Having acquired 7g of freshly cooked ketamine, I arranged time alone to try this previously unexplored substance (I had tried it before but only enough to feel slightly drunk) after hearing much about the depths of the psyche it can take you. Previously I had dabbled with DMT but never delved into the full spiritual realm, my only true ego dissolving experience being with a high dose of Salvia D.

A ∼70mg line was chopped out and snorted through a note, fairly sore compared to the burn from the 2ci I had last week though still nothing compared to the nasal onslaught that is foxy.

Ten minutes later I’m feeling quite altered but still able to roll a joint, understand the TV and think coherently, not the depth of effects I’ve arranged this time for so I sniff another ∼30mg hoping to sink into my consciousness and away from the well explored, regular plane of reality.

Starting to feel a bit more detached, darkness creeps in around the edges of my vision, edging slowly toward my focal point, but as I switch focus it cowers back to the corners of my mind – I don’t want to have to put too much effort into this trip, and as yet nothing too interesting is happening, I thought I’d try heightening the effects with a balloon of nitrous.

Looking through the empty boxes of whippets I’d almost resigned myself to another line of K when under a hat in my drawer there sat a lone canister, a small, innocent looking, steel, cream whipping cart on the outside, a sweet, sweet stepping stone on my path to enlightenment within.

I took the gas in one lungful, held, already my sense of self is slipping as I try to remember what to do next, back into the balloon, and re-inhale I exhale and drop the balloon, the fuzzy distorted sounds of nitrous intoxication begin to swamp my being, only this time they are louder, and I am falling, falling to the left, my seemingly heavy and clumsy body left behind on the bed as I begin to soar away from the redness on the back of my eyelids created by the light in the room.

I begin to travel faster, the familiar nitrous wah wah’s merging into the sounds more reminiscent of a jumbo jet engine, and all the time I’m thinking, ‘fucking hell... I can handle this... its ok...’ the voice of Tim Leary muttering the reassuring words ‘submit yourself... do not be afraid...’ and I’m thinking I’m ok I don’t need to go back... and then it steps up a gear as I realize I’m flying at the speed of concorde, hearing the sounds of the wind rushing past me as if I really were, only without the protection of the vessel around me, the noise is deafening, and I’m heading away
from the redness, toward light, intensely bright white like the sun when you force yourself to look right at it, those few seconds when I can actually see the colours of the sun with my naked eye, I was surrounded by that brightness, and it was getting nearer.

I was going faster and I was experiencing the kind of emotions I would expect someone who was about to meet the surface of the sun at 10,000,000 miles per hour would experience. . . . far too intense to think coherently, thoughts rushed through my mind, too fast to make any sense of or to remember, but all the time I had the notion of utter submission in my mind, for if I were to try to open my eyes and jump back to reality, I know I would have got scared when reality didn’t return, but this, was an extremely difficult reaction to suppress.

However, with the ghost of Leary and my knowledge of the Iboga and Ayahuasca shamens guiding me, I kept the urge to resist held down and accepted that this was my fate, this was my choice, I was about to be dissolved by this blinding brightness that was beginning to encompass my whole field of vision.

As I was about to enter the light, and leave everything I held rational and secure behind, the roar grew to a deafening ripping sound, I felt my being enter the light and my ego dissipate into the ether, as my whole concept of myself, the human shaped entity I related to gone, I became, the Sun. . . .

The last thing I remember flying away from the great light, arcing it like a comet, having just passed through it and come out of the other side I was now orbiting it, still at great speed, however I was conscious of myself and my journey, and more reassuringly that I was returning – reality as we know it was still far away, and although I knew it existed, the solidity of it, the tangible place our bodies live was still like a memory that had not surfaced for a long time, patchy and unsure.

On my return to this plane I thought for a long time about what I, what we all are trying to achieve, what we are here for, the meaning of life even? My conclusions were pure and simple. We seek enlightenment. Whether we know it or not, and whether we take the path of religion, drugs, meditation, study, sports or whatever, we are seeking spiritual elation.

I also thought about the notion that enlightenment can be thought of as the peak of a large and precarious mountain. Different paths can be taken to reach the top, and as all of us start life in this world we start at the bottom and walk around, testing the rigidity of the rocks, or looking for the shortest or safest path depending on our individual preferences, and we begin to climb. . . . some choose a difficult path, and realize it is not for them, they go back and start somewhere else, some take a few steps and then stop, comfortable in their warm armchair in front of their TV each night, and others keep pressing on up the mountain, working hard to be as close to the top when their time is over.

Now ‘drugs’, I thought of as a cable car to the top, but it never stops, it simply comes back down the other side and rests me safely back to where I started. The rise, the peak and the come-down. This short ride often enabling the passenger to glance over the edge and briefly experience the enlightenment they unconsciously strive for in their daily lives, but like any memory, as they come down it fades, and the thoughts and emotions become clouded and diluted with the mundane
thoughts and the familiar questions experienced in the plane of reality we are so used to existing in, and escaping from. Hence the number of earth-shattering experiences, fleeting encounters with God, connections to the sea of collective consciousness and life changing moments that cannot be explained so they can be understood. .......