

# Hagios Drakosophia and the Basilisk of Burnings

---

On Tuesday, November 24, 2022 I found myself with an hour to kill at home alone, and as was the season of my life at the time, it seemed the perfect opportunity to take a business trip—or in other words—to smoke some N,N-DMT. The conditions were prime all around: a calm and quiet, empty home; and outside a crisp 60° and partly sunny, with the almost always local valley-channel wind flow originating from Utah Valley Provo–Utah Lake region moving in north through the Jordan River corridor into Salt Lake Valley at approximately 22 mph.

At the time I was using a handheld vaporizer with a ceramic donut coil in lieu of torch vaporizing the DMT through glass. I discovered I loved this method because it provided a more gentle rise into the DMT space in comparison to other methods where it can at times feel as if you are being either yanked from or catapulted out of your body while simultaneously continuously feeling the surface beneath your cheeks. It allowed for a more controlled vaporization and inhalation process wherein one could smoke little bits at a time, acclimate to the amount consumed, and then intake more when ready. So I loaded up my vaporizer with 50mg of DMT, stripped down to nothing, and sat lotus position on my very comfortable living room armchair. I had spent a lot of the summer and early fall experiencing DMT with my eyes closed, but had since been experimenting with leaving my eyes open the entire time, if not occasionally closing them briefly just to find the witness of the differences occurring, and why that might be.

It started as it typically does: the room automatically brightens in unison with a gentle physiological churning, a single flame is lit underneath the body, set to burn at a soothing ambient point, with flame and temperature together raising you out of your seat just a few inches—in essence, a perfectly realized zazen meditation; accompanied by the sounds of attunement, that spiraling, tinnitic whining glissando that gradually tightens upward, becoming more fine and fierce. I soaked in the warmth, floated for a fraction of a fray in this newly acquired corridor of dimethyl-time, and inhaled some more, and then again some more, and more until it was all inhaled and as the space around me steadily and progressively morphed—appearing to permeate and trudge in from the outer bounds of the immediate field of the experience building a meandering border around the space. The three-quarter wall separating two of my living rooms was no longer.

I had experienced this once before—being able to see through the wall and into the next room, but having it rather be like the wall wasn't really there anymore at all. I could see around all corners from all angles through all space and time—just contracted into 1,000 or so square feet of living space. Last time this happened would have been several months prior, likely late August, and on the other side of the wall. I had slowly taken around 25-30mg that day I think, but unlike this experience where I could see through and around the wall, it was rather that the entire space became a Picasso painting. That is to say it was an almost flattened, one-dimensional world where there was nothing to see around anyway.

The walls were resplendent with a field mosaic of whites and blue, like porcelain tile had been installed on their surface. As bordered as a borderless field-of view can be, the space was surrounded loosely by a Greek key, while the mosaic within it was a pulsation and clockwise rotation of octagram's set inside circles set inside squares. Braided helical shafts broke up the mosaic from floor to ceiling every couple feet or so. My already vaulted ceiling appeared dramatically more so, and rotated counter-clockwise, with the surface being some mixture of a herringbone and concentric circle pattern causing the the space to desire to spiral upward eternally. Protruding exquisitely from the irregularly stone-slabbed floor—reaching for the heavens while holding them up at the same time—were counter-clockwise rotating Solomonic columns supporting the entirety of the scene.

Suddenly, the light shifted and everything darkened a bit, before me, I saw emerge from the ground, writhing upward in a clockwise motion in the center of the field of view, a spiral staircase made of giant stone slabs, now spinning the space upward through a helical corridor—set with a snake-handrail to help lead the way. As the staircase turned it immediately began to take me upward with it through the corridor. At a distance of several hundred paces or so I heard voices whispering, each one distinct from the other, the sound echoing of the walls of a distant chamber. As I came around the bend I saw three shadowy figures, men in robes in a line one after another leaving the spiraling staircase, heading left down a very strait and narrow corridor to stand far off in the distance. They turned back to face me, and what was now the mysterious, ever-circling chamber I had entered—rather so, the chamber that had come to me, as I was sitting meditatively in my chair, yet had stepped forward out of my body by about two feet.

It was clear that I was deep under-ground, though how other than the sense of “knowing” I know not. The entire chamber was rotating slowly like a torus, with the meandering, the mosaics, and the myriad things about in the room and on the surfaces beginning to pulsate with a dazzling flicker at approximately 35–40Hz. Before entering this chamber of secrets the surfaces were of a porcelain white, but now all that geometric intelligence was set atop the blackest of black scrims. In the center of room I saw before me the monolithic head of a woman with long dancing hair that gyrated in a wondrous and uncountable syncopation with the pulsating of the geometric motifs.

Almost as immediately as I saw the dancing of the hair I realized what was steadily revolving my way—the gargantuan head of that Gorgon—Medusa, who's look would turn any man to stone. The view before me—set inside the transformative layer of reality that was, is, and will still be my Salt Lake Valley-nestled living room—brought about a brief surge of fear that rushed through me from the base of the spine to the tip of the head,



causing a sharp physiological warmth, a sudden cooling, and a noticeable episode of *cutis anserina*. This beast there at the center of my field of view that was set out to destroy me in one progressive revolution just might succeed! For, I have been given no weapons, no polished shield like unto Perseus with which to reflect this countenance of terror. What do I do? Should I close my eyes? For a brief moment I closed my eyes. It was like I was traveling down a fiber optic conduit lit up in greens and yellows and whites where praying mantids played technicians to a hyperspatial, hypra-electronic—*plasmic*—railway that spun off into eternity; like Rainbow Road in the upper left of my internal field of view. But I knew, I felt that I was still in the depths of this curious chamber, and I could hear the rotating of the stone pedestal which held up the head and shoulders of that yawning apocalypse. I could not escape this scene. It was then, accompanied by the distinct whispers coming from those figures yonder in the corridor of the ancestors, with a love-laced flutter from that Lepidoptera always poised to fan the bellows at the core of my physical being, that another surge of warmth shot forth as a burning at my bosom with the force of a million million butterflies, and I remembered my training, I remembered all that I had learned!

### **The Lord's Prayer; KJV, John 17:**

20 Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word;

21 That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.

22 And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one:

23 I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.

### **The Science of the First Person and the Headless Way:**

. . .the Reality behind appearances is No-thing seeing itself as no-thing. Or rather...that the Reality 'behind' appearances is in fact in front of them, taking them in, and is none other than himself...<sup>1</sup>

From this white Light the gorgeous kaleidoscope of the universe endlessly radiates, out of this infra-microscopic Top-hat are drawn all the props and all the actors that come and go on the world's stage. How beautiful that this marvelous Cornucopia should be alive to itself, and how right that its own Self-awareness in me should never pall! For deserved

---

<sup>1</sup> Harding, SFP, ch.2 p.3

interest, for genuine worthwhileness, what in the world can compare with Where it all comes from?<sup>2</sup>

Thus, the more I speak of my thoughts and feelings—and specially my spiritual or mystical experiences—the more likely they are to evaporate, till in the end all is falsified and I don't know what I'm talking about; whereas the more I speak of Where those thoughts and feelings come from the more consistently I see what I mean and mean what I see, and the more lucidly I express it.<sup>3</sup>

**Psalm 82:6:**

Ye are gods and children of the most High.

I knew with a surety that I had no head, and that I had no face set with eyes with which to view this mythological beast—I had been free of the caged view of a head atop my ontological shoulders for many years now. I knew that I was nothing more than a headless reflection of the same source as Medusa. In lieu of coming face-to-face with that Greek nightmare, she spun my way—eyes ablaze with the intent to extinguish my very soul—not knowing that she would be met face to no-face, or more certainly, no-face to no-face, and thus would ignite the flames of her own demise. As her gaze met mine her gaze was not her gaze, and neither was mine my own. It was the gorgeous kaleidoscope of the universe reflecting back the shared nature of the reality “behind” these disparate appearances; knowing that with full self-awareness seen clearly arranged out in front of and from me, that I am truly One in Them, and thus I see what this means and I mean what is seen. With this knowledge and this perspective—the infra-microscopic light of my very core—I mirrored back the hidden light within the elements of our usually entailing circumstance, and that deleterious demon was instantaneously petrified. She and the cobra dance providing her her deathly rhythms became as stone, and toppled off of the pedestal.

Her head did not travel far. It toppled and balanced itself quickly, standing upright from the small portion of the stone neck that remained. The room was still spinning like a torus and buzzing and ringing with the dazzling sparkles of the Athenian motifs gliding and pulsing about, but after a moment of dimethyl-silence those three shadowy figures began walking towards me as the motions of the torus changed direction, enabling them to travel back towards me. The mouth of Medusa opened broadly, and from out of the deep and dark profundity that was housed there slithered a glimmering serpent of enormous size. It was an arrangement of creative impulses born anew from amidst the very mountainous remains that cast the shadows which kept it hidden and captive all these epochs. The Basilisk of Burnings, crystalline and delicate as glass, as radiant as the sun at noon-day, let it be known that—having been freed

---

<sup>2</sup> Harding, SFP, ch.19 p.45

<sup>3</sup> Harding, SFP, ch.17 p.36

from the clutches of the enigmatic eschaton—its new home was not meant to be the haphazard and wandering expanse of the cosmos, but within my very bosom.

Leary of such a proposal from such a Being in such a state of conscious-undulation, I wondered where I may turn for clarity. The Divine Serpent was not bothered with the hesitation, not perturbed by a moment of doubt and anxiety—allowing me to work through and embody the advice of both Zen Master Dōgen<sup>4</sup> and Elder Uchtdorf,<sup>5</sup> to set aside my doubts and practice the faith I know. As such, stepping into view arrived my very answer, as I remembered another vital teaching handed down to me through my metaphysically–tautological tradition,

### **Doctrine and Covenants 129:**

4 When a messenger comes saying he has a message from God, offer him your hand and request him to shake hands with you.

5 If he be an angel he will do so, and you will feel his hand.

6 If he be the spirit of a just man made perfect he will come in his glory; for that is the only way he can appear—

7 Ask him to shake hands with you, but he will not move, because it is contrary to the order of heaven for a just man to deceive; but he will still deliver his message.

8 If it be the devil as an angel of light, when you ask him to shake hands he will offer you his hand, and you will not feel anything; you may therefore detect him.

9 These are three grand keys whereby you may know whether any administration is from God.

Into the light the three figures began to shine, revealing themselves, and without saying a word we initiated priesthood protocol. In this topological pocket of Latter-day contextualization the felt-presence of these visitors, Dionysius Skylosophos, Saint Demetrius of Thessaloniki, and my great-grandfather James Dimitrios Lampros, was complete, and thus validated the intent of this Draconian crystal.

These deeply nested dads dissipated as the Dragon of the Dark Matter Terrain descended from the dizzying heights of the heavens above, and slithered silently onto the seat of my soul with a crushing brightness that shoved me back into my body.

There was dissolution, and resolution, as the brightness of the present sunny afternoon inundated the space once more.

There was dissolution and resolution in me, as the brightness of the present form of my soul ignited my Space once more as I returned to present-time in the Salt Lake Valley.

---

<sup>4</sup> Ehei, Dōgen. “Wandering Period, Question 4.” *Treasury of the True Dharma Eye: Zen Master Dōgen’s Shōbōgenzō*, edited by Kazuaki Tanahashi, Shambhala Publications, 2010, p 9.

<sup>5</sup> Elder Dieter F. Uchtdorf. “Come, Join With Us.” *General Conference*, October 2013