

The Phenomenal Character of an Electric Cotton Candy Dreamland

INTRODUCTION

Demographic Information

Race: Caucasian

Age: 35

Gender: Male

Height: 6'0"

Weight: 170lbs

Genetics: French-German, Greek & Balkan, Albanian & Macedonian, Bulgarian, Moldovan & Romanian, British & Irish, Nordic

Health Conditions: Celiac's Disease, PMBC Dysfunction, Chronic Insomnia, High-functioning Major Depressive Disorder, Visual Snow Syndrome, Clinical Endocannabinoid Deficiency

Set and Setting

This dose was taken as nine 100µg hits of liquid applied to a sugar cube. It was ingested alone at 10:13 PM on December 5, 2023. The weather was a piercing yet enjoyable cold which shifted back and forth between 36°F and 31°F during the time of the experience with an indoor temperature of 70°F. Some of the experience was spent in a garage where the temperature is still tolerable, but not the same as interior proper.

The skies were clear with the planets Jupiter and Saturn visible in the earlier hours, with the constellation Orion moving prominently across the southern sky. A waning crescent moon rose at 1:30 A.M., and a bright orange-golden Venus rose above the mountaintop around 4:30 A.M.

This will be my seventieth or so LSD trip, with most of my doses being 450–600µg via blotters made by the same chemist as this liquid. The majority of my trips begin in the evening, with the majority of those beginning at 10:13 PM. The reason for this, (specific time of 10:13 as an irrelevant notwithstanding), is medicinal with the case having been made elsewhere (See *Acid Lullabies*, 2025). It has been ten weeks since my last dose of LSD of one 150µg blotter.

Background Philosophical Assumptions

For the intent and purpose of a dialogue of terms and labels I am reluctantly labelled as something of a Nontheistic Panpsychenentheist Daoist and Discrete Realist moonlighting as a Theoretical Mysticist. Nontheistically there is no material god a la the descriptions of major religions, but there is not nothing in the goings-on connecting us to something else and one another before or after the events we label birth and death. Panpsychenentheism is the nuclear fusion of panpsychism and panentheism where the broader field of consciousness not only is and interpenetrates all conscious objects, meaning all objects, but transcends their phase states of matter and modus temporis. Discrete Realism is a hybrid view of Indirect and Direct Realism maintaining a rational foot in both worlds of thought. Experiences with Recurrent Dreaming in childhood and early adulthood, as well as more recent experiences with N,N-DMT are in large part reason for this hybrid, and they bring along with them a theoretical mysticism that is fun to explore. For example, in both instances I have had undeniable interactions with discrete time crystals, visuals of galactic filaments, and synesthetic witnessing of mycorrhizal networks, and plant distress signaling; in some cases these were experienced before their academic findings had been summated and published to corresponding journals. There have also been, in both dream state and psychedelic state, sightings and interactions with the phase state of matter for consciousness and mind, and DMT once revealed an aspect of family history months before I would do the research and know for myself.

I have been a zazen meditator since 2019 and am a continual practitioner of The Headless Way or Science of the First Person a la the works of D.E. Harding. Harding and the *Daodejing* have largely influenced my patterns of thought. Specifically the Roger T. Ames and David L. Hall translation, *Daodejing: A Philosophical Translational; Making This Life Significant*.

I was born and raised a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, otherwise known as a Mormon, and while not a practicing, believing member I still hold fast and fight for the metaphysical ontology as structured by its founder, Joseph Smith. It is believed by some that Joseph Smith had knowledge of the entheogenic inducement of mystical, spiritual, and otherwise divine experiences, and that he employed such facilitations via his church sacrament. Notably his patrilineal grandson, Frederick Smith was involved in the psychedelic circle at Harvard and was likely a supplier of peyote for their explorations. Joseph Smith may have been one of the first of our era to begin to describe the phenomenal character and texture of such experiences. If we consider what Wittgenstein taught us about the limits of our language we may just see a broader world when some of their scriptural texts are interpreted beyond the limits of a supposed Christian theology.

Emotional and Cognitive State

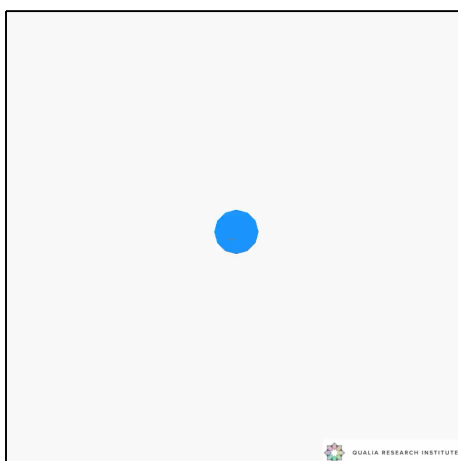
I maintain an overall positive attitude and am generally a happy individual. I have had chronic pain and insomnia since age thirteen, as such life is situated in a mixed valence of trepidatious melancholy and perpetual positivity.

There was an alacritous anticipation in the hours prior to ingestion.

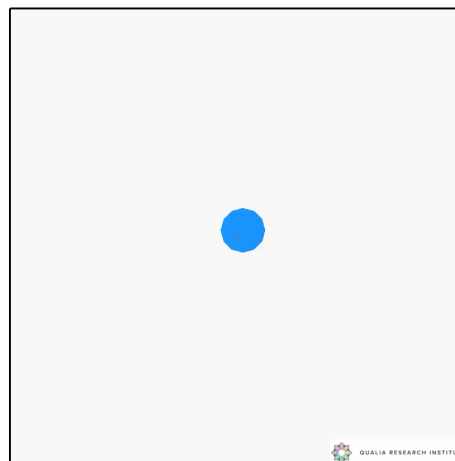
REPORT

Temporal Progression and Phenomenal Character

The come up and lead into the first peak of the experience was comfortable and gradual. For the first hour and a half I laid in bed in a calm and quiet darkness. First indication of tracer effects on the motion of objects such as animals and body limbs was noted within thirty minutes, with a slowly building replay frequency of 2–7Hz and an increasing trail intensity of 40–80% in the following thirty minutes.



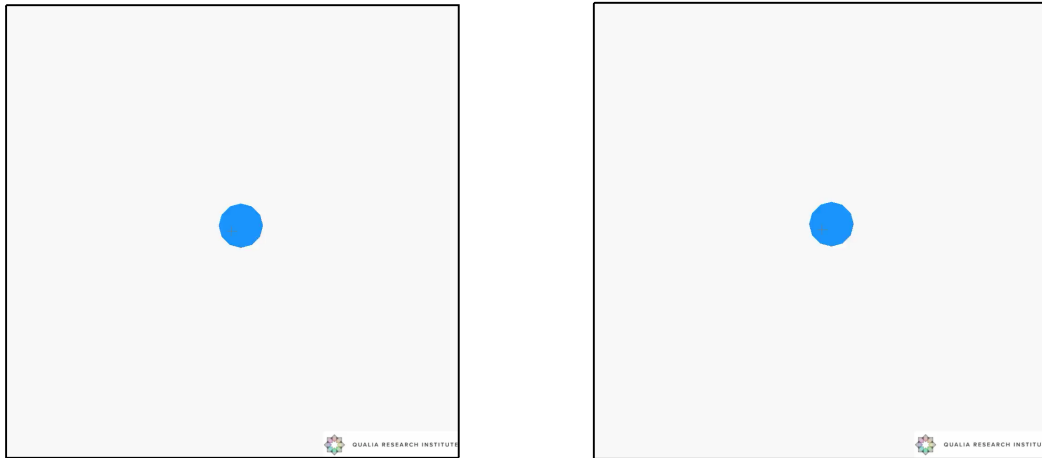
(2Hz replay, 40% trail intensity)



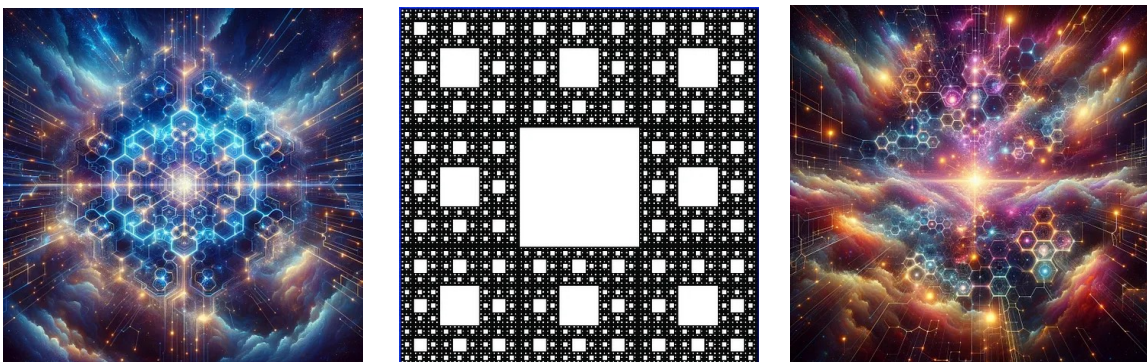
(7Hz replay, 80% trail intensity)

Shorty after the first hour I was compelled to go on a walk through my neighborhood to the local park so I got dressed for the colder weather, left a note at the house, and headed out just before the second hour. On the 10 minute walk to the park I lit and consumed a .75g joint of the cannabis strain Guava Cream which contained a THCa percentage of 17.47% and had a terpene profile of 3.78mg beta-Caryophyllene, 2.07mg Limonene, 1.45mg Linalool, 1.35mg Humelene and 1.06mg B-Myrcene.

As I reached the park the experience began to peak. Looking at the night sky produced a mixed tracer experience where some portions would clearly space apart replays at around 16Hz providing an approximate strobe of 12Hz and a pulse of 5Hz where other aspects of the sky performed with no replay, emerging as only pops of light at 15Hz pulse with an enigmatic strobe of 3Hz.



There was an electric field of correspondence upon which a complex of iridescent lattices overlay the sky as if interconnected eye-circuit boards transferring visual data across space; a sort of distorted Sierpinski carpet merging with a cantor set all atop a universe enmeshing Vicsek fractal. While distorted or incongruent in appearance each individual spark, stream—each eye of light—harmonized with the rest into a set of overtones inhabiting the space as data points of color and illuminessence. There was an all encompassing sense of effervescent joy with an expanded appreciation for the teeming energy of life; an opposition to that of existential dread—existential peace, which seems to have been sparked by the gentle yet electric texture of this night sight. The sky sung with a twinkle and a sparkle, winking and chiming from C7 to A6 and back again.



After witnessing this array I was pulled back to myself and the sense that I was standing at one end of an enclosed baseball field, However, the sense of perception from the head had bifurcated and added upon it the sense of perception from all points of the body to where I could see the color of the grass with my feet and hear the wind with my fingertips, as well as the sense of perception of being just above and behind the head while somehow also housing the entire discrete sensation of the matrix of auras surrounding my crude physicality. At this moment the temporal depth of the experience took a direct dive into a Mariana Trench sized Moment of Eternity. I had decided that this walk to the park and the visions seen in the sky were enough for a cold night and that I had better head home. As I began to traverse the distance of the baseball field to the supposed exit at the other end it became apparent to me that with every step I took I made no progress. The other end of the field, and the gate I wanted to exit, they were not there, nor would I ever reach them should my eyes find them in this darkness anyway. This had happened before on 600µg but only after adding in 35mg of DMT and taking the same walk to the same park somewhere between 10 minutes to another eternity and another eternity after inhaling. These experience both brought about that provoked feeling of annoyed inquisitiveness as experienced by Alice when attempting to meet the Red Queen in Wonderland,

‘I think I’ll go and meet her,’ said Alice, for, though the flowers were interesting enough, she felt that it would be far grander to have a talk with a real Queen.

‘You can’t possibly do that,’ said the Rose: ‘I should advise you to walk the other way.’ This sounded nonsense to Alice, so she said nothing, but set off at once towards the Red Queen. To her surprise, she lost sight of her in a moment, and found herself walking in at the front-door again.

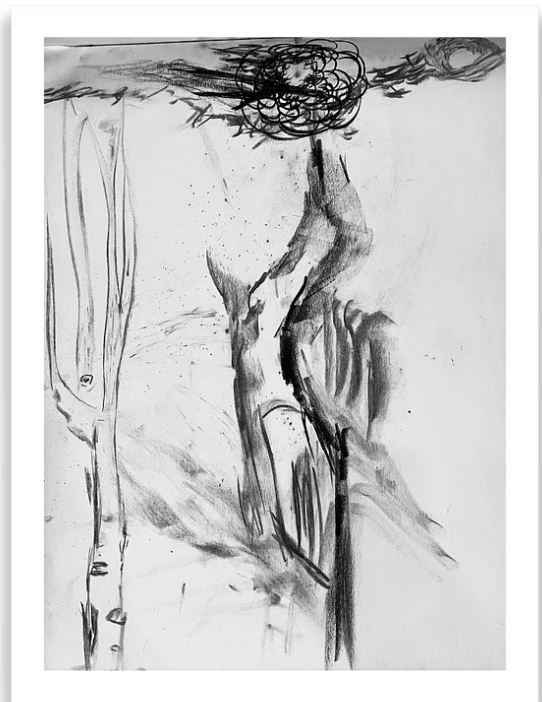
A little provoked, she drew back, and after looking everywhere for the queen (whom she spied out at last, a long way off), she thought she would try the plan, this time, of walking in the opposite direction.

It succeeded beautifully. She had not been walking a minute before she found herself face to face with the Red Queen, and full in sight of the hill she had been so long aiming at.

It's only when I realized that I was not walking anywhere, because at that moment I was everywhere—nowhere to go—and looked back into my more consensus physical sensations that I was able to find that the pathway home was ready to spontaneously emerge before my very eyes all along. Since this eternal moment had happened before I recognized it almost immediately. I played with it for a time, attempting to walk further into the baseball field while checking for parallax in the movements and relation of objects, etc. It was a happy and playful moment; a child laughing at the simple things in a dark park.

After settling in back at home I ate a granny smith apple and decided to work on some art in the garage while listening to music and smoking a mixture of the same Guava Cream, and another strain named Lemon Cherry Gelato, with the latter set at 18.27% THCa, 0.067mg Myrcene, 0.154mg Limonene, 0.142mg Linalool, 0.126mg Humelene and 0.427mg beta-Caryophyllene.

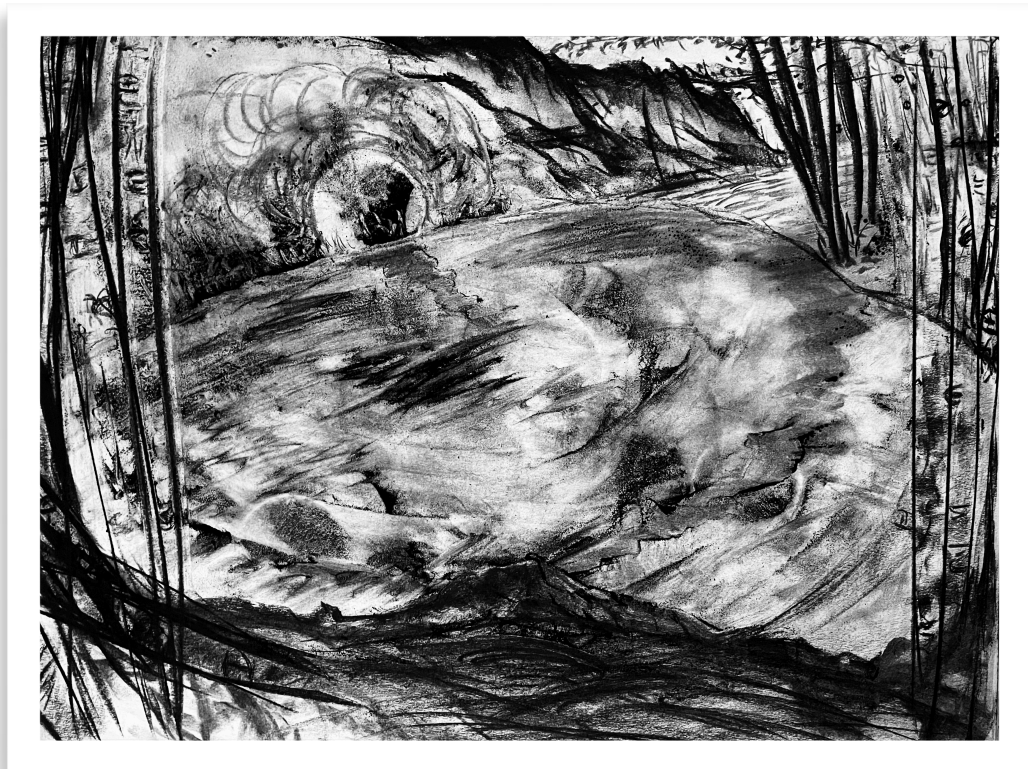
Art was approached with a hatsuboku zen emptiness method where charcoal is randomly applied to the surface and an image springs forth from the blot for completion. For around an hour and a half “I” lost myself in the medium of charcoal and vague landscapes as “I” explored the prickly and disconcerting sensations in the body brought on by thoughts of future uncertainties sparked by knowledge of current events, as well as experiencing the release of those tensions through stoic and imaginative toilings leading to a loss of self. These tensions compounded within the first twenty minutes but experienced brief moments of relief before intensity would increase. These brief-relief’s were each conjoined with a coming-to, and a recognition of failed artistic attempts which had been made automatically without conscious notice.





Eventually the compounding ex-perience took on a sort of accepted lackadaisical leaning into those inevitable potentialities and was accompanied by a content wonder of certain future uncertainties. This tension was released at second peak as a delicate array of opal Hexaflake's overlay the drawing surface.

This shifted the texture of the experience from prickly cold disorder to smooth warm organization, it was a subtle and welcome shift, and was brief. Following this I completed these sketches,





. . .and during that time I asked Siri to save the following songs to my library as they rolled through the random shuffle I chose that night:

- Relax by Vacations
- This Way by HOMESHAKE
- confusion by Jinsang
- monster gambling in Tokyo by Idealism
- Beyond the Clouds by You'll Never Get to Heaven
- Letter of Intent by Ducktails
- Birds Singing Lies by Glue Trip
- IV by Aebleo

Around hour six and a half to seven there was a drop in energy which prompted me to lay down in an attempt to sleep. As I lay there resting, lucidly dozing into a dream state,

there was a shift where all overtones dropped out to a singular harmonic which brought forth a smooth, hyper-realistic, 3-dimensional landscape of pink cotton-candy Mylar balloons with Silver linings in a realm of highly polished Silver benches with endless pink and white milkshakes at each corresponding table—the happiest and most relaxing 1950s soda shop.



This experience ended with a relaxing hour spent napping in that electric cotton candy dreamland, awakening to a peaceful three hour afterglow that left all edges shining like diamonds on the periphery.