

d m t

N, N-DIMETHYLTRYPTAMINE

I have never encountered a paradox more mesmeric than this.

Dimethyltryptamine, commonly known as DMT, is not only the most intense psychedelic but also the one of the most illegal in the world. The compound is extremely rare and difficult to acquire, yet it is perhaps one of the most common substances on Earth. It is synthesized within all living organisms, and we are sanctified to have evolved with this molecule because DMT may be the omnipresent entity which gives us a sense of living, a sense of truth, a sense of divinity...

On April 19th, 2015, I inhaled my first hit of DMT. Placing my body down to face the spiraling tips of the trees, I breathed deeply into the Earth, pressing against the dirt until I felt Infinite. I haven't been able to stop thinking about it--tangling my train of thought in an attempt to explain the inexplicable. In this spiritual dimension, I uncovered secrets of the Universe, understanding an incomprehensible Truth; and I say "secret" because I can't tell you, even if I wanted to. Language is not enough to express the revelatory information we are given. Knowledge is heightened and I am still endeavoring to decipher the crux of my psychedelic experience--the heart of my existence.

Descartes believed in mental deception. But do I believe my mind can truly deceive me of my own existence? To think: I am hiding from an ultimate reality, to have my Universe stolen right out from my feet. Cogito ergo sum is the only notion that kept me thinking. Now, DMT is what keeps me searching.

There answer is there. It is all connected. I feel it, taste it on the tip of my tongue. I know I'm on to something, but the closer you get, the farther I am from knowing. I am no psychonaut, yet my fascination to explore consciousness and implications for the human condition is limitless. Here, I've cracked open my pineal shell and I want you to make sense of the mess I've made--I am still trying.

* BLAST OFF

Many have tried to decipher the hieroglyphics of psychedelics, opening the mind and exposing the soul to Divine Moments of Truth; an attempt to understand existence.

Willis Harman : At the very least, we must enlarge the discussion about psychedelics.

Which he did. In the mid sixties, Willis Harman published the only scientific study known to utilize psychedelics as way to enhance the creative process. Fast forward three decades: we find him alive and guiding the Institute of Noetic Sciences. During his presidency, Harman eventually meets Rick Strassman. &

** A REVOLUTION BEGINS.*

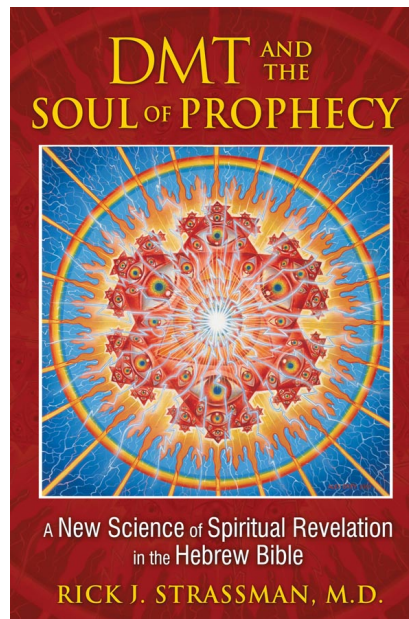
Strassman conducted the first human studies with psychedelic drugs in the US over the course of twenty years. The central focus of his research involved the spectral compound DMT, administering at least four hundred doses to sixty volunteer, soon-to-be psychonauts.

In response to Harman's want to augment the conversation on induced out-of-body experiences, Strassman pays tribute to the late scientist with his latest publication: DMT and the Soul of Prophecy.

Rick Strassman : In this book, I tackle the major unresolved issue with which I was left after finishing my DMT project nearly 20 years ago. This was to find a model that fit the data from our volunteers' reports of the drug state.



Alex Grey : Each eye in each facet of the Vision Crystal seemed to symbolize a different world view, all view being part of some integrated vision.



* In memory of the social scientist, futurist, writer, and curious visionary Willis Harman (1918 - 1997)



Edgar Mitchell : You develop an instant global consciousness, a people orientation, an intense dissatisfaction with the state of the world, and a compulsion to do something about it. From out there on the moon, international politics look so petty. You want to grab a politician by the scruff of the neck and drag him a quarter of a million miles out and say, 'Look at that, you son of a bitch'.

Sometime I am nervous,
believing that the Moon
hears all my secrets -
listening when you are least expecting,
archiving every ancient confession
the Universe has ever professed.
I wonder if she'd tell me
about Apollo 14 - the longest walk performed by astronauts on her lunar surface.
Did she enjoy his company,
sending him back to Earth with a parting
Gift of Mysticism -
stimulated by Space,
he would not return the same human
Being.

* SPACE HAS NO
ORDER, NO TIME
DIMENSION

A·pol·lo

(noun) | ˌpɒl'ō

Represents all aspects of civilization and order; Greek God of poetry, prophecy, and light.

Edgar Mitchell would go on to fund the Institute of Noetic Sciences; IONS. Their purpose: to create a shift in consciousness worldwide—where people recognize that we are all part of an interconnected whole and are inspired to take action to help humanity and the planet thrive. Lucidly influenced by phenomena beyond the realm of conventional science, Mitchell was eager to transcend traditional thinking in order to stop humanity from destroying itself, all of which—I discovered—is a florid way to say Aliens exist.

Rick Strassman : Those who have undergone "alien abduction," and their advocates, may interpret as a challenge to the "reality" of their experiences my suggestion that DMT is intimately involved in those events.

OBSERVER Business & Tech | August 25th, 2015

Edgar Mitchell, Apollo 14 Astronaut, Speaks Out on Roswell & the Existence of Aliens

They were observing our activities at the White Sands proving ground and were monitoring our development.

They could react to it that way. There's a long history in human civilization where people have these powerful effects and responses to different perspectives. My experience in space is what people call a samadhi experience.

I think that back in time people were having these kinds of experiences and being overwhelmed by them. Seeing the big picture. That seems to go back in history. You'll find that those kinds of experiences have been around a long time.

i·on

(noun) | ɪˈɒn, ɪˈɔːn/

Classical Mythology: the eponymous ancestor of the Ionians:

* A SON OF APOLLO

and Creusa who is abandoned by his mother but returns to become an attendant in Apollo's temple at Delphi.

What exactly were these crashed aliens doing there?

Switching gears now, I recently interviewed a startup that you sit on the advisory board of, SpaceVR. Do you think their technology will assist consumers in experiencing a similar effect you had during Apollo 14?

I think that came out of the hindu tradition, yes. In the greek tradition it was metanoia—change of mind, change of heart. I believe in the Buddhist tradition Satori was enlightenment. In other words, these various traditions of the past have added the sub verbiage to these types of expressions of people’s reactions to a new experience of some sort.

Samadhi—is that a term from Hinduism?

A powerful experience that caused a change of thinking.

Our actions and conscious streams of thought have dynamic impact on our brain, affective attitudes and authenticity. The Universal Law suggests that Thoughts Become Things. That is to say, positive thinking is an instrumental philosophy for creating your own ultimate reality.

The Human Body is conditioned to feel the weight of its environment, whether those attributes are positive or negative. Fortunately, the Spiritual

Mind is equipped with the necessary components to guide you with optimism. Yoga has proven neurological benefits in this realm of mental health, in which

Nirvikalpa Samadhi is considered the highest spiritual attainment--the goal of all meditative yoga. In other words, there will be no ideas or thoughts at all...trying to explain it in words, but the consciousness of nirvikalpa samadhi can never be adequately explained or expressed...trying best to tell you about this from a very high consciousness, but still the mind is expressing it...in nirvikalpa samadhi there is no mind; there is only infinite peace and bliss.

Sa·ma·dhi

(noun) | sɑːmādē/

Transcendence or Enlightenment;
Spiritual state of Consciousness.

Sahasrara

(noun) | sahasrāra

The Crown Chakra; seventh primary chakra according to tantric yoga tradition
Translated to mean thousand-petal, Sahasrara in its fully realized state stands to represent Nirvikalpa Samadhi

0. I want to take you there.

1. Colors brighten, edges sharpen, distant things gain clarity.

I see Fibonacci ascending, spiraling the clouds. A pirouette of our atmosphere molds the blank space we breathe. Suddenly the air is no longer empty. Refracted light mirrors the helix twist of our dna, transcending the nothingness of our natural world to become visible, and for a moment, I swear even tangible.



2. You close your eyes and witness



the chrysanthemum come alive.

She is simpering,
smiling down at me
as her beauty
envelopes my body
with warm rays
made of
I don't know what but
Fuck it feels good to me.
With mandalic shapes
creating
shifts in the time continuum,
she is flowering,
helping me become
a fuller Being.

Divine
Mother
&
Teacher

A : I've never done DMT but I have seen the chrysanthemum--I was flying through space until I reached this giant multicolored inflorescence. I did it through meditation.

With years of practice, Monks can experience hallucinations through meditation. At some point, they learn to release DMT naturally. I imagine it seeping through the brain, an orange slime climbing out and spreading enlightenment wherever it goes. Pure lucidity. Pure Confoundment--that's how he describes it.

Terence McKenna thinks it's difficult to talk about DMT because he believes your words tangle and no matter how hard you try to decipher the hallucination--try to describe it with justice--you'll end up lying.

I swear by Almighty God
that I will tell the truth,
the whole truth & nothing but the * DIVINE MOMENTS OF TRUTH.

3. You are tumbling *Down*.

The sound of transition is amplified:
my astral body to the center of activity.
am crawling inside the locus of *My* own
the drift, pull apart the engine and put it back
ripped from my skeleton smoothly. I am
lust in slow motion. The **Threshold** opens:

a crackling flame chimes and guides
Channeling through tunnels as if I
blossom--Something happens. Follow
together. My soul is traveling after being
catapulted into the labyrinth, discovering
I reach the apex after an aeon of chaos.



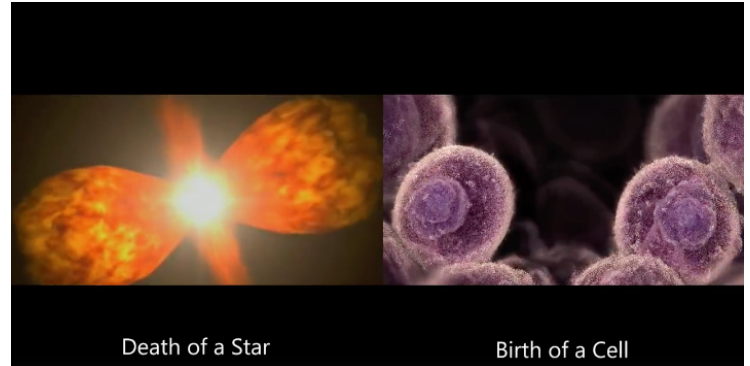
4. You arrive, and they invite you inside.

**It's like speaking a foreign language within a dream. Words I've never heard before
Flairubfgksdjafnbglarebgksgnlershleirasgnkfdjgnlisueritugwrsflksfjgllirbgalksbglasfbsdkgbrldhj
waterfall off their tongue, and although the meaning gets lost in consciousness, I can still
Lrwibagskdbflewkbglkfdhbgkjashdglareukgbkfdhgblueaoruaewoghlfdkbakjsdlwriugtriflgbraf
make sense of what they're saying so long as I stay in hyperspace. They are transfixed
A;rubgelrisgdfkbgaelrbaegilrkbggaerubgr;iubgalgberliuagbglberligbwrlgalisgvariwiwturttgrelibg
entities, self-transforming machines, translating confessions of the universe. Listen to them
Flirwbgaklsdbf;gewahgtiuefhdlgakssdbflewiogetherjdafligbsldablekfhbrwlitygbgairuetoepfnlckje
sing. I may no longer understand once I surface back to Earth, but if I could manage to
A;weoubfkljasgkjrptoueradskfbkjdgbbrakuherjtlaguvbksuebwylfoldjglkbalkweuyhtflnvlafugwetl
make sense of what I've just experienced, it would redefine the human condition and what
O4uthdskfjdslkavnlnlfbleir;favnubfjsdhkfewyrfbdlaeirugbbslqrweirpyjfnxbsgejfsjlhltrmfnnsilirfb
it means to Be. They are not gremlins trying to deceive me; they offer a sentient connection
Flreuhglikeughlitegsuhregiusethgilarbglicuhreliltgiuherogihprtoheobniurthwiergwelfilkgghreluits
that is both terrifying and captive. We must be one of the same if we have the capacity to
Arlwuglisuglieurthfgldiaurehlgiearuwgsdfn;opwrphpgiubtigablkwbgliwfbgtiegeariygbabewifug
communicate. Blasted off into a nearby dimension—I have a good feeling about this...**

5. You are pulling away.

It's nearly erotic, only warmer so that the sound of breathing is
magnified as I wave back at myself. I notice space parting, the galaxy is
splitting; a ripple in the system convinces me that my
time here is closing. The two continua are coming undone, being pulled apart – naturally.





* LIFE : DEATH

Dimethyltryptamine is most commonly produced inside the human brain in the first 28 days of life. Thereafter, DMT is stored in the brain and is only released upon brain-body communication stating that the you are dead. It is released throughout your brain and system, numbing pain, freeing the mind within our Universe and drifting your subconscious off into the land of death. This is why some people claim to having seen the light at the end of the tunnel.

Simon Posford and Raja Ram : Total and utter cosmic stuff..

He tells me I should write about Shpongles. They have this track meant to reflect the psychedelic experience, and I find it's rather synesthetic. DMT users commonly record having sighted geometric visions and images, and Shpongles creates a rhythm so to mimic these visuals through meter and reverberating hums--a harmonious experience that rearranges how you interpret melody. Essentially, Shpongles wants to mirror the sonic hallucination of DMT, composing an experience that determines a shift in perspective.

It's 1:34 in the morning and he catches my writer's block. I'll play you the track, he says, and the instrumental begins to fill the room, crowding silence into a corner. I listened to this one of my first times blasting off...I caught the shimmer in his eye and could sense curiosity harboring within his mind. Tell me about it, I insist and his deep breaths single me to pick up a pencil -

C : There's been a lot of experiences
and what's common among all of them
is this constant place that is gone too

It's a spherical room
and all the walls in the center of the room are
geometric vibrant fluorescent neon

Within all the patterns and shapes are these facial features :
eyeballs mouths noses ears eyebrows

They'll shift and change and flip and move around,
almost as if you're looking under a microscope
 tiny little organisms form new faces
yet stay structured as one

Then a piece of that face or two will move off and form another
 Floating lips triggering nuclear kisses...

From there a door opens
 Everything is different, every time

I've created a whole universe or a galaxy with my bare hands
I would pull from other planets around me,
take the materials and the organic matter, minerals all the different substances
and make new ones from them

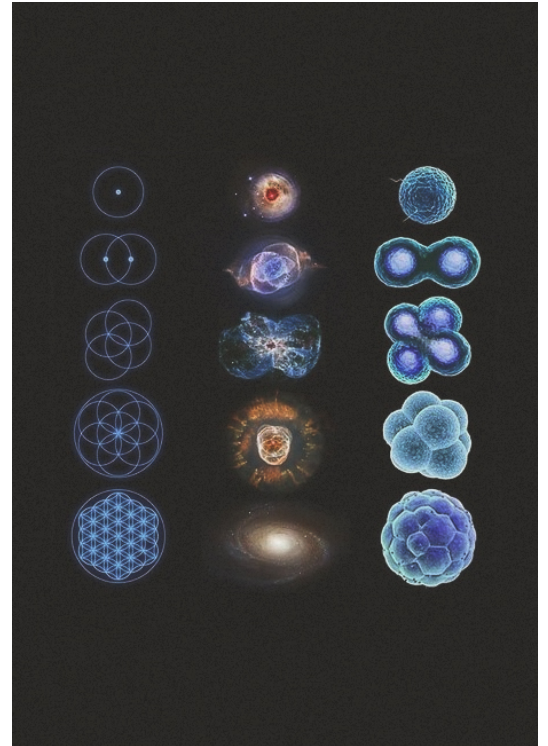
But they didn't come out the same...

He inhales smoke from his cigarette and ambient measures of music complement his pause, almost encouraging him to continue. It reminds me of advice that I was once told: hold your tongue, drop all the filler words such as like or uhhh. Instead, be silent because in that stillness, your audience will listen and notice the absence of sound, eagerly awaiting for you to continue--paying cautious attention with growing interest.

...They were more metallic
Man made and very technological

My first blast off was given to me by a friend that lived up the road...
we used to hang out there a lot
and then he started making it

It was this new thing, you know
I heard it was the most intense psychedelic experience you could have
 so I tried it, ripped it and laid back in the chair
and I was gone



pulled back into my childhood

Going through a lot of different stages in my life
like when my mom first realized I had asthma,
and I was in her arms ...
...I was running through a sprinkler
All this crazy shit - It was erratic

Door after door would open
And I would be in a new spot in my life

At the end there was this big dark tall horned figure

I couldn't tell - I don't know what it resembled
It didn't say anything to me
but it definitely made me feel uncomfortable
and I came back after that -

Opened my eyes and everything was still glowing,
everything was still blazing with that
psychedelic flare you can't get rid of for another 10 minutes...

He laughs and looks in my direction, marveled by my quick movements across the paper. For weeks, he'd been following my research, naturally enthusiastic about any progress we could make, and I believe that encouraged him to leave me with a closing message meant to inspire all who read it.

And that one thing you already wrote about -

You know...leaving your own body
your soul pulls like glue from your physical skeleton

I waved goodbye to myself
I've come back to myself piece by piece
Bone by bone
Tendon by tendon
Layer of skin by layer of skin
Vein by vein
until I was complete again
and I felt each piece fall back into place

DMT is a kind of a rarity
and when it happens
it's something to look back on for a long time

I haven't done it in a year or two years and
I can still reminisce the same experiences
and try to uncover how profound they really are
yet it seems so profound that you can't really explain how abysmal it really was
because I don't know
what it's done to me or what it hasn't done or should do

It's more or less
trying to decipher the experience what it was in that moment
and I haven't really been able to

It's an excuse to try it again and really figure out what it's all about

It's not for getting stoned -
it's for trying to understand your place in the universe

and I think it could save the world



Terence McKenna : In other words, what DMT does can't be downloaded into as low-dimensional a language as English. The reason it's so confounding is because its impact is on the language-forming capacity itself... because the thing that is trying to look at the DMT is infected by it—by the process of inspection. DMT does not provide an experience that you analyze. Nothing so tidy goes on.

Oliver Sacks : And I think a short answer is that it's difficult to define.

* SOUND FAMILIAR?



The Book of Ezekiel : A stormy wind was coming from the north, a great cloud with flashing fire and a brilliance surrounding it; ... and from its midst, a semblance of four living things.... They did not turn as they moved, each went in the direction of its face.... And as for the appearance of the living things, their appearance was like fiery coals, burning like the appearance of torches.... There was a brilliance to the fire, and from the fire went forth lightning.... Then I heard...the sound of the words like the sound of a company.... I fell upon my face and I heard a voice speaking....
 “Son of man, stand on your feet and I will speak to you.”

Prophetic States of Consciousness - Do you believe in a [God](#)?

Leanna Standish : I still don't have very much use for the concept of God, but I do believe there are higher levels, transcendent levels of reality. And I'm actually now starting to really believe that the brain is not the source of consciousness, is not who we really are but is more like a radio tuner for

** SOMETHING BIGGER*

Dimethyltryptamine

noun | di·meth·yl·tryp·ta·mine | \-'trip-tə-, mēn\

God

(noun) | /Ē·ād /

the ***DIVINE**
Being understood
as Life, Truth,
Love, Mind, Soul,
Spirit, Principle.

God is from the sun—the inspired spirit,
illuminating language like
the warm sound of Good Morning.

Living and breathing molecular history,
God embraces the Earth
that sits curiously within our natural universe.

Admiring the trees, growing infinitely
with every thought that blossoms,
God undresses the mind : scattering leaves all behind,
planting seeds on a blank slate.

God embellishes the heart. Ripe,
wild and alive - God provides us with
Divine Magnitudes of Thought.



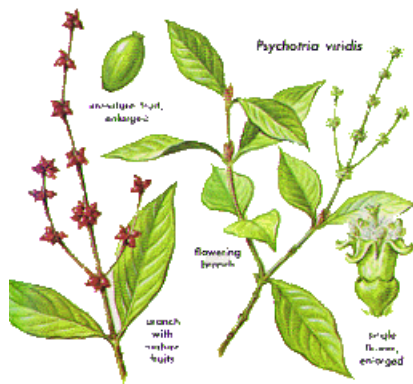
Andrew Newberg : If the psychopharmacology of psychedelic experiences turned out to be essentially the same as religious or spiritual experiences it would help us to understand where these experiences are occurring within the human brain.

Erowid : A psychedelic tryptamine also known as Dimitri; DMT is a powerful, visual psychedelic which produces short-acting effects when smoked. It is used orally in combination with an MAOI, as in ayahuasca brews.

It is naturally produced in the human body and by many plants.
It is naturally produced in the human body and by many plants.
It is naturally produced in the human body and by many plants.

David Shields : I'm interested in knowing the secrets that connect human beings.
At the very deepest level, all our secrets are the same.

Plants



have secrets too.

Plants use messenger molecules to communicate and mediate their relationships, especially with other organisms in the environment. The language of nature can be found everywhere because tryptophan is the omnipresent amino acid responsible for this biosynthesis. Think of tryptophan as the mailman going door to door so to deliver packages of information, and the recipients are these two enzymes who speak the universal language of the land. They are ancient, having evolved within and alongside us overtime. With all this, plants (and humans alike) are pretty equipped. Have you ever tried talking to a succulent? It's speculated that human interaction is good for potted plants, conclusively because they respond to the vibrations. They're listening.

Scent is controlled in the limbic system, and that system is the part of the brain which works with emotions--a complex structure made up of nerves and networks, nearing the edge of the cortex, concerned with instinct and mood. It controls our basic sensations, ingrains its influence within fear, pleasure, and anger. Strikingly, the limbic system is closely associated with memory and feeling because scent triggers vivid memories; they go hand in hand with each other. Aroma can flood through our nostrils and overflow the mind instantaneously with memories as a powerful response to scent. Within the limbic system is the notorious pineal gland, neighboring the thalamus, amygdala, and hippocampus, collectively controlling our nervous system, regulating hormones, developing attachment, and fine tuning our circadian rhythms. This is your command center in which the limbic system guides **META**physical experience. What they don't tell you is the pineal gland's deep rooted nature. Where does DMT exist? In the center of the YOUiverse.

* MY MONEY'S ON THE PINEAL GLAND.

210 CE.

Galen, a Greek medical professional and philosopher, spent most his life in Rome dominating the medical realm of thought until the seventeenth century. He discussed the pineal gland within his anatomical work *On The Usefulness of the Parts of the Body*. Although his terminology differs from modern medicine, it's established that he believed certain ventricles of the brain were filled with psychic pneuma: a fine, airy, vaporous substance which he notioned as the first instrument of the soul.

pneu·ma

(noun) | ˈn(y)oʊm/

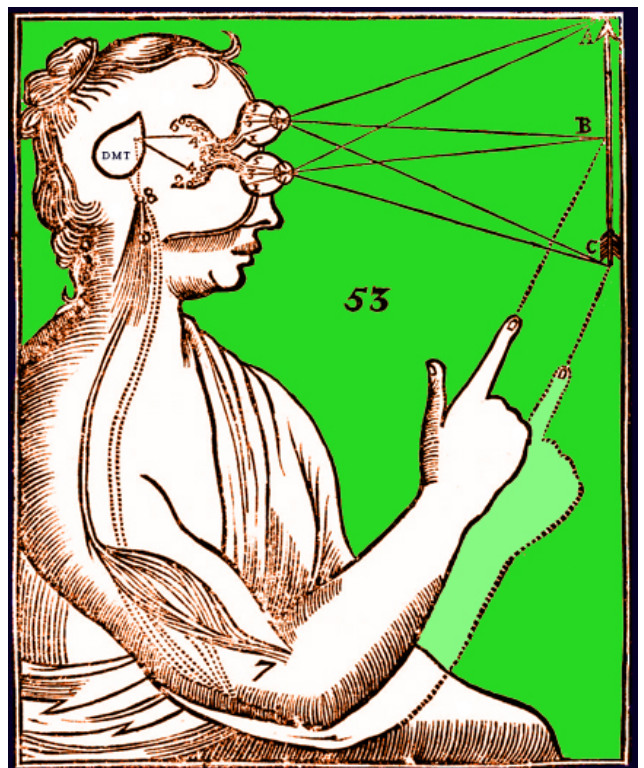
Philosophy: the vital spirit, soul, or creative force of a person.

1637, 1640

Philosopher Rene Descartes described the pineal gland in his first book the *Treatise of Man*. Descartes did not discuss man, however, but instead detailed conceptual models of man, namely creatures--created by God--consisting of two ingredients: a body and a soul. Descartes' fascination with the the pineal gland is rooted by its important role and involvement with sensation, imagination, memory and the causation of bodily movements.

Joel Bask : The research and speculation about the pineal body and DMT is in fact the hand of God that is interacting with our natural evolution to stimulate and accelerate the process of redemption of individual and collective Enlightenment.

Rene Descartes : My view is that this gland is the principal seat of the soul, and the place in which all our thoughts are formed. The reason I believe this is that I cannot find any part of the brain, except this, which is not double. Since we see only one thing with two eyes, and hear only one voice with two ears, and in short have never more than one thought at a time, it must necessarily be the case that the impressions which enter by the two eyes or by the two ears, and so on, unite with each other in some part of the body before being considered by the soul. Now it is impossible to find any such place in the whole head except this gland; moreover it is situated in the most suitable possible place for this purpose, in the middle of all the concavities; and it is supported and surrounded by the little branches of the carotid arteries which bring the spirits into the brain.



Rick Strassman : Tryptamine is a derivative of tryptophan, an amino acid present in our diet. Serotonin is a tryptamine—5-hydroxy-tryptamine, to be exact.

1983

In his dissertation *Psychoactive Drugs Throughout Human History*, Andrew Weil spoke on the near certainty of dimethyltryptamine being produced in the pineal gland. Meanwhile, Rick Strassman speculated whether or not the pineal gland might actually produce psychedelic compounds. In response, Albert Most, author of *Eros and the Pineal: The Layman's Guide to Cerebral Solitaire*, claimed the pineal gland could in fact transform serotonin into 5-methoxy-N-methyltryptamine, and then transform that into 5-methoxy-N,N-dimethyltryptamine.

2006

DMT: The Spirit Molecule transcription : It's called dimethyltryptamine. It's produced by your pineal gland...that's in the center of your brain. It's the craziest drug ever. It's the most potent psychedelic known to man...But the craziest thing [about it is that] it's natural, and your brain produces it every night as you sleep....during the time you're in heavy R.E.M. sleep, and right before human death, your brain pumps out heavy doses of dimethyltryptamine. Nobody knows what sleep is all about. Nobody knows why dreaming is important. But dreaming is hugely important...While you're dreaming, while you're in heavy R.E.M. sleep, you are going through a psychedelic trip. And very few people know about this. But it's been documented.



Describing DMT is like describing a color that doesn't exist. You are aware of its potential to exist, just unsure of how to explore its creation. Think about it: how does one create, let alone envision unseen pigments when the retina can only come up with select spectrum of color vision?

How does one confess Divine Moments of Truth when the capacity for language is restricted, limited, lost in translation, and the Universe is the only one who can interpret what you've witnessed?

Blind eyes have the capacity to hallucinate.
Despite not being able to see,
they experience psychedelic visions quite vividly.

N : I imagined my own eyes telling me that
blindness is bad.

* WHAT DO YOU SEE?



pin·e·al eye (noun) | pīneālis

- I. Zoology: (in some reptiles) an eyelike structure on the top of the head, covered by almost transparent skin and derived from or linked to the pineal body.
- I. Sensory receptor, receptor - an organ having nerve endings (in the skin or viscera or eye or ear or nose or mouth) that respond to stimulation.

Richard Eakin : Various scientific research in biology, comparative neuroanatomy and neurophysiology, have explained the phylogeny--evolutionary history--of the pineal gland. From the point of view of biological evolution, the pineal gland represents a kind of atrophied photoreceptor. In the epithalamus of some amphibians and reptiles, it is linked to a vestigial organ, known as the parietal eye which is also called the third eye.



*MIND BODY SPIRIT

third eye (noun)

- I. Hinduism: the locus of occult power and wisdom in the forehead of a deity, especially the god Shiva.
- II. Theosophy: Related to the pineal gland; esoteric philosophy concerning, or seeking direct knowledge of, presumed mysteries of being and nature, particularly of the nature of divinity.

en·the·o·gen

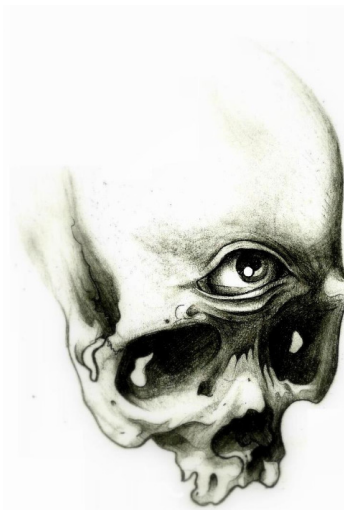
(noun) | ěn-thē'ō-jən

- I. Origin: Generating the divine within..
- II. A chemical substance used in a religious, shamanic, or spiritual context that often induces psychological or physiological changes.
- III. Used to supplement many diverse practices geared towards achieving transcendence, including meditation, yoga, prayer, psychedelic art, chanting, and multiple forms of music; also been historically employed in traditional medicine via psychedelic therapy.

Alex Grey : The spirit is the inner world. The molecule is the external world. Psychedelics or entheogens take us from the science to the spirit.

Charles Grob : Why is it that human beings' central nervous systems are wired to receive this experience? Must be that there's important information to be learned.

My earliest exposure to spirituality and Universal thought taught me that the third eye was synonymous with intuition. I believed my third eye allowed me to see figuratively--sight in the shape of mental fortitude, Enlightenment.



In Hinduism, the third eye is centered on the forehead, slightly above the junction of our eyebrows.

In other traditions, it is believed to be connected with the pineal gland.

According to Theosophy,

ancient humans had an actual third eye in the back of the head with a physical and spiritual function. Over time, as humans evolved, this eye atrophied and sunk into what today is known as the pineal gland.

Leanna Standish : It really fits in with the notion that DMT may be the common, molecular language, resonant language among all living beings on this planet and maybe others as well.

* WHY IS DMT IN OUR BODIES?



*ANCIENT LESSONS

at·ro·phy

(noun) | āt'rə-fē

A wasting or decrease in size of a body organ, tissue, or part owing to disease, injury, or lack of use.

Dennis McKenna : The conventional wisdom 30, 40 years ago was that these things had no real function. They were sort of psychological noise but that's a very naive understanding.

Graham Hancock : I don't think it's universally present in nature by accident. It has a real function. We have co-evolved with these plants. There's a purpose and meaning to it.

YOU DETERMINE YOUR SENSE OF REALITY

~~THE END~~