

Recurring Dreams, 1996–2007

I would faux-wake up, dream me would awaken, laying in bed on my back staring directly up at the ceiling. The textured pattern of the ceiling above appeared to be dancing behind an almost entirely clear and waving curtain, which upon closer inspection made the entire room look as if it, and I, were under water. A distant ethereal music always accompanied the immediacy of my eyes opening, and as I would inspect the ceiling and watery veil, lights of all colors unimaginable intertwined with all shapes unimaginable began to creep down the walls and stairs toward my bedroom like vines, as if automatically installing new hyper-textured wallpaper and carpet on their surfaces. Slowly, but always assuredly, brilliantly colored fluorescent orbs, each white at their core yet emitting all colors in a radiating dance of pure light-joy, would make their way to me and guide me out of bed toward the staircase leading up to the main floor of the house—closer to the source of the entrancing, ethereal, and enigmatic music.

It was at the midpoint of the staircase where I would be presented with my options for how I would like my dreamy experience to be realized. I could either continue up the stairs and into the garage where the music was being made, or I could enter into a never before seen crawl space. The crawl space was situated in a new nook through a small door in the wall next to the staircase, and heading in the direction exactly above the back storage room which housed my parents excess, and a recurring coulrophobic nightmare of mine. As I would approach the nooks entryway, a brilliant golden light would begin to emanate from inside and project outward, opening the door and inundating the transvisible rainbow of vining shapes already taking over the stairwell.

On the first occasion of this dream I took the bait and entered the crawl space. It was an expansive toy room with everything a child's toy room could need, and since it was above the backroom it was a great size; though not as great in size as it was when represented in nightmare form just beneath. The orbs, a truly mysterious production of eggs, like hundreds of tiny variations on the theme of the faberge egg in my Grandmother's curio cabinet—"fabergeggs" as I used to call them. They would chrysanthemum open into smaller sphered objects of white and golden light which would come together to form a friend who would begin handing me toy, after toy, after toy, after toy. They were objects of complicated light appearing from nowhere, and even more mysterious eggs would emerge from the light-giving production of this new light-friends own chest. Inevitably, they would begin playing with some sort of alternative inter-dimensional Rubik's cube I had never seen before. While all of this went on between me and my new light-friend, other light forms would appear, growing out of those curiously emergent chest-produced light-orbs, and they would begin playing with either their own transdimensional icosahedral supraRubik's cubes, or comically large rainbow-colored wooden snakes, or parachuting figurines of many forms. Many of them were playing catch, tossing all across the room these other modified, and smaller supra-spheres of deltoidal tetrahexagonal tiling—puzzles made of radiating light, ever-morphing as they travelled along. The fun continued until the room was afloat with all the colors and patterns previously snaking through the stairwell, then I would awaken.

In *True Hallucinations: Being An Account of the Author's Extraordinary Adventures in the Devil's Paradise* by Terence McKenna, he relates a story told to him by his friend Ev in which she hallucinates some similar particulars,

“With her eyes closed, she saw a strange, elf-like creature rolling a complicated polyhedron along the ground. Each facet of this polyhedron seemed, she said, like a window onto another place in time or another world.”¹

When I first read this I was struck by the similarity of not only a situation and experience so thoroughly bizarre—complicated geometric objects in the hands of some small intradimensional being—but by the simple fact that this was something I had never before told anyone. These experiences and Ev’s description remind me of how Heraclitus described the Aeon, or incalculable Time, as:

“...a child playing at draughts—a child’s kingdom.”²

Interestingly enough, during a recent panel, one of the volunteers and explorers from the Imperial College London's Extended State DMT (DMTx) study, Dr. Jack Allocca, related a similar experience,

“At the very lowest dose, which is very strange, I just got shocked for the first ten minutes by some of the most distinct entities. And the one I can remember was some kind of elfish creature, humanoid, with quite delicate features, very clean faced and petite kind of structure, and was operating or reshuffling some kind of material or equipment in front of it, in front of me...This one proper elf was operating machinery, or doing clairvoyance on some sort of equipment.”³

Now, the second instance of this recurring dream set—I would again awaken staring directly at the synchronized swimming of the textured ceiling of my bedroom, in unison with the distant and ephemeral music, with the light patterns and orbs soon to follow. However, upon reaching the midpoint of

¹ McKenna, Terence., *True Hallucinations, Being an Account of the Author's Extraordinary Adventures in the Devil's Paradise*. Harper Collins, New York, NY, 1993, c7, pp. 77

² Heraclitus, *On Nature*, LXXIX

³ Allocca, Jack, 'DMTx Breakthrough Panel Moderated By Graham Hancock, Dr. Andrew Gallimore & Dr. Rick Strassman,' Noonautics, YouTube, 23 May 2023, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Myq_Hc_39aI&t=1h18m28s

the staircase this time, and many, many times to follow, I would decide to continue up the staircase to see what was the source of this music I was coming to enjoy so much.

Up the stairs I would follow my orb-friends through the door and just to the left. The garage door would open before me and these orbs would once again begin a captivating chrysanthemum dance, riding on the waves of this underwater current, spitting out stars and bursts of rainbow color and light as they surfed along. They would begin creating a path leading to the back of the garage past the passenger side of my parents Mitsubishi Montero. The Montero was the source of the music. It was still muffled but was louder now that I was in the garage, and it appeared as if there was an incredible laser light show happening on the inside.

I found that I didn't walk to the back of the garage so much as I did float along the surface of those patterned tubes and their incredible depth of hues. Upon reaching the back of the Montero, the rear hatch would open up to reveal, not the inside contents of a sport utility vehicle, but a lush and beautiful nature scene. In the center, and extending to the very rear of the vehicle, was a dark and bubbling pond of iridescent reflection, and there was indeed an illustrative laser light show taking up the background of the space. It was made with striking purples, blues, and gold, and there was a scattering of those floating white light-orbs—hovering in place as if they were waiting for something.

Most prominently, however, was the true source of the music. An astonishing, stunning, and entirely mesmerizing mermaid would peer through the foliage, and while silhouetted, would appear to give a coy smile. With a slight shimmy she would swim up and out of the greenery, sailing on a wave of indescribable color, gracefully gliding down to rest on a stone still further in, but nearer where the second row of seats would have begun. All of this went on while she serenaded me with that voice. . . The voice of a creature who must have already died and been born again as an angel solely so that I alone could hear her eternal song.

After a moment of mesmerization I would climb into the back of the car, easily wading into the warmth of the effervescent and iridescent pond, and begin to slowly sail towards this nymph from the beyond. As I would come nearer, her song would intensify, and the mysteriously hovering production of eggs of light would begin opening one by one—exhausted from pining to emit their bursts of stars and rainbows and polyhedronic becomings. Approaching face-to-face with this mermaingel would almost always be fully realized, but, classic dream-state, it always fell short. That watered silk curtain first seen as I opened my eyes in my bedroom downstairs was playing the role of obstruction to our meet-cute, rushing in between us like a horizontal waterfall from either side, all while the color and light reached such a bright intensity beyond even the capacities of the dreamscape. I would awaken, always in the middle of the night, to the sound of receding waters.

Funny enough, I was recently going through some old childhood scrapbooks when I came across a peculiar piece of art from this time period.

