatedly separated throughout the night.

The six of us that were taking MDMA took the pills at 8 pm on the dot. I didn't begin to feel the effects until the main artist came on, at which point they whacked me in the face. I had never felt such a strong rush of a drug before. At first, it was great. I was with another friend, Jan who was rolling with me and the music sounded amazing. It took over my body completely — I felt as though I had no choice but to move in sync with the music. As Jan and I danced to the opening song, however, a man grabbed her from behind and started dancing with her aggressively without permission. I hate this, whether in an altered state or not. She pushed the guy away and he didn't seem to respond at first so I pushed him away from her, too, and shielded her with my body. The vibe, from there, changed.

I could no longer focus on the music. It was almost dull and uninteresting to me. I needed water. I was suddenly so thirsty. I never remembered ever being so thirsty. I went to grab a water and ran into a friend, Lizzy, in the line. She took one look at me and pulled me aside. I honestly didn't realize how overwhelmed I was by everything until that point. We didn't even need to

verbally communicate for her to know that there was something wrong. She fed me several waters, each of which I thirstily gulped down, repeatedly asking for more and seemingly sweating it out all at once.

Suddenly the crowd on the other side of the bar looked like somewhere I didn't belong. The crowd didn't carry a negative vibe, but I was uninterested and frightened at the prospect of joining them. It made me very uneasy to picture myself there. The music, too, was not fun and beautiful and giving me reason to dance as it had very briefly. It was just background noise to all the rest of the crazy shit that was happening.

Lizzy walked me to a nearby bench where I could feel the ocean breeze, gulp down some necessary water, and take some deep breaths. She told me to look out at the ocean. I did. It was surreal — the city lights were so far away, smudged across the scene like they were moving fast. They were beautiful, in a sort of messed up way that I couldn't wrap my brain around. Something disturbed me about the lights. I became cognizant of the fact that we were on a big globe floating in space, perfectly balanced to sustain life, and I began to cry.

"It's so crazy that there's so much in this world," I said, unable to capture the magnitude of my emotions in my words. I cried and hugged Lizzy. I felt in that moment that she was like a beautiful angel to me, the sweetest soul I had ever encountered. I hugged her so tightly and apologized many times for her having to hang out with me instead of listening to the music. She told me not to apologize, and that she had just been downstairs for a while because she, too, had been overwhelmed by the crowds and music. I

couldn't stop telling her how much I loved her, how amazing she was. I thought about everyone I felt this way about and sobbed.

The ocean breeze, though lovely, became too cold for me quickly. I was shaking and I wasn't sure if it was from the drugs or the cold, but it was probably both. Lizzy and I migrated downstairs, where a few people were listening to a different, smaller artist. There were no crowds and the space was basically empty. We sat on a bench far from other people, where I wouldn't worry about people judging me or questioning me.

The music downstairs was weird and trance-y, not the type I usually listen to, but it meshed well with the scene in front of me — a dim lit, nearly empty room, existing below the commotion of upstairs, seeming nearly unaware of it. The ancient lights dangling from the wall were an eerie, unnatural yellow, perhaps aged by years of being turned on and off for cruise-goers. The ceiling was webbed with pink-colored pipes, all criss-crossing over one another in a precise manner. The room felt alive in a weird way. I felt as though I was melting into it, becoming part of the strange vibe it was emitting.

"You're smiling," Lizzy told me, smiling at me, clearly excited at the change of mood. I realized then that her pupils expanded nearly to the edge of her irises and that my teeth were grinding.

"I feel good," I said, laughing, "I feel weird." And I was okay with feeling weird. I put my hands out in front of me and opened and closed my fingers. I liked the way it felt. It felt like I had regained some control and that I was able to become one with my surroundings, however odd they were.

This feeling didn't last long.

Miranda and a friend of hers who I hadn't previously met came over to my friend and I. "The show is over," Miranda said very factually, seemingly apathetic toward this news. People began trailing down the stairs, off the ship. We had docked. She then noticed me, with what I would later observe in the mirror to be wild eyes and grinding teeth.

"What's wrong with you?" She asked. Her face contorted to a look of disgust. I felt uneasy once again.

"I just didn't like the crowds," I muttered unconvincingly.

"Oh," she said with the same look of disgust, and a tone to match it, "I don't understand. So you guys weren't at the concert?"

"No," I said.

"Oh," same look of disgust, same tone, "I don't get it. Did you just not like the music?"

I felt so uncomfortable I was ready to get up and leave. Her negative energy seemed to be radiating from her and being absorbed by me. I felt such negative emotions towards her. Ones that I had repressed for years suddenly spilling out at once, uncontrollably. She was unpredictable, and I didn't like it.

"Miranda, can you stop?" Lizzy asked.

Miranda looked startled, as though she'd been hit. I couldn't understand how she seemingly couldn't comprehend her own wrongdoing in the situation. I was clearly uncomfortable, couldn't she see that?

“Can I talk to you for a second Miranda?” Lizzy asked. Miranda and my friend stepped aside. I carried on a fairly normal conversation with Miranda’s friend. I wondered why Miranda’s friend seemed to be able to converse with me without making me feel so uncomfortable but Miranda, someone I had known for years, couldn’t. I was later told by my friend that Miranda was appalled that my friend had pulled her aside, and that she didn’t understand what she’d done wrong. She stormed off the boat after their conversation, and we didn’t see them for the rest of the night.

Lizzy and I met up with the rest of the group outside the ship.

“I want to walk,” I said. The group agreed, finding a club downtown to walk to, a mile and a half down the road. I noticed then that most of the group that had been rolling looked disturbed. As though they’d seen something they wished they hadn’t. I no longer felt alone in what I was feeling.

Jan, especially, became a solace for me. I could tell she felt what I was feeling, and that was comforting in an odd way.

“Can I feel your bag?” She asked. I said yes, and she rubbed my bag between her thumb and pointer finger as we walked. “I like how it feels,” she said. I just liked that we were on the same wavelength.

I made comments about things, observations as we walked by the water then closer to downtown. The city was bustling — something I liked to watch from a distance but didn’t want to be involved in. I enjoyed walking. The movement felt nice, the air felt nice. Some things I pointed out to Jan made her happy and excited.

Other things bothered her. For example, the shared bike racks, she did not like. “Can we not talk about that?” She would say. And I would happily oblige. I could not predict what Jan would or would not like. It was like a game. But I did not like it because I didn’t understand the rules of the game. The walk was slow as we stopped many times for people to go to the bathroom/cross the street/buy a snack.

I caught the eye of Joe one of the others in the group who was rolling, but highly experienced with drugs, especially psychedelics. It hadn’t dawned on me until I saw the deep look of disturbance in his eye that I’d seen in Jan’s, and presumed was in my own, that I realized he too, was having a negative time. I made small comments and chatted a little, but he seemed to be content singing to himself, occasionally opening his arms to the sky to belt out a chorus, and otherwise remaining quiet. It comforted me, however, to know that he was on Jan and I’s wavelength, too.

One of our friends, Alice, who had not been rolling, but was entirely wasted from menthol vodka shots, began performing a drunken stand-up routine on the side of the road. She began speaking really slowly into an imaginary microphone. I found it entertaining and comical, but didn’t like that she was being unpredictable in her drunken state. Jan really hated it and told me she needed to get away from Alice.

We arrived at the club downtown and found out that some of the members of our group couldn’t get in because of what they were wearing. We proceeded, against my will, to a club/bar in a snotty area of the city that I avoid. Somewhere I feel completely out of place even when I am sober. Again, I felt like an observer

in a place I didn't belong. The décor was ridiculous, it seemed for the setting – rustic feeling, wood-paneled everything, chalkboard drink menus, with a stuffed deer head overlooking the bar's patrons, mostly 20-something, clean-cut, probably finance professionals. I went to the bathroom myself and felt the stares of all of the nicely dressed women, fully aware of my dirty Doc Martens, crocheted halter top and trippy-printed shorts. I will never fit in in a place like this, I thought. But that was okay to me. After four years of trying to somehow relate to my peers at business school, it was okay to me that I didn't fit in with them. This was probably the most positive revelation of my night.

We didn't stay for long, much to my relief. When some friends and I returned to my apartment, they fell right asleep but I laid awake until the sun rose, mostly spiraling into a pit of negative thoughts then talking my way out of them. This is a technique I learned when sometimes in a tough spot on marijuana, and something that proved helpful.

I am ultimately, in a twisted way, glad this experience happened to me for a few reasons.

1. I am learning to accept and respect my limits with hard drugs. I have only ever microdosed on hallucinogens and taken small doses of MDMA, because I like to be in control. I assumed, for some uneducated reason, that taking more MDMA would just mean more of the positive feeling. It did not this time. It just meant that it hit me much harder in the initial wave and that people's vibes (i.e. Miranda's) affected me waaay more than usual. I know now that I should take less or take MDMA in increments.

2. I know who's there for me and who isn't. It's cheesy, but it's true. I had repressed feelings about Miranda for too long to the point where, when in a highly peaked emotional state, her behavior and presence were extremely negative for me and I had to finally face my feelings towards her. Lizzy, on the other hand, ensured that I had a good time by, in a way, sacrificing her own night.
3. The setting where I take drugs is extremely important. Crowds are not my style. Boats, where there is no chance of escape, are not really my style either. I like to dance and be with my friends.

Jewels. "Very Much Feeling the Vibes - Good and Bad: An Experience with MDMA (exp112022)". Erowid.org. Jun 16, 2018. erowid.org/exp/112022



CANNABIS

Cannabinoid

Nostalgic Panic on Bong Hits

Personal Data

User	iSkank
Experience Year	2009
Age at Time	23
Gender	Male
Body Weight	63.5 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Cannabis	4 hits	Smoked
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A few months ago, I had a bit of a freak out (to put it mildly). I have wanted to write down exactly what happened both in my mind and in the real world, but didn't know how to put it. Well, I'm swallowing my pride and doing it. It's probably not going to be completely coherent, but it is, at least, honest and a very accurate representation of what I perceived to be happening. Despite my fears and perceptions, the people involved handled the situation brilliantly and I could not have got through it without them.

It started at Tom's, while Taya and I were watching The Wonderland Experience with Tom in his bedroom. At least, I would guess that's when it started. I don't really have a sense of beginnings with these things, it's more of a gradual change. There are a lot of uncertainties with this kind of experience, but I'm pretty sure the frame of mind I was in was a familiar one. I have been smoking weed for a while now, and I know the risks. I won't go too far into details, but suffice to say, I've done my research. Every experience with the drug is different - I have experienced

extreme creativity, elation, philosophy and sadness. All very different frames of mind, but all common in some way. There is always a point in the evening when I feel a certain detachment from my universe. This happens from day to day all the time, but when smoking weed I feel less sensitive to my surroundings, and I can analyze this experience more closely.

The best way to describe it to someone that doesn't know is this:
When I'm reading a book and my mind trails off — not necessarily away from the story, but doesn't literally read the words on the page. Suddenly I find myself right at the bottom of a page I don't remember reading, but I know my eyes have scanned the words. My brain has the words in it somewhere, but I have no real recollection of them. I visit this frame of mind quite often when stoned. It can often mean that I don't grasp what's going on in a film we're watching, or understand what someone might have said to me, but as it's only an intermittent thing, and not all night, it's not a big problem, and can often lead to interesting adventures around my mind.

It's sort of like I'm sitting in the back of my head, watching my life play out on a cinema screen. Thinking about what's happening, and leaving my body to react instinctively.

Sometimes, when I've had particularly trippy weed and there are no real distractions around me, I feel like I've gone up another level altogether, and I'm watching my subconscious mind playing with my conscious thoughts while I sit in another cinema in my sub-subconscious. This sub-sub conscious cinema is very interesting and exciting. I can introduce a conscious thought, like a picnic in the park, and watch my subconscious flip through files so-to-speak - memories, ideas...often, for some reason, I will see vintage cartoons detailing aspects of the thought. Cartoons I don't remember seeing in real life, but that my subconscious uses to analyze a thought. If I try hard enough I can see this happening during the daytime, when not under the influence. I have come to the conclusion that this is how my brain works. That makes sense to me, and it seems incredible that I can see these inner workings taking place.

Now, this is all well and good, but one evening, after watching the aforementioned Wonderland Experience, a disturbing situation arose. We had had a few shotties and I was feeling contentedly high. I sort of remember the beginning and the end of the film, but have very little recollection of what went on in-between. It is likely that I had a bit of a trip into my sub (or sub-sub)-conscious during this time, and came back to reality after that.

Except I didn't seem to fully return to the real world. I remember someone

putting Family Guy on, and sitting while Taya and Tom laughed and chatted. I was slowly becoming aware of an unintentional detachment from the room. Try as I might, I couldn't grasp the storyline on Family Guy. It wasn't that it was moving too fast, I just couldn't connect jokes to punchlines or anything. This is not an unfamiliar experience, but it felt a little unnerving because I had a small niggling feeling of claustrophobia, and the sensation that the longer I sat there, the deeper I was falling. Then I felt like I had been quiet for too long and that I should say something to bring me back to reality.

Usually at this point, something would come to mind and I would say it, but all I could focus on was the question of what I would say. I became fixated over the line between my positive and negative thoughts. I need to say something/what if I can't think of anything? I need to watch the TV/Why can't I understand it? I need to get back to reality/what if I stay like this forever? This fixation quickly evolved into panic, and I was becoming aware that my heart was beating quickly. This sometimes happens when smoking weed, but due to me being already paranoid, I became extremely worried. The fixation of positives and negatives evolved into a logical thought process: what if my state of mind followed a long line, with happiness at the top, death at the bottom and whatever was happening to me, right in the middle. I got more and more worked up about this and decided I was having a panic attack. I couldn't help but think about the line of mental wellbeing I had conjured up:

Happy
Pondering
Philosophical

Obsession / Fear
Panic Attack
Madness (Alzheimers, Autism, Aspergers
etc.)
Unconscious
Heart attack
Death

I truly believe what followed was an episode of utter madness (though I now see madness to be another state of mind that, depending on how far down the rabbit hole one is, one may have the ability to control the outcome). Tom asked if I was OK. Apparently I was ‘fidgeting’. I knew that I had felt like I didn’t know how I should sit, like sitting was alien to me. Like being in my own body was alien to me, so naturally I was trying to get comfortable, and this appeared very strange to an outsider. I suppose it would have appeared similar to a baby in a high chair. Uncomfortable, but unaware of how to move his body properly to get comfortable.

Anyway, when Tom quite rightly asked if I was OK, it acted like a catalyst. It made it not in my head. Suddenly, my fear that something wasn’t right was amplified because others noticed it. My heart was beating too hard and too fast for me to keep it to myself now, so I decided I absolutely had to say something. After deliberating how to do this for what I believe to be quite some time, I turned to Taya and said “My heart’s beating really fast”, or words to that effect. I’m not sure how I said this. I tried to sound calm, but the concern I was feeling must have come through in my voice and Taya started to panic too. It suddenly occurred to me that I had never witnessed someone panic openly about my health. I looked at Taya and saw the same questions in her eyes as the ones I was thinking. “What’s wrong with him?”,

“What if we have to go to hospital?”, “What if it’s serious?” I said I was having a panic attack, and Tom suggested we go and make a cup of tea. He was trying to sound calm so that I wouldn’t panic any more, and that sort of helped, but I could see that it wasn’t real calm, and my mind was telling me that if he’s suggesting something new to do, then it must be because something bad is happening to me.

When Tom quite rightly asked if I was OK, it acted like a catalyst. It made it not in my head.

As I stood up, the full weight of my state of mind hit me. Even though I was doing and saying things, it felt like I was still in my subconscious cinema. Rather than just doing things and saying things, it was like I was ordering my body to say and do things. I could literally feel the delay in reaction and the messages coursing through my nervous system. Like I was controlling an organic robot from inside. I suddenly felt another wave of panic as I thought about my heart racing. It felt like I was controlling how fast it was going. The more I obsessed, the faster it would beat. Naturally I thought back to the line of wellbeing. I was right in the middle of it. The fact that we were downstairs making a cup of tea was because I was right in the middle of it.

I began to think that I had the power to decide how far down the line I wanted to go, and that the panic attack was the turning point that allowed me to do this. It was such a strong feeling that it felt like a certainty. Like if I concentrated enough, I would make my heart beat so fast it would

just stop. This naturally made me panic, so somehow I calmed myself down again. Every time the wave of panic came over me, I could feel my muscles tense, my blood throbbing in my ears. I stood and watched the kettle starting to boil, as the feeling of positive/negative thoughts returned and I began to feel like I had said everything before. Like I couldn't think of anything but the handful of phrases swimming round my head. And every time I said one of them, the reply from Tom appeared to be the same as last time (almost as if he was mocking me, though I knew even then that he wasn't). I paced up and down the kitchen involuntarily, while Tom made Tea. The atmosphere seemed stale, like it wasn't mine. The feeling I normally got when I sensed another person in the room wasn't there. I was just watching Tom make tea in a movie. Through waves of tears and terror at feeling nothing I managed a conversation, but I am certain now that I perceived it very differently to the actual events:

Me: "Is this what mad people feel like? What if I stay like this?"

Tom: "It's normal, don't worry. Just let it wash over you."

Me: "What if I stay like this? I've said that before. It's like I'm in a loop, everything keeps repeating like in the movies"

Tom: "Ha ha, yeah. It happens sometimes when you smoke weed; it's normal, don't worry."

Me: "Is this what mad people feel like? What if I stay like this? I've said that before"

Tom: "Just let it wash over you."

Me: "It's like Groundhog day, everything keeps repeating"

etc etc etc.

I craved something new. I knew in the back of my mind that I wasn't really experiencing things over and over. But I was worried that I was perceiving it as such, and that inner turmoil between thinking I was looping, and knowing in my mind it wasn't real brought me back, over and over, to the original thought about my positive and negative thoughts happening in tandem and me not being able to see one without the other.

I went into the living room and said, "This is new!" But it didn't feel new; and it didn't feel real either. Everything still felt plastic. I couldn't feel a connection to my environment and I kept fixating on that. I just wanted to go to sleep, in the hopes that I would wake up and it would all be gone. In a moment of what I thought to be clarity, I realized that I felt like I was looping the last four things I did/said/saw. Taya came downstairs after presumably hearing me wailing, and I tried to hug her. I can't remember what I said to her, or if I just cried but I know it was embarrassingly dramatic. Things were still looping, and I was becoming increasingly saddened by the fact that I could feel her next to me, but only physically. It was like the instinctive senses weren't working properly. I couldn't sense her in the room, even though I was making physical contact. I begged her to talk to me about something new, and after some deliberation she asked me what I wanted to get for our shopping the next day. I couldn't think about it properly. I think I said a couple of items - peppers, crisps - but it seemed like such an ordeal to think about

the real world. It seemed much more natural to analyze why I couldn't think straight. To sit in my mind-cinema and think about what was happening in the real world rather than actually address it.

Tom brought me my cup of Tea, and we all went back upstairs. I felt like Taya and Tom had decided I was out of it. Someone may have said something to that effect, but I don't recall. Interestingly, this seemed to tell me to calm down and not worry, even though I was still feeling disconnected. I sat down again, back in the bedroom and Tom started doing something on the computer. Possibly continuing the episode of Family Guy, but I can't remember. I was still looping every last 4 things that happened. Tom said I seemed like I was over the worst of it now; but I insisted everything still felt strange and that things were repeating.

As soon as I had said it, I felt another wave of deja vu and of course another wave of panic. Then Tom said, "It happens sometimes when you smoke weed" I felt angry at Tom because I was sure he had said that last time I spoke about looping, and that he was just mocking me. Another wave followed. "Shall we do something else?" he asked, and we decided to play Halo 3. Try as I might, I couldn't concentrate on the game, and kept going into autopilot. All I could think about was that there was a single thought - the idea that positive and negative thoughts happen simultaneously all the time and that if you concentrate on them, you won't be able to think of anything without seeing its positive/negative partner, the everything starts to look/feel/sound the same and you fall back into your subconscious and can't get out - that got me half way down my Line of Wellbeing to Panic Attack, and that once I

was in that frame of mind, I could control my mental health by thinking about the possibility that I could control my mental health. A very confusing thought, but again this is likely to make sense to anyone who has had a philosophical experience with Cannabis.

I wanted to go home, but I felt that if I expressed this desire out loud, it would address the fact that something was wrong again, which would start the whole attack all over again. I felt my heart beat start to pound again, but this time I managed to ignore it. "I think I would like to call a Taxi," I said "Probably the best idea, all things considered." I had addressed the issue quite eloquently, and for this I felt a swell of pride. It was the first time since the start of the evening that I had felt anything real or positive so I decided to go with it.

It went on like that for the rest of the night. Flipping either side of the panic attack on the Line of Wellbeing. Even waiting for the Taxi outside Tom's, I couldn't smile at Taya properly. It was like I had forgotten how to express emotion. I was still 'telling'

**It seemed much more natural to
analyse why I couldn't think straight.**

my body to do stuff right up until I got into bed that night. I was apprehensive about going to sleep now, as my mind would be free to wonder without any visual stimuli, but after two or three waves of small to moderate panic, I finally fell asleep. It had been a very scary ordeal. I had obviously unsettled Taya, and for that I felt terrible. She pointed out to me the next morning that I couldn't recall my address to the

Taxi driver. It wasn't that I didn't know it, I just couldn't stop thinking about the situation. I couldn't get out of my mind-cinema.

The next day, I felt a lot better. I even felt vaguely normal. But it would be a good couple of weeks before I completely recovered. Reality kept sitting just out of reach. I decided to call home, to hear my mum's voice. Had I been completely *compos mentis*¹ I would probably left it a few days before calling her, or at least not blurted out the entire night's events to her, sounding like a hopeless heroin junkie. It was clear to both Taya and I for the two weeks after the event, that I still wasn't making decisions properly.

I decided to stay away from weed for at least a couple of weeks. And even when I do take it, it's only in very small doses, among people that understand my situation. Even now, on a normal day and I'm staring into space, and someone asks me if I'm OK, I am taken aback for a moment and my heart rate raises slightly.

Tom explained the situation in a unique and helpful way, the next time I saw him. He said that when I freaked out, I basically fell over a cliff's edge. The next time I smoke, I'll probably take a tumble down the cliff face again, but I'll find a branch and climb back up - if I'm afraid it'll happen, it probably will - but my experience tells me it doesn't matter if it does. Then, the next time, I'll walk along, see the cliff and run away. A few months down the line, I'll be dancing on the edge, possibly bungee jumping off it. And in a few years I won't even see it as an issue. It'll be just something that happened a long time ago. I like that metaphor. It makes a lot of sense.

I have tried weed since, and stopped after a couple of tokes because I could feel myself falling into the trap again. I don't think the weed was having any effect on me at all (I hadn't had much at all), it was just the fear of it happening again that brought it back. Once I realized that, I was OK. I don't like going into my own world too much any more, but it's important to know that it doesn't matter if I do. It's sort of like quicksand. If the only thing I concentrate on is getting the hell out of it, I'll sink further. But if I just let it happen, chances are I'll be OK. I know now that if I do have a panic attack, I have the power to pull myself out of it. It's just something that can happen to people; weed or not.

As terrifying as it was, I am actually glad of the experience. For one thing, it taught me a lot about my own mind (something Tom assured me would happen to anyone who takes any drug regularly), and for another, I know now that panic attacks are just something that people can go through, whether it be triggered by a particular frame of mind, or thought; or just a chemical fuck up in their brain. The main thing is I know I can come out of it now, no matter how fatal it seems.

iSkank. "Nostalgic Panic on Bong Hits: An Experience with Cannabis (exp87624)". Erowid.org. Jul 15, 2017. erowid.org/exp/87624

¹ *Compos mentis* is Latin for "having control/mastery of one's mind." (Legal Information Institute, Cornell Law School)

Toking Again After 25 Years

Personal Data

User	zogdreamer/kat
Experience Year	2008
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Female
Body Weight	Not Given

Dosage

T + 0:00	Cannabis	4 hits	Smoked
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Well first of all I suppose I should explain why the 25 year gap. It seems that in my late twenties, I became a little too fond of alcohol. It was messing up my life. I was not in control and I experienced several blackouts which I was very disturbed by. So when it was suggested to me that my problem was that I had become an alcoholic, I reluctantly decided that I had to investigate. In 1982 I stopped drinking for about 7 months and attended numerous AA meetings¹. I kept looking for someone to tell me that I was not an alcoholic. I was looking in the wrong place.

I finally concluded that the only way to prove that I wasn't an alcoholic would be to drink again and not have trouble. Well that worked really well for one evening. The next night as I was celebrating my new found non-alcoholism, I realized that perhaps I was in trouble. However, I felt the need for further experimentation and didn't return to AA until the following spring. One unfortunate side effect of AA indoctrination was that I could no longer party innocently unaware of the knowledge that I was a hopeless alcoholic.

In other words AA had ruined my drinking. So I sobered up again and adopted an AA way of life for the next five years. I met my husband in AA and married him after three years of sobriety. After 5 years or so I was very bored with AA. I had accepted that I could not drink in safety but I was really tired of talking about it. So I gradually started withdrawing from AA. Around this time my husband had a material awakening and we both underwent a complete AA detox. It was a lot like deprogramming ourselves after being in a cult. Neither of us drank. Years went by. We had a baby. We had been moving around the country a few times due to school and jobs and landed in California, eventually settling in the foothills east of Sacramento when my daughter was three years old. Been here ever since.

I'd always maintained that pot was never my problem but I quit smoking it because it tended to make me forget why I shouldn't drink. I believed that my years of ingesting psychedelics probably forestalled my alcoholism for ten to fifteen years. I also firmly believed that pot should be legal-

¹ Alcoholics Anonymous is a global peer-led mutual aid fellowship begun in the United States dedicated to abstinence-based recovery from alcoholism through its spiritually inclined twelve-step program (Wikipedia).

² A puff on a marijuana cigarette or pipe (Merriam-Webster).

ized. Just because I didn't smoke it didn't mean I wanted to kill anybody else's buzz. Meanwhile time had been seriously passing. I was well into middle age when my daughter was in middle school. In fact I was usually about ten-fifteen years older than most of the other Moms due to my "lost years" (I wasn't really lost, I'd just been traveling a lesser known road) and I was sitting in when they had the guest lecturer on drugs come in to tell the kiddies about the evils of drugs and alcohol. I used to joke with people that I'd tried every drug that had been invented before I sobered up. But there were a few I knew nothing about like Ecstasy because it just wasn't well known back then. Imagine my surprise when I learned that Ecstasy was in fact MDMA which I'd really enjoyed once upon a time. I was really tickled by that little piece of trivia. Another interesting surprise was when I heard that Cannabis was supposedly a lot stronger than it used to be. Now this was intriguing to me. I was admittedly curious. But I didn't do anything about it. At least not for another 5 years.

The high hasn't changed that much. You just get there on fewer hits.

I'm not exactly sure when I determined that I wanted to smoke pot again.

Maybe it was when the aches and pains of arthritis began to seriously impair my ability to enjoy life. I kept hurting myself in my efforts to get some healthy exercise. I had to have knee surgery. I needed physical therapy for a shoulder injury. I fell down walking my dog and limped for six months after. Maybe it was the number of medical marijuana sites I stumbled upon

on the Internet. I started wondering if I should try pot to see if it helped.

I lived in California after all. It ought to be easy to get some pot. Not as easy as you think. I'm now fifty something years old and I live over 3,000 miles away from any of my old connections. I tried asking my doctor if he thought it would help. He said, "It's not the standard of treatment. I wouldn't recommend it. Besides, it will make you gain weight." Very disappointing answer. Fortunately the woman who sometimes cleans my house had become a pretty good friend. She was the usual fifteen years younger than me and had kids my daughter's age. We talked a lot about what we were like as teenagers (so much wilder than kids today). She mentioned that her husband still smoked pot but claimed that she didn't. I told her how I didn't now but used to and didn't think there was anything wrong with it. I'd keep bringing up stuff I'd found about pot on the Internet and how I thought about getting one of those medical marijuana cards and she told me that her husband had gotten one once after getting busted so he could legally smoke during the mandatory rehab period. I was reluctant to really get one though. I'm not a big truster in the government's benevolence.

Finally she admitted to me that she sometimes indulged on weekends and agreed to turn me on. So at last I am able to report on what it's like to get stoned after 25 years of abstinence. At first I choked. I'm not accustomed to inhaling hot smoke any more and the first toke² was a bit of a shock to my lungs. It didn't taste quite the way I recalled. Of course now that I think about it, there was a lot of variety in the taste of pot back then too and I guess I just had this rosy memory of the very

best flavor. I didn't feel stoned immediately and I wanted to keep smoking even though my friend only took a couple of hits and said she'd had enough. Silly me. I smoked approximately $\frac{1}{3}$ of a joint³ of a homegrown sinsemilla⁴ that was yellowish green color, sticky with resin.

That "Don't take Drugs" lecturer at Helen's school was right about it being stronger than it used to be. The high hasn't changed that much. You just get there on fewer hits. I wonder if it's because of the Sinsemilla revolution? Back in the old days most good pot had tons of seeds. The more loaded with seeds the greater the concentration of bud. Yes, we smoked the leaves too. We weren't a bunch of pot farming connoisseurs back then, we were mostly middle class suburban white kids. The Internet hadn't been invented yet. When we talked about different kinds of pot, we identified it by what country it came from, not which plant family. And we sneered at most home-grown. Good pot was mostly believed to have come from Acapulco, Jamaica or Colombia (of course the little plastic sandwich baggies came from the grocery store so we didn't really know where it came from). Wheww! It seems Like I just had a Grampa Simpson moment just now. OK, I'm not trying to speak for a generation, I'm just relating my impressions of suburban drug culture in New England in the 70s. I think I turned on for the first time in 1969 just like most folks on the east coast. It didn't seem to matter how old you were in 1969 (I was fourteen). That was just the year when the counter-culture tidal wave reached the east coast.

Back to my first experience stoned after 25 years. I felt the familiar buzz and fuzziness and a smile landed on my face that just wouldn't quit. Kelly and I became really

chatty and almost but not quite tripped over into uncontrolled laughter over nothing in particular. Time seemed to slow down. I remember the television was on and wished we had music instead.

Then I had to get home and make supper. I took the back way home and used my cruise control so I wouldn't go too fast or slow.

[*Erowid Note: Driving while intoxicated, tripping, or extremely sleep deprived is dangerous and irresponsible because it endangers other people. Don't do it!*]

In a lot of ways I felt like a kid again and felt just a tad sneaky for not telling my husband about it. We've been married for twenty two years and we've had our ups and downs but we've been in a real good space for the last 3-4 years and I don't want to rock the boat. I don't want to mess with the marital dynamic just yet. I'm not sure whether I'm making a permanent shift in lifestyle or just experimenting. My next plan is to try smoking before exercising to see if it prevents pain. Anyway, nobody noticed anything different at home. We have a pretty laid back household so it wasn't difficult at all.

zogdreamer/kat. "Taking Again After 25 Years: An Experience with Cannabis (exp76658)". Erowid.org. Sep 5, 2011. erowid.org/exp/76658

³ A joint is a rolled cannabis cigarette. Unlike commercial tobacco cigarettes, the user ordinarily hand-rolls joints with rolling papers, though in some cases they are machine-rolled (Wikipedia).

⁴ Cannabis sinsemilla is the female Cannabis plant that has not been pollinated and therefore does not develop seeds, increasing the concentration of cannabinoids (Wikipedia).



Ladies and Gents, He Has Achieved Liftoff...

Personal Data

User	DBLR
Experience Year	2022
Age at Time	30
Gender	Male
Body Weight	66 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Cannabis	0.5 mg	Edible
T + 0:30	Cannabis	0.5 mg	Edible
T + 1:00	Cannabis	0.5 mg	Edible
T + 1:10	Cannabis	0.5 mg	Edible

Consciousness has always been a topic of intrigue to me; in particular, ways and means of exploring and mapping states of consciousness to ordinary reality. The first reason, I pursue it for personal or spiritual growth. The second reason, practical knowledge in creating an artificially conscious mind i.e. real Artificial Intelligence.

In regards to personal or spiritual growth, I consider myself a spiritual person, but I don't subscribe to any religion. I've had mystical experiences in my teens, when I was a Christian, and similarly had mystical experiences in my 30s, without identifying with any religion. Consequently, I view psychoactive substances, shamanism¹, language, real-life experiences etc, as useful tools in understanding consciousness and navigating the human experience. Despite the knowledge of the effects of psychoactive substances from researching the experiences of dedicated psychonauts², I rarely engage with any substances. I practice the art of flying with my feet firmly planted on the ground, which is a way of altering my reality through real-life expe-

riences, without the use of mind-altering drugs. With that said, I have previously taken a functional approach to CBD, some years ago, as a substitute for massages. This was solely for use after long and intense cycling training efforts, as it worked as a great muscle relaxer for me. I have used CBD maybe 2-3 times, in the last ~2-3 years, once to enhance a sexual experience, and the other, to try and relax my body after some Long-Covid issues.

On to my experience, I had recently had dental surgery. The dentist offered me Norco, an opioid, to address the pain. However, I politely declined but accepted Ibuprofen (Motrin) instead. I had similarly declined being put to sleep for the surgery. As previously mentioned, I choose to navigate life in its rawness as much as I can, without the numbing effects of alcohol or psychoactives. Big mistake on my part! The pain was excruciating. I almost went into a state of delirium as a result of the pain, back at my place. At the tail end of the recovery process, I decided to introduce CBD to speed up the process, particularly in relaxing my jaws.

¹ Shamanism is a system of religious practice. It involves belief that shamans, with a connection to the otherworld, have the power to heal the sick, communicate with spirits, and escort souls of the dead to the afterlife (Wikipedia).

² A person who uses altered states for such exploration is known as a psychonaut (Wikipedia).

I bought some hemp derived CBD gummies with less than 0.3% delta 9 THC. They contained 15 mg THC and 15 mg CBD³ per gummy. Aside from that, the ingredient list states that they contain sodium citrate, buffered pectin, natural flavor, natural color, distilled water, granulated sugar, citric acid, hemp seed oil, 43 DE tapioca syrup. The person at the shop that sold it had asked me what I needed it for. I mentioned the pain from dental surgery and maybe relax a bit, in which case he suggested those particular gummies. I rarely use THC, as it has given me headaches and feelings of paranoia in the past.

It was a Friday in September at 7:30 pm when I took the gummies. I had taken a single gummy the previous Saturday and simply fell asleep. I had therefore committed to taking two gummies, for the best possible outcome. At the time, I was upstairs in my bedroom, getting ready to jump into bed for some reading. I'm a hermit by nature, and therefore it was unlikely that there would be any distraction. If you were curious as to why I was getting into bed that early on a Friday, Long-Covid! I caught the first wave of Covid in February 2020, and it has significantly affected my quality of life since.

I got into bed, bit off half a gummy, and started reading. I was reading *Be Here Now* by Ram Dass. I had read some of it years ago, and bits of it resonated with me at the time. I had somewhat felt inclined to pick it up off my bookshelf a couple of weeks earlier, for no apparent reason. At the 8 pm mark, I took another half-gummy. I kept on reading, but at some point, it became apparent that I wasn't making much progress. I was reading the same sentence over and over. I haven't

meditated in a long time, but it occurred to me to do so as the gummy started to kick in.

Off the bed, and onto the floor I was, setting myself up for meditation. I was uncomfortable, as I can barely hold a lotus position due to my long-leggedness. The lights in my bedroom were still on. I turned around, picked up the other gummy and bit off half of it. This is likely within the 8 – 9 pm window. About 10 minutes later, I decided to eat the remaining half gummy, turn off the lights and commit to the meditation. The discomfort of the floor and lotus position forced me back onto the bed. I would meditate in the dark, laying on my back, on the bed. However, the meditation was rapidly going nowhere. Rather, strange feelings of paranoia started kicking in. There were voices and songs in my head, and I realized this is what it's like to go mad. Check please, this is not what I had signed up for!

The thing with the drug-induced paranoia, it doesn't just go away because it's no longer convenient for me to experience it. If anything, it became an echo chamber for experiencing even more paranoia. I decided to quickly manage my state. I got up, turned on the lights, and sat at the edge of the bed, trying to meditate again. The feeling of paranoia, or rather, something being off was increasing. I opened my eyes, looked around and the wall above my closet seemed to be melting, but it looked sinister in my state of mind. More of an energetic sinister than visual sinister. I got up, took myself to the bathroom, faced the mirror and tried to reassure myself that all was well. While in the bathroom, my legs started feeling weak. The state of paranoia was still persistent, and particularly the feeling that I was going to

³ THC stands for tetrahydrocannabinol and CBD stands for cannabidiol, both of which are substances found in cannabis plants. CBD is often sold as an oil, is not psychoactive, and has certain medicinal properties. THC, on the other hand, is the main psychoactive chemical in marijuana (San Antonio Recovery Center).

die. At this point, I knew I was in trouble. I was having a bad trip and there was no way out. I could barely manage my mental state, help is what I really needed, short of going mad. The switch was almost being flipped, and you would find me in your local neighborhood, half-naked or naked, raving about how Jesus came to shave your chin because your mother loves goats, or something similar.

I went back to my bedroom, picked up my phone, and typed a message; send 911. This was a message to a friend that I can trust with my life. However, I didn't press send. For one, she's out of state. Two, she would have no idea why and trying to text back and forth in my mental state at the time would have been a chore. I left the message there as a safety net. I would call 911 by myself. I put on some pants, went to the bathroom and brushed my hair, then went downstairs.

The first thing I did was to unlock the door as I was feeling that I was about to pass out. I was rapidly losing motor control and therefore I decided to write a note regarding what happened. I picked up a piece of mail and tried to write what had happened on the back of it. I was barely able to write the words, too much. Underneath those words, I drew an arrow and wrote the number 2, indicating the number of gummies I had taken. I picked up the pack of gummies and the note, and wanted to go next door to my neighbors and ring their doorbell. However, my motor control was still rapidly deteriorating, and therefore I opted for the couch, sat on it. I lay on the couch for a bit to see if it got better. I looked at the time, it was 9:38 pm. After what seemed like hours later, I looked at the time, and it was only 9:41 pm. That's it, it was time for 911. I dialed the number.

A lady picked up at the other end and asked what my emergency was. I barely slurred the words, too much weed, back to her. She asked if I needed help and I said yes. She went through the exercise of asking for my details, which I was somehow able to conjure up. I struggled to maintain consciousness but was able to provide her with most of the answers till the point she mentioned that help was on the way.

At this point, she started asking mostly typical questions to keep me on the line. However, I was rapidly losing consciousness and I let her know that. I apologized in mid-speech for the fact that I was about to pass out while on the line with her, stopped and looked at the phone in my hand, which had somewhat acquired a strong magnetic presence, and it was being repulsed from my face by the magnetic presence between it and my face. I passed out.

At this point, paranoia had turned into a bit of sadness and amusement. I was sure that I was dying.

At this point, paranoia had turned into a bit of sadness and amusement. I was sure that I was dying. My mother had recently visited, and she told me the story of one of her neighbors who recently died from a drug overdose. This is a rare occurrence in her locale. I was amused by the circumstances, because that is what seemed to be happening to me. I mentally apologized to her and other people I care for, for letting this happen to me. I was able to sit up again, and just in time to hear a radio outside my door. The door swung wide open, with a hello sir! A couple of folks from the fire department walked in.

At this point, I had regained consciousness. I was sitting on the couch with my head resting on my palm. The effect of the edibles⁴ seemed to be coming in waves i.e. peaks and lows. In the peaks, I was either passed out or in a state of paranoia. In the lows, I was aware of what was happening with some level of motor and mental control. The guys from the fire department asked me a bunch of questions in relation to what had happened, my previous experiences with the edibles etc, in addition to checking my blood glucose levels. When they were through, they asked if I could walk outside, to which I replied yes. I already had my wallet in my pocket, and simply picked up the phone which had dropped out of my hand when I passed out, then slipped on my crocs. We went outside and I locked the door after me. I live on the 3rd floor, in a building without elevators. The fire department folks had therefore lined up every couple of steps all the way down. I turned around and asked the guy behind me if we could use the alternate steps, but he insisted I go where they were taking me. Part of it was because it was sort of a walk of shame, which I was trying to avoid. Anyway, I obliged. This was the calm before the storm, and it seemed so poetic. At the time it didn't occur to me, but afterwards, it seemed like the firemen were lined up watching someone going to his funeral. They watched, in solemn silence. As I walked towards my fate, there was some kind of dramatic music that started playing in my head. It was short, repetitive and dramatic. I remember the tune, but the only lyrics I can remember out of it was, "...this is how I shed my tears".

I finally got to the bottom of the stairs, the paramedics were waiting. I was strapped onto a stretcher, and rolled down the alley

to the waiting ambulance. There were lots of firemen and police as I got put into the ambulance. The paramedic strapped me in, and connected me to the machines to check my vitals. He then asked if I had a preference of where I wanted to be taken. I just mentioned my insurance plan and he suggested a place where they would take me. Off we were to the ER, which is pretty close to me.

The inside of the ambulance was cool. The paramedic was on my left, engaged in reading my vitals. I was looking at the monitor in the ambulance and listening to the sound that was emanating from it. The dramatic music was still playing in my head, but mostly as a background sound. This was about two and a half hours into the experience, which should have been somewhere around 10 pm. I had therefore consciously fought off the effect of the gummies as much as I could, on and off, for two and a half hours. Even when I had passed out, I tried to regain control when I came back into consciousness. The tipping point of the gummies completely taking over never came in peace, as I had resorted to fight it off. I was hell bent on maintaining consciousness, because passing out signified death to me, as per my earlier paranoia.

Out of the blue, while I was still conscious and watching the monitor, I felt what seemed like my guts being ripped out of my body via the solar plexus area. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh!", I yelped in pain. This was somewhat of a cross between the sound of pain and an orgasmic release sound. The next thing I realized, I was being pulled up by some kind of gravitational force through different kinds of layers, the last of which seemed like slime or oil, black in color. This is similar to what

⁴ Edibles are food products infused with cannabis extract. Edibles come in many forms—including baked goods, candies, gummies, chocolates, lozenges, and beverages—and may be homemade or prepared commercially for dispensaries (National Institutes of Health).

you would see birds or so covered in, when there is an oil spill off a coast. The source of the gravitational pull started becoming visible as some kind of portal started opening where I was being pulled towards.

The oil-like substance was all over me, and as I got pulled towards the portal, I was shedding more and more of it, and turning into a light-like substance. The source of the gravitational pull, for lack of a better definition for it, was God-like, golden-ish in color. This was a gold-like, pure energy entity that appeared like a bright light or sun. I only caught a glimpse of it, and not the whole entity. I was finally through the portal and within the presence of this entity. The immediate reaction was that my jaw or so, dropped in shock and awe. Next, there was this perception that it was overwhelming to be in the presence of this entity, due to its pureness of being. It felt like burning when you get too close to a fire, unless you happen to be of the same quality as the fire. Almost immediately, I started falling backwards away from the gold-like, energetic entity and portal. I fell back into the slime or oil-like layer and got covered again by that substance. I kept falling all the way till I regained consciousness. The duration of this was maybe one or two seconds in normal time, but it felt slightly longer within the realm that I was sucked into.

As soon as I regained consciousness, which was immediately, the first thing I heard the paramedic say is that I looked like I had seen a ghost. I wanted to correct him and say God, not ghost, but I couldn't speak. My head was still lifted off the stretcher, my jaws were stuck open from the shock and awe, my hands were slightly lifted despite being strapped in. Essentially, my body was stuck in a posture reflect-

ing what felt like my guts being ripped out of my body through the solar plexus area. It was painful, but yet my face was stuck with this look of having seen a ghost, as per the paramedic's words.

Almost instantaneously after regaining consciousness, and hearing the paramedic's words, I lost it, or rather... I died, but not a clinical death. I regained consciousness again, but in a different form. This was a form of consciousness that was outside "my" body but within the ambulance. I could see the paramedic screaming "my" name and violently shaking "my" body, possibly to help it regain consciousness. However, I was watching him perform the actions from an out of body vantage point, on the right side of the ambulance. I could only look at the paramedic sadly, from this out of body vantage point, while he was screaming "my" name. I was trying to tell him that the name he was calling, used to be me, but I was no longer that... Obviously, he couldn't hear me because at this point I was not speaking from the physical body. My spirit or soul, was detached from the body, and it was simply observing the paramedic trying to revive what was previously my body. It no longer belonged to me, or anyone for that matter.

I lost consciousness again, from the vantage of this detached being. It was more like a memory gap rather than losing consciousness, in this new form. When I regained consciousness, I was in the hospital waiting room, with the paramedic standing next to me. My lips felt extremely dry. I tried to lick them, to moisten them, but my tongue felt as if it was a lizard or some kind of reptile's tongue. This feeling was terrifying. I was conflicted on trying to moisten my dry lips versus the feeling of experiencing a lizard's tongue in my

mouth. Finally, I was able to mumble a request for water to the paramedic. Based on his response, I could tell that he wasn't willing to give me any. After that point, I kept slipping into and out of consciousness, with my hands shaking now and then. I heard the paramedic tell someone else that I was tripping since they both seemed to be amused at how far I was gone.

I passed out again and I woke up right as I was being rolled into one of the emergency rooms. I slightly opened my eyes as I was being rolled in and the first image that struck me was that of Jesus on a cross, right above the entrance of the ER room. My hands were still wildly shaking. The nurses tried to ask each other what I was doing, with some of them speculating that I was praying. I was not praying. If anything, I had come to the conclusion that anything that I do as a human being, is pointless, in trying to earn my place in the presence of the gold-sun-like entity that I had encountered. The best I can do is to live my life... The rest has to be by grace, not by action. Purity of being, from a life well lived. Part of this conclusion is from the after effects of integrating the experience, and understanding that the moment when I was in mental despair, because it became apparent that everything I have done in life, is pointless, but yet, meaningful. It is all pointless, yet meaningful, for me... Was this the drug speaking, or just my state of being at the time?

I was still slipping into and out of consciousness, but no longer at the paranoia level, or levels I encountered in the ambulance. This was more like, in my head level. A couple of scenarios played over and over in my head, showing how my life

can or would spectacularly collapse from this incident. I live in California, and have somewhat lost compassion for the homeless after living in San Francisco for 7 yrs. The scenarios that played in my head were of chips falling in place, and my life spectacularly collapsing, such that I would be in the shoes of the homeless that I had lost compassion for. This was all a bit comical, and humbling... but I accepted it, if that was my fate from the experience.

When I completely regained consciousness, I buzzed the nurses at the ER. An attendant came over. I asked the time, and he said it was 1:05 am. This is about 6 hrs into the experience. He asked me to relax and go to sleep. When I woke up again, it was ~3:05 am. A nurse kept coming by to check on me since my eyes were open, but every time, I couldn't speak. I could only barely whisper a word or two. This continued on and off til I was finally able to slightly lift the palm of my hand and acknowledge her as she approached me. A doctor came, checked on me, but I still couldn't speak. He asked me to move my eyes, and I barely moved them. He cracked a joke asking if I wanted more weed? I cracked a smile, but couldn't speak. I was discharged at around 7:30 am in the morning, but I could barely walk out of the ER. The rest of the day was spent sleeping.

Five days later, on a Wednesday, I woke up with a strong smell of the edibles still in my system. I was dizzy most of the day, but no related hallucinations or paranoia. I was completely in my head, but the biology needed to catch up. A week after the experience at the time of this writing, I am still experiencing soreness or discomfort around my solar plexus area, where my soul/spirit seemed to have been ripped out of me. There is overall body fatigue,

and it seems to have re-triggered some Long-Covid issues that I had previously addressed.

The day after the experience, I was almost at the point of losing my mind because of that single moment of rapture in the ambulance, and resulting spiritual conclusions I took away. Luckily, all the right information seemed to have been “waiting” for me, almost by coincidence. But as I already know from practicing the art of flying with my feet firmly planted on the ground, nothing in my life is by coincidence. It happens when it’s scheduled, even if it’s an accidental overdose. I came upon a page in Ram Dass’ book, which points to more or less the same experience I had but via LSD i.e. somewhat making it to a heaven-like realm, for lack of a better definition, via the psychoactive substance, being found out to be a “fraud”, and almost immediately being “thrown out”. Additionally, a different book that I came across immediately after, pointed out that the oil-like substance I was dragged through, is likely a lower level astral plane. The effect of the edibles therefore, at the highest point, was to rocket propel me through multiple astral planes, to what may be considered as a heavenly-layer, astral plane. It should be noted though that it felt more like the gold-sun-like pure energy entity was pulling me gravitationally towards it, rather than something propelling me from behind. I was merely a passenger on this unexpected ride.

I am back to my normal life. For starters, I still don’t subscribe to any religion, but my outlook on life has significantly changed. Aside from the regression into Long-Covid issues health-wise, my mindset seems to have taken a leap forward in terms of being less judgmental and having more compas-

sion. Everything that I have been doing in my life, seemed pointless, after experiencing the pure energy entity. However, after coming across other data points and integrating the experience, I’ve come to the understanding that I just need to sit back and watch life unfold, despite me...

DBLR. “Ladies and Gents, He Has Achieved Liftoff...: An Experience with Cannabis (edible) (exp116680)”. Erowid.org. Oct 14, 2022. erowid.org/exp/116680



Eternal Psychedelic BBQ

Personal Data

User	Trie
Experience Year	2020
Age at Time	20
Gender	Male
Body Weight	50 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Cannabis	1	Edible
	Cannabis		Vaporized

Pretext

I'm not by any means a regular cannabis user. Usually, I consume it from every few weeks to every few months, mostly in smoked form. Apart from that, I had a few previous experiences with psychedelics, especially psilocybin mushrooms¹. I've experienced psychedelic states on cannabis in the past, including sensory hallucinations and closed-eyed visuals but never as intense as the report below. A day before this particular "trip" I consumed an increased amount of cannabis (smoking + edibles) leading to slight CEV² (tunnels moving to psytrance, geometric patterns forming, fractals, as well as images expanding in "zooming out" fashion). Therefore I'm assuming I had a slightly increased tolerance during the experience described below.

Before the trip

On the date of the trip, I visited friends in a small quiet village. Although there were some new faces at the get-together I knew many of them so I felt fairly comfortable. We spent most of the day outdoors in the woods.

Time of ingestion

As we got back we decided on taking some cannabis edibles while having a BBQ for dinner. I was keen on exploring the psychedelic properties of cannabis more, which led me to decide to take on a heavy dose. A friend previously prepared some very potent pot brownies out of some strong sativa strains³. In total one edible contained about a hundred milligrams of THC. Before starting to eat I took a whole muffin⁴ on an empty stomach and took a few hits from a vaporizer to start off the experience. I knew that THC contained psychedelic properties but oh boy was I in for a ride.

¹ Psilocybin mushrooms, commonly known as magic mushrooms or shrooms, are a group of fungi that contain psilocybin, which turns into psilocin upon ingestion, a chemical which has psychedelic effects (Wikipedia).

² Closed-eye visualizations (CEV) are hallucinations that occur when one's eyes are closed or when one is in a darkened room. Some people report CEV under the influence of psychedelics (Wikipedia).

Usually, I consume it from every few weeks to every few months, mostly in smoked form.

Onset

The effects kicked in fairly quickly. Even though from this point on my sense of time was harshly impacted I believe it took about half an hour. A friend of mine was a

hobbyist photographer, who showed me his picture gallery on a tablet computer. The images displaying colorful plants and fuzzy animals were wonderful to look at. They looked incredibly crisp and colorful and seemed to almost pop out of the screen. That's when I noticed the effects at first. The images almost seemed 3-dimensional, the motives seemed to reach out far from the bokeh. Colors (especially complementary-contrasts) seemed to melt and blend into each other. "That isn't natural is it?" was I thinking to myself. I seemed to have stared at them for an awful lot of time because a friend asked me if I was okay. I was. In fact, I rarely experienced such beauty in pictures before. Soon after I leaned back in my chair...and seemed to fall. I noticed how the effects crept in big time and a short moment of anxiety overcame me. It's still getting stronger?? Yes, this was only the beginning. To prevent a bad experience I knew I had to let go and decided to roll with the effects - worst case I could always smoke some CBD to ease those effects. This fact gave me peace of mind while I was sinking deep, deep into my own mind.

Peak

"What time is it?"

I believe it was around 9:30 pm when I first asked that question. After quickly texting some friends I got sucked "down" into the chair, into my own mind again.

"What time is it?"

"When did I look at the clock first?"

"Was it 9:00 pm or was it later?"

"How long was I in that state already?"

I couldn't remember it for the sake of it.

A strong force seemed to pull me into the chair again. I could speak, though preferred not to and only when absolutely necessary. My consciousness cleared up from time to time, letting me peek into a very distorted view of the world, but a few seconds later I would've been lost in my own mind again. In those moments I knew what I took, that it's a physically harmless substance and that I would be fine the next day...but a few hours seemed like such a long time especially only being about an hour in.

Then there was the grill. There was always more meat on it. More and more meat. I already ate more than enough and didn't want any more meat. As soon as somebody finished they kept up adding more on the grill, mostly when I was "under". This irritated me, I didn't want more meat, it was so much. The whole scene seemed like a joke from the universe - A neverending BBQ of confusion. The scenery would never stop, there's always more meat on the grill. "So this is why so many psychonauts are living a vegetarian life - not because of animal suffering but because they can't stand the meat anymore!" I internally laughed at that thought for a bit, realizing that this probably wasn't the case even though it felt like it. Other intrusive thoughts kicked in "This is greed", "This is gluttony"...over and over again.

³ Cannabis sativa and cannabis indica are two species of cannabis. Anecdotal evidence suggests that indica can make people feel calmer, while sativa can boost a person's creative energy (Medical News Today).

⁴ While a study published by the National Institutes of Health titled "Effects of food deprivation on responses to marijuana in humans," shows that food deprivation has no effect on drug response, anecdotal evidence notes that the effects of marijuana are felt much more strongly on an empty stomach. Also note that dosages of edibles can vary greatly, particularly if they are homemade. Always pay attention to the dosage and do not take more than recommended or more than 2.5 mg of THC if it is your first time taking edibles (dosage recommendation from GoodRx Health).

“What time is it?” — 10:00 pm.

“When did I start to count?”

“Was it 9:00 pm or later?”

“When did I take that muffin?”

I decided to start over and count the time from here on.

Everything began to develop a very cartoony and chaotic vibe to it. The sound of psytrance that somebody played on a speaker didn't help. All people seemed to have a very cartoonish character, all emotions seemed to be really over the top. I experienced vivid visual hallucinations, or I at least remember them that way. The sunset in the background seemed to split from everything in the foreground. Everything looked distinctively 2-dimensional and very saturated, just like in a cartoon.

— I remember a friend standing up and having a sharp golden outline around them.

— I remember trees curling up in a spiraling “fractal-like” matter.

— I also vaguely remember seeing clipart-like images of topics that I was heavily thinking about in the past few days.

If I remember correctly then all those occurrences happened more in the peripheral area of my vision but I'm not 100% sure.

I walked inside to the kitchen for a while. Although I could only move very slow and carefully. Suddenly I experienced a massive change in scene. The golden light from the lamp combined with the feeling

of being more clear-headed due to walking made it seem like a whole other world. It almost felt as if I was under a tent in a massive desert while every motion would blow waves of sand of my arms. I went to the bathroom real quick where the fuzzy carpet seemed to curl up, almost like you would expect it from a psilocybin trip. When looking in the bathroom mirror my image seemed to be slightly distorted, but

All people seemed to have a very cartoonish character, all emotions seemed to be really over the top.

I couldn't identify why. [In hindsight my reflection seemed to be pretty yellowish (most likely due to the lighting), which I assume added to the whole cartoony quality.] On my way back I met a friend who was grabbing a snack from the kitchen.

I told them about my heavy time dilution. and looked at the clock on my phone...10:10 pm. How could it only be 10 minutes after I started counting? “It felt like I have lived several eons and only 10 minutes have passed since I started counting??” I also mentioned that I couldn't count to 10 without being sucked into my own mind again and tried it. “1...2...3...4...5...6” - I'm not sure if I finished it, I for sure can't remember anything after that. Once again I reminded myself to go with the flow and not freak out, so I went back outside again.

As soon as I sat back down the exact same cartoony scene seemed to go on again. I was surprised that nothing changed since I left and I just got thrown into the same thoughts and visuals again. When I walked

between the two locations I could feel the change, almost like switching location in a video game where events are rather static and seem the same upon visiting again.

“Still so much meat.”

“More and more.”

“I don’t want more meat.”

“Not more meat.”

I perceived an interesting phenomenon where, in the corner of my eyes, I could visually see my friends as their perceived archetypes. This was especially clear when I identified a very “humorous and pranky” friend of mine as a jester as he danced around.

As it got darker my visuals shifted. I strongly remember seeing strings of energy between people, indicating how spiritually close they were to each other. Then everything seemed bright again. The world felt a shattering matrix at this point. I was sure that my “default” reality was just an illusion that could be eradicated at any time. From a visual standpoint, everything seemed to have gotten brighter and became divided into tiny pieces. If you’ve seen the movie *Coraline* the scene in the “fake garden” should be a fitting reference.

[I still can’t imagine how much of a visual effect cannabis had on me. I’m still unsure whether it was the substance or my mind causing the hallucinations but I’m dead sure I’ve seen/experienced them. They would be just a bit too weird and specific for my mind to make them up after the trip plus I’ve taken notes during it describ-

ing them.]

Thoughts crept in “This is what you wanted right?”, “This is what you hoped for?”, “This is what you wanted?” over and over and over again. The questions had a slight hostility to them, a mean joke from MJ, laughing into my face for being naive and underestimating her effects. At this moment I realized the infinite potential of the mind. That this trip, however intense, was only a little taste of what my mind was capable of...and that it could go way deeper if I’m not careful. “This is what people take edibles for?”, “This is what people say when they mean they got high?”, “This is what they seek when consuming edibles?” [In an afterthought these thoughts seemed funny because I was pretty experienced with marijuana and those were definitely not the “normal” effects of mode enhancement and increased appetite most people seem to take it for. But at that time I was seriously contemplating if everybody was experiencing my current state when they took weed and why in the world anybody would want to do something like that.]

More and more meat. At this point, I faced an incredibly distorted view of the people around me. Their emotions seemed to be so over the top that laughing almost felt angry, almost felt manic. Faces seemed oddly distorted so I couldn’t look at them for too long without feeling very weird (similar to the feeling to shrooms). I noticed how much of a “cotton mouth” I’ve developed and tried to drink some soda. Later I observed that I had no “guard” anymore, just like I would expect it from classical psychedelics. For a moment I was pretty afraid how people would perceive

⁴ Edibles are food products infused with cannabis extract. Edibles come in many forms—including baked goods, candies, gummies, chocolates, lozenges, and beverages—and may be homemade or prepared commercially for dispensaries (National Institutes of Health).

me but the feeling was rather mellow and fleeting. Yet I felt very uncomfortable as soon somebody said my name out loud. It felt oddly personal, something that should only belong to myself and not said out loud. Luckily I cleared up soon again and assured myself that those effects are temporary, that my friends certainly must like me but my view is very distorted because of substances right now.

More meat, more cottonmouth, more soda. I noticed that I felt physically unwell, so I relocated inside. The stairs, although barely a few inches high, seemed as tall as mountains and it must've taken me an awful amount of time to climb up and get inside. Once back in the bathroom I had to puke. The feeling when purging was pretty comfortable and I physically felt a lot better afterwards. In my experience, it didn't affect the intensity of the rest of the trip though. At this point, the clock showed 11:10 pm. Later in the living room, I was approached by a friend who checked on me. This was a nice touch and made me feel much better.

I sat on a chair surrounded by a few friends who got cold and went inside as well. Once in a while I got clear and tried to take notes about my experiences. But I always felt pushed into my own mind again, harder and faster than before. "So this is what madness feels like". I understood now. I truly understood how madness feels like. Merciless waves of clearance that show my delusions for a brief amount of time, before inevitably burying me inside myself again. Even though the experienced state felt incredibly psychotic...incredibly mad...

I wasn't afraid since I knew that this state would be only temporary.

Somebody watched a weird video on their phone, typically high pitched YouTube voices and people screaming over each other.

I snapped up a weird Japanese word from that video.

The word repeated itself again and again turning into a weird thought loop.

The word again [I can't remember what it was for the sake of it].

The word again, my friends laughed because I must've said it out loud all out of context.

I looked at the clock — 11:18pm.

A lifetime in eight minutes.

An eternity into the trip yet still hours to go.

Now I either have blacked out or been lost inside because a significant amount of time has passed. Around midnight a few more people joined in and we watched a comedic movie together. This was a nice

change as it released the internal tension a bit. The film almost seemed to flow out of the screen a bit (probably because of the screen lighting up the pitch-black room). Later around 1am I fell asleep so I can't tell you about the comedown.

Afterthoughts

The next morning was great. I didn't sleep much and thus felt pretty exhausted but also relaxed. The effects were gone and everything turned normal again. As I walked through the sceneries of last night I still felt a strange, mystical presence at the scenes.

I believe that in this case, marihuana was a teacher.

“This is what you wanted?”

During the trip, I had troubles answering that question. Reflecting upon the trip it definitely was. The experience didn't let me get a peek into wonderland, it shoved me right through the rabbit hole. Compared with other substances the trip had a very dark quality to it. Not in a bad way but far different from common psychedelics. It seemed a lot weirder and less controllable. The massive body load, endless time dilution, thought loops, and waves of being stuck into my own mind added a bit of a deliriant quality to the whole experience. At the described dose I definitely recommend having a trip sitter and CBD ready. In the described state I definitely could understand how people could accidentally harm themselves.

A thing that didn't leave me alone for a while was the grill scene and the mean-

ing behind it. A few days later I think I've figured it out. At the time of the trip, I was in a bit of a dilemma between career opportunities. One position paid significantly more and my ego clung to the “brand name” associated with the company (mostly for self-validation). The other position seemed exponentially more interesting, rewarding, and had a better overall cause. For days I've been contemplating which one to take. I believe that in this case, marihuana was a teacher.

I believe that in this case, marihuana was a teacher. There were two main themes in the bbq scene:

— The act of people always wanting more meat and shoving more and more on the grill while I just wanted it to stop.

— The words “greed” and “gluttony” that were repeated over and over again.

In hindsight, I believe that those were an unconscious manifestation of myself, of how I always wanted more even though I already had more than enough and don't know when to stop. You can imagine that my decision wasn't a hard one anymore.

Extra spaces indicate an undefined period without consciousness or memories.

“ ” is indicating an internal monologue.

[] is an author's comment describing thoughts after the trip upon reflection.

Trie. “Eternal Psychedelic BBQ: An Experience with Cannabis (exp114469)”. Erowid.org. Jun 29, 2020. [erowid.org/exp/114469](https://www.erowid.org/exp/114469)

Trippin Too Hard

Personal Data

User	Jiggy
Experience Year	204
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	91 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Cannabis	2 bowl	Smoked
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My marijuana use started on November 24. I only remember because it was the day before Thanksgiving. This introduction to the wonderful world of weed was great. I was experiencing something completely new to me and I was loving it. The feelings that the marijuana gave me compelled me to continue using it. I only smoked when I felt comfortable doing it. It was important for me to know that it was a decision I was making, not my friends. I preferred to be in a relaxed environment, one that was laid back, and with my friends.

All of my other smoking experiences led me to have really good feelings, in other words I got really high. I would experience a general euphoria, even the most remotely funny thing could set me off laughing. I thought that this was the way weed treated you. I was unaware that I could ever have a bad trip.

I had come across some feelings of paranoia or emotional discomfort while under the influence of marijuana before. I would feel like I was going to get in trouble, or an event would cause a moment of fear or

depression, I even felt very self-conscious at times. Whenever I got these feelings though they were completely overcome by the intense joy that I had undergone.

I thought that this was the way weed treated you. I was unaware that I could ever have a bad trip.

However, on February 11 of the following year, these feelings took over for the first time. I had smoked a couple of bowls of regular weed out of a glass pipe. I started feeling really good, not too high, but generally relaxed. My friends were setting up a hookah to smoke outside and I was standing near them. I suddenly felt as though the world around me was jumping up and down. I thought that I needed to lay down and chill out to get rid of it. This was not the case. After lying for a few minutes I went into a deeper high. The shaking began. Everything I could see was shaking violently. And every few seconds it would jump up into something indescribable. The closest feeling I know to it is Superman

The Ride. It felt as though I was suddenly taking off at a million miles an hour. THIS WAS EXTREMELY UNPLEASANT and occurred every few seconds for two hours.

Mentally I was freaking out. I couldn't think straight. My mind was completely unable to function. I could not get a grasp on reality, and any thought I had I could not keep for more than a moment. I felt as though I had lost all control of myself and became unsure of what would happen next. It was a feeling of great despair. The only thought that I could keep was the thought that I might die, that I might suddenly pass out and never wake up. Or if I did I would not be the same person. When I tried to reassure myself that everything would be all right the overbearing experience would return me to my state of uncertainty.

After two hours or so I felt exhausted. I was extremely tired and my mind was in a haze. My eyes were bloodshot and I could barely function.

The second time I experienced this was on March 20. I was at a party. My girlfriend was supposed to meet up with me there, but for some reason was running late. I didn't think she would mind if I smoked a couple bowls before she arrived. I was absolutely great for about twenty minutes. I had recently recovered from the stomach flu and had gotten high the day before. Also, the weed I smoke I had smoked on one other occasion. And when I smoked it this time I was with many other friends.

After a while I began feeling a bit tired. I sat down and that's when all the trouble started. The room started to shake once more and I was feeling as though I was losing all control of myself. I started to

go into "warp speed" every few seconds again. And the thoughts of not coming out of the trip ok and dying had returned. I knew that I had experienced this before but was unsure that everything would be alright this time. I even felt myself slipping into an unconscious state. All thoughts in my mind would cease and my head would be clear. I would enter this trance, in which I could not move or speak or think. Then my eyes would close and I would slip out of my mind. When this happened I realized it and opened my eyes, thinking that if I let myself go I would never be able to return.

Eventually I could interact with other people, I could speak and talk with them, pausing when my mind lost control. I even was able to walk, although it was with great difficulty. It was like I was watching myself in third person. I could go where I wanted, but I was not the one in control of my body. The party atmosphere was not helping so I stumbled to my car. I had difficulty opening my door, but once I did I got in and felt a bit better. I was still very afraid of what was happening, but at least knew I was in a safe place. At this point I believe that about 30 – 50 minutes had passed overall. Everything was still shaking and the intense moments still occurred. I kept on wondering how long it would last and when I had reached the midpoint of the experience.

Then something absolutely insane happened. I began talking to myself and could not stop. I started to say something and then paused for a second and continued talking. I have no idea how long this went on for, I only knew that I was talking about my experience. I had no control over what was being said, I only knew that I was saying it. After this stopped I tried

to get a hold of myself. I did not know how much time had passed, but soon realized that my girlfriend was not yet there. So I called her. She had tried to get an extension on her curfew in order to come to the party and her mom had told her to go home. We talked briefly and the conversation left me feeling depressed. I felt that I had done something wrong and that she had chosen not to come.

Then I found my remedy to it all, it was hunger. I suddenly realized I was hungry, luckily I had grabbed a Gatorade and had a box of cheese crisps crackers. Eating and drinking made me feel better. Then a friend came out looking for me and got into the car. We talked for a while, although for what I do not remember. This also comforted me. Within about 20 minutes I was feeling a great deal better, although not back to 100%. I was still hazed and could not function all that properly.

The next morning I woke up and still felt high. My mind was still in a haze and all my thoughts and emotions were intensified. I would start to think about something and go into a trance of thought. It was sort of like a daydream. I also continued to feel out of body, and had a lack of control. Many of the thoughts that I had the night before still bothered me, especially those of my girlfriend. They were making me very depressed and anxious as well.

I am now opting to take a little weed break, I don't plan to smoke for a month. So that when the long-awaited 4/20¹ arrives I will be good to go.....hopefully.

⁴ April 20, or 4/20, is known as "Weed Day" in some circles because the date corresponds with a numerical code for marijuana (CNN).

Jiggy. "Trippin too Hard: An Experience with Cannabis (exp32155)". Erowid.org. Nov 15, 2005. erowid.org/exp/32155



METH

Stimulant

A Double-Edged Sword

Personal Data

User	The Warlock
Experience Year	2008
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	86 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Methamphetamine	20 mg	Insufflated
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I have bipolar disorder Type II and inattentive-type ADD. I know a lot of people think they have mental disorders, but in my case it's kind of hard to deny. My father's side of the family has a history of ADD diagnoses. My father himself would be the poster child for adult ADD, assuming he'd ever see a doctor about it, which he won't.

I've had enough depressive episodes and hypomanic episodes to know when I'm getting them. The hypomanic¹ episodes are usually caused by stress, and allow me to stay awake for two or three days straight working on stuff constantly. It's too bad they only come less than once a year. But the depressive episodes knock me on my ass. I can barely function, and things that used to be easy become impossible. I've had to take a class over because a depressive episode coincided with my final exam. I went on about every legal medication they could prescribe for the bipolar disorder, but nothing seemed to work. The Adderall² was a godsend though. I could do whatever I set my mind to, and studying was no longer an exercise in futility. It's too bad it didn't help my depres-

sive episodes. When I took a higher dose of Adderall during a depressive episode, it just made me panicked, distraught, and easily frustrated.

Depressive episodes suck. Sometimes, I've spent weeks looking forward to a vacation, only to get there and be unable to have fun. When I have something I need to do, a depressive episode can make me fail a class or be unreliable at work. Having exhausted the legal medications, and having failed one too many tests due to my messed-up brain chemistry, I decided to try the illegal ones. Weed was fun, but no help at all. Hallucinogens were enjoyable and introspective, but not what I needed. Provigil was a decent stimulant, but not one that would help during a depressive episode. Cocaine seemed expensive, and I didn't like the idea of supporting drug cartels. Meth seemed like it might fit the bill. It was a lot like Adderall, which was the drug that had worked best for me up until that point. The main difference was that it also seemed to improve my mood, not just increase my focus and energy. I know that withdrawal can be a bitch, but

¹ Hypomania is a condition in which you display a revved up energy or activity level, mood or behavior. The new "energized you" is recognized by others as beyond your usual self. Hypomania is a less severe form of mania, and both are commonly part of bipolar disorder (Cleveland Clinic).

² Adderall is a prescription medication that contains two drugs: amphetamine and dextroamphetamine. It's most commonly used to treat attention deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD). It's also used to treat narcolepsy (Medical News Today).

³ Modafinil, sold under the brand name Provigil among others, is a wakefulness-promoting medication used primarily to treat narcolepsy (Wikipedia).

I was already used to feeling like crap and I figured it would at least be nice to be able to control when that happened. So I read up on it, as much as I could. It seemed awfully addictive, but I understand myself well enough to realize that I'm always concerned about the long-term consequences of everything I do. This can actually be a liability sometimes, since I have to plan everything out, and I have a hard time being spontaneous. The really awful cases of meth addiction didn't seem like my personality type at all.

⁴ Over-the-counter

After learning about other people's experiences, especially the really awful ones, I decided I'd try it anyway. I don't trust drug dealers, and I don't like the idea of using my money to support the kinds of operations they're behind, so I decided I'd do it myself. It's not that hard if you understand a little bit about chemistry and don't mind scraping the striker pads off eight boxes of matchbooks. Eventually I came up with a system where I could

Most of the time, I still stuck to Adderall, but I'd use the meth when something really important came up.

make it for about a fifth of the street price. It's possible to make it for a lot less, but the method I chose was easier and took less time. If I did anything larger than the ten-gram batches I can do now though, I guarantee my chemical purchases would catch the attention of the authorities.

My first time went great. I have no idea how much I took, but it was probably less than 20 mg. I drank it dissolved in water. I did a lot of the work I'd been meaning to do, I felt fine, and after it wore off, I didn't

feel that crappy at all. I had a tough time falling asleep, but OTC⁴ sleep aid pills helped with that. The next time, I did it when I had a project to finish. I did great, and ended up having my project selected among the top two in the class. Most of the time, I still stuck to Adderall, but I'd use the meth when something really important came up.

I tried snorting it, but the effect was slightly different, and it took me a lot longer to get to sleep afterwards than it usually did, so I went back to ingesting it. Later I tried smoking it. I liked that it kicked it so quickly, and I didn't have to wait for 30 – 60 minutes while I waited for it to start. I didn't get a rush like some people do. Immediately after smoking it, I was disoriented and spacey, but that wasn't really enjoyable. It didn't get to the effect I was looking for until a few minutes later. I don't have a way to measure quantities of a substance as small as my typical dose of meth, but based on what I have, I can't imagine I've ever taken much more than 50 mg in the course of a day. Keep in mind, that's pure, not the crap I'd get on the street.

No one knows I have this stuff, and I want to keep it that way. I keep my stash in an old Advil bottle, and I keep a bag of Hershey's kisses in my desk. I have a metal straw I got a long time ago as a souvenir, and a candle next to my bed. If I need to, it's simple to eat one of the kisses and fashion the wrapper into a little spoon, then suck up the vapors with the straw while I hold a little bit of the stuff over the candle flame. I do need to use metal or glass for this though. I tried using an old pen casing once, but I think most of the vapors were from melting plastic. Meth has to get really hot to vaporize.

This isn't so bad, I thought. Maybe it's only truly bad for those people who are predisposed to becoming addicted to it. I never took meth when I hadn't planned out in advance that I would use it that day. It just made me better at everything. Then it wore off. End of story. Or so I thought. It wasn't that I was wrong. Meth really did make me better at everything. And that's the problem. Why would I struggle through something hard, when meth can make it so much easier? Even when I hadn't been using it, I still liked the person I was on meth better. I was more confident, more talkative, more intelligent, more focused, more motivated, and just better at everything. I wanted to be that person all the time. But that's the thing. You can't. Your brain won't let you. If you push up, it pushes down, and you have to pay for every hour of feeling great with an hour of feeling like crap. If you try to postpone that with more meth, you end up addicted.

That's another thing about meth. It focuses my mind like a laser. Any physical problems disappear, including those problems that meth itself causes. And it does cause its share of physical problems. Sitting in one position without moving for hours on end can give me some pretty bad cramps, even if my mind and fingers are busy working. Forgetting to swallow and blink can do the same. You might think that the elimination of hunger will help you lose weight, but malnutrition due to lack of vitamins is no fun either. The inevitable sleep debt wears at my immune system, and I can get sores and infections if I'm not careful. No matter what, I brush my teeth regularly. No one wants meth mouth.

Do I wish I'd never tried it? No. It does what I had asked it to. During a period of depression, meth really can allow me to meet my

responsibilities. I'm glad it's there when I need it. But I can also see why there are so many horror stories. I can imagine a man who was never good at anything his whole life, and who thought he was destined to be a total failure. I can imagine him trying meth, and seeing that he could give himself the abilities that nature did not. I can see him try to push himself to the limits, wanting to find out for himself just how close to the sun he can fly, unwilling or unable to focus his mind on anything else. And I can imagine him crashing spectacularly when he pushes his limits beyond what he's capable of.

It wasn't really addictive for me, but I'm sure it would be for some people. It's plenty useful if your goal isn't solely to get high, but by definition it will mess with your head. It can make it easy to ignore your physical needs, but you can't let it do that. It can give you abilities you could never have otherwise, and that's why it's so dangerous.

The Warlock. "A Double-Edged Sword: An Experience with Methamphetamine (exp78682)". Erowid.org. Sep 25, 2022. [erowid.org/exp/78682](https://www.erowid.org/exp/78682)



Last Dance With Psychosis

Personal Data

User	t4nk
Experience Year	2013
Age at Time	34
Gender	Male
Body Weight	79 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Methamphetamine	Repeated	Smoked
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Preface: I no longer do drugs. This is an account of my last use. It's worth noting that before this experience, it had been roughly 10 years since I had participated in any meth use. I had moved back home, got married, and had children. The worst I had done in the previous 10 years was synthetic weed¹.

I had just separated from my ex-wife, her and the kids were staying at her parents. I had been staying at our home by myself, just in a vicious cycle of drinking insane amounts of vodka and going to work hung-over everyday. After a week or so, my old drug buddy C sends me a text and tells me he's back in town. Such a weird coincidence, however in my state of mind I didn't think much of it.

He comes over and picks me up around 5 pm and says he needs to go to Dallas to pick up a refrigerator so off we go. Ok the way he mentions that he needs to make a quick stop along the way. At some point we end up in some random parking lot just waiting, until another car shows up and C goes to the other car and sits for about 15

mins or so before coming back, producing a plastic sack full of meth. From there we go pick up the fridge and then take the long drive back to his place. After we get back, we load a bowl and, at this point I am so nervous about the situation, not because I am new to drugs, but exactly the opposite; I am very well acquainted with meth from the past, and had a very rocky relationship with it, to say the least. Back on point; he hands me the glass and I melt it down, and hesitantly put it to my lips. I click the lighter and let the smoke start

¹ Synthetic cannabinoids are a new psychoactive substance that was originally designed to mimic or produce similar effects to cannabis. It has been sold online since 2004 (Alcohol and Drug Foundation).

It had been roughly 10 years since I had participated in any meth use.

to build inside the bowl and then proceed to take a very long, hard hit. The RUSH!! My good dear ole' nightmare of a friend! Every problem I had going on with my life suddenly had a solution and no longer wore me down. I was on a high mountain, higher than any other point, and I climbed it without even breaking a sweat.

We pass it around a few times and catch up on our lives, talking about the old days etc., and before I knew it, it was 3 am. I need to get back home, I still had the next day off work to recuperate but I knew how quickly that would fly. I get a gram from him (not sure why I thought that would be a good idea) and he drops me off at my place.

Before long, the bag is empty but the craving is not subsiding.

² Drug-induced psychosis, also known as substance-induced psychotic disorder, is simply any psychotic episode that is related to the abuse of an intoxicant. This can occur from taking too much of a certain drug, having an adverse reaction after mixing substances, during withdrawal from a drug, or if the individual has underlying mental health issues (American Addiction Centers).

I get home and sit on my couch, thinking about trying to sleep it off. Fuck that, I break out my bag and the crappy old glass C lent me and continue the party on my own. This is exactly why I stopped so long ago in the first place. If it was there, the green light is on until it's gone. So here I am in the wee hours of Sunday morning, in a continuous loop of loading the bowl, blowing huge clouds of white from my tired lungs, and geeking out by the window.

Before long, the bag is empty but the craving is not subsiding, as a matter of fact, the hunger is growing more and more and I can feel the frayed tinges of drug psychosis entering the realm of my world. This was not a clean high where I'm energetic and want to burn energy by tidying up. I find myself curled up with a blanket on the couch, shivering. I'm hitting the glass stem, but I know there's nothing there. Soon, I remember that earlier I had spilled a bunch all over the coffee table and floor (not in reality, but a false memory) so I start looking at the table. There were specks all over it, but I noticed that something happened to my vision. It had become super sensitive. I could

identify which specks on the table were actually Crystal and which ones weren't, because each speck had a certain symbol that I could clearly see. Some were letters, and some were alien-like.

I gathered all the good ones I could find on the table, floor, couch... even places that I knew it was impossible to find some. I loaded the bowl (which I had used so much by this time, was broken) and smoked it. I felt the rush again!

This went on and on. I somehow managed to call in sick Monday morning and I was still on this binge! I couldn't think about the outside world. It never once occurred to me that I could probably have just called my friend to hook me up. I only wanted to stay enclosed in my own psychotic world. I could not sleep. Everywhere I looked, I could still see the little specks, each with its own identifying symbol.

Tuesday morning I knew I had to go to work, so apparently, reality started to gradually sink in, but only minimally.

I tried like hell to pull myself together, wash up and to look like a normal human being. I don't remember driving to work or even arriving there. I was working at a factory with a team of assemblers and it was fast paced work. Somehow I managed, though I could tell others knew something was wrong with me. I passed it off as still being sick. All I could do was to try to ignore seeing the specks everywhere with the symbols. But, it just kept getting worse. Soon, the hallucinations turned audio.

At first, they manifested as a stereo playing extremely loud. The music was clear and for awhile I actually thought that they

allowed someone to play their stereo really fucking loud. It was playing a.d.i.d.a.s by Korn, over and over, and not the radio version either. Then I finally realized how absurd it would be for them to allow this, so I didn't mention anything about it to anyone, I just kinda jammed along with it in my head. I also figured out that I could change the song that was playing by sheer willpower. It was totally unlike just merely having a song in my head, I was ACTUALLY hearing it, every note crisp clear. While this was quite nice, someone unplugged the radio and instead of music...I heard chanting.

It was mild at first and I could not understand the words, but a slow crescendo arose and then I could hear a whole multitude of people, like at a concert venue or something, all screaming at me in unison. They were screaming things like 'IF YOU DON'T LEAVE, YOU WILL DIE IN SIX MONTHS!!'. Over and over. I acted cool and tried to engage in conversation with others to ignore it, but it just kept taking my attention away from everything.

After what seemed like an eternity, work was over. The chanting had finally subsided by that time and I was somewhat back to normal.

My water had been turned off at my home, so I needed to stop at Walmart to get like 6 jugs of water to bring home. The store was right across the street anyways, so I stopped. I started thinking things were back to normal, walking from the parking lot to the doors, I didn't hear anything weird. As I go inside the store though, I hear Korn playing loudly on the intercom. I knew it was bizarre, and I almost asked someone else if they heard it too, but I knew I was just crazy. I pay for my items

and drive home. I go to the bathroom and the stereo is still playing, but now it is music that my mind was creating. Lyrics and all. It was pretty damn catchy too, and I remember wishing I had a way to record it or write it down. I could have written a whole album of catchy songs and I was singing along with them. By now it was day 4 since I first smoked, day 2 of complete psychosis and I was afraid it would never stop.

All I could do was to try to ignore seeing the specks everywhere with the symbols. But, it just kept getting worse. Soon, the hallucinations turned audio.

Eventually that day I passed out HARD. Fortunately, I awoke the next morning comparatively normal and hungry. It actually took another week or so for the music to stop playing for me completely, and another month before I stopped seeing/looking for specks on the ground.

I have no urge to ever do meth again, and I can honestly say I know everything I will ever want to know about meth and benders. I've been squeaky-clean and straight as a razor ever since.

For those who have never tried meth, or are just experimenting, I will not preach to you, but I can honestly say that doing meth was a total waste, least of all my money, but most of all, my time. I will never get that time back, and that, with family and good friends, is the most precious thing of all...

t4nk. "Last Dance With Psychosis: An Experience with Methamphetamine (exp110593)". Erowid.org. Jan 18, 2022. [erowid.org/exp/110593](https://www.erowid.org/exp/110593)



A Productive Day Gone Awry

Personal Data

User	Thundy
Experience Year	2020
Age at Time	21
Gender	Male
Body Weight	80 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Methamphetamine	32 mg	Oral
T + 16:00	Heroin	10 mg	Insufflated
T + 21:00	Heroin	13 mg	Insufflated
T + 26:00	Heroin	15 mg	Insufflated
T + 30:00	Ketamine	90 mg	Insufflated

I'm a 21 year old male from Florida, I am unemployed. I am not in college. I have taken dozens of psychoactive drugs ranging from stims¹, dissos², opiates, the whole jazz over the course of the last 2 years. I have been depressed, unfocused and generally miserable. After researching around about the cognitive boosting effects of meth and upon hearing that it's only one molecule different then normal prescription Adderall³ I decide to go and buy a gram. I go online and purchase a gram alongside a 150 mg heroin sample. I have R ketamine⁴ already. My goal is to take a small dose of methamphetamine to help me study for a technical certificate.

I wake up at 10 am on Tuesday, I eat a nice satisfying meal (two cups of oatmeal, peanut butter, bananas) — the meth and heroin arrives at around 11:30 am, I weigh out the meth and after reading around online a bit I decide I'll take 30 mg orally. It ends up being 2 mg over when I weigh it. I decide that's okay and put it in a gelatin capsule, I take it at 12:12 pm. I was prescribed Adderall before and foolishly compared meth to adderall in terms of the

potency and figured it wouldn't vary much, big mistake!

I have slight anxiety from taking methamphetamine so I go and take a short bath and relax in my bath tub for about 15 minutes. I start to notice a stimulated feeling as I get out of the bath, my intent is to learn. I immediately go on the internet and download a CompTIA A+⁵ course to study. I slowly start feeling very confident and euphoric. I open up the course

¹ Stimulants

² Dissociatives

³ The difference in the chemical structure of amphetamine and methamphetamine is the presence of an extra methyl group. The presence of this methyl group is significant because it allows methamphetamine to enter the brain more quickly and produce significantly faster and stronger effects. Adderall is also a combination of dextroamphetamine

My goal is to take a small dose of methamphetamine to help me study for a technical certificate.

material and start working through it, my mind is very sharp and clear but my body feels restless. My heart is beating a bit fast, I feel very thirsty, I get a 1.5 liter of water and drink a good amount of it. I go back to trying to study and for about 20 minutes or so I'm able to study intensely but I stop and have the urge to use the bathroom, I start feeling more anxiety and mildly

and amphetamine salts. Street meth often contains different chemical contaminants that can increase the side effects and toxicity of meth. In addition, they often use cutting agents to increase the weight and trick the buyer into thinking they are getting more of the active drug instead of filler compounds (Healthnews).

uncomfortable, it starts to become hard to focus. Why did I take meth? I should research about meth's effects!

I close out of the course material and go to [online sources], I look up various research studies detailing the neuroprotective/neurotoxic⁶ properties of meth. I look up average doses. I realize 32 mg is a good amount more than a 'therapeutic dose' should be, especially considering I haven't taken stimulants in months and presumably have no tolerance. I look up supplements that can help prevent neurotoxicity and read about magnesium. There's a slight physical discomfort that won't go away, I am incredibly thirsty, but mentally I start feeling incredible. I ask my girlfriend to come walk with me to Walmart, as we're walking I tell her mushy things about how much I love/care about her, usually I'm emotionally numb/blunted but I feel very empathetic and sentimental. We arrive at Walmart and immediately I think about shoplifting, I feel invincible, I can get away with it easily. I go to the supplement aisle and grab magnesium, green tea extract and a huge tub of Mass Gainer Protein. Without thinking twice I walk straight out of Walmart, massive gainer protein in my hand and all.

⁴ R-ketamine is the pure, isolated form of a type of ketamine molecule. It has been found to have a longer-lasting antidepressant effect than ketamine. R-ketamine has also been shown to produce fewer side effects than ketamine, particularly in terms of dissociation and psychotropic effects ("R-ketamine: a rapid-onset and sustained antidepressant without psychotomimetic side effects," published in *Translational Psychiatry*).

⁵ The Computing Technology Industry Association (CompTIA) is an American non-profit trade association that issues professional certifications for the IT industry and is considered one of the industry's top trade associations.

It's been nearly 16 hours since I've taken that dose of meth, how long is it going to last I think to myself?

I walk back home smothering my girlfriend with words of our future plans together, of our life. I get back home and take the magnesium supplement. I have a personal home gym, I look around online and see that people don't recommend

working out while on meth. I still do it, however, I feel incredibly powerful. I go into the gym and benchpress and deadlift more than I ever could, it hurts a little bit but I push through, when I stop I notice an incredible pounding in my chest. My body is crying out in pain, why did I think it was a good idea to work out on meth? My heart feels like it's going to explode. I lay down and try not to move for several minutes. I drink a liter of water and give myself 10 minutes to relax before I stand up.

I go back upstairs and I play several hours of Smite together with my girlfriend until she goes to sleep, it's now midnight and I haven't slowed down in the slightest. I invite one of my friends to play Halo Reach with me online. We play for several hours until he too goes to sleep, before I realize it it's 4 am and everyone is asleep. I am wired, my heart is still beating fast, I don't feel the slightest desire to sleep. It's been nearly 16 hours since I've taken that dose of meth, how long is it going to last I think to myself?

I remember that I have that sample of #3 heroin⁷, I figure it will put me to sleep. I weigh out 10 mg and snort it. I lay back in my bed and try to close my eyes and sleep while listening to music. I don't feel the heroin, I'm still stimulated, I try to sleep for half an hour until I get back up and log into Smite and play a few hours of it again.

It's 9 am. I look in the mirror, I look pale and tired. I feel energetic however mentally even though my body is begging for rest, I weigh out another dose but this time a bit more at 13 mg. I snort it, I go on 4chan and browse r9k for a few hours discussing drugs with other anonymous posters. 3 hours have passed and it's 12, I'm still posting on imageboards, listen-

ing to music, incapable of sleeping. I'm thoroughly engaged in conversations with anonymous strangers attempting to answer their questions about drugs, if I don't know the answer I research it and read studies and try to help them. It's been 24 hours since I've taken meth. I do not feel tired.

At 2 pm I decide to take another dose, this time 15 mg of heroin. I haven't noticed any euphoria from it, is the meth masking it? I start feeling incredibly hungry and go downstairs and eat ice cream, candy bars and general junk food. My body is craving simple carbs. It seems like my mind is overactive, as if I have too much dopamine, I open up various tabs on my computer and browse around imageboards and on the internet switching between things rapidly managing several different conversations. How the hell can meth last this long? I spend hours doing this and look down at the time, it's 6 pm! Why the hell can't I go to sleep? It's been 30 hours since I took 32 mg of meth orally at this point. I decide to snort ketamine in the hopes that it'll help me go to sleep seeing as heroin seems to do nothing.

I weigh out 90 mg of ketamine and snort it. I feel the typical rush of ketamine but my heart starts beating irregularly and fast, it makes me anxious. I think of the drug interactions and of me dying in great vivid detail over and over again, it feels like I'm on the border of psychosis. Everything seems blurry, detached, sped up, uncomfortable, I should have let the meth leave my system by itself.

I lay in bed, totally still, I don't wish to move because I have this thought in my head that if I move my body it'll trigger a series of events that will lead to my death.

I only watch as my surroundings warp without daring to move my head an inch. This is at 8 pm.

After two hours of laying in bed in agony my mind starts to relax itself, possibly from the ketamine's effect leaving my system. I'm physically and mentally tired. My body demands rest.

I'm physically and mentally tired. My body demands rest.

I force my eyes to close and I finally manage to drift off to sleep, I sleep until 10 am the next morning. Much to my surprise, I wake up feeling fine. I'm not depressed and I'm not craving any sort of meth/heroin after the experience. In a way I'm glad that experience happened, else I think I would have sensitized myself to two very harmful and addictive substances. I threw my meth and leftover heroin and it gave me a very cathartic feeling.

⁶ Neuroprotection refers to the mechanisms and strategies employed to defend the central nervous system (National Institutes of Health). Neurotoxicity is a form of toxicity in which a natural or man-made agent produces an adverse effect on the nervous system (Wikipedia).

⁷ The number system for heroin isn't well defined, but it is generally agreed that there is a difference between different numberings of the drug. An interesting forum debating the difference can be found here tinyurl.com/heroin3

Booty Bump: What Not To Do

Personal Data

User	last time user
Experience Year	2004
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	64 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Methamphetamine	7 hits	Vaporized
	Methamphetamine		Rectal (Liquid)

I am an occasional drug user, maybe doing drugs once every six months, and usually only ecstasy or acid. (Because of my metabolism, I normally have to take two to three pills, which can get expensive, and I didnt have a lot of money on me.) I went to this party where this guy had some crystal, which I had only done once or twice before, and I let myself be convinced to do it.

At first, we started to smoke it, and I did about 7 inhalations in about an hour or so. Not that bad, really, I felt really horny, really animated, and generally okay. And that's when I got stupid. My 'friend' told me we should try 'booty bumps,' which is where things got bad. He took about 12 – 14 small crystals, and mixed it with some water (about 5 tablespoons) out of the crystal meth bong water, and then proceeded to fill up two, regular size, needleless syringes almost $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way.

I was then directed to take the syringe, and put it up my butt, and release the meth infused water into it. Which, stupidly, I did. This was at about 4 am. All I wanted to do was to try something new, and to get

some energy, which I heard meth was great for. If I had any idea of what was to come, I would have stopped myself.

By about 10 am, I was starting to come down from the meth, and went home from the party, still a bit in the la-la-everything-is-fine-with-the-world shtick. I hung out with my roommate, and took a two hour nap, thinking that the experience was over. However, at 4 pm, almost 12 hours after the booty bump, all hell broke loose.

At 4pm, almost 12 hours after the booty bump, all hell broke loose.

At first, I could feel my heart starting to speed up, and by speed up, I mean to almost 160 beeps per minute. Then, my ears started to ring really badly, and I started to see things with my eyes, mostly just color changes (almost like a small acid effect). Then, my body started to heat up and I started to sweat profusely, though my hands and feet felt like somebody had stuck them in ice for hours. My arms and

legs also started to tingle pretty badly. At this point I started to freak out, as nothing like this had ever happened to me, even worse because I was alone. I went to the bathroom and took an ice cold bath to try and get the fever under control. I also grabbed my cell and pre-dialed 911 in case I couldn't get myself under control.

After about a half hour in the bath, I felt my fever break, and called a friend of mine to come over and monitor me (actually, I really wanted to go to the hospital, but he wouldn't let me go). Through this entire time I am trying my best to slow my heart rate down. I am drinking lots of water, in the hopes of flushing it out, and practicing meditation techniques to control my heart rate, which was only mildly effective (I was able to get it down to about 130 from 160, my normal heart rate is around 60).

I did not feel euphoric or horny, or even filled with energy. I felt like my chest was going to explode.

For the rest of the night, I had to be half-carried to the bathroom and back, and every time I stood up, I almost blacked out. I would also see these yellow diamond kinda sparkles in my vision, and my ears were practically roaring. My heart also started to really pound, and I mean so hard that I could feel it something terrible, and, it started to really heat up and get warm, which I account to all the blood and the speed at which it was beating at for so long. Needless to say, I was an unhappy camper. I kept begging my friend to take me to the hospital, because I felt like I could be ODing (or at least borderline, per one of the meth websites). But he wouldn't

take me. He was afraid, and rightly, that if I had gone, then the police would have gotten involved, and it would have been put on my record, and I would lose the new job I just got, which is in the securities industry (stocks and bonds).

As the night wore on, all I could do was lie down, and drink lots of water...which was in addition to a lot of whimpering and praying. The entire time, I was afraid for my life, and was doing everything I could not to panic. I did not feel euphoric or horny, or even filled with energy. I felt like my chest was going to explode.

Also, my vision looked like someone had taken cotton and made everything fuzzy... it was really hard to see anything detailed. At around 10 pm (by this time, my heart had been beating at around 139 – 140 for almost 6 straight hours), I was able to put myself into a light trance, and fall into a light sleep. I woke up throughout the night, but I seemed to be coming off it. The next morning, Monday morning (I had taken the meth Saturday night), I could stand and not black out or fall down, and was able to take a shower and get dressed for work. Unfortunately, my pupils were still huge and my heart rate would start to race once I stood up and moved for any duration of time, so I ended up calling in sick.

It's 2:30 pm now, same day, and I'm still in bed, drinking lots of water. I can move around some, but my heart will begin to speed up to about 120 if I do too much. My fingers are still tingling, and my feet are still cold, though not quite as cold as they were. My vision is for the most part normal, though looking at the computer screen, every now and then it goes into 3D. For the most part, it seems to be staying around 100 – 120, which is a hell of a

lot better than 160. I've noticed that when I take a nap and wake up, I'm 'almost' normal, but the moment I start moving around, it speeds up. Even typing this is making my heart go up to 120. So, what does this mean to me?

1: If you're going to take meth, take it in small doses.

2: If you take meth, have a monitor.

3: Know your body, and know your limits.

4: When in doubt, go to the hospital.

5: Take long, deep breaths, and count down from 10 to one, using your heartbeat as the count. Do this repeatedly, while telling your body and your heart, to relax. And by repeatedly, I mean like every two minutes or so, if not more often. This helped, however small, to slow it down a bit.

6: DO NOT DO BOOTY BUMPS. The rectum is filled with millions of capillaries, and the drug goes almost right into the bloodstream. I don't know why it took so long to kick in, but I have a weird body anyway.

7: check your pulse often, as this is a good indicator of any problems. If it gets too fast, lie down, and relax, or go to the ER.

8: Stay calm. Getting paranoid and freaking out, while understandable, just makes one's heart rate even faster.

I think one of the only things that saved me was knowing how to meditate and slow my heart down. Looking back at the experience, I have decided never to do meth, or any drug, ever again. I have a huge feeling that I could have died, and that only

by the grace of the gods I made it through. I decided to write this because I wanted others out there to know what to do if something like this happened to them, and to warn them not to do booty bumps. Yeah, it's a great safe way of putting it in, but it was not worth it people.

Be safe and be careful. And please remember, when in doubt, go to the ER. It's better to be alive and with a record than dead and with nothing.

**It's better to be alive and with a record
than dead and with nothing.**

last time user. "Booty Bump: What Not to Do: An Experience with Methamphetamine (exp31187)". Erowid.org. Aug 10, 2018. erowid.org/exp/31187

It Wasn't Like I Had Heard

Personal Data

User	NormallyA-Chicken
Experience Year	2010
Age at Time	27
Gender	Female
Body Weight	59 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Methamphetamine	Repeated	Vaporized
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All of my life, I have been on the anti-drug wagon. I'm generally afraid of anything that alters my state of mind, barring alcohol — and even then it took me a few years before I had the guts to actually get drunk. One 25 mg Benadryl will put me out for over 12 hours and give me a wretched 'hangover', where I feel sluggish and grouchy for hours. I've never even smoked a joint.

So you can imagine my terror when my husband, who has extensive recreational experience with drugs, came home with a 0.25 g little bag of meth after visiting a friend.

We had a friend over from out of town, and after she went to sleep he asked me to join him in the bedroom. We sat down on the bed together, and he showed me the bag. My eyes widened, I started freaking out. I can only describe the feeling as absolute terror. I kept saying "No, I can't do that. I don't know..." until he told me if I wanted to try it, I could take the smoke from his lips at first instead of trying to smoke it myself.

I thought about it — I trust my husband with my life, so I agreed.

What happened over the next five hours was unlike anything I ever expected.

I've never even smoked a joint.

He lit the pipe, inhaled deeply, and motioned for me to put my lips on his. I inhaled, my mouth was filled with a light, slightly sweet smoke that made my mouth water. I did this a few times, and then he put the pipe to my lips, lit it, and said he'd let me know when to inhale. We stayed curled up in the bed until after sunrise, smoking a few drags, then waiting 20 minutes or so before resuming.

Honestly, it took a long time for anything to happen. It wasn't like I had heard, that you take a few drags and your world explodes. I didn't feel like cleaning, I didn't feel like coloring, picking anything or any of the other cliches I had heard about. There was no 'rush' for me. It started with a sparkly tingle in my hands and feet, and finished

with the same sensation I would feel after holding my breath for a long time; like a long exhale into deep relaxation.

I felt awake, but a dreamy awake. My mind was clear, but admittedly smiles came easier than they normally do, and all I really wanted to do was snuggle up and talk for days. I described it to my husband as feeling like I was seeing everything in HD.

I didn't feel that crazy sexed up feeling, though in the several times since my first time we have smoked together, the sex is unlike anything I could possibly describe. Sex for me on meth is like simply feeling and hearing myself only — just completely letting go and then having to be peeled off of the ceiling with a spatula.

For me it doesn't last very long, maybe two hours.

Coming back down is very noticeable for me once it starts. The first time was really hard for me, for some reason I kept fighting sleep, the twitching was really intense for me, I hallucinated the doors opening and shutting (Note: If I stay up more than 24 hours while SOBER, I still have a tendency to hallucinate). Since then we have stocked up on some supplements which have vastly improved my experiences with coming down.

ing. Ironically the same drug I had avoided out of absolute sheer terror has, in my opinion, brought us closer together and given us incredible communication skills.

The one thing I can't get past though, is why the media says it is so powerfully addictive. Sure, we do it for recreation, but I can't IMAGINE being functional in a workplace or social environment with my personal physiological response, especially on a regular basis. However, I will say that I will continue to enjoy it sometimes — but I'd never participate with anyone but my husband.

NormallyAChicken. "It Wasn't Like I Had Heard: An Experience with Methamphetamine (exp86003)". Erowid.org. Aug 1, 2019. erowid.org/exp/86003

For me it doesn't last very long, maybe two hours.

We've done it a handful of times since then, always in the same way, just hanging out in our room or the living room. We don't go anywhere, or do anything press-

COCAINE

Stimulant

Rush and Glow

Personal Data

User	Redleader
Experience Year	2005
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	54 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Alcohol (Beer / Wine)	3 glasses	Oral
T + 0:00	Cannabis	2 bowls	Smoked
T + 4:30	Cocaine	1 line	Insufflated
T + 5:30	Cocaine	1 line	Insufflated

This report documents my first experience with cocaine.

Background

I am a twenty year old male and I consider myself to be in good physical and mental health. I've grown up in a secular, yet still relatively stereotypical suburban household. Throughout my high school years, I lived under the impression that the parental inculcation about drugs being 'bad things' had some merit. Because neither of my parents, nor any of my high school friends drank, I did not take my first sip of alcohol until the fall of my freshman year of college (I attend a small liberal arts school in midwest America). For me, drinking was something new, but it rapidly lost its novelty and I never really enjoyed it, as I often got sick/nauseous and was never able to really loosen up even with its aid.

My sophomore fall, I was introduced to cannabis. Before my first smoking session, I had already decided that the smell of marijuana was appealing to me and some of the effects of it sounded more appealing than those of alcohol. While I did not feel

any effects from my first few sessions, over the past nine months, I have used cannabis roughly 50 times and have mastered the art of getting high. As I have always been subject to moderately high amounts of personal anxiety and paranoia, I have had many trips ruined by my own emotions. This mainly comes from the fact that my college has very strict security and I often have to be very creative so that I am not caught. Having to constantly watch your surroundings can be a huge burden on what should be a time to relax.

But don't get me wrong, I enjoy cannabis quite a lot. It has allowed me to enjoy mundane things much more, have actually helped me with my schoolwork (I am a math major and find that a moderate high can help me grasp abstract concepts in analysis and/or abstract algebra better), and provide a good overall physical experience.

Most of my friends at school are drinkers only and much of my smoking is done in solitude. At times I wish that I could be immersed into a more drug-friendly

culture, but the back of my mind knows that my introverted lifestyle helps me fly under the radar.

Aside from alcohol and cannabis, I have insufflated amphetamines (Adderall) on three separate occasions, but never more than a standard 25 mg dose at once. I enjoy the ‘upper’ effects and was able to accomplish a lot of schoolwork under Adderall’s influence. I was also prescribed a cough suppressant about six months ago that contained codeine, which cured my cough and seemed to always have a subtle, yet positive effect on my mindset. I can only imagine the bliss that comes from other opiates and higher doses, yet do not wish to dabble with any of that quite yet. Henceforth, I have not used any other illegal drug or legal drug in an illegal fashion.

Setup

About a week ago, a coworker of mine made an announcement about her college graduation party, which would be held the following Friday. Upon asking what she was going to have at her party, she informed me that a keg would be purchased, and that a limited amount of cannabis and cocaine would be available for ‘a select few.’ I’ve had a mild interest in cocaine ever since my interest in drugs spawned (about the time I began to use marijuana), but I had never seen it or been offered it. I asked my coworker, who I shall refer to as A, if she would acquire a small excess of cocaine, for which I would gladly offer her money. An agreement was made and my first experience with cocaine was set.

Over the course of the following week, I began to research the drug. I read all that I could find on internet sites. I gave myself several preparation talks concern-

ing cocaine’s addictiveness, assuring myself that I’ve never had problems with any form of addiction, drug-related or not, prior to this and that I needed to remain in a ‘mind-over-matter’ mindset throughout the evening. Sure, I have used marijuana rather frequently, but I do not feel that I physically crave it, nor would my life be significantly worse in the case that it was taken away from me. No matter how good cocaine was, I would not ask for any more and would wait at least one calendar month until I would allow myself to use it again, if given the opportunity.

I anticipated that its effects would be similar to those that I experienced from insufflating Adderall, yet possibly stronger. I chose to abstain from cannabis and alcohol for the week leading up to this party and told myself that unless there ended up not being any cocaine at the party, that I would not use any other substances throughout the evening either. I wanted to document the effects exclusive to cocaine and eliminate any potential bias from certain combinations.

Results

Upon arriving at the party, I fell under the impression that there was no cocaine present and that I might have to put my first experience on hold. I was offered a beer and an opportunity to smoke some marijuana, neither of which I chose to pass up. Over the next two hours, I consumed three beers and participated in two bowls of marijuana. I felt good over this time and became complacent with the thought that I was not going to be using any cocaine. My new assistant boss was also present and I knew that staying as sober as possible was probably a good idea.

About two hours after I had arrived, I was still feeling the effects of both the beer and the marijuana, yet I still considered myself to be sober enough to speak with a policeman or attempt mathematics. It was then that A approached me and explained that a guest had arrived with a cocaine offer. She seemed excited about it, so I told her that I was in. As the cocaine would still have to be purchased, it gave me some time to sober up more.

The cocaine arrived and we agreed to use it at a time that translated to three and a half hours after I arrived (ninety minutes after any other substance use). It cost \$60 for what I was told was an eighth of a gram. This seemed rather expensive, but I was assured that it was ‘high quality product.’ From my research, I knew that a standard line of cocaine was around 50 mg. So an eighth of a gram, or 125 mg, would yield two and a half standard lines. I knew, though, that my bodyweight (120 lbs), the fact that this was high-quality cocaine, and that I was not completely sober probably meant that I needed less of this particular cocaine at this moment in time to feel its effects. M told me that this cocaine was good enough that this amount of cocaine was plenty for the three of us to feel very good. To this day I am unsure about how much I really did consume or how much the grade of cocaine matters in dosage.

We ended up making seven lines, which did not appear all that small to me. Whether we had more cocaine in actuality, or I was not aware of how big a standard line was I will never know. Math told me that my line contained about 18 mg of cocaine plus or minus human error. A, the middleman M, and I would split the cocaine. A would have three lines, I would have two, and M would have two. I planned to insufflate my

first line, wait for an unknown time, and then move on to the second.

T + 0:00 — I took the line up my left nostril. It went up easy, much easier than my experiences with Adderall. Nevertheless, over time, I would declare that the drip and nasal congestion from cocaine was worse than that of Adderall. At first, I felt nothing other than my heartbeat being slightly higher than normal due to excitement. I knew that Adderall came on gradually over about ten minutes. I stood with A and M, who were talking, and waited.

T + 0:01 — After about ninety seconds, I felt my heartbeat increase. At first, I thought it was merely a placebo effect, as I was quite nervous, yet anticipatory about what was to come. But it continued to increase. In my mind’s eye, I pictured my heartbeat being modeled on the standard xy-plane. My heartbeat looked like the graph of the exponential function.

T + 0:02 — It was definitely kicking in. I began to worry a bit, as I could feel my heart pounding and my pulse increasing. My upper body felt warm. I knew that this increase was typical to the drug, but I also knew that my body had a physical limit and that the increase needed to level out before too long.

T + 0:03 — I finally felt as if it had reached a plateau. My heartbeat became level, albeit still very high. Many people say that one feels euphoria - being invincible and/or the desire to clean the house. I did not feel either of these (and I did remember to think about these things). For me, the positive effects of cocaine came directly from knowing that I had reached a plateau and I was going to be fine. I felt invigorated, yet also very comfortable.

It was surprising how physical the sensations actually were. I had a warm, tingly sensation in my limbs. I began to talk with A and M, asking them a few questions about the drug and to see if they too were effected. They assured me that they were and that it was indeed good cocaine (I got the impression that it hit me, the virgin and lightweight user, harder, though).

T + 0:06 — The drip was really annoying. My throat was also irritated. We moved into a second room so that A and M can use a computer. I asked for a pencil and paper so that I could write down notes about my experience.

T + 0:10 — I felt my mouth getting dry. I had no desire to grind my teeth or clench my jaw, but I did start rubbing my teeth against my lips.

T + 0:15 — I felt completely sober. It felt good, but nothing spectacular. I did not feel a desire to read or do something academic, but just to sit and study my surroundings and my bodily sensations.

T + 0:30 — Both the dry mouth and the drip were still present and annoying.

T + 0:50 — No longer felt anything significant. I felt as if I had just awoken and drank a cup of coffee.

T + 1:00 — A wanted to do our second lines. I felt no desire, neither a physical one nor a mental one, to do any more, but nevertheless I obliged. Mostly, I did not feel like experiencing the heartbeat increase again. I did, however, now have the knowledge that I gained from the first line, so I did not feel that I would be as nervous. Line two was insufflated.

T + 1:05 — A ‘rush’ never came from this line, although some of the warmth and energy has returned. I almost felt like I was ‘glowing.’ I still felt very sober. We licked up the last of the cocaine, which was interesting. It does make the mouth and teeth feel numb, much like the over-the-counter products made to numb mouth sores, yet stronger.

T + 1:10 - I talked to some other people for a while. I felt awake, but this line definitely did not result in the same type of journey as the first.

T + 1:30 - I decided to drive home. The drive was rather uneventful and music did not sound necessarily better

T + 2:00 - I arrived home and prepare to go to bed. I still felt wide awake, but knew that I should lay down now so that I could fall asleep as soon as possible. I had to be at work in about eight hours.

T + 3:00 — For some reason, only at this point did I begin to urinate quite frequently. I had a bowl of cereal and some milk. I never noticed a real loss of appetite from the cocaine. Only the nauseous effects made the sound of food somewhat unattractive. My mouth was still dry and I was still scraping my teeth against my lips.

T + 3:30 — I finally fell asleep.

Next day — I felt normal. My nasal passages were a bit congested, but nothing I could not handle. My heart was back to normal. All the effects of the drug appeared to be elements of my past.

Conclusion

To me, the most surprising element of my experience was just how quick and hard

the first rush hit me. I was told by M that a dose of about 1.5 times larger than the first line I had taken at once would be 'ideal' for this quality cocaine. Mentally, I have no doubt that I could have handled more at once. Physically, though, I just do not know the limits of my heart or how much harder a larger dose would push it. If I were to use cocaine again, especially in a larger dose, I would have water present and I would move around during the rush. Cocaine definitely hit me harder than Adderall, yet died out faster as well. Cocaine affected me much more physically than Adderall, yet did not stimulate me intellectually. The cocaine experience was quite similar to drinking a lot of coffee in a short amount of time. The dry mouth and lip biting were also things that cocaine gave me that I did not experience with Adderall.

In the end, I would actually prefer the Adderall rush to the cocaine rush. Considering that this was high quality cocaine, I have no doubt that Adderall is more worth its price. I do not doubt that cocaine generates good feelings for its user and I do not think that even the most skeptical of users would not feel any complacent tendencies. For me, though, it was simply a rush and not anything too extravagant.

I am glad to say that I felt no need to do any more cocaine, other than possibly in the future for experimental value. I would do it again if I were in its presence, but I do not have any desire to seek it on my own.

Redleader. "Rush and Glow: An Experience with Cocaine (exp43976)". Erowid.org. Jan 19, 2007. erowid.org/exp/43976

Stayed With Me After The High

Personal Data

User	10psi-boost
Experience Year	2002
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	73 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Cocaine	4 lines	Insufflated
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I am writing this in the hope that I can help inform curious or current user(s) of the drug cocaine.

I do not consider myself an ‘extreme drug user’. Most of the drugs I have tried I only used once or twice. I do smoke marijuana just about every day, shroom now and then and will drop a pill of MDMA twice a year or so.

I have experimented with the following drugs: marijuana, MDMA (ecstasy), meth (speed), cocaine, DXM, mushrooms, Adderall, and Vicodin. All of my drug experiences were very positive and didn’t pose much of an addiction. However, not one drug I have done was quite like the unusual experience(s) I had with cocaine.

The first time I did Cocaine was September of 2002. My drug-source and good friend (let’s call him Bob) called me up and said he was on his way to my house. He also asked if he could bring over a friend, let’s call him Rob. Also Bob said that he had some ‘good stuff’ for me to try, I assumed he was talking about Marijuana. When

Bob and Rob arrived at my door I could instantly tell something was different about them. Bob looked quite pale and had his jaw locked tightly shut. He also seemed rather edgy, like he was going to snap if I said something wrong. Rob looked like this to some degree also. I first thought they were on ecstasy and had passed their peak and were now coming down from the drug hard. I soon learned this wasn’t the case at all.

I asked Bob if he was feeling alright, I also noticed that he looked pale like a ghost. He told me he had just sampled a line of nearly pure cocaine from his source 30 minutes away. He then told me he liked it so much he purchased 3.5 g of it. Rob said that he tried only a bump of cocaine on the way to my house and was very impressed. Bob asked me if I wanted to try any, wow. I never thought I would be faced with the decision to do cocaine, still not sure why but it was a big surprise. Just like most other drugs I have always been curious about cocaine’s effects, but never had the desire to seek it out. This is because I was always told from friends who had tried

the drug that it is just a weaker and more expensive form of MDMA. However, I was never a person to turn down a drug and I accepted to try cocaine for the first time ever.

Bob pulled a tiny bag with a quarter sized ball of the flakey-white cocaine out of his coat pocket. He took the cocaine out of the bag and put a very small chunk onto the glass table. Bob then proceeded to cut the chunk with a razor blade until he had a fairly big line in front of me. I had already grabbed a straw from the kitchen and had cut it in half as instructed; now I just waited until the line was prepared. I was soon going to experience cocaine, and this frightened me. I have heard so much about the drug but still knew very little about its true effects. 'Here goes nothing' I thought.

I was invincible. I felt as if I could handle anything that was thrown at me.

I took a deep breath. The straw was shaking in my hand as I knelt forward above the glass. I placed the straw at the start of the line and began to snort. It went into my nose without a problem. After finishing the line I put the straw down and closed my eyes while experiencing a strong and relieving head rush. "Wow, that wasn't as hard on my nose as I thought it would be," I said after finishing the line. Bob and his friend seemed quite excited by my reaction and began to cut some more for themselves. I sat down and watched my friends cut the cocaine up, waiting for any noticeable effects. The first thing I noticed was that my throat was becoming very numb and swallowing seemed to take more effort. I was anxious to feel the effects so

I asked if I might need another line to get me feeling it. My friends told me the first line was enough and that getting up and moving around would help flow the blood. I was so thirsty and having problems swallowing with my numb throat, so I decided to make a walk to the kitchen.

Right when I entered the kitchen I noticed something very different. My body felt strangely cold and clammy all over, yet my mind and chest felt very warm and almost pulsating with energy. As I filled up a glass of water I noticed very strong and euphoric anticipations of talking to Bob and Rob again, even though it was only a minute since I had seen them last. I can best explain this as the mild emotional-bonding effects of MDMA. Almost out of the kitchen I stopped myself and thought 'It would be very nice of me to get my two friends some water'. I headed back to get them water while thinking some negative thoughts about my sober-self "I'm usually not this considerate, what if I was like this all the time? I must be a jerk while sober because I never get water for anyone else!" I was obviously high now.

I entered the door to my room and was extremely happy to be back with my friends. They had just snorted their lines and were sitting down continuing conversation. I didn't even know what they were talking about but I just, well, jumped on into it. Just like the feeling of MDMA I wanted to keep on talking and talking and just felt so good and full of energy! I put on some music and we continued to have our conversation, then Bob asked me if I liked cocaine. I told him yes. Also, when he mentioned cocaine it sparked a craving to do more! I told him how nice it would be if I could just have one more line. This really surprised me as it was only about

twenty minutes since my initial dosage, but I wanted some more cocaine. Bob cut up another line for me. I leaned over and took it like I've done it a million times, quite a change from my disposition of the first line. I was invincible. I felt as if I could handle anything that was thrown at me. Rob suggested that we take a short walk down to the supermarket to pick up some food. I couldn't see how they were hungry at all but I eagerly agreed to leave because I wanted to get out of the house.

When I entered the supermarket I felt like I was in a dream land. The air conditioning made my whole body feel very cold but my mind still felt very warm, so I wasn't uncomfortable with my body's feeling of being cold at all. My jaw was also very tightly clenched, just like on MDMA. As we got our own items to purchase we paid one by one. Now, normally when on drugs I am a very self conscious person and frightened that people will notice I am high. While waiting my turn in line to pay, the typical anxiety-prone thoughts I experience were absent. I had a strange feeling of superiority over the cashier who was helping me and I made it through the transaction while acting completely normal and controlled, yet mentally high as a bird.

We headed back to my house with our minds set for one thing, to do another line of cocaine. We actually ended up doing two lines a piece when we got back. We talked for only a little bit when Bob and Rob had to leave for a deal.

So now I was very high left in my house alone, high on cocaine with nobody there to run my mouth off to. I felt extremely horny and affectionate as hell. I wanted to call my girlfriend up, but figured it wasn't

worth the risk once the high wore off, plus I couldn't obtain much of an erection (that was frustrating). Now all I wanted to do was lie down in my bed. I lay down, but couldn't even close my eyes for one second. I was very wide awake. I sat down on my computer but felt uninterested in all that was before me and almost irritated at everything, if it wasn't a line of 'coke' I wasn't interested. I lay back down on my bed and thought about life and my friends for what must have been several hours, until I finally closed my eyes and fell asleep. I woke up the next day and felt very tired and mentally slow — this could be because of my lack of sleep, however.

I have done cocaine three times since that first time. Each experience seemed to get weaker and lose its positive aspects. The drug's presence and persistence grows larger inside my head with each time. Every time I unexpectedly hear the word cocaine my mind suddenly jolts with energy and desire. Now when using cocaine instead of being very talkative for hours I will become extremely anxiety-ridden, paranoid and temperamental - and only euphoric if I do a lot more cocaine.

When I would sit in my room during those few days it was like the cocaine would whisper to me to snort some, just a little. So I did.

The thing that really scares me about cocaine is the addiction potential. Two of the four times I tried the drug was when Bob asked me to hold on to 3 grams of cocaine for him for a few days. When I would sit in my room during those few days it was like the cocaine would whisper

to me to snort some, just a little. So I did. While I was high I would write down notes to myself to not do it and that I wasn't happy, but when I was sober I wanted it so bad. Even more surprising to me is that I'm not even around cocaine at all, ever. The only times I have done cocaine is in situations where the drug was in front of my face, in which I couldn't possibly say no. If cocaine was easily available to me all the time I have no idea how much I would use it.

I haven't done cocaine for four months now. This is more than likely because I haven't even heard a word of it being available; otherwise I'm sure I would have done it. The first time was fun, but no more fun than any MDMA experience can be. If I could advise someone against doing any drug I would say don't do cocaine. It's too expensive, too addicting, and doesn't last long enough to be worth the time. MDMA is so, so, so much more than cocaine — yet I crave cocaine more than MDMA, that's why this drug is still mysterious to me.

10psi-boost. "Stayed with Me After the High: An Experience with Cocaine (exp21524)". Erowid.org. Dec 1, 2005. erowid.org/exp/21524

A Subtle Power In That White Powder

Personal Data

User	MIM
Experience Year	2006
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	66 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Cocaine	Repeated	Insufflated
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I feel that describing just one experience with cocaine would do the substance a great injustice. Though it may seem straightforward enough — a euphoria-inducing stimulant — there is more to it than meets the eye, at least in my opinion. A fellow writer said that the power of cocaine is in its subtlety, and I completely agree with him — this, at least, has been the case for me as well. Let me start from the beginning.

The first time I tried cocaine, I was a sophomore in college. My life in general sucked at this point, as I had just escaped a terrible “romantic” relationship, if it could even be called that, had a small group of friends who were mostly lame, and was doing quite badly in my classes. More to the point, I did not, at the time, have any connections to anything other than some high grade cannabis, or at best several pills of Adderall (mix of amphetamine salts and dextroamphetamine) from time to time.

I found the latter substance, unlike pot, quite useful for studying and getting mundane tasks such as cleaning my room

done. If I took enough Adderall, I could become quite euphoric, but it always seemed there was something missing from it — it almost seemed... “earthy”... yes, that is the best way I can put it. I had heard a lot about cocaine, from friends who had tried it in the past to its depiction in movies and such. I thought cocaine might be the answer I was looking for, that perfect high, that perfect bliss and, as such, I spent a good amount of time looking into getting a hookup.

One day, my Adderall dealer finally came through, and waltzed into my room with a bag of cocaine. It was pressed into a lump, though he assured me it was regular, powder cocaine, not the mixture called “crack.” He had only gotten some for himself, but he was willing to share it at no cost to myself. I had always seen cocaine snorted from a mirror in movies, and as such insisted that I do so. I wanted to “do it right.” The only mirror I could find was a body-length mirror lent from a friend, but that would have to do, and I rested it on my bed as flat as I could. With just slight pressure from an ID card, it broke into smaller

lumps. Each of these, in turn, disintegrated into a pile of powder which looked *much* larger than the original lump.

With my first sniff I was disappointed immediately. I looked at him and said, “I don’t feel anything.” He just snorted his line and smiled. Just then, I felt something. To this day I am not quite sure what, but I did feel something. One, perhaps odd, thing I remember was that just as the rush hit, I saw some green “ribbons” streak across his face, although only for a very brief moment. Anyway, he and I chatted for a while, and then we did another couple lines. I still was not feeling as euphoric as I had hoped...in fact, there was no euphoria as such I could put my finger on, but I did not want to insult him so I just kept talking. Anyway, talking was unusually fun, and the music sounded really good.

I distinctly remember feeling something I now know psychologists and psychiatrists call “panic.”

¹ Vertigo is a sensation of motion or spinning that is often described as dizziness. It is not the same as being lightheaded. People with vertigo feel as though they are actually spinning or moving, or that the world is spinning around them (Penn Medicine).

To my dismay, he did not want to do any more coke that night, so after he left I went up to see a friend of mine. My conversation with him seemed normal enough, though he later told me that I was more “aggressive” and “engaged” than usual — and he was used to me on Adderall, being one of my closer friends.

Fast forward a year, and I have another chance to try cocaine, and I jumped at the chance with eager anticipation. Even though I had not really noticed much of any effect from it, I thought about it somewhat frequently over the course of the summer. Though my old Adderall dealer graduated, my freshman year pot dealer,

who had been studying in England for a year, returned and was apparently dealing coke. I bought a gram from him — though it was really overpriced — and ended up doing some with a homeless guy who was visiting his girlfriend at college (this is a really liberal college, by the way). This time I had a lot, and I was not about to make the mistake I had made before. I cut out twelve lines. I let the homeless guy go first, who only did a couple before going briefly to his girlfriend’s room. Before he left and shook his head at me: “You’re sure you’re going to do all that?” I said I would... and I did. I did the first five or so and waited, but did not really seem to notice much, except for that “thing” I could not quite put my finger on. So I proceeded to do the rest.

I waited, and was about to cut out more lines, when I distinctly remember feeling something I now know psychologists and psychiatrists call “panic”, though mine was, clearly, chemically induced and so not a proper “panic attack.” In any event, my heart was pounding, my breath was labored, and I had a mild case of vertigo¹. Moreover, I worried about what these symptoms might mean (“Maybe I ODeD!”), and this likely increased the physiological effects, perpetuating the cycle. I ran out of my room into the hall, trying to “escape” from the terrible feeling. I was confused and did not know where to go, but I eventually ran down the staircase, where I ran into the homeless guy who was on his way up.

I immediately felt better, seeing a familiar face, and when I recounted the experience to him, he further reassured me that those things were common at high doses and they did not mean anything tragic was about to happen. About an hour later,

maybe less, I started to come down, and this I **did** feel. It was absolutely horrendous. Life seemed so hopeless, though I had no idea why. A couple beers seemed to take the edge off a little, but not significantly.

At one point in the year, I was talking to my dealer, who was himself a cokehead, and mentioned I had never really felt any “effects” from coke. He looked at me and said, “But you like it, don’t you?” The question caught me off guard, mostly because I realized I did like it. I just did not know why, or what exactly it did to me. Every other chemical had effects I could squarely put my finger on, but not coke. There was also one evening where I sat at my desk staring at my computer screen and thinking “Why aren’t I having fun? I was having fun here earlier today? What should I be doing?” I thought and thought, and then realized: it was the coke. I had not had a particularly good time doing it, so far as I could tell, but I “remembered” it as being fun. I concluded that coke’s effects must be extremely subtle — at least for me — and that I would just have to be content with that. Its mysteries seemed to me altogether gone, and I convinced myself it would keep disappointing me, so I did not try any more...until later that year.

Towards the end of that year, I still had a little bit of the gram left, and that evening I happened to be drinking a little. The synergy with alcohol was amazing, albeit unpredicted. I only took one line, and yet I could feel a distinct euphoria. I felt I was not quite as far along as I could be, so I wanted to do more, but I was sharing with three other people (we each got a line) and none was left. Nevertheless, I had a good time that night, for much longer than I would have anticipated given all that I had

heard about coke’s brief effects. There was no comedown, either.

This year, senior year, my life had finally come together. I finally had a great girlfriend, a decent circle of friends, and was never without anything to do if I wanted to find it. By this point, I had turned to opiates, mostly kratom because it was legal and widely available (and, frankly, because it was the best), but also codeine, dihydrocodeine, hydrocodone, and oxycodone (the last one rarely, and only in the form of Percocet).

I realized I did like it. I just did not know why, or what exactly it did to me.

The thing I liked about opiates, as opposed to coke, which I had tried thus far only a handful of times, Adderall, or any other upper, is that I could often “knock myself out” on them, i.e. I would seldom have to deal with a comedown, because the peak of the high was a blissful, dreamlike state, that eventually subsided into contented sleep, this as compared to uppers, which kept me awake until and through the comedown, where I would lie in bed feeling the world had come to an end even though I “knew” it had not, until I finally drifted off into a fitful, troubled sleep. I also stayed away from pot, first because it had begun to hurt my lungs the last year, and second because I found using it for an extended period of time made me asocial and withdrawn.

Anyway, I recently had another opportunity to try cocaine. On this particular night, I had gotten into a fight with my girlfriend and so decided to spend the night away from her (at this point, we were

sharing a bed almost every night). I went to the town tavern to hang out with some friends, and ran into a long-lost friend from freshman year. I was a little tipsy so I thrust all my problems on him, as I have wont to do when I'm inebriated. I asked him if he had any oxycodone or another painkiller, as I had a particular longing for one this evening, but he said he did not. He did, however, have a gram and a half of cocaine on hand. I was not too thrilled with this, but I figured, "What the hell. I'll give it another shot."

I was not too thrilled with this, but I figured, "What the hell. I'll give it another shot."

² The drug-drug interaction between cocaine and alcohol is antagonistic. Combining the two can be dangerous, causing cardiotoxic effects and increasing an individual's risk of a potentially fatal overdose (American Addiction Centers).

³ Combining alcohol and cocaine causes the liver to form a substance known as cocaethylene. Cocaethylene is equal in potency to cocaine, producing feelings of energy, focus and excitement, but has a longer half-life. This can extend the cocaine high many people experience, even if they are unaware that the combination is extending the psychoactive effects. Research indicates that combining the substances concurrently can negatively impact intelligence, memory, and verbal learning, compared with taking either substance alone (American Addiction Centers).

So he handed me the tin from his pocket, told me to take as much as I wanted, and I went to the bathroom. The bags were filled with a fairly fine powder, with just a couple chunks here and there. There was no decent surface, so I just took the snorting-tube out of the tin and insufflated some from straight out of the bag. The burning in my nose and the sudden, powerful rush told me I had probably snorted quite a bit more than I intended. Indeed, I looked in the mirror and saw that my eyes were fairly well-dilated. I did not get the panic I feared, though, and I went back into the tavern and had a great evening, drinking lots of good beer, chatting the night away, and occasionally going to the bathroom to snort the coke. It had never been quite so powerful, or so smooth, and this time I was distinctly aware of it.

When 2 am rolled around, I was disappointed the bar was closing as I was

having such a good time. My friend was nice enough to give me one of the two bags, or what remained of one of them. There was still a good half gram or third gram in it, so far as I could tell. I got back to my room and surfed the web, read and replied to emails, and so on. I was waiting for that terrible comedown, but even after an hour, it did not seem to come. Instead, the high kept getting stronger and stronger. At about the hour and a half mark (after I got back), that familiar feeling of panic returned. "This is curious," I thought, "cocaine and alcohol ought to be antagonistic². Maybe the alcohol is wearing off now and my withdrawal from it is adding a little edge to the coke high." I looked it up online to reassure myself, but what I found was far from reassuring. Apparently, alcohol and cocaine mix in the body to form a new substance that is more euphoric than either alone, but also more toxic³. What's more, it lasts somewhere from 3 to 5 times longer than cocaine.

I knew the best approach was to try to relax, so I did. I tried lying down, but I could only do this for so long. I needed to go to the bathroom, but the physically short walk there was difficult due to terrible vertigo and some mild, "melty" visual distortions similar to a low-dose shrooms trip, and when I got there I could hardly urinate at all, and when I did manage to squeeze a little out, my heart felt like it was going to leap out of my chest. I got back to my room and felt lightheaded and anxious. My balance was severely impaired, especially if I stood still. I wanted to do something, but I did not know what. I took my pulse and, if I was taking it accurately, it was over 100 beats per minute. I also felt that I was not getting any oxygen to my blood, even though I was taking deep, slow breaths. I was forcing myself to, because I

knew this was likely better than allowing myself to hyperventilate as my body was screaming at me to do. I really wanted to “escape,” but I realized that, as much as I wanted to, running would probably only make matters worse, so I went on a walk.

The campus was nearly empty, since by this time it was between 3 and 4 in the morning on a weeknight. Everything looked creepy in the moonlight, though I cannot describe exactly how, all I can say is that things “look” similar to this when I’m coming up or going down on shrooms. I walked around and around campus, making sure to breathe deeply and slowly and not walk too fast. Walking did help relieve a bit of the anxiety, if nothing else, by distracting me, although from time to time a wave of “panic,” which at times felt like pins and needles accompanied by almost debilitating dizziness, would wash over me. At one point I took my pulse and, if I was correct (which I figure is not that likely since I was so messed up), it was 200 beats per minute. I considered going to the college health center, staffed 24 hours by at least a nurse, but I weighed the possibilities and did not want to get caught because, despite how I felt, some small part of me “thought” this would all blow over in time and that I would be fine. After all, I had not even done a full gram — probably not even a full half gram — of coke. So I kept walking and, little by little (and by this I mean over the course of three more hours), I calmed down enough to return to my room and go to sleep. I do not remember feeling any crash as such, though, only relief at the experience finally being over.

The next day, I still felt a little strange, and from time to time a very mild wave would wash over me. These usually included feel-

ing top-heavy and things looking “creepy.” A day after that, I was feeling perfectly normal, and I had to endure a very boring function, so I did ONE line, followed it with a shot of Southern Comfort⁴, and took off. I did not feel noticeable euphoria as such, not something that could be directly tied to the coke, but I did enjoy the evening a lot more than I normally would have, and my social skills were top notch, or that’s what it seemed to me at the time, albeit dominating (as I realize looking back on the experience). Again, no comedown, though several hours later that evening when I was drinking and hoping to get drunk, I just started feeling more upped and, wanting to stave off another episode of panic, curtailed my drinking. No crash, and by the time I got back that evening from the party, I fell to sleep relatively easily.

Anyway, that’s pretty much all I have to say about coke. At least for me (and I think there are probably others out there), coke is very subtle, and is hard to notice at first. This does not mean, however, that it is not powerful. I don’t personally find it quite as addictive — even psychologically — as opiates, simply because it doesn’t really bring me that sense of blissful escape that I want. In fact, sometimes it induces the desire for it. But it might be just what some out there are looking for, and is therefore even more dangerous than it is to me. I’m not saying not to use it. That’s obviously your decision. I am saying, though, that from now on I’m going to be very careful with this substance, and I’d hope that others will be, too.

⁴ Southern Comfort is a whiskey liqueur that’s made in the United States (Southern Comfort).

MIM. “A Subtle Power in that White Powder: An Experience with Cocaine (exp53211)”. Erowid.org. Jul 29, 2007. erowid.org/exp/53211

Now I Understand The Danger

Personal Data

User	anon
Experience Year	2003
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	

Dosage

T + 0:00	Cocaine	1 g	Insufflated
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Before I start, let me say that I am writing this in the hope that anyone who might be planning to try coke for the first time, or hangs out with people who do it and might one day be offered some, will read this and understand what I have to say. Especially anyone who has the perception of coke being a glamorous, cool, fashionably expensive and trendy drug. This is the story of my first and last experience with cocaine, and what I learned from it.

Anyway, I am 24 years old, and have a cannabis dependence which has lasted for years, and despite knowing it harms me, I have been unable to stop. One day when I called my dealer, who only ever sold cannabis in the past, he said that he had some coke. I happened to have some expendable money in the bank, summer was just kicking in and I was in a good mood, so I thought sure, I'll give it a go and find out what it's like. I'd read a bit about coke on the internet in the past, heard lots of stories about it etc. I've done speed and E several times, so I felt that I knew roughly what to expect.

So I hook up with my dealer and get home with my weed and this gram of coke. I was being careful as always with any new drug, so I started with very small lines, and the effect was very subtle. After 4 of these tiny lines over half an hour, I noticed a feeling of relaxation, positivity, I was at ease. It occurred to me then, that I had been expecting an obvious intoxication, like an E, rather than this subtle adjustment of my mind into positivity and confidence. Anyway, that night I kept taking those tiny lines and had a few beers and several joints. I used about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a gram at the most, it was a mild effect and I stayed awake until 6 am talking with a good friend. Eventually I got into bed, and slept for 3 hours. The next day, I snorted lines all day and then hooked up with some friends, and shared about $\frac{1}{2}$ a gram with them, and was really wonderfully euphoric. At the end of the night, I smoked a bong and went home, with a little coke left over for the next day. The weed gave me a real bad feeling, and when I got home, the coke comedown hit me on top of this. I became extremely paranoid, on a scale unparalleled by the paranoia I've experienced from weed. I knew

it was a comedown, and dealt with it OK, but I had real feelings of guilt about my drug-taking and wasting so many years of my young life smoking pot to the extent that it became the focus of my life for a while. It was a mildly distressing experience but it did make me realize I had been too caught up in drugs over the years and I went to sleep, determined to change my lifestyle.

When I woke up, I felt groggy and in a bit of a bad mood as I usually do after smoking and drinking all night, so I got my ritual morning caffeine dose and started work (I work at home). As is usual for a Monday morning, I was finding it hard to concentrate on the work. I was thinking about the remainder of the coke and decided to take just a tiny bit to wake me up. This quickly had me alert and focused on the job. Feeling a bit more confident, I soon snorted all that I had left and I was high as a kite, amazingly euphoric, feeling physically in top condition. This was sustained for 2 hours or so, and I was drinking beer and smoking weed. When the coke wore off, I felt very drunk and stoned, which I didn't notice when on the coke. So I came down right into a hangover, and I knew there was no more coke left.

**The more you take, the higher you get,
and the further you fall. What goes up
must come down.**

I sat in my office chair, too drunk, for a couple of hours, waiting to sober up and thinking very hard — because there was no coke left, and I felt that the experience was incomplete, unfinished, and if I'd just had a little bit more then I would have been satisfied. Then I realized that taking

cocaine compels you to take more, there will never be enough. The more you take, the higher you get, and the further you fall. What goes up must come down.

Sitting there in my chair, I deeply wished I had more coke to take. I spent the next 4 hours thinking about coke. I felt like an animal, this was not like the urge to smoke weed, this wasn't mental. It was a hard physical craving, and I did not expect it at all, this being the first time I had tried coke. I was unprepared for this, and I found it really scary. The whole thing had seemed relatively benign and good until this point. Of all the drugs I have tried in my life (MDMA, amphetamines, 2C-I, psilocybin, weed and alcohol), none has terrified me so much as this cocaine. I feared for my safety, because the craving was physical and beyond the control of my mind. I knew it was happening but I couldn't override it by being strong willed and telling myself "It's just an effect of the drug, it will stop soon." It was a truly frightening experience that I wasn't prepared for at all.

Mercifully, I am not a rich guy, and had no money to buy more. The thought was going through my mind that maybe I could scrape together enough to get another gram, but I got drunk to dull the craving and spent a few hours thinking of ways that I could get the money together to get some more coke. Fortunately, I spent so much time thinking about how to get the money, and got so drunk that eventually the craving subsided and I started to feel more like myself again. Around 9 hours had passed since I took the final line, before I was back in control and able to ditch the idea of spending money I didn't have on more cocaine.

I realized I hadn't eaten for 3 days since I got the coke. I was completely physically drained, dehydrated and weak, and had to force myself to eat a decent meal. This food comforted me and I went to sleep, it was over.

I can honestly say, without a doubt, that cocaine is the scariest drug I've ever taken. The craving I felt was more terrifying than any bad trip I had experienced on any hallucinogen. The high is great — it's crystal clear, and not intoxicating at all, and I think this makes it dangerous to the first time user. It feels almost as if you are not on a drug at all, once you've been doing it for a few hours. You feel great, but also normal at the same time. Then it begins to wear off, leaving you feeling disappointed, so you take a little more to sustain the high, and this game continues until there is no more left to take.

It reminded me of when I was doing MDMA quite regularly. I would be in a club having taken a couple of pills, dancing, having a terrific time, then it begins to wear off, and you feel compelled to take just 1 more to complete the experience.

Cocaine was like this for me, except that the high is so short lived and less obviously intoxicating, that it's a much tighter cycle of 'up and down'. I could never take MDMA more than once a month, because I always felt really physically and mentally drained for a couple of days after it, and had no urge/craving to immediately do it again.

The urge to take more MDMA stayed in the club when I was on it, and had always disappeared by the time I got home to sleep. This certainly made me complacent about stimulants, because I had always

been told MDMA was highly addictive and dangerous, and all the evidence I experienced in using it showed this to be untrue, in my case.

So I had my brush with cocaine, thinking I could cope with it easily. How wrong I was. I thought I understood the nature of addiction, because of my cannabis dependence. How wrong I was.

The high is great – it's crystal clear, and not intoxicating at all, and I think this makes it dangerous to the first time user.

I thought coke was kind of glamorous and a cool thing to try, and would be an okay thing to experiment with, just once, as I have done with other drugs. Again, I was so wrong. Nothing I had read, nothing I had experienced before, had prepared me for that terrifying, uncontrollable, and degrading physical craving. I didn't feel like a movie star, or a high-flying, Ferrari-driving businessman. I felt like a junkie, I felt like an animal, I felt like total scum, and I was horrified and disgusted at myself but I couldn't override the craving with my mind.

This was my first time trying coke, just 1 gram, and afterwards it was hell, thank god the craving went away after 9 or so hours. I am sure that as a coke user does more, develops tolerance, starts doing it for days on end, the craving must only become deeper, longer lasting and more and more embedded in their mind. I can fully understand now why people get addicted to it, how easy it must be to become a slave to cocaine, and what a nightmare their lives would become.

My dealer only ever sold cannabis to me, for years, so I am pretty sure that he just got a small quantity coke as a one-off and has none left now, and will not get it again in the future. I will not be taking it again, and now some days have passed I don't feel any desire to repeat the experience. I don't like speaking in clichés, but really, Once was Enough. Just 1 gram of cocaine ushered me to the cliff-edge overlooking the bottomless pit of addiction and tried to coax me over the edge, and I thank my lucky stars that I was able to turn away from it and leave it behind.

anon. "Now I Understand The Danger: An Experience with Cocaine (exp24253)". Erowid.org. Mar 2, 2006. erowid.org/exp/24253

Lemon Glow

Personal Data

User	Akbarro
Experience Year	2008
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	60 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Alcohol (Hard)	Repeated	Oral
T + 1:00	Cocaine	Repeated	Insufflated
T + 5:00	Cannabis		Smoked

I live in Mexico city, I'm 23 years old and statistically considered upper class in my country. My parents are divorced, me and my brother live alone in a dad-sponsored apartment, and we both go to college: I'm majoring in urban engineering. I exercise regularly, and try to eat very healthy.

Drug culture in Mexico City while considered nonexistent; is thriving across the city in upper-middle and upper class youth. We are considered a country of pushers-not-consumers, however all kinds of drugs are consumed very secretively in rave parties, clubs and private parties. Note the "very secretively" part, most of the druggies I've met in Mexico try not to display their drug use with people they know and lead two different lives perfectly. Police is not a hassle in my social circle.

Both my parents and my brother despise drugs to a pathological level and my father tests me every now and then for drugs. This is understandable given the fact that my dad is quite the orthodox in practicing morale and my mom has had recent drug abuse problems of which I was unaware of

(she is/was addicted to Clonazepam¹ and Oxycodone²).

All of my friends have a similar socioeconomic background and are of the same age. We've known each other for years and grew up with a terribly lame idea of drugs; basically we feared them and preferred to get wasted every single weekend: drugs didn't sound like much fun and our parents would surely send us to rehab. As you might expect for late-bloomers (we tried pot at 21), drug use in my social circle is rampant and singularly precocious. Since money is not a particular concern, we have steady sources of good stuff and we abuse it on private parties and dance events. So far it has been a good experience, I've had no troubles with the law and made lots of new friends. In barely a year and a half I've tried pot (which I've grown to love), amphetamines, oxycodone, heroin (snorted), LSD, methamphetamine (orally), poppers, MDMA and peyote (my only bad trip). Nevertheless, the use of cocaine in Mexico is considered social seppuku, so we had never even tried it till the day of this experience.

¹ Clonazepam, also known by the common brand name Klonopin) is a benzodiazepine drug used for the treatment of panic disorder and epilepsy amongst others (National Institutes of Health).

² Oxycodone is a semi-synthetic narcotic painkiller and has historically been a popular drug of abuse among the narcotic abusing population (Drug Enforcement Agency).

How my experience started? In all I had practiced an absurd allergy to cocaine (absurd given all the other stuff we've tried) and grown sick of amphetamines and MDMA. I just hated the depression (moderate), the non-existent hunger, and the anhedonia³ I had to bear for over 4 days after a party. Cocaine appealed as a quicker rush without the heavy toll that speed use carries. Even more, 3 of my friends had tickets for Saturday night to see John Digweed and Sasha (our favorite DJs) so my brother being out of town, I decided on my own to try blow. I easily seduced my other friends into joining my experience (I hated to even think of doing it alone) and went to see DM, our dealer and friend.

Cocaine is relatively inexpensive in Mexico. I can score decent stuff in downtown slums for about 35 dollars a gram, but DM got a hold of some superior coke (so he claimed) and was selling it for 150 a gram. The coke he showed us came in little plastic ziplock bags. We were told that the one in the greenish bags was lemon flavored and the pink ones were cherry flavored.

Since I have a relatively strong tolerance to drugs, (in order to get a nice trip I had to consume up to 60 mg of speed or 4 to 6 ecstasy pills per night) and we were all kind of drunk on some bourbon he poured us, we bought 750 worth (5 grams). It certainly looked like a lot of coke and I remember thinking we overdid it, but I had been waiting for these 2 DJs for over 3 months and was very excited.

Saturday night came and we were ready. JS, one of my friends, came to pick me up around 11:00 pm. The mood just kept rising. All the way to the event we were smoking some nice white widow⁴ (he

has a cabrio⁵, so we love to get stoned in his car) and listening to some old, trippy Sasha tunes. Traffic is a plague in Mexico city, so when we arrived at THE place it was about 1 am and we were really, really stoned (about 2 joints). We met T and M, my other two friends and stood in the huge line to get in. T and M were in a similar festive attitude because they had had half a tab of acid each. As we approached the entry, we noticed some policemen doing random searches and got very paranoid. I ran to an empty port-a-potty and hid all 3 baggies in my boxers.

This was so far the intro to the trip. To better illustrate it, I decided to make a timeline:

1:30 am — No problem getting in. The warmup DJ sucked, so we asked for some grape juice, red bull and a bottle of vodka to prevent the speedy spectacle we usually give at dance parties while high (we abuse it and it shows...).

2:00 am — No John or Sasha in sight. JS and I are fairly drunk (4 glasses) but sleepy and kind of bored. My other 2 friends are tripping in acid and express no interest in doing the coke, they wander around the place (a big bodega) looking to score ecstasy, which they do and consume.

2:30 am — JS and I decide to do some coke in his car (security is hawkish) to wake us both up. I am really nervous as we open the tiny bag so JS decides to cut the lines from the flakey mound. He breaks 4 small lines as directed by DM, and I decide to go first.

I'm nervous so all I do in my first try is disperse the line on the card. I jump to the second one immediately but this

³ Anhedonia is the lack of interest, enjoyment or pleasure from life's experiences (Cleveland Clinic).

⁴ White Widow is a hybrid weed strain made from a genetic cross between a Brazilian sativa landrace and a resin-heavy South Indian indica (Leafly).

⁵ A convertible or cabriolet is a passenger car that can be driven with or without a roof in place (Wikipedia).

time we use a short straw, so I manage to snort it entirely. It smells like Kool Aid and chemicals.

In about 15 seconds I begin to feel some strong effects. The drip in the back of my throat tastes sort of bittersweet (it is not unpleasant), and everything, I mean EVERYTHING in my face is numb. My teeth, my front sinuses, my tear ducts, my cheekbones. I try to swallow but even my tongue seems numb so I spit instead.

2 minutes later my body seems to start warming up very nicely (it's chilly in the parking lot). It's a warm, rushy feeling of well being. I absolutely love the numbness in my face so I just keep touching my front with my fingers and licking my teeth. I feel the urge to talk. Notice that I use the word "urge" because that's what I had, I just really, really needed to talk to people. I look back at JS who has a fixed grin and confirms that he is incredibly high too. When we see that we have like 30 times that amount of coke to get through the night we just feel powerful. We hear Sasha spinning, so we decide to do one more line and return to the bodega. It's been like 20 minutes since we did the first 2.

3:00 am — We enter the place after passing security and I've switched to pure euphoria. I'm aware that this kind of high will bring something of a crash and I start getting a bad, paranoid trip. I feel my eardrums pounding and notice that I've been sweating profusely (though not as much as if I were on speed) and biting my lip. We head to our table and I drink a pure shot of vodka trying to break the high a little. This works perfectly and I'm no longer paranoid, I just feel speedy and amiable.

3:20 am — The sensation of coming down is very subtle and I'm having a hell of a good time so I grab several tips of the coke with a car key and finish both nostrils up. The feeling returns, my arms and legs feel like engulfed with goodness. I keep clenching my fingers and toes, my face is flushed and decorated with a huge smile. I have this sensation of being really handsome and funny. The music just feels great as it flows with my chat. I talk incessantly and people notice how high I am but seem ok with it, so I feel in total control of the situation.

I just keep touching my front with my fingers and licking my teeth. I feel the urge to talk.

The glow? The word is perfect to describe it. My self esteem is riding high along with my confidence. I feel this beautiful 'I'm cool' vibe and want everyone to know it, without my company getting as speedy as on amphetamines. I ingest more alcohol because it seems to balance out the high, I no longer feel drunk. I note a fast heart-beat but no tachycardia⁶ as on crystal or speed overdose, my blood pressure feels manageable.

Clearly, my social skills are greatly improved by the cocaine. I'm the kind of guy who keeps only to himself and close ones but still I'm hitting on 2 girls sitting close to our table. We actually talk about the coke trip, one of them saw us doing car keys, but they are both very cool with it. They notice how fast I talk and keep asking questions on how the rush feels and what a great time they were having. My hornyness is also a thing to note. I feel very attracted to both girls, sexually

⁶ Tachycardia is the medical term for a heart rate over 100 beats a minute (Mayo Clinic).

speaking. I've never felt this horny on speed. Both the girls ask me for some coke on a cigarette which I eagerly provide.

I confirm that the coke we were given is strong. One of the girls after two puffs feels too high and starts pacing around the table in little circles. I keep talking with the other girl and when I decide to clear another tip of the keys she asks for one. She snorts it and you can really tell she's loving it. She takes me by the hand and carries me all the way to the dancing crowd. Even though I never dance in public or away from a table I feel cool with her moves and keep dancing like a maniac. I feel no shame when we both do 2 tips and start kissing in public. While kissing her, I taste the cocaine on her mouth and start getting another bad trip (this bad trips of which I speak of are very, very sudden, unpleasant and come with profuse sweating) but I recover. The girl I'm with makes friends with another group of ravers and we all dance together. I feel great.

This is definitely the comedown...Not a feeling of sadness as in ecstasy, but a taste of emptiness, like feeling guilty for what I just did.

5:00 am — My date for the night seems to have departed. I've been doing coke all night but still carry on. Between JS and me we have finished about a gram and I decide to stop despite the early hour. This time of the night everyone looks high so JS does lines in the drinks table. 4 girls come and ask him for some coke, I approve. We ask for a bottle of bourbon in order to cope with the comedown and I gulf down 2 quick shots.

5:30 am — My dopamine seems pretty depleted, since I can't stop moving my feet, and. both my hands tremble. This is definitely the comedown and it sucks way more than amphetamine withdrawal. Not a feeling of sadness as in ecstasy, but a taste of emptiness, like feeling guilty for what I just did.

6:30 am — Right now the comedown is too nasty. I feel nausea from the lemon sweetener and light a joint to get it away. My three friends are rocking and show no interest in stopping. The crowd seems thicker somehow and 2 strangers are sitting with us talking DJ equipment with JS who is, in my opinion, a very accomplished DJ. I don't feel so fresh so I just nod to everything they say. I choose to leave the scene and ask JS for his car keys. Please note that my flat is nearly 2 driving hours from the place.

[Editor's Note: Do NOT drive after consuming drugs, and especially not after the dosages this author consumed.]

8:00 am — While driving home, I've been chilling in the car listening to Daft Punk which has helped a lot. My mood is now uplifting and I don't feel sleepy or hungry at all, just kind of tired and guilty again.

8:30 am — The lady helping us with house chores is already there when I arrive, so I ask for a glass of orange juice and a fruit salad. I have a singularly close relationship with her given the fact that I've known her for 12 years and she has seen me in all sorts of pathetic states, she takes care of me and I appreciate her greatly. I chow on my little breakfast and try to read the newspaper. I can't. My mind is still rushing and I can't concentrate very well on simple tasks.

9:30 am — The comedown is over. I feel kind of lonely so I keep hanging out with the maid and help her doing laundry. Later on, I decide to lock in my room in order to light a joint and crash when 2 of my friends arrive to eat something. Talking with my friends fits me just right given my state and we head to a restaurant which we know to serve a splendid buffet. They eat and I feel totally recovered, I even notice a slight craving to do some cocaine.

10:30 am — My experience is over. My other two mates scout for the afterparty and I decide to call it a night.

So what's the catch? With no day-after effects for me besides a sore nose, I liked cocaine just fine, the only problem being I got too high too quickly and the guilt. The glow and social empathy (not emotional as on ecstasy) is such a great part of the experience so I will do coke more often at private parties. I don't think much of it as a rave or club drug given the short-lived effects, comedown and difficulties to snort it in public.

Thank you for reading and love for all.

Akbarro. "Lemon Glow: An Experience with Cocaine & Alcohol (exp71061)". Erowid.org. Dec 2, 2016. erowid.org/exp/71061

NICOTINE

Stimulant

It Looked Like It Was Snowing

Personal Data

User	JDizzle
Experience Year	2010
Age at Time	20
Gender	Male
Body Weight	61 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Nicotine (Liquid)		Oral
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It was late winter and I was working on making my own cigarettes when I talked to a guy about electronic cigarettes. At school, I was telling him how I liked my own cigarettes a lot more than FSC cigarettes¹ and how they tasted really good, but I wasn't making much progress. It was about 11:30 when he took out a small white bottle of pure nicotine with Marlboro flavoring², or so he said. I put out my finger and he put a big drop on the tip of my finger and he told me to not eat it all, but just a dab of it. I thought to myself, "It's just nicotine, can't be too bad, I've smoked cigars, hookah, cigarettes, and taken ritalin and adderall, no big deal," WRONG.

I took a little bit bigger a lick than I thought I would and noticed a cool sting that quickly got hot and tingly. It tasted awesome, but almost immediately I felt like I had taken a massive puff of a cigarette. Then it quickly started to peak and I was saying 'oh my god oh my god' the rush was enormous, I couldn't believe I had taken pure nicotine, or that what I had taken was nicotine. It seemed as powerful as taking a much more powerful stimu-

lant, but I knew it couldn't have been that. I breathed through my mouth like I had been trying to clear a hot pepper afterburn and tried to regain my composure. Then my vision began to shift, and I saw these white specks flying in the air like it was snowing. So I ask the guy "Dude, are you sure this is just nicotine?" I have smoked hookah for hours but the most buzz I would get from it was a slight drunk or high feeling, but I would definitely not be seeing white specks.

I continued my conversation with him for the next fifteen minutes and thought "Well maybe it was just nicotine, but that amber color really bothers me, but I suppose it did taste like Marlboro." Then I stood outside the classroom and I thought, well if I see crap then I guess I could try to see stuff. I tried to make the carpet move like I would sometimes make happen if I stare at it alone for a long time, but it didn't work. People would move and then I started seeing the white specks flying again but just a little so I thought it was my eyes. Then in the classroom, I sat there tweaking like mad crazy and kept jitter-

¹ Fire-safe cigarettes are designed to extinguish more quickly than standard cigarettes if ignored, with the intention of preventing accidental fires. In the United States, "FSC" above the barcode signifies that the cigarettes sold are fire standards compliant (FSC) (Wikipedia).

² Liquid nicotine or e-juice is concentrated nicotine used in electronic cigarettes (UConn Health).

ing my foot trying to get rid of the excess energy, and I would look back at the guy in suspicion.

Since I started peaking to towards the last 20 minutes of class in which I almost fell asleep I couldn't remember what people would say, but I would be able to respond appropriately. I did not find pure nicotine appropriate for a pick up, but it may have use in other forms of smoking such as herbal smoking because tobacco is harmful.

Jdizzle. "It Looked Like It Was Snowing: An Experience with Nicotine (exp85894)". Erowid.org. Oct 13, 2017. erowid.org/exp/85894

Empathy for the Addicts

Personal Data

User	Bishop Roberts
Experience Year	2020
Age at Time	27
Gender	Male
Body Weight	61 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Tobacco	Repeated	Smoked
	Nicotine	Repeated	Buccal

I got into smoking tobacco in 2017, using a “Gandalf” pipe¹. I bought one for me and my flatmate for Christmas and we would choof² on the front porch late and night talking shit about conspiracy theories, relationships, philosophy, music etc.

At first I was able to restrict my smoking to a single bowl, maybe once every three weeks. Eventually it got to regular social choofing maybe three times a week, but it still didn’t feel excessively unhealthy.

By 2019, I was choofing fairly regularly, and the sessions would be long and drawn out, with much loading and reloading of the bowl. I would be sitting in my comfy reading chair, reading various scriptures and high-brow books, drinking whiskey/wine and choofing. It was an extremely pleasurable and leisurely way to study. Some time during 2019 I discovered menthol tobacco, and hoo boy was it nice.

2020, Coronavirus hit, I had to move house. I have ADHD and was using dexies³ at the time. I ran out of dexies and simply could not focus on my masters work _at all_ .

The only thing I could fall back on was coffee and tobacco. And so I did. I choofed non-stop while attempting to study.

By this point, I would experience severe cravings for tobacco, and the moment I ran out I would go to the servo round the corner and buy more immediately. I was aware of the fact that I was “getting hooked”, but I decided that I was ok with that for the time being.

There are lots of twists and turns in the story, but to cut to the chase: It’s now at the point where I’m fueling my studies with a combination of caffeine (via coffee, green/black tea, and energy drinks), Ritalin⁴, and nicotine (via Nicorette 4 mg gum).

¹ In Lord of the Rings, the character Gandalf is depicted smoking a type of pipe known as a churchwarden pipe — a tobacco pipe with a long stem (Wikipedia).

² Australian slang for smoke, usually marijuana (Wikitionary).

³ Dexamphetamine is medication prescribed for the treatment of attention deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD) and narcolepsy (Alcohol and Drug Foundation).

⁴ Methylphenidate, known by the common brand name Ritalin, is a stimulant that treats attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder (ADHD) and narcolepsy (Cleveland Clinic).

At first I was able to restrict my smoking to a single bowl, maybe once every three weeks.

The reason I wanted to write this report is because I recently ran out of Nicor-

ette, and experienced “real” cravings for the first time, and I found the cravings to be so shocking and unlike anything I was expecting based on what I’ve heard so far. You know how when you’re in serious physical pain, you’re sort of thrashing about and crying and shaking and “craving” some sort of relief (in the form of painkillers)? Nicotine craving isn’t like that. Nicotine craving is far more sinister.

I was just sitting there at my computer studying. Aware of the fact that I had run out of gum about two or three hours ago. Nothing out of the ordinary. Suddenly, my mind had a singular focus on _getting more nicotine_. It wasn’t as if my focus had been “violently” torn away from my studies and images and urges had flooded my mind. _There were no “urges”_. I remained _completely in control_. The only thing was, rather than studying and thinking about the content of the book in front of me, my mind was rushing through a million different possible plans for obtaining more nicotine.

I find all of this equally fascinating and terrifying. Addiction really is a demon.

The voice in my head was like “Right: this is what’s going to happen: you’re going to put on your coat and boots. Get your gloves and a scarf. Check how much money is in your spending account. If there isn’t enough, transfer some in. Then you’re going to walk out into the dark, trek to the servo. Buy some tobacco. Then you’re gonna come back here, load your pipe, have a smoke, and get back to work”. The tone of the voice was incredibly “matter of fact”, as if what it was saying was indisputable and unarguable and simply the way

things are gonna be, as if I have no say in the matter.

And then it was like “Alternatively, you can trek all the way down the hill to the 24/7 pharmacy and buy some more gum. Then make your way back up the hill with the gum and resume studies”. Same declarative tone of voice. Finally it was like “If all else fails, just phone the pharmacy and get them to deliver some gum to you right damn now”

Again, every time it spoke, this voice was clear, calm, and clinical, like a doctor giving a prescription which is not to be disobeyed. I find all of this equally fascinating and terrifying. Addiction really is a demon.

In summary, nicotine cravings aren’t so much like a violent and forceful magnetic pull with which you must struggle to resist; instead it’s more like a subtle hijacking of your reasoning process and a commandeering of the voice in your mind which articulates that reasoning process. Resisting the cravings isn’t so much a matter of “fighting harder”, as it is simply the ability to recognise that voice for the demon it is, and then banish it back to Hell by ignoring it and focusing on something better. In my case, my promises to my girlfriend not to smoke without asking her first trump whatever course of action the cravings might present to me. I think that having Faith, Hope and Love can help to reveal the cravings as false and damnable. Whereas if you can’t imagine a happy ending to the story of your life (“heaven”), the voice of the cravings might seem powerful and convincing, and you might give in to them more easily. In my case, I experienced the cravings and was able to recognise them for what they are and

didn't give in, but it was still a fascinating and terrifying thing to experience. Now I can empathize and sympathize with people who are trying to quit. It must be really, really hard.

Obviously the story goes on. I expect to hear back from the cravings again. I survived one battle, but I'm sure there will be more ahead. In one sense, the stakes are high and there is no certainty that I won't become enslaved to addiction (perhaps I already am and just don't realize), but on the other hand, my hope imagines that _ultimately_ everything is going to be ok, and my faith trusts that this vision is true. Keep fighting, knowing that there is a guaranteed victory at the end of it all.

Bishop Roberts. "Empathy for the Addicts: An Experience with Nicotine (exp114715)". Erowid.org. Sep 18, 2020. erowid.org/exp/114715

Personal Data

User	mistabishi
Experience Year	2002
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	63.5 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Nicotine (Patch)	2	Transdermal
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“Dude, you gotta try this” is the usual response to this cheap and easy (and legal) super trip through life, and seemingly beyond. I was trying to give up “the tabs” in an effort to clean up my lifestyle — it seemed like a good vice to start with — so I got loads of nicotine gum, Nicorette¹ patches and so on. At one stage I had four patches on my left arm. At another I had just stuck two on, and started to feel drowsy. I fell asleep.

REM² sleep must have hit, and with it, the slow release of around 40 Marlboros worth of nicotine. A vast cinematic experience followed, like a dream but like I was viewing someone else’s dream. But I recognised various landmarks and symbols and faces and soon realized that this was my own subconscious I was walking around in. With some kind of instinct, I took control of this landscape I was in (a subconscious rendering of my hometown Newport) and began to play with it. I started flying because I just wanted to, (it was actually the same sense experience as swimming — but through the air this time!). I also summoned people from my

past I had not seen for a long time and was shocked at how accurate their rendering was, since I had thought I had forgotten what these people had looked like.

The only truly awe inspiring moment for me though was when I realized I didn’t have to be located in just one dream so I switched the whole backdrop of my mind to the Akihabara district of Tokyo — a place I had been years before. It felt great to be back amongst the rabbit-warren of electrical shops again!

I woke myself up that night. A conscious decision to awake and write everything I saw and did, down, on my note pad, which still gets me giggling when I read it.

¹ Nicotine patches can provide a steady level of nicotine in the body to help lessen withdrawal (Centers for Disease Control and Prevention).

² Rapid eye movement (REM) sleep is a unique phase of sleep in mammals and birds, characterized by random rapid movement of the eyes, accompanied by low muscle tone throughout the body, and the propensity of the sleeper to dream vividly (Wikipedia).

mistabishi. “Lucid: An Experience with Nicotine (Patch) (exp11713)”. Erowid.org. Sep 19, 2006. erowid.org/exp/11713



They Have Helped Me Lucid Dream

Personal Data

User	parallelograndma
Experience Year	2009
Age at Time	28
Gender	Male
Body Weight	82 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Nicotine (Patch)		Transdermal
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Nicotine patches have not helped me quit smoking, but they have helped me lucid dream. Not only are my dreams far more vivid and complex, but I find myself becoming conscious in them far more often. I now do this weekly, as opposed to monthly. Not only am I aware of my amazing dream imagery, I have no social rules, laws, expectations to limit my choices within the dreamscape, however often all I end up doing is flying around, sometimes running out of visual input, and flying directly into this glowing matrix structure.

I don't know if the increasing complexity of my dreams on this substance is helping me notice I'm no longer partaking in consensus reality, and therefore dreaming, or if I'm just more aware, due to the nootropic¹ benefit of nicotine, but these patches have certainly increased the frequency of my dream control. They have also improved my dream recall, so it's possible that I simply more frequently remember my lucid dreams. It should be noted that I really don't care why, only THAT I'm controlling my dreams more regularly; I find the next several days following

dream control filled with excitement and euphoria, and happiness is a health benefit. Thank one's personal deity for nicotine addiction.

[Editor's Note: Addiction can be, and is often is described as, incredibly physically, mentally, and emotionally challenging, both while experiencing it and recovering from it. The impact of an experience with drug use and it's consequences will vary by individual. Always make sure you are informed about the consequences a particular substance can have on your mental health and physiology, and seek professional help in case you believe you are having difficulty regulating your use.]

¹ Nootropics, also known as "smart drugs" are a diverse group of medicinal substances whose action improves human thinking, learning, and memory, especially in cases where these functions are impaired (National Institutes of Health).

parallelograndma. "They Have Helped Me Lucid Dream: An Experience with Nicotine (exp81954)". Erowid.org. Oct 25, 2020. erowid.org/exp/81954

Sickness...

Personal Data

User	dmbfan41
Experience Year	2007
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	100 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Tobacco (Cigarettes)	5	Smoked
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I have been smoking marijuana for a couple years now, cigars for about a year, but never cigarettes. About a month ago at a party, while quite drunk and high, I decided a cigarette would be a good idea, for fun. It was fun. It was a good immediate feeling, almost jittery and more focused than normal. Anyways, I liked cigarettes so I have smoked about a pack a week (not an addiction by any means) for the past month.

Tonight my friend and I could not get any herb so we got a pack of cigs and a cigar. This was the first time I had chain smoked, and after the fifth cig I started feeling sick. My friend had told me about nicotine poisoning/sickness before, since he has smoked for a couple years, but I always thought I was big enough to handle it. After feeling sick for a minute, I immediately threw up, and continued feeling sick for about another ten minutes. My friend said that he had thrown up before and it was normal. I learned chain smoking the first time can not be good, so be careful the first time.

dmbfan41. "Sickness...: An Experience with Nicotine (Cigarettes) (exp63394)". Erowid.org. Mar 27, 2009. erowid.org/exp/63394



ALCOHOL

Depressant

Horrible Taste and Minimal Effect

Personal Data

User	Swirly
Experience Year	2006
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Female
Body Weight	64 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Alcohol (Hard)	Repeated	Oral
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I have always hated the taste of alcohol, so I avoided it until I was desperate. For PAIN RELIEF ! I had recently been diagnosed with ovarian cysts and was in pain most of the time, beyond the scope of OTC meds and the prescription NSAID¹ I had. The doctor would not refill my Rx for Vicodin, and I was getting ulcers from the steady diet of Advil and Tylenol, so I was hurting and in need of help.

After two months of pain and despair, I was also extremely depressed and starting to break down mentally. The pain came and went, but would sometimes stay for days and weeks at a time, 24 hours a day. Unable to acquire any useful opiate painkillers on the net, I decided to give alcohol a try. I went to the experts (the older guys at the liquor store), and was informed that alcohol was indeed a potent analgesic². I also hoped it would improve my mood somewhat and reduce the constant stress. I went home with a bottle of 80 Proof Skyy Vodka and mixed it with orange juice, as one of the guys had recommended for the “smooth, lack of taste” I was hoping for.

Ugh. The stuff tasted like poison, rubbing alcohol, and just plain SHIT! It was horrible, but I managed to drink about 4 shots of it, gagging the whole time and washing it down with plenty of OJ. Within about 10 minutes, I started getting a stomach ache and feeling warm, and my mood improved. The ache passed, and sure enough, the abdominal pain went away, too! I felt more relaxed, drowsy, and comfortable. I also became a little dizzy, felt cold, and went to lie down. The pain relief only lasted about three hours, though. Afterward I felt the same as before, so I decided to try drinking more over the next week.

¹ Non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs (NSAIDs) are medicines that are widely used to relieve pain, reduce inflammation, and bring down a high temperature (National Health Service, UK).

² Painkiller

³ Vodka is made of ethanol and water, but minor compounds called congeners can leave the liquid impure, which can alter the final flavor. While it's possible to slightly alter the flavor of vodka by filtering it through a Brita, it is certainly not guaranteed. (McGill University, Office for Science and Society).

Unable to acquire any useful opiate painkillers on the net, I decided to give alcohol a try.

The taste was even worse the next few times, and I had trouble swallowing it. I tried mixing it with several different juices, to no avail. Then I read on the net that vodka only tastes bad because it has “impurities” in it³, and that these could be

filtered out with a Brita filter. So I filtered the rest of the vodka and it did improve the taste a bit. I was able to drink more of it, about 6 shots.

It was worth it to get that relaxed feeling and not have to worry about the pain (or taking more OTC pills) for about 4 hours. But I was pretty dizzy and had to really concentrate to walk straight and keep my balance. It felt like I was in a cloud, sort of, like there was a thick barrier between me and the world. I was in a good mood, but I didn't notice any of the other effects that I always hear about with alcohol. (No slurred speech or anything.) I could still think clearly, and even went to the post office and mailed some stuff, talked to the clerk like normal. (Though I felt really weird, like my head was floating.)

Then I went home and, feeling tired, went to take a nap. That was the first time I felt the *crash* of alcohol. I crash hard and fast! My mood plummeted, and I felt very bad emotionally, and a little nauseated and dazed, and the pain came back full force.

I realized then that alcohol is a very dangerous drug, WAY worse than any opiate I've tried⁴, because the sudden fall makes you desperate to feel better again, and fast. Alcohol doesn't let you down gently like opiates do. I understand now why it's so addictive, and it is so easy to lose track of how much you've had. It's amazing to me now that opiates are so strictly controlled while alcohol is so easy to obtain. It should be the other way around.

I also learned that (unfortunately) I somehow have a naturally high tolerance for liquor, and that I would have to get some-

thing even stronger. I bought some 150 Proof Rum, as this would mean that I would only have to drink a few shots of it to get the analgesic effects.

Rum is absolutely vile. At 150 Proof, it is like shit on a stick in a bottle and on fire. I tried holding my nose, drinking it with a straw (pulled to the back of my throat so the stuff wouldn't touch my tongue), and mixing it with everything. Eventually I was able to throw it back with Coca Cola if I held my nose and then washed it down. It burned all the way, and I would gag if I caught the smell of it. I only had to drink 3 ounces of it to get the effect I needed, but they were *dreadful* !

I did this every day for a couple weeks, trying to work into a habit, but it never got easier. Eventually I couldn't swallow the stuff anymore, and would gag it up even if I held my nose.

Thus, my alcohol adventure came to an end. Back to overdosing on ineffective medications, still no Vicodin.

Swirly. "Horrible Taste and Minimal Effect: An Experience with Alcohol - Hard (exp56799)". Erowid.org. May 8, 2007. erowid.org/exp/56799

⁴ Remember that every individual will respond to various drugs in different ways. Substances that feel quite intense to others might not feel the same for you, and vice versa. Make sure you do your own research and well informed about how a particular substance may impact you.

Habit, Dependence or Disease?

Personal Data

User	Swirly
Experience Year	2006
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Female
Body Weight	64 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Alcohol (Hard)	Repeated	Oral
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My experience with alcohol has varied greatly over the years since my first drink at age 17. By this time I had already been smoking pot for almost two years, so it wasn't my first experience with a psycho-active substance. I enjoyed the buzz, but certainly wasn't crazy about it. It sort of became a backup plan if I ran out of pot. Nothing excessive, just enough to make me feel warm and fuzzy.

When I was 19 I moved to a different town and my herb smoking kind of tapered off. Maybe I outgrew it or something, I'm not sure. I went from smoking every day, to once a week, to once a month, if that. That year was my first experience where I was full-on room spinning, double vision, staggering drunk. Tequila was involved and I didn't enjoy it. Of course no one told me that tequila is evil and sneaks up at you all at once. From then on, my alcohol use was fairly light (no more than 4 drinks at any given time and not on a daily basis) and did NOT involve tequila. The next 3 years I stayed busy, held a regular job, and all that good stuff. Until one day I found out that I (along with 20 of my colleagues) were

being laid off because the company was in trouble. That night 3 co-workers and I hit the bar. We drank all night until last call and headed to our respective homes (by taxi, of course). The next 3 months I searched high and low for work unsuccessfully, and eventually had to move into my mother's house. Unable to find work, living with my mom at 22 going on 23, and pissed off with my situation, I hit the bottle... hard... and daily.

It sort of became a backup plan if I ran out of pot.

It started as drinking at night only, but every single night. Progressing from a moderate buzz, to borderline shitfaced. I started waking up with a hangover every morning, and the hangovers got worse and worse to the point where ibuprofen and a proper breakfast wouldn't cure it. I started using the "hair of the dog" remedy by adding a good sized shot of whiskey to my coffee.

This would be the point where my body became dependent on alcohol. Without that eve-opener I would experience tremors and headaches. Eventually I needed a double shot in my morning coffee, a couple of drinks throughout the day and many drinks at night. The withdrawals got worse too. I even suffered what the emergency room doctor described as “a mild seizure.” I now couldn’t go more than 4 waking hours without a drink. I continued to drink even after my episode that landed me in the emergency room. Not because I wanted to, but because I had to.

Life is less depressing without constant alcohol use, or abuse as it was.

I finally hit rock bottom when I got really drunk one night and trashed my mom’s house, which I don’t recall doing, but after nearly a pint of 151 and 6 Twisted Teas, who would? The following is what I was told: My mom called the cops, but instead of taking me to jail, they took me to the hospital because when they got there I was sitting on the floor barely able to sit up straight. Also I blew a 0.425 blood alcohol level, which I’m told is dangerously high. The next thing I remember was coming back into reality, still rather drunk, and trying to escape from the hospital. I figured I could get past the guard sitting outside my room, but didn’t take into account that there may be two more guards right around the corner... which there were. I then accepted the fact that I was stuck. I had 2 options: a week in the detox and addiction counseling unit, or my mother was pressing charges, and I was going to jail for drunk and disorderly.

Well, I chose option A and I haven’t had a drink in 24 days now. Life is less depressing without constant alcohol use, or abuse as it was. I’ve been to some AA meetings, and spoke with my doctor about the whole thing. There seems to be this common doctrine that alcohol addiction is a disease and I have it. Basically I’ll never be able to enjoy a cold beer or two after a hard day’s work or nice scotch on the rocks ever again. I’m not sure that I buy that. I know I had a bad habit, I know I had a chemical dependence, but I’m not sure that I buy into the fact that I have a disease, or that alcoholism even is a disease. It could be that it’s a disease of choice, but then it sort of strays from the classic definition of the word disease.

I will, however, be taking a very long hiatus from alcohol, at the very least. Maybe after I’m happy with my life I’ll be able to handle alcohol responsibly like I once could. The question, however, still remains; habit, dependence, or disease?

Fish. “Habit, Dependence, or Disease?: An Experience with Alcohol (exp84644)”. Erowid.org. Oct 7, 2019. erowid.org/exp/84644

An Alcohol Trip

Personal Data

User	Ishmael
Experience Year	1998
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	73 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Alcohol (Hard)	0.2 gallons	Oral
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Well, after a rather rousing show at a local club, I went back to a friend's home and utilized a fifth of whiskey to an unexpected end. Over the course of about an hour, I consumed the entire fifth straight and proceeded to become very drunk. What must be understood is that I was doing this drinking only for the sake of being drunk. I had not intended, nor had I ever heard of alcohol (besides in the Eucharist¹) used spiritually.

Well...I, needless to say, felt very groggy very quickly. I sat down in an overstuffed armchair with my feet up and instead of passing out, as would be typical, I felt myself 'slip' into a quasi-trance state. With my eyelids fluttering, I was still perfectly aware of my body; sensations were normal (I could feel the cool evening breeze flowing through an open window).

But quickly, I had the sensation of moving OUT of my body, away and upwards through the top of my head (an odd one of a kind feeling). I only then, after realizing I was in fact FEELING this that I began to actually SEE myself below. Keep in mind

this was like a division of consciousness here; I could still feel my body and feel myself away from it.

At this point I made the choice to concentrate on myself aloof from my body. Well, quickly I was flying away from my body, away from the house...like I was being pulled away instead of directing myself away. Well, I was pulled out into the sky, away from the city, away from the state, away from the country until I was actually in space flying away from Earth and the Moon. I went through a few asteroid fields as I cleared the solar system and continued outwards with increasing speed. Moving away from the expansiveness of the galaxy, I watched it solidify into the spiral that characterizes it.

¹ The Christian service, ceremony, or sacrament commemorating the Last Supper, in which bread and wine are consecrated and consumed (Oxford Languages).

I had the sensation of moving OUT of my body, away and upwards through the top of my head.

On the same token, I was soon far enough away that It was like a mere star and every

other galaxy about was the same; reduced to single points of light. These too then began to coalesce until I was looking back at the universe at the point of the Big Bang; looking at the waves of energy that themselves created and formed into what appeared to be gyrating atoms. These atoms TOO solidify into matter...and this matter, as I removed myself away from it further and further...I realized it was a hair on my head! I then gasped and sat straight up in my chair...laughing uncontrollably. The entire experience took me less than a couple of minutes (by looking at the clock).

Ishmael. "An Alcohol Trip?: An Experience with Alcohol (Whiskey) (exp34)". Erowid.org. Jun 9, 2000. erowid.org/exp/34

The First, and The Last

Personal Data

User	GReaper
Experience Year	2005
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	91 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Alcohol (Hard)	Repeated	Oral
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Alcohol had always held a special place in my mind, having been raised in an Irish household where alcohol use was considered normal and even beneficial. Unlike other psychoactives, which I held in very low regard until finding online resources, I had always considered alcohol to be something apart, a part of my culture. Alcohol seemed like a powerful social tool: it allowed people to laugh together, cry together, and express themselves more freely. As a result of the highly permissive environment, I grew up with alcohol and experienced it in gradually larger amounts throughout my life. I was allowed a very, very small sip of wine at some dinners when I was very young, and when I was 12 I was given my first pint of beer by my mother’s best friend when we visited Ireland.

In my freshman year of high school my best friend, referred to here as P, and I decided to experience proper inebriation. When my parents went to sleep we raided the liquor cabinets for booze of varying types, intending to try any and all we liked the look of.

We started with scotch whiskey, which we both agreed was extremely good. We then proceeded to vodka (plain, but certainly useful), rum (sweet, rough), gin (like broken promises; bitter and makes you want to cry), peppermint schnapps, and various highballs and odd combinations. The oddest and most successful of these was a mixture of the scotch whiskey with a glass of sake (Japanese rice wine). We dubbed this cocktail the Iranese, and agree it to be one hell of a drink. Sadly, we have gotten no others to try this drink.

The effects of alcohol inebriation, unlike cannabis inebriation, are much easier to observe as each shot of alcohol is delivered. I have created a rather crude scale, to illustrate my personal experience, backed by P’s own observations.

Shot 1 — “Cooking”. Slightly elevated mood, slightly decreased self-consciousness. Feeling more outgoing and confident. No perceptible physical changes.

Shot 2 – 3 — “Buzzed” Mood noticeably elevated, social reserves noticeably

decreased. Definite confidence, a sense of empowerment. Very slight physical effect; movement of limbs feels ever so slightly slower.

Shot 3 – 5 — “Well-Buzzed” Laughter comes much more easily and is longer and more satisfying, conversation is very easily performed and things seem more interesting. Slight flushing and noticeable slowing of reflexes, but gross and fine motor control unimpaired. Definitely unsafe to drive, but one can very easily act sober.

Shot 5 – 8 — “Drunk” Moderate flushing and occasional uncontrollable giggling. Movement and reflexes slowed: moving the head seems to require the eyes to “catch up” and adjust. Fine motor control is slightly impaired, but gross motor control is still within sober parameters.

Shot 9 – 12 — “Quite Drunk” Flushing, laughter and slight mood swings. Coordination is noticeably difficult, speech is affected (easy to become tongue-tied). Fine motor skills such as writing and manipulating objects (like bottle tops or pretzel packages) require much more conscious effort, gross motor skills perceptively impaired (walking a straight line harder).

Shot 13 – 15 — “Plastered” Mood and thoughts difficult to control. Limbs feel heavy and difficult to operate, all motor skills impaired enough to be easily noticeable by outsiders. Speech impaired (slurring, tongue tying, lisping). Feelings of empathy towards others, alternating with feelings of extreme irritation. Difficulty remembering short-term goals (like getting up to get water).

Shot 16+ — “Heavy Intoxication” Conscious thought extremely difficult, vision very hazy and slow to adjust. Some vision problems like double vision. Speech is either impossible or garbled, and when coherent makes little sense. Emotions run hot and change at the drop of a pin. All motor control severely impaired, the act of walking is nearly impossible. Vomiting as alcohol reaches toxic levels. Short term amnesia.

P and I stopped drinking at shot 17 due to our inability to find the liquor and also since we had begun to vomit copiously. I retain clear memory of the remainder of the night, namely our difficult journey upstairs to bed and our repeatedly telling one another that we were “just great, I love this guy, this guy here, he’s great...” P blacked out after vomiting, so he takes my word for the remainder of the night.

We both awoke feeling stomach discomfort and heavy, foggy heads. The mere thought of liquor produced a gag reflex. It took me about a week before I felt able to drink again, but P has taken much longer. I am happy to report however that he has recovered completely from taste aversion.

The experience was interesting and overall positive, and taught us our limits before we did something stupid in the proper adult world. I still use alcohol as a positive social tool, and since that night use it responsibly and to great positive effect. It also has interesting combination effects with cannabis, and using the two together feels like a new substance entirely.

GReaper. “The First, and the Last: An Experience with Alcohol - Hard (exp68453)”. Erowid.org. Jun 25, 2018. erowid.org/exp/68453

Drinking With Friends

Personal Data

User	Ben
Experience Year	2003
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	64 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Alcohol (Hard)	90 ml	Oral
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T + 0:00 — I ingested 90mL of 40% alcohol for the first time on an empty stomach with some friends.

T + ~0:05 — There is a warm feeling in my throat, face, and stomach due to the dilation of capillaries and the irritating effects of the alcohol. There is also a mild sense of well being, nothing major at this point.

T + ~0:10 — The effects are apparent now, I am dizzy, red in the face, euphoric, and am noticing a loss of inhibition.

T + ~0:30 — We decide to go for a walk, walking is not difficult but my balance is off, my vision has become blurry and it is hard to focus. I notice I am a lot more social than I would be otherwise I am also in a lot less control of my person, I like my inhibitions.

T + ~1:00 — The effects are mostly the same at this point, it is pleasurable, there is a pleasant feeling throughout my body but I am not able to let go of the feeling that I am not in control, I suppose if you where to drink enough this feeling would

go away and you wouldn't care, but I don't find that to be a desirable effect.

T + ~2:00 — I am slowly regaining control, the experience has not been overly intense, but I was able to get a feel for the drug, and can extrapolate what a higher dosage would be like, I don't think I will be trying more anytime soon.

T + ~4:00 — Baseline.

After effects — I feel fine today, there was no hangover but I didn't expect one from the amount I ingested. Alcohol is a very interesting substance, it is a depressant and yet most people don't even consider it to be a drug. Although I found my experience enjoyable I did not like the loss of inhibitions associated with it, anything that can make you lose control like that scares me.

Ben. "Drinking with Friends: An Experience with Alcohol (exp54474)". Erowid.org. Dec 5, 2007. erowid.org/exp/54474



GHB

Depressant

Be Patient and Do The Research

Personal Data

User	DoctorStrange
Experience Year	2001
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	118 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	GHB	0.5 tsp	Oral
T + 6:00	GHB	4 g	Oral
T + 7:45	GHB	4 g	Oral

Some months ago a coworker mentioned an interesting substance his roommate (a chemist) had cooked up, that could make you ‘drunk’, but without the hangover the next day. He couldn’t remember its name though, so nothing came of that conversation at that time. Then I came across a description of GHB. It matched what he’d talked about, so I made it my mission to obtain and try the stuff. With some effort, I got my hands on 75 ml of GBL¹, got the rest of what I needed from a hardware store, and one evening produced about 80 g of a beautiful white powder (the sodium salt version, NaGHB²).

I didn’t put that much thought into set/setting, being impatient I wanted to try it *now*. I didn’t have any reliable way to measure small amounts of the stuff, so I made an assumption that a level teaspoon equaled 2 g (Erowid Note: This is conjecture), so I took half a teaspoon dissolved in orange juice. Salty orange juice just tastes wrong. There were some mild effects, onset was about 30 minutes, duration about 30 minutes, I was disappointed overall. I later got quite hungry (ravenous would be a

good description), went out with a sibling and basically gorged. Mistake #1.

Later that evening, about 5 hours after eating, I decided to try a proper dose. I knew that your typical large dose was 3 g, I decided that due to my weight, I’d try 4 g. I rigged up a crude scale, tested it with known weights (it worked surprisingly well, accurate to about 0.5 g), and measured out 4 g. I dissolved this in plain water this time, and sat back watching Teletoon.

T + 00:15 — Onset, felt like I’d had a few drinks, but nothing too special.

T + 00:45 — Felt like I’d had 8 drinks or so, but still had unusual control.

T + 01:00 — Suddenly everything on TV seemed like a work of genius. I also felt inexplicably happy, euphoric. I had an urge to share this feeling with the entire cosmos. Colors were warmer, music seeped directly into my soul, and tactile sensations were incredible.

¹ GBL is the precursor chemical to GHB and in the body is quickly metabolized into GHB. It appears in the same liquid form and produces equivalent effects to GHB (Release Legal Emergency & Drugs).

² GHB is commonly used in the form of salts (Wikipedia).

T + 01:45 — Just as suddenly, I started to return to baseline — or so it felt. I decided to keep this going, and took another 4 g. Mistake #2.

T + 02:00 — Sudden burst of energy, a frenzy you might say. Started running around like an idiot, literally bouncing off the walls. Only lasted a few minutes.

Just as suddenly, I started to return to baseline – or so it felt. I decided to keep this going, and took another 4 g. Mistake #2.

T + 02:15 — First warning signs. I now felt like I'd had an entire bottle of vodka, walking was difficult but possible (I had this sense that I was lurching everywhere), and the first signs of nausea appeared. I lost almost all tactile sensation as well, which worried me less than it should have.

T + 02:30 — Now I'm fighting the nausea big time. I end up sitting beside the toilet, waiting for the inevitable...

T + 03:45 — ...and wake up lying on the bathroom floor.

I apparently passed out for over an hour, and the inevitable hadn't happened. Relieved, I stand up — and then make a sudden dive for the toilet bowl. I heaved so hard that I burst a few capillaries around my eyes. It looked like I had a rash around my eyes for two days.

T + 04:00 — I'm feeling fine now...better than fine, actually. I'm back where I was at T + 1:00. Putting the unpleasantness of the last few minutes behind me, I further

explore the senses...unusual minor twitching in my forearms and feet, not unpleasant though.

T + 05:00 — I got hungry, had some plain bread. I'm also pretty much at baseline at this point.

T + 05:30 — Sleep is far, far away. I feel exhausted, but restless as well. I took another 2 g, and fell asleep shortly afterwards.

I woke up after only 4 hours of sleep, but with some effort managed to get 4 more fitful hours. I felt pretty much normal that day, aside from a slight feeling of pressure behind the eyes and some photosensitivity. My mood was definitely upbeat, with quite a lot of creative energy to burn... too much in fact, there wasn't enough time to do everything that I wanted to do. Two days later, I'm back to my usual self.

My first piece of advice to anyone who's determined to try GHB (or any drug for that matter): Don't have a heavy meal that day! Next time I try this, I'm having a light, bland meal at least 4 hours beforehand. Second, get your dosage right! 4 g is probably my 'comfort zone', as I experienced some very positive things before I started to go back to baseline, but I'm a 260 lb male with a higher-than-average tolerance to most things (alcohol, caffeine, pain relievers, anesthetic, etc). Do the research, calculate the correct dose for your size, and then try **half** that (some texts say to try an **eighth**, in case there's an allergic reaction), and see where it takes you. As I said, I probably did correctly choose my dose, but as I started to come down, I **doubled** it by taking another 4 g! There was still quite a bit left in my system, I was only 1 hour 45 minutes into it. Most texts

recommend waiting at least 3 to 5 hours between doses, I tend to agree based on my experience.

GHB is powerful stuff and makes no allowance for your mistakes; it's too easy to get it wrong. But in my opinion, when it's done properly it can be quite rewarding.

Ben. "Drinking with Friends: An Experience with Alcohol (exp54474)". Erowid.org. Dec 5, 2007. erowid.org/exp/54474



I'm Still Trying to Find the Right Amount

Personal Data

User	GG
Experience Year	2001
Age at Time	39
Gender	Male
Body Weight	73 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	GHB	2 – 7.5 ml	Oral
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My GHB Experiences So Far...

Male / Age 39 / 160 lbs.

Every once in a while my wife and I will have a night of rolling on ecstasy. Looking to enhance our next time with an aphrodisiac¹, I decided to get some liquid GHB to take together. Before we did this I tried it by myself.

1st time: After researching other people's experiences, I tried 2 milliliters (2 grams). After 30 minutes, a very slight 'buzz' like from a couple of strong drinks. It was ok, but not what I was expecting. I did not get horny, I did not get sleepy or tired. After 45 minutes, nothing more was happening so I took another 2.75 milliliters (or grams). After another 30 minutes, I definitely feel drunk for a little while. I couldn't walk totally straight and my vision was definitely altered. Still no horniness whatsoever, and my eyes felt a little tired but not overly sleepy. After about 45 minutes after I peaked with drunkenness, I came back down to normal. I'm kind of bored now so I try another 4 milliliters (grams). 15 – 30

minutes later, I get back to the same level of drunkenness, but still no horniness and I am tired now, but because it's late, not from the GHB. I stay that way for a good hour until I come back down. Now I go to bed, disappointed with the results. No issues the next morning.

2nd time: A couple days later, I try again. Disappointed with the last results, I try 7.5 milliliters all together. I start feeling it within 10 minutes. After 15 minutes it hits me HARD. By 30 minutes I'm totally 'drunk'. I can't walk straight, my head is spinning, and I have the feeling of being completely hammered. Definitely not

¹ An aphrodisiac is a substance alleged to increase libido, sexual desire, sexual attraction, sexual pleasure, or sexual behavior. These substances range from a variety of plants, spices and foods to synthetic chemicals (Wikipedia).

If I don't find the right amount, my wife will never be into taking it.

horny, nor tired/sleepy. I need to take my mind off of being drunk so I play around on my iPad to distract myself.

My stomach is getting quite nauseous. I'm still trying to focus on something to keep

my mind off my upset stomach. 1 hour after taking 7.5 milliliters, I am puking.

After puking 6 times, my stomach is empty and I stop. Puking sobered me up but I'm still pretty tipsy. I try to sit and relax for a while. I'm not horny nor sleepy. I feel gross after puking, so I take a nice hot shower. After my 30 minute shower I'm a little hungry and eat a snack. My stomach is slightly nauseous, but ok. It's mostly out of my system now and I'm pretty much back to normal. Not horny, not overly tired or sleepy. I then go to bed.

Conclusion: I'm still trying to find the right amount. I don't know if the first time was just a fluke. The GHB never felt like an aphrodisiac. I definitely know now to not take more than 5 milliliters at 1 time. I'll try again in the near future. If I don't find the right amount, my wife will never be into taking it.

GG. "I'm Still Trying to Find the Right Amount: An Experience with GHB (exp106094)". Erowid.org. Feb 11, 2020. erowid.org/exp/106094

The Ups and Downs of My First Time

Personal Data

User	Tanya
Experience Year	2003
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Female
Body Weight	53 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	GHB	2 caps	Oral
T + 1:00	GHB	1 cap	Oral

It could have ended really bad but it turned out to be one of the best drug experiences I've had.

A few weeks ago at a club I was offered to try GHB for the first time. My friend who gave me the bottle recommended I'd start with 1 – 2 caps before I go further. After briefly talking to him about the risks and side effects I decided to dive in and try it.

I felt very safe that night with all my friends around me so I was 100% sure if anything happens, I can rely on them. Later that night it proved to be right. I went outside the club and got myself a bottle of water. I was warned about the awful taste but I didn't expect it to be so disgusting.

After swallowing my 2 caps and nearly choking, I came back to the club. For about 2 hours I could still feel my throat burning from the awful taste.

Half an hour after taking the G, I started feeling very comfortable with the surroundings and a slight feeling of euphoria began. Every silly thing around seemed

to be the funniest. My friends described me that night as the most talkative and self-confident I've been in a long time (I'm going through a very difficult and depressing period in my life right now). The thing I enjoyed the most was the music, I was dancing without stopping all the time and jumping around.

About an hour later, I felt secure enough to try and take another cap without consulting my friend. Half an hour later I was still dancing and laughing without being able

I felt very safe that night with all my friends around me so I was 100% sure if anything happens, I can rely on them. Later that night it proved to be right.

to stop, all that time I kept swallowing huge amounts of water to make the taste that was still burning my throat go away. Then, I started to feel very very dizzy. I decided to sit down, my friends who saw me that moment told me I looked like I was

in a coma. It lasted for about 20 minutes in which my friends kept talking to me. I can't remember much but I remember I was talking back with them and laughing from their jokes. Then I felt I was about to throw up, I couldn't get up from the sofa and I wasn't able to tell my friends about how I felt because I was busy laughing at their jokes. And so I found myself throwing up, I had convulsions and I felt a very bad stomach ache. My friends who sat in front of me didn't realize I was throwing up because I was laughing all that time. At some point a friend noticed and dragged me out of the club, after a short and very dizzy walk we sat down outside the club. I started feeling the effects of the G even stronger and within a few minutes I was back on my feet dancing and laughing like nothing happened. Throwing up really made me feel a lot better and made the high even stronger.

I went back into the club and kept dancing for 2 hours without a stop.

When the party was over I left with my friends to get an early breakfast. I was still in a very euphoric mood when I got back home I slept for 8 hours and woke up in a wonderful and energetic mood so I decided to invite a friend over in the afternoon, I turned the music on and we danced for 2 hours, I was still very excited and after a long period of depression, for one day I felt good with myself.

It was indeed a wonderful experience but next time I'll stay with only 2 caps.

Tanya. "The Ups and Downs of My First Time: An Experience with GHB (exp23338)". Erowid.org. Aug 3, 2017. erowid.org/exp/23338

Dizziness and Fighting to Stay Awake

Personal Data

User	Robert
Experience Year	2020
Age at Time	30
Gender	Male
Body Weight	75 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	GHB	1.4 g	Oral
T + 1:00	GHB	1.4 g	Oral

Having a general interest in drugs and their effects, I sometimes order a drug that I haven't tried before on the darknet for experimenting. I really enjoy drugs like MDMA, LSD and other psychedelics, and I am generally open to new experiences. Today it was time to try GHB. I had not tried GHB or GBL before, but had heard that the effects were similar to those of alcohol. I like to drink, so I was expecting to enjoy GHB and had high hopes for that it could be a hangover-free alternative to alcohol for me in the future.

The vendor had written that the liquid NaGHB he sold had a concentration of 0.7 g/ml. I had done some research and knew that it is very easy to overdose on GHB, so I used a syringe to measure up exactly 2 ml (1.4 g) and mixed it with some soda. The soda tasted completely normal. Per recommendation I had a lunch-sized meal two hours earlier and had not eaten since.

At T + 0:10, I started to feel a bit dizzy. The dizziness quickly rose to unpleasant levels and it was difficult to feel any other effect because it was so overwhelming, however I

also had slightly blurry vision and a general feeling of being intoxicated. I suppose it's comparable to alcohol, yet quite different. I could move around normally in the apartment without falling or losing balance, so it was manageable, but definitely unpleasant.

I like to drink, so I was expecting to enjoy GHB and had high hopes for that it could be a hangover-free alternative to alcohol.

At around T + 0:40 the dizziness had not really changed, but I had started to get used to it. I couldn't really feel any positive effects yet. I had read that the positive effects tend to kick in at higher doses, and at T + 1:00 I had not felt any change for a long time, so decided to do another 2 ml (1.4 g). This time I mixed it into a glass of water, and could taste a slightly salty taste this time. After drinking up I decided to give my sister a call, and during the conversation I definitely felt some positive effects of the GHB. I was more talkative and posi-

tive than usual, and felt more caring and interested in her and what she had been up to lately.

Starting around T + 1:20 I was starting to get very sleepy, falling in and out of consciousness for brief moments, having to work to stay awake and resist the urge to lie down. I decided to watch a comedy show on Netflix while eating some snacks. It was pleasant to watch, one of the regular girls in the show felt hotter than usual and I started to adore her, keeping my focus on her in every scene. Afterwards I decided to put on some porn, and felt similar connections to a girl in the porn clip, even more than for the last girl since she was all naked and natural. I was just as interested in watching her face as the rest of her body, trying to understand how she was feeling, what her history was and why she was doing porn now. It was much better than watching porn normally.

For me, I think the negative effects of GHB were not worth the positive effects. I don't really have an urge to try it again; GHB is certainly not a replacement for alcohol, for me. If I do it again I think it would be together with a girlfriend or close friend, as I think that could have been quite different. There is definitely a social aspect to it. However, I think GHB might not be for me.

Robert. "Dizziness and Fighting to Stay Awake: An Experience with GHB (exp114821)". Erowid.org. Oct 7, 2020. erowid.org/exp/114821

For me, I think the negative effects of GHB were not worth the positive effects. I don't really have an urge to try it again.

At T + 2:00 I felt that it had become too difficult to stay awake and that I would have to go to bed and sleep. I started walking around the apartment and doing some chores, trying to stay awake. At this point the effects started to recede gradually, and with it the sleepiness and dizziness. At around T + 2:20, I was feeling almost normal again, and wide awake, without having slept at all, which felt weird considering how sleepy I had been 30 minutes earlier. I was slightly nauseous on the way down, but could function normally for the rest of the day.

Trying New Material

Personal Data

User	Samantha
Experience Year	2005
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Female
Body Weight	54 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	GHB	2 g	Oral
T + 2:35	GHB	2 g	Oral

Finally, my own stash of GHB. It's been a long search. I happily acquired 200 grams in solution in a mason jar from a trusted source. The dose was 1 gram per teaspoon.

Based on other experiences with trusted friend's material, I've assumed my dose for a strong experience is 4 grams. So, I tested this new batch by starting out with 2 grams for me and 2 grams for my partner [he weighs about 84 kg]. He's only had GHB once; I gave it to him then, too. We were going to wait 30 – 40 minutes before redosing.

We had some very heavy conversation, a bunch of sex, a sushi dinner, and then more fairly serious conversation. It was about an hour after leaving the restaurant when we drank it, mixed in juice and downed all in one gulp. I've tended to sip the last 2 times I've tried GHB simply because I was unsure of the source, and ended up having a less than satisfactory high, so it was good to know I could drink it all at once.

We kept talking and having sex again. We've both been extremely wound up,

he's been numb emotionally because of a very sad event, and I've been tense and sad for related reasons. We haven't seen each other in several weeks. As the effects come on, the eye contact increases and we both 'soften'; it becomes more emotional, less guarded. At the 35 minute point, I check in; he's feeling very nice and wants more, I'm feeling that more will be within the range of 'not crazy' and agree. Even though he's bigger than me, I give him the same dose; I haven't noticed that weight is much of a reliable indicator of sensitivity to G. We each take 2 grams.

Within 10 minutes I feel the effects more strongly; starting to feel a slight rush and tingles. Get the brief 'oh shit should I not have redosed' feeling, which passes. I start to feel even more during the sex, it's more ecstatic than normal. He's much more open emotionally and saying all kinds of nice things; I'm more in my body and feeling little energy surges in my limbs. I start to weep; probably just from emotional release; not anything specific related to what we're doing. There's just been so much going on and I've been bottling it up,

and now it's all coming out in a lot of tears. I like how GHB can open things up that way; it occurs to me that it has the slightly fake quality of the similar opening-up that I get from MDMA, but I decide that's OK, this feels good anyway. Release like this can't be a terrible thing.

I start to feel compelled to say something that pops into my head, but stifle the urge until we're done. Then I start talking. He's feeling really relaxed and ready to drift off to sleep [it's nearly 2 am, about T + 1:45] but he's very attentive to whatever I am going through and extremely tender and supportive (and this is someone who is usually reserved emotionally). I am saying whatever comes into my head stream-of-consciousness, and I can't stop weeping [all related to our relationship, which is at a crossroads]. For about 20 minutes I've had a strange sense of pressure and tension in my face, throat, and salivary glands, kind of like the pressure I've felt right before I pass out. It's a little disturbing but not too bad. I check the clock, wondering how long these effects of extreme emotionality are going to last.

GHB can be unpredictable and the way it can cause a person to pass out disturbs me.

I feel a little wound up physically; though most of me feels really good, I have the unsettling feeling that drifting off to sleep doesn't feel safe. GHB can be unpredictable and the way it can cause a person to pass out disturbs me. My partner keeps saying 'I won't let anything happen to you, just sleep'. I am getting little energy surges that jerk my pelvis, and at one point I start to drift and a bad cough erupts at the top

of my throat, like I have a hairball (scary, but I'm not nauseated so little chance I'd vomit and choke). Falling asleep is not feeling as nice as I like. The pressure in my head is uncomfortable; it feels the same as the pressure I felt last month when I drank some absinthe, and the same as the last time I drank GBL. To use an esoteric map, it's like my 5th and 6th chakras are buzzing [normally G feels more specifically 1st and 2nd chakras activating to me].

I don't remember falling asleep, but I woke up suddenly at T + 5:30. No more sleep. There's a tense knot in my back but other than that, no after-effects except for a feeling of serenity.

Conclusion

Next time I'll try 3 grams with no redosing to see what happens. This split dose of 4 grams was pretty satisfactory aside from the uncomfortable pressure in my head. Perfect for sex, and doesn't last too long, but I'll continue to play it cautious with the dosing, and reserve it for no more than once a week, probably less often than that.

One Week Later

[more dose experimenting]

At an evening party at a friend's house, 45 minutes after each drinking a small glass of celebratory champagne, we decide to each take 2 grams (on an empty stomach) rather than keep drinking alcohol. I feel really happy and it's slightly difficult to focus on conversations, I get a little bit distracted trying to focus, and a little more exuberant than usual [again, kinda like an MDMA talkativeness]. We agree that we'll redose later at home. Meanwhile, about three hours after taking the G, we

each have another glass of champagne with no ill effect.

Once back home, completely baseline, we take 2 grams and have really yummy sex again, with the same amount of tingliness and ‘wow ohmygawd!’ of the previous week’s experiment.

I’ve revised my thinking about ‘3 grams’ being a target. I think 2 grams is great. Three would be reserved for some special occasion where I really want to be quite high; the negative effects may outweigh the positive at that dose; I won’t know unless I try though.

Samanthe. “Trying New Material: An Experience with GHB (exp48512)”. Erowid.org. Dec 22, 2005. erowid.org/exp/48512



HEROIN

Depressant

Is This What People Call Fun

Personal Data

User	tinyidiot
Experience Year	2015
Age at Time	25
Gender	Male
Body Weight	78 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Heroin	20 mg	Insufflated
T + 0:25	Heroin	20 mg	Insufflated
T + 0:00	Heroin	8 mg	Insufflated

So over my now three years of proper drug taking I have encountered many highs, drugs that I love and disappointments. I have taken most of the “normal drugs”: Cannabis, Mushrooms, LSD, DMT, Salvia, 2C-B, MDMA, MDA, amphetamine, 4-MMC, 4-MEC, cocaine, ketamine, legals, plus was using fishscale cocaine¹ almost daily for 4 months and also had a three month period of extremely heavy MDMA use. I had never tried any opiates and so as an ever excitable fan of psychoactive drugs I fancied going straight for the biggest and most stigmatized one. Knowing exactly where my drugs come from I bought 200 mg of #4 South East Asian white heroin². This particular batch had lab tested at 88% diamorphine and 12% morphine³ and the massively overenthusiastic junkies who had tried it confirmed that it was indeed the best thing they had ever put in their veins. I’m certain the purity was sky high, if not exactly as the dealer claimed.

Having bought the heroin I planned to try it with some close friends on a chilled night in. All of the friends would be first timers also. Though when the evening

came around and I asked whether anyone wanted to try heroin with me they thought I was mental and had gone a step too far with the new drugs I had brought for them to try with me. I still wanted to try it and so a few days later I took a tiny, allergy testing dose of 6 mg (snorted) just to see if it worked. I sniffed it, with a heart beating very fast at the anticipation of trying my first of “the big three” (heroin, meth, crack), however ten minutes after taking it I just felt really sleepy and itchy so went to bed with heavy limbs and had a good night’s sleep. I woke up in the morning feeling quite astounded that this high purity, insanely addictive drug had amounted to just be a good night’s sleep with some satisfying scratching.

I figured that I hadn’t taken enough to get the “heroin high” that people say is a million times better than sex tThough I think sex is pretty overrated for intensity of pleasure anyway. Reckon I have really weak orgasms by comparison to other dudes, but can happily say that to me a good MDMA come up or 4-MMC high is a prolonged better-than-sex experience, but

¹ Fishscale cocaine is a purer form of cocaine with a typical potency of 90% compared to most cocaine at 60%. It’s named for its shiny, iridescent appearance (Zinnia Health).

² The number system for heroin isn’t well defined, but it is generally agreed that there is a difference between different numberings of the drug. An interesting forum debating the difference can be found here tinyurl.com/heroin3

³ Heroin is also known as diamorphine. It is a semisynthetic derivative of morphine (Wikipedia, National Institutes of Health).

anyway back to the story!). So a week or so later, I decided to go for 20 mg insufflated, to hit the bottom of the heavy dosage. Within a few minutes I was pretty aware that I was getting heavy and relaxed, with that same sleepy feeling. I watched some psytrance festival videos on YouTube and waited. By twenty minutes in I was feeling no “euphoria”, just a bit stuck to the bed comfy.

The drug was very strong, but it was just nothing and empty. I certainly wasn't having what I consider to be fun or feeling very good.

I decided to shoot for euphoria and so at about twenty five minutes in I snorted another 20 mg line...within minutes I was feeling much more stuck to the bed, noticed my eyes were drooping a lot and I was nodding in and out of daydreams about absolutely nothing. I ceased to care at all about the videos (or anything ever) and felt a feeling that's hard to describe. I can only describe it as intense nothing or an overwhelming hollowness. The drug was very strong, but it was just nothing and empty. I certainly wasn't having what I consider to be fun or feeling very good.

I noticed that my breathing was incredibly shallow and that I couldn't take deep breaths when I tried, which was weird and was later to find out that respiratory suppression is what kills people on heroin. Not knowing this at the time I decided to have one last line to really push it and see if I unlock any further — correction any — fun from this. I weighed out an 8 mg line (as I was already extremely intoxicated), after having an incredibly difficult walk

from my bed to the desk. I then sniffed it and went back to the bed. I don't really know when I went out, but I knocked myself out with it and woke up at just gone seven the next morning.

Now the people in my house don't leave until eight in the morning and I woke up at seven, feeling absolutely as rough as it gets and desperate to vomit. Of course I wasn't too keen on rushing to the toilet and throwing up, whilst clearly intoxicated, with pin pupils, in the same bathroom as others who are brushing their teeth before work. So I waited and fought off nausea for a whole hour, shivering and soaked in sweat, covered in goosebumps. It was grim. Finally the front door closed and I ran out to the toilet (more of an intoxicated shuffle, I was still far from normal) and dry heaved into it, unable to actually vomit (I never manage to vomit, often to my detriment). Once I felt comfortable to leave the toilet I took myself downstairs and had my normal breakfast. I had to pretty much force it down, but I knew that it would make me feel better.

Mistake! As I had finished and was taking the plate out to the dishwasher I had to throw up again so I ran out the back door into the garden and dry wretched like some kind of shivering creature until I felt I could walk back inside. I brushed my teeth, then just took myself back to bed where I dozed in and out of sleep and horrible periods of sweaty, but cold, awake until maybe two in the afternoon. Time absolutely flew by though, completely the opposite to time on psychedelics. Once I woke I got on with my day and was feeling completely normal again by the evening, near enough twenty four hours after I took the heroin.

In summary: although I've never been a fan of sedative type drugs (hate smoking weed when sober etc.) and am pretty much all about the hype or introspective, thought provoking drugs; I really can't see how anybody finds this a pleasurable way to spend their time. If you are consumed by troubles that eat you up every day, then I could see how the absolutely desolate desert that is your mind on heroin would be a preferable state. Also if you haven't slept in a while, and find sleeping your life away in fast forward a good use of life, or if you're just into scratching a really good itch I can see the appeal. So! If you are an insomniac with constant flashbacks to your history of child abuse, can't stand proper motor control, love to itch, hate feeling warm in the morning, but equally have a desperate urge to get a good sweat on, and enjoy a surprise vom to get the day going before you crawl back to bed, plus have a fear of pooing; then heroin is totally the drug for you!

I flushed the remainder of it down the toilet despite having paid just over £40 for the 200 mg, it was that awful (in my opinion, in my body, compared against how I like to feel and what I consider euphoria). By far the most boring drug I have tried, coupled with the worst comedown ever. 1/10 would not try again.

tinyidiot. "Is This What People Call Fun: An Experience with Heroin (exp106643)". Erowid.org. Mar 21, 2016. erowid.org/exp/106643



Just Another Day

Personal Data

User	legi0n
Experience Year	2008
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	64 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Heroin		IV
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I awoke on the couch in my grandmother’s home only a few hours after my last fix. It was early morning, maybe 2 am, my grandmother upstairs in bed, cat sleeping peacefully on the recliner, the TV casting a bluish hue on the walls of the darkened room. I was groggy and dazed, but already feeling the anxious tension that precedes opioid withdrawal. I suddenly became aware of my heartbeat, which reverberated through my skull with an audible force. I was rapidly becoming more lucid as anxiety and a subtle feeling of dread began to overtake my thoughts. What my body and mind was telling me was clear; NOW is the time for another fix. One more shot, then I would head upstairs to bed and sleep some more; same shit, different day.

My gear was always within arms reach, in this instance directly below me, under the couch. I reached down with the intention of obtaining a syringe when I realized that I already had several in my pocket. I hobbled the short distance to the bathroom and shut the door, turning on the light as well as the ceiling fan with the intention of masking any conspicuous

noise. The bright fluorescent light pained my eyes; my forearm reflexively raised to my brow in defense. With my free hand I unlatched my belt and tossed it to the floor. I sat down on the toilet seat for a moment, slowly lowering my forearm from my eyes, allowing them to adjust to the light.

With both hands I reached into my side pockets. From the right pocket I retrieved an unwrapped bundle of New Jersey dope and a large wad of cotton, from the left a spoon, lighter, and an unused 30 gauge 100 cc¹ syringe. Without a second thought, like an airplane on autopilot, I laid the spoon on the sink, tore off and balled up a small bit of cotton, unsealed 6 of the 10 packets of dope and uncapped the fresh syringe. From the sink’s faucet I drew 50 cc of cold water into the syringe and immediately discharged it to rinse out any residue that might have remained in the needle from when it was manufactured. I carefully and meticulously unfolded and opened each small packet, all of which were stamped with the word ‘Take Off’ in red and had a small picture of an airplane, and dumped the fine white powder into the center of

¹ The gauge of a needle refers to the size of the hole in the needle. The higher the gauge, the smaller the hole. Needles come in various gauges and lengths (Minnesota Department of Health). CC stands for cubic centimeter, which is the same as milliliter (mL) and is used to measure the volume of a syringe (Mandell’s Clinical Pharmacy).

the spoon. I drew another 50 cc of cold water into the syringe and squirted it in a circular motion over the powder, making sure all of the powder was in the pool of murky white/brown liquid. I picked up the spoon, holding it between my thumb, index and middle finger, and heated it using a Bic lighter until the powder was fully dissolved, leaving a clear dark amber solution. I put the spoon back on the sink and dropped the small ball of cotton into the center of the spoon. The cotton immediately turned from bright white to brown as it absorbed the liquid.

All pain and bodily discomfort melted away, replaced by a bone-deep warmth and intense pleasure that could be felt in every cell of my body.

Nervous anticipation overcame me as I put the syringe to the cotton and eagerly drew the heroin into it. I turned the syringe upside down, the eye of the needle skyward, and tapped the barrel to eliminate small air bubbles trapped at the bottom. I pushed the plunger until there was no air left in the barrel and a tiny droplet of the heroin solution could be seen coming out of the eye of the needle. I retrieved my belt from the floor and secured it tightly around my right arm, just above the elbow. Within a few seconds, my favorite vein began to bulge and swell, making for an easy hit. I tapped the vein a few times, felt it and examined it to avoid any potential complications, such as missing the vein or hitting an artery or nerve. With my free hand I picked up the syringe and positioned it at a 45 degree angle relative to the vein and slowly pushed in the needle, feeling the resistance of scar

tissue and skin as it slid through until I was in the vein. Heart beating faster and hands starting to tremble, I pulled back on the plunger and registered a lovely rose of blood. I loosened the belt's grip and immediately began pushing down on the plunger. In a matter of seconds, the syringe was empty, all of the heroin was in my bloodstream on a direct path to my brain's pleasure centers. I removed the syringe from my arm and put it aside. In less than 10 seconds, I felt the familiar tickling sensation in my throat that indicates the hit was good.

Still sitting on the toilet, I crouched over and rested my head on my arms which were resting on my knees. A brilliant surge of warmth and serenity instantly and dramatically replaced all negative feelings with pure bliss and contentment. All pain and bodily discomfort melted away, replaced by a bone-deep warmth and intense pleasure that could be felt in every cell of my body. My eyes instinctively closed and I was thrust into a vibrant colorful dream world, navigating through endless psychedelic landscapes with no fear or anxiety, only perfect harmony with myself and the world. A flurry of abstract thoughts and ideas presented themselves at a rapid pace, too rapid to fully comprehend and explore. They would come in the form of imagined conversations with people or situations in scenes that changed rapidly, but there was no anxiety nor was it overwhelming; just tacit acceptance of whatever was being presented. The outside world faded out of existence; there was nothing but now, and now was all that mattered. All of my problems, my families' problems, the world's problems were nothing but absurd notions conjured up and made real by the power of people's belief in them. I was enlightened; shown

that in the end, nothing really matters, and that people should stop worrying so much and enjoy life more. As I enjoyed these intensely pleasurable sensations, the rush gradually tapered, giving way to feelings of acceptance, happiness, deep contentment and intense bodily comfort. After what had seemed like hours I looked at the clock hanging in the bathroom and saw it had only been about 30 minutes. In the world of heroin, time moves very slow in comparison to normal time.

Still feeling the effects of the heroin quite strongly, I cleaned up, saved the empty bags for scraping if need be, rinsed out the syringe with cold water, capped it, and put everything back in its place (in this situation, my pockets). I made my way upstairs, lied down in bed and immediately fell asleep. Just another day.

legi0n. "Just Another Day: An Experience with Heroin (exp81868)". Erowid.org. Jun 25, 2019. erowid.org/exp/81868



First Injection Felt Like a Bubble Bath

Personal Data

User	Poppy Girl
Experience Year	2009
Age at Time	19
Gender	Female
Body Weight	54 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Heroin	1 hit	IV
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At this point in my life, I had experimented with nearly every drug I could. I had snorted heroin through ‘hot shots’ a few times before this, but I had never injected anything.

My ‘friend’, I guess you could call him, was a full fledged heroin addict. He used to hook me and my friends up with dealers when I was still a newbie to heroin. We copped that day and went over to my best friend’s apartment. I asked him to shoot me up for the first time. I had no idea how to do it, but he was very experienced, so he cooked it up, strapped me up, and plunged it into my left, virgin arm. He drew the needle back, the syringe filled with a deep, almost black, blood, and he slowly pushed all of the wonderful golden brown juice into my vein. Immediately I felt as though I had climbed into a warm bubble bath. My face became flushed, my body relaxed to the point that I had never experienced before, and simply put, everything seemed right in the world.

Then came the puke. My friend had shot me up in the bathroom, but even though

I was right next to the toilet, it came on so fast that I threw up all over my best friend’s towels. Even though puking is disgusting, when I was puking after that shot, I felt nothing. I knew I was puking, but it didn’t hurt, bother, or even phase me. I just let it all come out, cleaned myself up, and slowly made it out to the living room.

My face became flushed, my body relaxed to the point that I had never experienced before, and simply put, everything seemed right in the world.

At this point, every sound in the room seemed to become distant. I remembered it distinctly because oddly enough, the sounds of talking and laughing and music that were all around me seemed to be thrown into the adjacent room. My first words after he shot me up were, ‘All of the sounds are coming from over there...’ as I tried to lift my now heavy arm to point to the area the sounds were thrown to.

I found a comfy pile of pillows to lay on and promptly settled in. My friend who shot me up, as well as my best friend at the time, who had shot up heroin too, all lay down on the floor around me. We tried to talk, but the conversations would fade in and out as our consciousnesses faded in and out as well. I had the nods, something that I had never before experienced. I was awake but drifting in and out of a twilight zone. Short, strange dreams would fill my head space when I was out, and then I would come to, to realize that those dreams were not my reality. This state was truly blissful...I liken it to that state you sometimes achieve right before you fall asleep, when you hear sounds drift in one ear and out the other, and when nothing could be more perfect than your current little world of snuggle around you. That is the nods.

My vision was failing me as I lay there. My eyelids were impossibly heavy, but even when I did manage to lift them up to look at the world around me, I felt like my eyeballs were slowly becoming cross eyed. I would try to shake my head to stop this, which worked temporarily, then slowly but surely, my vision crossed and blurred again. I eventually gave up on opening my eyes, and became content on just laying down and rubbing my nose...which had become itchy all of a sudden.

After about an hour we ventured to the park blocks, which were across the street. The warm spring sun kissed my bare shoulders as I stumbled out of the apartment, eyes barely open, and fell on the warm, green grass. I was joined by my friends, who laid out a blanket. We all settled down in the sun, put our shades on to hide our heavy eyes, and spent the rest of the duration of high basking in the

golden brown sun and the golden brown juice in our veins.

Consciousness slowly came back to me, the reality of the outside world reinstated itself, and I eventually sobered up after close to four hours of numbing, blissful relaxation. The sun was setting so we all went in my best friend's apartment and settled into the night with a bowl of Cheerios and netflix. I could not WAIT to shoot up again.

This experience was followed by 3 years of heavy addiction and then 3 more years of sobriety from all drugs and alcohol. While that first heroin experience was almost spiritual, I wasted the next 3 years of my life chasing that first high. Tolerance, addiction, and trying to escape that horrid withdrawal become my everyday. This is a powerful drug that should not be used without regard. The first high, especially the first injection, is what gets you hooked. No one should ever feel the kind of selfish, gluttonous pleasure that I have just described, and that is why the drug is so addicting.

Poppy Girl. "First Injection Felt Like A Bubble Bath: An Experience with Heroin (exp105692)". Erowid.org. Nov 17, 2017. erowid.org/exp/105692

Ended Up Smoking 4 Nights in a Row

Personal Data

User	curiositycured-the cat
Experience Year	2008
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Female
Body Weight	80 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Heroin		Smoked
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A Heroin Holiday

I am an experienced drug user, and have made it a sort of hobby of mine to sample anything that comes my way, reveling especially in the mind-expanding and visual properties of psychedelic drugs such as LSD, mushrooms and ketamine. Despite this thirst for knowledge, heroin was the one drug, for quite some time, which remained untouched. I had dabbled with opiate-based painkillers, but somehow I saw these as different. My reasons for this were mainly, I am ashamed to say, based on social pressures and the sort of image the drug has in the media, but also the anecdotes of friends who were former addicts. Heroin, it is safe to say, is very moreish. I am a long-term cannabis user, and have found this drug hard enough to quit. Stronger people than me, friends of mine, had been close to ruined by the drug. A guy I knew of had died of an overdose the first time he injected the stuff, something which had really hit his friends and social group. In general, amongst my friends and associates, all of whom are frequent drug users, heroin is looked down upon.

Despite all this, curiosity eventually got the better of me, and when I came across the opportunity to try heroin outside of my hometown, I reasoned that it would be ok. Not having any contacts at home who would be willing to sell me any, I decided that however good it was, I would be able to stay away from it by necessity more than anything else — I mean it is definitely available everywhere, but if I had to really work to get it, I reckoned I'd be able to abstain.

I went to stay with a couple of friends in a different town, both of whom are junkies. I don't know them very well, they are friends with one of my oldest and closest friends, also an ex-junkie and my fave tripping partner and drug-buddy. She came with me too, though she doesn't smoke anymore. I cannot think of a person I love more or feel more comfortable with. Anyway, we arrived at these guys' place, and spent an amiable evening smoking cigarettes and drinking beer. When the time came to buy gear, one of the guys, we'll call him Freddy, asked me if I was sure I wanted to try it. Be careful, he

said, it's your decision but don't get into it. I assured him that I wouldn't. Looking around me at their lives, two clever, articulate guys with so much going for them, living day-to-day as unemployed drug addicts, doing nothing but waiting till the next giro¹ so they could afford more skag² — I knew I had to be careful.

¹ Slang. An unemployment cheque offered by the British Government; AKA, a Giro Cheque (Urban Dictionary).

² Slang for heroin.

The first night, they gave me less than a 3rd of a ten-bag, or a gram. We smoked this on tin-foil, with a further piece of tin foil rolled up to use as a tube to breathe it through. The heroin quickly melts from a light brownish-white powder to a brown liquid, which they called a beetle, and which you must follow the tube next to in order to catch the smoke, which is almost invisible. Almost instantaneously, in a few minutes at most, I was pleasantly high, and less talkative, though mellow, with heavy eyes and a feeling of comfort and relaxation. The main high didn't last that long, about an hour or two, but I felt

being stoned, except without any of the paranoia or anxiety associated with weed.

The next day I felt hungover, but this was definitely down to the alcohol I was drinking as well as the heroin. I also felt quite sick and as if I had little appetite (very unusual for me!). I spent the day with my best friend, mooching around town before heading back to the guys' place. The following evening, I bought some myself, wanting to smoke a bit more to see if I could perhaps push the high a little more, and maybe gain the elusive feeling of wellbeing which had been described to me by others, the feeling which gets so many hooked... I smoked as much of my gram as could be described as polite this time. I didn't feel especially more trashed than the first time...but this was perhaps because I knew more of what to expect. I did enjoy my experience, but I wanted more. My friend informed me that if I wanted to get properly high on skag, I would have to inject, but that none of them knew how to do so safely. Despite being entirely and desperately hooked on heroin, none of my companions injected on principle, saying that to do this was to be lost to the drug. I would personally have liked to try this method, as it is supposedly much more intense. The 3rd night I wasn't even intending to smoke any more, but when the opportunity presented itself I couldn't resist. In all, I ended up smoking 4 nights in a row, staying 3 nights longer than I had intended.

I took the train back eventually, surprised at myself for having done so much. When I arrived back at my home town I felt quite ill for about 2 days afterwards. I was itchy, restless and sweaty, and felt as if I had a mild cold. I just didn't feel 'right'. I remember at the time thinking, 'if I feel

In all, I ended up smoking 4 nights in a row, staying 3 nights longer than I had intended.

monged and relaxed for maybe 4 – 6 hours. I was quite loved-up, not in the intense way I get with ecstasy, but just in a general sense of companionship with the others in the room. The others were surprised that I didn't throw up, and that I wasn't 'gouching' more, or trancing out. I myself was surprised it wasn't more intense, after all I had heard of heroin I thought it would have a much more pronounced effect, not the subtle seductiveness of this high. True, I felt great, but it wasn't euphoric like MDMA, or egotistical like cocaine. It was just a general feeling of wellbeing, like

this rough this is the last time I do this'. To think that just 4 days of heroin use could produce a withdrawal effect is pretty damn scary. It may be more subtle than I originally anticipated, but this is certainly one addictive drug. Once it had worked its way into my psyche, it became much harder to resist. I certainly wanted more and want to go back and do it for a few days again. I have dreamt and obsessed about it since, and can easily see how I could personally end up hooked. It really is quite scary how quickly I want more of this drug.

curiositycuredthecat. "Ended Up Smoking 4 Nights in a Row: An Experience with Heroin (exp78438)". Erowid.org. Jul 2, 2016. erowid.org/exp/78438



Virgin Veins Have Left The Building

Personal Data

User	I.B. Surprised
Experience Year	2003
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	86 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Heroin	0.25 g	IV
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It has been 3 weeks since I tried heroin for the first time. I smoked it and had a less than enjoyable experience. My first shot of heroin was yesterday morning at 9:30 am. Here is my account:

I went back down to the West Side of Salt Lake City a few days ago and scored a gram of smack (Mexican Black Tar Heroin¹). Scoring here is unbelievably easy. All I have to do is walk down the Rio Grande and within seconds I have dealers hooking up with me. The score was made and I proceed home to store the goods. I waited a few days until I was sure I had a day where nothing was needed to be done (my last heroin experience left me vomiting all day.) I went to a local pharmacy and scored some syringes, 100 Unit 1 cc 28 gauge ultra fine.

At 9:30 in the morning yesterday I cooked the shit in the torn-off bottom of a sprite can. I used about 100 units of water and one tic-tac sized ball of skag (about 0.25 gram). The shit melted cleanly into the water when I held it above the candle. A tic-tac sized ball of cotton from a Q-tip

was inserted for a filter into the mixture. I dipped the needle into the cotton ball and sucked-up all the heroin mixture. I diluted it quite well, so I was left with about 70 units of smack in the syringe.

My veins are quite deep so I knew this part was going to be difficult for me. The only veins that I have that protrude well at all are in my hands and feet. After trying for 5 minutes or so to pull-up the veins in my arms, I blindly tried to insert into a vein in the bend of my arm. Once I thought I might have it in, I slowly injected 20 units of the shit into my arm. I felt nothing. The only possible explanation for this was that I missed the vein and was merely skin-popping. The whole point of my experimentation with this drug is to find the rush that is so greatly sought by junkies, so I pulled the syringe out and proceeded to search my body for a good vein. I noticed that the veins on my feet stuck out well, and would give me the freedom of using both hands to work with.

I cleaned my left foot and slowly proceeded to insert the needle into my vein. As I

¹ Black Tar Heroin is a popular form of the illicit substance that is usually found west of the Mississippi River. Typically produced by Mexican drug cartels, Black Tar Heroin is a less pure form of Heroin that is just as potent (Addiction Center).

² Hydrocodone and oxycodone are semisynthetic opioid analgesics. They are used to treat pain and act as a cough suppressant (Wikipedia).

did this, and once I thought I had it in correctly, I slowly pulled back on the plunger. A slow, dark trickle of blood filled the syringe and mixed with the smack. It made a beautifully colored mixture with the heroin that reminded me of the wonderful sunsets here in the Salt Lake Valley. Cool, I shoot Salt Lake sunsets into my veins. I slowly pushed on the plunger and shot the contents of the 50 remaining units into my vein. As I did this, a quick rush of warm dizziness filled my being. How do I describe this? It's so difficult to describe to those who have not experienced it. Many describe it in terms of an orgasm ('Take the best orgasm, multiply it by 1000, and its still nowhere near it' — Trainspotting) I believe an orgasm is completely different. An orgasm comes quickly, builds quickly, and leaves quickly. The heroin injection rush I received came quickly, engulfed my whole being, and it stayed and got stronger and stronger. It made me fall back onto my bed. I imagined I was falling from the sky and landing on a pile of millions of feathers.

The heroin injection rush I received came quickly, engulfed my whole being, and it stayed and got stronger and stronger.

My extremities felt heavy and warm. My torso and groin area felt warm and like it was a giant effort to move myself. After about 20 minutes of laying there in this euphoria, I lifted myself off the bed and proceeded to clean the evidence of my drug-use by taking it to the dumpster and disposing of it. As I walked, I was reminded of the strong opiate buzzes I have had with hydrocodone and oxycodone², but nowhere near this. I mean those buzzes were like 1 beer compared to the 10 beer buzz of heroin. Anyway, the flawlessness of this drug soon disappeared.

After about an hour of total euphoria, the nausea set in, which I can deal with. It was a factor in my smoking experience, so I knew it would be with shooting. I threw up, then laid down and watched TV and listened to the radio. As long as I was prone, the nausea wasn't there, but as soon as I stood up and walked around, I barfed. So I lay in bed until 2:00 pm, just nodding. Sounds were greatly amplified and things caught by the corner of my eyes were flowing slowly, sort of like a hallucination but not really. I was just basically very fucked up on some very good black tar.

I remained high with the nausea until about 5 pm, but once the high was gone, I was stuck with a terrible case of the vomits. As long as I was standing up, I was puking madly. In other words, heroin is a recreational drug only intended to be used by those who don't mind throwing their guts up for about 5 hours after the high (since while I was high I didn't give a flying fuck about throwing up since I felt so good). The comedown from smack is pretty tough. It has been about 30 hours since I mainlined it, and I have only felt normal now about the last 10 hours. But oh my gosh, that first hour was unreal. A whole new world. All care and trouble goes out of my being just as soon as that needle plunger comes down. It was intense.

I promised myself I would only shoot until I run out of the 0.75 grams I have left, and I plan to stick to that vow because I could definitely not afford to be a junkie financially or mentally. After I shoot the rest of

my stash, that will be all she wrote for me and heroin. I am glad I tried it though, I gained a perspective that only those who have used it can have.

I.B. Surprised. "Virgin Veins Have Left the Building: An Experience with Heroin (exp29172)". Erowid.org. Apr 21, 2006. erowid.org/exp/29172



KETAMINE

Dissociative

A Ripping Visit to the 4th Dimension

Personal Data

User	Hickory Hand Wrench
Experience Year	2022
Age at Time	21
Gender	Male
Body Weight	82 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Ketamine	Repeated	Insufflated
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Background

I have had some experience with ketamine before, but prior use had been mostly club based, that is, repeatedly doing pretty small lines in order to maintain a consistent level of inebriation. The k-hole had always been a frontier that had both scared and intrigued me, but I knew that at some point I would try it out. I decided that tonight was the night and set out a plan to do enough to get to the k-hole. I ate a large meal around 1.5 hours prior to doing the ketamine, and I was feeling a little tired due to having gone out drinking the day prior, but I figured this would not matter much.

The Trip

I began my journey by repeatedly snorting small ~20 mg lines until I felt I was at the threshold just beneath what I considered to be the forever “just out of reach” k-hole, then I proceeded to snort an absolute ski slope sized line of ketamine. I am not a typical psychonaut, and I do not usually like to experiment with ego death or the absolute limits of the human mind too much, so I really don’t know why I felt such

a strong urge to send it with such a heroic dosage. I cannot be sure of the specific dosages at this point, but I do know that I started the evening with just under half a gram and I ended the evening with nothing. The events that transpired after the insufflation of this line are well beyond the limits of what can be expressed with any human language, and my memory of many of the parts of the rest of the evening are quite splotchy, however I will try my best to coherently record what I do remember.

After snorting the line I laid back in my bed with an eye mask on and put on some pre-tailored music which I thought would be quite fitting for what I imagined the k-hole was. The effects of the large dose I had just ingested came on quite rapidly and within 3 minutes I began to have extremely vivid fractal-like hallucinations of continually inflating geometric grid patterns. These visuals felt larger than life in scale and enveloped my entire field of vision in a sense. When I opened my eyes my regular vision was extremely grainy, as if I was viewing the world on 240p. I closed my eyes and put back on the eye mask as

I was beginning to feel the effects of the ketamine in full force. The intensity and immersiveness of the trip progressed exponentially at this point and it wasn't long before I felt complete and utter detachment from my body. The complete severing of the mind body connection was something I had never even conceived as possible, and the sheer intensity and suddenness of its onset was quite jarring.

It was a little like the book Flatland by Edwin Abbott Abbott, where a 2-D square is taken to the 3-D world of a sphere.

I really have no other way to describe the mind state I was in other than as it felt like a completely separate dimension/universe. It was a little like the book Flatland by Edwin Abbott Abbott, where a 2-D square is taken to the 3-D world of a sphere.

As time went on the hallucinations I experienced shifted from being a visual ordeal and more of a conceptual headspace shift. I say this with the risk of sounding like a stereotypical hippie, but the closest example to the conceptual hallucinations I experienced would be that I felt like how the trippy scenes from Doctor Strange looked. I found the visuals to be quite dull in tone and color however they took up the entirety of my headspace.

I felt utterly and completely lost in this new K-hole dimension. A wandering consciousness in the wilderness of a plane of existence with an extra spatial dimension. I was completely detached not only in the very literal sense from my body, but also from all emotions as well, as I felt like

a bystander or spectator watching over the life of some beyond-comprehension 4th dimensional being.

Realities were warping on a cosmic scale over and over on top of one another in an infinite unfolding pattern. A fractal of TV static fuzz was forever zooming forwards and I remember the mere thought of the abstract concept of friends or parents being completely alien and utterly incomprehensible. Absolutely nothing made any sense to me. The amnesiac properties of ketamine paired with the extremely sudden shift in consciousness caused me to completely forget that I had taken a drug so I kept wondering how exactly I got here and who/what I was, however owing to the complete dissociation from any reference point possible there was no answer to be found. Trying to remember anything from my life before I entered this strange new dimension was made harder by the ever present distracting nature of the infinite unfolding hallucinations I was feeling. I do not know how long I spent in this state, probably no longer than 30 – 60 minutes or so, but it felt like both a very long and a very short amount of time.

After I had sobered up a little more I made an attempt at changing my music and the concept of a little pocket computer at no more than an arm's reach was quite funny to me. I kept trying to unlock my phone's password and I remember questioning why I instinctively knew to put in a specific sequence of integers. This questioning led me to remember that I had indeed taken a drug and that yes the effects would wear off eventually.

Although I was no longer in the peak of the trip, I was still extremely high and the fact that I had no feeling in any of

my body was extremely weird. To look at your hands and feel a little disgusted by the clumsy flesh paddles that you've had for your whole life was a bit unsettling to say the least. I also found that not being able to differentiate between the flesh of my mouth and my teeth was extremely uncomfortable and in general I found the body sensations to be very unenjoyable. I found that the process of continuing to sober up and remember just exactly who I was was not fun at all as I had to deal with the uncomfortable body high without the presence of interesting hallucinations to distract me.

I spend the next couple hours unable to sleep, going through the process of methodically remembering who I was. I sort of felt like one of those guys in orange jumpsuits who casually pick up garbage with grabbers underneath highway overpasses, however instead of picking up garbage I was picking up fragmented pieces of my consciousness and memories.

Now that a solid 16+ hours have passed and I'm pretty sure I've got most of the pieces back I can say that overall I found this to be an incredibly interesting and memorable experience. Although in the moment I felt extremely confused and lost, and later on did not enjoy the body high at all, I was never scared or fearful. I think that now that I sort of know what a huge dose feels like I would be able to mentally prepare a lot better for the next time, that is if there ever is one.

I also think that if there ever is a next time then I would take a lot less in total as well as take the lines much more spaced out rather than one super big one. I believe that this would help with not forgetting I had taken a drug as well as made the tran-

sition between sober and super fucked up much more smooth and easy to manage.

Overall I don't regret the experience but I would definitely do some things differently next time, and I don't plan on doing special K for quite a considerable amount of time...

Hickory Hand Wrench. "A Ripping Visit to the 4th Dimension: An Experience with Ketamine (exp116163)". Erowid.org. Mar 11, 2022. erowid.org/exp/116163



Plugging Into The Control Panel

Personal Data

User	Bttnkdcaturglar
Experience Year	2014
Age at Time	21
Gender	Male
Body Weight	77 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Ketamine	70 mg	Intramuscular
T + 0:20	Ketamine	100 mg	Intramuscular

I have had previous experience with ketamine before, as it is something I have been struggling with habitually for around two years. It (along with other substances) has landed me in various legal issues. I started out using ketamine recreationally, but recently it has become something of a religious-like ceremony. I believe its purpose is to help people heal from the life they're living now, into the life they were intended to live. Here is my last experience with this drug.

9:00 pm — I arrive home from my Ketamine hookup with 2 vials of Ketaject — Ketamine injection (1000 mg). I prefer getting my Ketamine this way, as it is ready to inject. At the time I am living at a sober living house, not the perfect place to trip on K, but I make the best out of it.

9:30 pm — I check to see who's all home and tell everyone I'm going to go to bed, while in my room I put around 70 ccs of ketamine into a needle (roughly 60 – 70 mg) and inject it into my thigh muscle. It's virtually painless and quick/easy to inject.

9:35 – 9:40 pm — The Ketamine is kicking in, I feel dissociation and the fan in my room begins to get louder and louder. The room begins to get smaller and larger, controlled by my mind and how I want to see it. Intense visual distortion follows and thoughts drift into far away places.

9:50 pm — This is not enough for me at the time, as I'm looking to enter the k-hole and have built up a tolerance, I load another needle of around 100 ccs and administer it the same way

10:00 pm — This amount did the trick! The fan in my room gets insanely louder, I feel as if it is entering my mind. The noise changed into something violent penetrating into my head until I feel like it will be there forever, but it suddenly fades as I drift off into my dark world. I notice the sound fade away and tell myself everything is going to be fine during this trip, I take my deep breaths as I always do. I find myself seeing vague images of dark red/black rooms that seem oddly familiar, I feel as if demons or some sort of Satanist things inhabit these rooms and I become

intrigued with this but let them pass on. I then see a house or some manifestation of one that is made of wood and living organisms, it is moving and appears to be breathing and is in the same dark red/black style, almost gothic in appearance. I start to drift downwards as the image fades away. I feel myself falling into a black-hole-like void, it felt like my very being was getting dragged down into it. I panicked for a while as I always do when entering the k-hole but I reminded myself that this was a substance that was causing this and I would be alright.

I remember getting sucked into this hole and then seeing the blackest black imaginable, then there were glimmers in the black, almost like the appearance of coal. I interpreted the black as the inner mechanisms of my mind, and I told myself I could unlock great things here. I asked myself where my anxiety and depression was located in my mind and the words “floor two” appeared.

I spent the next minutes wishing the dissociation and distortion would just go away as I want to be sober for the first time in awhile.

I felt myself falling through a vast expanse of black knowledge; I was dropping down at extreme speeds until it all finally stopped abruptly at “floor two”, It then entered the floor and images/moments flooded my mind of when I was younger in high school and how I used to dress differently and act differently and I felt how that affected me at the time, then I saw myself in college isolating and using substances and having troubles talking and how this built on and on into my very being. I was

soaking all of this in and a great weight seemed to press me lower and lower into the hole, I remember falling out of my mind into an expanse of electrical colors drifting and turning in unexplainable ways, it was very nauseating, even being in the k-hole I could feel that.

Then I remember they formed into tunnel vision and I remember rising out of them into a place where there was pleasurable blue, and I was talking to myself calmly there, I told myself there was something I could do to end my road to death. It (I) explained that I needed only to do a few simple things, I needed to talk to people, no matter how anxious or tweaky I thought I was I needed to talk to them, anyone that seemed interesting or who I was afraid to talk to before. It explained that talking to people is one of the keys of a happy life as isolation was killing me. It made it seem simple for me and encouraged me that I could do it. It also explained that I need to help other people, as I know many things about life and I can spread them to other addicts (as I am surrounded by them in real life). It said the messages I hold are not meant to be selfishly hoarded, they are meant to be shared with people that have the same demons you do.

I felt happy that I was being told these things, and after I floated in the blue place for what seemed years. I then had this strange rising sensation, as if I must rise out of this place into the next part of the experience. I remember focusing on the rising and controlling it so it was stable. I felt my soul rise out of the blue place into a dreamy world outside of my body. It was the room outside of my bed but it was in a different perspective. I remember staring at myself in my bed, seeing myself only in the direction I was going. I could see the

evil in my face and the self destruction I have delivered upon myself. I told myself this is what I become and will continue to become unless I change this path. I have the power to change this but it will involve doing things that are completely the opposite of what you are doing now. I understood exactly and accepted that fact and told myself I was ready to change, I remember feeling happiness and utter bliss as I floated back into my body, grateful at what the universe had told me. I entered my body again seeing the black of my mind upon fully entering. I remember just snapping back into my bed, wondering what the fuck just happened (as I normally do) reminding myself that I just underwent a trip. I spent the next minutes wishing the dissociation and distortion would just go away as I want to be sober for the first time in a while. I ride out the rest of the day and prepare myself for the next steps in my life.

I haven't touched K or any other substance since this trip, I am determined I have the power and the knowledge to deal with these demons. I meditate on this trip often, reminding myself what I was taught and how I can tap into it without substances.

Bttnkdcatsburglar. "Plugging into the Control Panel: An Experience with Ketamine (exp103920)". Erowid.org. May 13, 2016. [erowid.org/exp/103920](https://www.erowid.org/exp/103920)



Undershooting With Special K

Personal Data

User	dankskank
Experience Year	2016
Age at Time	25
Gender	Male
Body Weight	52 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Ketamine	56 mg	Insufflated
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Background

Healthy, casual psychonaut. Average diet and exercise. Prior familiarity with a wide range of psychoactives spanning ten years of use.

Set/Setting

I'm in my apartment with one of my roommates. We use Marquis reagent to test for adulterants (since we don't have any other reagents presently) and no reaction takes place — exactly what's supposed to happen with Marquis¹ + ketamine. Going with the 'suggested method' of ingesting, I weighed out ~56 mg of ketamine crystals with a Gemini-20 scale. Crushed the crystals with a plastic card and then chopped them down with a razor, gathering it all into one line.

Going into the experience, I'm in a relatively neutral mood. I was stressed and anxious before I prepared the line, but found myself more calm as I anticipated trying K for the first time.

9:06 pm — Insufflation occurs (approx. half of the line in each nostril). I feel only

the slightest tingling/burning sensation. As I'm waiting to feel the effects, I revisit [site] to see how long the onset takes. About six minutes later, I start to notice the first perceptible changes. At first I feel slightly stimulated- sharper perception and mental clarity. I also feel slightly cold, so I get up to grab a hoodie. As I'm walking, I'm attentive to any perceptible changes that are catalyzed by motion. So far, not much to note.

9:17 pm — Over the course of the next ten minutes, the full effect sets in, though I find myself wondering “is this it?” I start to feel mild dissociation from my body and environment. Visually, I notice only what I characterize as a sort of “lag”. It seems like my eyes don't quite focus on anything as I'm moving them around. No patterns or visual distortions of any kind beyond the lag effect, however.

As I'm waiting for euphoria or any sort of feel-good to kick in, I'm reminded of a DXM experience I had where there was no 'feel-good' — just dissociation. At the peak of this ketamine experience, I'm feel-

¹ The Marquis reagent test is a widely used presumptive test that gives a variety of color changes with a range of compounds. It is particularly useful for detecting opiate alkaloids and for amphetamines and methamphetamine. Marquis reagent is a mixture of formaldehyde solution in water with sulphuric acid. Mescaline gives an orange coloration. With morphine, a violet colour is produced. Amphetamines give an orange-red color and methamphetamine gives an orange color (Oxford Reference).

ing very emotionally neutral — no euphoria and no distress. I feel very mildly nauseous (probably because I didn't wait long enough after eating last). Overall, I only feel dissociated, mildly numb and a little 'derpy'. No stimulation effects any longer.

Subjectively, I'm wondering why people do K if this is what it feels like. It's novel, but not exactly fun to me. I don't feel like dancing, I don't feel talkative (in fact, speaking is a slight chore) and I don't feel giddy or euphoric. Just detached and somewhat numb as if I had done some neutered coke — all the numb without the 'up'.

I plan on trying again on a fully empty stomach next time because I hate being distracted by trying to gauge whether or not I need to puke. I also intend to take a considerably higher dose next time because I don't feel any good reason to repeat the dose used for this experience.

dankskank. "Undershooting with Special-K: An Experience with Ketamine (exp107695)". Erowid.org. Jan 18, 2016. erowid.org/exp/107695

Subjectively, I'm wondering why people do K if this is what it feels like.

About 30 minutes in, I start re-researching doses/effects to corroborate my experience and realize that I probably underdosed (or that I got some weak shit) and that it's gonna take maybe double the amount of more to achieve any of the 'fireworks' I was prepared to encounter. Speech is still slightly difficult, motor function is very slightly impaired and vision is still lagging slightly. I feel as if I would fall asleep if I closed my eyes right now.

10:33 is the time I begin writing this report and I'm feeling a sense of relief that I'm coming back into non-dissociated consciousness (with DXM being my only other experience with a similar drug, I can't say that I'm especially keen for dissociative experiences unless they're dmt/lsd/mushroom/etc based). The trip wasn't especially positive or negative, though

Not All I Was Hoping For

Personal Data

User	jaggerjack
Experience Year	2011
Age at Time	18
Gender	Male
Body Weight	77 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Ketamine	30 mg	Insufflated
T + 0:10	Ketamine	26 mg	Insufflated

Prior substance use: Started doing drugs 7 months ago. Marijuana, Alcohol, Kratom, Nitrous, Shrooms, DMT, Salvia, Vicodin, Acid (likely not LSD), 4-Aco-DMT. I had smoked marijuana last night.

I had weighed out 56 mg of very pure Ketamine earlier in the night. I cut it up with a razor and split it into four relatively similar piles. I was using a straw to snort it. I haven't eaten for ~2.5 hours. The reason for this trip is because I have never experienced K before, I wanted to feel the odd shift in gravity most people felt. I would like to start low and work up to a k-Hole (depending on how this feels, I might just jump in after that). I used a piece of straw approximately 3 inches long two snort it. My plan is to snort about half and then wait until 10 minutes pass before I snort the rest. I would be doing this with people around but I couldn't find a time and place to do it tonight so I decided to just do it alone.

12:28 (T + 0:00) — Snorted ~15 mg of Ketamine in each nostril. It stung for a second but I can't feel it now (T + 0:01).

T + 0:06 — I would say I'm feeling it just the tiniest bit, It feels like a few beers. I can taste the drip a bit, it not as bad as the regular taste.

T + 0:10 — It's hard to describe right now. I just feel spacey. Snorted the rest and went to my bed to lie down.

[Everything from here on out was written the next day] Getting to the bed was surprisingly hard, I felt unsure on my feet. I turned off the lights and propped myself up because lying flat on my back felt a bit off. Rolling over to put my glasses on the bedside table didn't feel that great. Without my glasses most anything I look at looks like some sort of blob.

Getting the headphones to my head was hard and I managed to put on some Flaming Lips (Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots). The music was significantly deeper than usual, it tickled my brain and I could pick out all the individual instruments. With my eyes closed I noticed no visuals at first but gradually felt as if I was looking at myself from far away, I was just a small

mass floating in nothing. This was interesting and every once in a while I would open my eyes and move around a bit.

A slight movement in my head produced a pronounced movement in vision. I really had no idea where my body was, I could move things and it felt as if they were flowing through some alternate universe. The left headphone felt like it was on my face even though it wasn't. Moving my arms made them feel like I was floating, sitting up just made me feel very off balanced, a bit dizzy but not nauseous. Waving a light in front of my eyes was kinda cool; it made different colors than the usual red. Reading a text message or changing the song was a bit difficult because looking at the text made me feel a bit nauseous. I get carsick when I read so I feel like a Dramamine (Dimenhydrinate) could fix this too.

With my eyes open the blinking red light on my computer screen seemed to call out to me like a beacon while simultaneously moving further away. This was neat but less interesting than with my eyes closed. With my eyes closed and the music off I felt lonely, so I didn't experiment with that all too much.

Throughout the entire experience I was focused on breathing in and out like I have been taught in yoga. I was doing this because I wanted to make sure that I didn't choke on vomit or anything like that. I would have been surprised if I had thrown up but the breathing was very relaxing. There was a bit of drip, but it was still manageable. Everything was a little bit numb, my lips, my arms, my feet.

After about 30 minutes of lying on my bed I couldn't visualize myself from far away anymore. At T + 0:50 I called my friend to

tell him about my experience, talking was a bit hard. I had one headphone pressed to one ear and the phone to the other, with this set up and my eyes closed my mind was split into two and I felt as if I could understand both ears at the same time. The balance issues remained for a while. At T + 1:10 I got up to go to the bathroom, walking was alright but moving around felt like I had just woken up. I went back to my room and sat in front of the computer to write this up but the brightness of the screen and my room was too much and I just went back to go lay down (T + 1:20). After that I fell asleep a little bit later, still feeling a bit tipsy. I slept very well and woke up feeling a bit warm and fuzzy.

Overall I would describe it as the dissociation of nitrous, without the euphoria, plus a few drinks. Music was very interesting. I'll try again, probably k-Hole, but this wouldn't be something I would do incredibly frequently, I certainly enjoy Shrooms, DMT and 4-Aco-DMT more.

jaggerjack. "Not All I Was Hoping For: An Experience with Ketamine (exp89549)". Erowid.org. Aug 4, 2015. erowid.org/exp/89549

¹ Dimenhydrinate, sold under the brand name Dramamine, among others, is an over-the-counter medication used to treat motion sickness and nausea (Wikipedia).

Regretamine

Personal Data

User	K Katina
Experience Year	2008
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Female
Body Weight	41 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Ketamine		Insufflated
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I only recently found out about the existence and use of Ketamine as a recreational drug and, like many open minded people, I was curious about its effects. Most, if not all of my current friends take ket, ranging from occasionally to an addiction. I observed the effects it had on them and others when snorted and was instantly put off. People seemed to get sucked into their own little depressing universe, just sit there staring at nothing for hours on end being antisocial. I was warned away from it by most of them and for 2 or 3 months, I was far from tempted to take it. People constantly voiced their objections to me whenever it was around, just in case. The more they went on about it the more I couldn't quite understand. If it was such a terrible drug, why did so many people take it? Still, I took their word for it and left it at that. I usually just took other substances in place of it and was happy enough with those.

My friend and I, J, recently traveled up to Bristol, a much bigger city than where I live, as I decided I wanted an adventure and new experiences. We eventually found

our way to our good friends house L and R. They were both already quite high on ket. At the house we sat inside L's bedroom which was just a small room with warm bright light and good music. They started sorting out lines of ket, they said it was special, 'Indian Ket' or something. I realized I was going to be quite left out of the entire experience.

J, L, and R are all experienced and very frequent users of Ket and I was rather disappointed they would all be on that 'level' and I would just be sitting there with nothing to do, completely sober as I had no other drugs to substitute this substance I'd promised myself, and others I would not take. My mental barrier began to weaken slightly. R had always hinted at me taking Ket someday and I knew none of the people here would try to persuade me out of it. I was generally against the idea, but being in this new environment in this one situation that might not happen again made it more appealing. I decided to do what I would call a small line, compared to the amounts they take! L explained to me I had to snort it slowly and to spit out any

that goes to my throat or it could cause me to be sick. I still felt negatively toward the idea (who wouldn't by this point) but something compelled me to do it...I don't even know what myself. I couldn't have been going against my instinct any stronger. For whatever this reason was, I went ahead and did it trying to make sure I followed L's instructions as perfectly as I could.

I felt quite helpless at that moment because everyone around me was in such a strange place and there were no friendly voices to ground me to my reality like there usually are.

After only a minute or less after snorting it I began to feel woozy and dizzy and my mind didn't quite feel there. I got the horrible tasting drip in the back of my throat that I'd hoped I wouldn't have to experience and tried to spit it all out but impulsively swallowed some. I swayed slightly from side to side and could have happily remained in that state for the duration of the trip. It got more and more intense to the point where it was really starting to become unenjoyable. I found my vision becoming blurry and I couldn't really keep my eyes open or hold my own weight. I fell down and lay next to R who was pretty mashed after doing a huge line. I felt quite helpless at that moment because everyone around me was in such a strange place and there were no friendly voices to ground me to my reality like there usually are. I looked up at R and she resembled something like a zombie, I couldn't lie next to her anymore and hauled myself up so I could sit. I could barely stay up and kept falling around and scrambled for L to

hold onto. He was barely supportive as he was so mashed himself but slowly we did manage to hold each other.

I thought this would give me comfort but, everything felt so material-y and inhuman, I might as well have been holding onto a table. His skin was more like a piece of cloth — I couldn't feel any warmth or embrace.

During this I was feeling more and more ill and decided I was going to vomit. I stressed I needed to get to the sink and L managed to drag me into the kitchen. I nearly fell down but grabbed onto the basin and hung my head into it with the tap on. The amount of sickness I felt mentally and physically was nothing I could have ever anticipated. I felt so out of control and my mind was just slipping away faster and faster to some other very unpleasant world. I attempted to keep myself somewhat conscious of what was going on but a couple of times I just stopped trying. I began screaming and freaking out and struggling to get away as if I was falling into some land of what felt like pure doom. L grabbed onto me and held me still and I realized I had to stay strong and constantly try to remind myself and make sense of what was going on or I would instantly forget. I kept trying to take a drink of water but I couldn't bring myself to swallow anything. I needed to blow my nose as I couldn't really breathe through it, the ket had made it feel horrible, but any effort I made failed as I was too preoccupied dealing with everything else my body was putting me through.

I finally began to vomit (much to my relief, the sooner all this was over the better) I fell to the floor and continued to vomit for a few minutes and remember saying

to L ‘YOU PEOPLE ARE CRAZY. WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS TO YOURSELVES!’ He said ‘ I went through this too when I first started’ I wondered why the hell anyone would want to even risk putting themselves through this a second time to build up a tolerance in the first place.

When I stopped vomiting L carried me back into the bedroom. I could not even hold myself up in the slightest and my legs kept slipping and I collapsed onto the bed. I was shaking intensely. I tried so hard to open my eyes to even get a glimpse of what was going on but it was as if everything around me was being vacuumed into my eyes all at the same time and it induced pain in my head and made me feel more ill. Finally L turned the main light off and it was a little easier to just...exist. He helped me pull the bedcovers over myself and I could feel my mind slowly coming back to me. My body was still completely incapable of just about everything but I was regaining control over my mind again, I at least had my thoughts to comfort myself with now and make sense of it all.

I must have fallen asleep and, when I awoke it was about 3:30 am. I mostly felt better physically except for a small sharp pain in my stomach. I felt pretty spaced out and when I finally managed to sit up and open my eyes properly L, J and R were sitting around completely k-holed staring into nothing in complete silence except for some dark DnB music playing in candlelight. I finally felt like I’d to some extent achieved what I set out to do by taking this stuff, which was to be on their ‘level’. I just smiled at them all and hugged J and R who were sitting beside me. It was an incredibly weird situation to me and in the end I just decided I was content enough/

relieved with how it had turned out and went back to sleep. I woke up at about 1pm and felt just about normal. I was a little lightheaded and drained for the rest of the day but that’s to be expected, considering!

The way some people talked about it in a POSITIVE way — the amazing journeys they had gone through on it and what it had done for them, made me think it was just one of those things where I’d never understand until I actually tried it, which really was not the case at least for me. It took me to a place that extended so far past the barriers of the mind (for lack of a better phrase. I hope you see what I mean) it became completely useless. BUT — I believe you have to go to the dark places as well as the light and that was, I feel, a necessary experience. I’m glad I now have an opinion on the substance from first hand experience, rather than judging it by other people’s beliefs that had been projected onto me.

I feel like I perhaps had an unusually bad experience. I don’t want to make out it’s generally worse than it is, but it’s definitely put me off ever trying it again. I would never have imagined it could have caused me so much distress!

K Katina. “Regretamine: An Experience with Ketamine (exp72620)”. Erowid.org. Jul 28, 2008. erowid.org/exp/72620



NITROUS OXIDE

Dissociative

Amazing, but Worrying Hypoxia

Personal Data

User	Trajork
Experience Year	2014
Age at Time	25
Gender	Male
Body Weight	86 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Nitrous Oxide	120 carts	Inhaled
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I was by myself on New Years’ Eve and decided to celebrate in grand style. I had ordered 120 8 g cartridges of Ultra Pure-Whip N₂O from an online seller along with a small (250 ml) whipped cream dispenser¹. I’ve done nitrous a couple of times before and enjoyed it, but I’m by no means a regular user and had never done it in this quantity. I didn’t necessarily plan to go through all 120 that night, but perhaps unsurprisingly that’s what happened. In part for safety but more for curiosity, I also bought a \$20 finger pulse oximeter² to measure my blood oxygen as I was inhaling the gas from a large punch balloon. I also had a scale which I used to measure the weights of cartridges before and after use, as well as to measure gas escape from the dispenser.

Despite being the small size, the whipped cream maker did hold 2 cartridges of gas easily provided that the second cartridge was left securely in the nozzle that cracks the N₂O as the balloon was being filled. Unscrewing the nozzle and releasing the second cartridge usually resulted in the loss of about 1.5 g of gas, so I didn’t do it

after the first couple of tries. Occasionally significant gas loss would happen while replacing the first cartridge as well, but this was rare and more typical losses were around 0.2 g, which I was more than willing to accept as the price for having two cartridges’ worth of gas in the balloon instead of one.

I filled the whipped cream dispenser with two cartridges, lay down on the couch with my basset hound curled up at my feet, and released into the balloon. It was a very interesting experience overall. Visuals consisted mostly of bright static, sounds were distorted, and I heard the classic

I would feel the need to reload the dispenser and blast off again, in part to continue whatever profound-seeming thoughts I was having at the peak.

wah-wah sound when I wasn’t listening to music. Music itself was enhanced much like with DXM, but with even more pleas-

¹ The gas is inhaled, typically by discharging nitrous gas cartridges (bulbs or whippets) into another object, such as a balloon, or directly into the mouth (Alcohol and Drug Foundation).

² An oximeter, also known as a pulse oximeter, is a device that measures the amount of oxygen in your red blood cells. It’s a non-invasive, painless procedure that can be attached to your fingers, forehead, nose, foot, ears, or toes (American Lung Association).

ant sound distortion. The peak effects of course only lasted a minute or two even at about 2 deep breaths/cartridge or 4/ balloon, which is what I expected. After coming down somewhat, I would feel the need to reload the dispenser and blast off again, in part to continue whatever profound-seeming thoughts I was having at the peak.

I definitely see how this stuff is addictive. Although I did keep a rough count of how many cartridges I'd done and knew I was blowing through the whole supply, that was perfectly fine by me. I took a few breaks to record the weights and oxygen saturation (more on that later) and to eat dinner, but by and large I was under the influence to some extent or another for roughly five hours.

The trains of thought I had were satisfying and felt profound, with the biggest problem being that the peak of the experience never lasted long enough to get very far. Nonetheless I was able to suddenly “remember” and pick up from where I left off to some extent with each new balloon.

Probably the most interesting insight that I took away had to do with that feeling of profundity itself and how I'm constantly chasing it even though it doesn't last long. I've been in and left three different grad programs in the 4.5 year period following my graduation from undergrad in 2010 (physics, biology, and atmospheric science), always losing interest after several months of learning the basics of the field and not being able to motivate myself to go on. The result is that I know a lot about science broadly but not enough about any given field to actually be a scientist, and I've been quite depressed lately in large part because of my failure to stay

interested in anything for sustained periods of time.

By feeling like I was having profound revelations while peaking only to have the feeling fade away and leave me scrambling for another hit, nitrous showed me how I was really doing this on a longer timescale in my own life. The feeling of profundity is powerful when I'm first learning about something, but fades away before I can actually do real research in the area, causing me to lose interest. In this way it seemed like my nitrous experiences were mirroring (and teaching me about) my life choices on a timescale of about two minutes rather than about a year like my grad school attempts.

I also got to see how the linear, abstract part of my mind (which everyone associates with the left brain) and the concrete and more creative part (right) played along together; the nitrous enhanced creative thought dramatically but for very short amounts of time, leaving the left brain scrambling to take coherent notes. It seems to have taught me to have some more respect for my right brain even though its input can't be written down directly. Not that I dismissed it before, but the nitrous along with attempting to take notes and remember measurements from my scale and oximeter long enough to write them down allowed me to appreciate how integral both hemispheres are by forcing me to cycle rapidly between right- and left-brained states. I haven't experienced a better way to appreciate the contrast.

Side note: the fact that “left-brained” activity isn't really done entirely by the left hemisphere and vice versa for the right, when coupled with the fact that

this is totally irrelevant when what you're trying to describe is a mental state, is itself a very good example that contrasts left vs right brained thinking. There was a lot of that sort of self-referential thinking to demonstrate any concept that couldn't be put into words.

Finally, the feelings of profundity from hitting the N₂O and the mundane feeling from coming down started to merge towards each other as I approached the end of the box, so that I did remember the insights I had but didn't necessarily feel like I was having huge revelations every time I breathed nitrous. Then it hit me that this was a sign of actually learning something that will stick, causing a feeling of meta-profundity. Indeed it has stuck now that I write this two days later. This drug loves being meta.

After running out, I wasn't disappointed, feeling like the mission was accomplished. I spent another hour or two feeling sort of dreamy, relaxed, and slightly dissociated before returning to baseline. Coincidentally this was right around the time the new year arrived, which of course felt significant to me.

I'll end with a cautionary note. I mentioned I was using an oximeter on my finger to measure my oxygen saturation. I figured a couple of breaths followed by air wouldn't cause serious effects but would still be worth measuring. The reduction in oxygen saturation was much, much more severe than I had counted on, which makes sense in retrospect but is still alarming. At baseline, it was the usual healthy 96 – 99%, which I expected. A single deep breath held for long enough to produce a peak experience always caused oxygen saturation to crash below 75%; it usually bottomed

out around 45 – 65%. Two usually caused it to crash below 50% and often all the way to 31%, which is the lowest it could record. The lowest readings were usually recorded around 15 seconds after releasing the breath, and the level would never stay below 70% for long (I would guess never longer than 15 – 20 seconds even when it briefly touched 31%, although my mind wasn't likely the best at judging time while hypoxic³ and nitrous-addled). Even blowing air into the balloon before breathing from it or deliberately taking in some air along with or alternating with the nitrous would either still cause blood oxygen to fall very low (although not quite as low), cause a much more mild experience, or some combination of the two. I suspect that, although the nitrous itself does most of the work, hypoxia probably contributes to some of the peak effects caused by breathing nitrous from a balloon.

³ Hypoxia is a state in which oxygen is not available in sufficient amounts at the tissue level for the body to function normally (National Institutes of Health).

A single deep breath held for long enough to produce a peak experience always caused oxygen saturation to crash below 75%.

From what I can find, readings below 85% are considered severe hypoxia when dealing with patients who are in respiratory distress. Of course that's designed for hypoxia that lasts for more than a matter of seconds, unlike breathing nitrous, so as long as I am getting oxygenated air after breathing I doubt there's any risk of death. But I have serious doubts about whether even ~15-second exposures to profoundly low blood oxygen, done thousands of times over the course of a nitrous-huffer's lifetime, is safe in terms of not causing cumulative brain damage or other health

problems. By way of comparison, breathing out and then holding my breath for 30 seconds hasn't brought my blood oxygen below 90%, nor has breathing in and holding for 60 seconds. Breathing an inert gas is much worse than holding your breath, presumably because there's still quite a bit of oxygen even in a deflated lung, but N₂O displaces that oxygen entirely.

⁴ Vitamin B12 deficiency occurs when the body doesn't have enough vitamin B12 to produce healthy red blood cells (Mayo Clinic).

Overall, I had a great and insightful experience, but in light of the hypoxia along with the obvious addictiveness, high cost, and B12 depletion⁴, I'm probably not going to do it again. Certainly not soon anyway. I'd recommend people who do want to do nitrous consider buying a pulse oximeter - they're cheap, comfortable, and may help you minimize the risk. And not least, it's extremely trippy to watch your body use oxygen in real time — after breathing normally, the less oxygenated blood still comes back every 15 – 20 seconds so that the readings oscillate up and down a few times in a heavily damped wave before returning to stable baseline at about the minute mark (and never being anywhere near as low on the second wave). But be careful and try to stay as oxygenated as you can.

Trajork. "Amazing, but Worrying Hypoxia: An Experience with Nitrous Oxide (exp105232)". Erowid.org. Nov 25, 2022. erowid.org/exp/105232

Disappointment

Personal Data

User	broque
Experience Year	2011
Age at Time	18
Gender	Male
Body Weight	68 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Nitrous Oxide	5 carts	Inhaled
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To preface, I'm 18 years old, and the only other psychoactive drugs I've tried are alcohol and marijuana. I have been smoking pot near daily for about the past five months. I've grown somewhat weary of how burned out it makes me feel, and as a student I can't compromise my study time any more, so I've been looking to try something newer and ideally briefer.

I stumbled upon nitrous, and it seemed like a good fit for me. I've always been desiring a high with some nice visuals — I recall my first few experiences with pot, seeing the world warp around me at the edges of my visual field as well as distortion of colors. Overall, they were fantastic experiences and were what drew me into being a daily pot smoker. Since then, however, I suppose I've built up a tolerance to the point where smoking a reasonable amount of pot just doesn't get me there anymore. So the search began. Leafing through various hallucinogens online, I determined acid and shrooms to be too long-lasting to be able to do recreationally more than once. Perhaps another time I would try them. I contemplated DXM for

a few days, considering the fact that I had a bottle sitting in my medicine cabinet anyways, but again ruled it out because of the long lasting effects. Then, I found Nitrous. Cheap, brief, legal, safe, intense, it sounded just like what I wanted. So I decided to give it a shot.

Cheap, brief, legal, safe, intense, it sounded just like what I wanted.

I got a hold of one of those whipped cream dispensers and about half a dozen little nitrous canisters. Surely enough, I figured, to give me a good taste of what this drug was like. I got settled into my bedroom one morning and prepared my setting. I put on Beethoven's 9th, 2nd movement, set to a nice visualizer. I develop a love for classical music when I smoke weed, so I figured this to be a good choice. I got comfy with a blanket and a chair, and set out to work preparing the nitrous.

The first canister I put in, I accidentally released it without the balloon properly

attached. Whoops. Waste of a whole one there. Second canister, I kept the balloon on nice and tight and filled it up. I took a little taste of the gas and a strange, sweet flavor filled my mouth. I liked this already. To be cautious, I just took a few small inhales off of this first balloon to gauge my personal tolerance. At most, I experienced a brief tingly feeling in the core of my body. It was working. As the tingling quickly faded away, I loaded up another canister, this time I was going to inhale the entire balloon properly.

The balloon filled with the same quick whooshing sound. Now, I had read online a few different strategies for inhalation. One person had said, for safety's sake, to inhale about $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of a lung with nitrous, fill the rest with air, and blow in and out of the balloon repeatedly. So I did exactly that. As I was breathing in and out of the balloon, the rush came quickly. I felt light-headed and my entire body got a tingly, floaty buzz. I emptied the balloon and turned to my computer, watching the visualizer and listening hopefully for some hallucination type effects. Nothing. As quick as the feeling had come, it had left me. It was like a brief feeling of being drunk — lightheadedness, some minor reduction in coordination, and a little feeling of goofiness, and it lasted at most 30 seconds. No changes in either visual or auditory perception. That couldn't be IT, I figured. I wanted to get a real experience here, and I got almost nothing. So, I decided that the problem was in the dosage. My balloon wasn't THAT full, it could easily hold another full canister.

I released two whole canisters into the balloon. This time, the balloon was nicely plump and filled fully. Music still racing in the background, I took a deep inhale from

the balloon using the same method as before. After four or five passes between my lungs and the balloon, I set it down and felt the now-familiar effects rush in. The feeling of light-headedness was more intense than before, as was the body buzz. Loss of coordination set in as I reached out to grab my computer mouse and missed by a few inches. Drunk again, it seemed. As I reached what seemed like the peak about fifteen seconds after setting down the balloon, I noticed very very minor auditory effects. My voice sounded somewhat strange when I spoke, but there was no perceivable change in the music. I looked at the computer screen and got a little giggly, and spun around in my office chair, feeling the weight of my body being pushed around. Excited, I wanted to go deeper, but as the thought crossed through my head, I was already coming down. Looking at the clock, the feeling lasted only about 30-40 seconds tops.

This was a massive disappointment to me, so I figured I must be doing something incorrectly. I immediately did some more reading online and I found that another person suggested a different inhalation method — rather than taking in some air with the nitrous and breathing in and out, he suggested to take one deep inhalation off the balloon and hold it in for as long as comfortable (within reasonable bounds) and then release. With my last cartridge, I tried this new approach. Taking a deep breath off my bright yellow balloon, I ended up getting the same effects as before — lightheadedness and mild coordination issues, not unlike being drunk. Duration was unchanged.

Overall, my nitrous experience was awfully disappointing. From reading tales of dissociation and great visual effects, I

had assumed nitrous would be a fun activity for occasional use. The effects were far too brief to enjoy - many people report time dilation, which was what I was hoping for, but nothing of the sort occurred. Perhaps it was some sort of personal tolerance, perhaps it was poor technique, or perhaps it was poor quality nitrous ('Sparkwhip' brand cream chargers).

At the time of writing this summary not even an hour after my experiment, I feel a bit of a headache but otherwise completely sober. Ultimately, though, it was not worth it, and not something I'd want to bother with trying again. I get more lasting pleasure out of a nice dinner.

broque. "Disappointment: An Experience with Nitrous Oxide (exp89413)". Erowid.org. Mar 9, 2016. erowid.org/exp/89413



A New Dimension of Beauty

Personal Data

User	TwinIris
Experience Year	2000
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	86 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Nitrous Oxide	Repeated	Inhaled
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Two nights ago while sitting in a local fast-food restaurant, discussing our lives and various stray topics, a lady friend of mine told me that she had tried Nitrous Oxide for the first time the night before. The first thing she recommended was that I tried it at least once. I agreed and we traveled to the local porn palace which is known to distribute packs of 24. We weaved through aisles displaying videos for those with anal and goat fetishes and finally arrived at the main counter. After splitting the cost of a pack, ten bucks each, we drove to a park near my house and found a dark corner to stop the car.

Keeping an eye out for any black and whites¹ prowling the neighborhood, we busted out the shit. She was the first to partake, in order to show me the proper method. Never before have I witnessed a female having an orgasm without any form of sexual contact...until that moment when (let's call her Nozzie.) Nozzie inhaled a balloon-full of N₂O. After dropping the balloon, she leaned back her seat and began moaning. Her back arched as her eyes closed and lips parted. As her breasts

reached toward the night sky, Nozzie's head moved from side to side as purring, quaking whispers softly poured from her throat. After about thirty seconds passed, she lay back in her seat, sighed, and smiled contentedly.

Needless to say, at that moment, I wanted nothing more than to breathe pure Nitrous Oxide into my lungs.

So I did. Being the nervous N₂O virgin that I was, my first inhalation wasn't as spectacular as I had expected. Although I did experience mild sound distortion and a sense of complete bodily relaxation, it didn't have the same power upon me as it seemed to have had upon Nozzie. I was disappointed as hell.

But Nozzie (the sweet, empathetic person that she is) had the perfect cure for that: she told me to close my eyes and wait a few minutes. When I opened them, she had a new balloon prepared for me...a double dosage of N₂O. I thanked her and prepared myself...exhaling completely, I cleared my lungs of all oxygen. **Inhaling completely**, I

¹ Slang for police patrol cars (Wikitionary).

filled them with the cool, sweet gas and continued the pattern of inhalation/exhalation into the pink punching balloon. After four repetitions, I began to feel the night close around me. Enjoying the sudden onrush of sensory distortion and closing my eyes, I continued to breathe from the balloon. Suddenly appearing behind my eyelids was a white mass, strands and patterns of greenish purple dancing throughout. I felt all physical sensations disappear as I became something else, something divine, something that could SEE reality for what it was. While, in truth, the 'orgasm' of the N₂O high lasted for a grand total of 10 seconds, it felt as though time meant nothing and that I was on a journey through forever.

It was passion at its fullest. Our first kiss, our first taste of each other's life.

When the cerebral pleasure had subsided, I realized to my dismay that I was merely a human being, that I wasn't swimming through the river-streets of some undiscovered city in the heavens. I also realized that, although I've smoked massive quantities of grass before, I had never in my life been this high. It was the most magical state of mind that I have ever reached. For the next round, she and I decided to enjoy a simultaneous experience. We both agreed that a double-dose would be perfect. Before inhaling, I put one of my favorite new cd's in the player: A Perfect Circle's 'Mer de Noms'. (which I highly recommend. This band is fucking amazing. If you're a fan of Tool or just a fan of note-for-note vocals and true beauty, you must hear this album.) I played the song 'Orestes' and we prepared ourselves for the next round.

As the world disappeared, the vocals of Maynard James Keenan and the atmosphere of the music pressed me into a void where the music acted as a soundtrack to a land of perfection. While there, I felt nothing but content. As the most potent effects wore off, the intensity of Orestes increased, creating a perfect balance for the situation. I stared at the carpeted inner-roof of my car and enjoyed the beauty of the moment as Nozzie's N₂O orgasm reached its crescendo.

What happened next will go down in the annals of my life.

As the song continued, a lyric that perfectly represented the situation was sung by Maynard: "One more medicated peaceful moment." So so so true. Breathing in a toxic gas that we bought at a XXX video store, this girl Nozzie and I had together discovered a sense of peace that we had never felt before. When I told her this, she merely sighed and emitted a final groan. In the state of transcendental realization that I was feeling, the beauty that lay beside me in the dark car seemed beyond what was real. To see if she truly existed, I moved to kiss her lips.

It was passion at its fullest. Our first kiss, our first taste of each other's life.

Amazing.

Feverishly, we filled the balloons again, another double. Inhaled, exhaled. Kissed. Only one part of me felt her lips and tongue against mine, the physicality of me. My spirit body felt pure, burning, molten human flesh coursing down my throat and throughout my veins. Her breath became my breath, her flesh my flesh, and her soul my soul.

Ten minutes later, we lay on the cool grass in the center of the park with our limbs intertwined. Our eyes stared into the black sky and its burning white embers, our humanity slowly returning to us but our minds never to be the same.

TwinIris. "A New Dimension Of Beauty: An Experience with Nitrous Oxide (exp1610)". Erowid.org. Jul 10, 2001. erowid.org/exp/1610



Distortions

Personal Data

User	Anonymous
Experience Year	Not Given
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Not Given
Body Weight	Not Given

Dosage

T + 0:00	Nitrous Oxide		Inhaled
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There we were, late at night, sitting and listening to music, as the morning neared. Being just the three of us and with relatively little time (and with work the next day, for some of us), it was really out of the question to make use of any longer-lasting substances, so nitrous was suggested, and thus nitrous it was.

Having never made use of this particular inhalant, I didn't know what to expect. I had read up on it a bit and discovered that it was very short lived, and produced both 'aural and visual hallucinations.' Having had no drugs producing visuals before, that would be something completely new to me. I was somewhat apprehensive, but the fact that it is still used medically calmed me a bit.

I sat out the first round and watched the other two do their thing. One of them kept on inhaling and exhaling into his balloon, which eventually exploded, which sent him into peals of hysterical laughter. Hmm, I thought. I guess it's called laughing gas for a reason.

A few minutes later, they had calmed down and were ready for round two. This time, I got my very own balloon, and, with some reserve and nervousness, breathed out and then inhaled the contents. I inhaled and exhaled about four times, maybe five — I know that by the third, I noticed an effect — and stopped when I saw that the guy whose balloon didn't explode put his down. I was actually proud of myself for noticing that he did that, since everything was leaving such incredible trails it was difficult to determine where was was and how fast it was moving.

The first thing I had noticed, at about inhale number three, was the auditory choppiness. Breathing in the balloon sounded all cut up and chunky — hard to describe. The music playing in the background seemed to be going slower than before, and the balloon I was breathing into and out of was expanding and contracting at a retarded rate as well.

I felt 'fuzzy', and looking at my arms, they looked like those cartoon drawings do — those ones with multiple images

used to indicate rapid repetitive motion. I managed to mouth the words ‘oxygen deprivation,’ more to see if I still could than anything else. I stared off in front of me, still holding the balloon at chest level, somewhat in awe of the greatly distorted universe which I had been thrust into.

I noticed, then, that the other two were looking at me, grinning, so I looked back, squinted my eyes, raised an eyebrow, and then grinned. The fact that these actions occurred at a normal speed — and weren’t choppy as everything else was — made them seem inhumanly fast and fluid, and the contradiction of the rest of my apparent world made those actions seem rather strange.

At some point, I dropped the balloon I was holding. The trails everything left made stuff seem to travel in slow motion, so when I dropped the balloon, I was somewhat surprised to note that it fell in my lap. When I let go of it, I saw about three balloon images in successive steps going down towards my lap, but they only covered a few inches. I didn’t see it again until it was stationary on my pants. It was all very strange.

It wore off shortly thereafter. It was certainly not what I expected, and ‘hallucinations’ are not what I would call what I experienced. I think I’d call them just distortions, since nothing showed up that wasn’t already there. Things just showed up sort of differently.

I decided I would do this again. (I have.) It was fun. I can’t, however, see getting addicted to it — it’s too weird to want to live in that sort of world. Part of the fun is knowing it doesn’t last long, I think.

Anonymous. “Distortions: An Experience with Nitrous Oxide (exp2108)”. Erowid.org. Jun 26, 2000. erowid.org/exp/2108

A Farewell to Nitrous

Personal Data

User	Long-time user
Experience Year	2000 – 2008
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Female
Body Weight	52 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Nitrous Oxide	Repeated	Inhaled
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A farewell to nitrous from a long time user.

“...our normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it parted by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different....No account of the universe in its totality can be final which leaves these other forms of consciousness quite disregarded.” — William James

Nitrous oxide. A drug I feel is misunderstood and misused by many. Purely through observation and life experience I believe I can say, without a shadow of a doubt, that I have done more nitrous than any other person I have ever met.

As I have grown spiritually, physically and mentally I have also noticed a profound change in the way it has reacted with me and the way in which I experience my trip. I have taken many, many drugs over the years but nitrous has been the drug which has fascinated me the most and this is because of its ever-changing nature.

Firstly, dosage. Lots of people I meet do nitrous, inhale as much as they can until they pass out. I started that way too or between people we’d all be clutching our 2 bulbs waiting for the canister for our next hit. Slowly over the seven years since I started with the nang nang nangs and the nitrous dreams I’ve been through stages of months of addiction and started doing nitrous by myself. The most I’ve ever done is 12 – 14 boxes (10 canisters in each box) and in my worst times I’ve gone back to the store to get another 12 boxes. Eventu-

I have taken many, many drugs over the years but nitrous has been the drug which has fascinated me the most and this is because of its ever-changing nature.

ally my way of doing it was to load 2 or 3 bulbs into my canister and take in breath after breath repeatedly for hours on end until I ran out of my supply. This way I got enough oxygen and the nitrous effects

kept lasting. Normally I would do nitrous on its own, sometimes mixed with weed, a few times with e's or speed but not often.

Let me say also that over these seven years I have evolved as a person spiritually and mentally. I started studying Buddhism 2 years ago, began meditation and have moved on to a higher "realm" (as I like to think of it) and have since noticed a shift in my reactions to all drugs.

Nitrous hallucinations are the most "real" and interesting hallucinations I have ever come across.

Nitrous hallucinations are the most "real" and interesting hallucinations I have ever come across. I have seen entities and spirits holding cigarettes and seen the smoke and smelled weed. I have felt fur and dust from entities passing through and it was as real as anything I have experienced in everyday consciousness. I remember the first time this happened, I didn't know it wasn't real as I felt my heart exploding over my chest and I felt the warm blood trickling over me and I honestly thought I was dying. But I noticed in the earlier stages of these hallucinations once you realize they are hallucinations the blood looks more watery and they evolve with you. One thing I've noticed about these hallucinations is when the darker hallucinations appear as I understand that they are projecting from my mind, they use my worst fears against me. For me I first saw blood and when that stopped scaring me I started seeing crickets (which I am oddly afraid of) and then when I stopped fearing them they evolved and grew bigger and tapped into, eventually, my worst fears growing bigger and more real.

One observation I would like to make is that I feel I have moved to different planes of existence having to do with the evolution of our being so I as I have become more aware and conscious and live a completely different life with more depth, my hallucinations have changed too. In a very dark period of my life I saw demons and a lot of blood and rare glimpses of beauty but that changed when I came out of this time.

Obviously, as I have experienced periods of addiction, I have seen some of the most beautiful things I have ever seen on a drug trip. They grew more real as I grew more evolved within my mind to the point where I couldn't distinguish them from our normal reality. They looked as solid and as "real" as the couch in your house or the walls on your house. Reality could constantly change. One minute I was lying in bed, next minute it was transformed into a giant cot from childhood, or my bed would be racing as fast as anything. It's really hard to describe but I saw reality change in an instant and it was so lucid. I saw the most beautiful art I have ever seen, beautiful patterns on my wall, shadows beckoning me, intricate delicate tiny people made from tiny hand stitched fabric. I remember thinking it was like watching a Michael Gondry movie just for me.

I've seen energy constantly changing into different forms and felt so much love and understanding about the universe. I've had trips where I've laughed so much, and not in a stupid way, but where the nitrous has taken away any inhibitions or fears which would stop me laughing at things in my life and just helped me see the funny side to all things and to return that love into the universe. I don't often talk about

these things because I know people will not understand or fully believe me.

Recently, however, with the help of a spiritual healer (who does reiki whilst I do visualization meditation) the last dozen times I've done nitrous it has been different. I started seeing extremely dark entities which attach themselves to me energetically. They just kept getting bigger to the point where one example was my whole flat was filled with a giant boa constrictor which would wrap itself around me. I knew it was a hallucination and as it went past my neck it felt like a plastic tyre but hallucinations on this grand scale still scare the crap out of you.

This might sound crazy but she explained that we, as humans, vibrate energetically on a higher level and these entities vibrate on a much lower level and whilst on drugs, nitrous in particular for me they become like parasites and feed off your energy. I can feel it and I see them constantly (either in the form of energy parasites or in the form of people, giant creatures or monsters) and I feel heaviness in my chakras and drained. When I close my eyes all I see is black energy. As I have evolved spiritually and psychically I see these entities now and it's horrible and I can no longer enjoy my nitrous trip as I used to. Spirits (although I do not have a proper understanding, all I know is what I saw) were there too, and they were made out of something completely different than these entities. They meant no harm and I wasn't afraid but I know I was attracting things into my life and home I didn't want. So my time with nitrous is up but it has been an extremely interesting, beautiful, horrible past time, learning curve and experience.

On a philosophical note I believe I have conquered this plane of reality and experienced all nitrous has to give. Now I'm ready to start participating more fully in our everyday waking reality but it has been an interesting tool (as I believe all dream-like states are) to help me learn about the nature of reality and the universe, conquer fears and it's been quite a journey.

Long-time user. "A Farewell to Nitrous: An Experience with Nitrous Oxide (exp73051)". Erowid.org. Dec 26, 2015. erowid.org/exp/73051



LSD

Psychedelic

This is Fine

Personal Data

User	Dragonslayer Velswin
Experience Year	2019
Age at Time	18
Gender	Male
Body Weight	127 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	LSD	3 hits	Sublingual
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At this time in my life, I had a trustworthy and steady supply of all the basic necessities an up and coming psychonaut would ever need. All it took was a small chunk of change and a quick phone call to my plug, and I was the proud owner of some of the most mind altering substances known to man. Obtaining the acid was easy enough, however, this time it came with a warning. My dealer told me that this was some of the strongest acid he had ever tried. He then told me that the blotters were double dosed. Being somewhat experienced, or so I thought, I thanked him for his time and shrugged off his suggestion for taking a smaller dose to start off with.

After I made the purchase I made my way over to my friend’s apartment. I’ll call him C for anonymity and simplicity’s sake. Once I arrived at C’s apartment, I greeted my other friend D and sat on the couch. The plan was to wait for C to get off of work so that the three of us could trip together. Other players that night included C’s sister A as well as her boyfriend B and D’s brother E, as well as E’s girlfriend J, however, D and I were the only ones at the apartment

at the time. After about an hour of playing video games, E and J arrived at the apartment and informed us that C wouldn’t be getting home until late in the evening because he had to stay late at work, so D and I decided to dose early.

We both dropped 3 blotters each under our tongues and sat back to wait for the effects to kick in. While I had tripped several times on acid prior to this, D had only done it twice at this point. The most I had ever done up until this point was 2 tabs, so I remember being slightly nervous, but overall, not extremely worried for what the night would hold for us. While the four of us were sitting in C’s room, we decided to turn on his color changing LEDs as well as some chill music to ease us into our come up.

The first thing that I noticed was the tapestry on the wall. This tapestry was something that I never paid much attention to prior to this experience. It was an extremely vivid psychedelic artwork containing multiple tie dye colors, fractal geometric shapes, and symbols. While I

was staring at the tapestry I noticed that the symbols began to breathe with the music, almost as if they were floating on the sound waves like a boat bobbing up and down in the middle of the ocean. The fractal shapes were popping out at me like I was in an IMAX theater wearing 3D glasses. The thing that bothered me at the time was that it had only been ten minutes since we dropped.

I knew one thing at that very moment, and it was that the acid we had just taken was stronger than anything I had ever taken before. Usually, it takes around 45 minutes for the come up to start, however, this time it was happening much faster, and stronger. I repeated to myself the age old mantra that I had been told the very first time I had ever tripped, “ride the dragon man” and that’s what I did.

Everything was going fine, I was slowly getting higher, more confused, and more visuals, and that was to be expected. However, shortly after I had acclimated myself to the initial phase of the come up, our dynamic, and as a result, the atmosphere changed. E and J looked at me and D and told us that they had to leave. It had only been 30 minutes since we had dropped, E and J had an emergency, so they had to leave us behind to go take care of their situation. I instantly felt a pit in my stomach. I had been told only a few minutes prior to this that C and A would not be off of work till 10 o’clock that evening, which meant that D and I would have to be by ourselves for the next 4 hours until they got home.

The time it took for E and J to pack their belongings and leave took around 2 minutes, however to me, it felt like an hour had passed. Then, they were gone, and it

felt like it had happened instantaneously. I remember thinking to myself that time was already starting to become irrelevant and it had only been 35 minutes since we had put the blotters under our tongues. My anxiety continued to increase, even after E and J had left, meanwhile D was sitting playing on his phone, or so I thought. I found out later that he was attempting to snapchat his girlfriend at the time with little success.

I asked D if I could change the music, since he was playing it on his phone. He obliged and handed me the phone so that I could change the song. My visuals were so intense at this point that nothing in the room looked familiar. It looked like I had just traveled through a wormhole to an alternate dimension where everything was a weird shape or color. My open eye visuals consisted of millions of spirals and buzzsaw fractals, as well as the constant morphing of everything in my vision. I quickly realized that I had no way of deciphering the alien piece of technology that I was holding and I could only press random buttons on the screen, not knowing what I was doing.

I went through a thought loop of trying to change the song, where I would turn the phone on, attempt to unlock it even though I didn’t know the password (not that it would have mattered) and then turning it back off after becoming frustrated. This went on for several minutes until I finally gave up and accepted defeat. At this point I couldn’t even remember what I was trying to do in the first place. While the simple task did help alleviate my anxiety for a short amount of time, it all came rushing back once I found myself with nothing to do. I looked over to my friend and realized that he had been

watching me frantically typing away at his phone's lock screen for several minutes, never attempting to ask him what the password was. I can only imagine what was going through his head at the time. I didn't care though, to me he just looked like an alien, or an NPC¹ in a video game. Nothing about him looked familiar to me, it was almost like I was looking at a new creature never before seen by the human eye. Deep down though, some part of me knew that he was still my friend even though he looked nothing like the D I once knew.

Barely remembering how to speak English, I asked him how he was doing. Then he replied with, to this day, the most terrifying thing that anyone has ever said to me in my entire life. He replied, "This is fine."

The next couple of hours are blurry, and I am still struggling to piece together my memory of the events that took place during this time. However, I do remember one thing. I remember my friend repeating the phrase, "this is fine" over and over again, for what seemed like an infinite amount of time. At first it was an annoyance, but then it developed into anxiety, and then a full blown panic attack. I was so high that the words held no meaning to me, however, just the sound of his voice and the utterance of that phrase were driving me to insanity. My visuals were so overwhelmingly intense that I couldn't even see what was right in front of me. However, they were moving in sync to his voice, and his repetition of the phrase, "this is fine."

I attempted to escape, and fled to the living room. Somehow I remembered that TV existed and I turned on the TV in the living room to drown out the noise of my friend, however, it was short lived as he entered the living room to be near me. I

think that he was just as freaked out, if not more, than I was at the time, but I could not handle what he was saying to me. I turned the volume on the TV to the max, and tried to focus on what was going on, but everything on the TV looked just as foreign and alien as the world around me. Still, through the blaring sound of the TV I could hear my friend screaming at the top of his lungs, "THIS IS FINE."

This went on for a few minutes, until I finally snapped and ran to the bathroom for some respite. After getting lost in my own eyes and thoughts in the mirror, I decided to take a shower. For my entire life, hot showers have always calmed me down when I'm having an anxiety attack, and the feeling of the warm water over my face helped a little bit, but I could still faintly hear my friend in the background repeating the same phrase. At this point I couldn't understand English, so he could have been saying anything, but deep down I knew that he was still repeating the same thing over and over again. I remember looking at the falling droplets of water and being able to control and predict their paths of movement with my mind. My memory is fuzzy but I believed that I could control the temperature of the water with my mind as well, almost as if I had some slight form of telekinesis. I dried off and re-entered the living room after my shower, only to find D in the same spot I had left him. He was still repeating the same phrase, however, this time his mouth wasn't moving. He was staring at me with cold dead eyes, and in my head I heard the phrase "this is fine" over and over still.

This truly has to be the most existential dread I have ever experienced in my entire life. Since this experience I have had conversations with DMT jesters

¹ An NPC is a non-playable character in a video game, that generally performs only a specific set of actions in response to the user.

and aliens, met the mushroom gods on multiple occasions, however seeing my friend communicate to me with his mind while staring into my soul was truly more terrifying than anything else I have ever experienced.

I collapsed to the floor and accepted my eternal fate. In my mind, I was in hell, and this was my punishment for all the sins I had committed throughout my life. Then, with my eyes closed on the floor I began my descent into my first true ego death. The light of my life began to fade away, and was replaced by the singularity of a black hole. A fourth dimensional geometric mass moving in tandem to the rhythm of the phrase “this is fine.” I did not know the meaning, I just understood the vibrations of what was being shown to me. It looked like a truly unrecognizable shape. Something that no human could ever hope to comprehend. It moved in ways I could never describe with words, and then suddenly it vanished. After it left I was alone. I was nothing and everything at the same time.

I have had conversations with DMT jesters and aliens, met the mushroom gods on multiple occasions, however seeing my friend communicate to me with his mind while staring into my soul was truly more terrifying than anything else I have ever experienced.

I understood somehow, that I was truly alone, and that everything in my life, even though I couldn't remember what life was, was a lie. It was all a facade that I had created for myself. It was all a hallu-

cination, and I was god. I knew at that moment that I was god, I was alone in the universe, and all of the things that had ever happened to me and everyone else, good and bad, were because of me. I experienced the most truly, utterly, terrifyingly horrible dread any human being could never hope to experience in their entire lives. An infinity of aloneness, and infinity of nothingness. There was no one else, only me. I was all and everything, and nothing at the same time.

Then, I decided. Because I was god I decided that I did not want to be god. So then it was, and I was no longer god. Slowly, I reversed my way through the black hole, and out of the infinite geometries of the other dimension and progressed back into the reality of our universe. I made my way through our galaxy, then to our solar system, then onto planet Earth, and arrived back into the C's apartment, writhing on the ground balling my eyes out. It was only then that I looked up and realized that D, A, B, and C were all standing over me looking like they had just seen a ghost. To me they looked like aliens so the feeling was mutual. My visuals were just as intense as they were before but, I was at least back on planet Earth, so I was thankful for that. I wasn't out of the woods yet though, not by a long shot.

C and B asked me how I was doing, but I had no idea what they were saying. It sounded to me like they were speaking another language made up of strange robotic noises. I remember barely understanding them when they had asked me if I wanted one of the trip killers that I had brought with me that evening. At the time I was prescribed Trazodone, and while I had never taken it while tripping, I knew that it would be successful in bringing me

back to reality. This, unfortunately, would never come to fruition.

I was right at the beginning of my peak, and I was in an extreme state of mental distress. When B handed me the pill, I put it in my mouth with a sip of gatorade. The first thing I remember is a tingling sensation in my mouth. In my altered state of confusion I mistook this feeling for impending death. I was under the impression at the time that the medicine that they had just given me was poison, so I spat it out and realized the truth. I was the only living being in the entire universe, all of my friends and family were just NPC's in the giant simulation. Now that I had become self aware they were trying to kill me to reset the timeline. This is what I truly believed at the time. Instantly my fight or flight response kicked in.

I'd like to believe that this is where the true trip really began. Not with the ego death I had experienced prior to this, but with the sense of dread in knowing that everyone in the world was coming after me with the sole intention of killing me. I looked at the faces of my friends, and I saw their evil demonic expressions, almost as if they had realized that I had found out the truth and were now no longer trying to hide it. I ran out of the house, pushing past everyone around me, and took off into the cold dark night wearing nothing but my basketball shorts. I was 6'3 and 280 pounds at the time, so there was no way that any of them would have been able to stop me. I ran into the parking lot screaming at the top of my lungs, but deep down I knew that my screams would fall on deaf ears. I yelled, "they're trying to kill me!" over and over. I felt no pain from my feet even though I was running over shards of glass and sharp rocks on the ground.

They chased me all the way across the parking lot, and I felt like I was truly in a survival horror movie. I had never run so fast in my entire life. I was tackled in the middle of the road by B, the only other man in the group of comparable size to me. He was begging me to return to the house, but I would not accept my fate so easily. I scratched and clawed at his face until he let go of me, and I began to run into the middle of oncoming traffic. The cars all looked like alien spacecraft orbiting around a galactic highway. My friends, still in my pursuit, waved down the traffic so that they would not hit me. Many people got out of their cars and asked what was going on, but I was writhing on the ground in the middle of the road. I assume many people called the police and paramedics, but I didn't stick around long enough to find out. I did, however, find out later that my friends maintained their story to anyone that asked, that I was schizophrenic and was suffering from a severe mental outburst.

I ran out of the road and back into the apartment complex, where I was met with A, C's sister. I fell to the ground and assumed the meditative position that I see most buddha statues in. In my head I was the one true entity, I was god, and my powers were returning to me. I began speaking in tongues, and channeling the power that I had long forgotten so that I could evade those who were pursuing me. A approached me slowly, trying to calm me down, but as soon as she got close enough to touch me, I sprang out like a stray cat and ran in the other direction. I knew that I was the fastest being in the universe and I ran into the forest surrounding C's apartment. This was the last time that any of my friends would see me for many hours. I had, at this point, grown accustomed to

my visuals, and was now in acceptance of my new reality. I stumbled through the forest, having profound realizations of reality and nature. I met with myself from previous lives, and talked with the most profound scholars in history. I met with Jesus himself and he only maintained that I was Jesus in another life. I met with Shakespeare, who told me that love was the meaning to everything in existence, and then I met with Dylan Thomas, who told me not to go gentle into that good night.

**I felt the pure love of all my past lives.
I experienced all of the relationships
I had developed with myself over the
millions of years, and the pure love
of the universe.**

I was in an enchanted forest surrounded by dead prophets and mystics, and I begged them to stop giving me profound knowledge about the universe. I bargained with whoever was listening, that I might return to my life as a normal human being, unaware of the existentialism of ego death. I did not want this information, even though I knew that it was the ultimate truth. I knew then, there was only one way to make this terrible evening end. I saw a ledge in front of me. The forest I was in was, thankfully, surrounded by civilization, but I was still in the most precarious situation I had ever been in.

A wall had been built to separate the dirt from entering the parking lot, however the wall did not go any higher than the ground level on the side of the forest. I walked towards the wall, listening to all the voices in my head telling me not to go

any further, however I ignored them all and I plummeted face first into the pavement. I woke up, surrounded by a pool of crimson red liquid, and felt the most excruciating pain I had ever felt in my life. I have no memory of the fall, but I do remember waking up on the pavement. It was now around midnight, so there was no one else in the parking lot.

I writhed on the ground, and experienced what I can only describe as hell. I went through every life I have ever lived. However, the only thing I experienced was the death that I had gone through for that life. I died a billion different ways. Even though it was only a hallucination, I felt the pain of being burned alive, and crucified on a cross. I felt the pain of starving to death, and being shot in the back or stabbed. This went on for an eternity, and it felt more real than reality itself. I'm not sure how long I was on that pavement, but I remember seeing Jesus standing over me. I asked him why I was going through all of this, and he replied, "You already went through this. You're just remembering your past lives. In order to truly appreciate the life you're living now, you have to understand the suffering of those who came before you."

After he spoke to me I realized that he was me, and I was him. I was everyone, and the pain and suffering I inflicted on others was ultimately just reflected back onto myself. I then had a complete change in my mental state. I felt the pure love of all my past lives. I experienced all of the relationships I had developed with myself over the millions of years, and the pure love of the universe.

I realized that in order for love to have any meaning, I would need something to

compare it to. The reason for suffering is so that love holds much more value.

I stood, and realized that I had only suffered bruises to my arms and legs as well as a broken nose where the blood was coming from. I was lucky to have survived, or at least not broken anything on my fall. I was beginning, at this point, to sober up. I stared at the stars and I could control them with my mind. I could wave my hands in the sky and entire galaxies would flow like the ingredients in a galactic pot of soup. I was happier than I had ever been, realizing that I had created something as beautiful as the universe. I then met with complex entities that I could only describe as stereotypical gray aliens. I believe this was another hallucination, but who knows, I was sitting alone in the middle of a parking lot at midnight, so maybe I really was abducted by aliens. They brought me aboard their ship and told me they were going to fix my wounds. They told me that they had been watching me and they didn't want me to have any permanent injuries because of this experience. I thanked them after they did their operations, and they returned me to the same parking lot where they had found me.

After this, I stood on my feet and, somehow, I walked back to my friend's apartment complex. I found his apartment and I climbed in through the back sliding glass door. This is something that I would do on a regular basis as I basically lived with him, but I did not have a key to his apartment. I realized that all of his furniture and decorations were missing, but I didn't think anything of it, and I went to his bathroom to take a shower. In the shower I washed the blood and dirt off of every part of my body. I felt much better than I had only a few hours prior to this, however, I was

still tripping extremely hard. I played with the water droplets again, and I found that I could control them with my mind even more than I could earlier in the evening. I then fell back into another hallucination, although it felt more like a daydream. This time it was of a man and I was just a child. He would beat me and I would come to the shower to cry, and I realized it was a repressed memory from my childhood. The horrible man was my father. I had forgotten all the times he had beaten me growing up, and the experience of being in the shower had unlocked those memories.

It was right then that the sun started to come up. I had been in the shower for god knows how long, when I remembered that cell phones existed, and I had somehow not lost mine in all the commotion the night prior. I looked and saw at least a hundred missed calls from my brother, friends, and some restricted numbers which I can only assume were the police or emergency services. I was confused why they were all calling me when I was clearly safe in my friend's apartment, when I realized that I was not in fact in his apartment, and in a random apartment that just happened to be unlocked. I freaked out and got dressed, still sopping wet because I didn't have a towel, and ran out of the apartment. Luckily, it was an empty apartment, probably one that had a showing the next day considering the brochure sitting on the kitchen counter.

I ran all the way back to my friend's apartment and knocked on the door. He opened and nearly cried when he saw me. My friends at the time were closer to me than my actual family, with the exclusion of my brother, so they were all extremely relieved to see me. I went inside and gave all of them hugs and apologized profusely.

I was still tripping but the effects were extremely mellow compared to before. I had been tripping now for 15 hours, and I was ready to sleep so C let me change into an extra set of clothes he had, and let me sleep in his bed for the next 8 hours.

When I woke up, my memories from the night before were extremely cloudy, but my friends filled me in on some of the details. I found out that emergency services and police were called, and they were all out looking for me for hours, however, none of my friends gave the police my real name or contact information so I was extremely thankful for that. I was debating whether or not to go to the hospital but in reality my only injuries were a broken nose, cut up feet, knees, and wrists, so I decided against it.

When my friends asked me to recount what had happened, I truly could not. Every time I tried to tell them my words would not work and I would become extremely anxious. I had PTSD² from this experience for many years after, however, in the past year I have been able to work through what I had learned, and I now view it as having a positive impact on my life.

² Post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) is a psychiatric disorder that may occur in people who have experienced or witnessed a traumatic event, series of events or set of circumstances.

Dragonslayer Velswin. "This is Fine: An Experience with LSD (exp116259)". Erowid.org. Sep 5, 2022. erowid.org/exp/116259

Sailing Solo

Personal Data

User	BobbyKnob
Experience Year	2021
Age at Time	20
Gender	Male
Body Weight	79 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	LSD	1 hit	Sublingual
T + 10:00	Cannabis	Repeated	Vaporized

A few days ago, I had my first solo trip. I am a 20-year-old male in college, and I have had 3 previous trips in a group. It is nearing the end of the school semester, so I had some free time and wanted to trip before returning home for winter break. I live in the campus dorms, not an apartment or house, so originally the plan was to take a light dose ($\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a tab) with a friend here for his first trip; however, he was not in the right headspace leading up to the target date and didn't want to join anymore, so I decided I would instead trip on my own.

T - 12:00 — The night before the trip, I made sure my setting was as ideal as possible. I vacuumed and dusted, shaved, and trimmed my fingernails. I bought myself some fruit snacks and a scone to have for breakfast. The following day was supposed to be moderately chilly, and I assumed I would want to go for a walk at some point, so I packed a bag with a hat, gloves, dry socks, a blanket, and some water. I told my roommate and a few trusted friends that I was intending to drop the following morning just so they were aware, and

I tried to keep my mind calm despite my enormous excitement for the coming day. I told my roommate and a few trusted friends that I was intending to drop the following morning just so they were aware, and I tried to keep my mind calm despite my enormous excitement for the coming day.

Finally, I measured out my dose — a single tab of tested, average-strength acid — and got to bed early so I would not be tired in the morning.

T - 0:30 — The morning of my trip was accompanied by a moderate level of anxiety that hadn't been there in the previous days. Many people on the floor who knew me did not know that I was going to be tripping, and I was acutely aware that they could negatively impact my trip if I did not sufficiently avoid them. I also worried about the worst-case scenario of being discovered as intoxicated by an authority figure and facing repercussions because of it. However, I felt safe within my room and was not going to have any other drugs on my person throughout the

day, so I was able to push past the anxiety and convince myself that I was indeed ready to trip alone. I used the bathroom, got some water, ate breakfast, and spent 15 minutes preparing myself mentally for the rest of the day.

T + 0:00 — At approximately 9:45 am, I placed the single tab of tasteless acid under my tongue and let it sit there for 15 minutes before swallowing it. I watched a YouTube video, then started playing Rocket League while waiting for the effects to kick in.

T + 0:45 — At this point the trip was just beginning to start. The only visuals I saw so far were more defined edges around objects around the room and around each hair on my arm, as well as an extraordinary brightness throughout the room as indirect sunlight shone through a window. Mentally, I felt as if I had just smoked a small amount of cannabis: I felt high, happy, and simultaneously relaxed and energized. I told myself I would wait for the tab to completely kick in before going on a walk, so I put on some music and continued to play Rocket League. My response time had begun to deteriorate, so I was playing against bots rather than online. I was still not playing very well, but I was having a blast nonetheless and my mind began to wander.

T + 1:00 — As the trip continued and I had more time to sit with my thoughts. I was overcome with a new sense of love and gratitude for everything: the music which had become utterly incredible to listen to; my past self, who had put in the effort to enable this experience; my future self, who I felt a stronger sense of custodial duty and optimism towards; my new friends who I had met in college;

my old friends who I met in high school and missed dearly; my oldest friends, who I have known since third grade and still hang out with when I get the opportunity. I paused here. I hadn't seen these two friends for nearly a month at this point, as we all go to different colleges about an hour or two's drive apart; I felt tears welling up in my eyes as I thought of them and how much I missed being with them. But I knew I would see them and the rest of my high school friends when winter break started in a few weeks, so I was able to calm myself down and resist the need to break down into tears in front of my roommate, who was still in the room at this time.

Around this time I also went to use the bathroom, which was quite the experience. I have a social anxiety condition called paruresis (aka shy bladder syndrome) which makes it difficult for me to urinate in public; I could feel my stool moving within me as I passed it, which I never noticed before; the light from the frosted glass window shone so bright I felt the need to squint; the speckled concrete floor beneath me began to move and contrast in the bulbous shape of a sprawling slime mold; and all the while I was still thinking about my friends and how much I missed them. Somehow I was able to juggle all of this and emerge from the bathroom victorious.

T + 1:15 — After using the bathroom, I continued gaming at my computer and the trip continued to intensify. The hip-hop music I was listening to was saccharine, so much more beautiful and full of emotion and passion than I had experienced it before; if I closed my eyes I would have been consumed by the music entirely. My visual acuity increased to the point where

I could see each pixel on my monitor, rather than the coherent shapes they were meant to represent. Other effects became more pronounced, such as the incredible feeling of a towel as I dried off my hands or the flowing nature of my desk's wood grain; the wood appeared flat with a boiling texture, almost like a rheoscopic fluid being stirred up (look up a demo video online if you're curious). Not much else of note happened here, I just sat and enjoyed the headspace.

T + 2:30 — After another hour of just sitting around I grew restless. At this point I felt I had about peaked, so I was ready to go take a walk around campus. I grabbed my bag, but on my winter jacket and boots, told my roommate where I was going, and snuck outside through a side entrance so as not to have to interact with people I knew from my floor (there is a common area near the main floor stairwell and elevators where people like to congregate). I didn't see anyone I knew on my way out, and by the time I made it outside I was home free. The air was dry and gusty, but a comfortable temperature for walking in just a sweatshirt once I got warmed up. I set out on my walk to a park about a mile and a half away which I had never been to but was near where my apartment for next year is.

T + 3:15 — Soon the air was simultaneously too cold for my feet to be warm and too warm for my sweatshirt to be comfortable, the wind would gust into my face and blow my hair everywhere, and the sidewalks were often slick from freezing rain the night before. Nevertheless, I felt it was gorgeous outside and was happy to not be in my room. As I neared the park I became more tired, ready to find a bench to sit at and enjoy nature for a little while.

Unfortunately, though, I neglected to keep my GPS running and ended up walking to the back side of the park where there is no entrance. I trekked about 45 minutes from my dorm through residential neighborhoods before finally giving up on the park and making my way back to my room. My back and legs were starting to hurt, and I didn't feel like adding a mile to my walk to see the park proper.

T + 4:00 — An hour and a half after leaving for my walk, I finally arrived back at my dorm. I sat on a bench outside at the lake's edge (my building is about 300 feet from the water) to catch my breath. An older English man came down past me, tailed by two springer spaniels. One of the dogs came up to me and sniffed me, and the man told me that he (the dog) was blind. I said hello to the dog and told the man to have a nice day as he called the dogs to another section of the waterfront. I got up and started towards my building, having cooled off and not wanting to interact with any more strangers.

As I was walking, though, I thought to myself: "wait a minute, why am I avoiding strangers, anyways? I just had a normal enough interaction with that man where I don't think he knew anything was off about me. But even if he did know, so what? Why should I deny my authentic self to others?" This thought was a kind of ego loss that I was not expecting; my sense of self was fully intact, but my sense of caring how others perceived me largely evaporated.

Rather than re-enter the building through the side entrance I had used to exit, I went in the main entrance, waving to the floormates I saw as if nothing was going on. For the rest of the night, I felt

liberated from feeling the need to act a certain way to please others. I had someone talk my ear off about the music that they were passionate about but I didn't ask or care about, and where I normally would have listened to them to be polite, I completely ignored the person and didn't even acknowledge that they were talking to me. Maybe that makes me a dick, but in that moment I felt no need to give them the time of day when I was disinterested in what they were saying.

**My sense of self was fully intact,
but my sense of caring how others
perceived me largely evaporated.**

I returned to my room to rest a little after my walk, and I made myself some hot chocolate and ate some snack food since I hadn't eaten since breakfast. I went and used the bathroom again, and I was once again caught thinking about my old friends. Quietly crying to myself in the stall, I sent them a text to say that I cared for and missed them both. I finished up with that, dried my eyes, and returned to my room.

T + 5:00 — After resting from my walk for a little while, I got in the shower to clean off. Everything others have said about getting lost in the shower on acid is true; I was staring at the water drops forming on and dripping down the shower wall, feeling the warm water cascading down my body, for about 20 minutes. I also feel like a hot shower after a day out in the cold is the best feeling ever, so needless to say I was thoroughly enjoying my shower. Eventually I got out, dried off, and got dressed.

T + 5:30 — By this point I had cleaned up and the effects of the acid had substantially diminished. The visual effects were reduced, the sunlight no longer threatened to burn my retinas with its brightness, and I was left with a part of the acid headspace and a mild headache. I took some Advil and, not wanting to sit alone and play games anymore, went out to the common area on the floor to talk with people. Eventually most of the people there dissipated, so I went back to my room and watched some TV.

T + 8:30 — Eventually I went and got some chicken wings for dinner. My roommate went out to his girlfriend's place for the night, so I had the room to myself. I spent the rest of the night talking with friends on Discord and blowing cannabis dabs out the window, until finally I passed out at around 1:30 in the morning.

I don't think there is any way to know whether or not one is ready for a solo trip. I knew there were risks associated with solo tripping on my fourth trip ever, as well as with being out in public near my peak. However, I feel this experience was almost entirely positive for me because of my set and setting. Never did I regret having no trip sitter present, nor did I feel like I was out of control of my situation. I am grateful to have been able to have this experience, and I can see myself working my way up to higher doses in the coming months and years.

BobbyKnob. "Sailing Solo: An Experience with LSD (exp115993)". Erowid.org. Jan 18, 2022. erowid.org/exp/115993

My Minidose Manifesto

Personal Data

User	Uncle Iroh
Experience Year	2018
Age at Time	24
Gender	Male
Body Weight	82 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	LSD	10-15 ug	Oral (Blotter)
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I would like to preface this report with a note on the terminology of ingesting sub-perceptual doses of LSD. Technically speaking, a psychedelic microdose is a sub-threshold dose of the substance. This would lead one to believe that the effects of said amount would be unperceivable. There seems to be a contradiction here that I wish to resolve. Call me a drug nerd or a word nerd, but if a microdose is defined as sub-perceptual, then perceiving anything from a dose you took disqualifies it as a true microdose. Since my experiences with small amounts of LSD have somehow fallen between the sub-perceptual and threshold realms, I propose the term ‘minidose.’ It’s lower than a ‘museum dose,’ (One where effects are apparent beyond threshold levels to the user, but still appropriate for a public experience) but higher than a true microdose. Here’s a more appropriate word for those of us that felt something that wasn’t nothing, but nothing about it was really something, ya dig? Okay, report time!

This report is a hallmark example of an LSD minidose gone right. I have ingested

LSD and numerous other substances in quantities that yielded experiences ranging from mild amusement to intense visual & mental effects. However, it has been only in the past 12 months that I have begun to experiment with the practice of LSD minidosing. Each month, I pick a couple days to ingest a minidose. These experiences were chosen arbitrarily, but were always at least a week away from experiences with any other psychedelic so as to avoid tolerance influences. Since each batch of blotter I have obtained tends to contain a different dosage, it takes a little dialing in to determine the ‘sweet spot’ size to slice. If I’m being completely honest here, I did not use a ruler. I eyeballed it. There’s definitely a way to be more scientific about measuring your minidose, but I like to live a bit on the wild side when the stakes are this low. Furthermore, I prefer to cut each according to what my effects were from the previous minidose ‘session.’ This way, I can make a larger/smaller cut adjustment as opposed to having pre-cut pieces that weren’t quite the size I preferred. The blotter I cut it from is a square centimeter, and the sliver my blade

yielded is just shy of a milligram. For a reference of dose, I am forced to speculate. These tabs are about 125 micrograms each, so my portion was about 10.42 micrograms. It is cut from the same piece of blotter paper, and I attempt to achieve a $\frac{1}{12}$ th cut for each. It should be noted here that everyone reacts differently to drugs. I have personally found that about a $\frac{1}{12}$ th slice of these particular blotters provides the desired effects for me as a minidose.

I am more easily distracted, and my attention tilts inward towards my thoughts and physical senses during this period of transition.

Most of my minidose days were work days (I work from home), but there were a couple weekend days in there as well. I found that the effects didn't tend to vary significantly between these settings. For the purposes of narrative consistency and readability, I have selected a day where I felt my notes best represented the most common effects felt across the span of my minidosing experiences. Here's the scoop:

7 August 2018

10:00 am – I pop the estimated sliver of LSD into my mouth ($\frac{1}{12}$ th of a blotter). Besides a glass of water, this has been my only intake of the day thus far.

Another comment I feel is worth mentioning: I invariably feel a bit anxious prior to taking any psychedelic substance. I do not experience fear; it's more of an apprehensive hesitation that is present despite my knowledge of the safety and the success of my past experience. Yet, I do not view this as a negative thing. Rather, I prefer to

view it as a symptom of my healthy level of respect for the power of the substance.

10:55 am (T + 0:55) I enjoy a breakfast smoothie of fruit & veggies, a cup of darjeeling tea, and bacon. This is a standard breakfast for me. Aha! I notice effects setting in. There appears a very mild confusion from change of mental state: slight difficulty tracking tasks, I am more easily distracted, and my attention tilts inward towards my thoughts and physical senses during this period of transition.

This passes within 10 minutes, and I break through to 'The Flow.' The Flow is an ease of passing from one task to the other without the presence of the ordinary hesitations/stuckness I must overcome to start the next task. For example, I've set a goal to do a set of 10 push-ups every 2 hours during work. Yesterday I didn't even try. I thought about it, but other things seemed more important to me and I got distracted. Even though I knew it would take maybe 3 minutes of my time, the mental activation energy required to initiate such a task was not reached. Today the push-ups are not only achieved but also done so with enjoyment and almost excitement to have completed the task. Being in The Flow means increased decisiveness, stamina, and focus, though it is not forceful. It is like floating a river in a kayak instead of a raft.

11:13 am (T + 1:13) I notice the classic 'electricity' feeling of the substance in the crown region of my skull. This is a familiar sensation I get from LSD that feels like a mildly metallic energy. It's not a shock per se, but similar to the sensation you get when a very weak 9-Volt battery touches your tongue. It's not distracting or intrusive; more like a tickle.

11:38 am (T + 1:38) I have fluid conversations with my boss and clients without perceivable drawbacks. My assessment of my body's energy level is equivalent to a full cup of dark coffee, but without the side effects of jitters and sweaty armpits. This kind of energy is different than any stimulant I've tried. To me, stimulants feel like I'm pushing a 'go' button in my brain & body and force my heart rate up. They rev my internal engine. In contrast, minidosing is more of a carrot than a stick. I look forward to the experiences and inherent rewards that task completion brings with fresh perspective and confidence in my natural stamina.

12:13 pm (T + 2:13) I find that I'm able to make more conscious decisions as to how I react to stressful work scenarios. In moments where I would usually get worked up, I'm noticing a more moderated, slightly detached approach to finding solutions. Upon reflection, my detachment seemed to be of my critical thinking part of my consciousness from my more limbic, emotional side. This recognition of the influence my visceral urges have on my thoughts and actions empowers me to maintain an elevated, more consistent level of overall mindfulness.

1:10 pm (T + 3:10) I notice an increased propensity towards making my actions more efficient and swift. This is seemingly driven by sheer novelty, as opposed to a 'speedy' or caffeinated urgency. Repetitive tasks typically bore me and cause 'pop-out' moments where I lose focus or make stupid mistakes due to a lack of engagement. When minidosing, I find the little things that I normally overlook to be objects of manipulation. For example, rather than going about my normal keystrokes and clicks, I treat the task like

a race or production line and attempt to modify my process to increase efficiency. Cool stuff!

1:40 pm (T + 3:40) I make time to eat lunch. It's a busy day, but I don't feel overwhelmed. I eat a fried rice bowl and a turkey sandwich. Food tastes good, as is normal. I do not experience a reduction in appetite as I often do on higher doses of LSD.

2:39 pm (T + 4:39) I just noticed something that has been going on for a few hours now: a mild increase in my vision's color saturation. This is nothing super hallucinatory by any means, but was enough for me to take that second appreciative glance at the way my lamp illuminated the sundries on my desk. Their hues seemed to have an extra degree of purity. In the past, on larger doses, I have had the pleasure of perceiving a much larger spectrum of colors than I ordinarily do while sober (I'm red/green colorblind). It's difficult to discern whether this was due to a legitimate change in my perceptual abilities or a shift in my psychological appreciation for colors in general. If I had to venture a guess, I would say the latter is more likely. During this minidose, the value of colors was not influenced in any remarkable way, which makes sense physiologically because my pupils did not dilate. I did not have closed eye visuals at any point during this experience.

4:30 pm (T + 6:30) It's safe to say I've plateaued in effects. Things have been about the same since my last notes.

5:43 pm (T + 7:43) The day's tasks are completed without the typical post-lunch lull in productivity. I find myself working past the optional quitting time out of the desire to make tomorrow less stren-

uous. This is atypical of me. I still feel a solid energy boost, namely in my head and hands. The nature of this energy is curious... it feels visceral but does not seem to be originating from the places I'm feeling it. The point of origin is my mind, not my body. I feel a nonspecific inspiration, and it is then manifested as a sort of mild electric buzzing in my cranium and fingers (direction of energy from the mind to the body). In contrast, stimulants feel to me like my body parts themselves are requesting tasks from my mind so they can occupy themselves with actions, such as dancing (direction of energy from the body to the mind).

6:45 pm (T + 8:45) I begin a workout consisting of weight training with brief cardio warmup/cooldown.

7:50 pm (T + 9:50) Today's workout is completed with an ordinary level of endurance and strength. By this time, noticeable energetic effects of the substance have dwindled and I feel closer to baseline.

8:45 pm (T + 10:45) Conversation with a new friend is fruitful and engaging. I have a calm and mindful demeanor during this interaction, and favor listening and brevity over my more discursive tendencies. I would call this change the chief symptom of the minidose's afterglow effects.

11:55 pm (T + 13:55) Time has passed quickly, as it tends to in good company. My partner Lace has returned home, and we retire. Sleep comes easily, and is sound.

Reflections

I awoke the next morning feeling well-rested, back to baseline sobriety, and ready to take on the day. I did not detect any aftereffects (positive or negative) of

my experience from the day before. The weekend after this experience (4 days later), I indulged in a larger dose of LSD with recreational intentions and did not recognize any semblance of tolerance.

It's worth noting that in the process of 'dialing in' my sliver size there were days when The Flow was less prevalent and days when I inadvertently pushed the envelope past minidose and into mild psychedelia. Comes with the territory, I suppose.

Overall, I have found this application of LSD to yield consistently positive results. The increased agency of my critical thinking (empowered, I think, by its slight separation from/recognition of my more visceral urges) proved to be helpful in many areas such as my perceptions of mood, energy, creativity, motivation, and overall mindfulness.

Uncle Iroh. "My Minidose Manifesto: An Experience with LSD (exp112505)". Erowid.org. Oct 26, 2018. [erowid.org/exp/112505](https://www.erowid.org/exp/112505)

Physics at the End of the Universe

Personal Data

User	Spooky
Experience Year	2006
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	77 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	LSD	6 hits	Oral
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I became interested in psychedelic drugs in the winter of 2005, and having had multiple experiences with mushrooms and LSD at lower doses, I decided during mid March of 2006 that I was ready for a step up. I spent a few hours on Saturday morning cleaning up, I ate a light meal (I believe it was cold pizza) and at 2:40 in the afternoon I ate my last 6 hits of blotter acid.

I considered myself a fairly seasoned psychonaut at the time, and I recognized the initial onset of the condition roughly fifteen minutes later. Colors became sharper, and sounds took on a strange ethereal quality. I walked into the den, encouraged. It was a large room, with a hardwood floor and a fireplace. I felt certain that this was the right room in which to begin my journey, and so I reclined on the couch and fell into a relaxed, mellow state. That was when I began to hear singing. It started as a sweet humming sound, like a barber-shop quartet tuning up, only at very low volume. The sound began to rise, and the tone began to change. The windows were slightly open, and a cool breeze began blowing the curtains from the window. It

seemed to me at the time that there was a whole invisible choir in the room, and each change of the light wrought its own change upon the tune. It grew and grew, and soon instruments were thrown into this beautiful choral mix. I began to search in vain for the source of the sound, but as I moved the music grew around me. Soon I recognized that the sound was coming from me, and from all the life around me. The music was the embodiment of life, and spirit, and joy. Everything I saw added to this beautiful melody. I went into another room, a hallway this time, and a few soaring violin notes accompanied me. The mellow feeling gave way to a kind of curious energy, as if I was using awe itself as fuel.

For the next thirteen hours, I was enthralled by the beauty of life as I had not been in over a decade.

For the next thirteen hours, I was enthralled by the beauty of life as I had not been in over a decade. Color seemed to thrive in this new, alien world! The

entirety of the rainbow glared at me from every corner. I saw colors I couldn't name, colors that I've never seen replicated. It was as if I had never seen color. I looked out the window towards the bay, and grasped the size of the universe in a new way. A vast map formed inside my head, earth, and the planets, and the sun and stars and space beyond. It grew ever larger, and an arrow appeared over the grain of sand the earth had become, an arrow with the words 'You are Here' hovering almost comically above. I snapped back to reality, or what my reality had become, and took a few moments to clear my head. While I was recovering from the sheer size of the void, a white swing caught my eye. A red cardinal had perched on the right hand arm-rest and the colors were so sharp and clean that they almost hurt to look at. I thought it seemed very realistic, then laughed to myself. After all, it was real life! My mental processes seemed remarkably clear, and I began to 'toy' with ideas in my head. I was fascinated by my new found ability to take a blueprint, and picture it as an actual object. I am not nor will I ever be a mechanically-inclined person, but today it seemed not to matter. I built entire houses out of thought, being able to cross-section and dissect them with ease. Even such complex instruments as jet engines could be effortlessly mentally re-constructed. After playing in the sandbox that my brain had become for some time, I opened the back door and headed out onto the patio.

Trees and grass were moving in a way I had never seen before, above the surface of the ocean. Branches and leaves seemed to burn with motion, each becoming a hazy, insubstantial blur as they moved. "Like kelp, but not" I said out loud. It occurred to me that I was talking to myself, and

had been for quite some time, and a fresh gale of laughter overtook me. Each old and familiar sight was altered, changed somehow as to make it appear completely new and wonderful. I looked up at the sky, curious, and was greeted by the sight of a vast cerulean ocean. It was a very clear day, and both the moon and the sun were visible, and they both screamed and competed for my attention. A jet soared overhead, and it left a great plume of rainbow exhaust all the way across the sky. As I watched, the jet passed cleanly through the moon and out the other side, creating momentary chaos. The sky changed entirely, becoming first darker and then lighter. Colors sprang from nowhere, and disappeared just as quickly. I knew how easy it would be to forget everything and watch the sky patiently until the end of time, but I had other things planned for the day. I looked at an oak, and saw that each leaf was in fact a diffuse, green light. The green gave way to blue, which in turn gave way to yellow. These changes continued at a fairly predictable rate, and I realized that I had control over them!

Suddenly it seemed that the outside world was on my side, and I was safe and in control. I felt completely at peace. It was a warm day, but even if it had been freezing I doubt if I would have felt it. Eventually I decided to return to the house before I forgot how to move. It sounds silly to me looking back now, but at the time it seemed to be very possible. Given the sensory over stimulation of the situation, I'm not entirely surprised.

I ventured back inside and turned the TV on, browsing at large. It started to become complicated as the buttons began to change, sometimes as part of a pattern, sometimes at random. A short

time later, they began to drift from the face of the remote itself! Laughing like a loon, I tossed the oddity of a remote back onto the table, where the clean grain of the cherry wood swam over it and devoured it. I smirked at this odd sight, completely at ease, and refocused my attention on the movie. It was an old favorite of mine, but I found vision being routinely drawn away to a large, white wall on my right. I eventually gave up watching the TV to focus my full attention on the wall. Complicated fractal and runic patterns would arise spontaneously on its surface, only to be seconds later subducted into the ether. Chaos would destroy order, which would instantly arise in another form. I saw planets rise and fall, stars form, reason melt and the very fabric of the universe be torn open, to spontaneously be pulled back into the plasma of the wall, and then spit back out in another form. At times I could only interpret the colors as noise, the sounds as color. I could visibly see the music from the clock radio on the counter traveling from point to destination, but I could not for the life of me make out the digital readout of the clock. I became very preoccupied with time, and dimension. Such intangible concepts to me were like solid objects, visible things that could be touched and seen.

If it were possible to break an acid trip down into words, the sheer volume of words would be staggering. Hundreds of ideas cross the brain in seconds, weaving a complicated spider's web that seem to fit perfectly together, although they share few common characteristics. Color and light seem as different sides of the same coin, striving in some cases for balance, and in other cases for contrast. I decided to listen to some music without the radio, and in seconds was conducting full symphonies in my head, adding and changing

instruments on the fly to produce intricate and pleasing melodies. All the electronic gadgets in the world seemed inferior to that wonderful internal toolkit I was only now receiving full access to. Soon the audible mental orchestra gave way to a visible one, and I imagined myself to be in a concert hall, watching a group of celestial beings play instruments unlike any I had ever seen before. It was purely a mental picture, but something in its aspect reminded me so strongly of real life that I

I became very preoccupied with time, and dimension. Such intangible concepts to me were like solid objects, visible things that could be touched and seen. If it were possible to break an acid trip down into words, the sheer volume of words would be staggering.

began to wonder if I had been granted a true vision of some other dimension. Realizing the answer to this question would always escape me, I endeavored to think it over anyway, with disappointing results. After some time of this, I realized it was quickly approaching sunset, a sight I did not intend to miss.

I ventured outside again and felt my breath leave my throat. I was enraptured. The sky that had been so perfectly, absolutely blue only a few hours ago was now a violet so gorgeous and benign that the strength left my knees and I sat loudly on the ground with a loud 'oomph!' sound. This violet color was reflected on the surface of the water as an intense, fiery orange. The sun itself had turned a red so deep it seemed a burning ball of blood in the

sky. All around, waves of colored smoke-light (it had the characteristics of both) began to caper and dance. They distinctly seemed to be sentient, and benevolent. I reached my hand into one of them and at that point I had an epiphany. I realized that nothing is unimportant, and everything matters. For some people this might seem obvious, but the idea struck me at the time as being crucial, and central to my own personal beliefs. The sun finished its performance, and the stars made their way onto the stage. The sky became a vast, black painted sheet of canvas, and the stars gleamed like cold jewels in the night sky. They rippled and undulated, as if they were pleased with their own beauty.

I sat there, totally unable to move for an indeterminate amount of time, watching the night silently explode with color and life. Beauty enveloped me, rolled over me like a wave.

I sat there, totally unable to move for an indeterminate amount of time, watching the night silently explode with color and life. Beauty enveloped me, rolled over me like a wave. The clouds began to race across the shining orange surface of the moon, surrounding it in a halo of the purest gold. This gold light bounced off the surface of the water, lending an silver gleam to every moist blade of grass. The night itself seemed to beckon me, it was totally engrossing. I watched and I walked, but I didn't speak, not wanting the spoken word to mar the beauty of the night world. I wandered for a while, oblivious to both the growing coolness in the air and the emptiness of my stomach. I didn't seem to need food, the night provided more

than enough to sustain me. I wandered for hours, thinking of many things, and basking in the beauty of the night.

Eventually, the maniac energy which had possessed me throughout the day gave way to an exalted, happy weariness, much like the one that accompanies a day of hard but ultimately successful labor. I retired to my bedroom, and began to stare at the ceiling. Chunks of drywall began to bulge and drip from the walls and ceiling, only to dissipate into a thin smoke. The smoke would drift a few feet from its point of origin, and then lazily make its way back into the gap. Soon enough, I began to ponder the nature of the universe in a general way, which led me specifically to thoughts of black holes. Not a moment after I had begun this train of thought, a small black vortex opened up in the center of the ceiling with an audible stretching noise. It grew larger and larger, and upon reaching the size of a basketball began to exude ribbons of the colored smoke-light that I had seen earlier. They were very bright, primary colors, the exact shades on a kindergarten color chart. They began to revolve around the room, picking up speed as they went. Eventually the colors began to band together, and soon the room was a circus of colors all racing through each other and intertwining. All at once, the mystery of the tie-dyed t-shirt was no mystery to me. The night ended with me laughing myself to sleep.

I awoke the next morning with a sense of exultation, I felt like I'd lived eons and seen things that no one else would ever see. The relief of stress was enormous, and for a few months the minor problems we all have every day failed to dampen my new found spirits. It has affected me in more ways that I can put into words, but

overall I'm a much more tolerant person, and I like to think of myself as being more understanding. I feel as if the mystery has returned to my life, and with it my will to continue moving forward. After all, there's no telling what might be around the next bend, and whether or not it'll be able to top that day as the most thrilling and awe-inspiring of my life.

Spooky. "Physics at the Edge of the Universe: An Experience with LSD (exp69866)". Erowid.org. Apr 19, 2016. erowid.org/exp/69866



My Death was Imminent

Personal Data

User	Gaygoat
Experience Year	2014
Age at Time	19
Gender	Male
Body Weight	57 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	LSD	1 hit	Oral (Blotter)
T + 1:00	LSD	1 hit	Oral (Blotter)

I got my tabs from a really good guy. They were pure and white; 100 micrograms each. I had been wanting to try psychedelics for a few weeks before this trip, and my dad was okay with me doing them as long as I was in a safe environment the first time. The event happened late in the afternoon on a Saturday and early in the morning on a Sunday (October 18th – 19th, 2014).

I took the first tab at 6 pm at my parents house, then the waiting game followed. My dad and I talked about his past experiences with psychedelics in the meantime for some extra mental preparation. About an hour went by and the chemicals weren't having an effect on me. Then at around 7 pm my body started feeling warmer, with a slight euphoric sensation hitting me. I just felt happy to be around my family and thought everything was great. The only problem was that the acid wasn't hitting me. I was under the impression that after an hour I would start seeing the walls melt, and my dad was thinking the same thing.

So, foolishly, my dad told me to take the second tab because he thought the acid

wasn't strong enough, which was one of a few mistakes that happened during the course of my trip. Immediately after I took it, I started seeing the ceiling in the dining room move around. The texture on it resembled sand, and the way it was moving looked like sand shifting on the beach. It was cool, so I started wandering around the house looking for more things to observe. Strangely enough, the oriental pattern-filled rugs around our house were doing nothing for me, and I never ended up paying attention to them in the long run.

Foolishly, my dad told me to take the second tab because he thought the acid wasn't strong enough.

At 8 pm the visual effects really started to kick in. I could see the patterns on the walls and ceilings around my house slowly moving and I loved it. The plants were also slightly breathing up and down. I also went outside to the backyard where my dad was building a bonfire. We live right

next to a park, and since it was getting dark the lamp posts were illuminating the branches and leaves on the trees. Many people report seeing the trees “breathing” while tripping, but I just saw them constantly melting, which was interesting enough for me. All these things I was seeing were what I was hoping for when experiencing LSD and, honestly, that’s all I really wanted out of it. Of course, I found out the hard way that visuals are not entirely the point of psychedelics, but I’ll get to that later.

I went back inside the house, and things started turning really difficult. One thing I should point out here was that even though I was eager to try acid and research as much about it as I could, I still had a few misconceptions. As profound and eye-opening the experiences you think about as a result of the drug are, these experiences may simply be manifestations of these misconceptions of what the drug is about, and they can sneak up on you and make your trip take a turn for the worse.

It began when I looked at my cat and picked her up. Sitting down on the couch with her gave me my first “enlightened” experience. As I was petting my cat I basically thought: “my cat is meat. I eat meat. I wouldn’t eat my cat.” I’ve had these thoughts plenty of times before but this time I got a pit on my stomach while thinking about it. “Why should I eat other animals if I wouldn’t eat my cat?” It didn’t make much sense either because my parents have tripped literally thousands of times while touring with the Grateful Dead and they still eat meat. I didn’t like these thoughts at all because I didn’t want to give up eating meat either. I had a Burger King a few days after this trip though so I guess it wasn’t a problem

for me, haha. But yeah, not saying being vegetarian/vegan is wrong at all, it’s just a diet I choose not to partake in. These thoughts basically went away within a few minutes too, but the negativity that came with them stayed with me.

I went back outside to my dad and I could see the quantum strings that make up the fabric of the universe in the air. Then I looked up at the clear night sky and I could see small red dots orbiting around the stars, which I perceived to be planets. This was my favorite visual effect of the drug and I actually asked my dad if those planets physically existed, and he said “it’s your third eye seeing celestial bodies orbiting around the stars” which may or may not be true, but I digress.

At this point all the visual aspects of the LSD became completely meaningless to me and I started diving into the really metaphysical shit. The concept of free will and predestination came into my train of thought. In my head, I saw a web. This web was the web of existence; the web of all living things on Earth, and in this web were an infinite number of paths that I could take in my life. The way I was seeing it was the path I was currently taking was brightly lit up, highlighted you could say, while every other path was dim and sort of faded out. Each and every path was heading toward something. I guess this would be God, but my father calls this “The One.” I call it “The Great Attractor” because it wasn’t a single entity. It was just... a force. A force that I wanted to be a part of. I thought back to the many times skeptics have said that psychedelic effects are all in your head, and how mathematics were the only true way of mapping out the universe, but what I was experiencing was indescribable even by the most

complex of mathematics. I asked my mom and dad how long they knew about the Great Attractor, and honestly I forgot what they said because I was too engrossed in my own thoughts. The funny thing is that my dad reminded me of a shaman while he was standing in front of the bonfire he made, which made me have another epiphany: “that’s why shamans exist, they want to be a part of the Great Attractor while still alive on Earth.” In a nutshell, I concluded that the whole point of living was to discover the Great Attractor, and that once you knew the Great Attractor’s existence, you die.

I started to get scared here; extreme panic and anxiety started engulfing my body, and this was near the peak of the trip at around midnight. In my mind I was saying “yeah, I discovered the meaning of life, but that doesn’t mean that I want to DIE right then and there so close before my 19th birthday. I wanted to experience the world we live in before I pass on to the next plane of existence.” A trillion and one more thoughts started entering my head: “Oh God. OH GOD! I’M BECOMING TOO ENLIGHTENED! THE GREAT ATTRACTOR WANTS ME TO HAVE A HEART ATTACK AND DIE SO I CAN BE A PART OF IT! I CAN SEE MY PATH IN THE WEB OF EXISTENCE BECOME MORE AND MORE ALONE BECAUSE NO ONE HAS EXPERIENCED THIS LEVEL OF ENLIGHTENMENT BEFORE! NOT EVEN IN THE 60s! PLEASE STOP PLEASE STOP PLEASE STOP!”

Keep in mind that these were all internal thoughts. Externally, I was trying to keep as calm as I possibly could so that I wouldn’t freak out my parents, even though there was a battle in my mind between calling 911 or not. I was CONVINCED that

I was going to die. Thinking now, this was probably the ego death¹ everyone refers to.

Nothing was calming these feelings down. I took a walk around the park, I listened to music, I tried eating and drinking, my mom gave me a massage, nothing worked. According to my thoughts, everything I found pleasurable on Earth became meaningless, and they were merely distractions from dying and becoming a part of the Great Attractor. My thoughts made me think that my parents (mostly my mom) were lesser beings for not achieving as high a level of consciousness as I was. To tell you the truth, they weren’t being very good babysitters in the first place, focusing more attention on the Notre Dame game than their son who is tripping his balls off, lol. Anyway, this negative thought loop just kept going on and on, and time seemed to be slowing down rapidly. It felt like I would never get out of this trip.

¹The term ego death refers to a temporary loss of one’s sense of self due to the use of drugs. The term was used as such by Timothy Leary et al. to describe the death of the ego in the first phase of an LSD trip, in which a “complete transcendence” of the self occurs (Wikipedia).

I was CONVINCED that I was going to die. Thinking now, this was probably the ego death everyone refers to.

Thankfully, this was the point where I started entering my coming down stage, which was probably around 2 am. I told my dad that I wanted to walk along my town’s main street (I live in a big 10 college town and attend said college, too) because I was still having a plethora of paranoid thoughts like “oh shit maybe this type of trip is something only people my age have experienced so if I engage with other college kids they would understand what I’m feeling,” so we did. It was a Saturday night/Sunday morning, so the street was in fact packed with college kids. Along with

my panicked thoughts of some imminent force killing me (seeing a near collision while crossing the street didn't help that at all), I began experiencing auditory hallucinations for the first time. As I was walking, I could hear and decipher EVERYONE'S conversations. I can't remember anything specific, but I could literally hear what everyone in a bar across the street from me was saying. It was interesting, and one of the few other silver linings that happened on my otherwise terrifying trip. We bought some treats at a convenience store and went back home.

Not much else happened that night. I remember my dad driving me back to my dorm and then to the lake and talking to him about how scary my trip was, but at that point my anxiety really started coming down. It wasn't until 4:30 or 5 am when I went back home and slept in my parents' bed. I actually did fall asleep too, but only for 5 hours. When I woke up I grabbed my belongings and went back to my dorm room.

Well, there you go. The trip was a mind-fuck and life changing experience, but I really don't know if I want it to be life changing. Maybe they can be therapeutic for some people, but all it made me do was question the nature of time and reality way too much. I also had panic attacks from smoking weed because it takes me back into that fear-driven tripping mind-set. I have experimented with stuff like mushrooms and MDA as well, with most of those experiences being pretty good, but I just think I'm done with psychedelics forever.

Gaygoat. "My Death Was Imminent: An Experience with LSD (exp106386)". Erowid.org. Oct 17, 2019. erowid.org/exp/106386

2C-B

Psychedelic

Exploring the Erotic Potential

Personal Data

User	Hypersphere
Experience Year	2008
Age at Time	24
Gender	Male
Body Weight	58 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	2C-B	20 mg	Oral
	Cannabis	Joints / Cigs	Smoked

Background

I am male, at the time of this experience 24 years old and weighing 128 pounds. My partner is female, at the time of this experience 19 years old and weighing around 125 – 130 pounds. We are both in good mental and physical health. Neither of us are taking any prescription or OTC medications. We both tend to use yerba mate on a daily basis, and I also tend to smoke marijuana on a daily basis (although not constantly ripping bong loads all day like I used to). My partner used to smoke a lot of weed, but nowadays she finds it makes her feel too inward, anxious and socially awkward so she smokes only once in a blue moon.

We have been exploring various psychedelics together for more than a year now, having shared experiences with LSD and mushrooms (sometimes in combination with harmala alkaloids¹ from syrian rue and/or caapi²), hawaiian baby woodrose seeds³, DMT and 5-MeO-DMT, Trichocereus cacti⁴, 2C-I, 2C-E and MDMA. Suffice to say, both of us are well experienced with psychedelics. This was my second expe-

rience with 2C-B, and my partner's first experience.

Mindset

Taking this substance with my partner, with the intention to connect with each other. Given the reputation 2C-B has as a sensual and erotic enhancer, I was excited to be taking it with my partner. How did Shulgin put it? "If there is ever an effective aphrodisiac, it will probably be modeled after 2C-B." Damn. One of my roommates also glowingly reported having "The best sex ever!" So I was stoked.

Setting

Went for a walk in the park while coming up, then returned home to a comfortable bedroom environment. Dim lighting, downtempo music and fuzzy blankets.

The Experience

I had been gifted two 20 milligram doses of 2C-B. Unlike the last time I tried 2C-B, these doses were simply the white powder in the bottom of a gelcap. This is the way I like it, knowing the dose and having nothing but the substance in the gelcap. Last

¹ Harmala alkaloids are several alkaloids that increase effects of reward system neurotransmitter dopamine by acting as monoamine oxidase inhibitors (MAOIs). These alkaloids are found in the seeds of Peganum harmala (also known as Harmal or Syrian Rue), as well as leaves of tobacco and coffee beans (Wikipedia).

² Caapi, also known as soul vine, or yagé, is a South American plant commonly used as an ingredient of ayahuasca (Wikipedia).

³ The Seeds of the Hawaiian Baby Woodrose Are a Powerful Hallucinogen (JAMA Internal Medicine).

⁴ Trichocereus peruvianus is a type of psychoactive cactus found in North and South America (Wikipedia).

time, I took an unknown (but stupidly large) dose, which was in a full gelcap, the rest being some kind of inert filler substance. I don't know how much I took last time, but based on my recent 20 mg experience, I would estimate at least 30 milligrams and possibly as high as 40 or 50. Too much, it would have been more comfortable to split that dose than take the whole thing myself. Who loads their capsules so high??? The high dose was pretty comparable to 40 mg of 2C-I in terms of body load. Yesterday's dose of 20 mg was much more comfortable, in body and mind.

So we stated our intention to connect with each other. I blessed her capsule and she blessed mine, then we swallowed them with a sip of water. It was getting dusky in these lazy, hazy days of early summer. It seemed like a nice time to go for a walk, enjoying the sunset colours and allowing for a smooth entry. I find physical activity serves to channel the energization coming up on psychedelics can bring.

I had brought a little doobie and was smoking that when I felt first alerts. My partner mentioned her own alert sensations, a change in her perception of sound. For me, I found a slight rising feeling as well as a brightening of sensations. Visually vivid, saturated colours and I noticed patterns and textures a lot more. The clouds catching the last of the light were delicate oranges, pinks and other pastel shades. The ripples in the clouds captivated my gaze, as did the leafy green trees silhouetted against the sky.

This stuff kicks in fast, it was within 20 minutes that we were alerting. Our conversation was stimulated and enthusiastic, I could already feel the empatho-

genic side to this compound. Not speedy or pushy like MDMA, just conversation flowed smoothly and easily.

There was some stimulation, we walked farther than normal being "in the groove" and having lots of energy for physical activity. It was really beautiful outside. However after recent rainfalls, the mosquitos were out in force. Huge breeding clouds began to swarm us. Retreat! Time to go home. The nice thing about summer, it was dusk when we left and it was still dusk when we got back. Long daylight hours!

When we got home we got comfy, using a salt lamp as our only light source (it cast a warm, welcoming glow). We got naked and cuddled up together. I felt very relaxed, it was nice to just lie comfortably with each other. How really clean MDMA can make me feel; relaxed and mellow, rather than stimulated. Clean feeling, no body load. I found 2C-B to be very dream-like, especially as the trip continued to deepen. This aspect reminded me a lot of 2C-E, the way I could fall into a sort of waking dream state. Completely calm, relaxed and chilled out. Lost in sensations, floating awareness and yet not actually being asleep. Lovely feeling, and without the body load of 2C-E.

For a while we sat cross legged facing each other, meditating and tapping into each other's energy. In the past we have found spending some time meditating with each other really helps us get synced up with each other and makes later sexual activity much more involving and tantric. We were still definitely coming up. I would say that I felt the 2C-B quickly, but it still takes around two and a half hours to build up to full steam. Pretty similar to 2C-I in terms

of length of onset, the main difference being a faster come-up and a faster drop off too. The 2C-B is metabolized quickly. I knew from my last experience as well as other people's descriptions that the effects would last pretty solid until the fifth or sixth hour, followed by a sharp drop off. We were only at the one hour mark by now, so we still had a ways to go. During this meditation, I felt a lot of energy come into my body. Similar to meditation while coming up on acid or mushrooms, I could feel this sensation of energy inside building and building.

Being nicely synced up with ourselves and each other, it was now time to explore the erotic potential of this compound. 2C-B definitely has amazing sensory enhancement. Touches and kisses felt really nice. I found it a very sensual drug, very touchy-feely oriented. It was very easy to become aroused. Honestly though, it wasn't my favourite substance for love making. We made love for a long time, but I found it very difficult to reach orgasm. For me, all phenethylamines⁵ increase sensation but inhibit orgasm. I can go for a long time without getting off. LSD is definitely my favourite substance for making love, because I find it keeps me at a constant level of arousal and sexual excitement. On LSD, I can make love for hours and orgasm is never inhibited. Mushrooms are really nice to make love on also, towards the latter stages of the trip so body load isn't a concern. Mushrooms to me feels the most natural, just an enhancement of what I feel normally, and again mushrooms do not inhibit orgasm. Cactus is a really nice substance for making love, after the first few hours have passed. It is a very in-my-body feeling, aware of every little movement. Cactus can sometimes inhibit orgasm, since it is a phenethylamine.

Once we had tired ourselves out, I really enjoyed the sensuality of the 2C-B. When lying together it felt very melty, flowing and merging with my partner. Our energies seemed to expand out from our bodies, gently touching and cuddling each other. We exchanged massages, and I had lots of energy to put into the massage as well as seeing lots of nice visual patternings when getting my own. We were warm and comfy and I found it easy to relax all my muscles. Deep, deep relaxation. I think being warm

When lying together it felt very melty, flowing and merging with my partner. Our energies seemed to expand out from our bodies, gently touching and cuddling each other.

on 2C-substances is critical, to feel relaxed. Getting cold I feel would make me tense and shivery. The first time I had taken 2C-B, I had been outside on a windy day. The cold made all my muscles tense up uncomfortably, and muscle tension was a major downfall of that trip. Today, being inside and comfortably warm was a much more relaxing and enjoyable experience.

The visual patternings I was seeing with my eyes shut reminded me a lot of LSD visuals. I kept seeing this warm, glowing ball of sunny energy in the center of my vision. The glowing ball would fractalize and spread patterns out from around its edges. It was like taking a little piece of the sun and holding it within my heart center. This is a difference between 2C-B and 2C-I, the visuals I get from 2C-I are much more geometric and perceptual akin to cactus. There was definitely an aphrodisiac push to the 2C-B. Despite having tired ourselves

⁵ Phenethylamines refer to a class of substances with documented psychoactive and stimulant effects (United Nations Office on Drugs and Crime).

out and rubbed penis and vagina a little raw, we still both wanted to do each other. It was just really easy to get turned on, due to the enhancement of touch and other sensations, and a really wonderful feeling to hold each other close. That dream-like quality was getting really prominent. We could just lay together and drift into psychedelic mindscapes. It was like the feeling, when your mind has let go and you are drifting right on the edge of sleep. Thought patterns change in curious ways.

Overall, I found 20 mg of 2C-B to be very similar to hitting the sweet spot on a candy flip. Not enough acid to make you socially awkward, not so much MDMA that your eyes wiggle. That sweet spot where each substance fuels the other, having the warm, serene and empathogenic qualities of the MDMA along with the visuals and meditative quality of the LSD. For me, candy flipping is pretty variable, I've had good experiences as well as brutal ones, and others which are just surface level, not too deep. The 2C-B was like the one-in-five times candy flipping would turn out beautifully. Online it describes 2C-B as "like a cross between LSD and MDMA, but not really like either." Now this makes sense to me.

The effects were pleasantly involving and rich for the first three hours. Around the third hour we began to come off the peak a little. Reintegration⁶ was pretty easy, our conversation became more lucid again. During the peak times we had not spoken a whole lot, being more involved in sensation, but now conversation flowed easily again. We chatted about what we had experienced so far. The 2C-B trip was pretty clear-headed throughout, but now we were totally functional. At this time, had it been necessary, we could have inter-

acted with other people normally and not have them catch on that we were tripping. The warmth and empathogenic⁷ effects continued, as well as rainbow sparkles seen everywhere. The only negative effect noticed by both of us was some dehydration, my partner said her throat and nose felt dry.

Around four hours in we went down to the kitchen to have a snack and make some tea. The tea was a mix of blue lotus, labrador tea and coca. Simultaneously stimulating and relaxing (as with most good things in life). We hoped the coca would clear out a little phlegmy feeling we had in the back of our throats. As with other 2C-compounds and cactus, I found that 2C-B was easy to eat on, taste was enhanced and appetite was not really suppressed.

By five hours we were tired and lay down just to cuddle. By six hours we were asleep, the transition was very smooth and easy to make. Again, the dream-like quality seemed to allow that smooth transition. Not like mushrooms, where I can't sleep until eight or nine hours after taking them. The next day I felt pretty refreshed after seven hours of sleep, and was in a really cheerful and talkative mood all day. I noticed no emotional or physical drain. All in all this was a great trip, a very clean and enjoyable substance at this dose level. I feel I could comfortably explore deeper with this substance. 20 mg was a really nice dose but if I tried it again I would probably go for 25-30 mg to reach a higher level.

Although my partner also enjoyed the experience, she was not quite so glowing about it as I was. She said that she preferred 2C-I over 2C-B, because of the longer duration of 2C-I but more impor-

⁶ Returning to real life.

⁷ Empathogens increase a person's feeling of empathy and benevolence towards others, as well as feelings of being socially accepted and connected (Alcohol and Drug Foundation).

tantly she felt that 2C-I took her mind much farther out perceptually than the 2C-B. Both of us find 2C-I to have amazing effects on music and sound, and also it seems to take whatever is in our minds and project it out onto the world around us. The effects of 2C-I, though somewhat subtle, are also very playful and intricate. The effects of 2C-I are also steadier for us than 2C-B, which tends more towards having waves of effect (sometimes feeling it strongly and sometimes feeling almost clear of effect). With 2C-B, my partner felt (and I agree to some extent) that the experience was a very surface-level trip, very clear headed and nothing too deep or meaningful. It was enjoyable, but not particularly profound. She did not find this experience with 2C-B compelling enough to warrant further exploration of this compound.

We have found in the past with LSD, that the experience can often be a surface-level trip unless we make some effort to fully engage and dive into the effects. Perhaps 2C-B is similar in this way, it doesn't become profound unless more effort is made to fully engage. The main things I enjoyed about this trip was the sensual nature, with all-round enhancement of the senses, particularly touch and taste.

The visuals from this compound were rich and colourful in a manner similar to LSD. Compared to tryptamines⁷ like mushrooms or LSD, the effect of 2C-B was much more clear headed, and also there was a warm, fuzzy feeling that accompanies most phenethylamines.

As for the aphrodisiac and erotic potential of 2C-B, I found it to be more sensual than sexual for me. It was very touchy-feely, but the inhibition of orgasm that I experi-

enced was a bit of a downer. We both agree that LSD is still our favourite substance for love-making.

Thanks for reading!

Hypersphere. "Exploring the Erotic Potential: An Experience with 2C-B (exp83321)". Erowid.org. Feb 13, 2010. erowid.org/exp/83321

⁷ Tryptamines are known to be a broad class of classical or serotonergic hallucinogens (National Institutes of Health).



Accidental Overdose Panic

Personal Data

User	Reporter
Experience Year	2006
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Female
Body Weight	60.3 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	2C-B	120 mg	Insufflated
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I've been meaning to post to this site about this experience since it happened — but initially it was too close, and then having not been so much in that world lately I haven't thought about it. But I'd like it to be out there so that anyone in the same situation (or rather their friends) might see it and be able to calm the situation down. Also so that anyone who has been and is searching for an account of a similar experience can find one.

To set the scene, I went to a breakcore club in a northern town run by some friends of friends in spring 2006. Had a great time, did a lot of drugs, met new people, caught up with old ones, all the usual really at the time — but kinda more and better. Got back afterwards and spent the whole early hours into the morning holed up with a kid I'd known from a distance for a while, who was quite a messy one, and his then best friend (we'll call him Jack), who I'd just met. The three of us hit it off like a house on fire, talked about everything, had a million and one wonderful coincidences. We shared everything we had and hence were on lots of different things. The kid

had mentioned that he had a large quantity of 2C-B (I think 2 grams) which he was intending to sell/save for other occasions. I'd only had the tiniest bit because I'd never done it before and hadn't felt much off it. We were taking a lot of ketamine, ecstasy and cocaine, largely. We were used to occasions like this, and very happy.

Around 10:30 am the next day I realized it was getting a bit close to the time my train was going — so I went downstairs, found the friend I'd come up from London with and called a taxi. I felt pretty proud of myself for being able to interact so well with the outside world in the state I was in. To celebrate, the kid said he had one gram of coke left which he had been saving, and that me, him and Jack should go upstairs and try and get through as much of it as possible before the taxi arrived. Obviously this was a ridiculous suggestion — but who at that time in the morning, after a night of partying and exploration which had involved cocaine, wouldn't say yes? I went upstairs. Jack remained; I think he knew the kid'd bring him some down.

As the kid cut up the lines (which were very sizable, remember we were trying to get through as much as we could in 45 minutes), I noticed that they weren't quite the right colour. I nearly said something — but my perceptions were pretty shaken up so I didn't really trust my judgment. After I took mine I felt a massive burning sensation in my nose and then immediately felt very high. The kid and I laughed a lot. I had giant sparkles in my vision. Somehow the fact that something was wrong still didn't quite twig. The kid went downstairs to give Jack his line and I stayed and tried to talk to a couple who came into the room. I couldn't focus. I went out to try and find the others.

My first thought, weirdly, was that maybe somehow I'd overdosed on all the drugs, that this was what happened to the world around as you died.

As I looked up at the wall something began to change immeasurably. Neon DNA-like strands began to grow out of the wall and get bigger and bigger. Some of them were about the thickness of a tree trunk, all different colours, glowing, metallic. I knew this wasn't right now, not an effect of cocaine anyway, and cried for help. My first thought, weirdly, was that maybe somehow I'd overdosed on all the drugs, that this was what happened to the world around as you died. The 2C-B started to enter my mind as an option, and as it did so discernable symbols, numbers, letters, began to form in the glowing neon pulsating mess of tangled double helixes. I remember there was a Prince symbol among them. Was the very fabric of the universe disintegrating somehow as a result of how stupid we had been? A giant

3-dimensional 2 came out of the wall, or rather the tangled neon space where the wall had been, and fell — to all intents and purposes like something physically real and knocked me on the head. I fell to the ground. Downstairs I could hear the kid screaming.

I didn't actually pass out, in a sense it felt like playing at an overdose only I couldn't control my actions, experiences or the game. A friend of ours came and picked me up, put her arm around me and tried to get some kind of rational explanation out of me. Between us (and conversations the kid was having downstairs) we managed to work out what had happened. He'd got his wraps mixed up. We'd just done at least 120 mg of 2C-B each. The kid was still screaming downstairs that he'd killed us. Came running upstairs, apologising, screamed some more. The fact he was a nurse made me even more terrified of his reaction, as I felt that he should know the dangers involved. Our friends kept reminding me that he was melodramatic by nature, and not to panic. All I knew was he, Jack, and some of the others had been taking the drug all morning in increments of 15 mg or so at most.

The friend who had found me kept trying to turn the trip around for me, and it almost worked. That's why I want to write this really, because it was a terrifying and ridiculous thing to do, but to all intents and purposes did not in the end seem to affect us physically much at all. I can't obviously guarantee that would always be the case, but if our case is anything to go by, getting beyond that sort of panic would be the best possible thing to help some of the mental confusion that came out of the whole experience! Some of our friends went to try and look it up on the

internet — see if they could find any examples of people in the same situation being ok. But all they came back with was a tale of Shulgin once taking 100 mg and having an intense trip but being fine. That, even, was enough for me “So it’s an adventure?” I said, visions suddenly filling my mind of the three of us on a life-changing journey. Unexpected, certainly, but full of possibilities. But the kid wasn’t having any of it. He argued that given Shulgin’s experience we couldn’t possibly see that as evidence that we might be likely to be ok.

Throughout the experience to this point I had been feeling such an intense feeling of doom that I swung between feeling that I was dying, the speeding melting neon visions around me simply further evidence of this, or that reality itself was disintegrating, and my state was merely enabling me to perceive it. Yet on hearing this tale about Shulgin I immediately felt excited, high, and full of hope. I felt incredibly frustrated at having this magic carpet whisked from under my feet. By this point an ambulance had been called after much discussion. Everyone was still trying to work out whether or not this was necessary, and I kept forgetting that it had been and saying that I thought maybe it should be. When they replied “they’re coming, you’re going to be fine” it somehow added to my fear, reminding me of movies when people say that to someone who is dying. I felt like my side was melting, reached down and my hand felt sticky as it touched it.

My good friend from London had taken me under his wing by this point and managed to break through my paranoia, telling me about how much he freaked out the first time he did 2C-B, explaining his trip succinctly but in detail. “So it’s part of it?” I asked him and he said yes. This was bril-

liant, but like in someone suffering from psychosis it lasted about 5 minutes before I forgot. It was about this point I realised Jack had had it as well, and I felt oddly relieved in a way, because I trusted him. I began to feel that maybe we wouldn’t die. Maybe we’d just be trapped in this strange delusional world for life. I felt that that would be slightly more bearable if he were there with me.

When the ambulance arrived I thought they might be a part of my delusions. When they put clips on my fingers to measure my heart rate I tried to pull them off and had to be told not to by my friends. I couldn’t see at all.

When the ambulance arrived I thought they might be a part of my delusions. When they put clips on my fingers to measure my heart rate I tried to pull them off and had to be told not to by my friends. I couldn’t see at all. As 2C-B comes in waves I was oscillating between this state and one like the height of a normal intense 2C-B trip. As it subsided this time I could see Jack and the kid on the other sofa, the same equipment attached to them. When the paramedics announced that we were all tachycardic¹, Jack and I panicked. The kid said “No, that’s fine” — and although I didn’t know what it meant I trusted him. After a while we were led out into the driveway. No one explained where we were going. I tried to ask. Being on loads of 2C-B the only way I could phrase the question was “What’s going on?” The paramedics were patronising and not particularly helpful, saying things like “you’ve had too many drugs.” I knew that, of course, I wanted to know where we were being taken and

¹ Tachycardia is a condition where the heart beats faster than normal, usually more than 100 beats per minute. A normal resting heart rate is between 60 and 100 beats per minute (Mayo Clinic).

what to expect from it, and whether we were in danger. They seemed to say that we weren't, probably, but they had never even heard of 2C-B and didn't really seem to know what they were doing with us. As I walked out to the ambulance the rain seemed to crackle around me. Everything felt slowly broken in a strange rhythm. I asked my friend from London if we would be ok.

"You will," he said, "but you may be tripping for a long time." I'd advise not saying that to someone on a really intense unexpected trip! I thought he meant years, perhaps. I thought we were being taken to a mental hospital to wait it out. Shouldn't I tell someone? Everyone told me "No".

In the ambulance we couldn't work out whether we were really there or if it was a part of our visions. Enclosed in a small space just with each other we began to feed off each other and have some remarkable abstract insights. We laughed a lot. The kid kept calling back to try and get information. He kept panicking a bit, and the paramedics told him not to be selfish, and that we needed to pull together (the one good thing they did do). We were interviewed in a very standard way, couldn't remember basic details of course and laughed out loud when they asked us if we were having hallucinations.

I don't remember arriving at the hospital. The next thing I remember is being with the other two in a cubicle, the kid and I shouting for water, which they wouldn't give us. Then Jack was put on a trolley and taken away because his heart rate was a bit quicker than ours. We were terrified for him. We were told it was nothing serious and just for observation. We hoped they were right.

After that the kid and I talked to each other and eventually talked ourselves down. We asked if we could go look for Jack and scooted off round the hospital in search of him. When we found him I was thrilled, but although he looked better, mentally he was still in a state. Being taken off and tested alone like that had got him in a psychedelic panic loop, although before he'd been the best off out of all of us. We sat there for a good 45 minutes while he repeated clichéd 2C-B panic phrases to us (really? seriously? Oh my god! Is it that bad? Fuck!) whatever we said to him. We waited it out. After a while the nurses gave him some downers, which we encouraged him to take after checking what they were. After a bit he seemed more lucid and I asked if we could go.

"I'm kinda liking this hospital vibe." He said.

"Well we're not! We want a beer, we've wanted out of here for about an hour!" I said.

"Oh right, ok. Let's blow this joint!"

Just like that we left, and phoned our friends, without checking ourselves out.

It did affect us. It certainly affected me. The next day, as I wandered the park, bouts of fairly intense 2C-B like visuals would still come on me — neon blotches on people's faces, shininess, clarity on all the ugly and beautiful details of life. I felt high like it a fair bit too. This carried on at this intensity for about 2 weeks and then began to subside. I still get it occasionally at a much lower level. It affected our perceptions in deeper ways too, made us look at nature again, differently. Initially we all went on a bender after it, to deal

with it I think. This bender lasted several months. We had all been taking drugs regularly anyway, but it intensified. We bonded very tightly and had some amazing experiences together. After some time Jack and I both realised that actually, in contrast to our initial response, the experience (and subsequent complex social fallout) made us want to cut back on our drug use. We both have, although we still both take drugs from time to time.

We went through an intense journey of discovery, connected to the intensity of our experience and our fears of dying. I think if we hadn't been so convinced of that, and hadn't gone to hospital, we would still have had a lot to deal with, but parts of it would've been easier. It felt very important to surround ourselves with understanding, good visuals, sounds, nature, calm, in our recovery — and the environment we put ourselves in during our experience couldn't have been more different than that. Jack suffered a severe panic attack, some time after, which he never had before. I think that kind of anxiety can sometimes affect him in small ways in life. It's made me feel more inclined to that kind of panic sometimes too. The way I think is different in some ways, I guess the cumulative loss of short term memory most people probably get when they take drugs often was made quite a bit worse, and the way I organise my thoughts has kind of changed. That said I think we probably all always had quite complex experiences of the world, and really, it's just an extra part of that. It is fine.

And that's why I've written this really. I'd like anyone looking for stuff about it who has had a similar experience to know that. The problems Jack and I have now, 2 years on, don't even look back to that experience

in any meaningful way, they're the normal problems of trying to be friends who make things happen who live far apart.

I might regret saying this if I ever did hear anything bad had happened as a result somehow — but where this kind of 2C-B overdose is concerned — I really think — try and find a safe, calm, beautiful place with the people it's happened with, make sure you are watched by friends you trust, and wait it out. Explore your mental strangeness. It's not an experience even many who might even consider themselves experimenters with psychedelics would experience by choice — if it happens to you don't be worried by being scared and get the most out of it you can. It will change your life, but so did the first time you took E. Don't panic!

Oh, and if you don't want it to happen, label your wraps!!

Reporter. "Accidental Overdose Panic: An Experience with 2C-B (exp76578)". Erowid.org. Feb 3, 2009. erowid.org/exp/76578



Warping Mess of Dimensions

Personal Data

User	J
Experience Year	2013
Age at Time	21
Gender	Male
Body Weight	77 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	2C-B	70 mg	Powder/Crystals
T + 1:45	Tobacco (Cigarettes)	1	Smoked
T + 2:00	Tobacco (Cigarettes)	1	Smoked

After getting off work on a Saturday night around 1 am, I wasn't very tired and wanted to be in a different state that night. My best friend who happened to be at my house waiting for me to get off work had never done LSD, or experienced any psychedelic, and asked me to get us some acid for the night.

This friend will be referred to as 'S', who is a 19 year old girl who weighs around 130 lbs. After calling a few of my dealers to see if they had any LSD, I was disappointed to discover everyone was fresh out. However, my primary marijuana dealer happened to still have a stockpile of 2C-B, and sold me 100 mg for \$20, a fair price I'd say. I had experienced 2C-B once before, and not very carefully. The same dealer that sold me the batch let me try some for free a month or two earlier but wouldn't tell me what the dose was (which I do not endorse, I try my best to only consume conservatively suggested doses from a reputable website) and insisted I snort the dose to begin coming up much more rapidly. This was extremely painful and annoying, but more of an irritating feel that left my

right eye dripping tears for 20 minutes. I read smoking a bowl really helps during the come up, so I was definitely aware of what was to come and how to handle myself, especially since the snorted dose was massive and extremely powerful. I did thoroughly enjoy my experience though.

I gave S a 30 mg dose, which was somewhat irresponsible of me to give a first-timer a somewhat large dose, but I was just feeling right about it and she agreed to do the dose.

I educated S on the doses, effects, and health related facts that I had studied months before, and ensured her that the drug was quite safe in the right environment, had no reported deaths, and would be similar to acid in ways but much less of a dedication. She agreed and at about 1:45 am I prepared our doses. Because I estimated that my previous snorted dose had to be well over 50 mg, I believed I could handle an even larger dose orally. I gave S

a 30 mg dose, which was somewhat irresponsible of me to give a first-timer a somewhat large dose, but I was just feeling right about it and she agreed to do the dose. I then acted even more irresponsibly and prepared a 70 mg dose which I parachuted (so did S). Please note I can not recommend or endorse doing such a large dose nearly 20 mg over the recommended *strong* doses, but my experience definitely justified my risk in my mind.

I then remembered to be responsible and check on S, who was doing just fine, but very overwhelmed.

We continued with lounging and listening to music for the next 20 minutes, while I plotted what music to listen to and what to watch eventually. At about 2:20 am I started getting mild visuals and feeling warm and strange, I knew I was beginning to come up. S had not felt anything yet, but I knew it was only a matter of time. We chose my living room as the main spot to stay in, since it is extremely comfortable and lit with white Christmas lights. I loved staring at these Christmas lights on LSD, and decided to stare at the lights to help notice my visuals quicker. Each light flickered with a golden glow and appeared to wiggle around off the cord, it was very neat. S started coming up shortly after me, and within about 20 minutes of feeling strange and mild visuals, we had reached a plateau. We felt equally overwhelmed with what we were experiencing: reality seemed to be an endless moving, snaking, rippling and warping mess of dimensions in front of us. The structure of the room itself was always growing larger and then smaller, and repeating, as the corner between the wall in front of me and ceiling raised lower

and higher. Every large object in the room seemed to have this quality, and endless growing and shrinking of shape and size. I had a playlist of Beck playing on my hi-fi stereo, which sounded excellent and really hit the spot. Colors were extremely intensified yet diverse, I could see a large range of colors but also experienced color fringing. The fringing mainly occurred on bright objects like my television and laptop, and I can only describe this fringing as a loss of color wherever it occurred, leaving me with just an endless mold of bright green and magenta where the color was missing.

I then remembered to be responsible and check on S, who was doing just fine, but very overwhelmed. I realized then that my thought process was extremely rushed, I kept describing what I was seeing and feeling out loud at a very fast rate, and constantly grabbing my face and hair out of pure fascination. Some side effects I felt during this dose included muscle tremors throughout my thighs, some rough nausea that came back to me in waves as soon as my thoughts dwelled on it, and very light teeth clenching. The nausea was very awful, and I kept drinking water to try and quell it, but it stuck around for another hour unfortunately.

Looking at S was unreal, her hair was mostly black but had blonde highlights, and it looked like each hair was snaking around in the air, yet staying a part of one massive shape around her head. Her pupils were fully dilated as well as mine, and I ended up letting her know she was beautiful. This friend is more of a sisterly figure though, but I felt attracted to her at some points during the trip unfortunately. She didn't mind my comment fortunately, and I kept to myself after that. I did imag-

ine the concept of sex at one point, but was quickly grossed out by the idea. It just seemed like something that was taboo at the time, hard to explain.

After finally getting used to the beautiful setting in front of me, around 3:15 am my nausea got the best of me and I vomited in my bathroom, it was over very quickly and I felt much better afterwards. When I returned to the room I decided to examine specific objects I knew would be interesting, so I started with my laptop. I was quickly overwhelmed with the humming, scientific device in front of me and decided not to mess with it, because the display was extremely intense. My vinyl records looked incredibly interesting to me and S, and we spent almost 15 minutes just examining the covers. Merriweather Post Pavilion by Animal Collective features an already visually stimulating album cover, a kind of optical illusion that looks like the design is moving in a constant wavelike fashion. On 2c-b it swirled and waved like never before, and it looked like the borders of the album itself contained some kind of beautiful infinite abyss within the album cover. S kept trying to stick her hand into it.

I decided around 3:45 am that before we watched anything I needed to look out a window or go outside and experience the cold, dark world outside. We walked into my roommate's bedroom (who was not home) and peered out his window, and unfortunately the sight was boring, but I was quickly overwhelmed by my roommate's filthy room, his dirty clothes and scattered trash seemed to vibrate and slither across the ground, prompting my exit. During this whole room visit I could hear the song in the other room literally slow down and speed back up constantly,

I felt my perception of time literally warp. It was unbelievable. S claimed she had felt the same way after I brought it up. I convinced S to come outside with me. We couldn't believe we had only been tripping for about 2 hours, time was not something I could fully comprehend at the time. Simply walking down 2 flights of stairs to the outside world was a quest itself, and S had to traverse the staircase very slowly. The stairs looked almost as if they had pores and were alive, it was strange. Outside was magnificent yet unsettling at the same time, the leafless trees were frightening and the branches appeared to crawl around between trees. We focused on looking at street lights, lights in front of houses, and the sidewalk. We smoked cigarettes which were very enjoyable, and returned inside. At this point I was still at a steady plateau.

I still felt like my thought process was rapidly looping back and forth between appreciating visuals, what to think about next, and what to do. I also occasionally felt quite cold, but when I put a hoodie on I would quickly get too warm. My leg tremors were completely gone and my nausea was also gone after the vomiting. After getting comfy on the couch with S, we smoked another cigarette, and decided to gaze upon the smoke. I can not accurately describe what this looked like entirely, but I will try. The smoke itself looked as if it was being rapidly blown towards our faces. I realized a huge difference in the speed of the smoke after remembering that cigarette smoke does not usually blow that fast in a room with no fans, heat, or ac on. The smoke looked like it went to the end of the room in front of me but also right in front of my face, and the cherry of the cigarette flashed and seemed to vibrate. I would see images of the cherry flash out on each

side of it and swirl around in the smoke. I then wondered if fast motion in front of me would blur. I asked S to stand up and then sit down quickly, and her entire body blurred with her down to the couch. The polka dots on her shirt actually stayed in the air for a moment, it was very mesmerizing.

She said she felt incredibly tiny, and that time felt strange, and that she thought she was literally beside herself for a second.

Around 4:10 am I looked at my phone clock to check the time, and realized S was very quiet and just gazing up at the ceiling, wide eyed. She said she felt incredibly tiny, and that time felt strange, and that she thought she was literally beside herself for a second. She seemed to dissociate almost constantly but only for brief moments. I felt only mild dissociation, and much less frequently than she did. I asked her if she was enjoying herself and she expressed much gratitude with her life and where she currently was and what she was doing. I felt very satisfied and happy knowing we got so far with no real problems, like any anxiety, panicking, etc. We then watched *The Wall*, the Pink Floyd movie. It was one of her favorite movies and starred Bob Geldoff, the frontman of the band The Boomtown Rats, one of our favorite bands. My TV was huge and the quality was excellent. The movie was VERY visually stimulating and easy to process. I felt as if I was quicker to identify themes and symbolism during the movie, and occasionally dwelled on the ideas and tried to expand on them. But I started to feel overwhelmed by the more global thoughts, and tried to keep them

suppressed during the trip. *The Wall* was amazing and Floyd sounded excellent as usual. After that I watched *Hi Custodian*, a 20 minute music video by Dirty Projectors, one of my favorite music videos. The soundtrack really hit all the right spots, and I felt extremely happy and satisfied hearing the tunes. I started to notice my visuals were rapidly becoming less intense, and by 6 am I had completely come down. S seemed to still be at it, and dissociating quite frequently. Her trip ended around 7 am, and we finally decided to pass out around 8 am.

A list of details of my visuals:

- constantly warping dimensions, axis seemed to shift horizontally and vertically, creating a growing and shrinking appearance
- colors were extremely intense
- colors appeared to fringe sometimes, made some objects or shadows appear to have pixelated edges
- extreme motion blur
- the entire color scheme of the room would occasionally change. An example is the christmas lights projected a golden glow on the room, then it would appear to be bright yellow, then bright green, then magenta, then a rosy red color, looping over and over again
- patterns cast upon walls occasionally, they appeared to be rectangular and magenta colored
- patterns appeared to move or slither around, such as my floral print couch's flowers spinning around everywhere
- the appearance of S was different from my other visuals, she appeared to vibrate and images of her would flash on either side of her rapidly, causing a glowing aura kind of visual.
- closed eye visuals were not very intense or noticeable.

what I was thinking:

- constantly being overwhelmed, but not upset by it
- total positivity after my nausea subsided, I felt absolutely satisfied, excited, and ready for whatever was about to happen. Total happiness.
- increased empathy and care towards S
- for the first half of the trip I would try to immediately expand on an idea or concept, but thinking about things globally quickly confused me or overwhelmed me.
- I could never really sit quietly and observe, I had to basically speak constantly about what I was seeing and how amazing it was
- When I thought about my nausea it intensified immediately
- this is important: I felt as if me and S could influence each other's experience by talking about what we were seeing or feeling to each other. An example: She noticed the color of the entire room changing, and I almost immediately experienced the same visual. This happened several times.

how my body felt:

- strange and fuzzy at first, something felt wrong but it wasn't a bad feeling.
- muscles in my thighs tremored for about 30 minutes.
- extreme nausea for the first 45 minutes to an hour. Possibly because I did not eat since 2pm of the previous day, but eating during the beginning of plateau was not something I was really interested in. Eventually S and I ate carrots and strawberries. She experienced no nausea at all during the trip.
- I vomited, ending the nausea
- my limbs sometimes felt like scrambled eggs, which made me want to sit down immediately.

- occasionally I felt very cold, but when I tried to warm up I felt much too warm and I was stuck in this cycle. Annoying but didn't influence any dred.
- peeing was weird, It felt similar to how it does on Acid.

Me and S woke up around 1 pm and felt fine but still kind of strange, kind of a groggy feeling. This subsided by the early evening and life went on. S was extremely pleased with her experience, and so was I. I am pleased that the night went so well and I enjoy the stronger doses of this drug in the situation where I want to experience a lot of visual stimuli but do not want to commit to the 6-10 intense hours of an acid trip. This drug is kind of comparable to 4-AcO-DMT, visually. I have only done LSD, 2C-B, and 4-AcO-DMT, so I cannot compare this to any other psychedelics at this time. I was happy that my massive dose didn't cause any problems, and happy that S was able to handle her first psychedelic so well.

Some things I want to experience next time are this drug during daylight and outside for a longer period of time, but not too social. I also have a large amount of visually stunning movies and sonically stimulating music I would like to experience next dose. I think next time I'm going to keep my 2 cats in a different room, they were comforting and cute but their mischief kind of upset me and scared me. Parachuting seems like my favorite method, because railing the dose is just not worth the pain and parachuting hits much faster than a capsule. I hope this report provides some insight on this drug.

J. "Warping Mess of Dimensions: An Experience with 2C-B (exp99929)". Erowid.org. Jul 18, 2017. erowid.org/exp/99929



It's The Bs Knees

Personal Data

User	MrMoran
Experience Year	2015
Age at Time	21
Gender	Male
Body Weight	72.6 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	2C-B	20 mg	Oral (Capsule)
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I have heard many great things about this compound. Everything from it being an ecstasy replacement in the 1990s, to it being an aphrodisiac, to it helping supplement MDMA psychotherapy sessions. I had heard it was Shulgin's favorite, and I think I can understand why it was. As usual, I took diligent notes. Most of all, I have heard it being described as similar to LSD and MDMA, but different from either.

Compounds most relevant to this review were things such as MDMA, MDA, LSD, 2C-I, and to some extent, 2C-E, as well as 25I-NBOMe and 25B-NBOMe.

T + 0:00 — Before I take the capsule containing 20 mg of 2C-B, I sample a small taste of the compound. Having tasted pure phenylethylamine powder before, I know what taste to look for. The powder, a lighter grey-brown, and fairly clumpy, tasted very similar to pure phenylethylamine hydrochloride. Nothing abnormal, if anything, it had a slightly sweeter taste than its parent backbone. I proceed to take the capsule after this short, impromptu, likely inaccurate litmus test.

T + 0:30 — There was a slight warmth that had spread throughout my body. It was hard to discern any effects otherwise at this point. I'd consider it the first alert in a sense. There were some warm tingles here and there, first felt in my hands when I stretched, but it could be placebo. Maybe a slight increase in tactile sensations too, but again, hard to really tell at this point. +/-

T + 0:50 — I feel slightly lethargic, and find myself yawning. I tend to do this on phenethylamine come-ups as well as 4-AcO-DMT, but this was unmistakably different for 4-AcO-DMT. It had none of the feelings of the tryptamine, and reminded me of times I was on 2C-I, 2C-E, and 2C-T-2. So far, so good — feels like phenethylamine, tasted like a phenethylamine. I took a quick ten minute nap on the come-up, which I had only ever done with 2C-I before. +/- to +

T + 1:00 — As I was laying down, after my nap, I wrote down the following: 'I am now an hour into the experience and I am STILL not sure if I am feeling it.

Tingly? Yes. Clear-headed? Certainly. Am I supposed to not be clear-headed? I don't know. Are colors brighter? Tough to say. My pupils aren't even dilated at this point.'

But yet... when I stood up, and moved around, it suddenly started to hit. It was weird, as I have never really experienced that before. Just the sensation of going from being relatively sober to a + to ++ within the matter of 5 minutes was something worth noting. Now colors and lights are brighter. Now there are tracers. Now I am very warm and tingly.

T + 1:10 — I recalled a time earlier when I had done 25B-NBOMe, and noted its effect on music. I hypothesized about a similarity between 2C-I and 25I-NBOMe as well in a previous report, in terms of their visuals, if the same held true between 25B and 2C-B. In many ways, I would say it was true...what 2C-B does for music is among one of the most interesting things about the compound that I found. To me, it was like LSD or MDMA, but uniquely different. Vocals were crisp and clear, bass was stronger and heavier and hit me more deeply. Hearing every part of the song clearly like LSD does, and feeling the grooves of MDA/MDMA. Synaesthesia was also present around this time, where I could feel sounds, and this remained a central theme to the experience.

As all of that was happening with music, I noticed that time dilation also starts to increase. ++

T +1:30 — Effects are unmistakably unique. It shares a lot of similarity with 2C-I, where the come up seems to take FOREVER, but it is different in that the come up is faster overall. It is also warmer than 2C-I, without nausea present. The

come up was smoother as well. 2C-I took until this point to begin to show where 2C-B already was 30 minutes ago.

Unmistakably, the classic phenethylamine feeling. The one that gives me that giddiness, restlessness, body buzz... and yet there's a weird, slightly metallic smooth feeling, which reminds me of the trippier elements, which I can only name as 'crook-shankedness' or 'twerki-ness.' (I should note that this is a word I have arrived at independent of the already existing slang word, 'twerk'). These are most prevalent on LSD for me, and the sound of an acid synthesizer featured in psychedelic trance songs reminds me of the feeling... and yet, these are brought out in this particular phenethylamine!

As I was typing with the bass from my speakers emanating, I could feel very clearly and distinctly the keyboard beneath my fingertips vibrating. This, also, was new to me. As such, with me discovering this as well, I found myself typing to the beat of the bass. I recall typing on 25B-NBOMe, and found myself finding another similarity... how good it felt to actually type things. However, I noted that at some points, music felt like it was just TOO much. ++ to +++

T + 2:00 — I see why Shulgin likes this compound. He and Ann would say they appreciate compounds that are 'not too stoning.' This compound, Shulgin's favorite, fits the bill very much. It is very clear-headed. I found myself thoughtful, spacey sometimes, and very insightful. My thoughts would find themselves on tangents upon tangents, almost in a fractaline sort of way, with an overarching theme. Topics first thought about were how many variations of the 2,5-dime-

thoxy-phenethylamine parent molecule have been created, all with uniquely rich and interesting effects. How organic chemistry can refine crude products, and create beautifully pure experiences. How deep do those valleys of thought and my mind go?

T + 2:30 — I find myself reclining and playing with the tracers of whatever objects are fixated in my hands. In this case, it was an electronic cigarette, and the silvery top to it was reflecting the sunshine slightly. I waved it around, and noticed beautifully long rainbowy tracers. There was at least a 3 second delay for when the tracers finally caught up with the still object. While this compound can be used in social settings, it is teetering on those settings and being introspective and introverted.

T + 3:00 — Shower time. This proved to be wholly beneficial for the experience. I gained many insights, and thought about many problems in my life in a sort of third-person, detached perspective. Analyzed them. Picked them apart. It was even lightly spiritual in some ways, but not nearly in the way that Shrooms or LSD are.

And while doing so, the water washing over my skin reaffirmed how tactile this compound really was. I could even see patterns in the droplets that formed in the condensation on the walls of the shower. As water ran down the walls, patterns had formed in that too! Patterning was strong at this point, and presented itself everywhere, and the patterns could only be described as a mix between geometric and organic in shape. Tree branches didn't stand out for me like they do on LSD or DMT, but they were a minor point of interest. Things in my vision felt as though they were vibrating. +++

T + 4:30 — Peak begins to wane. Starts at about a solid +++, but over the course of the next hour wanes to a ++. While the body tingles began to fade around here, color enhancement and tracers remain, as well as insightfulness. Good humor could be found in this compound, too. Music also began to lose some of its magic around this point.

+++ to ++

T + 6:30 — This is when the experience would be about 95% over. Very few parts of the trip remain. + to Baseline.

I recall listening to Shpongole on the comedown of this compound, and it still seemed pretty groovy. There was a lot of play between what was heard and felt and perceived. Colors and textures popped with sounds.

Overall Commentary

It was a bit shorter than I would prefer in terms of overall experience, but maybe that's a good thing. It is wholly worthwhile regardless. It is the kind of compound I can take at 5pm and be fine to sleep around midnight or 1am. No problem. At the end of a day's work, or maybe an afternoon on the weekend, it is a solid choice. Music festivals? Sure! Raves? Why not! Kicking it with friends, or maybe a hookah bar? That'd be cool too. The peak lasted about 3 hours, and comes down as quickly as it comes up... I wish I would have lasted just another hour or so longer though. That would have been nice.

All things considered, I had a royally rich experience... 2C-B blows a lot of things out of the water. But yet, I feel like if one were to go into this experience thinking of it as a replacement for LSD or MDMA, they

might be missing what really makes this compound unique. On the other hand, I think it's practically impossible to ignore what makes this compound unique. It is in your face about it! It shows you what it does, and doesn't hold much back. But it's gentle in its come up and comedown, and best of all, there is no hangover from it. No post-MDMA blues. No headache. Nothing. It is clean, in and out, like LSD.

MrMoran. "Its the Bs Knees: An Experience with 2C-B (exp106241)". Erowid.org. Jun 9, 2018. [erowid.org/exp/106241](https://www.erowid.org/exp/106241)

Breathing, Waving Objects

Personal Data

User	myrddal
Experience Year	2014
Age at Time	29
Gender	Not Specified
Body Weight	72 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	2C-B	20 mg	Oral
T + 1:20	Tobacco (Cigarettes)		Smoked
T + 12:00	Coffee	1 cup	Oral
T + 12:00	Ibuprofen	200 mg	Oral

My Very First Psychedelic Experience

Intro

I became very interested in psychoactive substances in the past months after my first roll with 100 mg MDMA at an open air psytrance event. I am a 29 years old male with a really short list of substances used until this point: alcohol (occasionally), cannabis (daily 0.1 – 0.3 g), MDMA (twice). Having read 200+ trip reports of various substances, I figured 2C-B will fit to be my very first psychedelic because of its controllability and it being easy on the mind at light-moderate doses, still producing visuals.

Setting

My friend (who introduced me to MDMA and who has tried various psychedelic substances) got a hold of some 2C-B about a week ago and we decided this would be a nice evening to do it.

We were in his studio flat that had a balcony too. It's a familiar and welcoming place with several variable light sources. He has some prints and books with psyche-

delic pictures to get lost in if we feel like. Outside on the balcony there's a view of a wall half-covered with creeping ivy which looks amazing even when I'm sober, and we could watch as clouds were forming in the night sky.

Set

I am usually very relaxed, the only horror movie capable of raising my pulse a bit is Aliens. Knowing a good deal about it in theory, I wasn't nervous about trying a psychedelic, rather excited. Having my good friend with me puts an extra ease on my nerves.

Experience:

T + 0:00 (19:00) — 20 mg of reagent-tested 2C-B in gelcap taken orally. We began to watch a documentary about LSD to pass time.

T + 0:40 — I could feel something is working in my body but can't get a grasp of the sensation yet.

T + 0:55 — Tactile sensitivity enhanced, my hands are sweating a bit, I feel some sort

¹ Harmala alkaloids are several alkaloids that increase effects of reward system neurotransmitter dopamine by acting as monoamine oxidase inhibitors (MAOIs). These alkaloids are found in the seeds of *Peganum harmala* (also known as Harmal or Syrian Rue), as well as leaves of tobacco and coffee beans (Wikipedia).

² Caapi, also known as soul vine, or yagé, is a South American plant commonly used as an ingredient of ayahuasca (Wikipedia).

³ The Seeds of the Hawaiian Baby Woodrose Are a Powerful Hallucinogen (JAMA Internal Medicine).

⁴ *Trichocereus peruvianus* is a type of psychoactive cactus found in North and South America (Wikipedia).

of inner tension as the euphoria is building up. The weather is warm but I feel a bit shivery as I can feel my skin evaporating its liquids. This is clearly coming up.

T + 1:50 — The euphoria is getting stronger, my body feels just fine. The tension went away. No visuals yet. We finished the documentary and I feel like I want to do all the things in the world. At once. I am smiling, verbally active but it's not easy to form more complex sentences. We put on some psytrance which sounds alright but not as good as with MDMA. The culprit may lie in the el-cheapo speakers; higher pitch sounds are more pronounced.

T + 1:20 — It feels almost like MDMA but less directed. My mind is clear, nothing occupies it. I'd really like to go to a rave or do some physical activity but first of all I am curious if I could get my very first hallucinations if I concentrate. So I glance at the creeping-ivy infested wall and notice it breathing. Wow this is cool. I go out on the balcony and watch it waving while I light a cigarette. It doesn't feel good to smoke due to enhanced sensory input including smelling. It stinks in some way. Smoke is going up in the air like it was just a 2D layer on reality.

T + 1:25 — my friend came out too and we had a chat about what's going on. He has no visuals yet but mild euphoria. Well, it's different for everybody it seems. While I was looking at him as we talked, there were no noticeable distortions but as I look at the wall again and concentrate on turning the visuals back on and it works. I look at my friend again and it's off.

I wonder whether it gets any more intense because I got bored of it and I can feel the body load again in some form of tension

formed in my chest. Wouldn't call it anxiety since my mind is very relaxed.

T + 2:00 — It's dark outside, but being in the city the clouds are well lit as the start to form in the night sky. Some high altitude flights pass by and we notice the smaller stars sparkling next to the constantly bright bigger ones! This soon ends as more and more clouds gather so I continue to play with them instead. They just wave and breathe like the plants but when I move my eye, they morph slightly. I spend some time doing that but my eyes get tired after a few minutes of rolling them. I feel fine but now the tension seems to accompany me constantly which is annoying and there are no interesting visuals to divert my mind.

T + 1:50 — We go back inside to check out some artwork of Alex Grey. They seem more deep and more 3D, enjoyable. I lie down to check out those frequently mentioned closed eye visuals but to my disappointment nothing happens during those few minutes I try. I might have seen some patterns but I am not sure. I was expecting more here so I get back to the open eye visuals on clouds. Nope, it's still just the breathing and some color shift. Maybe I should have gone lost in it for a half an hour or so to get more pronounced things happening but It was hard and I felt more like chatting. We spent the rest of the evening discussing different topics and It was great. Not much empathy though, but I didn't have much on (tested) MDMA either.

T + 3:00 — I certainly feel like coming down. No OEVs¹ if I don't concentrate explicitly and the euphoria slowly subsides.

¹ Opened Eye Visuals (Shroomery).

² Closed Eye Visuals (Shroomery).

T + 3:30 — Less and less euphoria, but my friend is still high and he's getting the CEVs² so he is immersed in the music with closed eyes. I am lying on the couch and just enjoying music which could still make me dance. Now what's left for me is the stimulant effect of 2C-B, some restlessness.

T + 4:00 — I feel like being on baseline, no OEVs even if I try. I might be able to sleep at this point. My friend is still tripping with eyes closed. I tell him it's time for me to go home as I feel tired physically and developed an almost unnoticeable headache.

T + 4:30 — So I did and went to bed after having a few pieces of fruit and a glass of water. Slept with no problem. I don't remember having any dreams.

The next day

Woke up at 7 am feeling more tired mentally and physically than I usually do. Also the headache was still present. This lasted until I got my nice cup of cappuccino and popped a 200 mg Ibuprofen. Then on I feel fine, no aftereffects. I am maybe a bit more energetic around midday as I type this, no need for my regular second coffee.

Conclusion

2C-B wasn't as interesting as I expected it to be. I only got the visuals I've seen on films already like breathing, waving objects. Nothing that wasn't there or any significant morphing so it left me wanting more.

Some people get these from about 5 mg. I may be more tolerant so I think I may try a higher dose, like 25 mg or an entirely different setting, like a rave. On the contrary, a higher dose may increase the body

load and unacceptable level, I'm afraid. I have to do some digging on that before I try again.

Thanks for reading!

myrddral. "Breathing, Waving Objects: An Experience with 2C-B (exp104056)". Erowid.org. Apr 12, 2017. erowid.org/exp/104056



MUSHROOMS

Psychedelic

Does Not Mix with Cliff-Climbing...

Personal Data

User	Arthur B. Goodwill
Experience Year	2002
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	104 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Mushrooms	3.5 g	Oral
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I have learned from experience that mushroom trips rarely, if ever, end up congruent to pre-trip expectations. Prime example: when two good friends and I reached the incredibly beautiful Jolama Beach campsite on a secluded piece of the Pacific Coast with plans to put our respective eighths of mush madness to good use, I never expected that only a few short hours from then I would be hanging precariously from a cliff of crumbling rock and screaming desperately to my friends that I didn't want to die. But such is the nature of psychedelics.

The trip started out fine: we were lucky to get a campsite at all, considering the high demand of any campsites in the Santa Barbara area during the annual Fiesta Week. We had put ourselves on the waiting list the previous day and were incredibly excited to get one of the few remaining camp spots. We set up our tent and had good music ready for our post-mush return. A single backpack full of essentials was all that was brought with us on our trip; it contained peanut butter, spoon, pipe case, metal joint-holding tin, a

lighter, the mushrooms of course, and my friend Matt's 1969 steel Nikon camera.

We made our way down the beach and did not hesitate to break into the shrooms. Right before our intake, Matt expressed fear about what we were going to do, hinting at his uncertainty about this shroom trip, recalling past trips where he had gotten especially negative and had almost reached a snapping point. We reassured him and vowed that this was going to be nothing but positive energy. A secluded spot behind a jutting cliff of rock concealed our illegal activities, namely eating our eighths with peanut butter and lighting up our last remaining, and therefore appropriately fatty, road trip joint. We vowed to not bring any time telling devices, wanting the experience to stand as it was, free of the worry and constraints of time. After the J was finished we began running up the waterline of the beach, reveling in pre-trip expectation and excitement. After a while I realized that I couldn't feel my legs as they pounded into the soft sand of the beautiful beach. We slowed down a little as the shrooms really started to take effect,

antsy excitement replaced with dawning reverence and amazement.

A swim seemed prudent, so I stripped down to my boxers (my other friends, using appropriate foresight, had been wearing swim-compatible shorts) and we made our way into the shallow waves. Matt and I elected to go deeper than Seth was willing to and we ended up in near-shore breaking waves that completely engulfed us. Time in the water was floating in perpetual ecstasy, lulled by the gentle swell of the waves and sometimes, when we ventured further out, the violent crash of a breaking wave. Back to dry land, trying our towelless best to dry off. We made an adventure out of the experience then, seeing how far along the beach we could make it, adventurous marines on a parading journey of beach conquest.

I could vividly see my death, and Matt's words of brain bashing kept ringing through my head.

The mushroom's effect was only increasing: I realized that these shrooms were much stronger than the ones that I had been using the few prior trips. I was amazed by the beauty of the scenery, sun shimmering on the water, beautiful beach and cliff running along the water for as far as I could see. I kept gesticulating in all encompassing sweeps of the arm at the beauty that was almost too much for me. "Look at that sky! Can you believe that goddamn sky! How can we possibly deserve that?" I asked several times. Eventually, I felt I needed to just lay in the sand and lose it like I have only lost it once before: it was time to shirk language and constructive conscious thought, to revel

in my mad mindset and explore the maniacal realm of ego loss.

Unfortunately, this is exactly the time that Seth decided he needed to climb a cliff. He explained to Matt and me that he wanted to be above it, above all of this beauty. I have to explain to readers that I'm pretty damn scared of heights and a shitty climber to boot, so this didn't seem like a very good idea to me. Matt laughed at Seth's idea, then began outlining various scenarios in which someone attempting to climb the cliff would plummet to the jagged rocks below and bash out their brains on them, so I wasn't exactly reassured when Seth urged us to come with him and Matt agreed. I, of course, had to follow, not wanting to be (1) left deserted on the beach with no one else and (2) some sort of group pariah too scared to commit to a group challenge and risk.

Seth's sticklike figure scampered easily up the first part of the cliff face with no real difficulty, making it to the first plateau. Matt, too, was a good climber, and I followed his quick pace up the cliff, not really thinking about what I was doing. It wasn't until I came to a nearly vertical part of the climb that I managed to realize what the hell I was doing and exactly how high up I was. I was shaken but continued to climb until a large chunk of rock came off in one of my hands. This scared me incredibly, and I realized that the rock I was climbing was not stable, was damn far from it in fact.

"Matt," I called out, "I can't climb anymore man. This fucking rock is coming off on me!" Matt tried to reassure me, to talk me through the climb, but the fact was I couldn't do it. I could vividly see my death, and Matt's words of brain bashing kept

ringing through my head. I could imagine headlines and newspapers explaining how a bunch of crazy tweaked out kids thought how fun it would be to climb rocks and stupidly plummeted to their deaths. I felt like a weak, lame loser with no heart to overcome my fears. This plus Matt's positive verbal walkthrough of the climb helped me to muster the courage to, step-by-step, pull-by-pull make my way to the plateau. By then Seth had already reached the top. We continued to climb again, this time Matt spotting me in case I had any trouble. The last 10 feet of the climb were the worst for me. I was covered in dirt and dust that had cascaded down the rock, temporarily blinding me. A large piece of rock came off in my hand and Matt had to steady me or I would have fallen. Dirt and mud had assailed me, worms crawling around in the stuff hitting my face and getting in my mouth.

Finally, finally I made it to the top, to blessed stable horizontal ground. Now it was Matt's turn to make the final climb and I could imagine his death just as vividly as mine. However, he made it up rather easily with my help and we three stood triumphant on top of the cliff that we had conquered. How joyous it was! I was a dirty, disgusting looking disheveled mess but I felt so damn good about the climb and overcoming my fear that I just didn't give a damn.

We walked along the cliff back towards the campsite, enjoying the view and freedom of our elevated height. Eventually, we found an easy climb down the cliffs near the campsite and started to make our trek back down the beach towards the spot where we had left our backpack. I saw an old hippy looking man sitting in the sand with his dog enjoying the sunset. I real-

ized I must have looked like a mess, but he didn't seem to mind and neither did I. Seth and Matt kept remarking on how dirty I looked, so I took a swim, this time not bothering to take off my khaki shorts. We began to make our way to the camp and this is when I slipped into my first really negative shroom experience. For some reason I was certain that a boat sailing in the distance was watching us somehow, a police boat waiting for us to do something that we could be arrested for. I insisted on leaving the pipe case underneath some rocks and sand, it being the only illegal thing that we had brought with us that we hadn't consumed.

It took awhile, but my friends convinced me I was only being paranoid. I felt a little better about the situation, but extreme paranoia overcame me again when we talked with the hippy looking guy and for a second I almost believed that he was some sort of undercover police figure. Once again my paranoia had to be talked down and I felt like an asshole for being so dumb. I could tell my friends, especially Seth, were getting tired of reassuring me like I was a helpless child.

We made our way into the camp and I was forced to wash up in the bathroom since the showers only accepted quarters and I only had bills. In the bathroom I confronted my own stupidity, weakness, and paranoia and really came down on myself hard, way too hard. My feelings of weakness from the climb returned three-fold, all traces of pride and happiness from the mild accomplishment destroyed. I washed up and changed clothes, at least finally feeling in control of my personal facilities, yet still feeling really down. When I got back to our site, Matt and Seth were making preparations for sleep,

any idea of going back into SB to party drowned in exhaustion. I was almost completely down from the shrooms, but apparently Matt and Seth still had a ways to go. Matt laid in his sleeping bag moaning to himself while Blackalicious boomed out of our small cd player and the strange, soft, and compelling voice of the urban poet Cleopatra entranced us and probably weirded out our fellow campers, only a mere 5 feet away from us on either side.

Seth began laughing softly to himself, and then loudly. This continued for minutes and minutes, and had to definitely be either pissing off or scaring, or both, our fellow campers quiet little conversation circles around their tidy little fires. Matt was getting a little annoyed, and so was I for that matter. Matt felt uncomfortable and the psychological stuff was really hitting him hard, as I learned later. He talked about how he was never going to do shrooms again, and how we were all acting like hopeless maniacs.

Out of the blue, Seth quit his laughing, leapt to his feet, and said, "I'm leaving." He only made it as far as three feet outside, however, when he collapsed back into the tent, laughing even more. He told me later that he was planning on roaming the world from then on, that when he said "I'm leaving" he really meant that he was leaving forever. Matt left the tent then for a walk, and I was torn as to what to do. Leave Matt alone, or Seth? I decided that I would accompany Matt, as he was actually detaching himself from our property and wandering the campsite alone. I caught up with him and we made our way to lay on the beach, amazed by the incredible star filled sky above us, impossibly beautiful. I had never seen a sky like it before, and that wasn't the shrooms either, it was simply

brehtaking. I still had minor, minor visuals, such as certain stars swirling or dancing, but the psychological stuff was all gone.

Matt and I shared our thoughts and conclusions from the trip like we generally do after such an experience. I reflected on my momentary moment of weakness, a little ashamed by it but glad that it was such a slap in the face as to what actually could happen to me when dealing with shrooms, experience with psychedelics aside. It started getting a little cold so we made our way back to the tent. Seth was quiet when we go there but after about ten seconds of silence he said "hey guys, I've found enlightenment" and continued laughing like a madman. He was a little more under control, and I even managed to talk to him a little bit later about what he was thinking, and his continued mushroom trip, continuing hours after mine despite the fact that he didn't consume his entire eighth. The man is incredibly sensitive to the stuff, I've learned.

Well, that's about it. I drifted off to sleep content with my experience, knowing I learned a valuable lesson of my own fragile psyche, but disappointed that my untimely paranoia interfered with what otherwise would've been a great time. This lesson helped me six days later, when I took the plunge with five grams of the stuff. What utter great madness!

Arthur B. Goodwill. "Does Not Mix with Cliff-Climbing...: An Experience with Mushrooms (exp16970)". Erowid.org. Dec 23, 2003. erowid.org/exp/16970

Being Led to the Heart of the Question

Personal Data

User	91
Experience Year	2002
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	82 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Mushrooms	0.125 oz	Oral
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It was near the end of the summer after my senior year of college, and I had important decisions about life to make: whether to stay around school and risk getting tied down or to move West and bum around for a while. It was one of my last weekends with my friends from school, and I was faced with the ire of saying ‘Have a good life’ to dozens of my closest friends. Still, I had a positive outlook about life, and I was having a shitload of fun just existing cut off from my parents, working and supporting myself for the first time. After a summer of trying futilely to get away and do some drugs with friends, my friend Syph snagged some shrooms.

We found a weekend to go up to a cabin owned by our university. It was myself, two of my best friends from college (Syph and Clock), and a really good friend I had gotten to know well that summer (Sugar). A mutual friend of everyone came up with us to enjoy nature and ended up being our sitter (Dummer).

After arriving late at night, we waited until the next afternoon to eat them. There was

a threat of some showers in the morning, but by lunch the skies were blue, warm, and sunny. We were hoping to catch some stars at the tail end of it eating them at around 4:00, but we had to be leaving that night for a 2 hour drive, and just before 2:00 my friend Clock said ‘We’re wasting a beautiful afternoon. Let’s go.’

We divvied up the shrooms, an eighth each. Everyone ate 2/3 to 3/4 of their dose then. We got our stuff together, and played frisbee for a while in the sun. The onset was very quick - within ten or fifteen minutes me and Sugar got a slight stoned feeling. It could have just been a beauty high, though, because it was so gorgeous out, and we were up in the mountains on a perfect summer day.

It’s difficult now to remember what happened the next half-hour. We had decided beforehand to go to an area of the river where there was a stone beach and some boulders and rapids to wade across. When we got there, there were some families in the water, and we just didn’t feel good about it as a setting. We decided

after some confused looking around to go up the river to another place, where there were fewer people, but more rocks and ledges to jump off of into the river. I was leery about having all that dangerous terrain to deal with, but we had little choice. The spot was a ten minute walk, and the skin on my legs was starting to feel that creepy crawly feeling I get at the beginning of trips. I practically ran, leading everyone to the new spot through the woods, it felt like a race against my mind to get there before I got too high to find my way.

We finally got to the rocks, (T + 0:40) which were catching so much sun now. We laid our towels down on one of them. I laid out a quilt that my grandmother had made me before I went to college, it was hundreds of squares of a full spectrum of colors, and I was hoping it would be interesting to have while tripping. I had no idea. I immediately ran for the ledges that overlooked the river; I had been here many times before and I wanted to get one jump into the river before the drugs hit too hard. I went up to the ledges, where a half-dozen teenagers were daring each other to jump. I stepped off naturally, felt the cold sting of the water — all quite natural sensations. Getting out of the water, I went up to the ledge with Syph and Sugar, with Dummer (the sitter). We sat at the top in the sun, looking into the water.

The teenagers were still there, and we started off talking reasonably enough, but after a half-hour or so our discussion was wandering into weird territory. My mind started wandering around, analyzing the fact that we were starting to act high in front of strangers yet nobody felt able to move, or staring at nothing for a while. Clock eventually joined us.

I was looking down at the water, assuming the first visuals would come from the ripples in the water. It was only when I looked away from the water that I saw them (in fact, I didn't get any visuals from the water beyond occasional tracers the entire trip). By this time (T + 1:15) I was beginning to appreciate beauty, and the scene I was in was overwhelming me with it: The sound of whooshing cars on a highway above, trees lining the banks, a mountain river flowing by 20 feet below our dangling feet, a warm breeze blowing cumulus clouds into cream puffs as it coursed over the mountains and up our valley. Even though we were out of direct sight of the beach, I could hear children playing around the river bend, I could smell pine tar in the air. I looked down into the endless detail of the granite around me, and it was strewn with pine needles in random, yet orderly positions on the ground. It was like looking at a fractal, and the needles started to flow, as if drawn by strange attractors all over the 3-dimensional surface of the rock.

Syph said, 'look at those clouds' right about then, and Dina was transfixed to a cliff face across the river with her mouth wide open. All this time, sitting on the ledge, I had been thinking about jumping off again, since I had warmed up sitting in the sun. We were all noticing that we were getting some weird looks from the teenagers, but everyone was too rocked by the drug's onset to go back to our towels, a three-minute walk over uneven rocks. I decided to by-pass the whole issue by jumping in again -- it was only a minute or so by swimming, and I wanted to jump again anyway.

It was awesome! The drug was well into the upswing by now (T + 1:40?), and the

fall was a freeze-framed instant that was jolted away only by the cold of the water closing over my head. I found quickly that I could still swim fine, and went to the top. On the way up from the depths, I notice an awareness change. I usually stayed out of the darker deep reaches of this river, just for a fear of the blackness and rocks down there. As I was under, I noticed a beautiful green glow of the sun coming through the water, and felt very nice about being here. Just for a split second, though, I may not have even realized its importance at that time. I treaded water until I started getting tired, then headed for the rocks.

I came out onto a small boulder. It was covered in bird droppings, which ran in white streaks as the water from my trunks hit them and ran down the rock. I stood, transfixed by the chalky trickles below me, and watched them absorb into the rocks and run across them for a long time. My friends had started slowly coming back from the ledge, and Syph stopped on the same rock, watching the water bugs swarm across the still water at the river bank. I began exploring the rock area, walking into a secluded gully and seeing a rock that looked like a viper leer ominously at me. I stepped on it, and watched lichens on rocks, or patterns in granite, or the trees and cliffs across the way. It was as if I was looking for a door, a stimulus to throw the trip wide open. I think at this point I was beginning to peel back the layers guarding the subconscious. I was having fun, but there were no cathartic feelings at that point.

I had planned to eat the last of my portion when I began to peak, and I sat down on my grandmother's quilt to eat them, with Dina and Clock doing the same. We smoked a j, and I was babbling about

something when Clock said '91, what's the difference between the first and second jump?' You see, I have a theory about the relative altruism of people who jump off cliffs into water that I had told Clock about after my first jump.

'Well,' I said, 'The first jump is completely chemical-induced. Your brain sends out messages craving adrenaline, and seeing a safe way to attain it here. It's like, 'I've got to jump!' Now, the second jump,' I continued, 'is for the love. You've got your adrenaline fix, you are already refreshed, now it's like 'I love to jump!' '

Clock paused for a second or two (~T + 2:30), then looked up thoughtfully, saying 'So what's the third jump all about?'

'Well, I don't know — guess it's...I never thought of it...' I said.

'Maybe you should find out,' said Syph.

I was driven. I had found my door, although I didn't know it at the time. All I felt was a pull to the ledge. It didn't stop me from exploring a bit on the way, but I got to the cliff top in only a few minutes. There was a crowd of normal 20-something people up there now. I hesitated, not liking the looks of this and knowing I should probably go back down out of sight, but I had to know what the third jump was all about. I stepped up to the edge, but there was a line forming, and I had to get in line. I imagine the look on my face was a cross of intense curiosity and social fear. I didn't like this one bit, but I had to jump that third time.

I sailed through the air on a cushion, hitting the water only feet away from the guy who went before me. I stayed under for a second longer, going a little deeper and

letting myself float in the muffled, chilling aqua. I swam into the middle of the river, out of the shadows of the shore, and let myself sink down. It got colder and darker, but a meter or so down everything became a wavey, deep cyan. I felt like a womb, only so much colder. I felt like I was protected completely and exclusively down here, only the sound of the rushing river around me. I was perfectly isolated. I could feel the heat of the sparkling sunlight, even though the water around me was only 65 degrees.

I reached a Nexus. The minute I felt it, I realized I had only felt this nexus once before, the first time I shroomed one afternoon on the Gulf of Mexico with the sun blazing and the surf breaking at our feet, I had lived a lifetime with a beautiful, bronze, young, and hot trip buddy. I was there again, but I was too happy to analyze it; I was home once again. I think it's something with me about the wetness, the texture of the water, the muffled sounds of a crowd or the underwater world, the warmth of the sun, and maybe the touch of human flesh that brings feelings of absolute comfort and content because of the tactile similarities to the womb. And every time I came up for air, it felt like I was being reborn.

The water was getting cold, and I swam to the opposite shore. There was a little outcrop of chair sized rocks, and nobody else there. I knew that this was the perfect place to explore now that I was peaking (~+2:50). I plastered my cold body against the biggest flat rock, feeling the cold leave my skin. The sunlight dancing across the little wavelet tops made everything in my view sparkly, and the ledge I had just jumped down from (for the third time) was beginning to take the shape of a frog.

Across the water, I watched my friends. Syph was perched on the birdshit rock, contemplating waterbugs. Sugar was wandering in the woods down different paths, and Clock was still milling around the bags in his usual fidgety fashion. Dummer was a rock downriver from them laying flat in the sun, attempting to take a light nap underneath the sunny skies. A sparrow flew by overhead, and I watched it go so fast that it left a streak that went off into infinity.

You can imagine my joy when I found a wallet washed up on the rocks. This was perfect! All these things about a person, in this case little Timothy H. I went through his cards: A junior high student ID, a gun club membership card, and some other stuff. I yelled to Syph about the wallet. He called out, 'Is there any money in it?' It hadn't even occurred to me to look. The true treasure was the mind trip of finding out stuff about a total stranger's life.

Syph was holding up a bowl with my weed in it, and even though it tore me to leave my secret exploring place, I didn't want them to smoke it without me. I slowly waded out into the now-frigid waters. I went under a couple times, but it was too cold and I had to keep my head above water most of the way. I pulled myself out of the water still glowing from my experiences in the water and across the river, and we all smoked the bowl of kind. I began hiking toward the ledge, but it must've taken me half an hour to get there, with all the detours I took for exploring little nooks of the woods. I sat on the back side of it, looking down the path I had come up. I wanted to jump again, but I was too cold, so I sat in the sun. Sugar joined me, then Syph and Clock.

There was only one local left, a 27ish woman on the other side of the ledge. She appeared to be waiting for her boyfriend, who was swimming. We talked about her cursorily because she looked at us very long and weird, like she knew something was wrong with the picture, but didn't know what and didn't care to ask. We all told each other what we had seen, and I was talking about the ledge turning into a frog, and the viper rock. I began to feel very megalomaniacal, like I was in control suddenly. I said 'my mind can do anything right now!' Clock told me to move the bridge that we could see down the river. I couldn't do it right away, but sure enough the next time I looked at it, it was stretching towards me.

Syph has a very squishy nose, and he often makes people feel it just to understand its level of mushiness. We have rules when tripping -- no touching, no splashing, no following, no fucking around with anyone. I announced that I wanted to break the rule to touch Syph's nose, and he was fine with that. As I smushed the cartilage mass down, his facial features suddenly sprouted. He has very heavy brows, a big nose, and a large jaw. I looked at him, and all those features grew out in relief. Everyone else was looking at him, and we started laughing at Syph's face. Syph was also laughing. Clock said, 'Syph, you're kinda weird looking, huh?'

Now, Syph was kind of weird looking, but he had once been called one of the 10 sexiest guys in America on some newsgroup poll, so it wasn't a bad weird. But now, he just looked very Neatheral-ish. I told him so, but not in a bad way. Everyone laughed, we had a group laugh, prompting another look from the girl. It startled us to remember she was there. 'Oh, I forgot she was

there,' said Syph. I said, 'Oh, I saw her before.' 'We all saw her before,' said Clock, 'we just forgot.' Indeed, we had completely forgotten. I looked down at Dummer, who was a smallish figure sprawled on the rock 50 yards downriver. I stared at him, and tried to make the rock swallow him. Not out of malice, but just because it was fun to do. It began to bubble up around him, and seemed to vaporize at the edges and begin to waft over him like a cloudy lens or a slight gray fog. Then, he and the rock turned into sharp shapes, and degenerated into a paint-by-numbers, with Dummer just a few tan slivers in the whole gray jumble of the rocks.

I sat for a while longer, but the sun was now shaded, and I felt like I wasn't in the place I wanted to be. I went back to the bags, put on a turtleneck, and found a notepad and pen in someone's bag. I sat down and looked out over the water, all alone on the rock. I sat on my grandmother's quilt, and it just seemed so comfortable and warm, I didn't ever want to leave. I began to flash back to my first trip, on a Florida beach. I saw the blazing sun, the eons of waves in front of my disembodied legs, my trip buddy's smooth bronze body next to me.

I curled up under the quilt, the light showing through it, engulfing my world in every color of square. I felt a distinct red warmth come over me, and a comfort that was just like the best feelings of family. And I wanted to go into the water, but it was too cold. I just started writing:

'That nexus. The water keeps calling me back. It was like a womb ... a cold womb — aqua, the light playing above — I felt so perfect.' Looking at the pad now, the handwriting goes from scratchy, and becomes more and more flowing until it is almost

cursive, 'Like I was part of the water. I want to be there again. Like on the Gulf of Mexico with the sun so HOT, then cold.' The handwriting suddenly becomes very straight, yet messy; almost maniacal, I remember feeling intense feelings of sexuality here, 'And Koala there — like a dune of bronze flesh just rising out in so perfect a beachscape, saying 'NOW IT'S PERFECT.'" This was an intense flashback to my first trip, but it ends just as abruptly, in once again flowing handwriting: 'Like the water. I want to go in the water again.'

As I was treading there, I realized that the river and the blanket were the two fighting parts of my life – the blanket was trying to hold me back home, the water was like the cold, but wonderful, sting of a new start.

The writing ends here, because I ran off my little rock into the water at this point (~T + 3:30). The cold could be damned, this was where I had to be. I swam into the middle, and I promised myself not to come out because of simple cold. It was not exploratory like the last time, this fourth jump. I was mature, it was coming back to an old friend, it was a rebirth. I swam around in an intense state of euphoria, shrieking with audible pleasure every time I came up for air, screaming underwater from a core of contentment that was so much better than the forced happiness of MDMA. I swam and swam, letting myself sink into the black, floating on my back as the sun warmed my stomach and face. I began feeling megalomania, yelling back to my friends that I could pitch a no-hitter right now (like Doc Ellis).

As I was treading there, I realized that the river and the blanket were the two fighting parts of my life — the blanket was trying to hold me back home, the water was like the cold, but wonderful, sting of a new start. I yelled out, 'I'm torn between nostalgia and rebirth!' to anyone who was around to listen. It was everything I had felt for the last year in a sentence. That calmed me down a bit, but I couldn't leave the water yet. I went near the opposite shore, looking at the little secret place I had found, shivering violently. I had been in the water so long that I couldn't feel my feet or control the shivering. My friends were getting concerned, and I felt like I had proved to myself that I was willing to put up with hardship to find new horizons.

I returned to my bag (~T + 4:30), putting on the warm clothes I had brought. I wrapped myself in the quilt, feeling that it no longer conflicted with my desires. I took out the pad of paper, and began to write again.

'In our bodies we took refuge curled up in a sea of time — no, curled up against a sea of time.

So hard

So wonderful

like all these blessed rebirths today. So wonderful to have just ... passed these ages together. These long, desperate journeys between.' I looked up at my friends, because that line was meant for them. They were up on the ledge again, looking out at the water and the sky. I wanted very much to share the rest of the trip with them, but every time I had travelled the same path up the ledge that day, it had taken me so much time because I was distracted by different sights along the

way. The discovery process that had been so fun at the beginning of the trip was now seeming daunting. I wanted to be there, but I didn't want to go there, and it was another life metaphor suddenly, as I wrote: 'Like twilight for the soul. We start out craving the journey, but we end up regretting its distractions. We haven't the energy to try out new things any more.' This last sentence was written in a desperately quick scribble, because it was so upsetting I just wanted to be done with it.

I started walking back to the ledge with the notebook in hand. I didn't avoid the sights along the way, but noticed that they were all familiar. I had passed these spots so many times that day, the visions they produced were like old friends. I stopped to say 'hi,' but I didn't need to spend the time meeting them all over again.

I got up to the ledge and sat with my friends. We were all beginning to come down now. While most people hate the denouement of the mushroom trip, I've always enjoyed it. We sat there, talking about our trips and watching the sunset reflect off the clouds. Mostly, though, we just sat there silently, smoking a bowl or two to deal with the comedown and enjoying the tracers that were coming out of the colors of sunset and the flocks of geese flying by. I said to them, 'I'm going to miss you guys.' I meant it like I had meant few things in my life. I felt a tear streak down my cheek, and wiped it away quickly. It wasn't a tear of sadness, I was quite content at the moment. It was just a little outlet of all the emotion that had coursed through my body all that day.

We walked back to the cabin in the graying twilight (~T + 6:00). I was horribly cracked out, and the kind bud wasn't helping. I was more tired than I could ever remember

being. Other people staying at the cabin had started a fire, and I just sat by that, still off baseline, looking up at the stars from the confines of my own little world. It would take 15 hours of sleep to get back to baseline after that trip, but it was worth every bit of it. The insight that I gained on that trip has been with me ever since.

91. "Being Led to the Heart of the Question: An Experience with Mushrooms (exp17787)". Erowid.org. Dec 5, 2003. erowid.org/exp/17787



Dying Melting Into Earth Fear and Comfort

Personal Data

User	Phantasmagoria
Experience Year	2014
Age at Time	28
Gender	Female
Body Weight	66 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Mushrooms	3 g	Oral
	Cannabis	20	Smoked
	Salvia apiana	20	Smoked
	Lavandula spp.	20	Smoked

Individual Profile: Female, 28 years of age, about 140 pounds. Active and fit, practicing yoga and dance daily. No prescription drugs for the past year. 10+ years experience with marijuana. Much of my lifestyle is a spiritual one, practicing meditation, shamanism, and divination (tarot cards), and offering and teaching these skills and gifts professionally to varying degrees. I believe in, and spend time with, animal spirits and plant spirits on a regular basis. I have belief in faeries and have experienced OBE¹ and bilocation² in hypnosis. I seek to embody authenticity consistently, embrace the flow in, around, and through me, and be the best myself I can be by experiencing my life fully and with intent and gratitude.

Dose size taken: about 3 grams of dried mushrooms. I was informed by a reliable experienced person that they were particularly fine looking specimens

Method of ingestion: oral

My experience with psilocybin mushrooms was prefaced by many years of

anticipation, intense fascination and draw, and curiosity; I am presently age 28, and have been researching psychedelic experiences, specifically of the mushroom but also of other Earth-grown substances like Ayahuasca, Peyote, and Datura, since my teenage years, including extensive reading on texts by psychedelic pioneers like Terence McKenna, reading experiences, science, philosophy, shamanistic accounts, and so on. I had also discussed my interest with various people who have had extensive experience in the psychedelic realm, and I finally felt ready to accept the journey. I believe that much of my fear that kept me from going on the journey when I was younger stemmed from a faulty belief that, due to some family history with schizophrenia, that I would somehow ‘slip’ into eternal madness (the result of being negative programmed by the many lies of anti-drug propagandists that we all know and love). After I realized this was not the case, partially due to inner work (realizing how I had been programmed to believe lies that have been designed to keep me back, and conquering these inner hurdles), partially due to my extensive research

¹ Out of body experience.
² Bilocation, or sometimes multilocation, is an alleged psychic or miraculous ability wherein an individual or object is located (or appears to be located) in two distinct places at the same time (Wikipedia).

that assuaged these fears as being unsubstantiated, especially for someone with as much intent to grow spiritually and mundanely, as well as ‘psychedelic’ experiences I have had induced by means other than substances (through practices like yoga, and by spiritual means, specifically certain beings that I believe are directly connected to the spirit of the mushroom. I believe that these experiences were ‘trial runs’ for the experience to be described in the following).

In many ways I feel that my experience both lived up to, and fell short of, the way that I envisioned it to be like. To qualify that last statement: The experience fell short in that I imagined myself experiencing, and wanted to experience, an interaction with the Earth and living kingdoms on a mass physical scale, something like a dual astral/physical experience. However, after my journey as it was, I realize that I did not actually have to have that experience, and that I in fact was able to connect with Life and the energy of the Earth and her life forms in a way that was direct, immediate, and just as far-reaching as if I had, say, had an astral flight experience into the layers of the planet down to the center.

A couple of days beforehand I had been at a festival, surrounded by good vibes and lots of creative and loving energy. On the last day of the festival we were informed that one of the attendees had passed away of natural causes. I did not know him, but was affected nonetheless, as my community is a tight-knit one that shares a lot of love for each other. As such, I had been thinking a lot about death and life, and love beyond this mortal, material plane.

My intents for taking the dose, according to my notebook that I kept while I was traveling, were as follows:

‘To allow the inner voice to tell me why I am here, or whatever wisdom it wants to impart into me. I want to become more aware of my path. I would like to learn whatever truths/techniques I can to better be able to communicate my needs and be comfortable living in harmony with those around me.’

‘connection with all that is
mystical and magical experience
sensory increase
inhale love
exhale gratitude’

T + 0:00 — I decided to go on the journey alone, after being assured by a person who I trust that doing so would be safe for a person like myself. My partner was waiting for me within ear’s distance away at our campsite, and I instructed him that if I needed help, I would shriek my flute very loudly. I walked a few minutes and found a beautiful old tree, a ‘mother tree’ with exposed roots. I sat down on some moss nearby and lit some sage and lavender to bless and clear the space, created a crystal grid, and relaxed for a while before I decided to start eating. The mushroom was delicious to my taste — nutty, robust, earthy. I do love culinary mushrooms though. I ate one cap, and one stem, leaving the second cap and stem for later. I wrote, ‘I am entering into this with receptivity and humility.’ I then relaxed and waited, and observed the colors of my pants and crystals, pondered whether the ‘dreamlike truth of reality would become more malleable, apparent, and workable.’

I noticed that in my crystal grid, my specimen of bismuth that is shaped like a ziggurat decided to lay itself facing down, and I noted the metaphor of 'going inward to the earth.' As above, so below.

T + 0:20 — I am feeling a bit slow and body aware, but not compelled to move and shift like I tend to do, as a dancer. A little woozy, but only very slight. I packed a bowl of marijuana, sage, and lavender, and smoke a little. At this point, my sense of hearing is heightening, and I become aware of the 'silence and hum' in between everything.

The hum slowly becomes more loud, and it is multi sensory. There begins an inner heat rising, but it is different from the kind of inner heat produced during a yoga practice, but I am not sure how. The smoke out of my bowl tastes almost exactly like it did over 10 years ago when I first began smoking marijuana. It is lush.

At this point, time is lost to me.

I played for a while with my flutes and tarot cards, listened to the birds and the trees, and just enjoyed being a forest creature.

At some point I felt directed to put most of my crystals away, and only leave out a couple of ones in particular.

I decide to play my flutes — my wooden recorder style first, and this is very pleasurable. I played my flute for the birds and the trees, and noted how different sounds resonated in my body differently. I made some melodies, some sad, some happy.

I then decided to take out my silver flute. As I opened the case, the vibrations from the flute began even before I began putting it together. It rang, and sang, just by being.

The ringing became all-encompassing. At this point I am feeling very connected to everything that surrounds, the 'all' — as though everything were a huge spider web, made of silken energy strings. I feel the twangs and pings from all around and I decide to assemble the flute and play. It's truly magical. I am overwhelmed with gratitude for the gift of this flute, and I remember when I first received it from my mother as a child. Overcome with gratitude and a little bit of sadness that I have disrespected and ignored the flute for many years, but I do not regret it, as it still sounds as beautiful as ever, and the present time is all that matters.

Throughout sitting on this patch of moss I also connected with my Tarot cards, and I felt in communication with them in a way that I haven't before - more of a trust. My hands and eyes decided to interact with them in a certain way, and the images shown to me helped to direct me and reassure me. There is no question in my mind that the messages I am receiving from the cards must be heeded. I know on a very deep level that the cards are one of my gifts, for they contain all of the mundane and spiritual experiences that a human can have. They speak to me louder now, and upon seeing a card show itself to me, I know that I am being presented with a powerful message: a mirror, a guiding direction, a suggestion, a symbol. My hands intuitively know what to do with them. Each card has a different energy, and together the deck is teeming with power and energy. The cards themselves interact with each other while they are together, as well.

I wrote in my notebook:

'I have a thought — I could get used to feeling this flow — the gifts of what I possess

— harmonious — awake — friends with all who come in my path — capable — then I remember — I have no choice — this is it — this is me — I have a choice — I have no choice — I am watching — I am creating — buzzing ringing’

I noticed a thought loop happening and got out of it. This is when the open eyed visuals began, as a bending and melting. I made some notes in my notebook — some poetry, and some unfinished sentences and thoughts, always the end of the sentence missing that indicated some kind of ego thought. I am beginning to lose track of my feelings and thoughts, just following directions.

Throughout the trip I resigned myself to receiving instructions from my inner voice and my objects. I was moved to walk down to the bottom of the small hill and pray to the tree. I cried here. My crying was mostly about lamenting the reality of my existential situation — being here, the gratitude I have, accepting the truth that my life is in my hands but being overwhelmed at the responsibility, the sheer responsibility of having the keys to my own happiness. The climb just seemed so tall back up to the top of the little hill (It was in reality about an 8 ft climb, very minor). My mind made up a story in which I was a mother who, in navigating her own experience, somehow lost one or more of her children in some kind of passing moment — maybe while out foraging for food, child is swept away by a river...I experienced this, and experienced the tragic realization once the ‘point of no return’ happens, as in when someone sees a horrible thing happening at a distance that they know that they cannot remedy or stop, because there is no time to get from here to there, or it is out of the person’s power.

I cried at helplessness. I cried at the foot of motherdom (the Earth, my own mother, and all mothers that have ever been) and asked humbly for strength and fortitude in all that was to come.

At some point I realized that the crying was not going to accomplish much after a certain point, and remembered to stop once I was done. At this point the material boundaries between myself and the dirt and forest floor were melting. I put my hands in the dirt, asking permission psychically to proceed, as though I were giving a deep tissue massage or having a sexual experience with someone new. The bugs and spiders crawled around and the fabric of everything was one — I melted into the dirt, comforted and embraced by it, and I remembered the cycle of life, imagining myself becoming one with the forest floor. After a prayer session I turned into a lizard for a couple of minutes, and ate a stick just as an actual lizard would eat a cricket or bug. A piece of the stick fell out of my mouth like a little buggy leg. It felt like the most natural thing in the world, and I was grateful for imparting a part of this soil into my body. I am not sure how long I was here, but after a certain point I packed up and moved on to a new spot.

I found myself in this new spot and didn’t know where I was. Nightfall was coming. I became afraid, not only because somehow I was no longer at the mother tree, but because my shouts on the flute and with my voice back to my partner were not being responded to. My compass on my phone did not make sense, and because of the lack of cell service there was no way to contact anyone. The cell compass not making sense was one of the primary reasons that, at this point I

began at this point to experience the fear that I was dying. I knew I was still alive, but was ‘transitioning,’ and wanted to do whatever I could to communicate with my loved ones before I left. I wanted to call my mother, my partner, and one of my yoga teachers, but knew it wasn’t possible. In fact, not even much was possible. I seemed to have little control over my motor functions besides being able to make contact with a couple of things, my bowl and tarot cards two of them. I could put my things away, but couldn’t really use them. My pen was missing. I knew that it wasn’t the time to use any of these things, and so...

I resigned myself to becoming one with the soil again. My efforts to place myself in the material realm and make my last contacts were not working, so I essentially took this opportunity to perform final rites on myself. I took stock of my objects, and imagined myself passing on there, leaving a body and backpack, my earthly belongings that were most precious to me. I imagined my partner being left with my car and large objects. I thought about my mother, and tried to reassure her from beyond that I was okay, and that I could not be more grateful for the life I was given.

In this state I curled up and said goodbye to the world. Much of this time was filled with considerable fear, and I did a lot of ‘shadow hiding’ to protect myself against energies that I perceived as looking for me — that is, other-plane beings that, although not threatening to my safety or life, they were not of completely benevolent intent and I was in no state to deal with them, especially in this most holiest of times of passing on. In these points I was very much in a state where laying low and staying put seemed like a better idea. I did a lot of crying, and shared a lot of gratitude for

my life, my parents, and my earth mother. I gave myself Reiki, blessed my body, and focused on my breathing, the breathing of the earth and everything that surrounds, accepting my place and my fate.

At this point things become really inarticulate. I came to the conclusion that death and life were the same, and that everyone dies at many points in their life, and that if I were to wake up as myself but in another plane of existence in which the world that I was familiar with already, as in the year 2014, my loved ones, and possessions besides that which I had with me at the moment, would cease to be, and the next people I would meet would also be living in a world of semi-amnesia and it would be fairly easy for me to reconstruct a new life in this new world, although I would miss my family and friends. I felt a little bit like the characters on the TV show LOST, where I was somehow placed in this spot in the universe, and I knew that at any time it could shift, and I could be trust into or out of any number of different time/space locations, and I should just get used to it being that way. I resign myself to the unpredictability and mystery of existence.

I might have fallen asleep, because at some point I woke up and decided that I was still existing.

I might have fallen asleep, because at some point I woke up and decided that I was still existing. At this time of coming to some sort of consciousness again,

‘It seems I am lost in the woods, not too far from my campsite. I feel safe but confused. My earlier calls to [partner] didn’t get a response. I have food and water. I said my

prayers. I learned a lot. Not sure which way to go... it is 10 pm, May 19, 2014. Monday... it is chilly, but definitely warm enough to sustain. [Partner] is probably sleeping. I miss him. I spent a while praying for help, thinking I was dying. I lay down and showed my appreciation for all in my life who I love. I believe I am lost in the woods. I called for aid, but it seems I am just here. I have learned when this happens at night to stay put — I am off my trail and be still like rock — morning will come — I wish I was at my tent/car/with my [partner].’

Writing these things I knew that I was coming back down to earth and I remembered my logical faculties. Upon reading them again, the repetition of my condition to my notebook is apparent. I was definitely putting a lot of energy into remembering the very basics of what I knew, or ‘that which I know to be true.’

I then at some point decided that my best choice would be not to stay put anymore, but to walk with my headlamp on and look for my initial spot. The most important motivation for this was that, at this point, if my partner hadn’t come to look for me, that he probably wouldn’t, and so the only way for me to find my way out without making a huge unnecessary scene (such as screaming or something — I was in good weather, with water, and food, and close to the trail head, so definitely not in need of immediate assistance) was to walk.

A few steps away was the path I had taken in, and it was just up to me now to choose which way to walk. I followed the direction that was shown to me by one of my objects, and lo and behold a few steps on, and I found my crystal bag that I didn’t even know I’d lost. I knew I was on the right path.

I soon came out of the trail head and saw my partner’s fire burning in the distance. At this point it was about 5 hours after I had begun taking the dose. Afterglow lasted for about an hour. The first thing I did when I encountered my partner was give him a hug and establish a safe zone where I could express the intensity of what I had experienced. I told him how much I loved him, and I felt compelled to explain to him some of the highlights, both what I would label ‘positive’ and ‘negative’ aspects of the experience. I did some work cooking a meal on the fire, but generally felt still, and was OK making a minimal, slow effort, more so than usual. This was, for one, because I was still transitioning back and wanted to be ‘cared for,’ but at the same time didn’t see the need in exhausting too much energy. The feeling of everything being Okay, that I was taken care of, was all-pervading, and I didn’t seem to care so much about little things that would normally bother me.

At some point throughout the journey, I buried the second half of the dose in the dirt. I felt that it was not my time to eat it, and didn’t want to take it with me. I was directed to do this by a higher voice. It was at once an offering and an acceptance that it might be a while again before I take a mushroom dose again. It also might not be a long time, but the particular specimen that remained informed me without much question that it wanted to be in the dirt, unconsumed. I would definitely go on the journey again in my life, and if I do, I will go about it a little bit differently. I would like to experience it with someone else, first of all (not each subsequent time, but I do believe that I want to experience it with another soul to experience

the differences). I would also go into it with the intent to create, and record my creations somehow — record music playing or dancing, write in such a way that is more visionary and less about chronicling step-by-step experiences. Now that I have an understanding of how I experience the world on mushrooms, I would go into future experiences with a better idea of what I would like to do on a material level that might provide for an interesting or pleasurable experience, and I would also tend to be more experimental and receptive. I would definitely go into it with more joy and camaraderie, whether with others, or with myself, or with the mushroom itself — this virgin voyage was conducted somewhat ‘in secret.’

Although some of my experience was quite harrowing, I learned an immense amount.

My understanding of reality, consciousness, and the interconnectivity of all things was reinforced. I was reminded of the love that I possess inside of me. I was reminded of my gratitude. I took stock of my life and found a deep peace and acceptance. I regained my faith in my inner voice, and cleared out many of the cobwebs that clouded that voice for me. I realized forgiveness, and forgave myself for my past transgressions, and forgave my loved ones for theirs. I found a new level of fascination with and admiration for the Earth and for my gifts and talents.

Much of my experience was characterized by my movement being ‘guided’ by another force. I am a dancer and movement artist, and a teacher of movement meditation, and so my awareness of my body was something that remained pronounced to me. A good way of describing this would be that the path of least resistance became

apparent to me, such that at times there was only one real ‘option’ for a way to move. My body literally flowed through everything as though in a current. Yet, at the same time, I definitely made choices. In retrospect it seems as though there were points in which I had a choice, and followed my whimsy, and there were points in which I did not have a choice, but rather had to obey the surrounding forces. Sometimes my experience would halt until I followed the implied direction — that is, my body literally would not allow me to move in a certain way against the way I was ‘supposed’ to be going.

I still have questions, and I know that I will until my spirit is ready to truly transition on to the next plane, but I do feel as though what I was seeking with this virgin trip, I found. I am in awe of my plant and fungus allies and excited to learn more from them in the future, but also more excited about my own life as I live it. I do feel as though I was given a glimpse of the truth of existence and what God and Love are, and only have my memories of it. Now I accept the responsibility of cultivating that knowledge, egolessness, and flow on my own.

Phantasmagoria. “Dying Melting Into Earth Fear and Comfort: An Experience with Mushrooms (exp103491)”. Erowid.org. Oct 10, 2020. erowid.org/exp/103491



Enter the Lifeforce: Ascent to Enlightenment

Personal Data

User	Xorkoth
Experience Year	2002
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	66 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Mushrooms	1.75 g	Oral
T + 1:04	Cannabis		Smoked

This one in particular is about my first trip on anything truly psychedelic, which happened to be mushrooms. It happened long ago, so I'll include as much detail as I can remember.

First, a little background information. This happened about four years ago, when I was eighteen. Up to this point, my drug history was as follows: I had been smoking a lot of weed since my seventeenth birthday, as well as cigarettes, been drunk many, many times (hey, I was a freshman at college!), taken Coricidin¹ for DXM about ten times (oops...my biggest and only drug regret...I didn't know any better then), and MDMA twice. Bour Coricidin: I found out later how horribly, horribly bad it was for me. I still feel the effects on my brain sometimes, after the last time I did it when I think I may have been close to death. Anyway, this is not about that, it is about psilocybin mushrooms...

The setting: myself, my best friend B, and some other friends, J, A, and someone else I barely knew, had been planning to take these mushrooms for several days, in J's

dorm room. I was so excited I could barely contain myself; I'd wanted to really trip for quite some time. At about 3:00 in the afternoon we got the mushrooms, which were stark white with blue bruising. After subsequent mushroom trips, I realized that these must have a different strain than standard cubensis².

T + 0:00 — I ate approximately 1.75 grams in the form of a strange mushroom with three caps and a fat, nasty stem, while my friends B and J each ate around 2.5, as it was also their first time. My friend A ate the whole 3.5, as he'd done it many times before. I was nervous but excited; probably because of this more than anything, I felt alerts within minutes, a crazy lightheadedness that was a precursor of things to come. After about fifteen minutes, I got up to go to the bathroom down the hall, and by the time I got back, I felt...different. I most definitely had the 'tryptamine giggles', as everything seemed hilarious to me.

Going into the experience, I did not know what to expect. I think at the time I thought

¹ Coricidin is a medication that contains a combination of acetaminophen and chlorpheniramine. Acetaminophen is a pain reliever and fever reducer, while chlorpheniramine is an antihistamine that reduces histamine, a chemical in the body that can cause sneezing, itching, watery eyes, and a runny nose. Coricidin is used to treat headaches, runny noses, sneezing, watery eyes, and pain or fever caused by allergies, the common cold, or the flu (Drugs.com).

² Psilocybe cubensis, also known as the magic mushroom, shroom, golden halo, cube, or gold cap, is a moderately potent psilocybin mushroom that is part of the Hymenogastraceae fungus family. Its main active compounds are psilocybin and psilocin (Wikipedia).

‘Well, I’m fucked up now... I expected more, but this is still awesome!’ Little did I know the trip hadn’t even begun yet.

T + 0:25 — We’re listening to a mixed CD of Radiohead and Floyd, and we’re all starting to get real messed up. All of a sudden, and I remember this very, very clearly, my friend A says, ‘Dude, the bed is breathing...’ We looked over, and sure enough, the bed is breathing. I can feel the passage of air through it, as if it is alive. Right then, everything went crazy. Keep in mind, all I had taken before was Coricidin and MDMA, and each generally took about an hour and a half to start affecting me. So I was extremely surprised that the mushrooms worked so fast.

T + 0:30 — The Come-Up — This ends the objective observations of my trip, at least until the end. What follows is an attempt to put into words the most intense spiritual awakening that I think it is possible for someone to have. Minutes after the breathing bed, my brain was violently (but not unpleasantly) catapulted away from my physical prison in a way that I never thought possible. Millions of questions flew across my thoughts, followed by the answers. When I say millions of questions, I actually mean it; hundreds of question-answer pairs flashed through per second. Never before and never again has my mind moved so quickly. It was like I had accessed the information superhighway of the physical world and all of its properties with my brain, and I couldn’t get out. I remember thinking to myself, as I got more and more removed from my physical self, I can’t believe this is here, and happening. I can’t believe this has always been here, before my very eyes, but I’ve never been able to see it. I’ve always found it very difficult to explain this part

of the trip to anyone in words...it was honestly one of the most mind-blowing experiences of my life, aside from the rest of this trip.

At this point, I was still coming up, and I had enough of myself left to think, in the back of my mind, that though the Truth of the universe was screaming out to me, I couldn’t quite reach it. I could see it, but I couldn’t yet feel it. At this point, the visuals are building, but I barely notice them. The now-familiar grid pattern began to overlay everything, and things started to shift around in my vision. Going into the experience, I had been mostly looking forward to the visuals, which I thought were the most significant part of trips. One thing I’ve always thought amazing since then is that, if I have a real psychedelic trip, the visuals are certainly present, but seeing psychedelic patterns suddenly doesn’t seem so important anymore compared to the awesome truth and incomprehensible change in perception that is slamming into my brain.

T + 1:00 — The Peak — The rush and confusion, in one shockingly abrupt moment, fall away, leaving me in a state which I am about to try to explain, but will most certainly fail horribly in doing. Rainbow colors washed the small dorm room in a myriad of cool tones which constantly flowed across the walls like water. I looked at the clock; it was 4:05 on the dot, and I looked away. This was the peak, and it was absolutely amazing. Though I took a very small amount of mushrooms, this was most certainly a full +4 experience on Shulgin’s scale. The music seemed to be coming from everything at once — everything was alive and breathing, and had an essence, a life-force, to it that I could feel and see, as real to me as anything had

ever been. I realized that the Truth of the universe, which before had been assaulting my brain with a ferocity that made it difficult to make any sense of it, was now a part of my consciousness, in a way that I'd never experienced before (in fact, it's never happened since, either). My ego was not crushed or shattered; rather, it was reduced to tiny proportions and pushed aside as a triviality. My entire physical life, eighteen years of experience, became the smallest blip in my brain. It was still there, and I still knew myself, but I knew then how much more there is to existence than what we are able to sense.

The most sublime feeling came over me then. Here was the universe, singing to me its sweet, timeless song, and I embraced it, twining my consciousness around it. Everything was so... beautiful. I can no longer remember very much of what I did at that point. Physical communication became impossible, and we as a group, when we were able at all, could only communicate in disjointed grunts ('What... uh.. huh?') Instead, however, I began to explore this new state. It was so, SO much more real to me than my life has ever been. I knew, absolutely KNEW, that I had been to this state before, and would return again. It was so ancient, so timeless, that I was humbled to a degree that I have never known before. It occurred to me from somewhere that in this state I was seeing, feeling, and living the absolute Truth of everything. I can't stress enough how incredibly real this was, and still is to me years later. It was so beautiful, so spiritual, that I began to weep with pure joy, because I knew that my life was forever changed, that by experiencing this, the universe was giving me a rare chance to see it for how it is, rather than the way we humans try to form it to our own liking. I

felt so... blessed, that I was chosen to experience this.

I mentioned before that communication was impossible, but that isn't entirely true — PHYSICAL communication was impossible. However, after the initial shock wore off, I began to explore this new state more fully, and I realized that I could communicate...with everything. My friends and I actually did converse, but in silent, mental communication that just seemed natural. This communication was actually strong enough that, without speaking, we all described later that J was telling us all that he understood Jim Morrison now (The Doors is his favorite band), and that he felt that he was being possessed by his spirit. Interestingly, we all thought this was true, independently. For some of my friends, this was the height of their experience, but I pressed on and began accessing information. This time it was not like the come-up, where it was overwhelming and forceful; this was natural and as easy as thinking, as breathing, as blinking. I let my consciousness expand outward, and what I found was amazing. I was brushing the life-force of everything I came in contact with. I flew out the window and across the country, the ocean, in seconds. I began to brush my thoughts against those of every living thing I saw, and I knew them intimately, no less than I knew my own life.

As I traveled, I no longer saw the dorm room I was sitting in. I had joined the Life-force, and I was enmeshed within the entirety of its being. My own life was this tiny speck in a sea of collective consciousness — technically, I knew it was mine, but I honestly didn't care or find it particularly special. This nirvana-like bliss and absolute Truth went on for an indeterminable amount of time. It felt so eternal, and I

knew that the reason it seemed so familiar is because it was. It was primordial, and I realized that I had been there before this life, before every other life my particular soul had ever occupied, and that I would be there again, after this one. I watched nature and everything alive in extreme fast-forward, seeing the endless cycle of death and rebirth played out over and over. I saw all of existence covered in a massive flood of green energy, consisting of minute, shining particles. It swept over the land, a spark becoming a new blade of grass, a new caterpillar, a new person. Likewise, bits of life-force emerged from each being at its moment of death, rejoining the endless cloud of life. I lost myself in the ebb and flow of the universe and I was home. I could go on for hours and hours, and have before, about the wonders of my awakening, but truly, words don't exist for what I was experiencing, so hopefully my meager attempt at explanation will do.

Only FOUR MINUTES had passed since my peak, but it had literally seemed like an entire day, or more specifically, an endless, eternal amount of time.

T + 1:04 — The Plateau — All of a sudden, I was back in the dorm room, and I looked over at the window, which had a thick, thick shade over it to keep out the afternoon sunlight. The shade and the apparent length of time of my peak made me think that I was now ending my trip, and it was nighttime. Still thinking this, I stretched and began to reflect on what an incredibly fulfilling time I had had, and I glanced at the clock. It was 4:09. Only FOUR MINUTES had passed since my peak, but it had literally seemed like an

entire day, or more specifically, an endless, eternal amount of time. That fucked with my head quite a bit, and I realized that I was DEFINITELY still tripping hard. Now, however, I felt like I wanted to stay in my body, and explore the more physical aspects of these mushrooms. I must emphasize that I was still enveloped in my bliss, with a full understanding of the universe, it was just that I had decided to go back to my body and live life with this knowledge.

Anyway, it was at this point that I began to notice visuals. One of my friends threw a lighter to another, and the lighter was glowing yellow. It flipped through the air over and over, in the same spot, until it finally landed in someone's hand. We smoked a few bowls of some good marijuana, and the visuals became enhanced. I began looking at objects, and for the only time, even in subsequent trips, I actually witnessed the stereotypical melting of objects. This was true melting. A water bottle turned to liquid and flowed down itself, melting into a puddle, before my very eyes. My friends' faces were dripping down to the floor, teeth and eyes dripping everywhere. At a particularly intense part of a song (Comfortably Numb, during the 2nd solo). I got up to use the bathroom, and I felt like I was a giant mushroom, floating down the hallway with a gigantic head. In the bathroom, I looked at myself in the mirror, and my eyebrows melted down the side of my face. I noticed that I could see as if looking under a magnifying glass at whatever my vision was focused on — I looked into my skin pores and my face began to look really, really dirty. After a little while of looking at this fascinating phenomenon, I walked back to my friend's room.

At this point I began to occasionally see this strange ‘dripping’. By dripping, I mean that an object, strangely usually a person’s shoe, would seem to bend towards one point, as if the light reaching my eyes was being bent by a prism. Then, a tiny drop of liquid shoe would suddenly pop off and slowly drift away. Really fascinating visuals, and something that I’ve never seen again, even in subsequent mushroom trips, including one with Syrian Rue. This went on for a while, and I just say back and enjoyed myself immensely, as the body buzz was absolutely euphoric. I really only had about ten minutes of fear during the entire trip, which is odd, as every other time I’ve taken mushrooms, ‘the Fear’ has been an unfortunately significant part of the experience. The fear that I got this time came from the fact that I could tell I was starting to come down, and I honestly didn’t think I’d ever be able to rejoin society. I had completely and utterly seen the truth of the universe, and society seemed to me a ludicrous invention that I could no longer understand or participate in. I was scared, because I knew that I had to rejoin normal life, as I had responsibilities and school to attend to. However, after a few minutes, we decided to go outside for a walk, and the goal that we suddenly had made me feel excited, and we went.

The rest of the trip was much less psychedelic, and in general I just sort of returned to normal after a few more hours. However, I was left with a warm afterglow, and I still felt the bliss for weeks.

More significantly, my life was changed forever as I came to realize the truth of the universe. Although I tripped many more times since then, this first trip has done 95% of the work in transforming my brain and personal philosophies. In the four or

so years since that day, I have come from being an unguided atheist, having already abandoned Christianity for its hypocrisies, to having a definite and very powerful idea of what ‘God’ really is. It is all of us, and everything else living, ties together in an infinite web that I like to call the Lifeforce. I no longer fear death, as I know what it will bring. I will be happy to leave my body behind and join the collective consciousness of Life itself, when the time comes.

Hopefully my experience has been interesting and enlightening for you, and I thank you for reading it. I truly believe that a psychedelic experience such as mine is a very important experience for a human being to have, and I think it would help to solve a lot of the idiocy and hypocrisy that plagues our race, particularly our American society.

Peace, and may the Lifeforce reveal itself to you and reduce you to tears of joy with its mind-blowing beauty.

Xorkoth. “Enter the Lifeforce: Ascent to Enlightenment: An Experience with Mushrooms (exp46265)”. Erowid.org. Oct 27, 2005. erowid.org/exp/46265



The Infinite Light and Beautiful Reality

Personal Data

User	IamAaron's-Rationale
Experience Year	2009
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	54 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	Mushrooms	1.5 g	Oral (Dried)
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This is something I have desired and feared for a long time — to throw myself into my biological ocean and not just float, but also swim. I have used mushrooms (and I mean “use” in the sense that a painter uses his brush and pallet to express himself) multiple times before, but never completely by myself. It has never happened like this before. For that reason, I write.

I cannot explain my motivations for this experience exactly. Lately, though, I have been reading more and more about Zen Buddhism and the release of what Alan Watts calls the “ego”. The immediate set and setting was as such: my life at the time was really creating a lot of stress, although it seemed to be on the upturn.

Still though, a lot of conflicting inner dialogue. I had returned to my hometown for a court date, had no money, brought nothing with me, and as result was utterly bored. I think the most direct motivation, however, was my introduction to the Tibetan Book of the Dead, more specifically the manual created by Timothy Leary. I knew that I could not afford much, but

figured it was the best way I could think of to spend my money at the time.

The day before my trip, I planned. I decided that the most comforting place to go would be my mother’s bed. It has been her bed all of my life, and has always been a place where I feel safe. I also decided to do it early in the morning, so I could be by myself while I “peaked” since my brother would be at school and my mom at work. I went and obtained the mushrooms. They seemed very healthy. That night, I was a child again and it was Christmas Eve.

My mom woke me up at 8 am like I asked her to, but I did not tell her why. Based on her reaction to me telling her about my experience after it happened, this was a wise choice. I had some errands to get out of the way, and I wanted to read some more of the Book of the Dead. I also chose to eat half of the mushrooms that I got (1.5 grams) and make tea, which is my favorite method of ingestion, with the other half. I chopped up half of the caps and stems and added them to the tea bag along with the shake. I think I used some sort of

raspberry tea. I then walked up to mother's room, turned the television off, and cleared the bed. I supported myself with pillows so that I could eat the mushrooms and drink the tea without any inconvenience. Another thing that I think is noteworthy is that my dog, Lola, was with me the whole time.

I thought about the things I had read in the Book of the Dead, and tried to make myself aware of landmarks to let me know that "it had begun". I do not want to trivialize the information in this book because I do not think this is the place nor do I feel I can do it justice in my own words. My advice is to read it for yourself and, also, to use it because it is a very powerful tool. Significant events did occur, however, that correlated with this book so I think they are important details in my story. The first was the drone. I heard a low hum begin that reverberated like a gong. This continued throughout the entire what I will call my ascension period. The next event was a burning at the base of my spine. Throughout my ascension period this burning sensation flowed up my spine into my skull. I made a point of allowing these events to happen, not to restrict them in any way. I believe this is a crucial point of focus if one wants to enjoy his or her psychedelic experience fully. Resistance and rationalization seem to only lead to fear and loathing.

I started to doubt this feeling, so I closed my eyes to see what would happen. In my previous experiences with psychedelics, this has always made things more interesting, but I always found it incredibly hard to keep my eyes closed. This time however, I would not allow my ego to fight back. I closed my eyes again and soon found myself in a fetal position in the middle of

the bed with Lola lying right beside me. At this point I noticed her and began to rub her belly. I will admit, as well, that for a fleeting moment I felt a sexual connection to her, but it was soon "recategorized" in my brain as a love of deep friendship.

The Book of the Dead makes a point of recognizing sexual desires, as well as all others, as products of the mind. Under the guidance of the mushrooms the boundaries between these desires seem to be temporarily washed away. But if you allow your ego to run free in your mind like the wild, logical animal that it is, it will inform you of the state of the things with much more honesty than it does in its usual cage. I digress.

With my eyes closed, I began to move them around behind my lids to get them used to the feeling. My visuals remind me of what happens when you put a magnet up to a television screen. The "background" was black with waves of color spectrums pulsating, flowing, ever-changing yet constant. I was ecstatic. I was delighted. I was safe. Then, I peaked.

Normally, it is impossible for me, as well as most that I know, to sleep while influenced by psychedelic substances. It's simply something that cannot be forced. This time however, I lost myself. I went into what I would call a trance. For it was as if I was dreaming, but my entire self was there. It must be what people experience during lucid dreaming. I do not remember much of it, but I will tell you what I can. The first thing that I saw was a very bright light coming from everywhere. I also remember some blues in the background after the light subsided a little, but the light was always present. I do not have any sequence of time for these events but

there are images that are quite vivid in my head. Soon I was somewhat “introduced” to two characters. There were definitely more of them but these are the two that I can remember.

The first was the largest being I have ever seen. He took up my whole field of vision. He appeared to be some sort of genie as he was bound at the wrists by gold gauntlets and possibly elsewhere on his body. He was dark skinned and fairly old. Despite his apparent bondage, he seemed very content. One idea I reflected on later was that he is the physical polar opposite of my pale, skinny, and young appearance. The other being I almost immediately associated with my mother. It was a sort of black bird, as it was flying at a very fast rate in and out of my field of vision. The first reason I associated it with my mother was that it had a sort of fiery mane down its upper back and my mom has red hair. If I talked to them, I do not remember what we talked about. All I know is that they were both very content creatures and very comforting to me. I do vividly remember them waving “goodbye” to me as I opened my eyes and returned to the external world.

If I am calling the first part my “ascension period” then this was my descent back into reality. I realized I had only drunken one cup of the mushroom tea and that I had intended to drink three. I do not think I needed any more than I took. What is ironic is that this was my deepest experience and yet the smallest dose I have ever taken. It was now 1:00 p.m. I hoped that the psilocybin had not become inactive and quickly put the cup in the freezer to save for someone else. I then got the urge to call up a couple of my friends because I really wanted to talk and to smoke some

weed. My friends were intrigued by my mental state so without any hesitation said they would pick me up soon. I felt like smoking a cigarette for the first time all day so I decided to take Lola out and do just that. We went outside and I lit up.

Across the street and an alley, there is a group of dogs who constantly bark. Usually I would not let Lola go over there because I was sure that she just wanted to bark back at them. This time, I felt an urge to allow her to lead me. So around the block we went, me trying to smoke a cigarette and her desperately pulling on her leash. We soon got to the pack of dogs that were in a chain link fence. There were two young pit bulls and a smaller white mutt. Everybody was barking like crazy, and I stood there and watched. Then, something happened.

The bigger of the two pit bulls started attacking the mutt. It had its neck in its mouth and was pulling back and forth. I stood in awe, I couldn’t move. A lady came outside and started yelling at the dogs to stop. She was terrified; I still was completely silent and still. She started screaming, “Help me! Help me!” over and over again. Upon hearing that, my statuesque state was shattered. I leapt into action. First, I tied up Lola, who was still barking, so that she didn’t try to intervene. I then jumped over the fence and went straight for the two dogs without a second thought. At this point, the lady was hysterical, probably fearing for her dog’s life. She began to beat on the pit bull, pulling on the two of them, trying to get him to stop. I put my hands on the back of the pit bull and began talking calmly to him, stroking him gently. I kept telling the woman that she could not force this and that the pit bull had to let go on his own. I think she finally heard me, because she backed off

a bit and as she did I guided the pit back towards me with my arms. He let go. She quickly scooped up the wounded dog and took him inside, with the pit bull at her heels.

After safely inside, she repeated over and over again, “Thank you, thank you so much.” All I could find myself asking was why? I truly believe that dog was going to kill the other if there was no intervention. What would make him do such a thing? Who has made him into such a creature? This woman? Another? Was the dog simply disturbed? These questions raced through my head as I walked out the door towards my house.

To Whom It May Concern: The rest of the day I spent getting stoned and talking my ass off, telling anyone who was willing to hear about my tale. And now, I have told you. This is one of the most, if not the most, wonderful and intense experiences of my life.

IamAaron'sRationale. “The Infinite Light and the Beautiful Reality: An Experience with Mushrooms (exp77073)”. Erowid.org. Aug 23, 2012. erowid.org/exp/77073

In a way, I felt that it brought out the god in me, the god that exists in everything. I know that may not make sense to some, but it was how I felt and continue to feel.

Now, this event may seem trivial to some, but to me it was the external sister event to my mostly internal “ascension period”. I had somehow brought some knowledge of myself as well as the world out of me and used it in the external world. I say this because I am highly suspect of whether or not I would have been able to have done what I did without the first part of the journey. In my usual mental state, I imagine I would have had thoughts such as “this isn’t my problem” or “but what if I get hurt?” Yet these were the furthest things from my mind in the situation.

In a way, I felt that it brought out the god in me, the god that exists in everything. I know that may not make sense to some, but it was how I felt and continue to feel.

DMT

Psychedelic

DMT (N,N-Dimethyltryptamine) is a powerful psychedelic substance that is naturally found in the human body and in various plants. It is known for its rapid onset and short duration of action, typically lasting only 15-30 minutes. DMT is often referred to as "the spirit of the forest" due to its association with shamanic rituals and indigenous cultures. The effects of DMT are primarily psychological, leading to intense hallucinations, altered perception of time and space, and a sense of profound spiritual or mystical experiences. It is important to note that the use of DMT is illegal in many countries, and its consumption can be dangerous, especially when combined with other substances or used in a reckless manner. However, in controlled clinical settings, DMT has been studied for its potential therapeutic benefits in treating conditions such as depression, anxiety, and PTSD.

Amazing Airbulb Invention

Personal Data

User	PippUK
Experience Year	2007
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	70 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	DMT		Smoked
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About two months ago I obtained two grams of DMT. I was elated, after several years of searching for it. I had really wanted it in the first place but had settled for various other dialkyl tryptamines over the past 3 years which had brought me a wealth of interesting and amazing experiences. I tried a couple of moderately successful yage journeys which had shown me the potentials of the mindspaces available through DMT. But I have been perhaps a little cowardly about inflicting the physical effects of Yage¹ on myself again, though I longed to visit the mental territory again.

The package arrived one sunny April morning when I had a day off. I loaded a joint with a small dose of the white free-base powder and sparked it. An immediate warm buzzing around my neck and shoulders followed the bite of the harsh smoke on my lungs, and my vision gently morphed with fine horizontal seams like a venetian blind, each band tinting reality either red green or blue in alternating order. Intuitively I felt a sense of potential power, and significance although as the experience quickly dissipated I was

strongly aware of the taste of plastic and protests of my long suffering lungs.

Five minutes or so afterwards an old friend from whom I had not heard for years phoned out of the blue to say they were moving abroad. I had heard talk about synchronicities on chat boards etc before but I tend to the skeptic side on such matters. In my thoughts about why I have an interest in the matter of psychedelics, I take the view that you have to separate clearly in your mind the normal workaday life of a 21st century westerner, and the dreamworld that psychedelics can reveal. I don't believe in ghosts and UFOs etc during normal life. I remain a little wary of those believers with a glint in their eye who abandon their lives completely to the pursuit of one conspiracy or another. But when I am under the influence of a psychedelic drug, at a sufficient dose, the dream state I occupy appears to have certain rules and parameters which are different to those of the lucid state. Whether or not the word 'real' can be used in reference to a state where these different parameters apply is a moot point. When I am in such a

¹ Yage, also known as caapi, is a mildly hallucinogenic drug obtained from a South American vine, Banisteriopsis caapi (Dictionary.com).

state I may as well interact with it, if only in the interest of knowledge or novelty.

In the afternoon I bought a glass pipe with a little side hole and some vials from the local head shop. With this new equipment I was determined to explore further. I put some dry tobacco in the body of the pipe along with some spice and held it over a candle to heat the pipe. I made several attempts like this with varying successes. I often complicated the lift off by worrying about the safety of the candle flame. I found music distracting. A singer's voice would be morphed into a metallic jabbering.

In this subjective state I often feel like I am in the presence of a benevolent God, to whom I feel it is only right to thank for all the good things in life, and to send out good wishes to all my loved ones. I then feel a little guilty and send out good wishes to all the people I don't love. Finally I feel very virtuous all round.

These first journeys were brief and hard to integrate. The rapidity of the visions was such that only the general tenor of the content was discernible. It seemed to have a sinister tone, consisting of images such as playing cards flashing by, skulls, military hardware, screws. At one point a vicious gun turret on the back of a plane with jutting machine barrels. Just a quick image frame amongst many. The almost instant passing of this phase was followed by a warm womb-like phase where I did not have any technicolor realist visions, just the warm reds of the bright ceiling

light through my closed eyelids, across which seam-like waves folded and divided. I had experienced an almost identical state as this latter phase using 4-AcO-DMT and felt very comfortable. In this subjective state I often feel like I am in the presence of a benevolent God, to whom I feel it is only right to thank for all the good things in life, and to send out good wishes to all my loved ones. I then feel a little guilty and send out good wishes to all the people I don't love. Finally I feel very virtuous all round.

When back in the sober state my skeptic brain has a good laugh at these religious epiphanies. This is what I like about psychedelics. They let me experiment with possibilities which in the real world are not possibilities. For example the question 'What might it be like to burst a sack full of dimensions on your head?' is a subject of metaphysical speculation. But under the influence, and you might be lucky enough to participate in some kind of encounter where this actually appears to take place.

I often found myself swaying gently with my arms folded and a warm smile over my face. Almost bowing to the universe in satisfied bliss. I took one hit in the kitchen at the back of my house overlooking our back garden which has many pleasant trees, some still in blossom. The good sunshine that evening gave the foliage a translucent light. In the kitchen I heated the pipe over the gas hob. The disadvantage of my method seemed to be that it led to quite some wastage. I needed to cover the side hole on the pipe to achieve a stronger negative pressure which results in a more effective vapourisation. However the pipe was hot to touch and so again I was approaching the jump with a

cluttered mindstate. I managed two tokes, holding the last in, but not convinced of its adequacy. I kept my eyes open, holding steady on the kitchen units while seated on a tall stool. The surge began and I watched the kitchen units dancing before my eyes, sliding along left to right in outline form, neon coloured reds blues and greens. I looked at the cooker whose control surface would duplicate along all the units flickering back and forth. Then I looked at the microwave on the work surface, who/which was also indulging in these strange displays.

Immediately I beheld the sudden exchange of pulses or spurts of neon energy between it and the gascooker. At this point I had to laugh a little. I had a sense that this performance was for my benefit somehow. There had been some comedic element which had struck a chord in me and just seemed absolutely hilarious. I remember thinking that if my Mrs had walked in I would have pointed at what I was witnessing and said 'would you look at that. . .' quite unselfconsciously as though it was there to see plain as daylight.

I began to surmise that my technique was probably flawed and wasteful. The pipe became quite grubby. I didn't want to wash away remnants of the previous burn, but I knew that the remnants would quickly degrade anyway exposed to air. I was getting toward the end of my spice as well, so I made further dispatches to Arrakis, to whom the people of which culture I am eternally indebted. In the knowledge of almost certain replenishment, I decided to purchase a more effective pipe and make the best of what was left to me at that time. I found a light bulb style vapouriser which matched the prescription perfectly at a penny under a £5 from the headshop. Its

ease of use has led me to imagine using it to try vapourising some other tryptamines (all in salt form unf.) such as 4-AcO-DMT and DPT.

This vapouriser I tested in the kitchen over a hob. I was a little apprehensive because I had been chewing over the sinister tone some of the visions I had experienced. I wondered if that was the thin end of the wedge and that by getting a really big chestfull I was only going to submerge deeper into something sinister that I did not want to see. I could not reconcile this fear with the wonderful blissful sense of being I was experiencing in the afterglow. I wondered if it was some part of myself that I was genuinely scared to look at. The voice of logic reminded me that whatever happens is over almost as quickly as it begins, and that gave me a sense of strength going in.

The heat melted the light yellow tinted crystals into a colourless pool which gathered in the bottom of the bulb. I watched white vapour uncoiling around the glass as the bulb became opaque. I drew slowly one long potent lungful and as I did so the vapour billowed more furiously. My tongue and lips numbed and my respiratory plumbing stung a little as I filled up. Eyes opened I placed the still billowing bulb down on a cold hob and turned the heat off. As I did this the room tinted yellow sepia, and I shut my eyes looking for a slideshow. I was immediately disappointed. Just the womb-like state with some extra patterning, but then the warm crescendo of buzzing both audible and physical spread through my neck and shoulders, followed by a very slight crack or snap from somewhere in my auditory canal.

For a short while I was not strictly local. I don't remember events as such, just a sensation of being somewhere in between my kitchen and the dreamworld. Then this absence of self was burst by a small patch of vivid vision. Like the view through a tiny hole in the wall of a darkened room out on to the scene on a bright summer day. I thought I saw a snippet of rows of parked cars, like the US guzzlers of the 50s with their chromed wings, or maybe it was an orderly residential scene. I gasped involuntarily, startled by the many implications of this vision. The stylistic appearance of the scenes were partly culturally familiar, and at the same time slightly skewed. I was startled out of phase with the vision, but I was exhilarated and back in the afterglow where I began giving praise to the universe for what I could only formulate as the privilege of what I had seen.

The question of intentionality came up again in my mind. It felt like I had been shown these things by the big whatever. I gently swayed on the stool and basked in the beautiful concept that the universe was far more bizarre and comedic than I could ever have imagined. I had gasped at the ontological ramification that I might have seen another world or a parallel universe. I felt certain for a few moments inside that I had seen proof that worlds and culture not particularly unlike our own, or sharing certain evolutionary or environmental parameter existed, and there might even be many of them. This was not the kind of revelation that transposes well into conversation so I kept my council to myself. My Mrs does not approve of my little hobby very much, but for all the right reasons, because she cares about me, so I don't recite her my adventures.

The general effect of all this DMT smoking has been strangely positive. I am conscious of the power of suggestion in potentially shaping the experiences we have. After all I think it was Hume who surmised that we are the sum of our experiences. I felt almost virtuous not to have witnessed entities which could be described as self transforming machine elves, though that is not to say I was in any position to doubt the subjective truth of these descriptions. But I had felt what seemed to me divine presence, and visualised abstract entities in the wide mind space of closed eyes with a strong light source. And I had witnessed something that had startled me to the core of me being in a deeply satisfying way, although I could not fathom its significance. It could have been many possible or impossible things and called to mind a reality along the lines of Michael Moorcock's Multiverse.

I also noticed a sense of well-being in general life, which I have heard reported, and subsequently may be a result of preconditioning. However this sense seems so tangible and yet natural as to be too good to be true. I found a part of me thinking that everyone should have a blast with this stuff at least once. A cliché, I know. I also imagined the possibility of a worldwide pyramid selling scheme by which an alien race might prepare humanity for contact. This tickled me, since in my newfound openness to the parameters of altered space, such a conspiracy might be impossible to disprove. I felt heightened empathy with even the people I perhaps disliked, and a tangible antidepressant effect. Not that I am generally depressed these days. But there is something to this.

I would only complain that my chest has been taking a beating. There is a strange

logic that it appears that the more effective a hit I achieve, the less troublesome my chest is. I cough up some chunks in the aftermath, and the taste doesn't offend me anymore.

My next consignment arrived a week after that final excursion. Excitement boiling over, I prepared myself for more adventures. I was faced with a dilemma. The experience, I felt honestly in my heart, was 'A Good Thing' as far as I could see. It seemed to open my mind on a spiritual level which chimed morally with the parts of my Anglican upbringing which I still respect, and the Buddhist ideas I had been reading about recently. It gave me exhilarating journeys and imaginings which I somehow wished I could record or describe, and would be grist to any mind with a soft spot for science fiction. I also sensed somehow the experiences constituted a revealing or an uncovering, due to the perception of continuity between trips. Something might be captured in my memory in one experience and in the next one I might seek to hone in on that image and it might blossom itself into many possibilities. It was an ongoing discourse between me and the drug.

However, it is expensive to obtain and woefully illegal. I can't see how it can be legal like tobacco or beer. It's just too powerful. I was pretty scared by what seemed hellish imagery in the early part of my experiences, and it almost seemed to be warning me off. I don't like to break the law. I only do so in relation to weed and my 'research'. I don't speed and I am at peace with myself most of the time morally. I had been reading about Alan Watts, a religious academic and Buddhist who at one point said 'when you have got the message, hang up the phone' in relation to psychedelics. I

agreed with those words but certain that I had not yet got the message. I certainly wanted to see more.

With this in mind I decided to explore the current two gram I had and order five which I would package and freeze with the other samples for some distant future time when I felt the urge. I had a hunch that this might be just short window of availability, and that the privilege of this opportunity might soon be gone.

I had bought a gas turbo lighter to provide a safe but effective heat source. If for whatever reason you let go of it, it goes out, so that the possibility of dying from burns just as you are on the brink of universal knowledge is avoided. Furthermore it starts the vaporisation very quickly and you can reduce the heat (if your throat is hurting) by increasing the flame distance.

I got comfy on a very soft chair in my converted garage. I had strong spotlights on the ceiling pointed to my head. These help embolden the colours of the closed eye visuals giving garish hues to the visual field. I loaded a 100mg hit and started the flame, beginning to inhale slowly once the vapours rose.

I must have managed a long, cool, slow breathful because I was able to calmly hold it in for what seemed like a very long time. I was able to dispose of the bulb and lighter in a civilised fashion and close my eyes expectantly. My self was dissolved again after a short cavalcade of pageantry and carnival, of which I was no longer fearful. But I was again non local, or in dimensional interstices. To the right of my mind space was a blue mass. A large entity formed of layers of strata, and bejewelled with many crystals along geometric fault lines which

folded, twisted and morphed its form in a mechanical fashion, was alongside me. The blue colour was around the entity, (like an amniotic sack). I moved my mind towards it and I burst into the sack which fell away enough for the entity and myself to make some kind of contact. It was a light green to yellow colour underneath the sack. (Suspension of disbelief obligatory at this point) I sensed a blue sheen spreading over my own body which was rigid but gently juddering with a fine tremor similar to which I have experienced with DPT.

I also became aware that I was pulsing and stretching rhythmically besides the fine tremor, matching the oscillations of the entity to my right. When I did so in phase with it, the spaces between the strata of its twisting form widened, and the jewels inside showed even more vivid crystal surfaces. It was through these surfaces I again glimpsed the strange world which I had seen that previous time. The more my body matched the entity's dance the greater one of these crystal windows became, filling my mind's eye and almost breaking through into the scene beheld.

A sunny 1950s suburban street, somewhere far across the universe. This phase of physical movement and intense vision was accompanied by a strange sensation of flashes of sudden coldness, which intuition told me was something to do with interacting with the entity. Although I did not fear for my life or any extreme drama, it was enough to distract me and the consciousness of my visitor(s) diminished. I was still in the far off state and spent some minutes swaying and basking in the moments of grace. My eyes remained closed however, though I occasionally flashed a look at the room around which neon sparks flitted.

To integrate this experience, I resolved to wrap up warm for my next attempt, and to follow the dance of the entity if I dared. I had begun to entertain the possibility that the entity might in fact be using my curiosity to lure me into contact. There might be no doorways into other universes, just beings using extensive kitsch simulations of such worlds to lure psychonauts for their own mysterious ends. This might explain the slightly skewed stylistic tone of the visions. I also had to acknowledge there was an almost sexual angle to these encounters, a feature I had noted on several occasions when I had used 'heroic doses' of 4-AcO-DMT. I also became aware about how much dancing and physical conditions play a part in the shamanic phenomenon.

Using what I had learned I was able to reproduce a very similar experience. The dance lasted perhaps longer, and I persevered through the cold spells, so that I got a clearer view into the crystal that I locked onto. I noticed that all the other crystals feature a similar scene, which might have been slightly different, like cinema film stock, I couldn't tell, since I could only look closely through one crystal at a time.

The entity itself is hard to describe in great detail. It had something akin to an Inca or Aztec architectural influence, combined with the opulence of a wedding cake, except that it could rotate, twist and shuffle like a rubix cube. In this latter trip, I noticed a neon green amniotic sack along with the original blue one I was familiar with. I did not have a chance during the time available to explore the possibilities with that entity though I sensed it was of a species with the first. As I returned to consensus reality I sent my now habitual prayers out and wished all souls well.

I decided to hang up the phone for a while, until I had been able to record and describe some of what I had been able to experience. There was still much I wanted to try. I had still not gone for the infamous ‘third toke’. I had grudgingly come to understand the term ‘self transforming machine elves’ with greater intimacy. I have been amazed by how this drug is so specific and unspecific at the same time. And how difficult the game of memory can be, when the recollection of what occurred evaporates like a dream at waking.

Because of the similarity I have noticed between the post breakthrough phase of DMT and my experience of a good dose of 4-AcO-DMT, I am speculating about using the AcO ester as a springboard into the DMT space. I have not got round to this yet, nor a journey which I am postulating using 5g 10:1 White Caapi extract I have, to permit oral ingestion. At the moment, I am happy to vapourise due to the compact timescale. I am not considering the nasal route or plugging since I have the freebase and both routes are reputedly unpleasant, although I am not too squeamish generally.

This stuff is both humbling and exalting. It shows me how little I really know about the universe and reality, but gives a sense of joy at the small part I play in it. And it seems to do this with its tongue in its cheek, for which it seems a reassuring and hopeful thing to my mind.

All the best — peace and love — PiPPUK

PippUK. “Amazing Airbulb Invention: An Experience with DMT (exp62835)”. Erowid.org. May 24, 2007. erowid.org/exp/62835

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The Elven Antics Annex

Personal Data

User	SFos
Experience Year	1995
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	Not Given

Dosage

T + 0:00	DMT		Smoked
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This is a composite essay of my first two DMT trips.

DISCLAIMER: This is a pale reflection of a bottomless mystery. The things I say it is, it is now — these are but linguistic shrouds I am able to cloak it in. Please don't think you know DMT from having read this, you don't. But DO please consider trying some, go extract it from a plant — then you will KNOW. Everything here is with closed eyes unless otherwise indicated — this is really the only way to go DEEP.

The small wooden pipe was in my mouth and a match was coming to light it. The scenario almost seemed like smoking pot except I knew the taste to be very wrong as the complex, sweetly acrid smoke filled my lungs. Anyway, my pulse never raced like this from the anticipation of getting stoned.

The first thing was a sense of dropping away, but to say downward would be too simple. There were all sorts of frequency modulations and crescendoed staccato pops as the trip descended. This sound

data was quiveringly involved with these visual architectonic dream waters that were beginning to emerge, dripping and slipping amongst themselves, and my being became overwhelmed by vacuous, gravity-like suction experiences which impelled me further in. 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 bottlerocket, 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 woolly 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 super-space 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 side-shows, 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.

Slowly then it begins to make farewells and say its goodbyes. Ancient mythos holds that the world is supported by turtles ‘all the way down’, but as I came out of it, my sense was of jeweled great glass revolving elevators all the way down. I remember thinking that I was passing back through the 50,000 veils that the Sufis say the mystery has, one by one, and I clearly remember the awe I felt that each one of them was closed, sealed, and put away in

a unique and voluptuous, succulent way. It was without question the most beautiful goodbye I have known in this life. There was no regret of leaving or longing not to leave, just an overpowering acceptance of the imminent return. This went on and upon opening my eyes I had this very zap experience and I was right back in this world, amazingly enough, only ten minutes gone. Slight tracers on light and then these gone too. I was amazed of the idea that one could go back there, could in fact just go there, that where I had been felt entirely like it was a whole hyperspace, raging right next door. I remember saying, and being very sure of this as I still am now, 'Those are the gods'. By which I meant, of all the things I've experienced in life, they are the most like real living gods, and should be called that. It was very interesting to me that I didn't need to process a whole lot, which I usually require after the mushrooms. Instead, I think I was in a state of being so existentially surpassed by the quality of what I had just been a part of, that I couldn't muster any sort of conceptual or descriptive response to it at all. By default, I was left with just a purity of acceptance for it - I just simply had nothing to put to it in any sense. Instead I resorted to looking wildly and deeply into other peoples eyes and by some existential-perceptual force, to impress upon them the utter beauty of what I had just been. This seemed to work somewhat, though probably not. I definitely felt I had been closer to the core of the real than ever before and that this mystery is front and center to who we are as humans, who we really are. I felt very connected to my universe, very sensitive and strong and in touch with things. Because I apparently have the gift of being able to remember it quite well (others do not), I have to live with the memory of its

being out there somewhere: very real, very powerful, very alive. There has not been an hour to pass since I did it that I haven't thought of it and tried again to reference it to this world, failing. I do feel it is a very important experience to have as a human being, and in some sense a whole lot safer than mushrooms or acid. I say this because I am aware that I usually have time and opportunity in a traditional trip to come up with weird ideas and believe them which can be hell to integrate when things return to normal. DMT seems to be so awe-inspiring, one is just so floored by it, that there is no chance for trying to figure it out.

This is left for when you return, spacecraft still steaming.

SFos. "The Elven Antics Annex: An Experience with DMT (exp1841)". Erowid.org. Jun 14, 2000. erowid.org/exp/1841

The People Behind the Curtain

Personal Data

User	C.G.
Experience Year	1998
Age at Time	Not Given
Gender	Male
Body Weight	Not Given

Dosage

T + 0:00	DMT		Smoked
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Drifting deeply into the visual ebb and flow of the DMT I just walked through the thin fabric of the visual fractal fantasy. 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 spirits 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 begin 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 begin 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 hourglass. 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 that 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 accepting my fate. I remember thinking that the hourglass 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, myself, 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 spirits 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.

Three more minutes.. Three more minutes was like a life raft that I sailed out of that world. As soon as I was able to believe that in three more minutes I would be normal again and everything began to fade. I felt in control of my body and my life. Slowly I drifted out of their world, back through the gauzy world of colors and patterns. With a little extra coaxing from my friends I was able to wake up and separate myself from that moment.

I still vibrate from the experience.

I am very grateful to have been with my friends.

C.G.. "The People Behind the Curtain: An Experience with DMT (exp1839)". Erowid.org. Jun 14, 2000. erowid.org/exp/1839



I Was Injected With DMT in the Name of Science

Personal Data

User	Sam
Experience Year	2018
Age at Time	33
Gender	Male
Body Weight	92 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	DMT		Intravenous
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Following a few hours of screening and getting acquainted with the MRI, I had two full DMT study days at the Imperial College’s Hammersmith Hospital in London, as a participant in some cutting edge brain imaging neuroscience research conducted by researchers at Imperial College London. The two study days were a week apart (a slot came available earlier than originally planned, and it was a big help to the Imperial guys with my being able to be flexible). I abstained from intoxicants a week prior to the study day. I was initially invited to participate in the pilot DMT-EEG¹ study via a friend who is paying for the MRI scanning sessions, and I had the opportunity to participate in this study due to other study participants moving about in the scanner and giving poor quality data as a result.

On the study day, on arrival at the hospital, I meet with the head neuroscientist whose study it is, another researcher working with him, and the medical doctor who will be injecting me with the DMT (high purity synthetic DMT fumarate) and placebo (saline). I wash my hair in

preparation for the EEG skullcap being fitted, while completing a number of questionnaire surveys on a laptop. Electrodes are attached to a number of places over my scalp via a gel that soon solidifies. I’m wired up to the EEG and shown how sensitive it is to noisy data (essentially if the face isn’t relaxed). So one needs to be relaxed and very still while undergoing the DMT experience in the MRI for high quality data to be produced. I’m fitted with an injection port in my arm to allow for easy IV injection of DMT and placebo. I have good rapport with the Imperial team and feel like I’m in good, safe hands. I’ve met the leading neuroscientist running the study a number of times, he’s a great chap.

There are four EEG and fMRI² brain scanning sessions...two with DMT (in the medium and high dosage range), two with saline placebo, and I don’t know which order I’ll be receiving the dosages in. It was good to have been acquainted with the MRI environment prior to any dosing. My upper body is confined to the MRI tube, and my head is secured. For the quality of both the EEG and MRI data, it is impera-

¹ An electroencephalogram (EEG) is a test that measures electrical activity in the brain using small, metal discs (electrodes) attached to the scalp (Mayo Clinic).

² fMRI stands for functional magnetic resonance imaging, which is a non-invasive brain imaging technology that measures changes in blood flow to detect brain activity (Psych Central).

tive I cannot and do not move. I have eye shades on while being scanned, with eyes closed. The scanner is really quite noisy, but despite the noise and the confined, restricted space, I quite quickly start to feel comfortable in there.

I was really quite nervous prior to my first dosing. Prior to my first scanning session I gave a urine sample for a drug test to make sure I was clean. I was fitted into the bed in the scanner and it was made sure I was secure. My head was locked in and I was fitted with ear plugs and ear defenders. Eye shades were placed over my eyes and I was loaded into the scanner. Anxiety levels were increasing. I communicate

I personally don't enter the DMT space lightly these days...it is not really a "love n' light" experience for me.

with the study lead through an intercom. He plays a recording of "You are receiving the dose now" and I select my preferred volume over the sound of the baseline scan of my brain. Following the scan, it is time for the dosing. I know that dosing is now imminent, and I'm pretty nervous and my heart is pounding. I receive my dose, and nothing happens. Going on from previous experience in the DMT-EEG pilot study, I know it would only be a few seconds before I start feeling the dose if it was DMT. I'm able to relax, knowing I will not be receiving the dose now. I think this worked quite well, as with more time spent in the MRI scanner, the more comfortable I got being in there.

I fill out a variety of questionnaire surveys and we have lunch. Another member of the Imperial team I know comes to pay me

a visit with his baby. This is nice and has a soothing effect on my nerves. We head back in the scanner. A little nervous as I know I will be being dosed for sure now. I personally don't enter the DMT space lightly these days...it is not really a "love n' light" experience for me, but rather something much more serious and imposing in tone, if not outright menacing in tone. I'm wired up and loaded in the scanner, with a panic button on hand, and I'm talked through a body scanning session to help relax me. This time around, I will provide an intensity rating every minute. The study lead starts asking me my intensity rating (0 being no effect, 10 being the most intense drug effect imaginable), so I know dosing is imminent. I hear the dosing notification recording, and prepare for blast off. Within a few seconds there is a distinct shift and expansion of perception behind closed eyelids...the contrast changes dramatically, a silvery screen comes into focus, and from this geometric patterns of extraordinary beauty and order condense and coalesce and link up in the space of just a few seconds. At the same time, I become aware of this feeling of heat or warm energy in both of my hands (something I experience repeatedly on mushrooms and other psychedelics and cannabis, and sometimes while deeply relaxed or meditating). This is a pleasant sensation, and for some reason it reassured me, I knew I was going to be ok, and relaxed and surrendered completely to the experience.

It takes me a minute following dosing to peak interestingly. At minute 1 I'm at a 7, minute 2 I'm at an 8, by minute 3 I'm already on my way back! A very fleeting and fast moving experience. The geometric visual architecture I'm witness too is outrageously beautiful. I remember

coppery, bronze-y metallic colours, navy blue and some neon pink in the centre of my vision during the peak...in the centre of my vision, it was like there was a light shining into the visual realm, illuminating what I was seeing and splitting up the spectrum of colours to produce a resplendently coloured but localised pool of constantly undulating colours. As the intensity of the peak wears off and I start to come back, I feel in a serene afterglow state, and I nearly tear up in gratitude for having the opportunity to experience something so amazing. I completely relaxed into the remainder of the experience, and I realise the anxieties I'd carried were misplaced.

I should mention that IV DMT is a very smooth ROA, and I much prefer it to vaping. The transition to DMT space I found was smoother and less jarring than vaping it, and due to this smooth entry to DMT space, it seems to change the tone of the experience. I imagine at higher dosages things are likely to be more jarring, given how efficient this ROA is, and I'm not really condoning it, as I was injected with medical grade DMT by a medical doctor, it was a nice way to fly though!

Following the experience I am interviewed in detail about the content of my experience, and find I can recall a fair bit (certainly a lot more than by subsequent high dose experience). I then complete a number of questionnaire surveys to assess my experience in different ways, before having a shower to wash the EEG gel out of my scalp (remnants of which remained in there for a week), I say goodbye to the study lead and head home.

For the second study day, things were reversed, in that I got the DMT dose in the morning MRI scanning session, and

the placebo for the intensity rating study. For the afternoon placebo session, even without being dosed, I was definitely in an altered, pre-hypnagogic³ state in the scanner. It makes me curious as to whether the very powerful magnets of the MRI could affect the brain in some way...but I see pink light pulsing in waves, and my imagination and memory recall is unusually vivid. I feel deeply relaxed in there, despite it being confined and it being so noisy, and I feel on the verge of sleep. Following this I am interviewed and complete more questionnaire surveys.

There was a dramatic change in contrast, accompanied by a very powerful feeling of acceleration or expansion.

My second DMT dose for the morning scanning session was a fair bit higher, and I could tell this within a few seconds of being injected with it. There was a dramatic change in contrast, accompanied by a very powerful feeling of acceleration or expansion, as I entered the DMT space. I encounter similar very beautiful, very ordered geometric visual patterning, but this time much more expansive and all encompassing, and much fast moving. I recall this experience being one of supreme order and supreme chaos...two opposites...at the same time. This was a more imposing experience given its intensity compared to the first, lighter dose. I have to say, I rather enjoyed the MRI scanner setting! Despite being cramped and restricted in movement, despite the incredible noise, it was experienced as a positive setting for a DMT experience in my case, and really didn't detract (one of my friends who took part in this same study thought the same). The

³ Pre-hypnagogic means "leading to sleep" (Vocabulary.com).

interaction of the loud and highly repetitive and rhythmic MRI scanner sounds was interesting, and had a big effect on the visual aspect of the experience...what I was hearing really seemed to cross over with what I was seeing, and at the peak it was hard to know which was which. The experience was longer than the previous one, but a fair bit harder to recall afterwards. On my re-entry I experienced the same feelings of gratitude, and feelings of love and empathy for the special people in my life. Despite the power and speed of the geometries I was moving through, I never forgot that I was part of a scientific study (apparently some other participants did forget this), and I remained absolutely still for the duration. I was commended for this by the researchers, who stated that I would be in the front of the queue should Imperial conduct brain imaging research with 5-MeO-DMT..

One of the final questions I was asked in the surveys was to rate to what degree I thought the experience could be explained as the effect of a drug on the brain, and to what degree I thought I was interacting and experiencing something outside or beyond myself. During the experience itself, I may have been more inclined towards the latter, but once I was back, I rated more highly on the “drug effect on brain” scale...while actually being in the DMT space can be so real, so vivid and so convincing at times, when I’m back down and my mind folds back in on itself to conform to this reality, my skeptical walls go back up with it. From this sober vantage point it seems more likely to me that the DMT experience is some very beautiful and mysterious aberration of brain function...not that I feel that detracts from its majesty really, given how mysterious and complex and amazing human brains are.

So there you have it. An experience I feel tremendous gratitude for having had the opportunity to have, and great to see scientific research on psychedelics start to expand into interesting new areas, and great also to encounter some really great people involved in this. Not something I shall ever forget. Onwards!!! :)

Sam. "I Was Injected With DMT in the Name of Science: An Experience with DMT (exp112640)". Erowid.org. Feb 12, 2019. erowid.org/exp/112640

How I Accidentally Blasted Off One Day Early

Personal Data

User	adastraperspeculum
Experience Year	2018
Age at Time	23
Gender	Male
Body Weight	68 kg

Dosage

T + 0:00	DMT	2 hits	Vaporized
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My exposure to DMT came last year when I returned to visit the city where I went to college and stayed with some friends. Among them is J, who was there for my first few experiences with LSD and who is one of a small group of people who I trust completely as a guide and fellow traveler with regards to all things psychedelic.

I was sitting on his couch doing some work one night when he wandered in and announced in his typical jovial way, “guess what I got?”. The glint in his eye told me before he did that it must have been one of a handful of chemicals — in fact, it was DMT. I didn’t know too much about it at that point beyond the basics: it’s physiologically quite safe, but puts you into a “hyperspace”-like state for about 15 minutes, during which users report shooting through eternal tunnels and meeting strange entities. J had already done DMT a few times and told me in no uncertain terms that I was in for a ride; we picked out a launch window for later that week.

The night before I was due to try DMT, I was sandwiched around the table at a social

gathering with J and some friends. He was discussing in low tones the construction of “the machine”, the rig built out of an old beer bottle, a straw, some rubber cement, and some steel wool that was supposed to be an efficient way of consuming DMT. Another friend asked to see the machine, so we retired upstairs and J produced it. Out of curiosity I picked it up and inhaled through the straw, and immediately tasted mothballs and felt waves of profoundly peaceful thoughts wash over me. “I think”, I said, “there might still be some DMT left over in this thing”. I was mostly sober and buzzing more from the company of good friends than the two beers I’d had earlier in the evening, so J suggested that I try smoking what was left in there to get a taste of the DMT headspace in anticipation of tomorrow’s trip. We imagined that there might have been a few milligrams of the stuff left over from previous journeys; in retrospect, that might have been an underestimate.

Still laughing a bit at the silliness of the dry run we were about to attempt, I took the plastic straw poking out of the machine

into my mouth, as J ignited his lighter and waved it beneath the ball of steel wool, supposedly laced with the stuff, at the other end. “Inhale”, he said, and I did, feeling the pungent mothball taste now sticky and amplified as I choked down the smoke. I counted to ten, I guess, making a halfhearted attempt to hold it in even as I bucked and coughed. “Again”, and I inhaled once more. By now, it was already clear that something was deeply wrong. I could feel my body tingling with a brand new energy — heretofore undiscovered, but now familiar. The faintest background sounds — the whirring of a CPU fan, the faint chatter of guests downstairs, were amplified and reverberant. I felt my brain sift these sounds one by one from a river of noise, a power we all wield but rarely think about. But instead of tracing these sounds to their source through familiar webs of cause and effect, my mind assigned each one a sickly, impossibly saturated neon color, and they buzzed in horizontal rows before my eyes. “One more”, boomed J’s voice, but I — I? — was in no condition to move my body in service of taking a third hit.

I felt my brain sift these sounds one by one from a river of noise, a power we all wield but rarely think about.

Instead, I sunk into the couch and closed, or maybe opened, my eyes. A field of tessellated red and purple triangles danced in my field of view, fed by cascading waves of terror. I felt trapped in an alien snowstorm, my visibility dwindling as I shone the flashlight of reason wildly around trying to make sense of where, or when, or who I was. “I was sitting on a couch, and then I took a drug” — all the pieces of

this simple thought were there, but I was unable to put them together in a satisfying order.

“I was sitting on a couch and then I”

“I was sitting on a couch”

“I was sitting”

“I was”

With that, the old order of things buckled and gave way to a logical inversion across some sinister axis. The facts of my human existence, time, space, my body, and my mind, were incomprehensible, beyond recall or even recognition, while ancient, cosmic, Lovecraftian notions of being were laid before me as plain and straightforward as a multiplication table. My eyes, in real life, were open at this point, and I found myself in what I describe in retrospect as a sort of bioluminescent disco, its geometry taking only the vaguest of hints from the room I was sitting in, but all the more absurd for the swivel chairs still visibly strewn around the dance floor. I remember crying out with a mixture of fascination and revelatory horror, “this is what existence is!” Immediately after must have been the “blast off”, because I felt myself suddenly pitched forward at great speed and shot through a series of lounge-like rooms.

I wish, for my sake and yours, that I could describe to you what followed. There are characteristics I can relay — the surfaces glowed with colors both impossibly vibrant and imbued with an odd matte, stucco texture across which flashed patterns of indescribable complexity.

One chamber seemed to unfold into the next not through a series of doors, but by its curled-up dimensions exploding into being from minute details in my field of

view, like enormous turquoise-amber-violet popcorn kernels being popped.

I remember this experience as bound by the laws of time: a linear sequence of events, one after the other. But I don't think it was like that — rather, I arrived at each chamber, at each moment in time, from a million different others at once, and each moment would soon explode into a million more. In retrospect, really trying to understand what happened is like looking through a kaleidoscope, turning the wheel frantically in search of some precise pattern I've seen before. Sometimes I get close, and I'm left only with the briefest impression of some otherworldly check-board vista and a chill down my spine before the pattern drifts again. Still, I have retained one image from this experience that feels like a real memory, a flash photograph snapped by my brain from a camera affixed above this transdimensional roller coaster and displayed in the gift shop as I exit. I see J sitting on a kind of velvet duvet, the walls made of pillowed squares and pulsing royal blue. In my mind's eye, though certainly not in reality, he is wearing a puffy top hat. He grins a Cheshire-cat smile at me, and either with his voice or some impossibly subtle gesture, conveys to me a single word: "right?!"

I'm really not sure what happened next — I suppose I'll have to go back in to find out — but as far as I can tell, I was rebooted. I occupied a sort of singularity, a point without space or time that was infinitely dense, but also felt infinitely spacious for lack of any kind of distance metric. From there, my human existence unfurled back into being from a single point in my life, being stranded in the Shanghai airport and missing my connecting flight. This is where the Turing tape of my brain had

spooled back to over the last five or ten minutes, and so the first words out of my mouth were a feeble attempt to relay this out loud in Mandarin, coming up with the next word in the sentence before starting it over each time. The space I occupied now had a stained-glass quality, but it's more accurate to say that I felt as though I were made of stained glass, and the events of my life were beams of light shining through my colored panes onto the surface below, each new splotch of diffuse light helping paint a picture of who, what, and where I really was. It felt like coming to the surface from the bottom of a deep pool, or waking from a startling nightmare and finding myself safe in bed, but it had none of the anxious qualities I'd associate with either of those things; rather, I felt a deep, beautiful sense of fascination and gratitude as I was handed a series of facts about my existence: you're a human being, on Earth, with friends, and family, and beliefs, and interests, and memories, and as I finally, at long last, grasped that "I was sitting on a couch, and then I took a drug" my eyes shot open and I burst out laughing.

Make no mistake, I was still tripping balls. The room we were in, while now satisfyingly Euclidean, was made of splotchy green geometric fragments that throbbed and swayed. The walls heaved and sagged, and J's face was an inquisitive treble clef. Still, this verdant space felt, as nothing ever had, like home. I probably could have closed my eyes and gone back in, but I was too excited by both what had happened and what I now saw around me that I could only gush in a stream of consciousness to my thankfully very receptive friends. I saw a laptop computer next to me and felt an indescribable awe and an odd kinship with this brick of metal which served to ferry our thoughts across time and space, and

could be powered off for a thousand years only to be rebooted nonchalantly into its previous state. As things faded back to normal, and I realized that nothing about the lighting in the room was remotely green, I was left with waves of curiosity and newfound eagerness to explore the world that I called home, that I had left behind without so much as saying good-bye, and that I had now, miraculously, been born back into.

For weeks after, I would sometimes find myself briefly tumbling through DMT-space when awaking from sleep.

EPILOGUE

After my experience with DMT, life proceeded apace in a shockingly normal way. I slept soundly that night and did the rest of the things I had planned to do on my trip, reflecting on what happened to me only in piecemeal, in the quiet hours of the following nights. Still, it had changed me. For weeks after, I would sometimes find myself briefly tumbling through DMT-space when awaking from sleep, with buzzing red and yellow spirals and zigzags quickly resolving into my ordinary surroundings. I took up meditation, trying to practice channeling my thoughts through the deep grooves of consciousness that the drug had carved for me, quieting the ego and the “default mode network” of my brain and letting the miracle of conscious thought simply take its course for a few minutes at a time. The habit finally stuck, and has helped me to guide positive change in the way I relate to myself and others.

Then there was one change that was most remarkable and remained undiscovered

for about a month. One night I was out with a friend and shared a joint outside a bar in San Francisco. This was my first time smoking weed since doing DMT, and as I stood outside I found the pleasant buzz giving way to the familiar “oh no, I’m too high” feeling, which in turn gave way to something truly terrible — my vision went monochromatic and fuzzy like an old TV screen, and I crouched against the wall feeling terribly nauseous, small, and alone for what felt like an eternity until my friend helped me up and walked me to his apartment. As I took in the change of surroundings and found myself in a safe and familiar place, the nausea gave way to euphoria and I realized what was happening was a kind of farewell gift basket from hyperspace. I lay down on the couch, turned on some music, and closed my eyes, shot through tunnel-like scenes of indescribable beauty. I saw my network of friends morph into the nighttime streets of Munich morph into a long strand of DNA being unwound and translated into proteins. I became the Fourier transform and felt myself decomposed into waves. I toured a piece of code I had been working on and marveled at the familiar ways information trickled through its structure like marbles through a Rube Goldberg machine. I was every chime and glitch and buzz of Jon Hopkins’ “Luminous Beings”. I saw myself as a healer, appraising my own flaws in a workmanlike and non-judgmental way, and feeling sure that I could learn to help others do the same. And all of that was before my friend brought back pizza.

[Reported Dose: “Unknown (likely 10-20mg, smoked)”]

It’s been more than half a year since I tried DMT, and the viscosity of the memory has faded, but sometimes when I can’t

sleep, or when I smoke weed, meditate, or even have a strong cup of coffee, I can feel those familiar, buzzing patterns of thought, and my mind grasps a unit vector that I know that if extended outwards a great distance will take me back to that... place. I haven't made a serious attempt to find more of the stuff yet — I want to be ready, but I also hope somehow that it will find its way back to me. In the meantime, I think about DMT a little bit in the same way Carl Sagan thought about the stars: distant, but waiting.

adastraperspeculum. "How I Accidentally Blasted Off One Day Early: An Experience with DMT (exp113133)". Erowid.org. May 4, 2019. erowid.org/exp/113133



Colophon

Helvetica Neue Condensed Black by Linotype

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